

IRONWATCH

AUGUST 2017 | ISSUE 60



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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome back to another great issue of Ironwatch magazine! This issue marks a half-decade of fantastic and quality gaming publications, and we're excited to see what the next half-century brings.

While this month's may be a bit slim, there's something to make up for it: before the end of the week is out, we're planning on releasing the first of our two Ironwatch Tales book: Ironwatch: Tales of Fantasy. This novel is currently clocking in at around 330 pages, and features all of the tales and stories you've come to know and love from Ironwatch in a single volume.

We're planning on making it available in EPUB format for those of you with eReaders,

as well as PDF and hard copies as well! Following that, our next plan is for release of Ironwatch: Tales of the Stars, the collection of all of our Deadzone, Dreadball, and Warpath stories.

We're also plugging away at getting stuff sorted out for a Deluxe version of the Quarantine rules, but current real-life complications have slowed these somewhat. More details will be in the State of the Watch, also likely coming out before the end of the week here!

Speaking of the State of the Watch, this marks the start of the every-other-month cycle for Ironwatch issues now. As the slim size of this month's issue shows, we've hit a persistent slowdown in content, and reducing the frequency of publication will help ensure the quality remains superb! More details will be forthcoming in the State of the Watch post on our website; until then thank you 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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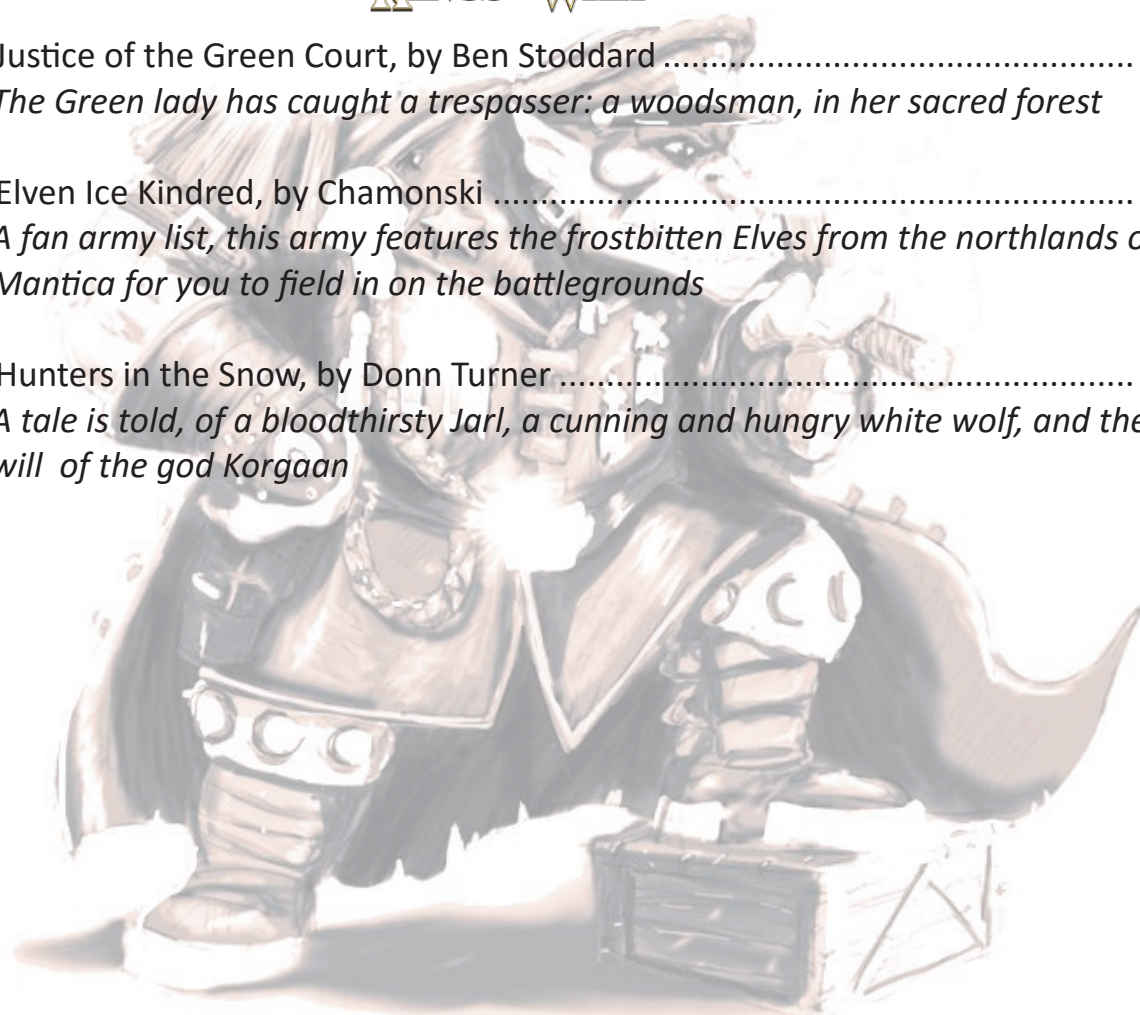
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Undead Skeletons by Jack Bryant

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).

Repeating Events

[Mantic Monday](#)

Tickets are £2.00 each

Every Monday, join the Mantic crew at Mantic headquarters for pickup and campaign games, playing and previewing upcoming content, and with a hobby area to assemble and paint your figures!

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

[Mantic HQ Tour](#)

Tickets are £5.00 each

See how the spin-case models are made, tour the resin pouring room, see the famous Mantic warehouse, visit with Mantic employees, and see the studio display cabinets of amazing models!

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

August

8/17 [GenCon 2017](#)

From 8:00 AM on 8/17 to 8:00 PM on 8/20PM

Badge prices [start at \\$45](#), or \$2 for individual event tickets

Gen Con is the original, longest-running gaming convention in the world! Featuring 500+ exhibiting companies from the game industry, award-winning authors and artists, costumed attendees, more than 16,000 events, a Family Fun Pavilion, and the debut of exciting new games. Indiana Convention Center, 100 S. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46225

8/20 [The Other Partizan](#)

From 10 AM to 4 PM

Tickets are £4 each

Partizan and The Other Partizan wargames shows aim to promote a better understanding of the history of human conflict using tabletop simulation and gaming techniques. Come for a huge variety of fantastic wargames of all stripes and eras!

George Stephenson Pavilion, Newark, Showground, Drove Lane, Newark, Nottinghamshire, NG24 2NY, United Kingdom



Plague Gen 1 and Hounds by Grant Mahoney



Abyssal Harpies by George Adsett-Knutsen

September

9/3 [Hereward Wargames Show](#)

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

£3 entry for advanced admission, otherwise tickets are £5

Featuring a variety of games and traders, this show has a bit of everything, for everyone!

The Cresset, Bretton Centre, Peterborough, PE3 8DX

9/30 **Kings of War: International Campaign Day**

More information will be coming soon for this fantastic Kings of War showdown!

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

October

10/7 [Derby Worlds 2017](#)

From 10 AM on 10/7 to 8 PM on 10/8

Featuring demonstration games, participation games, painting displays and tournaments, Derby Worlds has even more to do than ever before
Bruntingthorpe Proving Ground, Lutterworth, Leicestershire, LE17 5QS, UK

10/14 **The Walking Dead: All-Out War Tournament**

More information will be coming soon for this intense apocalyptic survivor deathmatch!

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

10/15 **The Walking Dead: Narrative Day**

More information will be coming soon for this awesome storytelling opportunity!

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

10/22 [SELWG Show](#)

From 10 AM to 8 PM

This fantastic show has games, modelling, and a wide variety of hobby interests, and more to enjoy at this long-running event.

Ledington Rd, London SE19 2BB, UK

10/26 [Internationale Spieltage SPIEL'17](#)

From 10 AM on 10/26 to 6 PM on 10/29

[Tickets](#) are 13 EU for a day pass, or 31 EU for the entire weekend

SPIEL in Essen means: Four days of fun, meeting friends, playing and testing thousands of games and novelties together with gamers from all over the world. Make up your own mind about the quality of the international gaming market and feel free to buy your favourite ones!

Norbertstrasse 2, 45131 Essen, Germany

10/28 [Clash of Kings 2017](#)

From 9:30 AM on 10/28 to 5:30 PM on 10/29

Tickets are £45 each

Clash of Kings is the annual Kings of War tournament where you get the chance to play a series of enjoyable and challenging games, with the aim of proving your worth against your fellow combatants, and of course share in the joy of the Mantic hobby whilst making new friends.

Firestorm Games, South Wales, Gaming Centre, 15 Trade St, Cardiff CF10 5DT

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!



Forgefather Forge Guard by Peter Grose

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

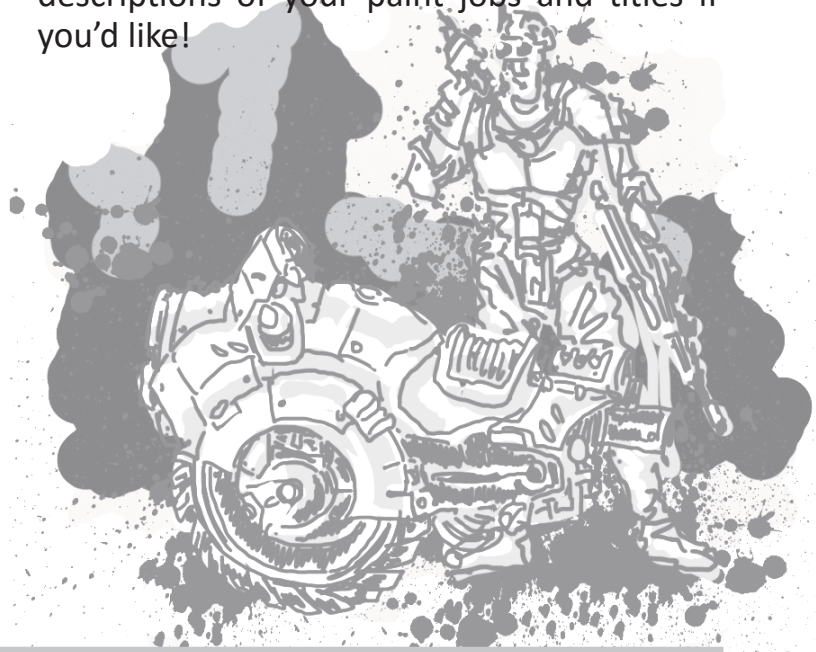
On display this month for you we have:

- Geoff Burbidge, with his great 'Synechdoche' Deadzone Chovar Mercenary
- Marcel Popik, with a cybernetic Warpath attack dog and his own Doomstorm-pattern Forgefather Iron Ancestor

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.

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



Terrain by Paul Scott

GEOFF BURBRIDGE



MARCEL POPIK

WARPATH: Padd



MARCEL POPIK

Iron Ancestor- Twin Hailstorm Autocannon



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!](#)





Tree Herders by Matt Gilbert

THE JUSTICE OF THE GREEN COURT

By Ben Stoddard

The wind pushed its way through the branches of the trees surrounding the clearing where the woodsman was bound, unconscious, to a stone altar that was covered with a thick layer of moss. She stared out at him from the shadowed boughs at the edge, waiting for him to show any sign of waking. A vibrant anger tumbled through her veins and rippled out through

the undergrowth at her feet, causing young saplings and various weeds to crackle as if drying out in the heat of the midsummer sun's gaze before disintegrating into dust and scattering in the slight wind that persisted in blowing despite the heavy tree cover.

You are right in your anger, you know. A voice touched on her mind, causing her to shift uncomfortably as the onslaught of emotion that accompanied such a contact as this. The outline of her shadow cast on the ground seemed to blur and shift, appearing to take on a life of its own as it spiraled upwards like a column of smoke to stand before her. She tried to ignore it, as she always did, but it was of no use. The voice

continued to speak.

He murdered several of your children! Then he used their dead husks to build his wretched little dwelling! Oh, it must burn you up inside that you know I am right in this. The voice did not have a sound so much as a feeling that accompanied it. Much like the sickening experience one has when they tumble endlessly through a dream with the troubling understanding that there is no end to their fall, only an eternal, inky blackness.

"Be still!" She hissed through clenched teeth, a futile gesture and one that her smoky shadow mocked with a contemptuous laugh before continuing its tirade.

You know the price of my silence, and you aren't willing to pay that. At least not yet. She grimaced, the shadow was right. That cost would be too high, and she couldn't afford to pay it now. Her children needed her

and there was no way that she could abandon them now, not with the growing dark approaching and the howls of Winter still heavy on the heels of this brief reprieve they had been given. She gave a weary sigh as she briefly contemplated the winds of the horizon and the encroaching death that lay heavy across the world even now. There would soon be fighting and wars that would make the nations of all creatures tremble and snuff out the life of more than a few of her own children in the process. It was coming and there was nothing she could do to stop it. That weight settled across her shoulders and hung around her neck like a heavy stone threatening to grind her into oblivion. After all this time, perhaps she should let it...

Leave her be. Another voice entered the fray, seeming to reflect out of the shimmering sunbeams that flickered and marched across the white bark of a nearby quaking aspen



Forces of Nature army by George Adsett-Knutsen

tree, constantly shifting in the steady breeze encircling them. *She has had enough of your senseless prattling, keep your self-loathing to yourself and stop trying to seek solace in dragging her down to your level.*

She sighed and her long hair, normally a fiery red that rippled out away from her in waves of autumnal splendor darkened to the color of dead leaves crushed into the frozen mud of a bitter winter attempting to abbreviate an overly late spring. Her skin retained its normal icy whiteness that marked her as something belonging to the immortal realm of this world, but her eyes drew on the aspect of the deep, dark nights of icy snowfall.

Normally she would not allow such blatant outward displays of her inner turmoil, but she was alone right now and too exhausted to contain the bickering aspects of her mind.

“Enough!” Her words were clipped, her mannerisms curt as she spoke. “We are all in agreement. There is no sense in continuing the argument any further.”

What about his punishment, then? The shadow hissed gleefully at her side. *That was still a debated topic.*

His crimes were indeed heinous, yet he is a sentient life form. His kind has helped to shape this world in a conscious manner.



Tree terrain by Rob Phaneuf

Therefore he is greater than the slumbering spirits that lay dormant and unmoving within the bark of those trees that he cut down. The flickering sunbeams argued and in her mind's eye came an image of a fist slamming down against a table. He has taken only a very little from the forest. However, what he did take will only lead to him requiring more, and we cannot have this. Drive him out of the woods with a warning to never return. If he does we can always kill him then.

No! He killed living things to build a hollow edifice for him to live in excess of what he needs! He is the embodiment of greed! Why is his life more important than those oaks he felled? Why is his fleeting spark of life

greater than the constant beacon generated by those ancient limbs he brutally ripped from their trunks to comfort his wanton lusts for comfort?

“Did you not do worse before I took you into myself, Liliana?” At these words the shadow and the sunlight both seemed to shrink back from her.

How dare you! The shadow hissed. *You took everything from me! Is that not atonement for the ill I have done!?*

“No, because if I allowed you to be free now you would still seek to work the same evil on the world as you did before I bound you. You only atone for your sins when you strive to cease committing them.” The smoky

darkness did not respond, and the Lady felt it dissipate as it shrank back into the dark corners of her consciousness with a muted pang of melancholy echoing out across her being as it did so.

She will return, and she will be angry at you for that. The gilded sunshine gave the impression that it was shaking its head.

“I am well aware, thank you. Now, to the matter at hand. This man is responsible for the felling of several trees, and he used their trunks to construct a crude shelter for himself. He has dug up our land and has begun making plans for others to join him. Most damning of all, however, is that it appears he had plans to begin digging into the hill near where he built his home in



Tree Herders by Andre Kritzinger



Tree Herder by "WeedyElf"

hopes of finding precious metals that he could sell and bring even more of his kind here. This cannot be tolerated. Not in my forest. We must send a warning to others who might try and do what he attempted." The Lady turned to look at the spots of sunlight. "You have voiced your thoughts on the matter, but I would hear them again if for no other reason than to delay the decision I feel that I must make."

"His actions are what he is being judged for, not his intentions." The Lady's voice darkened and her hair once again became the brilliant red that usually adorned her mantle. Ferns and roots at her feet suddenly began to push through the soil, writhing like great snakes that reached towards the man bound in the clearing.

It seems as though your mind is made up, and there is no changing it. I do not think

You know my mind. While I agree that what he has done is bad, I do not see this man as evil. He has acted as any man might when faced with a country as rich and verdant as this one. You say let us send a warning. I say he can be our messenger. Scare him, but then let him go with that warning to give to any others foolish enough to come here. We can always deal with him later if he returns.

"And how does that bring justice to my children whom he cut down? I heard their cries, and I felt their pain even as his axe bit deep into their flesh! That man has no comprehension of the pain that he caused!"

Exactly! He does not know! So how can he be punished for suffering that he did not know he was committing? That he could not know he was committing?

your response is outside the range of justice, but I do not feel that it is balanced, or fair. He has taken life, even if he does not see it as such, and the just thing is that life be given in return. Yet what of mercy? Is not man capable of reason? Rather than exact the furthest ends of justice upon his head, would it not be better to instruct? To show mercy?

"I am not a merciful god." The Lady growled and stepped out into the clearing. The shimmering sunlight faded as she walked away, also retreating into the far corners of her conscience where she kept it hidden away as much as she could. Her choices would haunt her, they always did, but that was the cost of agency: it always carried a consequence.

"Open your eyes, you foolish mortal! Your reckoning is at hand!" The Lady stopped directly before the prone form of the woodsman and willed the rocks beneath her to rise up in order to form a pedestal upon which she could stand and look down in judgement. The violent shaking of the earth as she rose caused the man to stir and groan as he opened his eyes and looked about.

"Where... where am I!?" The man's panic was evident in his voice as his pitch rose with every syllable. His eyes focused on the Lady and he took in a sharp breath. "You! You're the..." he could not bring himself to say her name.

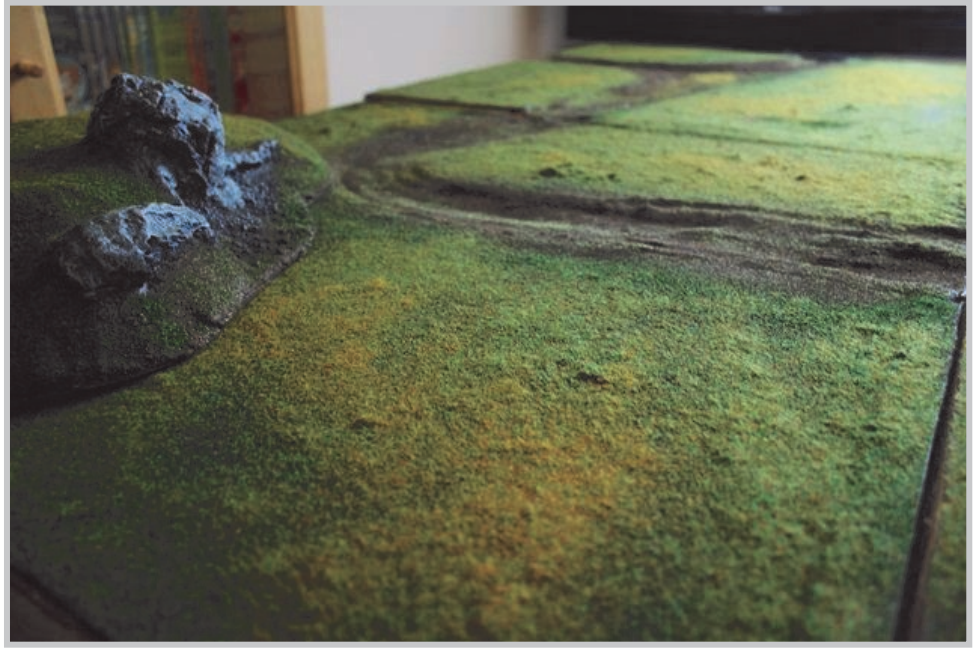
"I am that which you mortals name the Green Lady, and I am your judge for crimes



Tree Herders by George Adsett-Knutsen

you have committed against my children and my home.” The Lady’s voice boomed across the clearing, the very air amplifying its mistress’s words so that they resonated throughout the forest.

“I don’t understand! What have I done?” The man struggled against his bonds as he stared up in horror at the beautiful creature before him.



Terrain by “Daedle”

“You have felled several trees within my woods, their life spirits screamed out to me as you hacked them to pieces and cast them to the earth. Then you used their beautiful bodies to build an abomination of human industrialization here, in my home!” The Lady’s voice fumed and the wind rose to a howling gale behind her, whipping the folds of her dress about her and splaying her hair into the heavens so that it appeared to be a great living flame that flickered about her brow. “Do not the very branches and limbs of my forest provide shelter enough for you? Are not the berries and roots that they freely give enough to sustain your hunger? Why then must you destroy and maim that which already gives to you so freely what you seek? Does your greed know no bounds?”

“My lady! I did not know this was your forest! I swear it! Please let me live and I will depart! I have children who depend on me! Their mother died two winters ago and I am all that they have left in this world! Please do not leave them orphans for my indiscretion! Please have mercy!” At this remark the

Lady’s eyebrows shot up and the wind raised itself to a hurricane, drowning out the man’s shrieks of terror. Roots shot out of the ground and wrapped themselves around his feet and hands, pulling them in separate direction. The man screamed in pain but the Lady could not hear it, would not allow herself to do so.

“Mercy!?” She cried, her voice carrying above the howling wind as it whipped about her. “Where was the mercy for my children!? Those oaks you cut down in order to make yourself more comfortable! Where was that mercy when the vanity of you mortals shattered the Mirror!? When I was forced to consume my sister in order to keep myself whole!? Where was mercy when I was forced to watch my world and my creations destroyed by the decaying rot of Winter!? Where was your mercy then!? Why should I allow it to be here now for you!?” The man’s screams of pain finally penetrated the wall of wind surrounding them. His mouth began to work as he furiously tried to make his pleas heard. The Lady paused, some part of her

mind tugging away the blind rage which she felt in order to hear the words he so desperately wished to speak. The wind calmed and she stepped closer so that she could make out his pained whimpers which grew quieter as the wind subsided. Leaning in she listened carefully.

"They were only trees," he whispered. The great goddess of the forest stood slowly as she looked at the bewildered features of the man as he strained to see through a haze of agony that had settled over his body. She saw that bones were contorted and out of place from the vines pulling him in opposite directions. Dark clouds covered the sun and suddenly her shadow seemed to cover the open glade. Thunder rumbled directly overhead and lightning began to crash all around them.

"I find you guilty, human. I find all of you guilty." Her voice was changed, as if something darker, more sinister were moving her lips. She gave the darkness permission to do so. Then, as if watching from a great distance, she allowed her hand to raise up and summon the vines to begin anew their strained activity. This time it was the thunder that drowned out the man's screams until there was a resounding crunch and a sound of tearing that rent the air followed by a punctuated silence as the storm passed as quickly as it had appeared.

The sun appeared from behind the clouds causing the darkness that had gripped the clearing rescinded to mirror her physical outline on the ground. She stared at the man's remains for a moment, barely aware of the presence of a tree herder standing several yards behind her. She did not sense any fear from him, but all the same he was



Dwarf Hero vs Mawbeast and Handler by Paul Mullis



Earth Elementals by Dave Johns

wisely keeping his distance.

“Is it true Deep Roots?” She called out to him without turning. “Did this man have children who depended on him?”

“Yes, my Lady,” the deep bass rolled across the clearing like an echo of the thunder that had only just departed. “Two of them. A boy and a girl. They are sitting in their father’s cottage now, wailing at the storm.” She closed her eyes, she could feel the eyes of more than Deep Roots staring at her in judgement.

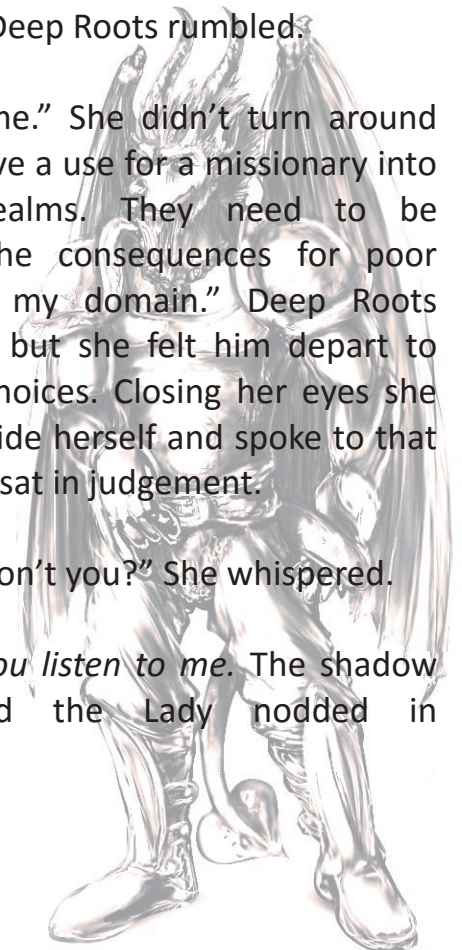
“Go and fetch them.” She breathed out a sigh. “Take the boy to the Druids of the Gray Woods, he can join them in defending the sacred meadows there and perhaps atone for some of his father’s sins.”

“And the girl?” Deep Roots rumbled.

“Bring her to me.” She didn’t turn around even now. “I have a use for a missionary into the human realms. They need to be reminded of the consequences for poor choices within my domain.” Deep Roots didn’t respond, but she felt him depart to carry out her choices. Closing her eyes she looked deep inside herself and spoke to that part of her who sat in judgement.

“You hate me, don’t you?” She whispered.

Only because you listen to me. The shadow responded and the Lady nodded in agreement.▪



THE ELVEN ICE KINDRED

By “Chamonski”

*Editor’s Note: Mantic forum-goer
“Chamonski” has kindly provided us with his
interpretation of an Elven army hailing from
the frozen northlands. Take a look and enjoy!*



Elvish Spearmen versus Kingdoms of Men Knights by “WeedyElf”

Elven Ice Kindred

Elven Ice Kindred Special Rules

Alignment: Neutral

Battle Hardened

All units in this list have Elite, unless specified otherwise.

Chilling Mist

Some forces of the Ice Kindred have been cursed (or blessed) by ancient magic, making their bodies and air around them as cold as a glacial.

Their presence numb the limbs of whom stay close to them.

When attacking this Unit, enemies suffer an additional -1 to hit in melee.

Elven Legionnaires Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	5	4+	-	5+	10	10/12	105
Regiment (20)	5	4+	-	5+	12	14/16	150
Horde (40)	5	4+	-	5+	24	21/23	250

Legionnaires are the core military structure of the ice kindred; a institution funded by the different elven houses, allowing the equipment, training and good necessities to have good and resilient soldiers on the battle field.

Most legionaries have other professions and are only called in times of need, but those who made a career out of warfare can be seen leading the troops, armies or teaching.

Snow Lion Raiders Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	4+	-	4+	10	10/12	105
Regiment (20)	6	4+	-	4+	12	14/16	150
Horde (40)	6	4+	-	4+	20	21/23	250

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Fury

Prideful warriors who charges against adversity, cleaving two handed axes on their enemies heads, masterfully decapitating them while their roaring war cry echos on the mountains.

Followers of the Way of the Lion, they are exceptional members of society who take great care of their weapons and status.

Raven Watch

Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	5+	4+	4+	8	10/12	125
Regiment (20)	6	5+	4+	4+	10	14/16	160

Special

Crossbow (Range 24"), Piercing (1), Reload!

Hunters, scouts, pathfinders and soldiers, the ravens watch soldiers dedicate their life to protect their kind from the hostile land they live on.

Because of the beasts in the frozen lands they changed the elven bows for more powerful crossbows able to pierce the thick skin of the beasts.

Winter Hunters

Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	4+	5+	3+	8	9/11	95
Regiment (20)	6	4+	5+	3+	10	13/15	140

Special

Throwing Weapons, Vanguard

The richest resource in the frozen lands are the big preys. Rare and dangerous only the bravest of elves hunt them down; these are the Winter Hunters, whom track down the most dangerous beasts using only their throwing axes and survival kits.





Frozen Blades

Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	6	3+	-	3+	10	-/15	120
Horde (6)	6	3+	-	3+	20	-/17	195

Special

Chilling Mist, Crushing Strength (1), Height 1

Ancient elven warriors possessed by the Chilling curse; now they are seeking purpose as fearless warriors of elegant and brutal swordsmanship that aren't going to stop until they get relieved of their duty as champions of their kind.

It's said that the only thing colder than their cursed skin is their blades, which burn and freeze their opponents with each swing.

Shivering Specter*

Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	-	5+	8	-/14	140
Horde (6)	10	4+	-	5+	16	-/16	200

Special

Chilling Mist, Fly, Height (1), No Elite, Shambling, Windblast (5)

Cursed souls that roam on the gelid tundras are usually imbued with elemental magic, becoming the defensive wanderers of the Ice kindred.

Ice Trolls*

Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	6	4+	-	5+	9	12/15	125
Horde (6)	6	4+	-	5+	18	15/18	220

Special

Crushing Strength (2), No Elite, Regeneration (5+)

Gale Witches

Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	9	4+	5+	3+	7	9/11	140
Regiment (10)	9	4+	5+	3+	14	13/15	190

Special

Fire Bolt (Range 18'), Piercing (1), Nimble, Windblast (5)

The elven witches wander on the land as both protectors and aggressors. They travel to support their kin in the dangerous frozen land, but also assault any trespasser with all the might of a storm.



Snow Lion Raider

Tempest Riders

Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	8	3+	-	5+	8	11/13	140
Regiment (10)	8	3+	-	5+	16	14/16	215

Special

Thunderous Charge (2)

Options

Snow Lion Knights: Exchange lances for two-handed weapons, losing Thunderous Charge (2) and Defense 5+, but gaining Thunderous Charge (1), Defense 4+, Crushing Strength (1) and Fury for 25 pts.

Move like a river, strike like an avalanche and leave as a hurricane, those are the Tempest Riders; elven knights who have honed their martial skills as legends.

If you ever hear an avalanche, climb a tree, it may be the only thing that saves you, as it could be some Tempest Riders.

Cloud Raptors*

Large Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	-	4+	8	11/14	125
Horde (6)	10	4+	-	4+	16	14/17	190

Special

Brutal, No Elite, Fly and Vicious.

When the sky is clear, you can see casting great birds casting their shadows over the unlucky preys. Ice kin elves have dominated these giant owls and eagles to torment trespassers and hunt down the criminals.

Heralds of Ruin Large Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	8	4+	-	3+	8	11/14	175
Horde (6)	8	4+	-	3+	16	15/17	270

Special

Brutal, Chilling Mist, Crushing Strength (1), Height (2), Thunderous Charge (1) and Fury

Veiled in mystery, the Heralds of Ruin are Frozen Blade warriors who ride war stags or giant wolves into the battle field. Piercing through flesh and stomping over moral.

Storm Host War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	-	4+	3+	2	9/11	110

Special

Blast (d3), Piercing (2) and Range 36'

Possessed elven mages filled with ice magical energy, they are deployed in battle to create chaos and destruction.



Frozen Blade

Jotunn Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	7	4+	-	5+	d6+6	17/19	190

Special

Brutal, Crushing Strength (3), Fury, No Elite and Strider

Sky Emperor Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	10	4+	-	4+	8	11/14	140

Special

Brutal, Fly, Height (3), No Elite, Stealth and Vicious

The biggest giant eagles and owls are called Sky Emperor, as no other bird can reach them.

Flying at heights no arrow can reach, they mock the life they are going to take.

Glacial Dragon Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	7	4+	-	5+	7	15/17	160

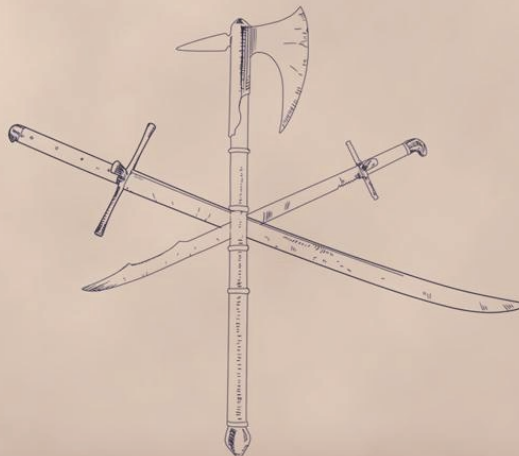
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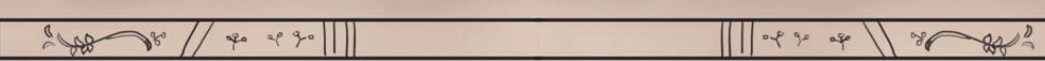
Crushing Strength (2), Chilling Mist, No Elite, Strider and Vicious.

Options

You may give the unit Fly and Speed 10 for 50pts more.

Fallen from their glory, glacial dragons have lost their breath and only few of them still can fly. Regardless of such a cruel fate, the glacial kin is still feral and dreadful, becoming rampant nightmares on the battlefield.





Army Standard Bearer Hero(Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	5+	-	4+	1	10/12	75

Special

Individual and Inspiring.

Options

Mount on a horse, increasing speed to 9 (+15pts) and changing to Hero (Cav).

Elven Warlord

Hero(Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	3+	-	5+	3	11/13	60

Special

Crushing Strength (1) and Individual.

Options

Mount on a horse, increasing speed to 8 (+15pts) and changing to Hero (Cav).

Exchange shield for two-handed weapon for free (lower defense to 4+ and gain Crushing Strength (2))

Raven Watch Strider Hero(Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	4+	4+	3	11/13	90

Special

Crossbow (Range 24'), Piercing (2), Reload!, Individual and Stealth.

Options

Mount on a horse, increasing speed to 8 (+ 20pts) losing Reload! and changing to Hero (Cav). Or mount on a giant eagle or owl, increasing speed to 10 (+40 pts), losing Reload!, gain Fly and changing to Hero (LrgCav).

Elven Warlock

Hero(Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	4+	1	10/12	60

Special

Heal (3) and Individual

Options

Mount on a horse, increasing speed to 8 (+ 20pts) and changing to Hero (Cav).

Banechant (2) for +15 pts.

Windblast (7) for +30 pts.

Frozen Champion

Hero(LrgInf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	3+	-	3+	4	-/14	110

Special

Crushing Strength (2), Chilling Mist, Inspire (Frozen Blades only) and Nimble.

Arch Witch

Hero(LrgInf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	4+	1	12/14	80

Special

Chilling Mist, Surge (5) and Nimble

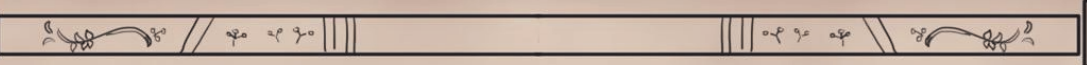
Options

Lightning Bolt (5) for +45 pts.

Breath Attack (10) for +10 pts.

Sky Emperor





Tempest Lord (1)

Hero(Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	3+	-	5+	5	13/15	120

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Individual, Rally! (1) and Very Inspiring

Options

Mount on a horse, increasing speed to 8 (+15pts) and changing to Hero (Cav). Or mount on a giant eagle or owl, increasing speed to 10 (+30 pts), gain Fly and changing to Hero (LrgCav).

Exchange shield for two-handed weapon for free (lowering Defense to 4+ and gaining Crushing Strength (2)).



Gales Avatar (1)

Hero(Mon)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	4+	8	-/16	200

Special

Crushing Strength (2), Nimble, Regeneration (5+), Stealth and Snow Veil

Snow Veil

Friendly units at 9' from this unit gain Stealth

Author Comment

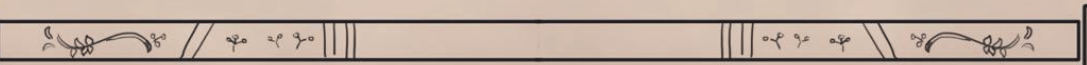
The idea behind this army list is to flesh out what is already being pointed out on the books, to give a fun option to play with KoW rules in a different way and to mix up fun units we can already find for elven armies in other games.

Trying to make an army that isn't necesarely good at fighting, as there aren't that many can openers in the list, but rather to create chaos and place the opponent in hard positions, to preasure in others and to play around with height and base size.

These were the central ideas, to seek fun not into combat itself but on the periods of times between those combat, the movement and positioning.

I was also seeking to allow people to use cool miniatures they love from other games, from wardancers as frozen blades or roman legionnaires as elven legionnaires, the idea is to allow players to take these cool looking miniatures and mix them together.

Finally, to also give some flavor to the army, that a unit is not just stats, but that they sound like people, with traditions and rites, so the elven kins feel more alive.





Kingdoms of Men Penitents by Andre Kritzinger

THE HUNTERS IN THE SNOW

By Donn Turner

Fengir hurried from his meager hut, as he was already late for the feast. It was cold. Not just the cold of the north, which all the clans endured every day. This was different. A storm was coming.

Fengir pulled his hood over his head, and hurried off through the snow. The Jarl always held a great feast before a raid, and expected the whole clan to attend. Fengir would be expected to inspire the warriors with one of his many tales before the night was done. He always worried which one he was going to recite, as failure to fill the warriors with suitable passion could lead to his demise.

But, tonight was different. He could feel it. The storm. The story. He had no choice. Fengir knew exactly which tale needed to be told. He just hoped that his Jarl would understand. The Jarl was not known for his...understanding.

As Fengir neared the Longhouse, he spotted Valdi standing on a balcony. Valdi was the

Jarl's firstborn son, and Thane of his clan. Fengir paused, trying to discern Valdi's mood. Valdi only had two dispositions, which were mean or violent. Valdi paced back and forth across the balcony. Good, thought Fengir. Just mean. For now.

Fengir entered the Longhouse, and was instantly struck with a blazing heat. The fires had burned hot, and the coals were now filling the room with a staggering warmth. Fengir dared to glance at his Jarl. He sat upon his bone covered throne, appearing even more sinister now that he was bathed by the deep red light being cast off by the coals in the fire pits. He looked upset, which was one step worse than his normal state. "Damn, I'm almost too late", Fengir thought.

It was tough to navigate through the hall, as all of the clan had gathered for the feast. But, Fengir was not as large or imposing as most of the other warriors, so he managed to nimbly scurry to his Jarl's side. Once he took up his position, Fengir glanced at his Jarl. The ruby colored mountain of muscle and scars did not look at him, but everyone else in the hall did. The only sound was the smoldering and cracking of the coals in the massive fire pits. It was time.

"A storm is coming", Fengir started. "A storm unlike any

you have known before. It is the cold that kills. It is the snow that devours. It is death", Fengir continued. The crowd did not move. They wore serious expressions, and simply waited for more. "Good", thought Fengir. "I have their attention", he mused.

"No one was there. No one knows how it began. But, Korgaan has been kind. He has given the Magi a glimpse of the truth", Fengir stated as he glanced over to the clan's Magus. The man was covered in shadow, even though the room was bathed in crimson. Fengir felt a chill run down his spine, despite the heat. The Magus did not



Dungeon Saga hero by "C.M. Minis"



By Boris Samec

move, as if he was just a darkness in the world.

“He was one of us. A true son of the north. A hunter. A warrior. A killer”, Fengir continued as he hurriedly looked away from the Magus. “He was no lover of Winter, but he embraced the ice and snow. His clan was strong, and he was the Jarl of his people,” Fengir stated. He noticed that his Jarl slowly turned his head toward him. Fengir swallowed hard, and then continued.

“The Jarl had heard of a prize. A prize that would see his people through the cold dark times. So, he gathered his best warriors, and set out to take what was his right to take”,

Fengir stated with pride. Many of the warriors in the hall nodded their heads. Tomorrow morning, they would set off on just such a journey themselves. Fengir paused, because he knew that the next part of the story could be dangerous to his health.

“But, the prize was great, and the soft men of the south had many fools guarding it. When the Jarl fell upon the weak ones, they did not run. They stood up as men. They fought as warriors. The Jarl was denied”, Fengir declared. The room turned on Fengir in an instant. Many of the warriors glared at him with anger in their eyes, while a few slowly rose from their seats.

“My tale is not done. Sit, and listen to my words”, Fengir demanded. All eyes in the room slowly looked to their Jarl. The Jarl just sat on his throne. Motionless. As immovable as a mountain. Fengir continued his tale.

“The Jarl returned to his longhouse. Broken. Too many brave warriors left to stain the snow red”, Fengir stated. The hate was almost palpable, as every warrior was filled with bloodlust. Fengir knew that he had to continue, but nervously wondered if he would be able to finish his tale.

"This was not the end of the Jarl. Only the beginning of his suffering. Too many fell trying to take the prize. Too many were lost. There were not enough hunters for the coming of the dark cold. When the long night fell, the clan was starving. Even the old and the weak were sent out in search of game, but few returned. Those that did, returned with empty hands," Fengir said cautiously. His audience was not amused.

"Before the end of long night, only the Jarl remained. Alone, he set off into the darkness. For many days, he searched for food. He found nothing. So empty, the Jarl looked for rocks to eat. Anything to end his hunger. That's when he heard the howls", Fengir stated. The warriors in the hall started to relax a little. Fengir had made it through the dangerous part of his tale. Now, it was time to finish.

"The white wolves had come. They were skin and bones. Hungry. They circled the Jarl. The Jarl did not fear. He would eat, or he would be eaten. Either way, the hunger would end", Fengir declared. The warriors of the hall relaxed a little more. They were not strangers to the hardships of long winters, and understood the situation. Only the strong survive in the north. Korgaan would have it no other way.

"The Jarl raised his axe, eager to get to the killing. The white wolves showed their fangs. They also wanted to start the killing. The white wolves circled the Jarl, closer and closer. The biggest of the white wolves came to the Jarl. He would be first. The Jarl was ready", Fengir stated. The warriors of the hall started to nod their heads. Some even scowled as they nodded, feeling their warrior pride swell.



Undead Werewolves by Guiseppe Aquino



Orc Axes by Darren Lysenko

"The Jarl and the big white wolf did battle. The Jarl was strong, and cut the beast down. The other white wolves saw the battle, and tucked their tails between their legs. They fled into the night. The Jarl ate. He ate until nothing was left", Fengir said with pride. The warriors in the hall nodded their heads in appreciation.

"But, it was not enough", Fengir continued. "The skinny wolf was not enough. The Jarl still knew hunger. So, he set out into the long dark, and hunted the hunters. He killed, and ate, everything that he found. But, nothing took away his hunger", Fengir stated. The warriors in the hall started to look confused. They knew hunger, but also the release that a belly full of game could bring.

"The Jarl made his way through the long dark, until nothing was left to kill. That's when the great wolf came. The great wolf needed game to end his hunger. The Jarl had made an enemy by eating all of the game. The Jarl and the great wolf faced each

other. One would be strong. One would fill the other's belly", Fengir mused. The warriors in the hall sat forward, listening for the skald's next words with murderous smirks on their faces.

"But, the Jarl and the great wolf were warriors. They were equals. Again and again, they struck at each other. Again and again, they turned the blows aside. Neither was able to best the other. For many nights, they battled through the long dark, until their war came upon a great beast. The Jarl and the great wolf were both hungry. They stopped their war, and attacked the great beast. Together. Together, they took the great beast, and they ate", Fengir recounted. The warriors in the hall nodded, their warrior spirits rekindled.

"When the great beast was nothing but bones, the Jarl and the great wolf looked at each other. They were both still hungry. But, they now respected each other as warriors. So, the great wolf bowed his head, and the Jarl climbed onto his

back. Together, they hunted through the long dark. Together, they killed. Together, they ate. Korgaan was pleased, and gave them a gift. They would remain forever strong, as long as they killed and ate. Together, they were the first Reapers," Fengir stated. The warriors in the hall nodded their heads in appreciation.

"There is a lesson in this. Korgaan only rewards the strong. The weak are cast off. The Jarl earned his place in Korgaan's sight, because he did not give in to the long dark. He is still there. When the long dark comes, and the hard snow falls, you will find the Hunters in the Snow. They kill the weak, and fill their bellies. Their hunger never ends. When you hear the howls in the long dark, make sure that you are not game. Make sure that you are strong," Fengir finished.

The warriors in the hall stood, and roared as they lifted their clenched fists into the air. Fengir had done it. He had inspired the

warriors with a difficult tale. But, the night was far from over. The warriors in the hall returned to their mead and boasting. The feast continued as Fengir found a chair at the back of the hall.

After the celebration had gone long into the night, every soul in the longhouse was brought to an absolute stunned silence, as an unmistakable sound filled the space. It was that of a lone wolf, howling into the night. Its call was both terrible and lonely at the same time. No one made a sound, frozen in fear. After what seemed like an eternity of silence, the Jarl snorted in amusement. The warriors in the hall found their courage at last, and started laughing and mocking each other. After a moment, the Jarl left his skull throne, and motioned for Fengir to follow him out onto the balcony.

Fengir found his Jarl at the edge of the balcony, staring off into the dark night. Hard snow had begun to fall. Fengir knew what



Dungeon Saga boss by Cedric Boudoya



Dwarven Hero by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

came next. His story had one more lesson to impart. He joined his Jarl at the hand rail, and searched the darkness. He could just make out Ulfric's form disappearing into the falling snow.

"When the hard snow falls, and the long dark has come, the great wolf howls. Only warriors, who have a hunger that can never be filled, hear the call. Ulfric is such a warrior. He has gone to join the great wolf. He will become a Reaper, like the Jarl from my tale. He will forever hunt through the long dark for Korgaan now", Fengir stated. The Jarl did not respond. He simply stood for a long time, looking out into the falling snow.

After a while, the Jarl nodded his head, and grunted once in satisfaction. He then turned, and walked back into the longhouse. Fengir was alone on the balcony. It was only after he was sure that the Jarl was not watching, when Fengir exhaled long and deeply. The tale was a

dangerous one, and could have had a very different outcome. With his anxiety quickly leaving him, Fengir became aware of a dull ache within his belly. Fengir just smiled, and turned to the door that led back into the longhouse. He knew where his hunt would take him...back to a warm longhouse filled with much mead and game.■

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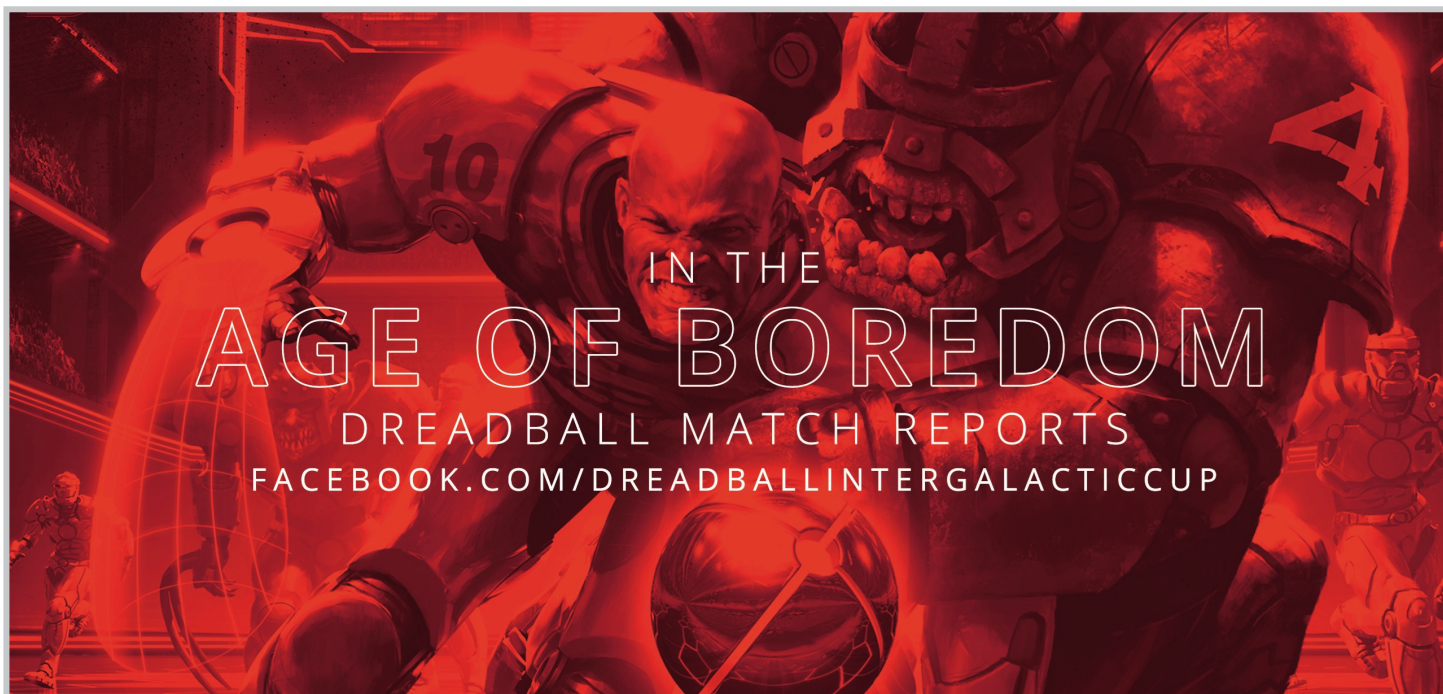
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