

IRONWATCH

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM
THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Welcome to a brand-new year, and with it, a brand-new set of Mantic goodness to look forward to!

This year we're going to see the release of the print version of Warpath, as well as see it release to the general public. Please let us know how people in your local game stores are liking the sci-fi mass-battle and Firefight rules, and be sure to send any battle reports or custom scenarios/armies our way so we can make sure they get the attention they deserve!

Likewise, The Walking Dead: All-Out War and its expansions are going to start showing up in stores this year, so keep us posted with how your survivors are faring in the apocalyptic wastes of the zombified near-future. There's also loads of new releases for Kings of War, as well as the Dreadball 2.0 rules and KS rewards that should be coming, so keep an eye peeled for all that and more in the coming months.

Finally, Ironwatch has been revving up our engines, so keep an eye out for imminent releases over the next few months. We plan to have Ironwatch Annuals, Kings of War and Warpath short story compilations, the Quarantine space-battle game, and much more available soon. Thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin Peasley

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

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.

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Undead Balefire Catapult by Matt Gilbert

THE IRON FORGE

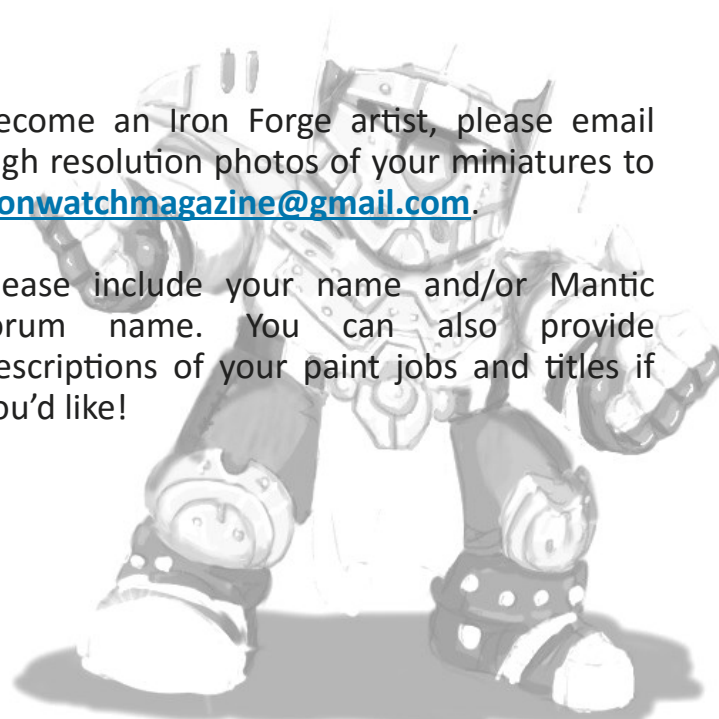
Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we just have a single model: a stunning and vibrant Irsala MVP from Dreadball, painted by Steicy Jourdan!

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.

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



STEICY JOURDAN





Undead Skeletons by Marcel Popik

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](#) 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).

January 2017

1/14 [International Campaign Day](#)

This massive event is going to be all over the world, on the same day! Be sure to check out the article on page 34 for more details about your particular region!

February 2017

2/12 [Red on Blue in Nottingham \(ROBIN\)](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

[Tickets are £5](#), which includes an exclusive miniature!

38 Traders booked in so far, Seminars from some of the industries best! Demo & participation games, exclusive show figure, raffle & terrain competition.

Nottingham Tennis Centre, University Boulevard, Nottingham, NG7 2QH

2/25 [Digi-Con 3](#)

From 10:00 AM on 2/25 to 6:00 PM on 2/26

Tickets start at £8.00 for kids and £25.00 for adults.

Bringing special movie and anime themed guests, over 60 trader tables full of geeky goodness and lots of Cosplay!

Doncaster Deaf Trust, Leger Way, Doncaster, DN2 6AY, United Kingdom

March

3/4 [Hammerhead](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:30 PM

[Tickets are £5 per adult](#), £3 for minors (16 and under), Children under 9 free

Every game at Hammerhead is visitor participation, which means that you are very welcome 'to have a go' at a wide variety of different historical and fantasy based games run by intrepid gaming clubs, historical societies, wargame companies and enthusiastic groups of gamers

The Showground, Lincoln Road, Winthorpe, Newark, Notts, NG24 2NY



Mounted Ogres by Taylor Holloway



A Kings of War battle by "WeedyElf"

3/22 [Adepticon 2017](#)

From 5:00PM on 3/22 to 4:00PM on 3/26

[Weekend badges start at \\$25](#)

We have expanded from a handful of events to well over 400 tournaments, event games, and hobby seminars covering all aspects of the miniature war gaming hobby. Despite the continued growth and necessary expansion, we have made every effort to keep consistent focus on one major priority: to present to our attendees the highest quality wargaming event possible

Renaissance Schaumburg Convention Center, 1551 N. Thoreau Dr., Schaumburg, IL 60173, USA

Looking for an event, but don't see it listed? We rely on the [Mantic Calendar](#) for events, so please either coordinate your event there or [let us know directly](#) if you have an event you'd like to have featured on the monthly Calendar!



Basilean Panther Lancer by "C.M. Minis"

THE WAR JOURNAL OF SISTER SUPERIOR AUGUSTA

Battles in the Star-Struck City

By Alex Younger

Prologue, Continued...

They found Fausta standing alone near the prow of the ship, trying on an odd hat with three corners and rolled edges. Before Augusta could say anything, Claudia spoke

up, "Where'd you get the hat Fausta?"

Fausta's almond shaped dark eyes narrowed to slits. If she had been a riding cat, she'd be hissing right now, Augusta thought.

"Found it." Fausta said without hesitation, or a hint of defensiveness. Her voice was completely at odds with her posture.

"Augusta," Claudia turned toward Augusta, her voice a whine, "Fausta has a hat that doesn't belong to her."

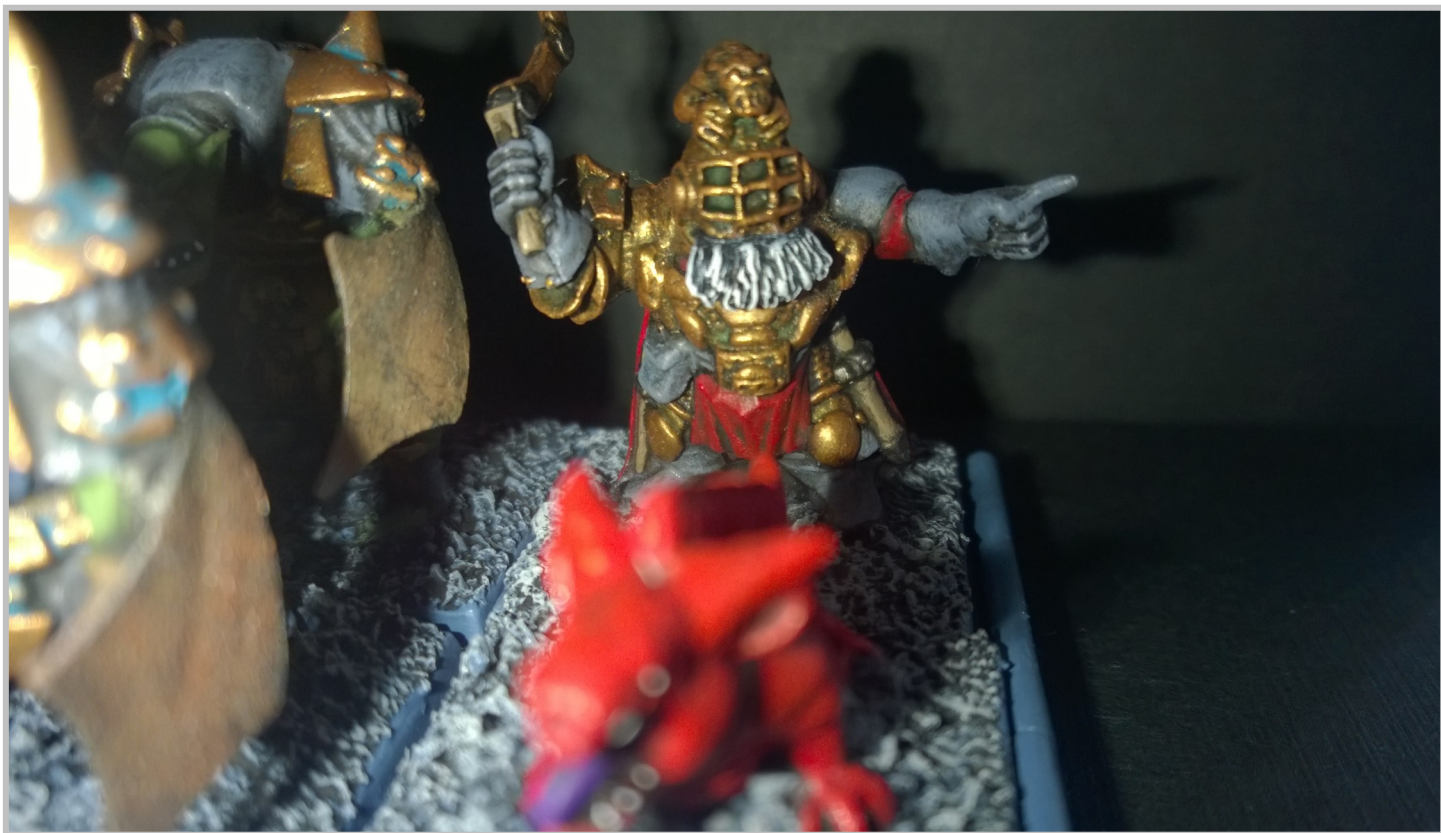
"It's mine if I found it!" Fausta shouted back, squaring her feet and shoulders at Claudia.

Augusta knew from experience that, if she didn't intervene, things would quickly escalate to hurt feeling, and then to a fight which would last for

hours.

"Fausta, dear," Augusta said gently, "I don't think it fits."

Fausta stopped glaring at Claudia, and looked down at the hat in her hands. She abruptly put it back on her head, then adjusted it, then adjusted it again. Like Augusta said, the hat didn't sit properly. Her mass of naturally wavy jet black hair made the hat too small to sit comfortably on her head. Fausta snatched the hat off, and looked at it reproachfully, as if the hat was spiting her by being too small on purpose.



Abyssal Dwarf Slavemaster by Guiseppe Aquino

Augusta watched Fausta fight with the hat, trying to fight down her envy of Fausta's beautiful hair. Augusta's own hair was lank, and a dirty-water-blonde, that was more of a lack of personality than it was a color. She kept it cut short, so that it fit under a helmet, and never got in her way in a fight. The first time the Sister-at-Arms had thrown her to the ground using her flowing flocks, Augusta had learned the painful wages of the sin of vanity. Claudia opened her mouth to goad Fausta again, but Augusta put a hand on her arm, silencing her before she said anything.

Finally, Fausta finished fiddling with the hat, and looked up at Augusta, "you're right. It doesn't fit." She looked unsure of what to do, wanting advice, but not wanting to look weak enough to ask for advice.

"Would you put it back where you found it, please?" Augusta asked in a mild voice. "I'm

sure whoever lost it is looking for it."

Fausta smiled, nodded, and headed for the rear of the ship. Her movements were so quick, as to almost seem to be disjointed. She has a way of going from full stop to top speed, without any time in between.

Augusta leaned back against the rail, and watched Fausta go. She watched as Fausta sidled up to a sailor, sleeping in a coil of rope. Without waking him up, she set the hat gentle on his head, so that it shaded his eyes.

"What's wrong with her?" Claudia asked, "You know, the whole stealing thing. I mean, that's not normal."

Augusta sighed, and closed her eyes. "She's got a demon in her. Makes her steal, and then forget that she did it. She isn't

malicious, and she isn't lying. She really thinks she finds her treasures."

"I just don't understand," Claudia said with a pout.

Unbidden, Augusta's mind rolled back ten years. She was standing guard, at the side gate of the chapel. Not the main gate, where the guards had a measure of pride, with their shining armor and crisp movements. She was guarding a small closed gate that was rarely used during services, much less three hours before dawn. She couldn't remember who she'd offended to pull that duty, but she did remember that she deserved it. She was half asleep, when she felt a tug at her belt. Her reflexes from patrolling the market had her hand clasped around a tiny wrist before she consciously registered the tug.

Fully awake, she pulled the pickpocket around in front of her. The girl was small, somewhere between 8 and 10 years old, but skinny as a rail. She was severely under dressed for the chill late autumn weather. Only an over-long tunic, not even shoes. Augusta thought it likely that the only reason she'd felt the slight tug on her belt was that the child was so cold. She was trembling like a leaf. "Were you trying to steal my purse?" Augusta asked the child sternly.

"W-wasn't doin-n-nuthin." The child stammered sulkily, staring at the ground.

Looking closely at the little girl, Augusta could just see beneath the pickpocket's cascading black hair and grime. The pickpocket's skin was a pretty olive color, and her eyes had a slightly almond shape. Features which were more common in the warmer southern country of Ophidia, than



A fierce battle for a ruin in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

the relative north of the Golden Horn. “Where are you folks?” She asked more gently.

“Got no, f-f-fff,” her chattering teeth betrayed her as she tried to speak, “just got me and me’s all I need.” She said, hooking her thumb at her chest in an attempt at bravado.

Augusta relaxed her grip just a little. A half-formed plan on how to calm and reassure the child came to her mind. As soon as she felt the iron grip relax, the girl flew into motion trying to escape. Her feet slid on the slick cobblestones, and she ended up hanging for a second from Augusta’s grip. She looked more like a rag doll than a child. Weak, tired, and cold, it took her three times to get her numb feet under her to stand.

Making her mind up suddenly, Augusta leaned her pike against the gate, and swept her arm behind the girl’s legs.

As she lifted the child in her arms, she realized that the little girl weighed barely more than the rags she was wearing. She must have been starving for weeks. With her free arm, Augusta unlocked the gate she was guarding, and carried the girl into the warmth of the chapel.

The side door was a servant’s entrance, so it was close to the kitchen. Augusta sat the girl down at the Chef’s table, next to the banked hearth. Even with the fire down to coals, it was still much warmer than outside. The girl didn’t so much sit at the table, as collapse onto it. Augusta located a plate, found half a loaf of bread, and some cheese that had



Forces of Nature Druid by Jonathan Faulkes



Undead Wraith by "left64"

been left out for the guards to snack on during breaks in their rotation. She set this in front of the girl, and sat across from her at the table. Quick as a mouse, the girl snatched a piece of cheese, and hid it in her tunic.

"Go ahead," Augusta said, "it's all for you. Eat slowly though, or you'll give yourself a tummy ache."

Slowly and painfully, as if she expected to be hit any second, the girl reached out, and broke off a piece of bread. She froze there,

with the bread in her hand, expecting Augusta to shout at her or take it back. When nothing happened, she took a bite, and then hesitantly, a second one. When nothing bad happened, she tore into the bread like a wild animal.

"Slowly, slowly," Augusta said laughing, "If it's been a while since you ate, the bread will swell up, and make you sick."

The girl said nothing. She just stuffed bread into her mouth as if it might disappear at any minute.

"You know," Augusta said conspiratorially, then sadly, "I lost my parents when I was little too."

The girl looked up at her with a haunted look, "Whuf ha-en'd?" she said around a mouthful of bread.

"Cultists," Augusta said with a little heat leaking into her voice, "Evil men took them away from me. The Church raised me after that. Made me strong. Taught me how to fight."

While reaching for another piece of bread, the girl said softly, "ghouls are evil..." her voice rose at the end, like she was asking a question.

"Yes, they are." Augusta said softly. Ophidia, she thought to herself. How did this child manage to escape, and make it this far? Rather than delve any further into bad memories, she asked, "What's your name? Mines..."

"Augusta!" the sharp shout was louder than the small, frail woman in the doorway



Undead Ghouls by Martin Geibner

should be able to make. Sister Superior Irene was called, by Apprentices and Sisters alike, “Sister Iron” for her stiff posture and her unwavering commitment to the rules.

At the shout, the little girl whirled off the seat in an explosion of rags, and faced the severe woman in the door with a bread knife in her hand. Where had she gotten it? Augusta was certain she’d left that knife on the counter across the room. She hurried to place herself between the older woman and the girl.

“Your gate is unguarded,” Sister Iron said, “and your job is to keep the riff-raff out, not invite them in!” Her words had edges as sharp as any knife.

“This girl was freezing to death outside,” Augusta said firmly. “Without food and a fire, she may not have lived through the night.”

Sister Iron’s mouth firmed into a straight line, lips pinched white, “be that as it may...”

Taking a chance, Augusta cut her off, “her parents were killed in a ghoule attack.” Interrupting a Senior Sister was never a safe

option, but every member of the Militant Arm of the Church, Augusta included, had lost friends to undead attacks.

Sister Iron’s mouth relaxed into a frown, which was her default state.

“I’ll sponsor her,” Augusta said, quickly, on a whim.

Sister Iron scoffed, “you are in enough trouble as it is, young lady.”

“I’m still a Sister in good standing.” Augusta pointed out, “And, by the charter, any Sister in good standing can sponsor a child to the Academy.”

“I know the Charter, Augusta.” Sister Iron snapped.

Augusta let a hint of pleading into her voice, “Sister Superior Irene, it was done for me when I was around her age. I don’t know where I would be if not for the comforting embrace of the Church.”

Sister Iron lowered her head, and was silent for a long time. Augusta suspected she was either counting backward, or saying a prayer.

"Your heart," she said eventually in her clipped tones, "is in the right place, no matter where your attitude takes you. Come along then." She held her hand out to the girl.

Augusta stepped out from between them, and nodded to the little girl. The knife disappeared from her hand in a flash. I'll have to get that from her at some point, Augusta thought. Augusta knelt down, so that she was on level with the girl's scared stare. "What's your name?" she asked softly. The girl just shook her head. Augusta wasn't sure if the girl meant she couldn't remember, or just didn't want to be that person anymore.

Augusta thought for a minute, and then said, "I'll call you Fausta, it means lucky." She

smiled, and the girl smiled with her. "From now on, I think you are going to be a lucky little girl. Now, follow Sister Superior Irene. She'll show you to the barracks, and a bed of your own."

Fausta stepped forward, and put her hand into Sister Iron's. Hand in hand, they walked out of the kitchen. In the doorway, Sister Iron stopped, and looked over her shoulder, "Augusta, you know what sponsoring means. You are responsible for her behavior, and your record will reflect on her."

Feeling a chill deep in her gut at the new responsibility, Augusta just nodded, and headed back to the gate.

She came back to herself, standing on the forecandle of the ship. She shook her head to



Forces of the Abyss Lower Abyssals by "C.M. Minis"

clear the cobwebs of memories, and said, "No, Claudia, you don't understand," she turned, and smiled at the girl to take away some of the sting, "but that's ok."

Claudia took the chastisement in stride. Not much fazed the girl. "When are we going to get to the island?" Claudia asked, some of the whine creeping back into her tone. "It's boring here, and these sailors stink."

Augusta winced. Claudia had a voice that the Paladins said was, 'destined for the drill field.' Her whispers could carry across a room, not that Claudia ever whispered. Heads on deck were turning to observe the two women on the forecastle. "Claudia, what have I said about being too honest?"

Claudia managed to flounce in a way that would have looked flattering in a silk dress. "I know, but lying's a sin, so telling the truth should be like the opposite of a sin. And anyway, maybe no one has ever told them about things like bathing and laundry."

Inwardly, Augusta felt the same way, but knew that if she let Claudia go on, there would be trouble later. "They don't carry enough fresh water to use it for bathing and laundry."

Claudia rolled her eyes in a way that took in the sea surrounding them.

"You can't wash your clothing in sea water," Augusta explained, "The salt will leave them just as dirty and itchy in the bargain."

"Fine," admitted Claudia, "I'm just tired of being on this boat."

"Ship," corrected Augusta, "if it has a Captain, it's a Ship. And a better person to ask than me would be Aquila, where is she at?"

"Where else?" Claudia asked, pointing up at the main mast.



Mhorgoth the Faceless by Christian Schlumpberger



Ogre Captain by Paul Mullis

Augusta craned her neck back, and looked. At the very top of the main mast, obscured by both the sun and rigging, was a tiny platform the sailors called 'the crow's nest'. Augusta shook her head, and said, "I should have guessed."

She weighed whether it was worth asking the Captain how long out from the island they were, when Aquila called out, "land ho!" The call was taken up by several sailors after her shout.

Augusta's breath caught in her throat, as a small figure leapt from the crow's nest, and

started getting bigger quickly. Aquila slid down the lines running from the mast to the sails, leaping from one just before it ran out or knotted, and grabbing another mid-flight. She looked carefree and happy, whooping as she descended. Augusta imagined one missed grab, or a line coming loose, but Aquila landed safely, with a flourish just in front of her.

"Sister uh Captain uh," Aquila stumbled over the new title that they were all were just getting used to.

Augusta just nodded, encouraging her to go on.

"I saw the island!" Aquila said breathlessly, and pointed over the railing of the ship.

Claudia shaded her eyes with one hand, and followed where Aquila was pointing, "I don't see anything."

"Neither do I," said the Captain.

Augusta jumped, surprised at his voice. For such a large man, he could move quickly and silently across the deck of his ship. "If Aquila says she sees it," she said quickly to cover her fright, "it's there. No one has eyes like Aquila."

It was nearly an hour before it was visible from the deck of the ship, and even then it was just a wavering black line on the horizon, but Augusta had never doubted. When Aquila saw something, it was always

exactly what she saw, and exactly where she saw it. In the hours before they drew up to the island, Augusta had the girls busy getting the cats up on deck, and preparing their gear. She even found time for a quick kit inspection.

Claudia was first. She stood at attention, in full gear this time, her topknot just short enough that her peaked helm fit properly. She stood next to her riding cat, Mulciber. His orange hair was almost a match for hers. Normally he stood a hand taller than the other cats, which was good, or else Claudia's feet would have drug the ground in the stirrups. Today though, he was lying on one side on the deck, looking like he might be sick at any moment.

Augusta walked slowly around the two of them, thoroughly inspecting their gear. The tack on the riding cat was a mess, but it was the best that could be expected in the circumstances. Claudia's gear though, there was no excuse. Coming back around in front, Augusta drew herself up to attention, and put on scowl number two. 'I expected better'. "When was the last time you cleaned and oiled your chain shirt?"



Ambush in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

Claudia answered quickly and confidently, "yesterday, Ma'am." Then under the weight of Augusta's stare, she went on more quietly, and much less confidently, "or maybe the day before."

"Two days in sea air without cleaning or oiling?" Augusta said with disgust dripping from her words. Without looking down, she

pointed at an orange line on the left side of Claudia's chain shirt. "Do you know what this is?"

Claudia said, "Rust, Ma'am." She said it as a statement, but her tone was that of a question.

Augusta turned her head slightly, and shouted at the rest of her team, "What is rust?"

"Weakness, Ma'am!" They shouted back in unison.

"What is rust?" she shouted, louder.

"Weakness, Ma'am!" They shouted back at the top of their lungs.

Turning back to Claudia, she said, "Rust is where your chain shirt breaks when the blade bites. Rust is a disease that spreads, link by link, to infect your entire kit. Rust, Claudia, is what kills you!" She started off at an even tone, getting louder and louder with each sentence. She was shouting at the end. "Two weeks kitchen duty, cooking, and cleanup," she said firmly, "and you'll present your chain shirt every night before first watch to prove you are keeping your gear in fighting order."

Camilla was next. Augusta walked around her, and found nothing wrong. Calico stood by her side, in the fighting cat version of attention. The cat's tack was as well looked after as Camilla's own gear. When she came around in front, she just nodded at Camilla, who stood a little straighter at the acknowledgement. Augusta knew that it was likely Camilla would end up oiling and cleaning Claudia's chain shirt, but cooking, and then cleaning up, wouldn't leave Claudia much time to do it on her own. The



Dungeon Saga Hero Madriga by "C.M. Minis"

important part was that the work got done, so she didn't say anything.

Aquila was after Camilla. Her kit was non-standard, but Augusta had accepted long ago that if the changes weren't approved, Aquila would make the changes anyway, and just accept the punishment. She wore no chain shirt, and her metal backed gauntlets had been exchanged for more flexible leather gloves. Likewise, her helm was a lighter hardened leather than the metal peaked helms they had been issued. Rather than the heavy two-handed flails most Sisters preferred, Aquila had a whip coiled on one hip. From her shoulder, to the opposite hip, she had coils of light climbing rope, which ended in a three-tined hook.

Peregrinatus, her cat, was as slim boned female with a sandy-brown coat. At the best of times, she didn't measure up to the other cats. Smaller, and less, aggressive, she seemed to fade into the background. Sick, and lolling on the deck, she looked worse

than normal. Her tack, though, was clean and properly attached. Augusta found nothing to comment on, and gave Aquila the same tight nod she'd given Camilla.

Fausta was last. If anything, her gear was more immaculate than the others. Her chain shirt was not oiled. It was blackened with boot-shine. In addition to her two-handed flail, she had a knife at her belt, and in the cuff of her boot. Her cat, Noctifer, was a big male with deep black fur. Normally, he was aggressive to the point that he was difficult to keep still during an inspection. Today, he lay on his side, barely moving. The issue, as always with Fausta, wasn't the condition of her gear, it was the additions. "Fausta," Augusta asked, "what is that?" She pointed to a large spike with a wrapped rope handle strapped to the side of Noctifer's saddle.

"Marlin-pike, Ma'am" Fausta said.

"I don't think we'll have time for deep-sea fishing, Fausta. You should give it to one of these sailors who can get better use out of it."

"Yes, Ma'am," Fausta said.

With the inspection finished, she marched back to the front and center of her team. "After you are dismissed," she began in her best parade ground voice, which was about equal to Claudia's inside voice, "Camilla," she looked directly at the quiet girl.

Camilla 'eeped' in response.



Goblin Sneek by Darren Lysenko



Ogre Warriors by Grant Mahoney

"You have something to help reduce nausea in the riding cats. You will distribute it to the other cats." She made it a statement, not a question, so Camilla didn't have to respond.

"You will all standby, and prepare to disembark. Dismissed." They all stayed in place, but relaxed rather than at attention. All, except for Camilla, who dug in her saddlebags for lemongrass. As she was coaxing the cats to eat, she kept looking over her shoulder at Claudia. She finally got Claudia's attention, who had been studying the orange links in her chain shirt, and looking anywhere but at Augusta.

Camilla and Claudia shared a look for a minute, and then Claudia said, "Captain, Camilla wants to know how you knew about the lemongrass."

Augusta replied to Claudia while looking at Camilla, "I'm the Captain. I just know."

Once the cats were dosed with the lemongrass, and laying more peacefully, Augusta brought Aquila over to the rail and said, "Tell me what you see."

Aquila looked at the island for several minutes, and finally said, "There is something, or someone, on the docks. They are staying mostly behind the ruins and walls, but occasionally, a head pops up."

"That's what I was afraid of," Said Augusta quietly.

"What is it?" Aquila asked, even though she could see further and better than Augusta.

"It's an ambush," Augusta's voice was all steel. "Captain," she shouted. When he turned, she continued, "I recommend you

put on more sail."

"No, no, woman," The Captain shouted back, "we need to slow down before we stop. Reef the sail men!"

"Captain!" Augusta shouted back sharp enough that the sailors stopped their tasks, "the wharf is contested. You will not be stopping or slowing. If you wish to protect your men, you will put every scrap of sail into the wind, and give us all the speed you can. We will disembark at speed."

"Crazy woman, you are crazy!" The Captain laughed as he spoke, "Even on those magnificent cats, you cannot fly!"

Augusta stared him directly in the eye, and without a hint of a smile replied, "Says who?"

The ship flew toward the tumbled pilings of the ruined dock faster than was wise. At the last minute, the Captain threw all of his weight onto the wheel, and the vessel broke toward portside, nearly lying over in the water. With a fierce war cry, Augusta led the charge up the inclined deck. The cats never slowed, flowing up the wooden hill, then gathering themselves at the railing, and finally leaping for the sky. They came down hard on the algae slick stones, claws scrabbling as they slid toward the edge and the frothing sea. Noctifer slid the farthest, his back paws slipping off the pier, and nearly dunking both himself and Fausta.



Undead Skeletons by Guiseppe Aquino

Crossbows twanged, and bolts hissed and screeched as they stuck the stones before and behind them.

One struck Augusta in the shoulder, but she rolled her shoulder back at the last moment, twisting in the saddle. The bolt cut a furrow in the leather of her pauldron, and punched its way through her cloak, rather than through her shoulder. She spurred Koshka forward, and quickly flashed two fingers to her right, and then two to her left. The girls behind her split into two teams, and rushed forward after her to the safety of the seawall.

They ended up on two sides of the road leading deeper into the docks, just like Augusta had ordered. Behind her were Camilla and Claudia, on the other side were Augusta and Fausta. Augusta took a minute to survey the battlefield. The crossbow bolts were coming from ruins further inside the docks. They had the square look of worked

stone, but the roofs and support beams had long since rotted away leaving them open to the elements. The straight streets gave the archers clear lines of sight, as well as a good path of retreat. With their backs to the sea, and the opposition holding fortified positions, they were in the worst position possible. The only tactical option Augusta could see was to sneak along the seawall, keeping in cover, until they could try to rush around to the side, and pin their enemies against the churning ocean...

"I see one!" shouted Fausta charging. "No!" Shouted Augusta, but Fausta was already leaning forward and low over Noctifer's shoulders, and halfway into the road and the Crossbowmen's line of sight. Aquila caught Augusta's eye for a second that seemed to stretch, sticky-slow, longer than it should. Augusta nodded in slow motion. Aquila put her heels in, and Peregrinatus flew forward,

time catching up suddenly. "Charge!" Augusta shouted to the two girls in front of her, parade ground voice cutting through the shouts of the hidden men and howls of blood thirsty battle panthers.

Claudia and Camilla Charged forward across the road, their path cutting across the space that Fausta and Aquila had just vacated. They swapped sides of the road as they charged, creating an 'x' as both sides charged at the waiting Crossbowmen they could barely see. Augusta came hard on their heels, wondering how she could salvage a battle started so badly.

In the lead, Fausta barreled past a crouched Crossbowman, and into a group of three men dressed in rags, holding broken knives and clubs. Noctifer pounced on the first, and bore him to the ground. The other two hesitated only a minute before closing with



Undead assault the Elves in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

her, flailing at her with their makeshift weapons.

Behind her, Aquila saw the Crossbowman she'd passed turn and take aim. She gave a fierce, high-pitched cry to Peregrinatus, who immediately turned and leapt the waist-high pile of rocks the Crossbowman was sheltering behind. The leap brought them close enough to spoil his shot, which struck the cobbles a foot away from him, spraying stone chips, but not close enough for them to strike him.

On the other side of the road, two men quailed before the force of Claudia's war cry. She struck them in a way that only a combined half-ton of warrior, bloodthirsty battle-mad panther, and armor can. Her short sword took one of the men in his right arm, spinning him, and knocking him down as she turned to deal with the other. Camilla saw the first man fall. Calico leapt on him, claws and fangs scrabbling at his armor, and trying to reach his protected throat. Camilla knew that one short, sharp stroke would end

him, but the thought of killing, even in the thick of battle, bothered her. She hesitated. Augusta, behind her, saw the hesitation, and spurred Koshka forward faster. But, she knew that she'd be too late. The man on the ground still had his crossbow cocked and ready. When Camilla froze, he didn't. He brought his crossbow across his body, and fired.

His angle wasn't good, and the hood of her cloak helped mask the actual position of her head. So, rather than plunging into her eye, the bolt struck her right temple, glancing off of her steel cap. The blow was strong enough to knock her from the back of Calico, where she lay in the street, unmoving. Seeing her sister-in-arms fall, Claudia gave a great bellow, and urged Mulciber sideways where they could stand over Camilla's body. She took a blow from the other man, who had dropped his empty crossbow, and drawn a club. She threw up her left arm to block his blow, taking it rather than allowing it to crush Camilla, who could not defend herself.

Augusta swept in like the cold wind before a storm. Koshka leapt on the fallen man, his forepaws finding a grip on the man's shoulders, while his rear paws kicked down and back, shredding through ragged leather armor as well as the stomach and thighs beneath it. At the same time, Augusta leaned forward to compensate for the angle, and form perfect, put her short sword through the left eye of the man fighting Claudia. On the ground, Camilla groaned, and put a hand to her temple. "That's how you do it girls!" shouted Augusta with glee, as she whipped Koshka around to face the group Fausta had charged.



Undead Necromancer by "imm0rtal reaper"



Undead Skeletons by Matt Gilbert

The first man Fausta had struck was down, being mauled by Noctifer, but the other two had pulled Fausta from her saddle, and were laying into her with both weapons and boots. Fausta still had her weapon up, guarding her face, but she was fading fast. "Fausta!" Augusta shouted as Koshka sprinted, "you do not have permission to die! Get up!" Fausta only grunted in response, but managed to stab one of the men in the thigh, forcing him to pull back, and giving her room to gather herself.

Augusta spared a glance for Aquila as they breezed past her and the Crossbowman. Aquila had a firm grip on the crossbow, so he couldn't reload, and Peregrinatus had the

man down on the ground. Turning her attention to the fight before her, Augusta scrutinized the closest man. He was wearing a hat like what a Ship's Captain would wear, but notched, stained, and bereft of the feathers and embroidery. He might still lead this group of pirates, but he had fallen far from "Captain". Koshka put a shoulder into his chest at the same moment Augusta's short sword creased his face.

He fell screaming, which distracted the man standing over Fausta. He had one hand holding pressure on the wound in his thigh, which means he couldn't offer much of a defense when Fausta leapt up and stabbed him repeatedly in the chest and neck. When

he fell, Augusta took a deep breath and looked around. The noise of Aquila's fight with the crossbowman had finished, which she took as a good sign. The rest of the pirates were down, except for a lone Crossbowman, who, seeing the rest of his band fall, dropped his crossbow and ran. Growling like her cat, Fausta rolled into Noctifer's saddle, and took off after him. "Damn it, Fausta!" Augusta shouted, and hurried to follow.

The fight ended faster than she could reach them. Much faster than a human on foot, Noctifer caught the fleeing pirate's right arm in his jaws. He hadn't even hit the ground by the time Fausta had a knife into his unarmored back. Seeing that Fausta was fine, Augusta reined in, and turned Koshka back to the other girls. Camilla was mounted again, though she was holding her head, and trying to staunch the blood running down the side of her face. Claudia still looked furious, but had run out of people to kill. Aquila was seated, calm and motionless, ignoring the carnage and gore around her. Fausta rode back to the group, carrying a cloth sack, "Look what he had!" she said excitedly, holding the open sack out in front of her.

Inside were two chunks of metal. Both were flat and smooth on one side, but jagged on the rest, as if they had been part of a larger sheet that had been shattered. Augusta picked one up, and felt a hum as if the metal was vibrating. The smooth side was reflective. She could see her face, but rather than the sky behind her, she saw stars. She looked up to make sure their fight hadn't somehow lasted into the night, but the sun was still shining. Looking back at the chunk



Basilean Elohi by "C.M. Minis"

of metal again, she saw her face reflected, framed by a starry night sky. She quickly dropped the chunk back into the bag, and tied the mouth shut. "Magic," she said gruffly, "can't trust it."

"Can we keep them?" asked Fausta, almost like a little girl. "They are the only thing of value they had." Augusta tried, and failed, to contain a shudder. Robbing the dead was dishonorable, but how else were they to supply themselves in a deserted city? "Yes," she said finally, "they might be worth something."

They turned toward the deeper city, ridding slowly, and keeping a close eye out for movement. Camilla's head hung as she crouched over her saddle, and Claudia rode

close beside her to catch her if she fell again. Aquila's eyes strayed to the structures around them, which grew taller and taller as they proceeded into the city. Fausta and Noctifer roamed from side to side, looking in piles of trash, finding nothing, and growing bored. Finally, they emerged from an alley, and Augusta stopped in wonder. Before them was a large building which, despite it's time spent under the sea, was obviously a cathedral. "This is it girls," she said wearily, but also strangely satisfied, "this is where we make our camp."

Paladin Captain Julius,

We have established a camp on the newly resurfaced isle of Casa-Omnicidi. The docks were held by pirates, but we pushed through. Camilla hesitated to strike down a fallen pirate, and was wounded as a consequence. She has recovered fully, and now understands the price of both hesitation and mercy in battle.

Claudia blames herself for Camilla's wound, as ridiculous as that sounds, but it has provided her the motivation to double her combat training. Fausta...remains Fausta. Her skill and enthusiasm at looting seems wrong for a soldier of faith, but in character for our current role as mercenaries.

The Pirates were carrying a strange metal we are calling Star-Metal. It is as hard as steel, but has some magical qualities we have yet to fully understand. When you look upon it, you see a starry sky reflected, no matter the time of day. We have secured two pieces so far, in case it has value.

We found an ancient Cathedral to base ourselves out of. Despite ages beneath the waves, some of the statues are recognizable as our venerated Shining Ones. The others, I don't pay close attention to, as I am secure in my faith. On finding this Cathedral, in the main sanctuary, we found amidst the carnage and wreckage the pulpit lectern virtually untouched. Rest atop it; in a single beam of light, was a shining ring. Taking it as a sign from the Shining Ones, I am wearing it even now. This small miracle fills me with courage and purpose. I am more confident now than ever, and my faith, voice, and arm have never been stronger.

In Faith,

Sister Superior Augusta▪



Undead Army Standard Bearer by "imm0rtal reaper"



Patrolling the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

THE ORDER OF MAURICE

EPISODE 6: THE BADGE OF COWARDICE

By Ben Stoddard

"Form up!" Morticus bellowed as he and Jephraim raced out of the enclosed alleyways, towards the ransacked docks where the rest of their band stood amongst the corpses of the Brotherhood's garrison. The men scrambled as best they could to set up something resembling a battle line. Rigo slumped to his knees, holding himself up with his shield while his other hand gripped limply at the sword at his waist. Berns pulled

his blades free and stepped into a defensive position in front of his Brother, and Wilford had already positioned himself behind them with twin axes held at the ready.

Behind them, Jephraim could hear the approaching horrors as they snarled and snapped their teeth at their heels as they raced towards the feeble promise of safety their cohorts provided. Something growled as it chased them and collided into Rigo's shield as Morticus and Jephraim sped past. The growl turned into a whimper as Berns's swords flashed, followed by the sound of wet meat slapping the ground.

Jephraim tried to keep running but the Captain's hand on his shoulder spun him about to face the nightmare displayed before them.

“You have no place to run to, thief! Either stand and fight or try swimming to the coast, there is no other option!” the Captain wrenched him forward and planted his feet beside Jephraim, drawing his sword he stepped to the side and slid his blade clean through the stomach of some red-skinned monstrosity as it tried to crush the thief beneath an enormous cudgel. The creature fell heavily but there were several more to take its place. Massive, three headed dogs came bounding towards him and he stepped back in fright.

“Stand and fight, man! Draw your weapon!” Morticus’s voice tore through Jephraim’s indecision and he fumbled for the long knife at his waist. He raised the blade reflexively as one of the infernal mastiffs pounced on

him and by pure luck alone the creature’s momentum impaled itself on the point of his seax. The weight of the dog’s corpse pulled the hilt of his weapon from his hand and sent him flying backwards to avoid being crushed beneath the body. The thief tried to find his bearings as he backpedaled but the slick stones underneath his cut and bandaged feet slid out from under him and he found himself sprawled across the ground.

He stared up into the glowing red eyes of another red-skinned demon, this one much smaller than the one that had tried to crush him moments before and in its hand it held a long, cruel shaped sword that seemed to flicker as if a living flame. The demon raised its weapon above its head to strike at



Kingdoms of Men Cannon and crew by Andre Kritzing

Jephraim's head and he screamed while raising his hands in a feeble attempt to ward off the coming blow. A sudden whooshing noise and a breath of air past just over Jephraim's scalp and suddenly an axe appeared, embedded in the demon's chest. The demon stared at the weapon even as its life flickered away and it tumbled to the flagstones.

Jephraim pushed himself to his feet as the sounds of more struggles continued to erupt around him. He heard voices shouting but he couldn't make out what they were saying. He stared straight ahead at several more of the demonic attackers as they pressed forward. He watched as Rigo went down under the weight of three infernal swordsmen, their blades trading blows with Rigo's own sword even as he fell. Jephraim stared in wonder at the red hue the stones had taken from all the gore being spilled, his eyes refused to focus.

Suddenly something spun him around by his shoulder and he found himself face to face with Wilford for a blinding second before something collided with the side of his face, throwing him to the ground as stars exploded in his vision.

"Git offa yor duff, ya coo'ard!" Jephraim heard the familiar accent of his friend and somehow registered that he had just been struck by the mohawked man. The world snapped back into focus, and with it the fear of what they were facing. Jephraim cast his eyes about for his weapon, but couldn't see it anywhere. A wooden handle appeared before his eyes and he looked up to see Wilford proffering the extended haft of one of his axes.



*Dungeon Saga Hero Tyrant King Blaine by
"C.M. Minis"*

"Tak' tha bloody thing!" He growled "Make use a yer'self, and dinnae jus sit thar!" Jephraim grasped the handle and pushed himself to his feet to stare at the bloody business occurring mere feet from where he had just lain. The bodies of six demons lay prostrate on the ground at the feet of Morticus and Berns as they waded through the opposition of their enemies with seemingly flawless precision. Behind this pocket of violence lay what appeared to be two more demons, each one with an axe embedded in their chest or head. Wilford was bellowing challenges and curses with each axe he let fly from behind the thief. He couldn't find Rigo anywhere.

Hefting the hand axe, Jephraim tried to force his feet to advance towards where the Captain and Berns were fighting, but his limbs seemed to be made of stone and refused to obey his half-hearted commands. Somehow he managed to stagger a few feet forwards as a choking sound emitted from his throat. Before he could go much further, he found himself facing another of the demonic beasts, this one wielding a sword much like the last one that had attacked him.

Jephraim raised the axe and swung in a feeble attempt to put distance between himself and the demon in front of him. The



Kingdoms of Men Hero by "Daedle"

creature flicked aside the blow and advanced forward a step to strike Jephraim across the face with the back of its clawed hand, throwing him back a few steps and causing him to drop the axe as he did so. The thief fell to the ground, holding his hands up in supplication as he sobbed for his life. The demon seemed to chuckle as it moved forward to strike the thief's head from his shoulders.

Once again fate intervened as there was a sudden cracking sound accompanied by the sight of a blade punching through the demon's throat and it collapsed with a look of surprise etched onto its dying features. Standing behind the demon was the battered form of Morticus, and behind him lay the dead or retreating forms of the other Abyssal attackers. Berns lay prone on the ground with an open wound on his forehead. Wilford cried out and ran over to his friend.

"He's fine Wilford. I checked on him before coming over to save this worthless lump of skin. It's just a scratch. He cracked his head on the ground when he fell, but he'll be fine." Morticus's eyes didn't leave Jephraim's the entire time he spoke.

"Whar be Rigo? I dinnae see 'im!" Wilford's voice grew in panic as he spoke.

"They took him." Morticus called out.

"Wha' do ya mean, they took him?" Wilford asked.

"I didn't know that demons took prisoners." Jephraim asked, his attention completely centered on the Captain and his still-raised



Ogres versus Trolls by Grant Mahoney

sword.

"They don't." Morticus said.

"Cap'n, wha' do be goin' on?" Wilford, after checking on Berns was now closing on where the Captain stood.

"They took him to make sure that we... no that *I would follow.*" Morticus finally lowered his gaze and sighed.

"What do you mean? Why would they want you to follow them?" Jephraim questioned.

"Lots of reasons." The Captain shook his head, and when Jephraim raised an eyebrow he growled "Lots of *personal reasons.*"

"Cap'n?" Wilford stared at Morticus for a moment. The Captain sighed again and then he raised his eyes to the still overcast sky above. When he spoke, it was in a tired voice.

"I think it's time I told you the real reason I came to Perditus, and why you all are here."

To be continued...■

INTERNATIONAL CAMPAIGN DAY

Article by Kris Kapsner

Have you ever wanted to participate in a campaign with players all around the world?

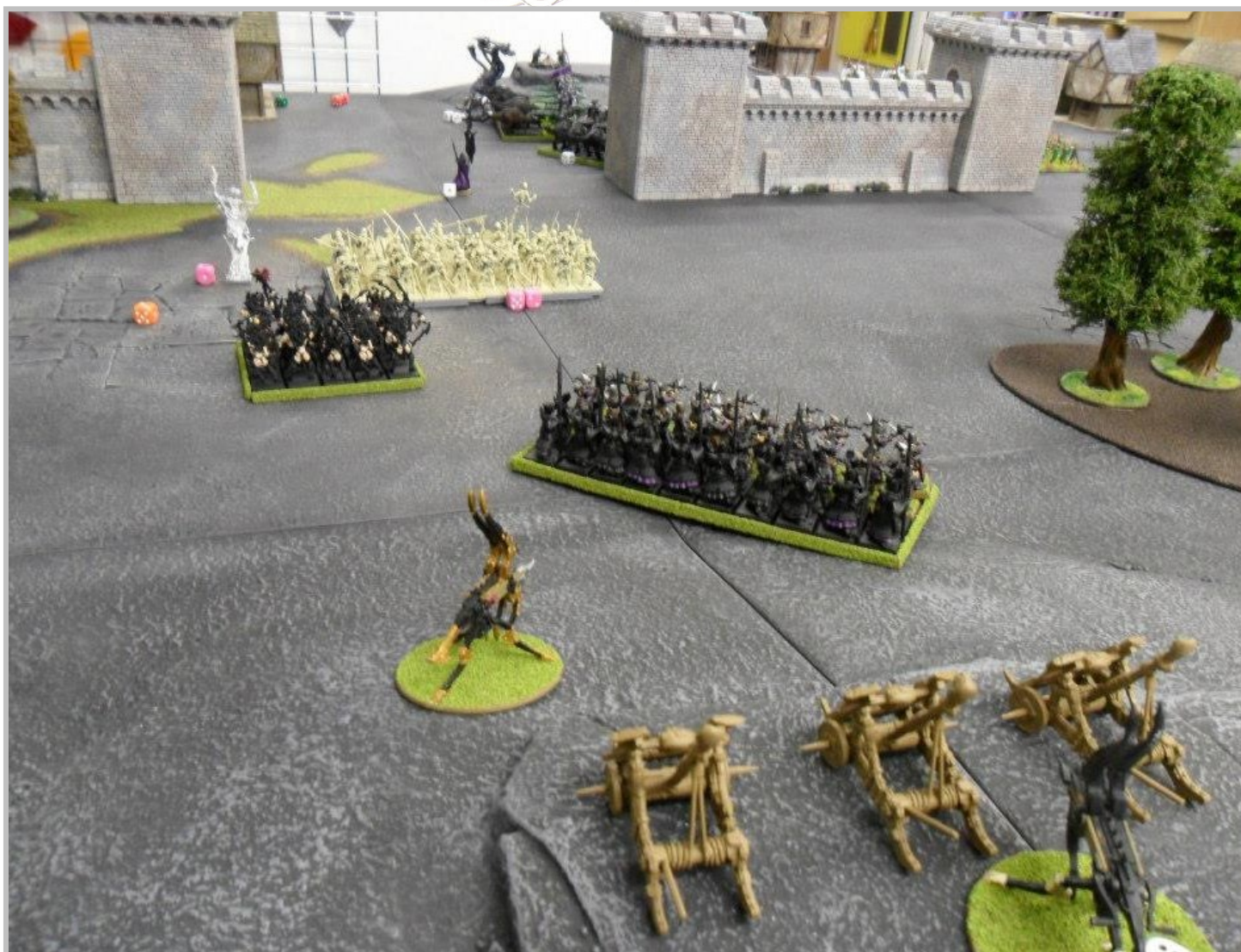
Does the idea of each game you play immediately impacting other games around the world sound like fun to you?

Does the idea of creating your own custom commander to lead your armies excite you?

If so, then International Campaign Day is what you've been waiting for!

On January 14th, 2017, International Campaign Day will be a truly global event. Players from around the world have signed up to play. We have locations in Australia, the UK, Sweden, Norway, Russia, the Czech Republic, Poland, South Africa, Germany, Argentina, Canada, the U.S. and possibly more!

Getting involved is easy and anyone can participate. It's possible that someone has already signed up a location close to you. We have a current list of locations



Kings of War Siege by "SneakyChris"



A Kings of War battle by “puggimer”

posted in the [International Campaign Day Facebook page](#). You can also email either Mark Cox or Kris Kapsner to find out locations and/or sign up to lead a location yourself. It's not too late to sign up!

ANYONE can lead a location. It doesn't matter if it's just you and a friend in your basement, or if you're someone who gathers a large group of players together at a game store. All that matters is that you're playing Kings of War and turning in your results through a Google Doc on the day of the event.

Mark Cox: markalancox@hotmail.com

Kris Kapsner: lakeswatt@gmail.com

So, how does it work?

Each location lead will have access to a Google Doc and a line to report how many

wins for Good and how many wins for Evil happened at their location. Each location must have an equal number of Evil and Good army. If there isn't an equal number, just make it an equal number. So, if your location has 4 Good armies, 2 of them will have to fight for the Evil side for the day.

Games are played at specific times and the results have to be turned in in a timely manner or we won't be able to properly calculate the bonuses for the next round. After results are recorded by the participating locations, bonuses are announced for armies to use for the following game.

Example: The first game is played and there were more wins for Evil at your location, but when all of the locations are added together, there are more wins for Good. A “Location Bonus” would be given out to the Evil armies

at your location. And, an “Overall Bonus” would be given to the Good armies at your location.

Then you play the next scenario with those bonuses and report the results again!

New fun scenarios are designed for the event and are posted on the Facebook page for the KoW International Campaign Day.

Because players across the globe are playing their games at the exact same time, starting times are adjusted based on what time zone you’ll be playing your games in. And, the 24 hour event is broken into 3 regions to help players play their games at “normal” times.

We encourage players to play in as many games as they would like, even participating in games designated for other regions. Some players are planning on playing in all 12 scenarios over the 24 hour event. And if players do that, we want to know your names because one lucky player who does that will be sent an Army Starter box of their choice directly from Mantic Games!

The regions start times on January 14th break down as follows:

1st 8 hour block - Asia/Australia

West Australia: 10:00-6:00

Central Australia: 11-7:00

East Australia: 12:00-8:00

New Zealand: 2:00-10:00

2nd 8 hour block - Europe

United Kingdom: 10:00-6:00

West Europe: 11:00-7:00

East Europe: 12:00-8:00

3rd 8 hour block - USA/Canada

Pacific: 10:00-6:00

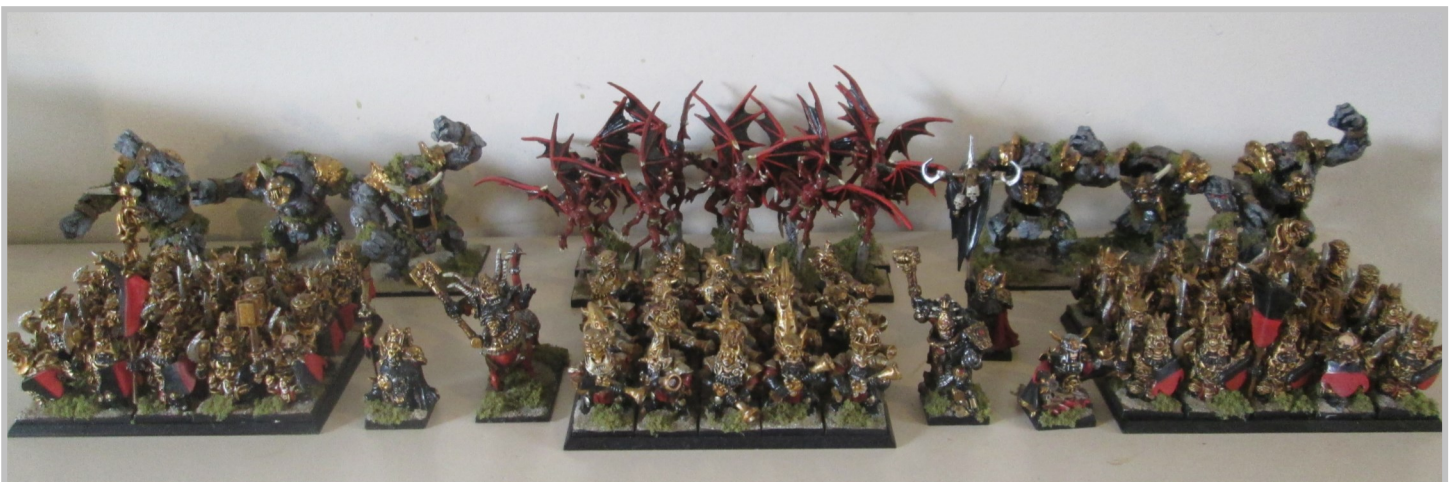
Mountain: 11:00-7:00

Central: 12:00-8:00

Eastern: 1:00-9:00

Each 8 hour block

- Game 1: 1000 points - 1 hour (4x4 table)
- 30 minute break (Results due in first 15 minutes)
- Game 2: 1500 points - 1.5 hours
- 30 minute break (Results due in first 15 minutes)
- Game 3: 2000 points - 2 hours
- 30 minute break (Results due in first 15 minutes)



Abyssal Dwarf army by “Dwarf Giant”



A Kings of War battle by "Daedle"

minutes)

- Game 4: 1500 points - 1.5 hours
- 30 minutes to report results for next round (or to announce the winner at the end)

12 scenarios total in a 4 game pattern for 3 regions.

- All scores must be input by 15 minutes after game times end.
- Once bonuses are announced by the regional leader, they will not be changed due to late inputs.

In addition to the unique scenarios that will be played, players are encouraged to create their own Commander hero who will lead their forces!

Commander

- A custom Living Legend hero will lead each player's forces as the Commander. This unique character may be used in

every game played in addition to the regular force chosen by the player and does not need to be unlocked.

- This Living Legend should be named.

Rules for creating this hero are as follows:

- Choose a normal hero (not a current Living Legend) allowed by your main force.
- A unique artifact may be created by choosing up to two artifacts allowed in the main rule book. The rules for those two artifacts are combined into a single artifact which is given a new name for the Living Legend. The cost of the one or two artifacts chosen are added to the cost of the hero. This does not restrict the use of those artifacts by other units in the main army force.
- Any upgrades normally allowed by the basic hero chosen may also be chosen by this Living Legend.
- The Living Legend is given a stat line improvement of 1 point to any stat of

their choosing. The maximum Defense is 6+. The maximum Range or Melee stat is 2+. If Nerve is chosen, both the Waver and Route values are raised by 1. This adjustment has no point value when calculating the value of this character.

- The maximum total point value allowed for this Living Legend is 200 points.

In the end though, our goal is to bring people together across the globe playing Kings of War. If you only have enough models to play 1000 points per player, play 1000 point games for each round. If you like using Clash of Kings comp, then use it. If you don't like those changes, don't use them. If

you don't like a scenario and just want to play your own, go ahead. Like we said, our goal is to have as many people playing Kings of War that day together across the world at the same time.

We would love to see you participate!■



Undead Werewolves by "C.M. Minis"



MARTIANS IN THE DEADZONE A BATTLE REPORT

By Shane Knerl

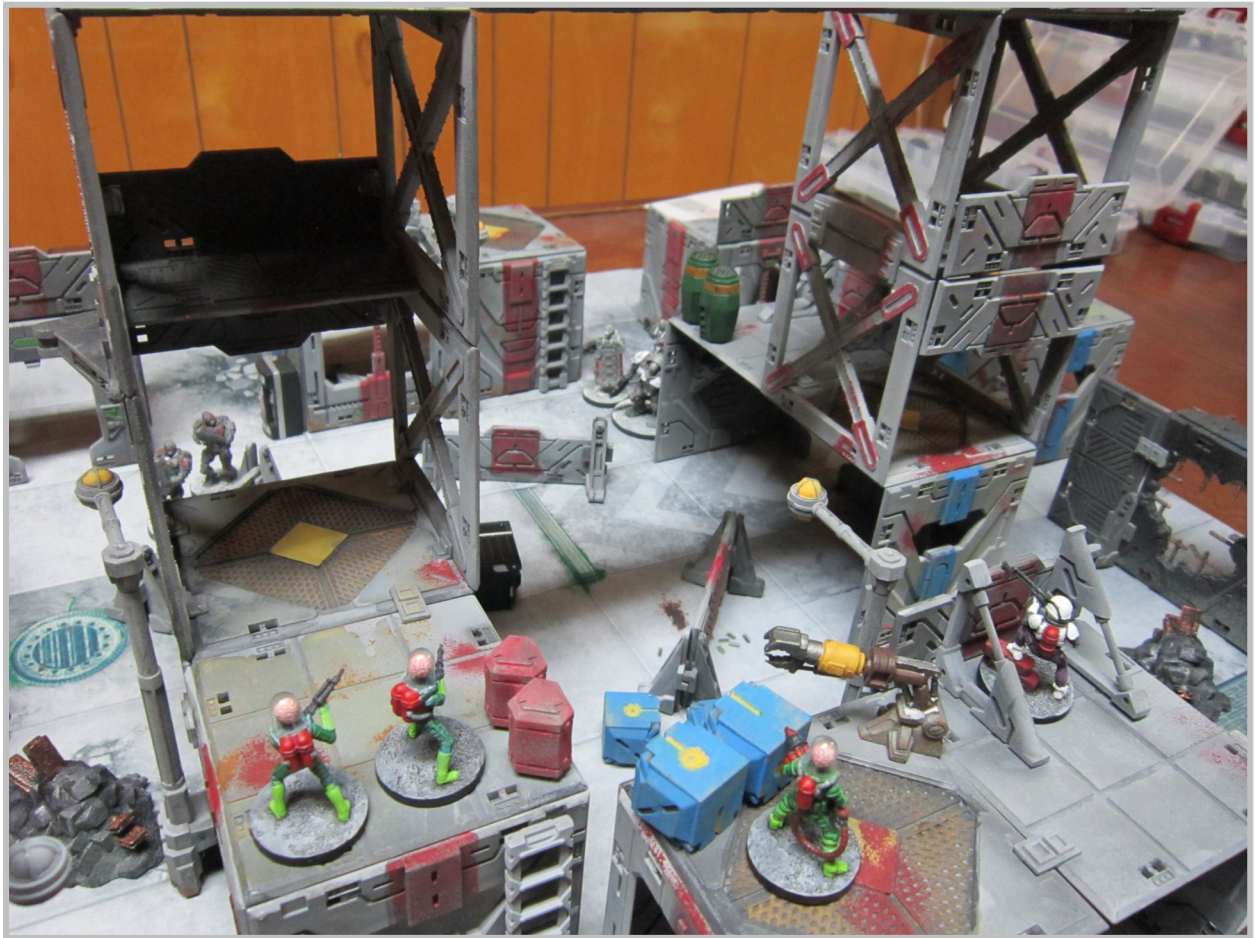
I finally got around to playtesting [the beta list for the Martians in Deadzone](#), as designed by Mantic forum user 'scarletsquig' with the permission of Mantic Games. I played three games with three different lists; all of them were against Enforcers.

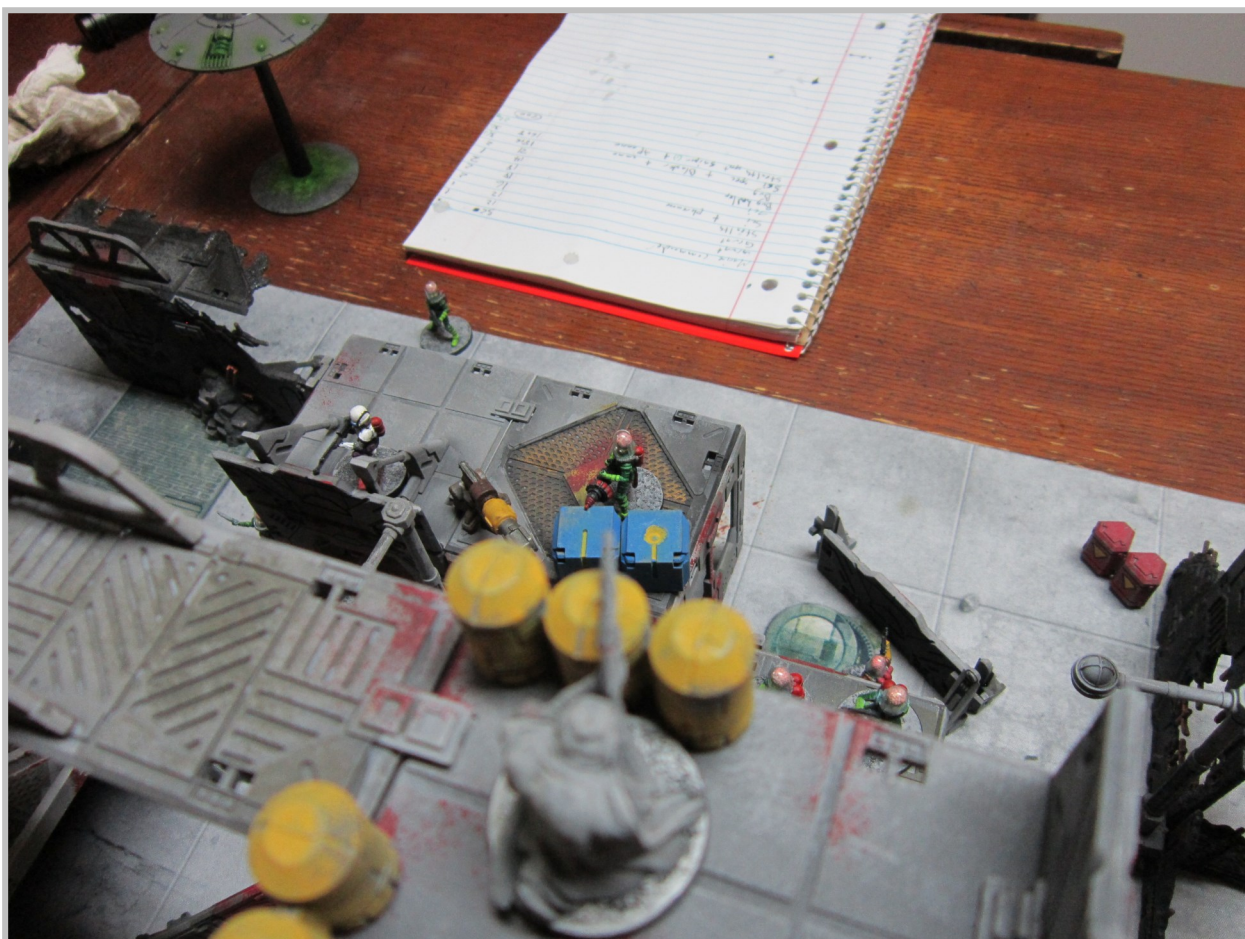
First up:

- Stealth commander
- Sci trooper x2 (one with pheromones, the other with ammo)
- Bug Handler
- Marinex2
- Saucer + Heat ray
- Bug
- Stealth sniper

200pts

This team did fairly well. The saucer is a large target and got the brunt of the initial attention, which was perfect as it let me close enough for those range 4 shots to get in range. It was a close game. The bug is a





fairly good brawler, but the sniper isn't the best: it feels like a goblin sniper. I ended up losing 18-21.

Second up:

- Hoard out...
- Grunt commander
- 5 Grunts (one with the freeze ray)
- Bug Handler
- Bug x2
- Stealth Sniper
- Saucer + Heat ray

200pts

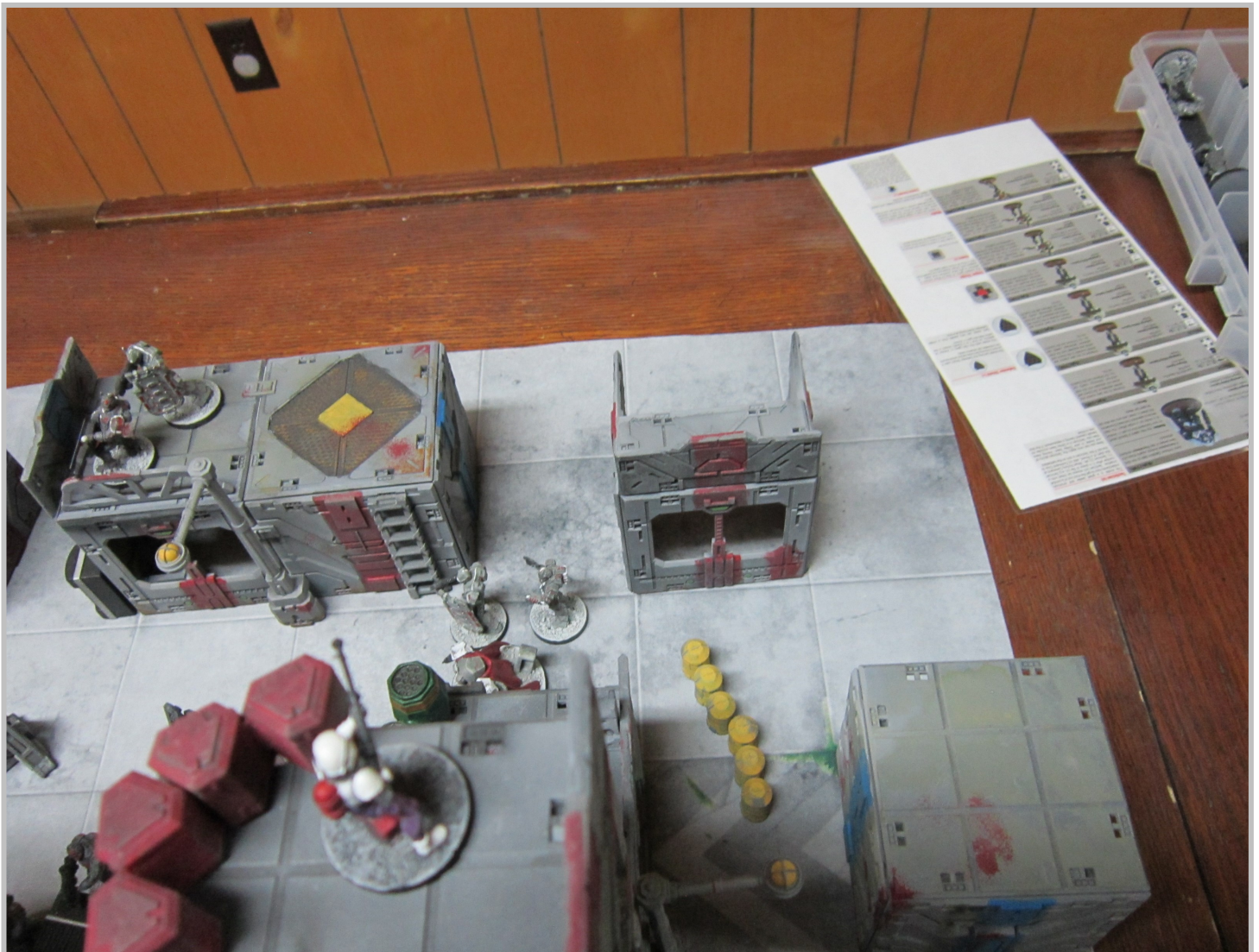
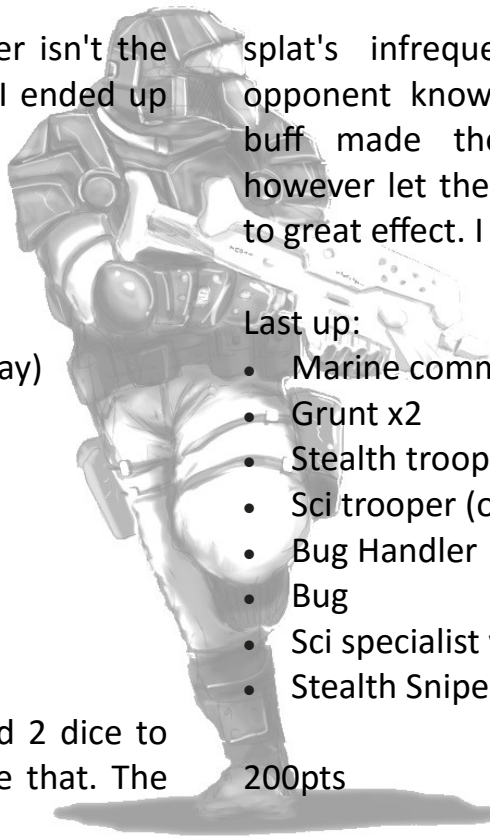
This list works well on paper: add 2 dice to grunts. But I lost big-time despite that. The

splat's infrequent visit mixed with the opponent knowing the grunts could get a buff made them the target. That did however let the saucer get in a shot or two to great effect. I lost this one 15-20.

Last up:

- Marine commander
- Grunt x2
- Stealth trooper
- Sci trooper (one with Pheromone)
- Bug Handler
- Bug
- Sci specialist with blaster
- Stealth Sniper

200pts









This list works very well. Being able to maximize your command dice to plan out your turn (as long as you use 'em all....) is a huge benefit.

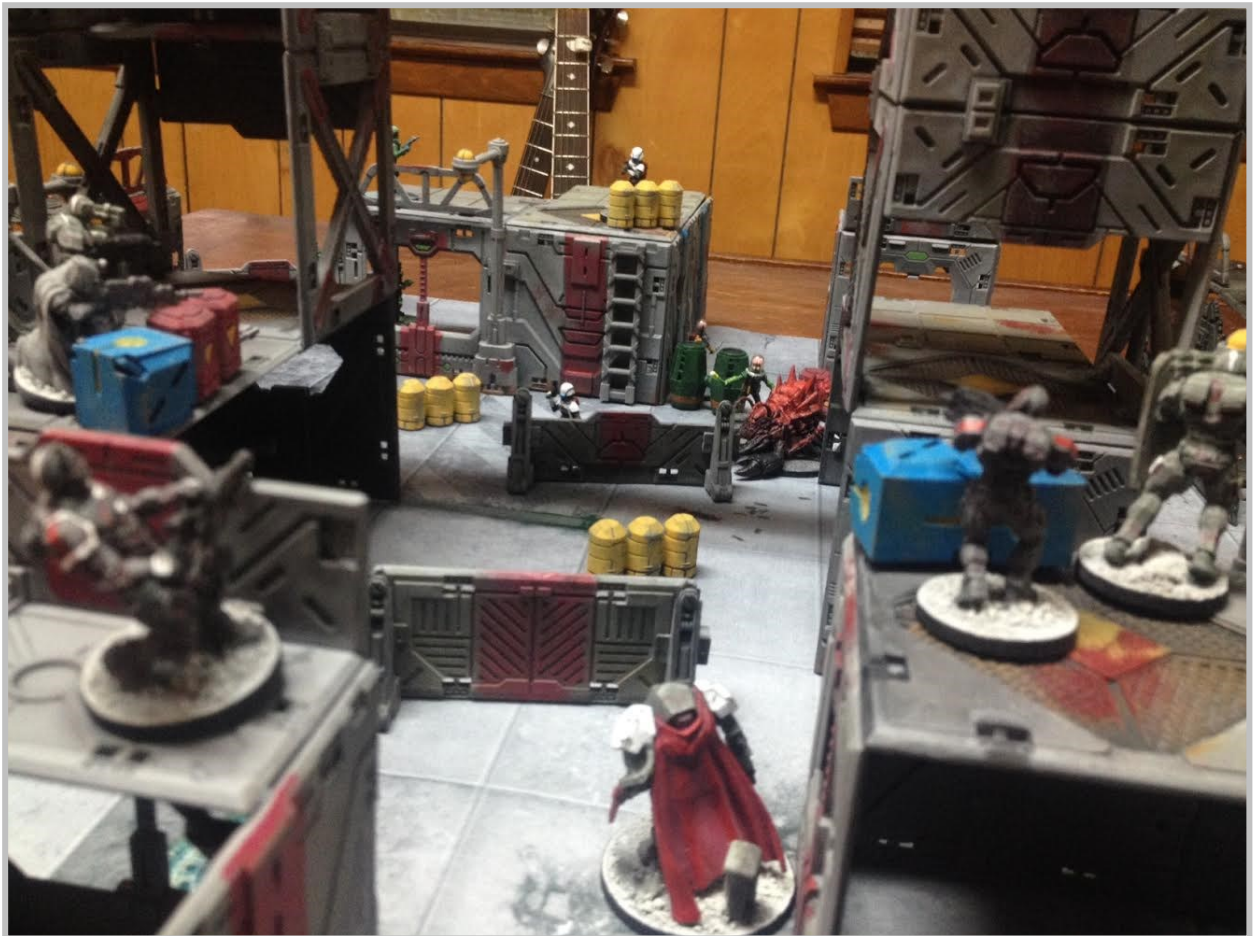
I rushed the grunts up to play speed bumps and let the specialists get in range. I pretty much decided that the bug and specialists would get all of the command dice. I had a double fight with the bug who benefited from the handler being "friendly", the blaster clearing out high places, and the sniper playing cleanup.

I won this game 22-16.

Overall, I feel like this is a fairly balanced faction. I never took the robot because he felt like he still needs a little work. The saucer could have been OP but he's easy to hide from. He's also easy to kill so I think he's good and balanced.

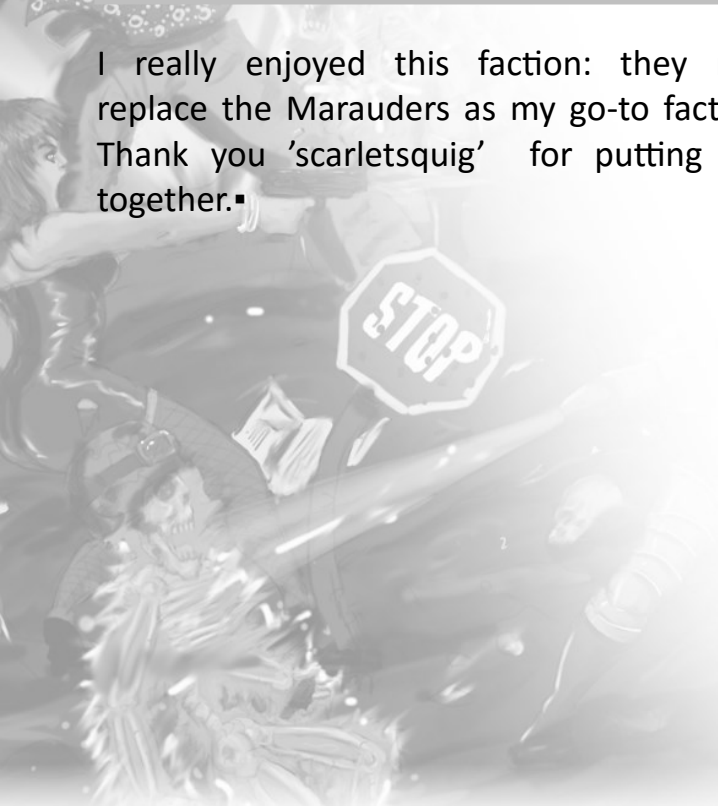
I didn't take the Sci commander mostly because I avoid melee heavy lists unless playing as the Plague. I think I will try a list with him though. Those bugs are great so long as you have handlers around. I don't own Dredd or Beloss Bel so I also never tried them out. I noticed Wrex isn't on this except in the elite list; I figure he could be akin to the plague dog.







I really enjoyed this faction: they may replace the Marauders as my go-to faction! Thank you 'scarletsquig' for putting this together.■





Deadzone Rebs by Jamie O'Toole

DEADZONE THE CLEANSING

PART NINE

By Matthew Lindsay

Gamma Prime Corporation Headquarters

Location: Gamma Tau, Surface

08:06 hours Earth equivalent

The Corporation Headquarters buckled and swayed as the lower floors were immersed in the conflagration of explosions, a chain reaction working its way up through the

Dramatis Personae

- *Rylor Ings, Enforcer 8th First Recon Response*
- *Annika Sanne, 'The Fourth', Enforcer 8th First Recon Response*
- *Caelum Augustus, Enforcer Captain of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Celeste Allenova, Enforcer Interrogator of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Carthor and Voya, Enforcer Sergeants of the Gorgon's Fury*
- *Kallon and Shiqar, Enforcers of the Gorgon's Fury*

metal and concrete beneath them, the supports shattering, the tower falling –

The horde below –

Annika... she had trapped the tower after all, was Augustus' last conscious thought.

The center of gravity collapsed, dragging the structure with it, the violent scream of twisted metal lost within the cacophony.

Augustus' footing gave way as the tower lurched – the city streets rose toward him –

Instinct took hold. Reason was suspended and adrenaline flowed.

The tower fell, the ground emerging at an ever-increasing angle. Training became nature and was performed without conscious thought.

The roof buckled and broke; Augustus ran, lifting his rifle and engaging his jump-pack, its thrust and the angle of descent taking

him clear of the collapsing structure and above the swarming Plague below, firing as he went, a meteor ablaze, soaring from the chaos.

Harnessing the weight of his armored form and the force of his descent he landed atop an infected and drove the heel of his boot into the creature's skull which crumpled like red, sodden paper. Firing in an arc around him, another Plague rushed him from his right as he lit his molecular blade and punched clean through the misshapen torso. He pulled back and took the head off another with the reverse swing.

They were barely recognizable as human.

The unmistakable crimson of a Genling laser took the rushing Plague from his left, as other Enforcers landed akin to him, activating their jump-packs and clearing the tower's ground zero. With a bloody blade and searing laser they forced a foothold in the street, but their numbers were few. Augustus looked up and saw other Enforcers rising in all directions, like shrapnel from a grenade, those unable to get a clear footing being flung from the tower as it crashed to the planet's surface. He saw one spiral into a nearby structure and the light of laser fire flash in the windows. Others were crushed



Deadzone Plague versus Marauders by "Boston Miniatures"



Deadzone at Adeption 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

and lost to sight as the roiling wave of dust and debris took them.

‘We’ve been herded into a slaughterhouse,’ said one gritted voice over comms.

The Enforcers formed up into a semi-circle and began forcing their way down the street, their lenses compensating for the low visibility in the aftermath of the destruction. Voya was there, and Kallon’s bulk was distinctive.

Celeste, he thought. Rylor?

No time to dwell.

Another Enforcer landed next to him: Celeste struck the ground in a three-point landing, her weapon ready. There was already blood on her armor. She took to the front, firing into the upper windows of the

surrounding structures.

‘Rylor Ings – where is he?’ said Augustus over comms.

‘I was with him when he fell – he was struck and flung from the tower,’ replied Celeste.

‘Dead?’

‘Probably.’

But we have what we need, thought Augustus. He surveyed the situation.

‘Annika knows exactly what we’re going to do. So we’re not going to disappoint,’ the Captain relayed on the public comms, knowing Annika could probably hear him. ‘We have no other way out. Murder anything that gets in your way. Make the Devil of old Earth sit up in horror. Make Annika sick to

witness this. Our fury is unleashed! Move!’

The Enforcers advanced as a cohesive yet fluid whole, those rushing forward covered by those firing behind, before taking cover and firing themselves, allowing those behind to overtake; in this way each Enforcer overlapped without a break in their assault.

Escaping the plaza, they turned into a closer-knitted street, blocked with debris.

‘Clear the windows! Clear the doors!’

No sooner had this been said than a Plague launched from a second-story window and

landed atop an Enforcer, the muzzle of its gun finding purchase in the neck joint and firing full auto as the body beneath it convulsed in its armor. A sweep of a Genling cleaved it apart, but another quickly took its place.

‘Forward! Forward!’

Augustus knew one thing with certainty: if they were caught in a protracted engagement here, they would die.

They had to keep moving.



Deadzone Wrath Mercenary versus Reb Kraaw by Paul Mullis



Deadzone Reb Drones by Jamie O'Toole

He opened a comm channel to the Gorgon's fury as he ran, the pounding of his boots echoing the rhythm of blood in his ears.

'I need a secondary extraction, point Delta. Primary extraction failed, I repeat, primary extraction failed.'

'Acknowledged.'

Hearing the howls from behind he cut the channel. Augustus turned and blew a hole through one creature's leg, toppling it to the ground and kicking it away, feeling its bones break. He struck another with his blade, the singing whistle of it slicing through the neck

and chest cavity.

But for every Plague they ended, more appeared.

'Grenades! Cover!'

He flung the explosive as did the others, able and knelt behind a fallen section of rubble blackened by fire and smoke. Hearing the cascading blasts, he leaped up and vaulted the half-wall into the smoking basin, the force of the detonations punching a hole in the onrushing Plague.

Like a spearhead the Enforcers thrust through, firing in a three hundred and sixty degree arc all around them.

But the Plague attacked from all sides, ever more emerging.

Augustus thought: *We are surrounded. He looked back and saw other Enforcers still trying to fight through, denied passage by the Plague. He thought he saw a familiar lightness of armor among those behind, but dismissed the possibility as he witnessed another Enforcer before him being dragged down by several Plague and saw viscous blades being hacked into the armor joints,*

before delivering a death blow.

'Kallon! Clear a way!' he bellowed.

Kallon ran forward, his heavy footfalls shaking up loose dirt and gravel, striding atop an abandoned vehicle which buckled and bent beneath his weight. He loosened his Tri-barrel, swung it into his grip and pressed the trigger.

The result was carnage.

The machine was an instrument of death the likes of which, once made, changed the nature of warfare: its three barrels span with



Deadzone Marauders by "Boston Miniatures"



Deadzone Asterians by "C.M. Minis"

a force that was only bested by the devastating lasers they produced, three streaks of super-heated crimson struck the onrushing Plague and devoured them. Kallon span the weapon, its arc cleaving entire sections of organic matter apart in the blink of an eye. That a man could wield such power was fearful, as flesh and bone were simply incinerated where it struck, and where the lasers carved through the ranks of the infected they pounded into the concrete and metal of the surrounding structures leaving a trail of smoldering black and ruined flesh as evidence of the weapon's journey.

'Forward!' Augustus bellowed.

The Enforcers rushed into the clearing where the Tri-barrel had unloaded. Kallon was still atop the vehicle, a man possessed, as he turned the weapon up to the windows of the higher stories, the pitched whining of the specialized Genling keening through the sounds of combat. The heat of the lasers could be felt as the air became charged with energy, the Enforcers' rifles joining in the lethal chorus. Glass shattered and bodies fell as the Enforcers pushed onward beneath the storm of the Tri-barrel. The Plague were attacking still, giving no thought to their own lives, concentrating on Kallon; their small-arms fire ricocheted off his armor before he drew sight upon each in turn.

Kallon jumped down, his weapon needing time to recharge, and rushed to catch up.

A spark of hope began to emerge in Augustus as they turned toward another boulevard and saw the edge of the city approaching. They ran still, never slowing, the Enforcer in front of him being caught by the blast of a Plague's grenade and losing a limb, the crimson spray of it flung across Augustus' armor. Celeste grabbed the falling Enforcer without breaking stride, lifting the wounded up and dragging them to their feet along with her.

And then the Captain saw it, standing in the middle of the boulevard: a hulking behemoth form twice the size of a man, twisted and malformed beyond all recognition of its original species.

He had seen such a thing only once before.

It caught sight of them, hungry, yellow eyes leering from its skull-like visage, the flesh tightly pulled back like some demonic humanoid pit-bull. Bones protruded from beneath its flesh, the warped skeleton forming a disturbing natural armor that protected the taught layers of inhuman sinew and muscle that rippled with devastating might.

A Plague Stage One.

Patient Zero.

The hulking beast approached them slowly, its nightmarish shadow lengthening to meet them as the sun rose behind the once-human creature.

Above the Stage One crawled those it had infected in turn, the Stage Two's. Their elongated limbs and raking claws gave them purchase along the high walls of the surrounding buildings, and like their sire, their bone and matter had been reshaped into something more befitting the terrible infection: teeth had become great fangs, their shoulders hunched and neck sunken, and they moved with an unnatural gait that could quickly become a bounding gallop to engage their foe.

Augustus quickly scanned his



Deadzone Marauder Commandos by Grant Mahoney

surroundings. *We are caught here, he realized. To flee was suicide, the Stage Twos were far faster. And behind, he could hear the sounds of Genling fire attempting to keep the horde back.*

'Kallon, fire as I do, target the Stage One – the Two's will move too fast for the Tri-barrel,' he said over comms. 'The rest of you – pick a target and fire until it stops moving. Keep them at a distance, we can't run, but the Stage Two's won't assault headlong into a Genling. And never, ever, turn your back on one, even to engage another. They're too quick. Watch for all limbs, the legs are just as deadly as the claws. Sever them.' The Captain's voice was grim. 'If you're grappled, pull a grenade, you're already dead.'

The Stage One and its brethren were sizing them up, taking stock of the threat the survivors posed. The Plague's greatest weapon had no rush to engage, its cunning recognizing the rock and the hard place the Enforcers were caught between.

Caught between the hammer and the anvil, thought Augustus. And no way back.

The Stage One advanced toward them as the horde of Stage Three's continued to press from behind.



Deadzone Plague Stage 1 by Jamie O'Toole

Strewn across the street, the Enforcers prepared themselves and took cover where they could find it; in doorways, behind ruined sections of wall, the ground floors of stores and workplaces now unrecognizable in their function. Bullets ricocheted and splintered around them, ever kicking up more plumes of dust as the continuous fire of the horde grew in volume and lethality as they sensed the Enforcers trapped, and pressed in.

Augustus leant against the frame of the doorway he had taken cover in and sighted down his scope. He knew once they began firing, the Stage One would rush them.

‘On my shot,’ he said over comms.

He steadied his aim, picked his target, and pulled the trigger: the legs of the Patient Zero where the bone growth wasn’t as thick. As the too-bright crimson of his laser seared the mutated limb, the familiar whine of the Tri-barrel started up and the Enforcers, back to back between the horde and the Stage One and Twos, unleashed their last strength.

Fire was exchanged from both sides as bodies, human and Plague, fell in devastating number.

The street was a no-man’s land.

The Stage One howled as it was struck, a deafening bellow that reverberated through the streets. It ducked its head and charged, weathering a storm of fire which would have felled any other life form as the Tri-barrel pounded into it and Augustus held down his trigger. The Stage Two’s, hearing their masters call, dove into a gallop along the walls. They leapt and vaulted from the street and buildings, bounding from their perches in a sickening rendition of a graceful hunter as laser fire streaked all around them.

Behind, the horde of Stage Three’s pressed closer, buoyed by the echo of the Stage One’s war cry, their small-arms fire now posing a true threat as the sheer amount of



Warpath battlefield at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games



Deadzone Enforcer and Pathfinder by Paul Mullis

it could begin to take toll on their almost stationery targets. Yet the Enforcers superior skill and accuracy was still holding back the tide of Plague, albeit barely, as heads and limbs were removed when the Stage Threes left cover.

Augustus witnessed a grenade land directly behind a burnt-out shell of a vehicle where Voya was firing from; the sergeant grabbed it and attempted to hurl it back but no sooner had it left her hand than it exploded. She went down, her armor blackened, clutching a bloody stump of a wrist where a hand had once been.

We who were living are now dying, with a little patience, thought Augustus.

The Enforcers disciplined fire – picking their targets and killing with each shot – was holding both fronts of Plague from outright

rushing them, but the Stage Two's were greatly pressing their advantage of superhuman agility, moving between broken buildings like wraiths across the battlefield, showing less and less of themselves as they advanced. Kallon, back against the wall, was firing as he could at the Stage One, forcing it too, to dart between cover.

We can't hold, thought Augustus.

He saw more Stage Threes fall, for the closer they pressed the more lethal the Enforcers proved, but while the Plague's numbers had finally begun to thin the horde, they were almost on them.

The Enforcers were shouting into their comms, warning moment to moment of the direst threat, directing fire to where it was most needed.

'Kill 'em! Kill 'em!' someone cried.

'Keep it efficient,' Celeste rebuked through gritted teeth.

The first Stage Two vaulted its cover to the closest Enforcer and took a Genling shot full-frontal, its cranium exploding in a blender of crimson fluids and solids. Its body shuddered as it toppled over, an Enforcer twisting away to prevent from being crushed. A second Stage Two took advantage of its brethren's demise to dash into the gap in the defense, leaping toward the same Enforcer and landing atop them. Cries of pain and rage could be heard and Augustus witnessed the

Enforcer fire into the creatures gut point-blank, but too late – the Enforcer was torn apart in a matter of seconds and the Stage Two dived away.

Augustus was still hunting the Stage One, daring it to emerge.

A scream of defiance across the street took his momentary attention as he saw the Enforcer Shiqar pulled into the darkness of a building, a Stage Two dragging him. Silhouetted still-frames of a duel for life and death could be seen with each shot fired from within, but all too quickly the light died and Shiqar's voice was no longer heard.



Deadzone Plague Strike Force by "C.M. Minis"



Deadzone Rebs versus Plague by Jamie O'Toole

The Stage One moved and Augustus fired, striking its shoulder as it moved into another structure. Its cunning knew how to best avoid his direct angle of fire while Kallon had to allow the Tri-barrel to recharge. The ground reverberated as seconds later the Stage One leapt into the street, now mere meters distant, swiping at a burnt-out shell of a vehicle and sending it flying, forcing two Enforcers to dive out of its way. It picked up the nearest Enforcer from the floor and ripped them in two, casting the halves aside, roaring in its joy of violence and bloodlust.

launching themselves at the Enforcers with reckless abandon.

The disciplined fire of the Enforcers became a melee as they all fought for their lives. Laser fire was exchanged point-blank into tangled masses of flesh as the Stage Twos leapt at those still standing. Grenades were rammed into the open jaws of some while the hiss of molecular blades sang through the air as they were unsheathed; Augustus saw Celeste drive hers through the skull of one whilst firing her pistol into those still oncoming.

As the line of defense was again breached, the Stage Two's began their final assault,

A blast to the right forced Augustus against the wall, as one mortally wounded Enforcer held onto his assailant and drew the cap from his grenade, taking the Stage Two with him.

Kallon had turned his fire upon the horde, trying to keep it back, unable to target the Stage One as it fought three Enforcers hacking and firing into it.

Augustus left his cover and threw himself into the breach, striking a Stage Two with his rifle before turning the barrel on it and firing. The Stage One, bodies strewn around it, rushed into the midst of more Enforcers, picking up another and impaling them upon a loose piece of rebar, even as the others fired their Genlings directly into its body.

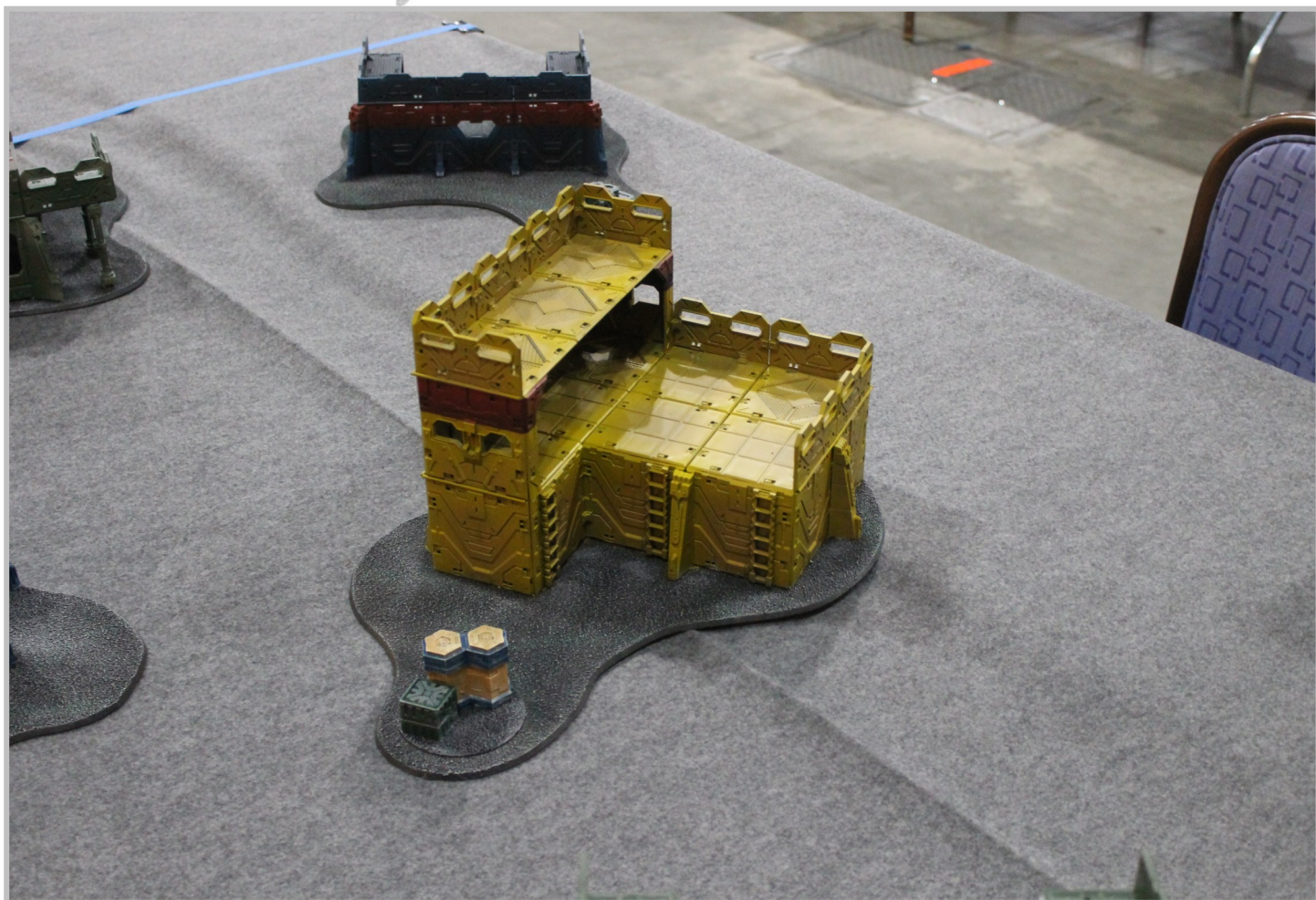
It was butchery.

The horde pressed closer, sensing victory almost at hand.

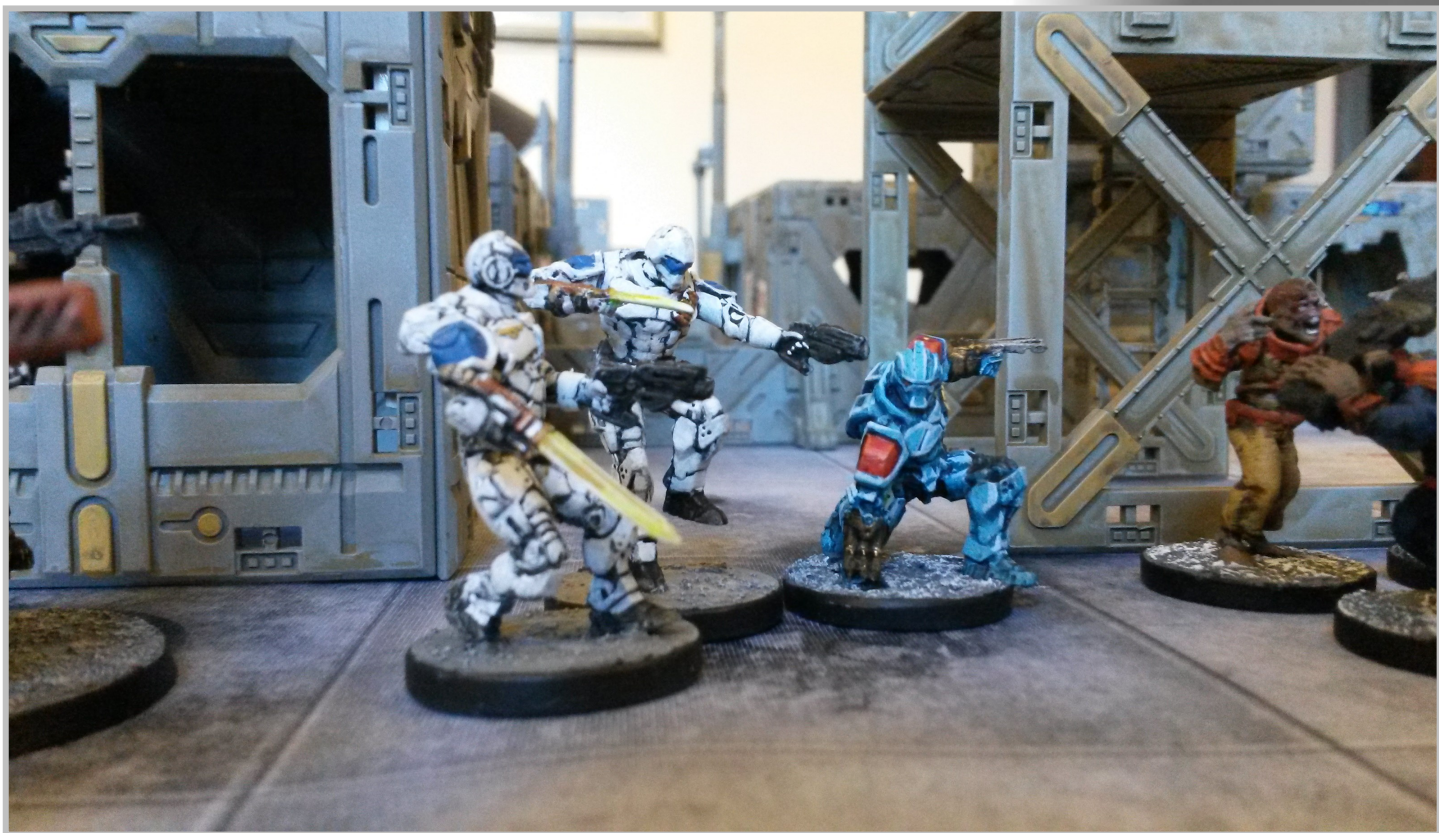
Suddenly several Stage Two's fell while others screamed in agony as a series of fatally accurate shots struck them from the side of the street, their flesh erupting as bullets tore through them, caught entirely off guard.

Rylor, his light armor bloody and his flesh bruised, rushed the melee from where Shiqar had fallen, firing as he did so.

Augustus had heard the skill of First Recon, and he had witnessed their practices on holo-tape, but never before had he seen the



Warpath battlefield terrain at Adeption 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games



Deadzone Enforcers versus Plague Zombies by Paul Mullis

lethal expertise up close: Rylor dived into the combat, taking no cover. He lunged at the nearest Stage Two, punching his blade clean through its malformed face. He wasn't so much fast as deadly accurate; despite the blood and death around him Rylor fought like he was in the practice range, every shot and swipe hitting home, turning from target to target and laying low each assailant in turn. Augustus saw a Plague rush him only to be cleaved neck to sternum as Rylor swung his molecular blade and continued firing one handed, before bringing the rifle back around to his grip in one smooth motion, killing another with his ceaseless shooting. Rylor ducked a clumsy swipe and stabbed another Plague in the neck as he took a third's legs out from under it on the reverse swing. He stomped into its chest, ending its tortured existence as its ribcage and organs shattered.

The Stage Two's were fast, their bodies twisted into a form fit for brutality, but they lacked the skill of combat. In comparison, Rylor Ings was a harmony of grace and rage with a talent for murder.

Caught without cover between the assault of Rylor and the crossfire of the Enforcers, the Stage Two's were cut apart: Where moments before they had been atop the Enforcers, now there were more Stage Two bodies than living.

But despite the momentary respite, the Plague pressed: Rylor was weathering fire from the horde but remained cool-headed, in the face of death his aim did not waver nor did his grip loosen, and so he continued to find in his crosshairs each and every target he sought.

He was saying something, Augustus could hear, uttering some kind of mantra to himself.

A series of shrieks were loosed as the horde, fueled by bloodlust and the prospect of impending death, finally broke cover and rushed the Enforcers. They drew savage-looking blades and expended their ammunition in a frenzy. Two more Enforcers fell to the volley and Augustus saw Celeste drag a bleeding soldier behind a broken wall, firing with her pistol. Rylor had moved to cover now, expelled a spent clip and inserted another, continuing his relentless assault, gunning for the Stage One. While other

Enforcers had not risked hitting their own in the on-going melee, Rylor's shots found the creature's mutilated skull where its face should have been, cutting into the flesh and bone. It brought one hand up to stop the assault, and, screaming in pain, charged him.

Rylor stepped aside and weaved into the open street, using his preternatural dexterity to his advantage. He drew his pistol as he relit his molecular blade and slung his rifle across his back. The Stage One, driven by pain and primal fury attacked blindly. Rylor twisted beneath its clumsy swipe to slice his blade across the Stage One's heel, severing the sinew and muscle, it shook with pain but



Deadzone Marauders versus Plague by "Boston Miniatures"



Deadzone Enforcer Strike Force by "C.M. Minis"

no sooner had Rylor cut one ankle than he did the other, drawing the blade up through the leg and stabbing into the creature's knee from behind: the ice-blue of the blade pierced through to the other side, expelling a shower of crimson as it did so, crippling the joint.

The Stage One cried out and fell to its singular working knee but caught Rylor with a powerful swinging back hand, the force sending him flying into a wall where a jutting piece of metal impaled him through his gut. His body shuddered as he pushed himself off and slumped to the floor, unmoving. The broken rebar dripped crimson onto him.

Augustus turned his attention from the growing piles of Stage Three corpses at his feet, the horde throwing their last strength at the Enforcers. The Stage One was approaching Rylor's still form, dragging its now useless leg.

He saw where Rylor had wounded the Stage One and fired.

Patient Zero howled again, the sound cascading through the streets. The remaining Stage Two's rushed to their sire's plight, withdrawing from cover and attacking anew. One rushed Augustus and he swiftly cut it down, but the Stage One bent over Rylor and

picked him up by his throat.

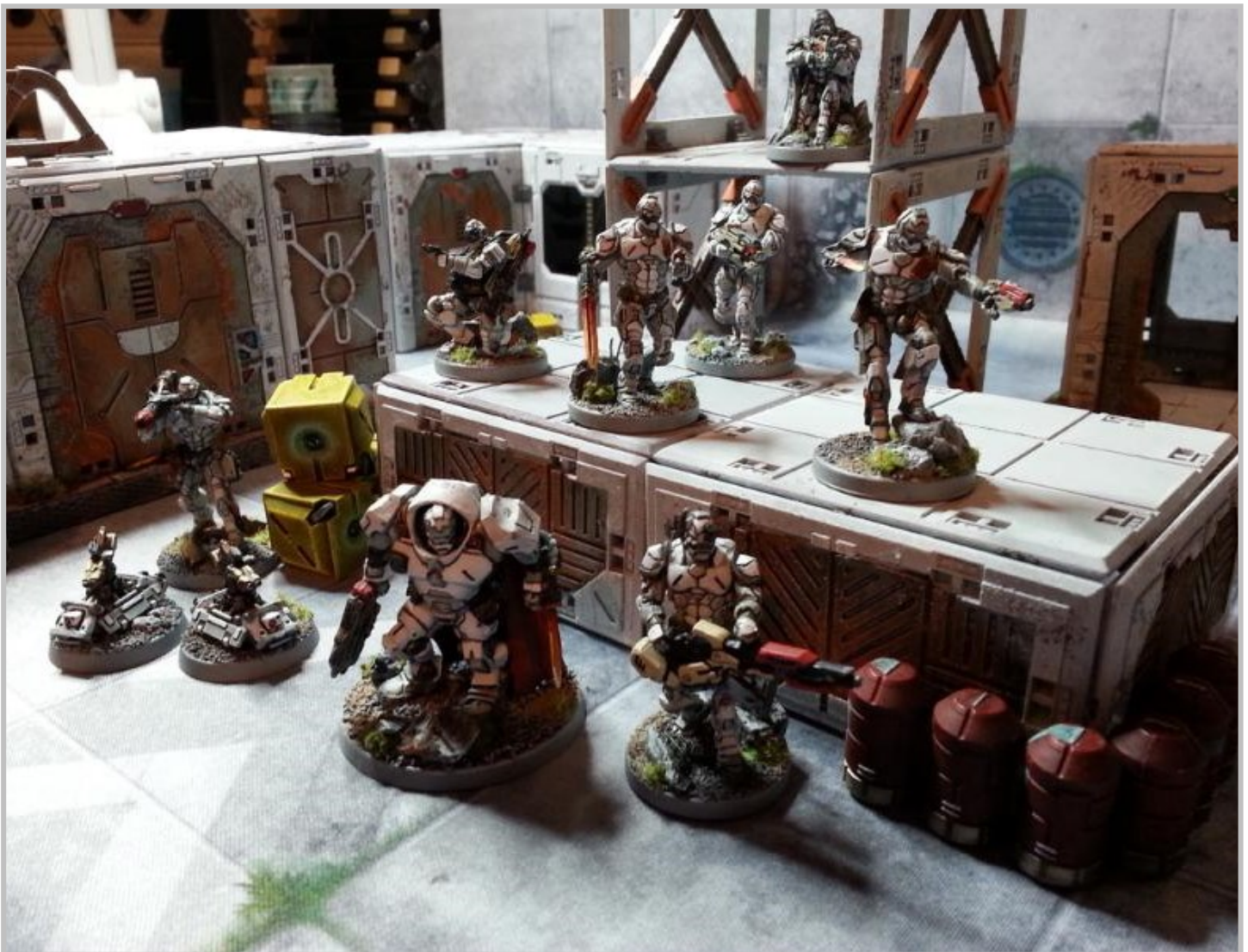
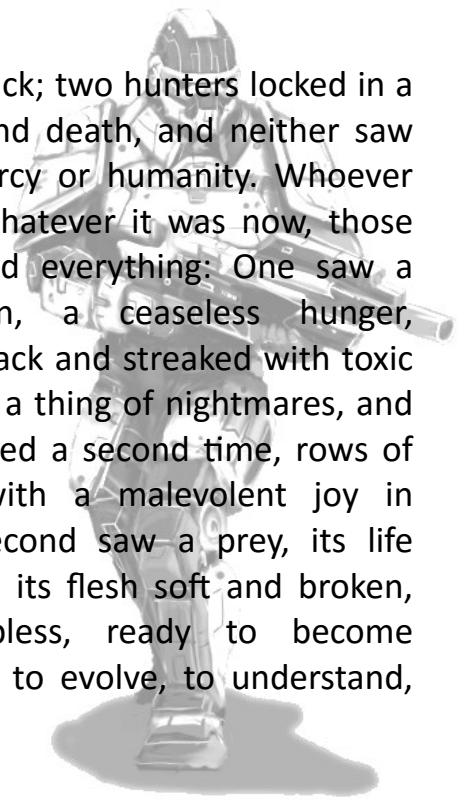
Augustus couldn't reach him.

Rylor, half conscious, felt too-large fingers crushing his larynx, starving his lungs of air. His sight was blurred as his eyes rolled, and he could smell fetid breath as something roared into his face, covering him in spittle.

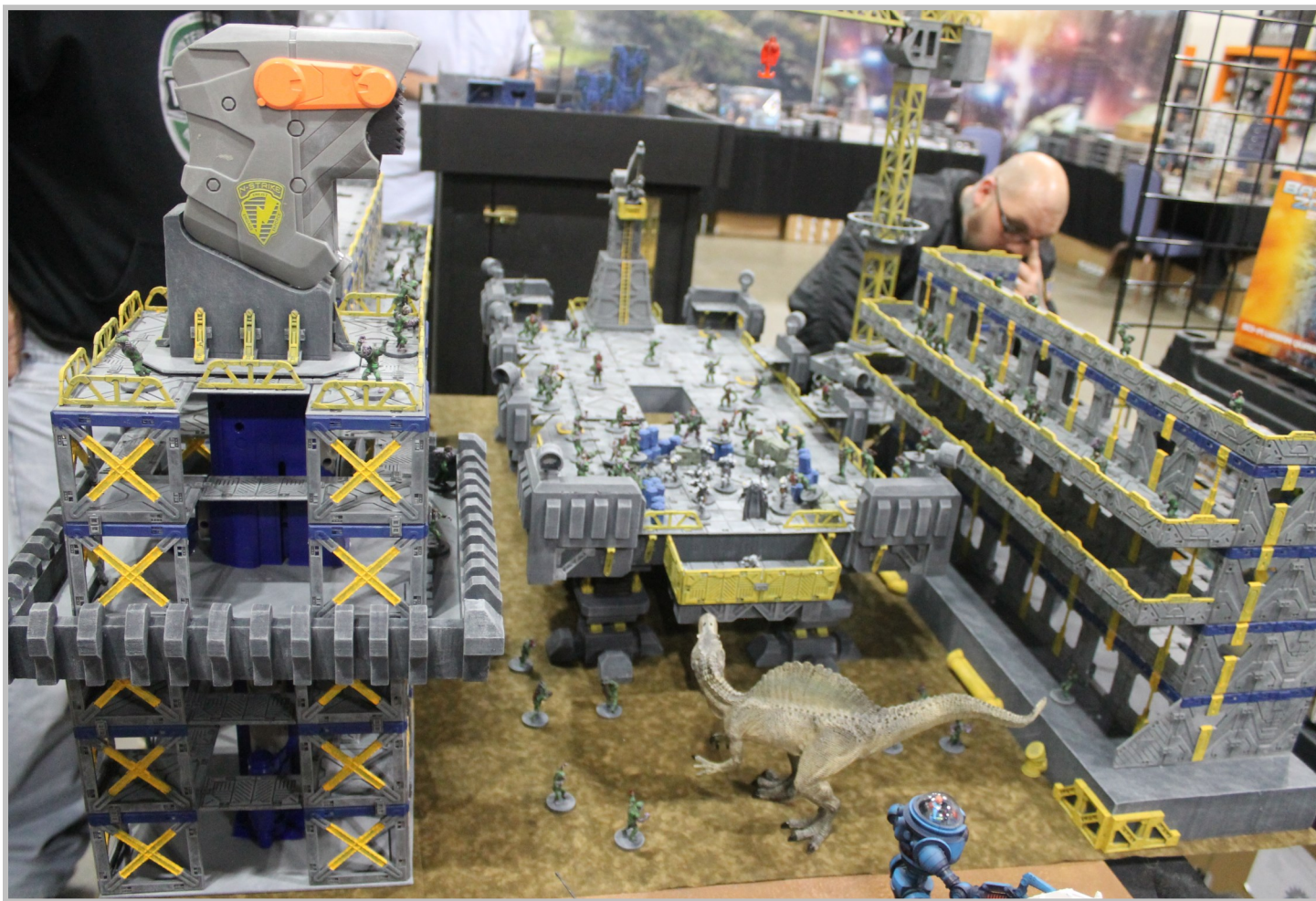
Rylor knew he was dying, again.

With his last ravenous breaths he tried to regain composure, focusing his sight and saw into the depths of the Stage One's eyes. His gaze pierced the veil between them, and the

creature gazed back; two hunters locked in a struggle of life and death, and neither saw any shred of mercy or humanity. Whoever this had been, whatever it was now, those eyes encapsulated everything: One saw a twisted infection, a ceaseless hunger, inhuman irises black and streaked with toxic yellow – this was a thing of nightmares, and as the jaws opened a second time, rows of teeth grinned with a malevolent joy in suffering. The second saw a prey, its life fragile and weak, its flesh soft and broken, alone and helpless, ready to become something more; to evolve, to understand, to become kin.



Deadzone Enforcer Strike Force by Jamie O'Toole



Warpath battlefield at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

Rylor imagined he felt a couple of tugs at his side, the way his child would when he was home and she wanted him to follow somewhere, her little hands unable to reach any higher than his thigh.

He would never see her again.

An acquainted but not often heard blast rang out.

The Stage One's grip around his neck slipped and the world turned on its axis as gravity drew him low again. He hit the floor. The Stage One crashed to the ground twitching, the lower part of its head and jaw missing, the upper part of its torso seared black. It was unable to even scream.

From his vantage on the floor Rylor saw Celeste click open the sawn-off shotgun she had taken from his thigh holster and load two more shells, the metallic casings catching the morning sunlight. She pressed the barrels into the gaping wound and fired again: the Stage One's skull exploded into a fine spray of powdered bone and pink mist. Its whole body shook for a moment while gouts of scarlet blood expelled from its neck. The twitching ceased; the blood flow slowed into a seeping, thick pool.

Celeste stood over Rylor and grabbed his forearm.

'Get up!'



A Plague 3rd Gen ambushes an Enforcer by Paul Mullis

The Enforcers were falling back toward the edge of the city still, the horde harrying them as the Stage Two's continued to pick them off from the ruins of the city.

Rylor holstered the shotgun and grabbed his rifle, stumbling to his feet and breaking into a run, firing again. He could feel his gut bleeding profusely where the broken metal had punched through his armor. His head swam and his body ached as his bruised throat drew breath, his armor flooding his body with adrenaline and stimulants to keep him conscious, even as he knew with every step his wound grew worse.

All thought had gone. His mind had become that perfect white where actions are performed without conscious awareness. His rifle found its targets of its own accord and pulled its own trigger; he was merely the vessel through which it operated.

He ran through the city's outer streets, the Enforcers firing around him, seeing those he knew and those he did not battle for life and death around him.

And running, running, running.

He had no words to describe.

It was here, at this point, everything made sense; the fields of Elysium, the hunting grounds, Valhalla; the endless battles of warrior mythologies wherein Heaven was the unending battle-high.

Tethering on the edge, Rylor had been here before. Only those who know where and what the edge was had gone over it, never to return. Rylor fell into that white abyss.

His lips moved of their own accord, uttering something he couldn't remember.

The ground beneath Augustus' feet went from hard to soft as color bled back into his vision, his boots pounding through the turf of green fields as Gamma Tau's plains rolled before them, rising into a distant forest.

Augustus reopened the comm channel to the Gorgon's fury.

'Approaching destination, compass point four-two-seven-one. Fire on my command.'

'Acknowledged, firing hot.'

Augustus waited until he received confirmation the target lock was acquired, then uttered one word: 'Fire.'

Several miles above, circling Gamma Tau in low orbit, the Gorgon's Fury turned its weapon batteries planet-side. The cannons punched back into the vessel as they fired

their payload, white-hot artillery shells screaming through the planet's atmosphere like falling stars.

On the ground, running through the fields as the city fell away behind them, a great inferno erupted around the Enforcers: the shells of the Gorgon's Fury struck their flanks and rear in a V-formation as the survivors fled, led by Augustus, into the single opening the wall of fire permitted. Deafening explosions threw showers of earth and dust over them, as their lenses worked to compensate against the debris and fire.



A Plague Stage 1 traps a Reb Strike Force by Jamie O'Toole



An Enforcer Sniper is caught unaware by a Plague 2nd Gen by “C.M. Minis”

Plague bodies were incinerated and limbs flung as the pursuing horde was caught in the orbital bombardment. Scores were killed with every shell as a hellfire of detonations engulfed the pursuing horde and Stage Twos as their very flesh was ripped from their bones and bones from their bodies.

In a matter of moments, out in the open where the Enforcers could bring their superior firepower to bear without fear of collapsing structures and aim truly, the horde was broken. Howls and shrieks went up as the Plague sought refuge in the broken shell of the city, unable to pursue through the fire and flame falling from the sky.

The Enforcers ran on, the ground reverberating through them as the rain of artillery continued to fall. Two more stars fell toward them, growing larger, as the shuttles landed.

To be continued...▪

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AGE 16+

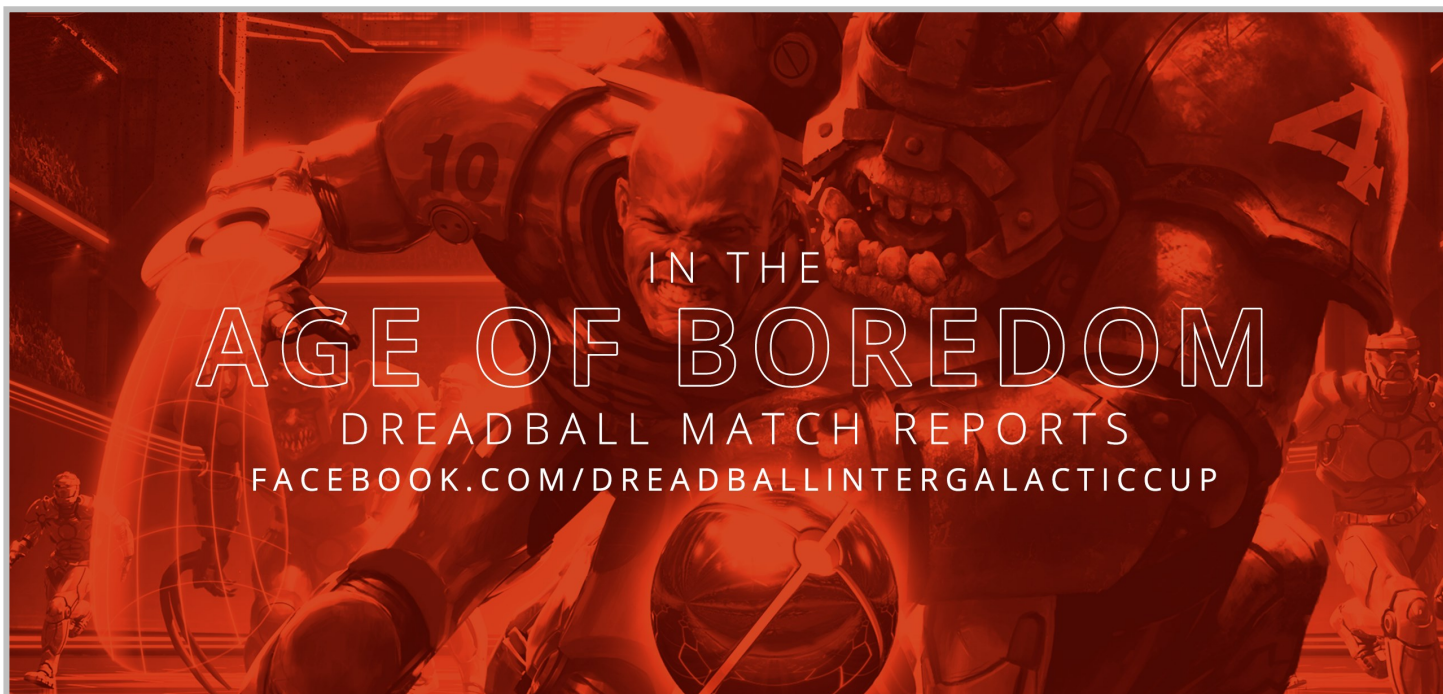
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INSIDE:

THE WAR JOURNAL OF SISTER SUPERIOR AUGUSTA

Augusta and her warband make the perilous voyage to the cursed city of Perditus...

THE ORDER OF MAURICE, PART 6

Jephraim and the rest of the crew prepare to sell their lives dearly as they are ambushed by demons...

DEADZONE: THE CLEANSING, PART NINE

The Enforcer and Rylor Ings flee for their lives, as the Plague prepare to make sure they never escape the city with the vital stolen data...

AND MUCH MORE!