

# IRONWATCH

MAY 2017 | ISSUE 57



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# ABYSSAL TIDINGS

## A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome back to another great issue of the **IRONWATCH** magazine! This month we've got more great fanmade rules for your Kings of War games, tutorials for Obsidian Golems and shipping containers alike, and much more!

We hope you've been enjoying the Quarantine ruleset! We'll be working on the Deluxe version very soon, so please let us know if there are any balance issues you've noted, so we can make sure to address those and get them cleaned up in time for the Deluxe release.

Before that, however, will be our release of Ironwatch Tales: Fantasy. This is our collection of Kings of War and Dungeon Saga

stories and fluff, all in a single book (or ebook, if you prefer!). We're really excited to get this out for folks to enjoy, so keep a weather eye out for this to release sometime around the end of this month.

Lastly, we'd love to see more content coming in from viewers like you! Whether it's stories, articles, battle reports, or even just a gallery of pictures: send it our way! We rely on fan submissions to keep up our momentum and quality of content, so the more you submit, the better **IRONWATCH** can become. Please submit any content you'd like to our email, [ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com), and we'll be sure to see that it makes its way into a future issue.

As always, whether you're a new reader or an old veteran, thanks for stopping by and giving us a read. Your support is massively appreciated, and as always, thanks for reading, and Welcome to the Watch!

--Austin Peasley

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*Cover art by Boris Samec  
Title art by Mark Peasley*

*Contact us and submit articles at:  
[ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com](mailto: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!*

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*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.*

*This publication is completely unofficial and is not produced by Mantic Games. It is fan-made material based on the original works by Alessio Cavatore and Jake Thornton, and produced by Mantic Games. Mantic, Dungeon Saga, Kings of War, Warpath, Deadzone, Dreadball, and all associated characters, names, places and things are TM and © Mantic Entertainment Ltd 2015. Used without permission. No challenge to their status intended. All Rights Reserved to their respective owners.*

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*Undead Skeletons by Matt Gilbert*

# THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

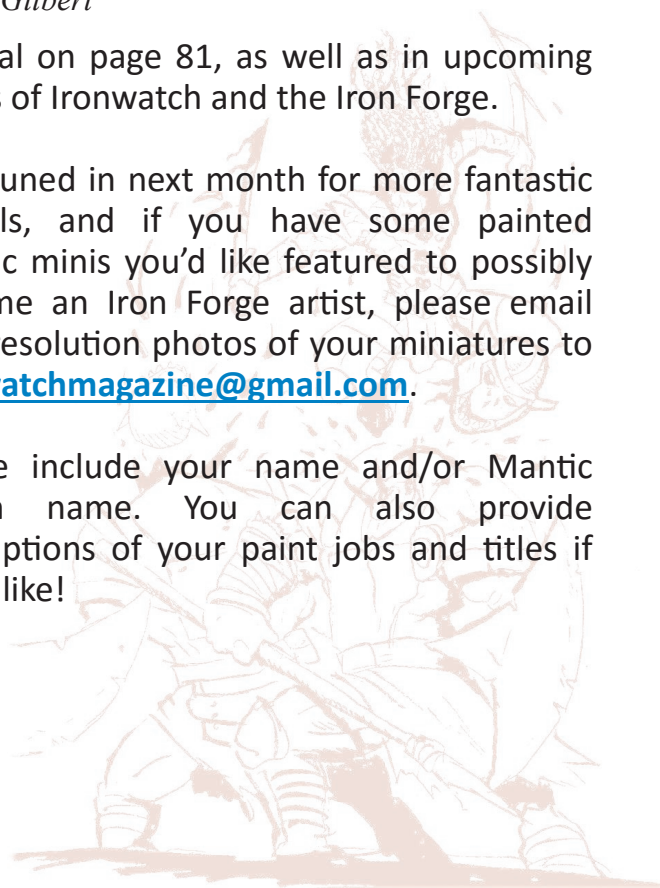
- Cedric Boudoya , with his sizable and fantastically-done strike team of GCPS Rangers and Marines, as well as a lone Veer-Myn thrown in to boot!
- Marcel Popik, with his stunning Brokkr leader and Plague Zombies

We also have a new painter coming to our roster: Søren Emil Rosenhøj Bay! Be sure to check out his work in the Shipping Container

tutorial on page 81, as well as in upcoming issues of Ironwatch and the Iron Forge.

Stay 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!





# CEDRIC BOUDOYA



# CEDRIC BOUDOYA





# CEDRIC BOUDOYA



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# CEDRIC BOUDOYA



# CEDRIC BOUDOYA





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# CEDRIC BOUDOYA





# CEDRIC BOUDOYA

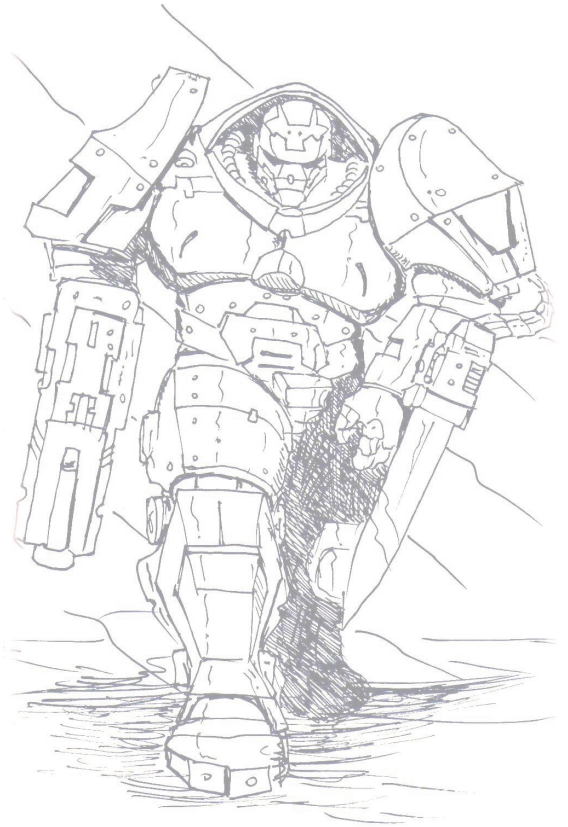


# CEDRIC BOUDOYA





# CEDRIC BOUDOYA





# MARCEL POPIK



DEADZONE - BROKKR LEADER #2





# MARCEL POPIK



DEADZONE - ZOMBIES  
(KOW GHOULS&ZOMBIES, CORPORATION MARINES, DZ ZOMBIES)







*Kings of War at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games*

# 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).

**May**

**5/6** [Mantic Open Day](#)

From 8:00 AM to 5:00 PM

Hear from the Mantic team, enjoy both games and painting activities, check out the new and upcoming releases, and more!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

**5/21** [Partizan Wargames Show](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

Enjoy awesome gaming and beautifully-painted armies and dioramas, as well as traders and more! George Stephenson Pavilion, Newark Showground, Drove Lane, Newark, Nottinghamshire, NG24 2NY, UK



## 5/27 [Chillcon 2017](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

[Tickets start at £4](#)

Asylum Wargaming and Chilling Wargamers bring you Yorkshire's new must-attend event, ChillCon! ChillCon brings you the U.K.'s premier vendors of wargaming goodness, including Mantic Games, Warlord Games and Foundry. Add Kings of War and Bolt Action tournaments and oodles of participation games, and it's THE place to be; you'd be mad to miss it!

Ecclesfield School Chapeltown Road,  
S35 9WD Sheffield, UK

## June

### 6/2 [UK Games Expo 2017](#)

From 11:00 AM on 6/2 to 4:00 PM on 6/4

[Tickets start at £28 for all three days](#)

Now in its 11th Year, UK Games Expo (UKGE) is the largest Hobby Games Convention in the UK. A fun event appealing to families and the general public as well as the enthusiast. It is held in the NEC and Hilton Hotel, near Birmingham in the West Midlands.

The NEC: North Ave, Marston Green,  
Birmingham B40 1NT, UK

The Hilton: Pendigo Way, Marston  
Green, Birmingham B40 1PP, UK



*Dwarven artillery by "WeedyElf"*





*Deadzone game in progress by "SneakyChris"*

#### 6/11 [Broadsides Gaming Show](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM  
The Broadside Wargames show,  
organized by MHWC in Kent.  
Swallows Leisure Centre, Central Ave,  
Sittingbourne ME10 4NT, UK

#### 6/17 [Clash of Kings Doubles Tournament](#)

From 9:30 AM on 6/17 to AM to 3:50  
PM on 6/18

[£70 for a ticket for a two-player team](#)

Fight as comrades in arms at the Clash  
of Kings Doubles Tournament. Team  
up with a friend and compete against  
other pairs of players for the title of  
Doubles Champions!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane,  
Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK



July

7/9 [Barrage](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM  
£3 entry fee (Kids under 16 free)  
2017 will be the 5th year for  
Bararge Wargames show. We hope to  
bring you a bigger and better show  
with a great mix of games, traders and  
competitions.

Blessed William Howard High School,  
Rowley Avenue, Stafford,  
Staffordshire, ST17 9AB, UK

## 7/22 Deadzone Official Tournament

Tickets and additional information are  
coming soon!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane,  
Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

*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!*



*Mars Attacks Martians by Grant Mahoney*





*Abyssal Dwarf Dragon Fire-team by "puggimer"*

## MANTIC Q&A MAILBAG

Returning after a long sabbatical, we have the Mantic Q&A Mailbag! Each month we take your questions and send them by Robert Burman at Mantic, and help you get the answers you want, directly from the source!

If you would like to submit your own questions, please do so in [the Q&A thread over on the Mantic forums](#). Enjoy!

\* \* \*

*While browsing the KoW store I've noticed a clear lack of pictures showing what exactly the product are. Having pictures of painted models is all well and good since it's often easier to get a feel of the models from*

*painted models rather than unpainted.*

*However; it's always nice to **also** be able to look at the unpainted sprues and other bits that actually make up the product. For example, just seeing a ranked up regiment don't make it clear how many duplicate bodies there are.*

*More problematic; for some product some components are not shown at all (or even mentioned in the text!). [The skeleton regiment](#) contain a skeletal dog but the dog isn't shown anywhere in the pictures. (although it's mentioned in text)*

*[The Abyssal Decimators](#) are described as armed with Thunderpipe blunderbusses, which is what the models seems armed with in the pictures.*

*A single customer review on the now unavailable regiment bundle however,*



mentioned that they also include parts to be armed with rifles or crossbows. If that is true than this really should be mentioned, since it makes the kit have extra value. Since there is no photos of the components I cannot know if the claim is true or not.

Personally I always like seeing exactly what I'm buying before throwing my money down. I imagine Mantic has lost more than a few sales from people that wanted that as well and didn't feel like wasting time trawling google hoping to find some blurry pic on a plog showing what the kit actually contain.

TL;DR:

Why not have pictures of the sprues and actual components included in all kits? I realize that it's a lot of photos to take, but surely this should be relatively easy compared to photographing painted models. Especially since all the lighting and stuff

needs to be set up now and then to take photos of new releases. Surely, it would be very little extra work to take some extra pictures of components while taking pics of painted newly released models?

This is something we're aware of and we've gone through and created a whopping great list of images required for different products. It won't happen overnight but you'll start to see more components shots appearing on the website. On a slightly related note, we're also keen to use community photographs on the website too, so people can see some alternative paint jobs, compared to the studio ones.

[Editor's Note: Robert has asked that you please send any photos for submission for display on the store page to this [email address!](#)]



*Deadzone Rebs by Nicodemus Sandberg*





*Battlezone terrain by Adam Morrow*

*Are there any plans to replace the metal/plastic hybrid kits by restic/plastic or resin/plastic kits?*

There are no current plans. However, we will look on a case by case about some miniatures making the move into resin.

*What is planned for Warpath/Warpath: FireFight in 2017 after the KS stuff hits retail? (hard to get people into it without information about the games future)*

We've got the rulebooks and Operation Heracles launching in April, then the Starter Armies for Veer-Myn, Asterians, Enforcers and Forge Fathers coming in May. From there, we'll be expanding upon each of the forces with extra units before the Plague and

GCPS Starter Armies launch later in the year. So, there will be plenty of Warpath releases hitting retail throughout the year. In terms of the game's future, then looking down the line, we'll have organized play packs and global campaigns, a little like we're doing with Kings of War this year.

*Other than the Landing Pad, Ruins and some of the accessory sets, all of the Sci-Fi Battlezone kits are out of stock at the webstore and are starting to get hard to get a hold of in retail. Is there an ETA on a restock of the Sci-Fi Battlezones line?*

We're hoping to restock these lines in the next couple of months! ■



# QUARANTINE

We're proud to announce the second [Ironwatch Game](#): Quarantine!

Set on the fringes of civilized space, Deadzone and Warpath are games of futuristic battles fought among the ruins of human colonies against a variety of alien threats. Quarantine represents the actions of the spaceships orbiting above the shrouded worlds.

Quarantine is played with model ships on a battlefield that is represented by a gaming mat. As a player you will take command of a squadron of vessels manned by the elite of human and alien spacefarers. Each turn you decide which of your models to move and what they will do, advancing through space and shooting at your enemies.

This game is based off of Deadzone, and focuses 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 Warpath or Deadzone campaign and end it with a daring escape from the planet, whether the team plays heroic Rebs, steely-eyed Marauders, profit hungry Forge Fathers or even the malevolent Plague leaders intent on spreading the Contagion beyond the worlds

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.

What we're posting now is the basic rules; Behind the scenes, we're working on a "deluxe"/full version complete with stories from Ironwatch issues, pictures, and art from artist Boris Samec. The deluxe version will also be available for free, and we'll be putting up the deluxe version for printing off of Lulu at-cost if you would like a hard copy as well.

Can you man the helm and survive the enemies you'll face in the unfeeling void?

[Come get the Basic Rules for Quarantine here!](#)







*Forces of the Abyss Succubi by "C.M. Minis"*

# THE ORDER OF MAURICE

## EPISODE 9: FRESH WOUNDS AND OLD SCARS

By Ben Stoddard

Morticus dodged to the side as Jephraim's blade passed through the space where his head had just occupied. The thief, undeterred, turned and lunged at the Captain, who deftly parried another blow aimed for his gut.

"Stop! You damn fool!" Morticus hissed at his assailant. "It's me! Morticus!"

Back in the shadows the demoness laughed a sultry sigh. "Kill him, my dear boy. He's the

reason for your suffering!" Her voice purred. Morticus struggled to keep an eye on the erratic blows from his comrade while still searching for his real target: the demon who was responsible for the thief's actions. The effort proved too much as Jephraim's seax found its way past his defenses and landed a shallow cut across his arm. Morticus breathed sharply and backpedalled in order to increase the distance between them.

"Jephraim! Stop this!" Morticus cried out as the thief launched another assault on him. Ducking under a blow he brought his fist up to connect to the possessed thief's jaw, catapulting him backwards to land on the floor in a heap. Jephraim struggled to sit up, but as he pulled his head forward his eyes rolled back and he collapsed back onto the floor groaning in pain. Morticus grimaced as he remembered the fallen man's injuries from his previous fall. He pushed his worries to the side and instead cast his eyes about to



try and find the source of the foul enchantment.

"Your man might not take another blow like that, you know." The sultry voice whispered from the darkness, causing Morticus to spin and face the opposite direction. He couldn't see anything, but somehow the shadows seemed deeper directly in front of him, almost tangible like a mist. He swung his sword and it cut through the dark like a fan through smoke, causing swirls of blackness to coalesce and flee before him. The demoness laughed, it was a lilting noise that caused strange stirrings within Morticus's gut, as if something were dancing inside his stomach.

"Clever man!" The laughter babbled all around him, threatening to overwhelm him. "You almost got me there, but you weren't quite fast enough. Let's try something different here with you... It seems that you share similar unresolved issues towards your father that your fallen friend has felt."

The laughter rose, gibbering in his ear like a maddened squirrel. The swirling darkness coalesced around him, becoming more solid until he felt hands gripping at him, trying to pull him closer somehow. He spun with his blade outstretched, blindly hoping to find purchase as the smoke continued to swirl about him. Suddenly a strong hand grabbed his wrist and stopped his motion dead. Morticus found himself staring into a pair of painfully familiar eyes.

"Hello son." A voice that ached with painful regrets called out from the darkness. Morticus tried to recoil from the visage now placed before him, but the strong grip on his

wrist prevented him.

"This is a trick!" Morticus's voice betrayed him, however, catching in his throat when he needed it to carry his conviction. "You are not him! Foul demon!" He struggled to free his hand but the iron grip on his wrist would not yield.

"Am I not? You saw me the other night. You know that I am here. Is it really so hard to believe that I would seek you out once I knew you had come?" The voice was reassuringly soft, the eyes held the same terrible melancholy that Morticus remembered, the eyes of a man who had watched his world shatter time and time again, yet they still retained their kindness. Morticus stopped struggling, the arguments made sense, but how could he be sure?

"Prove it." He said. "When I was seven I fell out of a tree and broke my arm. You carried me to the physician and the only way you could get me to stop crying was to repeat a promise to me over and over again until the bone was set and the arm secured. What



*Kingdom of Men Hero by "imm0rtal reaper"*





*Ambush in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley*

“You know how this enchantment works, my son, I taught you how to recognize when you’re being beguiled by it. The vision works within your own memories, much like a dream, you give the illusion the words to speak and the demon controlling the spell twists it to their own ends. Unless you’re prepared with a conditioned memory like this one.” His father released Morticus’s sword hand and raised his own fingers up brush the side of his son’s face. “And I promised you that the pain would end, that suffering is never eternal in nature, no matter how bleak it may seem.”

“I know. I’m sorry Father.” Once again Morticus’s voice caught in his throat but his hand did not hesitate. Now freed from the iron grip he quickly reversed his hold on his sword and rammed the blade up and into his father’s chest. His vision blurred as the point tore through his father’s body and he blinked back hot tears that burned down his cheeks and caused him to grind his teeth together.

was that promise?” His father’s face fell somewhat and he smiled sadly at him.

There was a sharp gasp and the vision fell away, the room was once again as it should be. Shadows returned to their normal



lengths and Morticus's father's face dissolved to reveal the shocked features of the demoness still staring into his eyes as she fell slowly to the ground. Morticus allowed her own weight to pull her corpse off of his blade. Once she was laid out on the ground he took his blade and with a few precise strokes cut her head from her body, just to be sure.

Morticus scrubbed the tears from his face before walking over to look down at the unconscious form of Jephraim still lying on the floor. Kneeling down he reached over and gently eased the thief's head up with the palm of his hand. Jephraim stirred, groaning in pain as he did so and his eyes flickered open.

"Do you know who I am?" Morticus growled, his hand gripping his sword tightly in preparation for Jephraim's response.



*Undead Revenant King by Martin Geibner*

"Yes, I know who you are." Jephraim's voice was small, his eyes were red and it was apparent that he was struggling to keep his emotions in check. Morticus relaxed his grip and sheathed his blade.

"I was afraid I'd have to kill you. That damn witch had you trapped up to your neck in her vision. What all did you see?" Morticus grunted as he helped the thief to his feet where he swayed unsteadily while the Captain held his arm. Jephraim remained silent and didn't answer Morticus's question. After a few moments of silence, the Captain once again spoke.

"I think they may be holding Rigo somewhere close by. The building isn't very big and I think that they would want to keep him close in order to use him as a bargaining tool. I think we should check the adjacent rooms and see if he isn't being held there." Jephraim nodded numbly at this but still refused to respond beyond that.

Morticus practically dragged the thief down the hall and laid him down propped up against the shadowed alcove he found there so that he might remain out of sight. As he stepped away from Jephraim the Captain heard him whisper something under his breath.

"What was that?" Morticus bent back to bring his ear closer to Jephraim's mouth.

"I'm so sorry," the thief whispered. Morticus pulled back and saw wet streams of tears falling down his friend's cheek. The Captain sighed and patted his shoulder.



"You've got nothing to be sorry about, thief. The things you saw were powerful memories. It seems like whoever you were protecting that she was someone lovely."

"She was my mother." Morticus nodded at this.

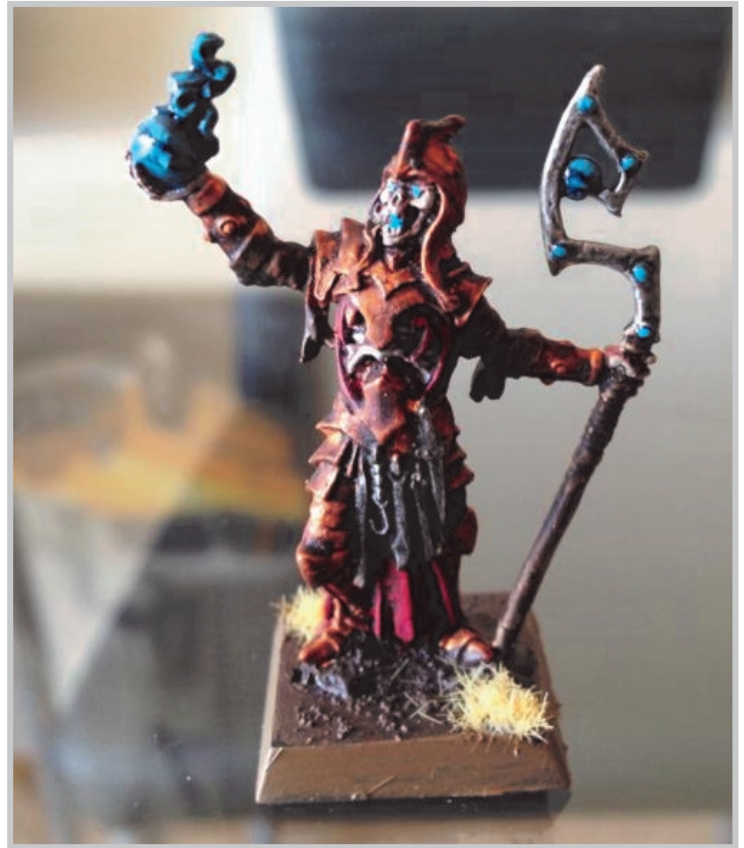
"I figured as much, either that or a lover from your younger days. Nothing else could inspire that strong of a reaction but the love of a good woman to an undeserving man."

"He killed her!" Jephraim's voice cracked and he stared forlornly down the dark hallway.

"It isn't fair, is it? How the good ones keep getting taken when those undeserving wretches like us keep living on, isn't it? Was it your father who did it?" Morticus watched as his companion simply nodded in affirmation. "I thought so. That makes more sense as to why you volunteered to come with me." Morticus sighed.

"There's no redemption down here for you though, and I think you know that." Morticus brought his face around to stare into Jephraim's tear-stained face. Jephraim closed his eyes tightly and leaned his head back against the cold stone.

"It was my fault, though. The fire, the murder, everything came back to me being unwilling to bide my time. We could have run away. She might've lived. But I made her choose, and in choosing it cost her her life..." Jephraim's voice was dispassionate and calm despite the still running stream down his cheeks.



*Undead Necromancer by Jim Kew*

"Do you really think that she would've left your father?" Morticus's voice was soft, a kind tone that seemed at odds with his normal gruffness. "Your mother seems the type that would give all of herself to the one she chose to give it to, and she seemed drawn to give it to those who little deserved it. She was a saint, and saints seem bent on suffering for the sins of others. She wouldn't have left your da unless she thought he was beyond saving, and by your reaction in that room I'd say it would've taken a lot more than you could've shown her to get her to leave." Morticus stood, his boots scraping across the bare stone.

"Your father's blood may be on your hands, but I also carry the same burden and for far more painful a price. Your father died to his own selfishness. He pushed a kid too far and wound up a corpse. While I don't know that he deserved to die or not, he certainly didn't



seem a man who was going to contribute much to the world and therefore you've already surpassed him in what you've been willing to give for others." Morticus turned and walked towards the nearest cell.

"For what it's worth, I think your mother would be proud of you as you are now, in these moments." He called over his shoulder.

Grabbing the edge of the barred window on the cell door, Morticus lifted himself up to peer in. He saw a huddled figure lying in the far end of the small room beyond.

"Rigo!" He called out. The figure stirred and pulled itself up laboriously to lean on its elbow. In the dimly lit cell it was difficult to tell, but Morticus felt a familiar feeling in his gut. He jumped down and propped his sword into the gap between the door and the frame it stood within to try and lever the

lock out of place.

"Hold on Rigo!" he called out, "we'll get this door open and then we'll get you out of here. Wilford and Berns are waiting back at the docks for us." Morticus pushed against the door a few times, but the aged oaken portal refused to budge, and the rusted lock refused to yield to the pressure. Morticus felt the despair welling up inside of him and he tried to push harder but the door remained in the same position, unwilling to move. A hand on his shoulder caused the Captain to turn. Jephraim stood there with something in his hand.

"If you keep that up, all you'll do is break your blade, and then we'll be in worse shape than we already are." Jephraim's voice was hollow, but he gently pulled the Captain to the side and knelt down before the keyhole. Inserting the strange device he held in his



*Kingdoms of Men and Pirates clash over the shipwreck in the Star Struck City by Austin Peasley*





*Undead Skeletal Dog/Rat Handler by Paul Mullis*

hand the thief twisted a few times, grunting with effort and concentration. Suddenly there came a loud click followed by a sharp screeching noise as the lock popped open and the door swung wide. Morticus gave a short bark of triumph and charged into the room where he helped the struggling Rigo to his feet. Jephraim stepped unsteadily into the cell behind them. Grabbing Rigo's other arm, both he and the Captain supported Rigo from either side and began to move into the hall.

As they came into the shadowed hall they were stopped by the appearance of a dark figure barring their way. Morticus shifted Rigo's weight onto Jephraim's unsteady

shoulders and stepped forward, drawing his sword.

"Out of our way Hellspawn! Or I'll cut our way through!" Morticus growled. The figure refused to move aside, instead it stepped closer and a shaft of moonlight from one of the high windows penetrated the gloom to land on the creature's face. Morticus's eyes narrowed and his grip tightened on the hilt of his sword as the demon spoke. For the second time that night Morticus heard a familiar voice calling forth a familiar greeting.

"Hello, my son." ■

# THE MIGHT OF OLD: PART TWO

By Vane Dolenc

*Editor's Note: Vane has provided us with a fantastic set of new units, magical artifacts, and spells unique to each of the armies in Kings of War. Feel free to use these fan additions to supplement your own forces, and help add a customized flavor to your armies arrayed on the battlefield.*

*We'll be releasing a few more of each of these additions each month; this issue, we*

*have The League of Rhordia, The Brotherhood, the Trident Realms of Neretica, and the Abyssal Dwarves for you to peruse. Enjoy!*



*Kings of War battle by Matt Gilbert*



# MIGHT OF OLD: LEAGUE OF RHORDIA

## FORCE LIST ADDENDUM

The units listed below are added to the force list.

### Halfling Steam Chariots

#### Large Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	7	4+	5+	5+	6	-/13	130
Horde (6)	7	4+	5+	5+	12	-/16	195

#### Special

Base size: 50x100mm, Crushing Strength (1), Thunderous Charge (1), Shambling, Firebolt, Piercing (1)

### Halfling War Balloon

#### Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	3	5+	5+	5+	6	11/13	80

#### Special

Fly, Advanced Deployment, Crushing Strength (1)

Bombs – Range 3", 6 attacks, Piercing (1)

#### Flying High

Any charge made against this unit is resolved as a Hindered charge unless the enemy has the Fly rule.

#### Bombs Away!

This unit can make ranged attacks in any direction. Measure range and LOS from the centre of the edge closest to the target rather than its leader point.

### Halfling Field Kitchen

#### War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	4	-	-	4+	-	-/13	80

#### Special

Stealthy, Rallying (2 for Halflings, 1 for other units)

### Master Diplomat

#### Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	6+	-	4+	1	-/13	60

#### Special

Individual, Ensnare, Stealthy, Friendship (5)

#### Diplomacy

At the start of your turn, you may select one friendly allied unit within 6" of this unit. Until the start of your next turn, that unit is treated as if it were fully a part of the League of Rhordia list in addition to its actual list (League of Rhordia units can cast spells on it and can affect it with Inspire, and vice-versa).

## ANCESTRAL ARMOURY

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

### Diplomat's Charter

Cost: 15 pts

This artifact can only be used by Heroes.

At the start of your turn, you may select one friendly allied unit within 6" of the Hero. Until the start of your next turn, that unit is treated as if it were fully a part of the League of Rhordia list in addition to its actual list (League of Rhordia units can cast spells on it and can affect it with Inspire, and vice-versa).

### Hot Soup

Cost: 20 pts

Halfling unit only.

The unit has Rallying (1 – for Halflings only).

### Banner of Unity

Cost: 30 pts

Whenever this unit suffers two or more points of damage from a single source, you may redistribute up to half of the damage suffered (rounding down) amongst other friendly, non-allied units within 6" instead. Those units do not take Nerve tests for suffering damage in this way.

### Stilts of St. Fordo

Cost: 30 pts

Halfling unit only.

The unit increases its base Movement by 2" except when charging.

## ARCANE SECRETS

Wizards (all types) and Halfling Sorcerers gain the following additional option:

- Friendship (5) for +20 pts

### Spell

### Range

#### Friendship (n)

24"

#### Special Rules

Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, for every hit 'inflicted', reduce the target unit's Attack value by 1 until the start of your next turn.

Friendship cannot target Heroes, Monsters or War Engines.

# MIGHT OF OLD: THE BROTHERHOOD

## FORCE LIST ADDENDUM

The units listed below are added to the force list.

### Villein Martyrs with Mobile Shrine

Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (20)	5	4+	-	4+	8	-/16	150

#### Special

Height 4, Very Inspiring, Regeneration 6+

#### Options

- Heal (3) for +20 pts
- Holy Shield (2) for +20 pts

### Order of Salvation

Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (10)	8	3+	-	5+	12	15/17	180
Horde (20)	8	3+	-	5+	24	22/24	280

#### Special

Thunderous Charge (3), Valiant

#### Relief Force

This unit can re-roll all failed rolls to hit in melee on the turn it charges an enemy unit that had made a charge itself in its previous turn.

### Monstrous Mount Cubs

Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (10)	9	4+	-	4+	10	12/14	80
Horde (20)	9	4+	-	4+	20	17/19	125

#### Special

Height 1, Nimble

### Exemplar Saviour

Hero (Cav)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	8	3+	-	5+	4	13/15	105

#### Special

Individual, Inspiring, Thunderous Charge (3)

#### Relief Force

This unit can re-roll all failed rolls to hit in melee on the turn it charges an enemy unit that had made a charge itself in its previous turn.

## ANCESTRAL ARMOURY

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

### Charger's Lance

Cost: 20 pts

Cavalry or Large Cavalry unit only.

The unit gains the Thunderous Charge (1) special rule, or if the unit already has Thunderous Charge, it is increased by 1.

### Burning Shield

Cost: 20 pts

Every time an enemy unit successfully charges this unit, it suffers 1 point of damage. It does not take a Nerve test for suffering this damage.

### Vow of the Eternal Watch

Cost: 20 pts

Order unit only (of any type).

The unit gains the Iron Resolve special rule.

### Gem of Many Wards

Cost: 45 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes (Inf).

The Hero has the Holy Shield (3) spell but may split the spell's dice between up to 3 target units.

You cannot grant the same special rule (Ensnare, Phalanx, or Stealthy) to more than one unit in the same turn using the Gem of Many Wards.

## ARCANE SECRETS

Devoted gain the following additional option:

- Holy Shield (2) for +30 pts

#### Spell

#### Range

Holy Shield (n)

8"

#### Special Rules

Friendly unit only, including units engaged in combat. Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, for each hit 'inflicted', you may choose one of the following rules to grant to the target until the start of your next turn: Ensnare, Phalanx, Stealthy.



# MIGHT OF OLD: TRIDENT REALM

## FORCE LIST ADDENDUM

The units listed below are added to the force list.

### Men-o-War

#### Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	5	4+	-	5+	12	-/13	120
Regiment (20)	5	4+	-	5+	15	-/17	170
Horde (40)	5	4+	-	5+	30	-/24	280

#### Special

Crushing Strength (1), Vicious

### Cuttlefish Chariots

#### Large Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	7	4+	-	4+	6	11/13	120
Horde (6)	7	4+	-	4+	12	14/16	190

#### Special

Base size: 50x100mm, Crushing Strength (2)

#### Ink Cloud

Whenever this unit moves backwards for any reason (including pulling back after a charge) it gains the Stealthy special rule until the start of your next turn.

### Shipwreck Golem

#### Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	4	4+	5+	4+	7	-/21	170

#### Special

Crushing Strength (2), Shambling

Ship's Cannon – Range 24", one attack, Blast (D6), Piercing (3).

This unit does not have Ensnare.

### Mermaiden

#### Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	5+	-	3+	1	10/12	60

#### Special

Individual, Heal (4)

#### Options

- Crashing Wave (4) for +15 pts, or free if it replaces Heal
- Surge (5) for +15 pts, or free if it replaces Heal

## ANCESTRAL ARMOURY

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

### Coral Ring

Cost: 15 pts

Unit with the Regeneration special rule only. The unit recovers one point of damage automatically every time before making its Regeneration rolls.

### Blessings of the Deep

Cost: 25 pts

Every time this unit is attacked, the attacker must re-roll one successful attack roll and one successful damage roll.

### Angler's Light

Cost: 30 pts

At the start of each enemy Movement phase, you can nominate one enemy unit. It must charge this unit if it can successfully complete the charge.

### Pearl of Tides

Cost: 35 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes (Inf).

The Hero has the Crashing Wave (5) spell. Once per game, he can roll 10 attack dice for the spell rather than 5.

### Worn Compass

Cost: 45 pts

The unit has the Nimble special rule.

## ARCANE SECRETS

Thuuul Mythicans gain the following additional option:

- Crashing Wave (6) for +40 pts

#### Spell

#### Range

Crashing Wave (n)

18"

#### Special Rules

Resolve damage normally.

Then, for each point of damage inflicted, push the target unit away from the caster by 1" in the same manner as with the Wind Blast spell.

# MIGHT OF OLD: ABYSSAL DWARFS

## FORCE LIST ADDENDUM

The units listed below are added to the force list.

### Clockwork Warsuits

#### Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	4	3+	5+	6+	9	12/15	145
Horde (6)	4	3+	5+	6+	18	15/18	235

#### Special

Crushing Strength (2), Firebolt  
Can be Healed by Iron-caster

#### Blood Furnace

Every time this unit routs an enemy in melee, it can either add +2 to its base Speed or gain Piercing (2) until the end of your following turn.

### Slave Goblin Bat Riders\*

#### Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	4+	3+	6	12/14	140
Horde (6)	10	4+	4+	3+	12	15/17	200

#### Special

Fly, Thunderous Charge (1), Thrown Weapons

### Slave Goblin Sappers\*

#### Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	5+	5+	3+	8	10/12	130
Regiment (20)	6	5+	5+	3+	10	13/15	190

#### Special

Vanguard, Thrown Weapons, Piercing (3)

### Dire Magmadon

#### Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	5+	10	17/19	265

#### Special

Base size: 100x150mm, Crushing Strength (4), Fury, Breath Attack (15), Piercing (1)

### Cauldron of Flesh[1]

#### War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	4	-	-	5+	-	13/15	140

#### Special

Mutator (8), Heal (4), Reload!

#### In You Go!

Every time a unit (friend or foe) within 6" of the Cauldron of Flesh is routed, the Cauldron recovers D3 points of damage.

## ANCESTRAL ARMOURY

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

### Immovable Object

Cost: 10 pts

The unit cannot be targeted by the Wind Blast spell.

### Master's Whip

Cost: 15 pts

This artifact can only be used by Heroes.

The Hero has the Bane Chant (3) spell. This spell can only be cast on Slave units.

### Plus Sized Hats

Cost: 15 pts

The unit counts as one height category taller when enemy units are trying to draw line of sight past it.

### Obsidian Plate

Cost: 25 pts

Once per game, before your opponent rolls the dice for one unit's melee or ranged attack targeting this unit, you may activate the Obsidian Plate to raise its Def to 6+ for the duration of that attack.

### Fleshwarper

Cost: 30 pts

This artifact can only be used by Heroes.

The Hero has the Mutator (6) spell.

## ARCANE SECRETS

Iron-casters gain the following additional option:

- Mutator (5) for +25 pts

### Spell

### Range

Mutator (n)

24"

### Special Rules

Mutator can target friendly or enemy units and may target friendly units engaged in combat.

Roll to damage as normal. For each point of damage inflicted, the target's Attack stat is increased by 1 for the rest of the battle (the bonus is permanent even if the damage is later healed).

Friendly units do not take a Nerve test for suffering damage from Mutator.





*Kingdoms of Men Pikeman Block by Andre Kritzinger*

# THE WILD WOOD

**By Donn Turner**

Erik was worried. They were deep. Too deep in the wood. He was no fool. One does not spend their entire lifetime in the shadow of the Forest of Galahir without hearing the tales. Ogres. Orcs. Giants. Knights. It made no difference. Whole armies

had entered the woods at one time or another, never to be seen or heard from again.

But, the pay was good. Too good. The plan even made sense. A small mercenary band, no more than 20 men, could use the forest as cover. They could get behind Galbirth's forces, and hit him where it hurt. Once they had stormed his estate, they could keep what they wanted. One could retire a wealthy man after such a mission.

But, the danger was great. The forest. Erik cursed himself again. He had let the promise of riches get the better of him. Again. Why? He knew the stories. He knew that it was a fool's errand. The pay. It was just so good. Maybe, too good.



"Brandt...we are too deep..." Erik whispered.

"Quiet" was Brandt's only response.

"...I'm serious...we were not supposed to go this deep..." Erik cautioned.

"I know what I'm doing" Brandt whispered forcefully.

"Brandt! You have to listen to me!" Erik countered.

The veteran mercenary sergeant stopped, and slowly turned to face Erik. "You question me one more time, and I will end you."

"...Sergeant...please...I'm not yeller...but...I know what I'm talking about here..." Erik pleaded.

"Maybe we should listen to what he has to say?" Stone whispered. He was a mountain of a man, but looked tiny compared to the dense green bushes around him.

"...are you telling me that you are afraid of some trees, Stone?" Brandt mocked.

"It ain't right...and you know it..." Stone countered.

"Yeah...I can feel it too...it's like...we're being watched..." Franko added in. He was another veteran, but looked small and afraid.



*Kingdoms of Men Knights by "imm0rtal reaper"*





*Basilean Paladins by "C.M. Minis"*

"I'm not gonna say this again...you follow my orders...or I drop you where you stand..." Brandt said, threatening the entire group.

Stone stood up from his crouched position in the bushes, and glared at the veteran sergeant. Brandt moved over to glare up at the huge man in reply. The two warriors challenged each other in angered silence.

"That's fine...you two kill each other...but when you're done, we will still be right here...in this cursed forest." Franko mocked.

"You're next..." Brandt replied over his shoulder, but did not turn away from Stone.

"Get it done, or stop acting like orcs, and let's get moving...I ain't growing any younger..." Paps declared in frustration. He was the oldest veteran in the entire mercenary company, and was ready to be done with this last little war.

"Boss...you know I got your back...but this is different..." Stone said, his expression softening a little.

"Erik...you were born in Letharac, weren't you?" Brandt inquired.

"That's what I been trying to tell you...I know the stories of this place...we're too deep..." Erik replied as he looked nervously all



around him.

"We all heard the stories, you twit..." Paps stated dismissively.

"Then why are you here?" Erik snapped.

"Because...this is my last fight...and I ain't gonna let some yeller little twit take away my retirement...I worked too hard to turn back now..." Paps retorted.

Just as Paps finished speaking, the shafts of sunlight that had managed to find their way through the lush green canopy started to fade. One by one, they slowly disappeared, until the mercenaries were left standing in a shadowed glade. The wind had stopped playing with the tops of the trees, and everything seemed to stand still. The silence was almost oppressive.

"...Now...this is something you don't see every day..." Marko muttered.

"It's just the damn wind, you twits..." Paps berated.

"...No...they know we're here..." Erik whispered.

"Who?" Brandt demanded.

"...The trees..." Erik whispered in a tiny voice.

"...Right." Brandt retorted.

"NO! I'm serious! They know we're here!" Erik whispered as his fear started to overcome him.

"Get it together, or I will..." Brandt started.

"Or what? HUH? You gonna end me? You gonna kill me? If we don't leave, and I mean right now, we all gonna be dead!" Erik panicked.



*Kingdoms of Men Shield Wall by "ManticFanBoyLAD"*





*Elven Hero by Matt Gilbert*

"And go where? Huh? Just where do you think we should go?" Brandt demanded.

"What are you so afraid of?" Stone inquired in his deep voice.

"I seen me an elf in my time...I wasn't that impressed..." Paps boasted.

"Do tell? You ever seen a Wild One? Huh? They ain't like other elves, I tell you..." Erik countered.

"I ain't afraid of no elf." Stone stated.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you...the Wild Ones ain't like other elves...they're not right!" Erik countered.

"You ever seen one?" Paps asked.

"Well...no...no one has...that's the point!" Erik fumbled.

"This is pointless. We have a job to do. Get it together, and let's move out." Brandt declared.

"...no...wait! Listen to me!" Erik pleaded.

Just then, a sound filled the glade. It was as if the forest had taken a deep breath, and then let it out in one long, raspy, exhalation. The mercenaries froze.

"...What...was that?" Marko whispered.

"Oh gods no...it's too late...it's too late..." Erik started to panic again.

"Everyone, on me! Form up! If these pointy ears want a fight, then we will..." Brandt started.

One of the other men cried out, and started hacking at a branch that seemed to reach out for his face. The mercenaries, veterans of dozens of battles, started to panic. Several of them started to hack at the trees and bushes that surrounded them. One of the men fired a crossbow bolt into a pile of leaves.

"What in the name of the gods are you doing? Halt! Stop hitting the damn trees!" Brandt raged.

It took some time for the frightened mercenaries to stop lashing out at the forest. After a short time, the men started to lower their weapons. They all looked at their leader, embarrassed at their actions.

"Well, well, well...look at you...oh, so tough...you sure showed the tress who's boss...and you, Cole...just what were you shooting

at? Huh? You sure killed that pile of dead leaves..." Brandt berated.

The men just stood there. Most of them had lowered their gaze to the forest floor, too ashamed to meet their sergeant's gaze. For such a bunch of hardened men, they had all acted like frightened children.

"...Right...well, if you lot of killers all are done murdering the trees, let's get our kit together, and move on." Brandt chided.

"Where's Erik" Stone asked.

The mercenaries, confused, started to look around. Erik was nowhere to be seen. In fact, three of the men were gone.

"They were yellor...and they ran...just like a filthy goblin...good riddance...more riches for us. Let's get it together, and move out. We have a manor to loot." Brandt concluded.

The mercenaries closed their ranks, and started to move out. They were not the same men that had entered the forest. Before, they were hardened killers, moving at full alert through the woods. They were professionals. Now, they were nothing more than frightened babes, and jumped at every shadow. Most wore terrified looks on their faces. They formed up hesitantly, and started to move deeper into the forest.

"This is no good boss." Stone whispered after quite some time.

"Don't start." Brandt barked.

"We need to stop. Catch our breath. Figure out where we are." Stone countered.

Brandt was about to respond, but relented. They had been walking for quite some time, and he had no idea where they were. They could be walking back the way they had come, for all he knew. It was as if the forest was confusing him on purpose.

"Alright...let's take a break. Everyone, get something to drink, and break out some of the rations." Brandt ordered, hoping that the pause would fortify the men.

"Where's Stern?" One of the men asked.



*Head on a stick by Darren Lysenko*



"What? What do you mean? He's right..." Brandt's voice trailed off as he realized that yet another one of his men had gone missing.

"He was right behind me! I swear! I heard him walking just a moment ago!" Another one of the men declared.

With this new discovery, the men began to draw their weapons, and started to stand back to back. Brandt was furious. This was supposed to be an easy job.

"You stupid piles of ogre dung! How could you not notice some yeller bellied fool blunder off into the woods?" Brandt demanded.

"It ain't like that Brandt! He was right behind me! I tell you, I could hear him walking on the dry leaves. He was right there!" One of the men protested.

"They gonna take us one at a time! We're dead if we keep going!" Another man lamented.

"You shut your trap, you stupid..." Brandt began.

"NO! You shut it Brandt! I ain't gonna die so that you can get some loot!" Another man protested.

"I'll crack your..." Brandt began.

"What? Huh? What you gonna do, Brandt? You gonna kill me? This accursed wood is gonna do that anyway! You got nothing to threaten me with, Brandt! I'm out of here! Come on Del!" One of the men



*Ogre Captain by Grant Mahoney*

countered as he took up his pack, and motioned for his friend to join him. The other mercenary took up his pack, and started to leave with his friend.

"Fine! Go you sons of orcs! That just leaves more treasure for us!" Brandt roared.

The pair turned their backs on Brandt, and started to make their way back into the woods. Taking this as a sign, more of the men started to do the same. Despite all of Brandt's threats and insults, the warband was broken. When it was all said and done, only a handful of the original 20 mercenaries remained.

"Now what, Brandt?" Stone asked.



"Well, there are 5 of us left. Galbirth didn't have that many friends, and more enemies. He took all that he could to face us in the field. That means that he would only have about a dozen left at his manor. Maybe even less. If we're smart, and quiet, we could take them. That just means that we will have our pick of the spoils." Brandt thought aloud.

"...You sure about this?" Marko asked.

"...Yeah..." Brandt said after a pause.

The 5 remaining mercenaries formed up, and started the last leg of their journey. If they made it, they would could live the rest of their lives in luxury. But, they had to make it.

After what seemed like hours of hard marching, the forest had grown very dark. It was even colder, as if that was even possible in the midst of summer. Several times, the mercenaries had realized that they were lost, and had to change direction. Now, with the sun going down, they had to stop. It was just too dangerous for them to continue in the darkness.

"Do we start a fire?" Stone asked.

"...Yeah...it will be easier to spot us, but at least we will be able to see them coming..." Brandt reasoned.

"Who?" Stone asked.

"...Them..." Brandt replied, gesturing at the trees.

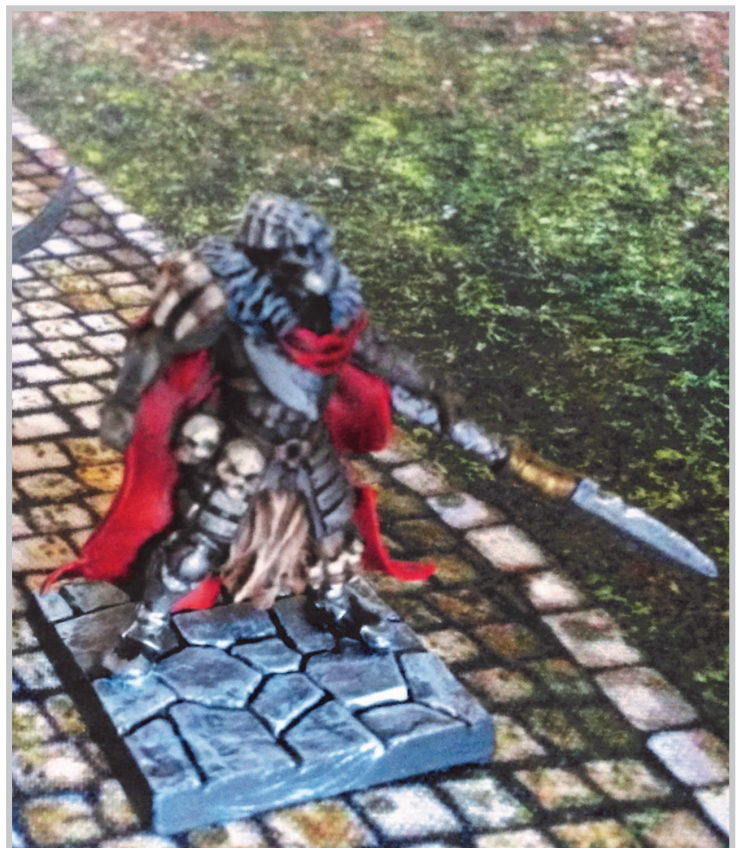
"Alright. Let's get some wood. At least we can warm up a little." Stone announced to the small group.

The mercenaries fanned out, and started to collect wood for a fire. Just as Brandt had filled up his arms, he heard Marco cry out. Brandt dropped the wood, and drew his sword. If this was it, then at least he would die like a man.

"What is it? Where are they?" Brandt demanded as he reached the other four mercenaries.

"...I...I just..." Marko stammered as he pointed before him.

Brandt looked, and was startled to see a man, obviously tangled in the brush. Brandt cautiously walked over to the still figure, and examined the scene. It was Erik. The poor



*Dungeon Saga Blaine by Paul Mullis*





*Forces of Nature Forest Shamblers by Andre Kritzinger*

fool was as tangled as he could be in the brush, with a large limb wrapped around his throat. Erik's neck was an ugly purple and blue.

"You know that he could have done that to himself. If he was spooked, and I mean really spooked, then his thrashing and wrangling could have tangled him up like that. He could have killed himself in his panic." Brandt stated coldly.

"Yeah, I know. And, he was good and spooked the last time that we saw him." Stone replied.

"We're gonna die in here...aren't we?" Marko asked.

Brandt flashed an angry glare at Marko, but then pursed his lips, and turned to look deep into the woods. All of the men seemed to shrink as they gazed out into the darkness. In their despair, none of the veterans noticed that the tree behind them was watching with a cold hatred burning in its eyes. ■





# OBSIDIAN GOLEMS

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

- Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)
- Brushes
- Pencil
- Toothpick
- And endless imagination!"

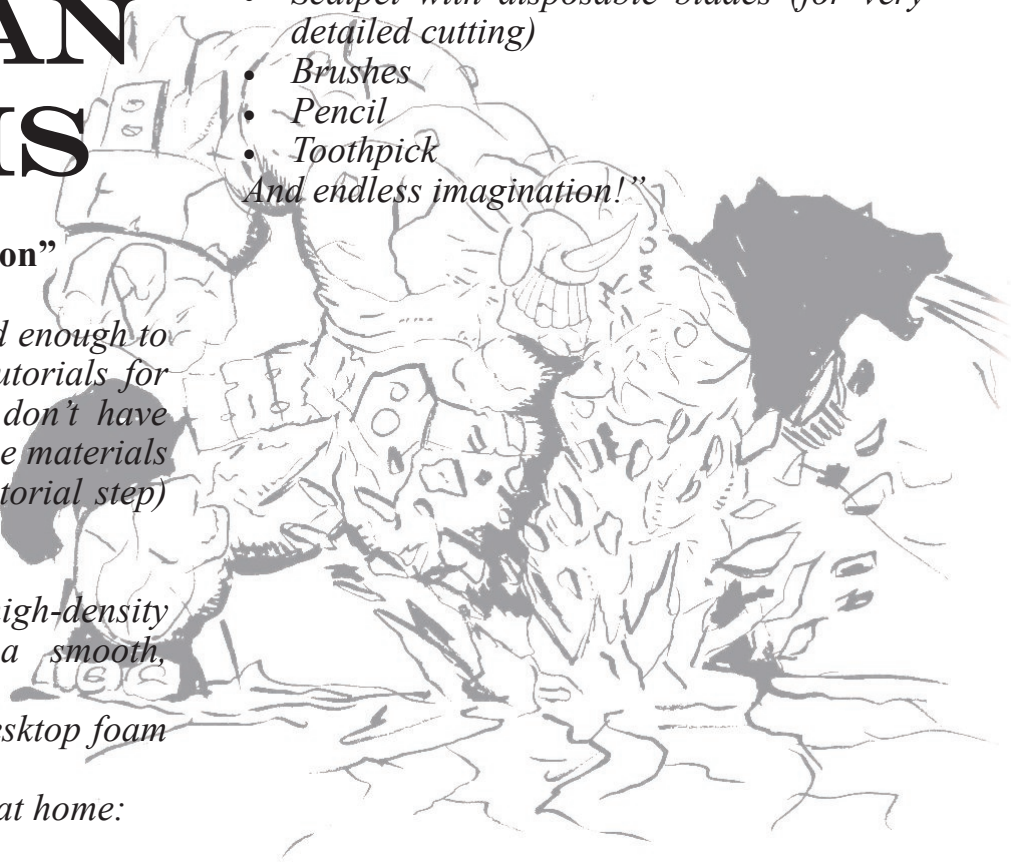
*Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!*

*"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.*

*The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.*

*The other tools all modelers have at home:*

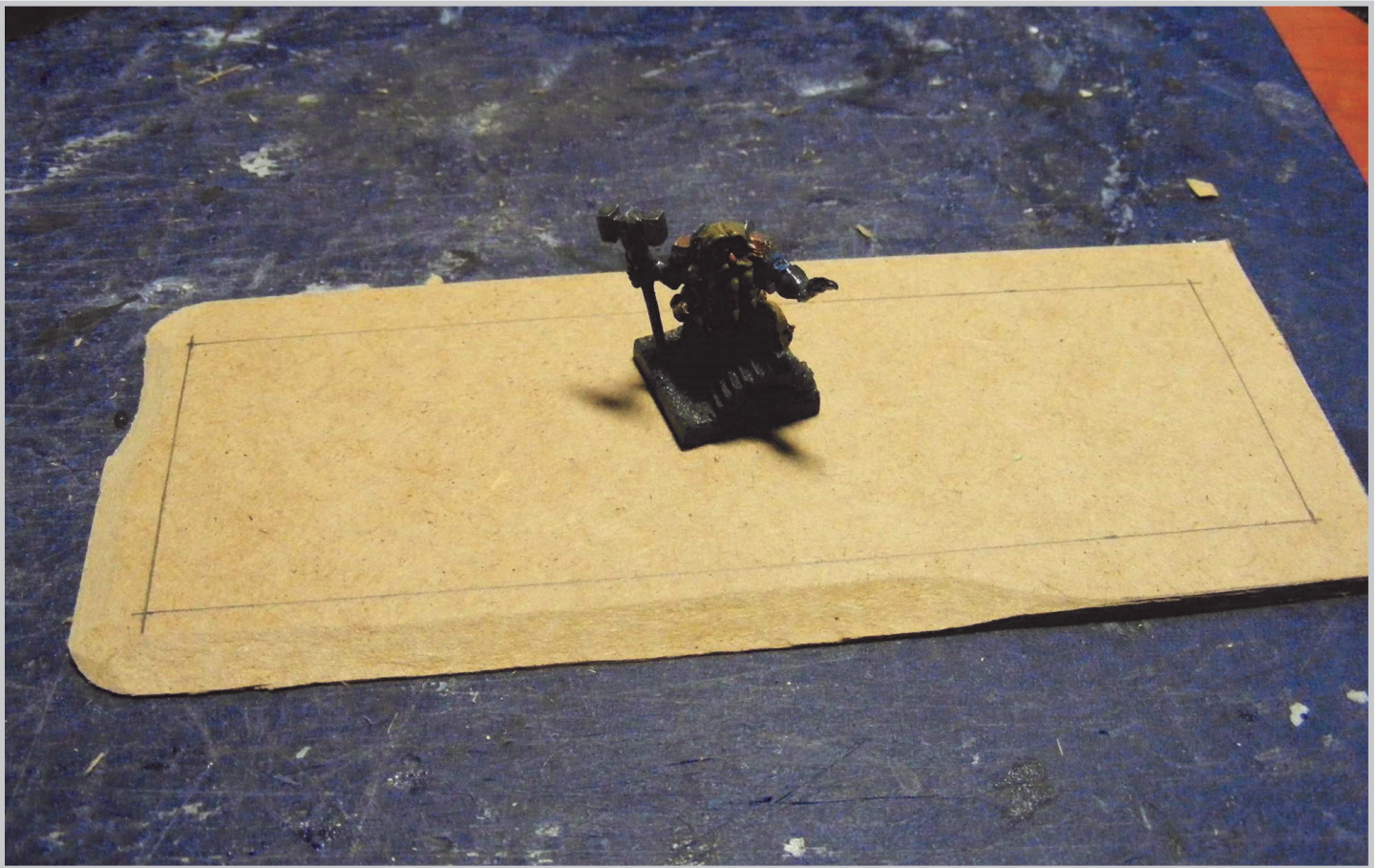
- Retractable knife















































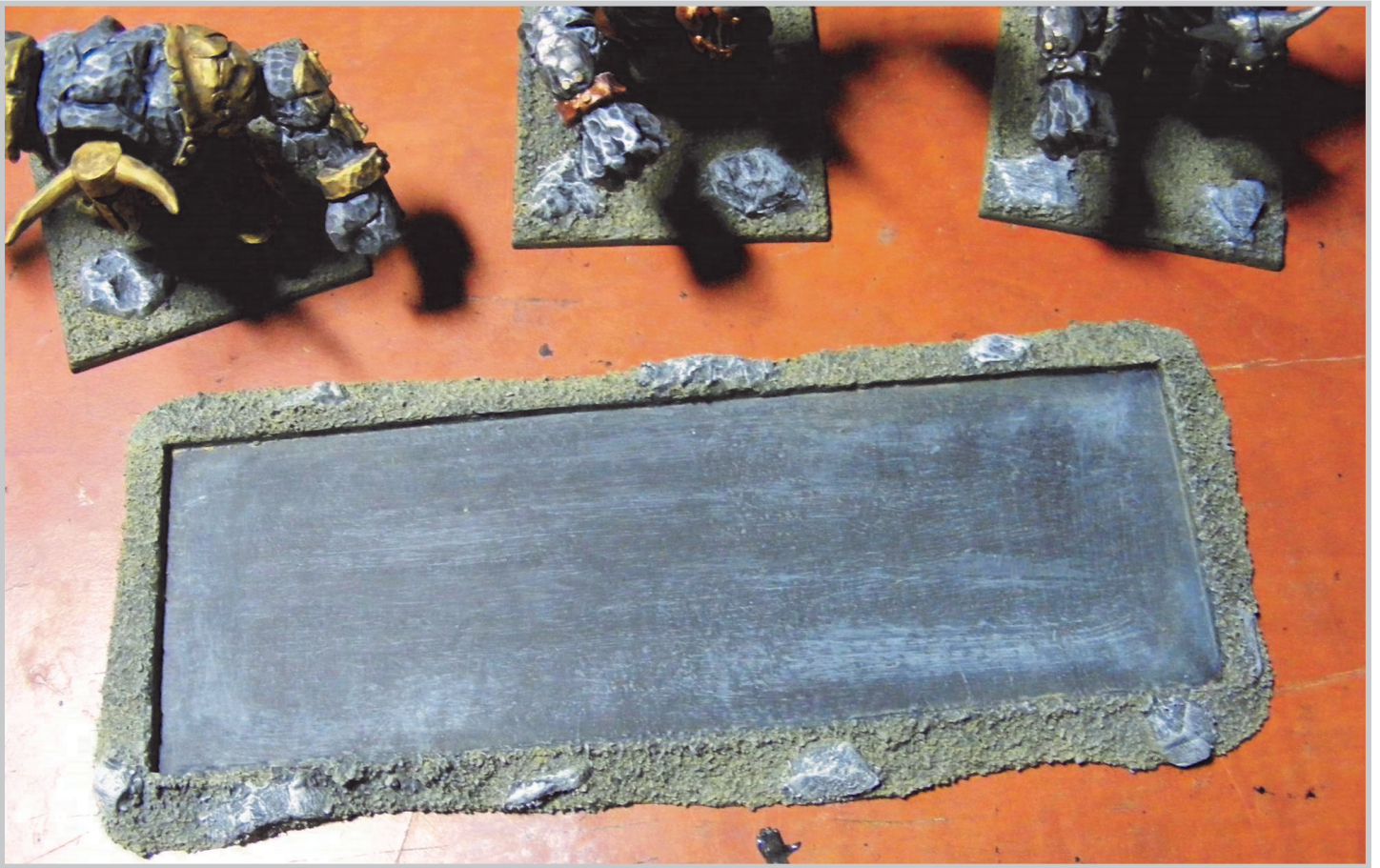
















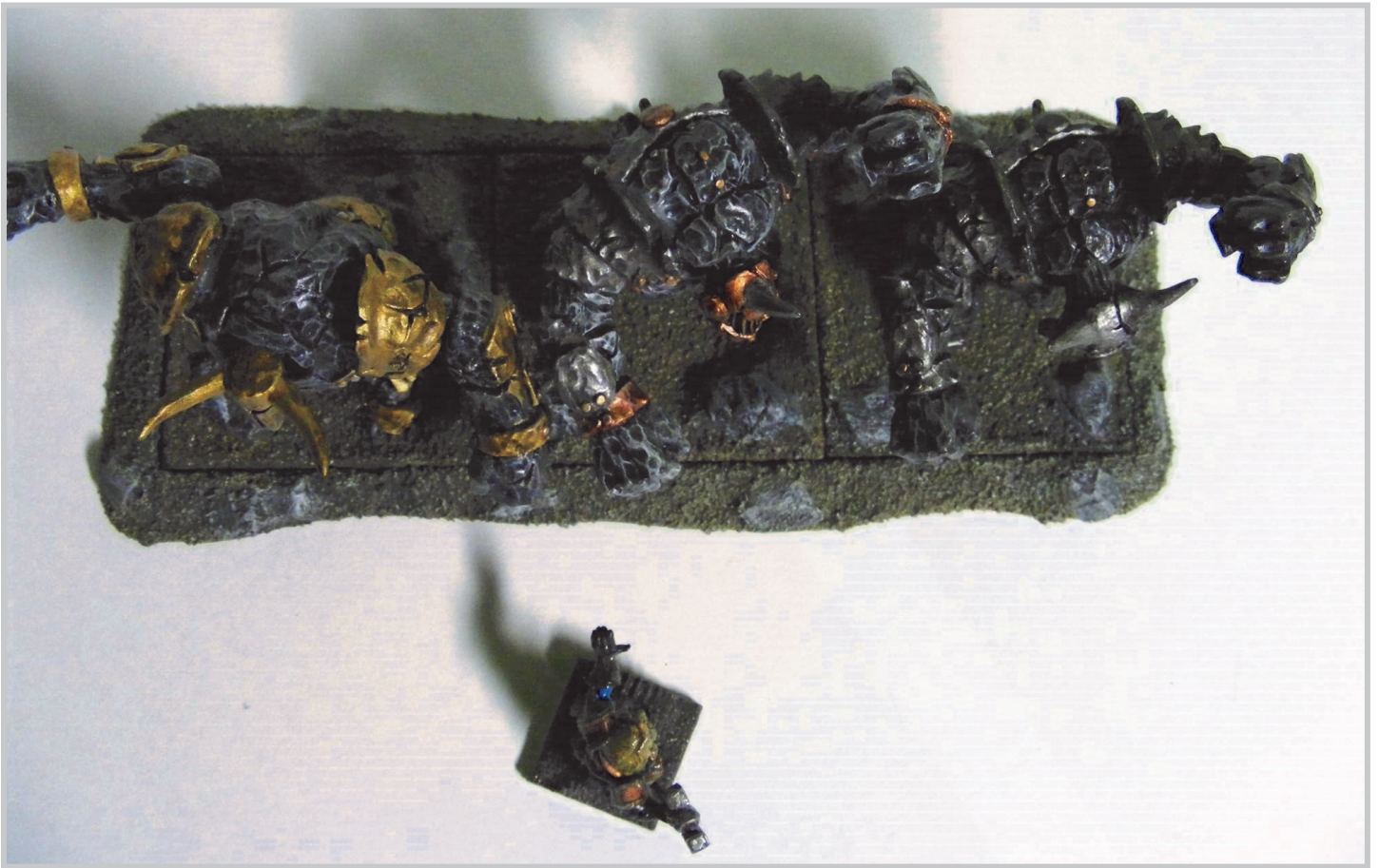
































*Veer-Myn Maligni by Chris Schlumpberger*

# ULTRAVIOLET

## Part 1

**By Sebastian Pietrzak**

A lonely creature peeked around the corner of a building. Only his twitching whiskers and slowly waving tail were a source of any movement – not quite enough for the motion detectors to be alerted. The darkness of the night was enveloping him tightly; the spot he had chosen for hiding was not lit by a single spotlight, and even the occasional searchlight from the central sensory tower was steering clear of it.

He spotted few tempting places where his brothers and sisters could arrive undetected, steal anything of interest, and disappear before the dense humans would even notice something was missing. Perhaps few guards would also go missing in the process, but that went without saying.

Even though recon was his main mission this night, Blangor could not focus entirely on his task. Part of him was ever vigilant, always reacting to even smallest change of light intensity, hue, or blinking repetition. Anytime his subconscious would detect anything of interest, he would rapidly change his focus to the source

of this feeling. Usually it was nothing – soldiers on a routine patrol waving their flashlights, LED lights of surveillance equipment, or a reflection of a crawling searchlight on the surface of some equipment. These cases were quickly judged irrelevant, and his focus moved back to the scouting task again.

Suddenly, the quiet of the night was broken by distant gunfire. He pricked up his ears, assessed the direction of the incoming fusillade, and quickly left his concealed position. By holding on to the narrow alleys and shadows cast by the buildings and avoiding any lit areas, Blangor arrived near one of the fortified positions of the Space Port. The fortification was guarding a big and



now empty concrete square where human flying machines could land. Searing emerald lights of gamma rays from his brothers and blinding, cold-blue lights of human lasers illuminated the battleground. Even though the flickering light show was confusing to the human eyes, it was enough for Blangor's sensitive eyes to see as clearly as if it was daylight. The battle was too far for his nose to detect characteristic chem compounds of the pack, but not for his eyes – the distinct spectrum of the light generated by the ray guns of the attacking rats clearly stated it was Lugens' pack. He knew his biochem inclinations – gamma fire was only a tool to confuse the opponent, suppress their return fire so that the main part of the attacking force could come closer and spray the defenders with deadly fluids that could easily separate flesh from bones and melt equipment.

The observing Veer-myn was about to leave when suddenly a strange humming noise and subtle blueish light aura caught his attention. Following both senses, Blangor located the source – behind the enemy positions there was an out of place device: it looked like a laser cannon turret such as the ones he saw on human tanks. This one, however, was not mounted, but rather crouching on the ground like an emplaced autocannon. Following the trail of blueish light, he realized a tangle of cables was attached to the machine, while its other end disappeared in the ground about 20 meters away. A dozen seconds later, the cannon flashed a cluster of diodes and started to adjust its aim. Once in position, it sucked all the light from cables, flashed its diodes once more, and fired.



*Veer-Myn Nightcrawlers by Paul Mullis*





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

It was not the typical transitory bright lance he was accustomed to. Instead, it was a constant, gleaming stream of burning light. A series of discharges could be seen along the path of the beam. Between them, microsecond bursts of incinerated matter caught in the path were adding beauty to the phenomenon. Where the lance hit the target, the ground was melting, creeping Veer-myn were turning into ash, and even the mighty tunnellers were reduced to smoldering wracks cut in two, still red-hot at the cleavage sites. The cannon rotated itself on its turntable and moved its mighty beam over the most of the attacking Veer-myn force. The rest of the invading pack quickly scurried away, looking for cover and leaving

the battlefield as soon as they could.

After this act of destruction, the cannon powered itself down, moving back to the initial position and beginning a cooling process. Even this part drew Blangor's attention: whirring fans inside the cannon's barrel were throwing masses of hot air outside. The red-hot tip of the barrel, at the painful edge of near-melting, was ejecting clouds of sparks, dancing in the ever-present cold wind of Exham IV and inexorably disappearing in the night sky.

The lonely rat stood motionlessly for a long time, until cannon's barrel lost its red-hot color and nothing else came from it. Only



then did he leave his post and disappear into the night. If anyone was able to see his eyes and read Veer-myn emotions, they would see a mix of awe, excitement, sadness and almost painful desire.

\*

- *Mr. Watts, please fill us in.* – The tired voice of the Space Port commander came out of a hunched figure at the top of the table in the conference room. Commander Adam Kovalsky buried his head in his hands, exhaled heavily, and readied himself for a fresh barrage of grim news from his subordinates.

- *Yes, sir.* – The adjutant standing by the main screen on the wall clicked something on the pilot in his hand and began his report. – *Over the course of the last 7 days we have encountered 24 acts of vandalism, including theft – 7 of them probably caused by Veer-myn, 13 acts of civil unrest – three of them*

*changing into open riots – and 4 Veer-myn attacks. Two of these were targeting the helipad and its surroundings. One of them was serious enough to approve usage of Thermal PaK.*

As expected the last statement caused some eyebrows to be frowned and more spontaneous reaction of a Head of Logistics.

- *The thermal cannon?! That beast consumes a horrendous amount of energy in a single discharge. We could power and warm 5 residential hubs for two weeks! Do I really have to remind you all over again that this planet is one giant iceblock 'round the clock, and the geothermal energy is the last source of heat on the whole...*

- *That is enough!* – Commander Kovalsky snapped at the malcontent. – *Dead people don't need energy nor warmth! Rats don't need living people! They want our equipment. We want our equipment. These*



*Deadzone terrain by Jamie O'Toole*



two contradicting facts generate some disputes between our two races, understand? If the report states the situation was critical and required the Thermal cannon to be used, then please acknowledge the fact and celebrate this with silence. Mr. Watts please continue. – The rising crescendo of his voice kept everyone at the edge of their seats; his final words were spat out rather than spoken. Only the adjutant, used to the commander's outbursts of anger, was not affected by it. He calmly changed the slide and looked at the Communications Specialist.



*Deadzone Survivor Mercenary by Nicodemus Sandberg*

- Mr. Tarczynsky has some suspicions regarding our caudate friends. Please.

Marek Tarczynsky stood and swapped places with the adjutant. Commander Kovalsky lifted his head again and focused on the presenter. Tarczynsky would not often speak during these meetings, but when he did it was regarding something important and valuable for the sake of the colony.

- Gentlemen. As Mr. Watts said before, last week there were 7 rat-related acts of vandalism, including theft of equipment, modifications of devices to work differently and even one case of bodies of infected people being stolen from the cold room. Let me dwell into the details of some of them. They seem unusual, and I think we should try

to analyze them – in my opinion their distinct... circumstances and agendas will shine a light on rats' behavior, habits, and motivations...

- Marek this is not some nature program. We're trying to survive, remember? – One of the other participants of the meeting cut in.

– Ah, I forgot about that. Thank you for pointing that out Jack.

– Sarcasm won't help but will make me go over there and speak directly to your face, you-

- Stop. – Again, the Commander spoke up to calm down the assembled group. – Mr. Tarczynsky, correct me if I'm wrong: you say

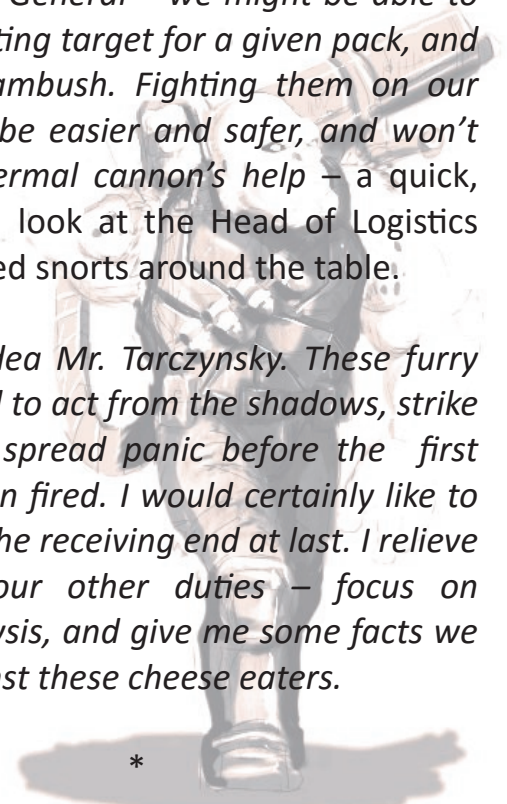


there are some factions in their ranks with distinct features, habits, and agendas. You think we might somehow exploit them to cause infighting once we discover and understand them?

- Not quite factions, sir. There is probably one Brood Mother somewhere out there, keeping order with an iron fist... or claw... but under her, there are various packs. We know the most numerous Veer-myn are Nightcrawlers, but the most elite soldiers and scientists of sort are the Maligni. My observations indicate there are few packs led by notable, Maligni, each with various inclinations; notable among their race, of course. It seems their interests affect rest of the pack, which follows their lead and fulfils their agendas. If we are able to discover and understand them

– as you said General – we might be able to stage a tempting target for a given pack, and prepare an ambush. Fighting them on our terms might be easier and safer, and won't require a Thermal cannon's help – a quick, conspiratorial look at the Head of Logistics caused muffled snorts around the table.

- I like this idea Mr. Tarczynsky. These furry bastards tend to act from the shadows, strike unseen, and spread panic before the first shots are even fired. I would certainly like to see them at the receiving end at last. I relieve you from your other duties – focus on footage analysis, and give me some facts we can use against these cheese eaters.



*Wrath mercenary and Enforcer Sniper by "C.M. Minis"*





*Enforcers by Matt Gilbert*

Ceiling lights were illuminating only the central part of the corridor, leaving the sides wrapped in comfy darkness. A singular figure was sneaking in the shadows, precisely avoiding the patches of light. Quick, restless steps were leading interloper deeper into the corridor. At some point his sharp senses detected a subtle twinkling of the light in the distance. He knew what this meant – the battle had already started. His whiskers moved in excitement at the thought of the upcoming show and he picked up his pace.

Shortly thereafter Blangor arrived at the entrance to the big production hall where human azure lasers and emerald beams of his clan mates were flickering across the room. There were nearly no casualties yet.: soldiers had fortified their position with modular shieldwalls and emplaced heavy laser cannons. They were both relieved and amused – from their perspective, the attacking Veer-myn force had been washing their positions with highly inaccurate and ineffective fire. Blangor knew this was not the case. His sensitive eyes were able to see the truth that insensible humans could not perceive. Colors, hues, abrupt light eruptions

when ray gun's beam hit the mark – they all created precalculated patterns, visible to his eyes long after the shot. It was a truly magnificent show.

Reluctantly, the unseen observer reminded himself about his own role in this play. He looked away from the spectacle and merged with the shadows again. Unseen, he reached the panel on the wall and opened it gently, almost reverently. Taking out of his pocket some tools set, he began to tinker with the electronics inside.

Troopers, encouraged by their minimal losses, started to lean out from behind the cover in order to get a clear shot. Until now, rat men were very good at changing their positions rapidly and utilizing production machines as cover; now the soldiers were able to see their movement more clearly and were able to predict where sprinting rat might show its silhouette next. A few aggressors had already died when they were caught by the azure streams of light in the middle of a jump.

Suddenly, despite no command being uttered and no signal being seen, all of the



Veer-myn stopped their fusillade. The unexpected stillness surprised the defender: their own fire lessened, and then stopped completely as no targets were visible anymore. Soldiers started to look around, searching for some answers or commands. Whoever was in charge was also apparently taken by surprise, and wasn't sure what to do in this situation. Before he was able to give an order, the top lights in the hall went gone dark. A second later they flickered back to life – but this time the light was not the same. Instead of typical cold, white light, there was a tiring and irritating blue light.

As if it was a signal for the Veer-myn, they resumed their attack. This time, however, it was totally different. Troopers leaning out

from behind the shieldwalls were lit with dozens of ray beams, collapsing on the ground with their bodies and faces burned and deformed. Emplaced laser cannons were barraged so heavily with the ray energy that they started to accumulate heat in their metal parts, while melting all the plastic components; soon, their operators were completely unable to use them. The intensity of the incoming fire and its accuracy forced the defenders to keep their profiles low and stay ducked behind the shieldwall.

Blangor watched the performance with contempt. In the blue light, seasoned with a touch of ultraviolet, his brothers and sisters' ray beams looked even more beautiful than



*Deadzone firefight by Shane Knerl*





*Enforcer Engineer by Chris Schlumpberger*

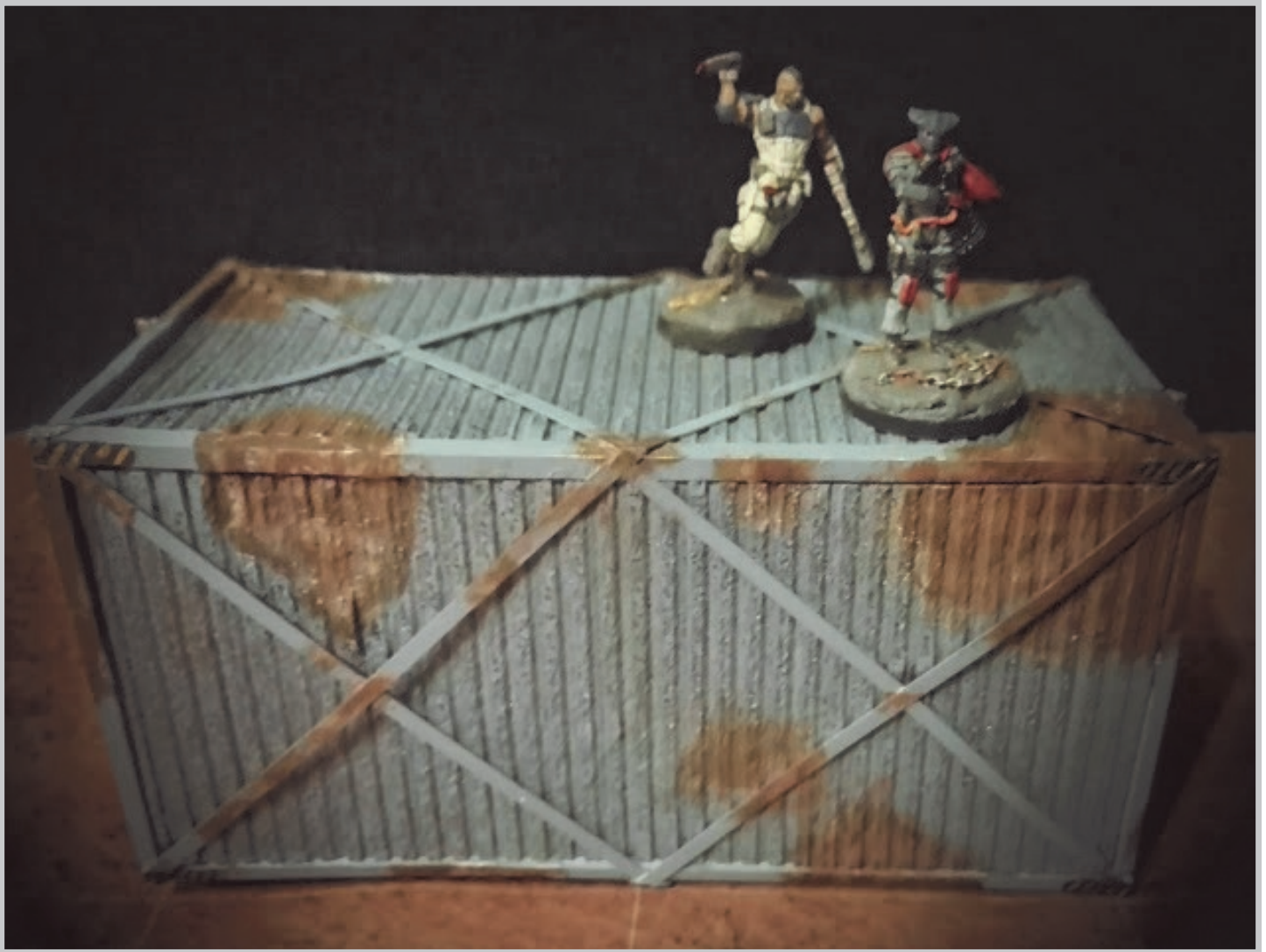
in normal visible light. The red-hot laser cannons were adding warmth to the picture before him. A few purposeful gamma rays destroyed some of the fluorescents above the enemy position, adding even more dynamics to the scene with electric sparkles and light flickering in the glass crumbs.

The lone observer was torn between the beauty of this final act of the spectacle and the fact that this was a sign for a direct charge on the enemy positions. Stalkers rushed from their concealed positions and started to climb and jump over the enemy fortifications in two zones that suddenly were omitted by the ongoing gamma ray fusillade. Afterwards, it was a short work for a ray pistol and a knife. Ugly, but necessary.

Blangor flinched and shook the excitement off. He flipped a switch in the still-open panel on the wall and changed the lights back to the cold white. He closed the panel diligently and moved across the room to the barricades, now devoid of enemy life, and started to give commands to his pack.

*To be continued...▪*





# TUTORIAL: SHIPPING CONTAINER

By Søren Emil Rosenhøj Bay

Shipping containers are some awesome terrain pieces and can be used for a number of games. I first decided to make some shipping container for Deadzone, to have some cheap line of sight blockers.

But this little piece of terrain is also perfect for The Walking Dead and in my games of Scrappers.

The shipping container is fast to build and really cheap.

## Materials:

- Floorboard insulation foam
- Glue: Plastic, super and woodglue.
- Plastic sprue
- Hobby knife
- Ruler

## Step 1:

Deadzone is played in a 3" cube system, so I build most of my terrain to fit that. Cut out 4





pieces of 6" sprue and 8 pieces of 3" sprue. Glue two rectangles.

### Step 2:

Use the remaining pieces of sprue to make a box. I use a dab of superglue to build box shape. Then drowned it in plastic glue, as it'll make the plastic melt together.

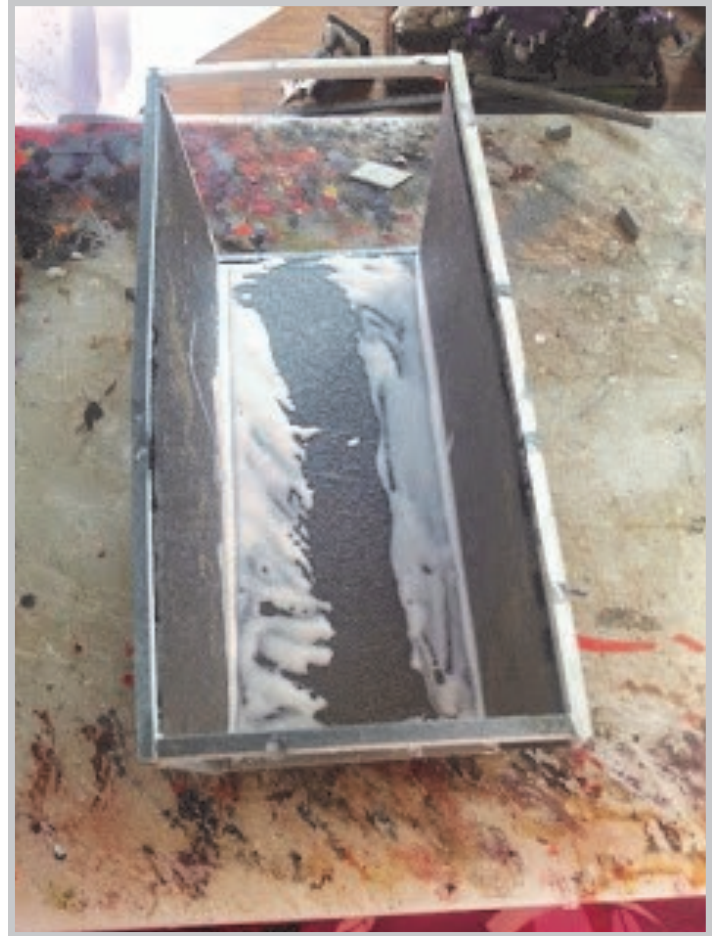
### Step 3:

The insulation foam is a great material. It's cheap, easy to cut and looks like corrugated metal plates. You'll get 12 square meters for 15 EUR. Cut out four 3"x6" pieces and two 3"x3" pieces. Makes sure the pieces fit right into a frame. Here you'll have to work fairly quick. Add superglue to the frame and insert the foam. The glue will partly melt the foam, so try to be quick.

I've actually found that the limited melting of the foam, add a nice corroded look to it.







#### **Step 4:**

Add strength to the container by adding wood- or PVA glue to the inside. This will also hide any small holes made from uneven cuts in the foam and sprue.

#### **Step 5:**

With your hobby knife make some angled cuts in the foam on the end, to make it look like doors in the container.

Voila. Done simple shipping container. Anything from here is extra detailing.

#### **Step 6:**

Add further details. I've gone with a lock in each end made from round sprue and some reinforcement on the side made from plastic strip.





### Step 7:

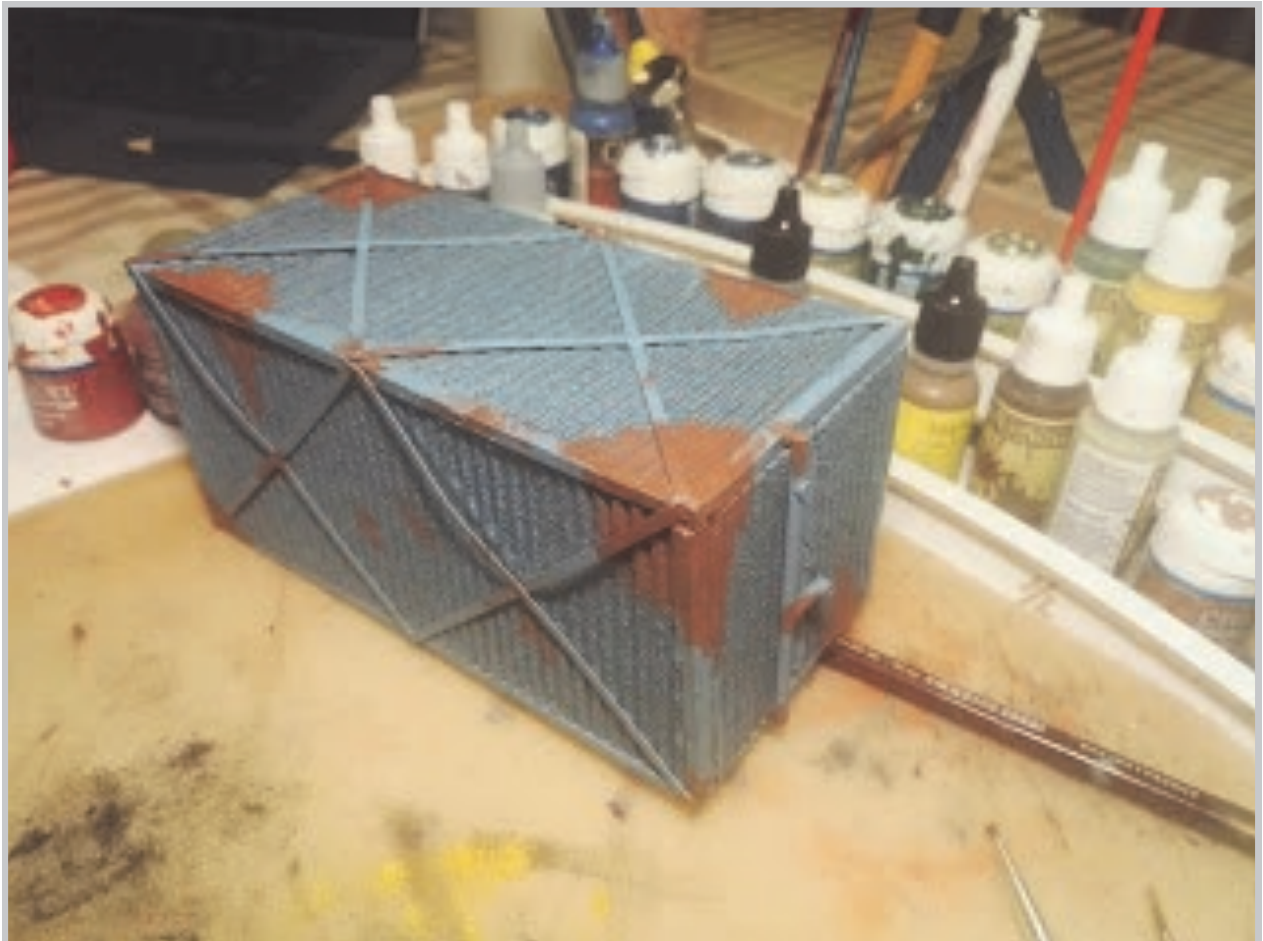
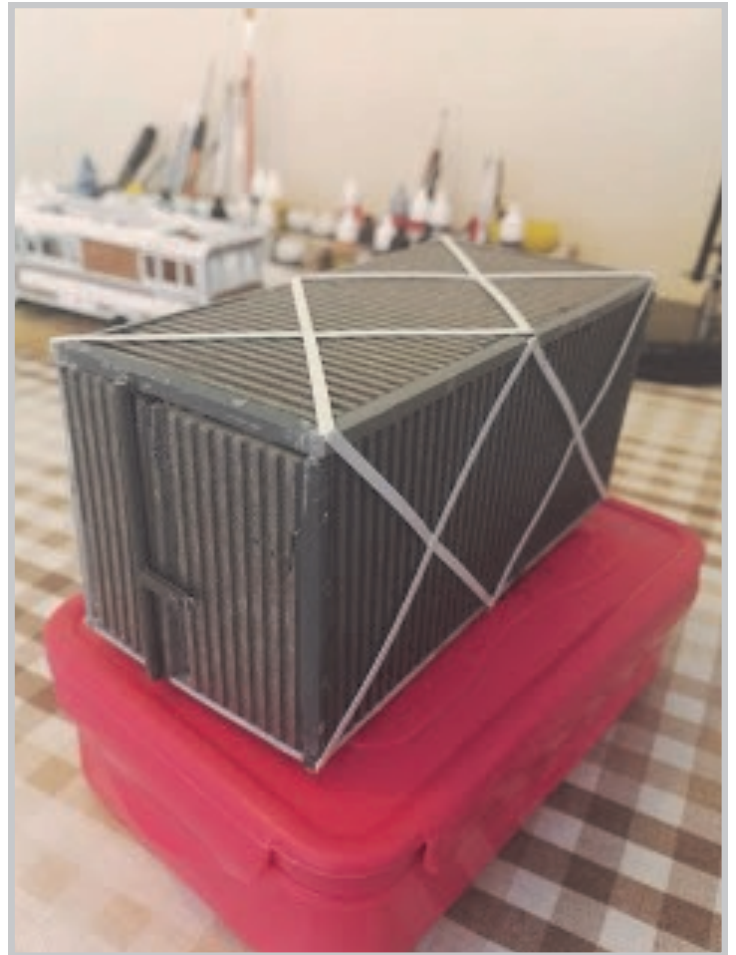
Base coat it. I use Army Painter base coat spray and it'll corrode the foam a bit. I don't find that it's too much, but it does add extra texture to the build. For stone terrain (houses, walls, cobble stone floor) the corrosion is actually really nice.

### Step 8:

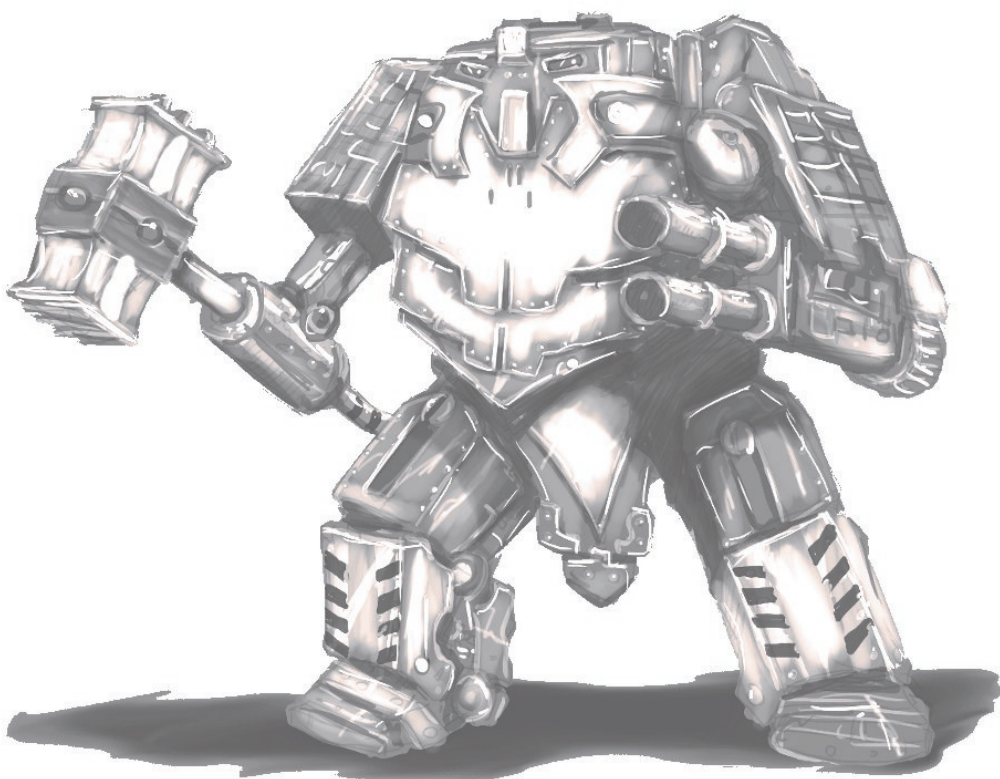
Paint up the rest. I've done a simply rust effect with two different browns and a steel color.

### All done:

This thing will fit into a lot of different games. There's some cheap MDF shipping containers out there, TTCombat will sell you three for less than 10£. But I like building stuff myself, like that it fits perfectly into the Deadzone cube system and that it has cost nothing but time.













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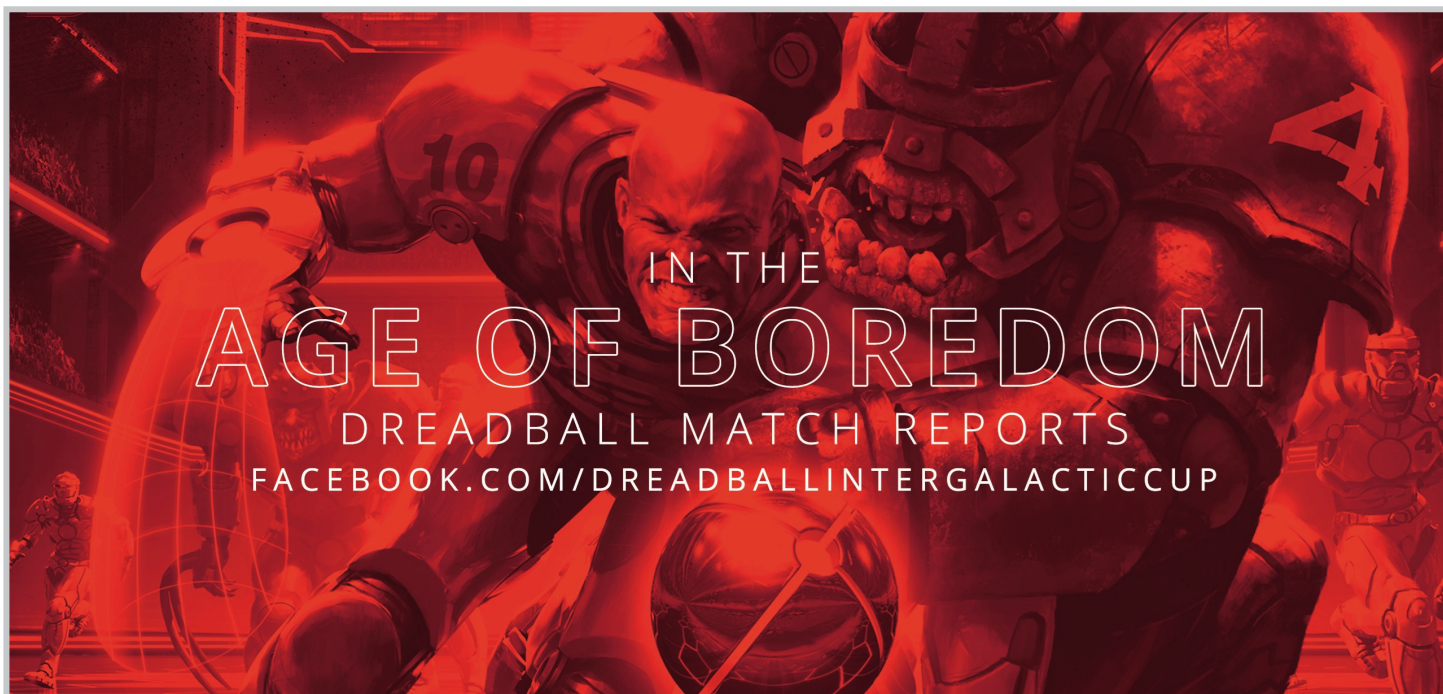
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*Dwarven Ironguard by Peter Grose*

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