

Sruchii
.net

Monthly



March 2003

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Good day!

Unfortunately, due to some severe problems with various computers/servers, the February issue of the monthly had to be skipped, and the whole monthly team apologises for this. But we will make it up with this issue!

The server-swap, sad, but necessary. Sad because we would have to do without our beloved druchii.net for a while, which we all regretted so much. Luckily the site was soon back up, so we could continue our Druchii way of life.

Again, our thanks to Kitrik who found the new server, made the switch, and paid for it, as well as to the donators who made it possible for Kitrik to maintain the site.

Anyway, much has happened after the last (first) monthly. Druchii.net e-mail addresses have been made, all of the initiative websites are almost ready, an article for the white dwarf is being made, and many new initiatives have been set up. The Battle Group, The Cult of Pleasure, and 'Make Like a Slave' are only a few of them. The Cult of Pleasure, for example, tries to fill in the holes in the Druchii fluff that GW left open, and the battle group organizes Druchii tournaments. One of which is held in GW's Warhammer world. Also, the ambassadors are up to something se-

cret, which I don't even know a thing about and therefore can't tell you about it. Even if I did know, I would have my ass kicked for telling it.

As for the monthly, we have three new reporters; AvatarofKhorne, DarkReaper and Linda. And, apart from the current series, we've introduced multiple new series like 'Know Thine Enemy' and a series about the RPG.

Inside this second issue of the Druchii.net monthly, you will again find stories, reviews and tactics. But that's not all; this is only the second issue of the Druchii.net Monthly, and we are just warming up; We've got the Executioner's Block now, where you can all send in your rants and raves. Try to think as if you were on an executioner's block, about the get killed, and you get one last chance to say what you think of the things. Also, you now have the opportunity to send letters to dear old Khaela Mensa, ask him questions, or whatever else you want from him, and to have your say in the monthly!

I'm not revealing all of it just yet. Just read this March issue of the Druchii.net Monthly, and find out for yourself.

Interesting Poll

Question: What is your Favorite Druchii special Character?

Character:	%
Malekith	11
Morathi	15
Malus Darkblade	6
Shadowblade	29
Rakarath	6
Hellberon	4
Tullaris	4
Kouran	9
Urian Poisonblade	11
Others	0
Total Votes: 44	

The Scribe—A Druchii Story

By Soreal

Over the last two months, we have asked members of druchii.net to continue the story of the scribe. This is the best of those entries.

Edgar assumed of course that his visitor would be able to speak in his language. He could of coarse speak fluently in the cold, sharp language of the Elves of Naggaroth, but there was also the risk of mistaking a letter or word of the civilized and complex language.

'Thalui.' Edgar said as he got closer to the Dark Elf. It was the chosen word to prove who he was and not some stranger gone up to ask for some money. Thalui - blood, why the Druchii had chosen this word was a mystery, though it didn't weigh down on the Scribes thoughts.

'Blood for the cup of Khaine' The black garbed Druchii replied in the simple language of hu-

mans.

'Come, you must be cold. Let me take you to some warmth wear we may talk in private about... business.' Edgar whispered, trying hard to remove any presence of fear he had in his frail voice.

'The land of Chill is not much different from this.' The elf replies simply. If he wanted to go into warmth or not he was not giving away such information easily. Edgar shuffled uncomfortably. What should he do?

'Well I'd like to go inside, for now at least.' Edgar finally decided on replying. The Druchii seemed satisfied enough and followed the old human, the Mon-Keigh, into his small house.

It was test, Edgar realized latter, to see whether or not I had strength not in my body, but in my mind!

What the heck IS the druchii RPG?

A RPG article by Sneaky

Here on Druchii.net there has been a strange phenomenon witnessed by all. This phenomenon is known as the RPG, or Role-Playing Game. Many of you might be wondering exactly what it is and how to get into it. Well, this short article will hopefully give you a good introduction to it.



In the RPG (as I will henceforth refer to it), a player will go create a character, with various information about it including its appearance and history. The description also

includes numerical values for a variety of skills, including Weapon Skill, Strength, Toughness, Dexterity, and Intelligence. The stats help to keep the character more realistic. The character is then placed in a group with four other characters and a moderator, and the game starts.

In the game, the moderator will post a "mod post", which outlines the situation in front of the character. Then the character will post his or her (I will henceforth refer to the character as being male, although there are several female characters) actions and thoughts in reply to this mod post. The moderator will then post again, furthering the story.

Here is an example, taken from Group 3 Mission 1:

Mod post

Spika

Spika sees all the happenings from her vantage point outside the tent - she has a perfect view of the hill. There are ten Warriors heading for her, and she is down to her last clip for her crossbow. She could fight and die, or she could surrender and try to escape later. She would have to decide quickly.

This is a portion of the moderator's post, pertaining to the character Spika Centauri (controlled by the user with the same name). The character's post follows:

Spika stuck out her bottom lip and sighed. The shade really hated surrendering, but the chance of dying was too great. She returned her crossbow back to her belt, but tucked her two daggers into her boots for future use. Stepping towards the ten warriors, Spika silently cursed her bad luck and hoped that the other three were doing better than her.

I have picked these posts because they are more or less typical of what can be found. What one basically sees here is a portion of the action. There is a whole storyline surrounding this. But what can be seen from this section is how the game works. The mod posts, then the character posts, then the mod posts again. If you wish to get a better idea of how the game runs in real life, I suggest that you check out some of the groups running in the RPG section. They can be read by anyone.

For more information on the RPG, please refer to the excellent article written by Dekhalan elsewhere in this issue, and also to the converted storyline of Group 1, written by its moderator Darius Foulblood.

Review of "Holding the Forces of Chaos; A Draconis Venomblade Tale"

Story by Draconis Venomblade

Review by Imdat Tauble

In a story of courage, survival and hope, Draconis Venomblade brings us on an adventure where his general, also called Draconis Venomblade, must keep his own forces alive against a mountainous horde of chaos while waiting for their re-enforcements. The story starts off fast and furious, leaping straight into the battle with the chaos horde, and continues with an amazing battle between Draconis him-



self and a bloodthirster. After a quick retreat, the battle moves into a canyon, where the final battle for survival is fought...

This story is marvellously written, the settings and action described in such a way that you feel that you are in the battle yourself. In two parts, this story makes for great light reading, and anyone who finds themselves wondering what to do ought to head down to history forum to take a look.

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Know Thine Enemy: Tomb Kings

An article by ElvenKnight

Kalith walked through the curtain doorway to where the ElvenKnight lay. Wounds and scars covered his body, the sorceress could do no more to help him, he would die. The elf was the lone survivor of the first battle between the Druchii and the Tomb Kings. Kalith had been sent by Malekith himself to record any word the dying elf said.

In a harsh voice the elf spoke, "So what are you here for?"

"To record your knowledge of the battle and to find out why you lost"

"We lost," a wheezing sound escaped his mouth, "because we did not know our enemy"

A deathly silence fell over the room before he continued "When we arrived there was a large casket with pictures on it resembling the souls of the dead in the middle of the battle field. A terrible scream came from it and many of the soldiers who could see it fled in terror. The Harpies stood no chance against it, the Beastmasters cursing that they could not will the Harpies to attack those guarding the casket. Our Repeater Crossbows loosed a hail of arrows upon them, with little effect. Only 1 in 6 hit their targets. One of the guards was felled by the rain, but alas was risen from the dead by the Lich Priest who was crewing the casket." The wounded elf paused and made a quiet whistling sound as he took in a breath of air.

"Suddenly a light shone from the Casket, and began dealing out death to much of our army. All of our units were affected, even those frenzied Witch Elves and my stupid Cold One.

Our sorceresses had trouble unleashing our magic, claiming the casket was reducing their ability to cast spells. Many thought that this was as bad as it could get, they were so wrong. By now a mass of skeletons some were archers, some had heavy weapons and shields while others had a regular spear and shield. All of them were wearing light armour. Coming around our flanks were mounted archers, heavy cavalry and fast cavalry attached to chariots.

Their chariots can move as fast as ours. With the spell of Urgency only Cold Ones with the Banner of Murder could keep up. Their chariots had a total unit strength of 3, or 4 with a hero or lord.

The sky darkened as arrows filled the air, this time the arrows were coming our way. 5 out of 6 arrows struck their target, it did not matter how strong or weak our armour was. I was struck by several arrows and was knocked of my cold one. One of the arrows pierced my armour and I was forced to stay where I lay. From there I witnessed the carnage that was to come." The elf lay there for a moment, resting. He had to be prompted by Kalith to continue.

"Close behind the skeletons were Skull Chuckers, one of them

scored two direct hits on a unit of Witch Elves, reducing their numbers from 20 to 2. Beside the Skull Chuckers was the Hierophant, the best Liche Priest. It was only after his death that we had some hope of winning. However it was their general who fell first and their generals who set the curses upon us. Every time one of their generals fell the unit that killed him suffered between 1 to 6 wounds, sadly armour had no effect. However if there is a good leader around this will rarely happen. If the Hierophant is killed the entire army will begin to crumble into dust. It was around this time that the casket was beginning to loose some of its potency as every-one either approached wearily or stayed far away.

When the rain of arrows had ended, the sky was filled with another cloud, a cloud of carrions. When under the spell of Urgency they can move twice as far as our harpies. They are very similar to Fell Bats but with greater toughness.

All of this happened within a few minuets. When our force met theirs in close combat it was evident that we could not get them to flee, as they are undead. What is scarier than their skeleton warriors are their Undead Constructs. These are also known as the Bone Giants, Ushabti and Tomb Scorpions. When the combat is resolved they suffer one less wound if they lose. However when ever our blades met their bones a near by Liche Priest would raise them back to full strength. Also on their front line they had Tomb Guards."

"Tomb Guards?" Kalith asked curiously.

"Yes, Tomb Guards. Think Grave Guards, but with light armour and shields." Kalith nodded slightly, indicating this was enough information and to continue his report on the battle.

All this time our Bolt Throwers were loosing waves of bolts towards the enemy. Suddenly a Scorpion Swarm came from below, right where half our Bolt Throwers were, and wiped them out before they could be stopped. Those scorpion swarms are deadly, they can

burrow, like the gutter runner tunneling the Skaven use." The elf let out a small cough, but proceeded to talk.

"By this time many of our units were destroyed and several others fleeing. Our Highborn on his Manticore had been killed while smashing chariots, only to see them rise again. Their Priests wove spell after spell the ones the used the most was a magic missile spell and the summonation spell. After hammering our front line, their army when on a final charge and ran freely through our army. Before being over run, the last group of Bolt Throwers loosed one last salvo at the Hierophant, killing him. His death was magnificent, when his body hit the ground. His army began to crumble into dust. I am the only, cough, one to, cough, survive." The elf coughed again, this time bright red blood could be seen inside his mouth and on his lips. A few moments later his head rolled to the side, his eyes closing, never to see again.



The Executioner's Block

The evils of the Reaper Bolt Thrower by Kenneloth

Executioner: You, Kenneloth, of Clar Karond, have been sentenced to death for setting alight a total of 13 Reaper Bolt Throwers and for killing a total of 1 Lordling and 5 members of various Reaper Bolt Thrower crews. Do you have any last words?

Kenneloth: The Reaper Bolt Thrower (a.k.a. RBT) is the only warmachine in the forces of the Druchii and is capable of firing a single high strength bolt or multiple smaller bolts. With the expert marksmanship of its two-elf crew, the Bolt Thrower is supposedly capable of sending both poorly armoured High Elf (curse their audacity) infantry and even the mightiest of their slumbering dragons to meet Khaela Mensha Khaine in his kingdom above.

Many foolish Highborns and Nobles claim that this makes the Reaper Bolt Thrower, a ridiculously tiresome contraption, an essential part of any army. They never fail to make me laugh (and accidentally cut down the heads of my nearby servants) with their ridiculous boasts and advice. Just the previous week, I heard a young upstart Noble in the Bloodied Sands pub claim that his force of 4 Reaper Bolt Throwers was capable of mowing down endless ranks of enemy Skaven!

Clearly, that fool rat was either born the day before or had his brains ripped out by some aspiring Beastmaster. For any true Skaven (cunning beings they are) would have brought along a unit of the famed Gutter Runners, who although cowardly, are more than a match for the poorly armoured crew of our 'infallible' Bolt Throwers. For, as you Druchii Generals out there should know, warmachine crew are notoriously weak-willed, and probably posted there because they are too terrified to fight in the front ranks like any skilled warrior. Often, a small team of the famed Blackspine Shades or even a quarrelling flock of Harpies are able to take out more than their fair share of enemy warmachines.

When I pointed to this out to the Noble by cutting the heads off half his bodyguard, a fight almost erupted immediately among the other patrons. Proud am I to say that the first Lordling who came to his defense had his guts sliced into ribbons and fed to my wolves, but only after I (being the very epitome of judicial fairness) let him have his very short say. I think it consisted something sounding remotely like this: "But the crew can al- shoot en-my skirmi-..." Obviously, his words could not be heard properly over all the blood he was puking out, but for those who did listen, my response should put to rest any doubt raised by this failure of an elf.



Later that week, the Noble who had fled embarked on a raiding expedition

with his 'vital' 4 Reaper Bolt Throwers. As I suspected, the Humans had brought along a well-trained (by their standards, anyway) team of Huntsmen along, which then proceeded to threaten the Noble's Reaper Bolt Throwers. Following the advice of the now-dead Lordling, the Noble proceeded to target his RBTs at the human woodsmen. Naturally, the woodsmen fell like the weakest slaves amid the storm of bolts. However, in their foolishness, the Throwers had ignored a unit of Pistoliers, which promptly burned away both wood and flesh with their deadly weapons even as the cowardly crew tried to flee. The point being of course, that Reaper Bolt Throwers can never hope to achieve both their purpose of shooting down heavily armoured and tough targets while defending themselves (the only possible exception being behind the solid walls of our cities and aboard the boats of our navy), provided the enemy General has not been idiotic enough not to take a group of warmachine killers.

Naturally, I was called to replace the now-dead Noble, who had spent most of his coin on the Bolt Throwers, and little on battle-worthy warriors. But to proceed with my final words, the Reaper Bolt Thrower has little purpose in any army out to gain glory and fame in the name of Khaine and the Druchii for even as our blood-thirsty warriors move towards the deadly dance that is combat, the RBT sits alone at the back, waiting to be preyed upon by Tomb Scorpions, Fell Bats and even the lowliest Goblin Wolf Riders.

So heed my words, all who have gathered to witness my death. For my ghost will come ever to haunt you, foolish ones, even as your precious warmachines crumble and your army finds itself outnumbered and out-matched by the numerous hordes of the enemy.

Executioner: Stand Ready! Position Prisoner! Drop Blades!

<chop>

Interesting Poll

Question: How big is your army?

Army size (points):	%
1500-2000	21
2000-2500	21
2500-3000	12
3000-4000	18
4000 and over	27

Total Votes: 33

Joke of the Month

This month, there were four jokes thought of as worthy of the 'joke of the Month', all of them by Arcturus under the topic "Some jokes I posted at the old site" in the Humour forum. Here are two of these jokes:

Delir got lost in the forest. When it got dark he could not see and walked right off a cliff. As he was falling he caught a tree branch and looked down and about 100 feet below he saw rocks sticking up out of the water. Delir looked up and asked, "Is there anybody up there that can help me?" A voice came from the behind time and space and said, "My sweet Delir, do you believe?" And Delir said, "Yes I believe, I believe!" Then the voice said, "Okay Delir, then have faith and let go." Delir looked down again at the 100 foot drop into the rocks and water. He looked up again and said, "Is there anybody else up there?"

A Druchii was hauled into court. "traitor," the judge began, "you've been brought here for killing." "Great," the Druchii exclaimed. "When do we get started?"

An Apology to readers

This month, it was advertised that a Grand petition article and an article about the interaction between druchii.net and Ulthuan.com would be published. However, due to recent problems, the reporters who were to write these were unable to do so, and thus, the articles are not here today. We will endeavour to get these articles out for the next issue of the druchii.net monthly.

An Introduction to Evil — a first view of Druchii.net

An article by Y'Gael

Hi there, my names Michael O'Holloran - you will know me better as Y'Gael. I've only been posting on the Druchii.net forums for a couple of months and as a new member I have been asked to put together a short missive on my initial thoughts about the site.

Before I do that please allow me to introduce myself (there is a song in there somewhere).

I'm a 31 year old guy living in the North of Scotland, married for almost 3 years and I work as an I.T Analyst for a large Oil and Gas Company.

Suppose my gaming history started when I was about 12 or 13 playing Runquest, from then on I never looked back playing D&D and progressing to AD&D which I played for many years until my gaming group broke up. Got into GW about 4 years ago and started playing 40k (Sorry) with a pal of mine, but we had recently started to get a little jaded with Bolters and Chainswords and decided to put it on the back burner in favour of Mordheim.

We actually felt a greater connection with Mordheim and the Warhammer Fantasy milieu as neither of us are big Sci-fi fans and coming, as we did, from a Gygax background Mordheim offered us more in the way of gaming experience (and the rules worked as well, which was nice).

From then I suppose it was inevitable that we made the jump to Fantasy Battles, that was about 6 months ago.

It's still very clear to me, the whole process of thinking about starting a new army, I had a clear idea of what I didn't want but no real vision of my first army. I went back to re-read articles from White Dwarf and trawled the seedier backwaters of the web for info on the armies available and



what sorts of playing styles suited them. I knew that my army had to be mobile, so that ruled out Dwarves, and pushed me in the direction of armies like the Skaven, Orcs and Goblins or one of the Elven variants.

A few more days of research soon ruled out Skaven (Painting Horde armies does not appeal to me) and the Greenskins (I just hate the whole Cockney language thing they use - I've tried to ignore phrases like "Big Boss" and "Choppa" but I just think they lampoon the army rather than add anything to it).

So it would be an Elven Army, but which one

Wood Elves were out as they were, and are, still waiting for a 6th Edition army book and I didn't want to pay money on a list that might not be usable in N months time.

It came down to the Asur or the Druchii ... anyone got a coin ?

This is where my tale takes on a penitential tone :(

I picked the Asur.

Sorry.

I had been reading about how unbalanced/unplaytested/unplayable (delete as applicable) the Druchii list was, this was at the time when castigating Gav Thorpe was De Rigueur and everyone was up in arms about Cold One Stupidity and the paper thin nature of Executioner armour. I never thought that the list was that bad but as a newbie I didn't need that extra challenge so it was off to the local GW store for my first few regiments of High Elves. A few weeks later I was looking at 500 odd points of Ulthuan's finest and already planning my next 500 points and that is when the dark clouds began to gather ...

My wife bought me some miniatures for my Birthday Witch Elves 15 of with Full Command ... and a Sorceress.

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An Introduction to Evil — a first view of Druchii.net (cont.)

An article by Y'Gael

(Continued from page 6)

They're rather nice, correction they were VERY nice.

Next day in work it was all to easy, Launch Internet Explorer, Launch Google.Co.Uk, Search for "Witch Elves" ... not much Search for "Dark Elves" ... GW sights ... ho hum. Search for "Druchii" ... Druchii.net ... GULP !

I was home.

It was all here, Forums, Galleries, Moderators (with tact) and best of all it was beautiful to look at and easy to navigate.

I started to surf the forums as guest, I was even more impressed. Here was a community peopled by gamers who were not content to Spam, Flame or argue - here were enthusiasts who discussed the issues in a mature, concise and objective manner. Here was also humour and wit in abundance but not at the expense of offering constructive and informed opinion on the topics being discussed.

I started to catch up on the discussion thread that was to become the Grand Petition, this was new to me. A group of gamers who had agreed, after much discussion and informed debate, that their book was flawed at a fundamental level - who didn't want to order from the GW cheese Board but instead wanted a competitive and balanced Army which supported what the Druchii had always been about.

Ideas were being offered and opinions exchanged, I even offered a few myself and much to my pleasant surprise I was not shouted down or made fun off as a newbie. This was a good place.

I posted a thread introducing myself and how I wandered from the Asur to the Druchii and was given a warm and positive welcome from such luminaries as Lord Thallack, Dark Alliance and some guy from Glasgow .. Binky I think?

It was clear from reading the Army lists

and Tactics reports that there were, and still are, problems with the Druchii list, but here was advise on how to help change things with the planned unofficial rewrite of the Army List which evolved into the GP, and in the short term, practical advice on Army Selection and tactics to perhaps circumvent, or at least minimise these weaknesses.

Druchii.net succeeds on so many different levels were other GW related sites fall down, and I would go as far as to say that it is the most informed and complete race specific site that I have seen, and that includes 40k sights as well. Rivalled only by The Millennium Gate 40k site. From what I have seen and read so far this site has done more for the Druchii player than any other site has seemed to offer it's adherents, I think this will be confirmed when GW turns their attention to dealing with issues that are undoubtedly souring the Land of Naggaroth, they are not in a position to rethink the List without taking on board the thoughts and ideas of the members of this community, to do otherwise would be negligent, ignorant and stupid. This forum is the largest single source of Druchii playtesters out there - were better to gather info and ideas. Better still where else to discuss change ... when it inevitably happens.

Druchii.net is more than a website, it is more than the sum of it's parts - it is a community.

I am now and always will be a Druchii player, I don't get to play often but as long as this site is active I will have somewhere to go when the TV is crap or when work slows down, I know I will always receive a warm welcome and have my opinions and ideas debated and discussed - never abused or laughed at, what more is there to ask for?

Now if only they would get the Gallery fixed

It's good here.

Cheers ..
... Y'Gael.

Interesting Poll

Question: What is your favorite Dark Arts Spell?

Spell:	%
Chillwind	5
Doombolt	7
Word of Pain	1
Soul Stealer	3
Dominion	25
Black horror	56
Total Votes: 55	

Army List of the Month

By Oeric

highborn, ha, sdc, sh, manticore, GoP, CoBI
428
Sorceress, 2 dispel scrolls
140
beastmaster, 2hand weapons web of shadows, accompanies hydra
69
noble, ha,sdc, co, great weapon, seal of ghrond (in smaller cold one knight unit)
135
2x5 dark riders, musician, rxbows
127
127
5 dark riders, mus
97
8 COK's, comm
277
9 COK's, comm
306
5 Harpies
65
Hydra
220
total=1991

Interesting Poll

Question: Which special unit do you use most often?

Unit:	%
Cold One Knights	39
Witch Elves	11
Harpies	9
Shades	12
Cold One Chariot	16
Executioners	9
Total Votes: 93	

Druchii Feb 05



The Battle Report of the month: De Vs. Wood Elves, 1000pts (Outskirts of Loren)

By – Human

Dark Elves vs. Wood Elves, 1000 points

Dark Elf Raiding Force

1 Noble – “Phate” - Cold One, Heavy Armour, SDC,
Lance, Shield, Seal of Ghrond, Web of Shadows
20 Corsairs – Full Command
6 Dark Riders – Musician, Standard
5 Cold One Knights – Full Command
5 Shades
2 Reapers

Defenders of Loren

1 Glade Guardian – Longbow, Light Armour, Shield, Amber Amulet (regains 1 wound each turn), Hail of Doom Arrow (3d6 S4 shots, one use)
1 Mage – level 2, Wand of Jet (+1 dice in each phase)
9 Archers (General is in this unit)
10 Archers
10 Dryads
1 Treeman

NOTE: The list used for the Wood Elves was the GW update on the site.

Not more than a kilometer ahead, Phate could see the borders of the mysterious realm of Loren. He ordered his troops to arm themselves, the Corsairs checking their armour and helmets while the squires handed tall lances to Phate and his Knights. The Dark Riders and Shades were already primed for battle, just having come back from a small scouting mission. “A small band has noticed our presence, and is waiting just within their border to defend”, said the leader of the Shades, who responded to Phate’s nod by getting his stealthy scouts into position. Once ready he signaled the advance.

Approaching borders of Loren, before he could issue any orders the Wood Elves sprung from their forest sanctuary and the sky filled with arrows; it seemed every elf was carrying a bow. The heavy rain of missiles was daunting, but Phate had come prepared – the Web of Shadows he kept hidden under his cloak would come in handy against these elves, who seemed to be wearing not a trace of armour. As the arrows were released the Reaver ordered his Corsairs to their protective positions, wrapping their thick scaly cloaks around themselves. He watched as two Corsairs fell to the arrows: one not pulling his cloak around fast enough, and the other taken through the unprotected neck. Judging by the great

distance still to the enemy lines, it seemed that there was a sharpshooter among the archers – alertness would be crucial.

Taking in the scene, he noticed that 2 archer regiments were each on one side of a unit of small tree-like creatures - Dryads, with a magic user nearby. To Phate’s right he thought he saw the trees themselves moving, then noticed it was a tree – a huge lumbering mass of wood. Phate began the march, while ordering his Reapers to take the thing down. The small battery of Reapers let fly 2 single bolts, one of them digging deep into the beast’s neck. It let out a blood-curdling bellow in pain, but stood its ground. The Druchii advanced under the warhorns of the Corsairs, Dark Riders, and Knights. Dividing his army to move around the small patch of trees in the middle of the battlefield, the Corsairs moved up the right flank while the Dark Riders and Cold

One Knights advanced speedily behind the cover of the Shades, who were already far ahead. The Dark Riders and Shades then unloaded their Repeater Crossbows upon the nearest archer unit from close range killing four of the five front rankers. It was here when Phate noticed that the last one left standing in the front rank was the sharpshooter, and also the enemy General.

The Dryads began to move, padding over the soft soil towards Phate and his Knights. The Treeman also advanced across the table towards his unit, the forest in the middle

now blocking the Reapers from finishing it off. At this point the Mage stepped out from his hiding spot near the Archers and let fly his magic of the Lore of Life. His spell cast at the Corsairs was dispelled with Phate’s Seal of Ghrond, however he heard screams of pain coming from the Shades as roots jumped up around them and constricting them all to death, while at the same time the thorns piercing deep all over their bodies. This made the Knights and Dark Riders uneasy, but a reassuring blow of the war horn kept them all in line. Now the closest Archer unit, bitter from their losses, let fly their arrows at Phate and his Knights. The wooden arrows all glanced off the curves in their armour, but at the same time he saw the enemy General let loose a glistening arrow, which multiplied itself into what must have been over a dozen larger arrows. They whizzed into the knights with stunning force and speed, skewering 2 and throwing them from their saddles. It seemed like a rain of arrows, but Phate’s armour held true and nothing

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The Battle Report of the month: De Vs. Wood Elves, 1000pts (Outskirts of Loren) (cont.)

By – Human

(continued from page 8)

went through. There were many heavy dents however, and he made a mental note to have it repaired in his forge at a later time. Looking across the field the other Archer unit fired again at the Corsairs, killing two – the Cloaks again saved many a Druchii from death.

Seeing his chance, Phate signaled the charge to attack the Dryads, the nimble Dark Riders swiftly moving around to hit them in the flank. The Corsairs moved around the forest in the middle behind all the combat, hoping to draw the Treeman from flanking the Knights who were already in combat. The Reapers sang their song of death as they claimed 5 more archers from the second unit who had been firing at the Corsairs.

Charging into combat with his lance lowered, Phate let out his battle cry as his heavy Knights smashed into the wooden spirits of Loren. While charging he saw the bark on the Dryads become that of Oak, making them stronger and more resilient to attack. Still, his lance dug deep, skewering two as his other three Knights and their mounts killed another three. The Dark Riders did not strike home with their spears, but their presence combined with their standard was enough to make the enemy lose heart and flee. While the Dark Riders held back, Phate's Cold One Knights ran them down and smashed right through into the archer unit harboring the enemy General.



The hulking Treeman, now enraged by the losses of his brethren, now charged the Dark Riders who held their position, barely holding back the will to run. Thumping up to the Riders, the Treeman threw 3 of them from their saddles with enormous swings of its arms. Resolute not to let it attack their General, the Riders still held. With stubborn resolution the remaining Archers who were not in combat along with the Mage focused all their firepower on the Corsairs who now were preparing to charge them. While the five archers claimed only one Corsair, the Mage managed to get a spell through. Again the roots of Loren sprang up, their thorns finding gaps in armour and cloaks, killing three. Although they were far from their General the Corsairs could see the battle faring well near him and decided to stick around; there would be some good loot, especially from that Mage.

From the corner of his eye Phate could see the enemy General beckoning him, a challenge to single combat. An amulet on his neck shone, and seemed to give him resilience beyond that of a normal elf. This being the perfect chance to use his concealed weapon, Phate drew out his web of shadows and cast it at the enemy. Watching in contempt, he saw the bow-wielding coward become entangled in the intricately weaved hairs of the witch elves, the harpy teeth slicing him all over his barely armoured body. After he fell limply to the ground, Phate's mount leapt upon the dead body, burying its maw in the dead elf's belly. Good, he thought – the bastard would not receive honour in his death. Watching their leader slain and his corpse defiled, the Wood Elves wailed in dismay, and those still standing in that unit fled the field back into Loren to fight another day. Knowing that going straight into Loren without reinforcements was folly, Phate held back his knights and kept them outside the border to continue the battle. Having held up the Treeman for long enough, the last two Dark Riders finally panicked against the large Treeman and fled, heading back to Phate's ship until the battle was over.

Knowing it was already much later than appropriate for the order, the Wood Elf Mage called the retreat. Falling back and leaping up into trees to escape the earthbound Druchii, the Mage and the Archer unit that remained fled back into the dense wood of Loren to report the loss to their King. The Treeman, his retreat blocked by the Cold One Knights and with Corsairs moving in on the side, went down roaring oaths of revenge in its crude language as it was swarmed by the remaining Druchii and hacked into timber.

Phate pulled off his helmet, gulping in huge breaths of air and sweating feverously. It had been a tough battle, and losing two of his valuable Knights was not something he took lightly. Spitting with contempt, he looked around in disgust at his troops. Just over half of his Corsairs remained, however the recently promoted Reaver had performed well. Far back the two Reapers were being disassembled for the upcoming march back to the ship, while Phate ordered the squires to gather the wounded and see that the Knights receive the most immediate care. This battle had cost him dearly, and he decided to go back to Naggaroth. There were no riches to be had in this land, and the losses were too many to risk. They would soon die in their little forest at the hands of the Beastmen... no point getting his hands dirty.

-Just a note about the game, my rolling was about average except for when it came to armour saves for my Knights. I saved all but 2 of 13 3+ saves... My unit could have easily been wiped out. My rolls for panic tests were close every time, I can't remember how many eights and nines I rolled. Hope you all enjoyed this one!

SWP Feb 05



The Council of Five

A comedy Article

by AvatarofKhorne

The question is going around on druchii.net. Who is the Five? A band of people dedicated to the filling of the site with spam. Soon, all of the site cowered underneath the deep shadow of this menacing group of 5 people(don't forget the bard and the squire too.) The qualing of the young newbies was almost as bad as the jokes of this motley group. Finding that this evil group dwelt mostly in the Humor Forum, the moderators entered the forum with weapons drawn, but were driven back by the horrible jokes of the Five. The self-acclaimed "banana-juice" man, entitled Sureal had the worst joke of all. It was about banana juice.

The moderators formed a plan to slowly

and carefully dismantle the group, breaking them apart from the inside, but this plan was soon wrecked when the group was pulled together by a new individual. The squire had been promoted. The moderators now had a new problem. The Five were now 6 AND had someone who was actually funny. He was not a spammer like the rest of the Five. The shadow hanging over druchii.net deepend. But, now the fear of the site closing has brought the group of conspiring individuals together in hopes of destorying this new menace to this glorius site. They are the Five and this is they're tale. They are: Dark Alliance, Dungeon_god, 5hallow, Sureal, Darius Foulblood, Dr. Funkenstein(bard) and Dekhalan. Next Issue: The war with the Dirty (Bakers) Dozen

Interesting Poll

Question: What do you think of the GW Rulez Boyz?

Opinion:	%
They do a good job	5
They aren't too helpful	13
Never contacted them	23
What are they?	7
They're bad—I know more than they do	50
Total Votes: 38	

Joke of the Month

This month, there were four jokes thought of as worthy of the 'joke of the Month', all of them by Arcturus under the topic "Some jokes I posted at the old site" in the Humour forum. Here are two of these jokes:

A Druchii was hauled into court. "traitor," the judge began, "you've been brought here for killing." "Great," the Druchii exclaimed. "When do we get started?"

The young druchii had taken his girlfriend for a ride in the country. Inspired by the landscape, he jumped a fence to show his agility for her. When he looked up, however, he found himself facing a ferocious Manticore. About fifty yards away, he noticed a Beastmaster on a coldone, quietly surveying the scene. "Say," the young druchii shouted out to the beastmaster, "is that Manticore safe?" "He's safe all right," the Beastmaster said. "Can't say the same about you, though."

Interesting Poll

Question: Where do you live?

Location:	%
UK	8
Europe	47
North America	28
Australia	9
Other	7
Total Votes: 99	

Diplomatic Immunity? What the Druchii.net ambassador's have been up to

An article by Dark Alliance

About four months ago, Imdat Tauble made the decision that Druchii.net ought to have it's own team of Ambassadors. Representatives to go out into the internet community and spread the word. Spread the word about one of the best Warhammer sites available to wargamers, and THE home of the Druchii.

Threads were posted, applicants considered and appointments made and the end result is 5hallow, Sureal, Adreal the Immaculate, Arcturus, Burner, Dr Funkenstein, Lord Dalamar Do'urden, Lord Thalack, Morathi, Pierre, Sortelveren and myself (Dark Alliance).

So what have we been doing? Well after the customary roll call and "Hi's" to everyone else in the group the first task was to get a presence on as many other forums as could be found. The end result of this is that on the majority of other Warhammer forums you visit you will find links to Druchii.net. And I think the influx of new members is testament to the work carried out on this task.

The second project is an idea to produce our own merchandise, t-shirts, baseball caps and coffee mugs. The designs for

these have now been finalised and manufacturers approached. There is still some work to do here so expect an announcement when we launch this (it may well be that this announcement has already been made by the time you read this). The profits made from the merchandise are going to be used to ensure the future of Druchii.net and hopefully help to make the site even bigger and better!

Our next project is for the site to become a member of the Warpgate Network, a Games Workshop sponsored site where players can go to find sites officially acknowledged by Games Workshop as being high quality, independent websites. We have been unable to do this so far because of the copyrighted material Kitrik had been using on the site. This has all been replaced now so we can finally make our application for membership.

And finally, 5hallow has been working on Druchii.net posters - look out for more details next month!

Keep the faith
Dark Alliance
Druchii.net Ambassador



The Executioner

A Unit article by Imdat Tauble

The executioners are just that – executioners. They are highly trained with their weapon in the art of death, for this, to them, is the most holy aspect of khaine. From Har Garneth, they are charged with the slayings of any slaves that the corsairs do not take. Slaves are often lined up to feel the unforgiving wrath of the executioners blades after their capture, as may any druchii if they are not careful.

The executioners carry a Draich, a finely curved blade designed to kill and to kill alone. They carry out their holy task with valour, killing unmercifully throughout any battle.

It is widely disputed as to whether the executioners are worth being used in battle. It has been proven beyond doubt that they are almost useless as a large unit for front charges on their own, however, they have proven useful numerous times as small flanking units with 12-16 in the unit and paired with another unit that can hold a charge (corsairs or spearmen). Using an assassin or a Battle Standard bearer with the Hydra Banner can make a large unit slightly useful (although against shooting it will still have problems) and will make a flanking unit almost impossible to beat. However, it is often thought as overkill and is usually not needed. The Banner of murder is also often used for the flanking unit, helping the unit get into that vital flank. The one key for executioners and combat is that you don't want to get charged and you don't want combat to go on for more than one round. In either case, you strike last, which in turn means that you probably won't have many attacks back, if any at all.

Against shooting and magic this fragile unit has a problem. A big problem. With only light armour and toughness 3, there is not much that you can do about it. There are a few solutions, but mostly these involve prevention. Keeping the unit slightly behind another both helps stop them from getting charged and killed due to their low armour save, and also keeping them out of sight of shooting and magic. Keeping them behind a piece of terrain that is between their army and yours is a good way of using them defensively as they can charge the enemy's flank on their way to your army, and you are almost immune to shooting and magic behind the terrain. Against magic that doesn't require LOS, the only thing is to try and dispel, and to kill the enemy spellcasters with your



other units. Other ideas for your executioner unit include a sorceress with web of shadows to challenge the enemy champion and get some overkills on the board, using them as a missile screen (this is almost NEVER used as they are too expensive and is not worth it unless you have something that is really REALLY good behind it), using

them in a flanking trio (the executioners, some dark riders and another infantry unit) to kill anything that's overly tough, and using a unit of dark riders to lure the enemy into the executioner unit's charge range.

When it comes to modelling, the executioners can be as simple or as complex as you want them to be. The executioner models come in 2 pieces – the main model and the arm. The arm can be rather hard to attach, and may need to be pinned to keep them in place. These metal models are an amazing model that look great on the shelf and on the battlefield, and that need little preparation. However, for those who wish for more of a challenge or who want to save some money, there is the option of converting warriors into executioners by shortening the warriors' spears to create Draichs.

Executioners are painted in a vast array of styles. The gold, silver and purple scheme suggested by the 'Eavy Metal team works extremely well in creating a striking unit on the tabletop. However, there have been many other colour schemes used, from the use of blacks, silvers and dark blues to create a dark and sinister theme to the use of vast amount of red ink to create the feeling of the executioners in battle, destroying the enemy one by one.

The executioner models can also be used to create nobles and highborns, their blades representing any of the many deadly magic items (and not-so deadly magic items) in our armouries.

Interesting Poll

Question: Which is the better unit to take out warmachines etc.?

Unit:	%
Harpies	84
Shades	15

Total Votes: 26

A Stab in the Past

An interesting fact from way back in the history of Druchii.net

The first post on Druchii.net after it reopened was posted on the Humour (a.k.a Spam) forum at 2:04am (0 GMT) by Imdat Tauble. It was the topic "The Druchioi.net X-Files Continued... the Coverup...", and read as follows:

I just thought i'd post this for the fun of it... it is the humour forum

The REAL reason for the upgrade: anyone notice how Kritik is now registered user number 1??? It must be a coverup! He's trying to destroy the evidence that the is being controlled by a greater being! we must get to the bottom of this before the upgrade is finished, for it will certainly bring even more doom to us, and to the site!!!

WE MUST INVESTIGATE!!!

The reason for this post, is that on the old forum, there was much speculation as to why Kritik was the second member to join Druchii.net, not the first. This prompted a whole mesh of conspiracy theories, some involving chaos cultists and GW cover-ups.

The second post on the new forums was made by Decheran at 2:05am (0 GMT), and was a poll about the best druchii unit.

Interesting Poll

Question: What colour best describes dark Elves?

Colour:	%
Red	13
Blue	19
Purple	41
Brown	0
Gold	0
Silver	2
Other	22

Total Votes: 36

Druchii Feb 05



Group 1 Mission 1 of the Druchii RPG: Five Druchii came to Har Garneth

A novelisation by Darius Foulblood

A wealthy and respected family had fitted a small fleet of scavenged human ships ready for invasion. Dark elves from all across Naggaroth rallied to the cause under the promise of great wealth, the five in our story were amongst them. The five were the warriors Dynatle, Mallior and Isulo, Kobelle the trainee of Khaine and Selth the shade.

The day was like any other day in the city of Executioners, gutters ran fresh with blood, slaves were beheaded and prisoners were tortured. Down at the harbour the ships laid at dock, but not for long. The ships were bustling with activity, crewed mainly by corsairs and some slaves, hauling equipment, provisions and weapons aboard. Powerful warships they were, sporting plenty of bolt throwers and the strong hulls looked capable of standing quite some punishment. After a run-in between two of the warriors, the group who had yet to be acquainted were led below deck to their sleeping quarters. The ship interior was quite in contrast with the intimidating exterior. The wood was rotten, it was cold and damp and the rickety walls created a certain atmosphere of claustrophobia. In their sleeping quarters the prospects of riches grew distant as they were stewed together like cattle in a great room, given little space to move even the slightest bit. Be that as it may, the group accepted their fate and turned in with the rest of the roundly hundred druchii in the same room.



Night fell, and with night came sleep but it was not to be a quiet or a long one. A band of other dark elves with bad intentions desired the young Witch Elf trainee, something that she did not take happily. Isulo started the ball by drawing his sword

and threatening to slit one of the newcomers throat. He did this in order to save her, but not for her sake, for Isulo desires to have a Witch Elf ally indebted to him. As the first blade was bared, other followed. Dynatle followed up, standing up to the would-be assailants with his sword in hand. Selth immediately opens fire with his crossbow pistol while Kobelle draws her twin daggers as she jumped out of bed.

The unarmed band that thought they were just going to have some fun in the night was taken by surprise from the stiff resistance. Only the leader seemed to have any will to risk his life, and dodging the crossbow bolt he pummelled Selth to the ground with his fist. A fraction of a second later however, his arm was impaled by the furious Kobelle who followed up by kicking him down on the floor. This triumph was short-lived though as the ship guards came rushing to the scene. Both groups were apprehended and led away in chains, even Mallior who tried to get away by feigning sleep. Resistance was futile, and the group wisely went more or less willingly

along. Soon, they were all prisoners on the ship, deep in the belly of the hull that served as jail and torture chamber.

Here the group was tossed into a cell for themselves, and were treated to the screams of the tortured screams from their enemies through the cell door. Left without food and drink for a whole day or so, the group got to know each other in the atmosphere of a freezing and wet cell, agonized cries filling the air.

After spending hours upon hours in the cell the demoralised group were suddenly torn out of their sleeping state by the commander of the guards entering. He introduced himself as a lordling, Munith and presented the group with an irresistible offer: To become his henchmen or suffer death and torture. The group unanimously complied, and were summarily taken to a luxurious cabin where they were served delicious wine and food, able to eat and drink for the first time in a very long while. During the dinner, the decadent lordling announced that their mission is to assassinate a rival officer of his, and promptly takes one of the group members, Selth to show him the intended target.

While Munith is gone however, the remaining druchii plots to betray him. Isulo, wanting to become the group leader spoke strongly for the cause. He did not trust Munith, thinking that he would blame the murder on them, and thus having his rival killed without being held responsible for it himself. By the time that Selth returned, they had made their decision. It became clear that the person Munith wanted to get rid of is an executioner captain. Convincing Selth to join them in their plan, the group gathered their equipment and sat of to warn the draich-master of the incursion of Munith.



Just as the group reached the top deck and fresh air, the skies filled with an unnatural fog, reducing visibility greatly. Despite this, Selth lead them successfully to the draich-master. But as the group had only just delivered their message, undead carrion descended out

of nowhere and started to fiercely attack the surprised elves. Taking up their weapons, the group joined the executioner captain and his soldiers in the desperate struggle against the attackers. The alarm was sounded and druchii warriors poured out on the top deck to stop the vicious birds from overrunning the ship, though it seemed a hopeless cause given their sheer number. Selth decided that he would go and find Munith, to kill

(Continued on page 13)



Group 1 Mission 1 of the Druchii RPG: Five Druchii came to Har Garneth (cont.)

A novelisation by Darius Foulblood

(Continued from page 12)

him before he learned about their deceit. As the rest fought for their lives, Selth made his escape to go back below deck.

As the shade came rushing through the deserted corridors of the ships internal decks, he finally came across his victim. However, a great clamour of undead magic and swarms of scorpions scuttling the floor distracted Selth. When he saw the ship's commanding Noble being attacked by a necromantic wizard, he decided to postpone the killing. Instead he yelled for Munith to help him and rushed to the aid of the Noble. On the top deck of the ship the fighting intensified, claiming many druchii casualties but many more carrion. The trainee of Khaine, Kobelle went into frenzy and carved a bloody path through the attackers, effectively forging a beach-head for the druchii. Now the dark elves could rally and formed up in a tight unit led by the draich-master. They proceeded to attack and liberate adjacent sections of the deck, gaining a strong sanctuary from the chaotic attack of the carrion.



Below deck a necromantic wizard appeared, hurling blasts of unholy magic at the druchii. Munith fled from the danger, leaving the other two to die. Selth fought valiantly, attacking the wizard alone as the Noble was to injured and petrified to even move. On the top deck, Kobelle came back from her frenzy and left to find Selth. After a while she succeeded, and with the shade covering her she dragged the wounded Noble to safety. With the Noble secure,

Selth attempted a desperate and suicidal attack at the wizard. Somehow he prevailed against all odds and the Liche Priest perished at his blades. In triumph Selth returned to assist in the fighting taking place on the top deck again.

There the warriors fighting under the draich-master were highly successful, slowly but surely breaking the clawed grip of the enemy. More and more flocked to his leadership, but then the carrion attacking became more determined. RBT fire filled the air, dropping carrions in great droves, but not enough to prevent them from attacking. Under the heavy battle that ensued following the more potent assault, the warrior Mallior got cold feet and tried to slip away from the carnage. This proved to be a foolish move, getting separated from the rest and attacked



from all sides. Isulo and Dynatle were forced to decide whether to help the rest of the warriors or save their comrade. They finally chose to rescue him, which they did in the nick of time.

The druchii rejoiced as the last carrion was smote to the ground, but the price had been great. The group was rejoined again, meeting at the feet of the rescued noble. Many druchii had fallen, including the draich-master. Isulo and Dynatle realised that had they not gone to Mallior's aid, the executioner captain would have survived. The reunited group was quickly issued new orders, the Noble not interested in hearing their story or thanking them. They were split into two groups and sent out to inspect the state of the ship and report back.

Mallior and Isulo was sent to the bridge under the orders of checking if it was under control, there was no way of knowing since the fog had not lifted. On the way they found Munith trapped beneath a pole and decided to help him, seeing that he was not yet aware of their betrayal. While extracting him, the two druchii were attacked by two mysterious executioners, wanting to kill them for no apparent reason. They were only barely saved by the involvement of a druchii shade, Thalui who appeared and killed the assailants, as they were just about to finish them off.

After helping Munith loose, the rest of the group arrived with a unit of corsairs led by a Reaver. After a meeting between Munith and the Reaver, he took his corsairs and leave. Alone with Munith, the group pretended to have remained loyal and received his compliments. Seconds later, the Reaver came running haphazardly back from the deep mists alone. In shock, he rambles something to Munith before the group was assaulted by a seemingly infinite number of skeletons looming out on them from the thick fog. Led by the Noble who was controlled like a puppet on strings, the group was surrounded and pushed back. Forced to fight a last stand, the druchii desperately tried to fend of the tide of undead, but failed. One by one the druchii were beaten down, no matter how many skeletons they devastated more would just be added to the fray. Just as all hope had faded, Munith the only druchii left standing exhibited his true powers and stopped the undead in their tracks by wielding unfathomable Dark Magic. With an exhilarating blast of energy the invisible force controlling both the skeletons and the Noble is obliterated and the undead disintegrated in the wake of the destruction of their Liche Priest.



QW Feb 05



The Cauldron of Blood



To Mr Mensa,

I just played a game from the 5th ed. battle book (treasure hunt for those of you who have it) where each army loses some of their army before the battle starts. Through tactics (and some crappy dice rolling on the part of my opponent) I managed to keep all of my army where he lost more than half of his. In order to counteract this gross imbalance, we changed the scenario so that it was very VERY hard for me to win, and in the end I lost because of it. Do you think that I should have done this, or should I have stuck completely to the scenario as it was printed (the losing of troops was part of the scenario)

-Imdat Tauble

Well, the real problem here is why you were trying to correct a gross imbalance. I mean, in reality there is no reason why you shouldn't have used this to your advantage. You are a child of Khaine-Start acting like it! We do not feel pity for our opponents-we feel no remorse for our enemies. Their death is merely an amusement to pass our time. I sentence you to thirty floggings at the hands of the Witches. Now, GO!

Khaela Mensa,

I've been doing some thinking lately, and have just been wondering: Is Khaine the same as Khorne?

-Anonymous

Ok, first off-what is with this Anonymous crap? Are you afraid of me? Are you terrified of my vengeance and wrath? Secondly-Khaine the same as Khorne? Pulleease! That is just what the cult of pleasure would want you to believe. If Khaine was the same as Khorne, then would we have magical powers? Of course not! So, obviously Khaine is not the same as Khorne.

To Khaela,

I'm organising a campaign to be played in the distant future, and one of my friends who I am wanting to join the campaign is acting rather 'cheezily' for the want of a better word. He is always trying to get me to put in new rules that will help him, and is planning to create a skaven force which is rather cheesy and unfair. What should I do?

-Dark Alliance

*Well DA, first thing I would do is take your "friend" aside and have a nice discussion with him. Ask him questions about his life, his family, etc. You need to do this in front of a lot of people-specifically to have witnesses to how good of friends you are. Then, one night, while he is asleep, sneak into his house and...**<Editor's Note: The rest of this response has been removed with regards to some of our gentler readers. We apologize-Khaela Mensa will return to answer your letters next month>***

Hero Building

A RPG article by Dekhalan

Greetings to you, one and all...

I am Dekhalan, Druchii.net RPG Moderator and roleplayer of many years. This article is aimed at less experienced roleplayers ('RPers' for short) but hopefully will interest some of the veterans as well. It deals with something vital to every RPG I have ever played - the characters around whom the game revolves. There are many people who enjoy playing RPGs just to gain magic items and kill monsters and while this is all well and good, there is something much more to RPing. For me, creating a memorable character with a distinctive personality is one of the best aspects of the game. To put this into the context of the druchii.net RPG - I am talking about making an interesting member of the Dark Elf race.

When creating a character, you should consider a wide range of things. First of all - what does he/she look like? (There are female characters, but since the neutral gender in English is limited to male, I am going to refer to all characters as the neutral gender, or "he") Try to build up a mental picture of your fledgling hero so you know what he looks like, for example...

Red'nak is a large brutish warrior who lacks the traditional cunning and stealth of an average elf. However he makes up for

these on his superior strength and his towering physique. He is a battle hardened warrior and bears evidence of these encounters in the form of scars all over his body with an especially large one running over his left eye thus rendering him blind in one eye. He wears battered black armour and carries a large shield bearing the mark of his family.

This description, from a player in my own Group 11 - Fatason, gives a good mental picture of the character. I can certainly see this hero (or anti-hero) when I write my posts for him. Red'Nak is unusual for a Druchii - a large powerful build, rather than an elegant, graceful one. This already marks him out from the crowd. He is covered in battle wounds and his armour is worn - showing he fights often and is older than most. He has a scar over his left eye which allows for future questions from others in the group - how did he get that terrible wound? Is Red'Nak much affected by it? This character has a unique look to him - try and do the same for your characters - not just...

Talon is an elf. He has pointed ears and is tall.

This offers nothing and makes the character forgettable.

Next Month: Personality, statistics, and other creationist things



In Next Month's Issue...



The Cauldron of Blood—Have a problem? Wondering what khaine would do? Well here's your chance to ask him—the cauldron of Blood is where you can ask Khaela Mensa your own personal questions. Private Message Imdat Tauble with your letter (150 words or less please) to have your questions answered.

The Executioners Block—Here you have the chance to rant or rave about any subject you would like to, and have your rant printed. Imagine you're on the Executioner's Block about to be killed, and you have this one chance to say whatever you want about anything druchii. Only one rant/article will be printed each month and this will be for the best one. Again, Private Message Imdat Tauble with your entries.

The Scribe continues—this interactive story could go anywhere from here, exactly where, nobody knows. Send us your version of the next part of the story—the most imaginative and well written will be printed. Entries can be sent to Imdat Tauble or Z'gahn.

The RPG—Another group's adventures will be told next month.

Article/story reviews—See what's hot and what's not with reviews of stories and articles all over the site.

The Druchii Fleet—Everything you ever wanted to know about Black Arks but were too evil, twisted and downright terrified to find out!

The first of the Druchii.net monthly Special Characters! - See Furion in all of his glory on the battlefield!

Unit Reviews will continue—Next month—Cold one Knights.

The Grand Petition Update will be brought to you—if you haven't been following the Grand Petition, this is your chance to catch up.

Know thine enemy: Vampire Counts - The next of this amazing series brings us into the world of the Vampire counts.

The council of Five—The epic saga continues—what will the Dirty Baker's Dozen do to the peaceful dictatorship of the Humour forums by the Five?

A stab in the Past—what will we unearth from the deep dark depths of druchii.net's past? There's only one way to find out!

Stuff of the month—army lists, battle reports, humour—you'll see the best of it here in the Druchii.net monthly as we bring you the best of everything from the site.

More interesting polls and facts



Druchii Feb 05



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Monthly

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