

Drucii.net

M O N T H L Y



jułŷ 2004

Z'gahn's Monologue

I have something to say. But in the interests of suspense, I'll say something else first.

So first I will tell you about the new Druchii.net T-shirts. Don't you think they're absolutely great? The voting for the first T-shirt has ended, and the Har Ganeth noble has won convincingly. I do not know what you guys plan on doing, but I'll surely buy one as soon as possible! The best thing is that there are plans for even more products. Truly, I cannot wait.

We now come to the absolutely most positively important happening in Warhammer for ages: the Storm of Chaos. Since we must write the monthly before it is published, obviously, it would be nigh impossible to keep all of you up to date on everything through the Druchii.net Monthly, and therefore we have decided to make a Summer of Chaos newsletter. The first is being released in a few days, and you will be able to find it in the Storm of Chaos Organisation forum.

Since I have run out of topics, I guess that I have to tell you about that amazingly suspenseful subject which I talked about before. I am proud to announce the first themed Druchii.net Monthly: Storm of Chaos. If your Cult of Pleasure army is not finished yet, we have articles on modelling anointed, devotees, spawn, and painting mounted daemones: there is even a Lustria terrain article. However, what would be a themed Monthly with nothing but hobbying? Therefore, there is also the Cult of Pleasure tactics and fluff, and a Gaming Supplement: a special Cult of Pleasure special character that has never been seen before! In addition, for the first time since quite some issues we have a battle report. What am I saying? It is not a battle report; it is a complete tournament report. How is that?



A concept sketch of the evil Noble to grace the Druchii.net t-shirt. Kudos to Shadowspite for a magnificent pic.

Okay, to continue my story from last time, Z'Gahn had just drawn his first two regiments and sworn to rise to great power, establish a great realm, and teach the hated kin the true meaning of fear. Since that time, he has marched to battle against the Asur many times, but he could not always secure victory against armies with twice the speed and manpower of his. He had to pick his battles with caution, as most Asur armies were indeed twice as strong as his. One day, he managed to ambush a party of axe-armed warriors engaged in some kind of ritual. All were butchered and their heads put on stakes.

In the aftermath of this skirmish, Z'Gahn found a map of the foothill, which seemed to mark an abandoned gold mine. He did not hesitate a second and set out to claim it as his. However, when they arrived it was clear why it had been abandoned. A mantichore had made it its lair. Knowing that it would be suicidal to attack the beast with his small army, Z'Gahn sent for the house's beastmaster, Derrariour Sciasin. He had been friends with Derrariour since he had taught him to ride a cold one, and was sure that he would help him out if Derrariour could keep the mantichore.



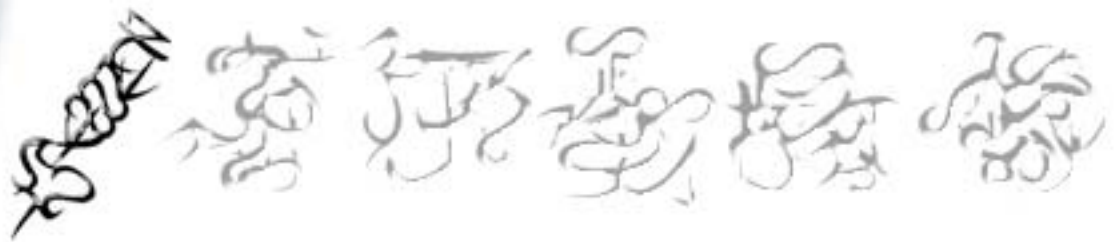
The legendary mantichore that was tamed by Derrariour. Modelled by Z'gahn, painted by Z'gahn, positioned by Z'gahn. Someone else might have taken the photo though...

Shortly, after a great struggle between elf and beast, Derrariour managed to tame the mantichore.

Now the gold mine was Z'Gahn's.

Finally, he would be able to expand his army. He ventured to Clar Karond but he was denied any regiments of soldiers. However, he did manage to lay his hands on a reaper bolt thrower. It cost him most of his gold, and so he headed back to his lands. He would have every available body in work in his mine; many more than two regiments would





soon serve him...

I have finally managed to get hold of a digital camera, and I am proud to show you part of my army. The first picture is that of my manticore, which you can see above. When I started playing Warhammer, I got this as a present, and when I was finished with my warriors, I had not anything else to work on. However, I could not use the manticore in my games yet, and therefore made up this background for him. He is not completely finished yet; I still need to finish the base, and I am having difficulties with the wings. I want those to have a purple 'glow' or 'glaze', but the purple ink will not hold. However, I will find something for it. I am also planning to put a dead High Elf general behind the rock.



A reaper bolt thrower by... guess who... I won't bother telling you that it was Z'gahn. Whoops.



Z'gahn's Glaive warriors

Here you can see my first unit, The Glaive Warriors. I really like the colour scheme; it is nauseating blue with a layer of liche purple and a very gentle highlight with warlock purple. Together with the black armour with purple edges, it makes a striking appearance.

I do not really have a model for Z'Gahn yet; I am concentrating on my troops, but most of the time I use this executioner or cold one knight.

Next month, I think I will tell you how Z'Gahn managed to draft various members of his house into his army as cold one knights.

'Till next month
Z'Gahn




Z'gahn... well his replacements actually

Har Ganeth Duels

HAR GANETH DUELS

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Coming Soon... Do you like teasers?



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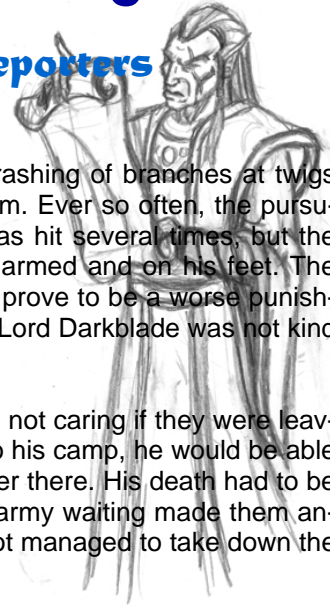
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The Battle Messenger

Alone and Burned—The Reporters

Picture by Cyberaggie



The dark elf ran as fast as he could through the woods. The crashing of branches at twigs behind him let him know of the constant pursuit that hounded him. Ever so often, the pursuers would pause to let loose a salvo of fire towards him. He was hit several times, but the thick scales of his sea dragon cloak managed to keep him unharmed and on his feet. The druchii ran for his life, knowing that any failure on his part would prove to be a worse punishment than what would happen to him if his pursuers caught him. Lord Darkblade was not kind to failures, no matter if they were alive or dead.

The Shadow-Warriors chasing him were rushing madly after him, not caring if they were leaving the staging area for their own army. If that dark elf returned to his camp, he would be able to give his general the logistics of the entire High Elf Garrison over there. His death had to be swift and prompt. Also, the notion that there could be a dark elf army waiting made them angrier, and got their blood pumping faster. That is why they had not managed to take down the fleeing dark elf with their shooting.

The lone dark elf kept running. Every ounce of his heart screamed for him to turn around and kill those who were pursuing him, but his head knew better. If he let his hatred get the best of him, Lord Darkblade would devour his soul... With a shudder, he raced on. Ahead, he saw the clearing. This filled him with elation and dread. In the open, he could be shot cleanly, without any trees to stop the arrows. However, if he was lucky, he could outrun the arrows they were going to stop to shoot him with.

The Shadow-Warriors burst out into the clearing after him, only to hear a quick clicking sound. Countless numbers of black crossbow bolts sped towards them, and many punched through their armor, dropping the High Elves to the ground. As their leader gurgled his last breath, the shades that had just shot them reloaded their repeater crossbow pistols and disappeared into the woods. Zhorin Asular stood out there in the open, his own repeater crossbow at his waist, holding the reigns of his Dark Pegasus, Remilal.

The lone dark elf ran to Zhorin, and gave him the scroll. "This... this... this... is for Lord Darkblade. It contains all of the information about the High Elf army that I had infiltrated. Let him know that the army on the other side of the forest is weak and will fall extremely easily."

Zhorin nodded, looked at the scroll, and then took off on Remilal. He did not go too high, for fear of being shot, and skimmed fairly close to the ground. His mission in Ulthuan was going to be longer than expected, and his reports had already been sent to Naggaroth with Linaith, one of the Lords from the Witch-King's court. Since Lord Darkblade had requested Zhorin to stay, he could not deliver the reports personally.

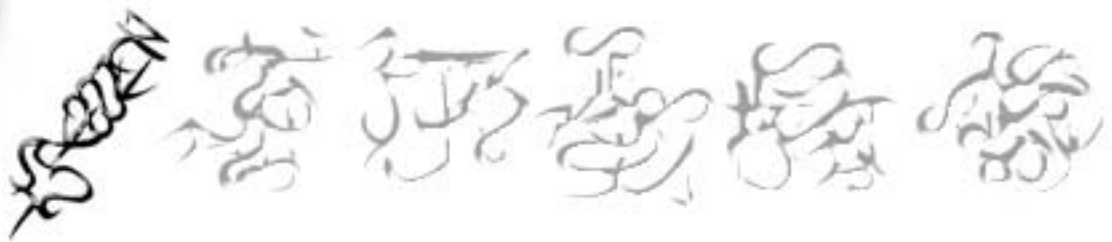
Zhorin brought Remilal down near the dark elf camp, and then rode him in on land. In case anyone was watching him or following him, they would not be able to find out the exact location of the dark elf army.

He stopped in front of Lord Darkblade's tent, where three soldiers stood guard. They recognized him, and one of them went in before him to announce him to his General, Lord Malus Darkblade. "Enter," said a strong and proud voice. Zhorin lowered his head under the tent flap and entered Lord Darkblade's tent, and walked over to the table where Malus was seated.

"I have the message from Drinai, my Lord." Zhorin presented the scroll to the General. Malus took the scroll and read the contents with a feral grin. He scanned the contents and then looked at his map again, all while comparing both to a third scroll that he had on the table.

"It seems that I have no further use for you, Zhorin. In fact, I suggest that you go and catch up with the ship that just left, so you can present your report directly to Lord Malekith. Our army will move out right now. Guards!" said Malus. The three warriors walked into the tent. "Yes my lord?" "Spread the word, we are attacking immediately. Get the army ready, and ask all the Nobles to come see me. Zhorin Asular, tell our King that another fort is about to be claimed in Khaine's name. GO!"





As all the assembled dispersed, Zhorin nodded to Malus and walked out back towards Remilal. The Dark Pegasus eyed him warily, clearly not wanting to fly right away. Zhorin looked out over to see the dark elf ship still at the horizon. "Just a little flight, my friend, and then we can rest. I know you are as tired as I am." He mounted the flying horse, and they took off towards the ship.

Below the miraculous creature, Lord Darkblade mounted onto Spite, his Cold One. The army was assembled, and ready to march. Raising the Warsword of Khaine, Malus beckoned his army to march behind him.



Zhorin regretted that he could not stay to watch the slaughter, but his report was more important. He sped Remilal on towards the ship, and was catching up to it slowly. The wind was pushing them both along, and allowed Remilal to conserve his energy for a bit. Looking back towards the Promised Land, Zhorin sighed and turned back around, trying to go in for a landing. As Remilal was about to hit the deck, a loud ROAR deafened the dark elves. The corsairs ran about, looking for the source of the sound when a huge Merwyrm arose out of the water, and batted at the ship.

A stunning illustration of Malus by Cyberaggie. I'd put it in the traditional cool picture spot after the monologue, but unfortunately it relates to this story.

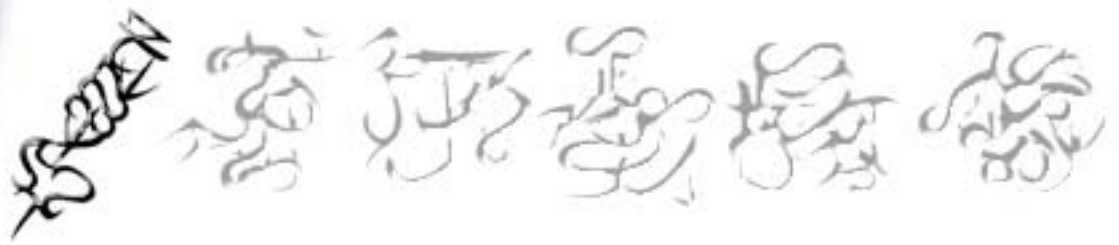
The ship started to shake, as if it were being hit from more than just one side. Remilal immediately halted his descent, and took flight again. Zhorin pulled out his repeater crossbow and starting firing at the giant Sea Monster, but his shots could not penetrate the hard scales of the wyrm. The little bolts just bounced right off. A couple of brave corsairs jumped off and attacked the monster, stabbing it with their daggers and short swords. These attacks were ineffective at best, and only enraged the sea creature even more. It flailed, and submerged, causing a small whirlpool in the water. The ship was pulled to the center, and then was immediately capsized when the monster crashed through it from underneath.

Zhorin could only watch in horror as hundreds of druchii started to drown, their armor taking them directly to the bottom of the Nagarythe. Then he heard an elven voice command the monster to attack a flying horse. Zhorin scanned the area for the source, and saw an elf standing on the back of the monster. It was an Asur, and it looked like he was a mage! Remilal rose higher as the monster snapped at them, falling short by a few meager feet. The mage, however, did not take his monster's failed attack badly. The attack had put Remilal in the perfect spot for his magical attack, which shot out at the flying duo.

Seeing the blue energy waves rush at him, Zhorin jumped off his mount, shoving himself above the beam, and his mount below it. As the waves passed, Remilal lanced out towards the mage, and impaled him on his horn, ripping the Asur from the monsters back. Zhorin, however, was not capable of flight. He plunged towards the waters and pulled his body tight, forming into a dive. The monster was still there, but Zhorin figured that the loss of its master might make it disappear.

No such thing happened. As the Asur drew his final breath, the Merwyrm screamed and roared in rage. Remilal evaded the swipes of its claws, and searched for his master. The wyrm trashed in rage, trying to slash at the floating horse. One managed to nick Remilal, and sent him spinning. The Pegasus managed to regain its balance





before landing in the water.

Zhorin went deep, and then started to swim back to the surface, only to see his Pegasus searching for him. "Remilal! REMILAL!" The Pegasus heard him, as did the wyrm. Finding an easier source to vent its rage on, it dove back under the surface, and started to surge upwards towards the floating druchii. At the same time, Remilal flew towards his master, straining every muscle to reach him.

As Zhorin felt the surge of water being pushed towards him, he grabbed on to his Pegasus's neck, and clambered onto his back. The monster rose from beneath the surface slashing and roaring. Zhorin and Remilal flew away, narrowly escaping the merwyrm's hungry grasp.



Another Cyberaggie pic. I made it this big because: 1. It's cool; 2. It's really cool; 3. I had to use up the rest of the page; 4. It's really really cool, and 5. It was the 1000th picture to go in the album!

For 5 months, that's a lot of pics—keep em coming!

Gasping for breath, Zhorin leaned heavily on his mount, with a heavy decision. Should he go back to Lord Darkblade and warn him of the attack that could occur again? Or should he go to Naggaroath and report directly to Lord Malekith?

The End... for now.

Now you get to decide: Where should Zhorin go? Please PM me your preferences.

Z



The Library of Blood

Alone and Burned—The Reporters

Over the course of the last three months, avid druchii members have been posting their game results. As the small group that compiles these results, we are glad to present to you the Library of Blood.

The results will be shown below for your viewing pleasure, and we shall also provide you with predictions for the match-ups you will face. Here are the results that were supplied to us, now in a small table format.

Game Result	Magnitude of Result	Tally
Victory	Massacre	127
Victory	Solid	71
Victory	Minor	41
Draw		57
Loss	Minor	36
Loss	Solid	22
Loss	Massacre	50

Total Wins: 239 Total Losses: 108 Draws: 57

The new batch of results from the last 3 months shows a similar trend to that from the previous set. We have received a lot more results this time around, so the numbers should be more accurate.

Once again, we had 4 victories for every 2 defeats, and 1 draw for every 2 defeats. These numbers are once again may be skewed due to the fact that people might only report their victories. The results show that the Druchii armies have lost only 26.73% of its games in the last 3 months, and has come to a draw only 14.1% of the time. With 59.2% of the games being won, we can tell that the Dark Elf army is a strong and powerful army in the hands of a cunning general. As it says in the army book, the dark elf army is for more experienced players, who can use it to its fullest extent.

Getting down to business, we can see that the dark elf army, whether it wins or loses, usually does so by a huge margin. 82.8% of the wins were either Massacres or Solid Victories, whereas 66.66% of the losses were Massacres and Solid Losses. This shows that if an integral part of the strategy in a dark elf army crumbles, the rest of the army is soon to follow. Similarly, it can be said that once a dark elf army starts to roll, it usually does not stop until it cleans out its opponents.

By Points Value

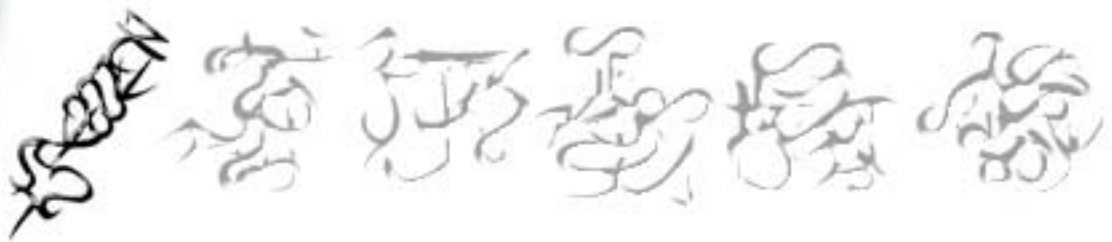
Point Value	Wins	Draws	Losses
0-500 points	16	2	3
501-1000 points	45	8	20
1001-2000 points	127	30	64
2001-3000 points	26	7	13
3001+ points	1	3	1

It seems with the Lunch-Hammer tournaments becoming more popular, the Dark Elf armies have started to dominate in that category as people have learned strategies. Even though our armies would be smaller, the tactics that are used make them a lot more powerful than the bigger blocks.

Between 501 points and 2000 points, the dark elf armies still continue with their winning streaks. You are probably going to win a game at those point sizes, as most of our victories were earned in that point bracket.

In the games bigger than 3000, only 5 games were played, in which the Dark Elf armies won only once. However, do note that at these point sizes, it is usually a combination of armies than just one on another. So, well, blame it on the other guy! Seriously, the Dark Elf armies have seen this problem quite a bit. The bigger the enemy





army gets, the harder our tactics become to implement.

Once again, you have to keep in mind the fact that people are more likely to post wins than losses, so a lot of these results should be taken with a grain of salt.

By Individual Races

Army	Wins	Draws	Losses
Brettonian	15	2	9
Beastmen	9	1	4
Chaos	35	12	18
Dogs Of War	1	1	1
Dwarves	23	6	6
Empire	16	3	7
High Elves	40	6	6
Lizardmen	17	6	11
Orcs & Goblins	27	5	15
Skaven	8	1	9
Tomb Kings	17	3	5
Vampire Counts	18	7	9
Wood Elves	4	4	6

The strongest enemies that we faced this time were the Brettonian, Lizardmen, Skaven and Wood Elf armies. These 4 races defeated our 57% win ratio soundly, which makes us pause in concern. Take care when playing against them as they can turn any mistakes into major factors towards their own victory.

However, the hardest opponents that you will face are the Skaven and Wood Elves... these races defeated the Dark Elves more times than they themselves were defeated. The Skaven army tends to have the shooting power and the Leadership of a good dwarf army, with the mobility of an elf army, and the numbers of a Goblin horde. Once again, be wary when fighting the rodents. The other army is that which out maneuvers our army completely. The Wood Elves do not fall for the same traps that the others armies do, since they have very few units that actually work in ranks. This army does not rely on mass to win, but on its precision shooting and its quick hit and run tactics. Both these armies tend to be faster, and thus, our biggest problems.

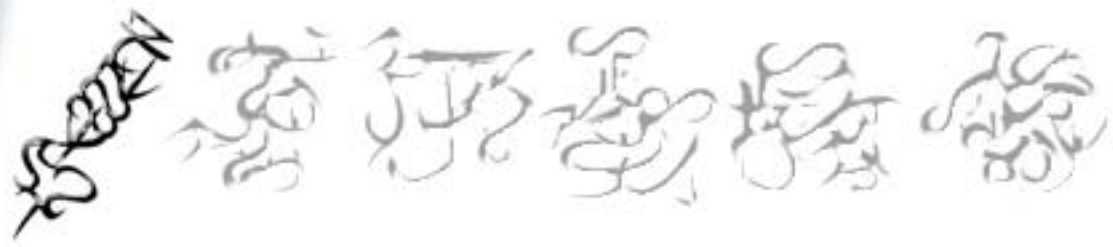
On the other hand, the High Elf army tends to be a complete pushover in relation to most other armies. Where most of the armies tend to fluctuate around the 57% win ratio, our weaker cousins only defeated us 6 out of 52 times.

Keep an eye out on the Lizardmen army, especially since it is our primary target for the Storms of Chaos. Be sure to use the new Cult of Slaanesh list, and when you post your results, tell us whether you used the Cult or not.

Keep posting those results! The Overall Library Results are below.

Game Result	Magnitude of Result	Tally
Victory	Massacre	205
Victory	Solid	121
Victory	Minor	73
Draw		90
Loss	Minor	51
Loss	Solid	46
Loss	Massacre	75





Total Games Played:	661	
Total Wins:	399	60.36%
Total Draws:	90	13.62%
Total Losses:	172	26.02%
Total Massacres:	280	42.36%
Total Solid Results:	167	26.26%
Total Minor Results:	124	18.76%

By Points Value

Point Value	Wins	Draws	Losses
0-500 points	28	2	13
501-1000 points	72	10	31
1001-2000 points	198	50	93
2001-3000 points	38	12	24
3001+ points	12	6	3

According to these numbers, our armies (yet again) fare the best between 500 – 2000 point categories. The other category results are a lot closer, which shows that only the amount of experience the druchii players have allow them to win. Our players are getting better in the 500-point games, which should show a bigger gap in the coming months.

By Individual Races

Army	Wins	Draws	Losses
Brettonian	23	2	13
Beastmen	9	1	4
Chaos	49	20	26
Dogs Of War	1	1	2
Dwarves	37	7	9
Empire	29	5	11
High Elves	68	11	16
Lizardmen	28	9	20
Orcs & Goblins	56	8	20
Skaven	15	3	17
Tomb Kings	25	6	10
Vampire Counts	30	12	21
Wood Elves	8	4	9

Well, the Wood Elves and the Skaven are once again leading this chart... right behind them are the Vampire Counts, Lizardmen, and even the Dogs of War! Be ready to fight these armies, and try and learn their tactics... the Temple of Khaine will be releasing Know Thine Enemy articles about them, so stay tuned.

I hope you enjoyed reading this...

Z



The Library of Blood: brought to you by these 5 faithful shades. Well, maybe not these five, but you have to admit that Kraven Norseslayer's paintjob makes you want to give them the credit.



The 7th Convent Needs Help

Greetings!

First the introductions: I am Anaryin, the leader of the initiative known as The 7th Convent. As you all know, or should know, or now know, the 7th Convent produces a scenario and a character each month for the Monthly, as well as other projects, so you can imagine how hard it is for the people who “work” there to invent rules and names and other things each month. As all initiatives, we like to see our work get rewarded and appreciated by the readers of this webzine, and by the ones who will come to know what we do. For instance, having our characters known as “cheesy” or “undercosted” is something that is most unpleasant to hear or read. However, the problem is not entirely ours. Our initiative is dependent on another, the Playtesters’ Guild, run by lyagd. Therefore, the guild needs a lot of members, but most of all, active members who have the possibility to play a few games per month, get to the site and give their results and the results of the scenario or of the character tested.

For this Monthly, we have done two projects: one scenario and one character. However, they have not been properly play tested because the Playtesters’ Guild is almost without active members. The result is a scenario that is like a beta version of it, and a character that has only one or two reports, from ONE person. They may well be overpowered or unbalanced. I would like to ask you all to participate and to help us out. We need play testers. I have created a mail account (provided at the bottom of this message) to where you can send your comments, reports of games where you played with characters made by the convent, or even just to say they are unbalanced. I will read them, along with Z’Gahn and lyagd and then taking them into account and making any necessary modifications to the projects (i.e. characters, scenarios, etc). What I ask of you, as a reader, is to help us, help the site, to make its projects better and better so you can enjoy them. For that purpose, all you have to do is either join the Playtesters’ Guild as an active member or to test the projects by yourselves and then send me the results to the mail address. Big thanks to all of you, at least for your patience.

The mail address is The-Convent@netcabo.pt

Anaryin, Leader of the 7th Convent



It's supposed to be for magic cards, but I personally don't buy it. This is way too cool just for magic cards. Kudos to Daeron for an amazing illustration of the death lore



Know Thine Enemy: Chaos

The Druchii general smiled as he saw the small war band that the Beastmen had managed to muster up in front of his gigantic army. A few minotaurs, some scattered herds of gors and ungors, and a few units of ranked up bestigors... How could they contest the might of the Druchii? The shades had reported positively, and the army was ready to crush the rabid followers of Chaos. The army marched forwards as the reaper bolt throwers began raining deadly barbs upon the enemy. The general then realized that the dark riders had not yet reported back, and was about to halt the advance when the Beastmen general pulled a long horn from his belt, and blew it.

The sound of the horn reverberated in the air for a moment, before another sound was heard. A loud trampling, coming from all sides of the battlefield. The Druchii general looked around, and was stunned by what he saw! Beastmen of all sizes rushing towards the army... from all sides! It was an ambush! The ambushers came in different shapes and sizes, the smaller ones carrying spears, the larger ones with menacing looks and weapons. The reaper bolt thrower crews were confused... the enemy was already behind them and upon them. In their panic, they began to shoot at the incoming hordes, no longer shooting the faster moving elements that the Beastmen front line consisted of. As the minotaurs slammed into the Druchii, wave upon wave of Beastmen and their hounds came in from the sides, hitting the now considerably smaller Druchii army in the flank or rear. The Druchii were panicking, and the general was surrounded by the screams of his own injured troops.

Therefore, thinking like a pragmatic Dark Elf, he ordered all the hard elements of his army to attack one point, and try to break through. The cold one chariots lurched forward, and crushed many bestigors who happened to be in the way, clearing a path for the general and his cold one knights, who started to head through the gap – when the small and first skirmishing Beastmen units hit them from the rear, holding them in place. The last thought the Druchii general had as he was being pulled of his cold one, was the complete and total realization that everything he had thought about these beasts was wrong.

Hello, and welcome to this month's edition of Know Thine Enemy. This time, the focus shall be on the fast and tough army known as the Beasts of Chaos. I, Z, will lead you through the pros and cons of this list, what types to expect, and how to halt and beat this large army. Like any Chaos army, it can also use the various marks of chaos in devotion to the dark and dread lords of chaos.

Special Rules

The Beastmen army has quite a few exceptions to the norm in their lists

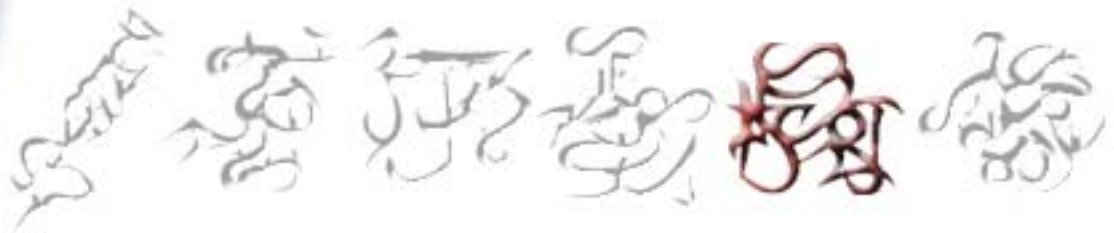
Ambush: This special rule makes the Beastmen army quite formidable to go up against, and also plays mind tricks on your opponent. This special rule allows the Beastmen player to have units enter onto the board anywhere he wants (pending leadership checks) after he declares all of his charges in his second turn. His general has to blow on the Brayhorn (as seen above in the story) to have his units come onto the board as if they just returned from pursuing an enemy off the board. The number of units he can have in ambush is equal to half the units that he has with the ambush trait, rounded down. Characters are included in these points. However, this special rule can only be allowed if the scenario allows scouts to deploy as well.

Raiders: A raider unit is a skirmishing unit that has the following exceptions:

1. It can only charge if a quarter of the models in the unit are within charge range.
2. They gain ranks, but up to a maximum of +2 (instead of 3)
3. They always form up to a minimum of four models wide units in combat, as long as the room is available.
4. Only characters that have the raider trait can join them.

Unruly: Something akin to animosity from the Orcs and Goblins, at the start of your turn, roll a D6 for each unit with the Unruly trait. On a roll of 1, it moves towards the nearest enemy, and charges it if it is within range. This is a very fluffy trait, and can be quite funny to watch at times. Nevertheless, in other times, he can charge those nearby harpies who are trying to get around to the flanks to stop marches.





Now that the special rules are out of the way, let us dig into the army list.

The Grunts/Core

As in any army, the core troops are the basis of your army, and the Beastmen army is no exception to this. Consisting of fast hounds, chariots, skirmishing herds, and rock-hard bestigors, a solid core-heavy Beastmen army is one to worry about.

Beast-Herds

The beast-herds are fast skirmishing bands comprised of gors and ungors. These are cheap, fast, and can be very versatile in their uses. This unit comes with either two hand weapons or hand weapon and shields for the gors, whereas the ungors come with spears. You can buy the ungors shields for another point as well. However, the icing on the cake is that this is the only skirmishing unit that can have a full command group, consisting of a foe-render (+1 attack, strength, AND leadership), a standard bearer and a musician. However, just like skirmishers, they cannot negate ranks of a unit. However, with two of their own, they can very nearly offset the rank bonuses of the enemy. However, with Leadership 7, these units are quite easy to panic, especially if their champion is dead. Shooting at them to thin their numbers is sometimes a good idea, since it means that they could panic other nearby units (depending on the marks that the army has), but remember that they are harder to hit since they are skirmishers. In addition, the ungors, the weak toughness 3 spear-carrying Beastmen die first, since they are essentially the shields for the big guys to get into combat. Only after all the ungors have been hit or killed can missiles actually hit gors.

Strengths: Fast and versatile, some of them can come in on ambushes, varied equipment allows for use in different ways. Very cheap and can be used in a good amount. Their slightly better than average combat prowess makes them a decent unit to be stuck in with another.

Weaknesses: Low Leadership can make them run away, and they can panic other units.

Special Rules: Ambush, Raiders, Unruly

Bestigor Herds

These are the rock-solid, high strength and high toughness, decent armour, and capable movement Beastmen that can form a tough backbone for any Beastmen army. The bestigors have the stats of a Dark Elf warrior, with one extra strength and toughness, but lower initiative and leadership. They come with great weapons and heavy armour. The best thing about them is that one of these can use the marks of chaos, and one unit of these in the army can carry a magical banner. When having a mark, they become khorgors, pestigors, tzaangors, or slaangors. However, their low Leadership is an issue, and they are not too cheap compared to the average warrior in any army. The number of bestigor Herds is restricted to the number of beast-herds you have in your army. Thus, a really strong and reliable Beastmen army has three or so beast-herds, and a matching number of ranked up bestigors to pack a punch.

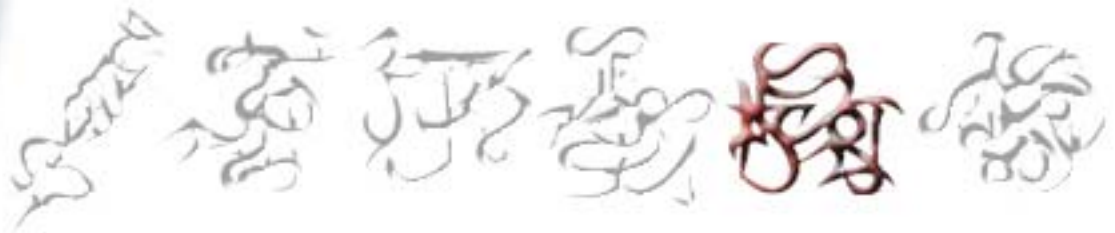
Strengths: Higher strength and toughness, good weapon skill, and above average movement. The ability to get marks of chaos on one of them is another plus.

Weakness: Once again, Leadership 7. However, three of the chaos marks can help in this situation. Khorne makes them frenzied, Slaanesh makes them immune to psychology, and the Undivided mark allows them to re-roll failed leadership checks. They are relatively costly points wise.

Tuskgor Chariots

The Beastmen are yet another army with chariots at its core. The chariot is a slower one, going as fast as our cold one chariot, and their mounts are even more deadly on the charge (strength 5 mounts!). It's a scythed chariot, and for all purposes, almost the same as the cold one chariots, except for the lower toughness, and higher strength of the mounts on the charge. However, they do not cause fear, and only lord level Beastmen characters can be placed





on the chariots. Better yet, they come with the Mark of Chaos Undivided, making them not care too badly about the lower leadership.

Strengths: Core chariots! You cannot beat core chariots. One strength four attack, two strength five attacks, and one strength six attack on the charge, not counting the impact hits. This thing packs a wallop! Moreover, it has a 4+ armour save to boot, and the Mark of Undivided is free of charge!

Weaknesses: Low leadership, but once again, that is offset by the mark. It is also only toughness 4, meaning normal troops have an easier time of wounding it.

Warhounds of Chaos

And finally, the last Core unit in the Beastmen book is the warhounds unit. They are cheap, fast, and also have the ambush special rule. Their Leadership is even lower than that of a harpy, but if the general is in range, they can be quite useful in harassing the flanks and drawing charges. However, do note, that if you panic them, they are probably not coming back. (Editor's note: More about these hounds can be found in the last issue of the Monthly – Nagathi)

Strengths: They can use ranks, and are not fast cavalry. They can ambush (14" ambushers... ouch!)

Weaknesses: Really dismal Leadership, no armour, and they do not count towards the required core troop choices.

To summarize, the Beastmen have a core that is fast, strong and versatile. If I were making Beastmen army, I would rely very heavily on my core to do the hard work. I will provide an example of a few army lists ("few?" Hehehe) at the end of the article.

Special Units

Now that we have covered all of the basic troop types that you would see, let us move on towards the more exotic and out of the ordinary choices that a Beastmen player would bring to the table. Most of these are monstrous beings that inspire fear in the enemy, while moving rapidly across the board.

Chaos Trolls

Everyone knows what these are... the trolls are a strong and tough enemy to face. With three attacks each at strength five, or a vomit attack that burns through armour, the trolls can cause havoc against whatever they face. They cause *Fear*, which can buy a turn for the other slower troops. They also regenerate, making them very survivable to most things, and this allows them to stick around longer. However, their major drawback is that they suffer from stupidity, and with the low leadership that the Beastmen have, these trolls will probably be picking their noses for quite a few turns. Once again, if these guys take off, they are not coming back.



A failed T-shirt entry, but I couldn't help adding it here. Who better to accompany the Trolls? I imagine that they'd be standing there for hours...

Strengths: High movement, strength, and toughness, regeneration, and they cause fear.

Weakness: Stupidity on Ld 4! 8 if the general is nearby. In addition, they are quite expensive points wise as well.

Chaos Ogres



Once again, ogres of chaos are not really that different from regular ogres. They are strong, tough, and can buy various different combinations of equipment. With a good number of attacks, they are also a rough and tough bunch to go up against. They can have heavy armour, shields, great weapons, and can even purchase full command groups to give them extra leverage to win combats. However, they are expensive to use.

Strengths: Sheer strength and power. Useful equipment makes them a lot better in combat, and they cause fear as well. They are also quite fast.

Weaknesses: They are expensive to use, and can be defeated by a solid infantry unit.

Minotaurs

Everybody loves minotaurs! In fact, minotaurs are essentially the beast version of the ogres. Well, they are slightly better for their cost. The really good thing is that if the Beastmen general is a doombull, minotaurs are no longer special troop choices. They become core! You can have a small, fast, hard hitting, and fear-causing core army! They can also be equipped with extra weapons, but they have little to no armour at all. The main reason why minotaurs are so much fun, though, is that they can receive the marks of chaos in a Beastmen army! Every single minotaur unit can be marked with the appropriate mark (it has to be the same as the general's though). Minotaurs in the Beastmen list also have a special rule called *Bloodgreed*, where they cannot overrun a unit. However, they pursue 3D6 inches instead of the normal 2D6.

Strengths: Fast, tough, strong, and fear-causing, the minotaurs can be marked to help the army out.

Weaknesses: They may not overrun, and can become very expensive with marks and gear.

Centigors

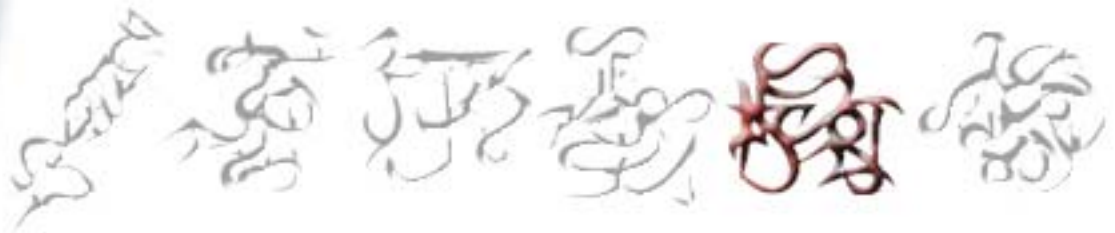
This unit is never seen enough. These are the equivalent of a mounted bestigor. They have the same stats as a bestigor, except they move at 8". The centigors can walk through woods without any penalties, having lived in forests all their lives. They also drink like madmen (or witch elves, you choose), which could affect them during the course of the battle. It could make them frenzied or stupid for a turn, either of which could be good or bad. However, they do count as receiving an extra attack at their base strength to account for the attacks they would make with their legs (being four-legged, like a horse – or should I say like a goat?)

Strengths: They can ignore the penalties for forests, making them the perfect baiting unit for chariots and other heavy cavalry. They have a decent number of attacks at a good strength value, and are reasonably cheap.

Weaknesses: Their drunken rule makes them a little unreliable. If they roll a 1, they have to test for stupidity, and with a low leadership, it is a toss-up as to whether they can be controlled or not. In addition, they could go frenzied and will have to charge at something you might not have wanted to charge (let's say, that fully ranked Empire spearmen unit with a character in it, probably holding the Griffon Banner).

Well, those are the special choices available to a Beastmen player. Scared yet? Most of it was fear-causing, and all those units travelled at a speed of 6" or higher. They all had at least strength and toughness four, making them hard to get rid of. Most of them have multiple wounds, so nothing short of a concentrated shooting and magic effort could destroy them. These are ideal flankers, as they can get rid of your ranks fairly easily, and do a lot more damage than the other regular troops. These are to be avoided until they are softened up... for if they are charged, then you can bring your numbers to bear on them, and defeat them.





Rare Units

Now we shall see specimen that you will see only one of (usually). These are the biggest, ugliest, and strongest models that you can find. These rare troops will make life for your army quite difficult unless you can manage to divert and occupy them.

Chaos Giant

You have probably seen a giant here and there in Orcs and Goblins armies. This time, the Beastmen can harness the destructive power of this huge and terrifying monsters... and they can even take them up a notch. The chaos giants can be converted into a mutant monstrosity for extra points. What does this do? Well, for one thing, the giant does not attack like normal. You have to figure out how he attacks each turn by rolling a die. However, you can roll a second die, and if the two rolls are the same number, the chaos giant can make a body splash in the direction he chooses. He takes a wound, but the Chaos player chooses what direction he wants the giant to fall. Any model under the fallen giant template takes D3 wounds from a strength 6 hit. That can essentially destroy a unit, and all the wounds caused count towards the combat resolution! Moreover, since it is a huge terror-causing creature, that many wounds would unnerve any unit.



A Slaaneshi giant from Friedmalekith. Apparently, its name is Steve.

Strengths: A big beefy model with tons of damage-potential, who can reach the enemy lines on turn two, smashing aside the enemy units in the path. Many people will be prone to shooting at it to try and stop it, keeping the rest of your units alive long enough to get into the fight. It ignores panic from regular troops, and is stubborn with a Leadership of 10! The only way to get it out of the way is to KILL IT!

Weaknesses: It is a large target! People can shoot at it a lot easier, and will probably try and get rid of it as soon as possible. It is extremely costly to be an arrow magnet and die from shooting and magic. It could also be bad if it falls in a way that it crushes the Beastmen player's own unit.

Dragon Ogres

Half dragon, half ogre. The combination you see gets you the infamous dragon- ogre. Now, I have no doubts that many of you have seen these in action before, but for a quick recap, a dragon ogre is a wrecking ball on four legs. As strong and tough as a troll, yet they are faster, better at fighting, and can carry extra weapons or great weapons. They have a scaly skin save, which can be increased by the purchase of armour. The major difference is that they have an extra wound, and a decent leadership. They also cause fear, and have a special rule that makes them even better. They can also *Storm Rage*. If any lightning based attack targets them, they do not suffer from any ill effects, and count as frenzied until they lose combat. Trust me, people, this is one unit that you do not want frenzied. Three of these monsters with great weapons, if frenzied, have 12 attacks with weapon skill 4 and a strength of 7...

Strengths: These guys are insane! They cause fear, and are downright nasty in combat. Their movement also allows them to pursue farther, making them even better for destroying enemy units.

Weakness: The unit is only Ld 8, and without immunity to psychology, they can be panicked off... if you are lucky.

Dragon Ogre Shaggoth

The final stage that a dragon ogre attempts to reach... the shaggoth. They grow and grow until they are almost the size of a small mountain. The shaggoth is so powerful, that he takes up a rare choice as well as a special choice in the Beastmen army list. In fact, you can upgrade one dragon ogre shaggoth in your army to be a champion, which allows him to become the army general! If he is the





When I first saw this pic, my impulse was a full-page spread. Unfortunately, it became a bit pixellated and didn't fit very well. For those wondering what it is, it's a conversion of our big furry friend, the Dragon Ogre Shaggoth (minus basing). Thanks to Tombguard3211 on the Warhammer Photo Society for this eye-candy.

Beastmen general, he cannot take any magic items, he receives the Mark of Chaos Undivided for free, and takes a lord and rare slot instead of a rare and a special. The shaggoth, like his smaller friends, also has the *Storm Rage* special ability.

Strengths: A Ld 9 Large target that can become the army's general, who is immune to psychology and causes *Terror!* His stats are near that of a god, with tons of high-strength attacks. Moreover, with the appropriate marks, he becomes even better! Would you like to go up against a creature that always strikes first with strength 7? And causes terror?

Weakness: In a 2000-point game, he is very nearly a 6th of your entire army! And he is a large target, which makes him the winning shot at a shooting gallery... and he cannot allow the army to ambush if he is the general.

Chaos Spawn

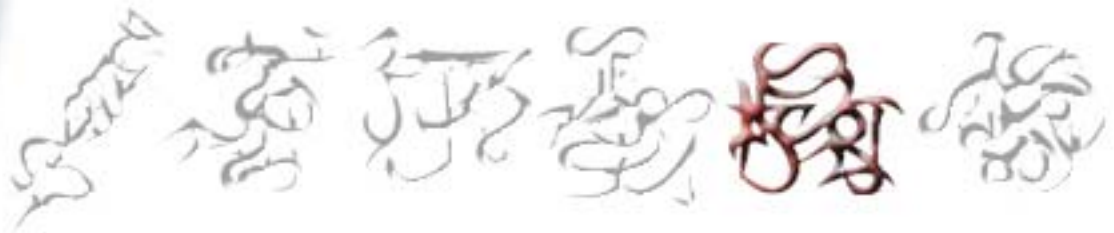
These have been covered in detail in earlier editions, or will be in the future, but I will go ahead and give a small note about these things. The Spawn is a cheap, fear-causing *Unbreakable* model that can throw a monkey wrench into its opponent's best-laid plans. Though it is a single model with only three wounds, the fact that it can stop a unit dead cold for a couple of turns make it a worthwhile picks

Strengths: Extremely cheap, even with a mark of chaos. Unbreakable and fear-causing, it can tie up small units for extended periods of time, and allow the rest of the army to get into place.

Weaknesses: I really cannot put anything in here, I just love these! Well, they move a random amount every turn, which really does not make them too reliable.

Those were all the available choices for the Beastmen army. So now, all that is left to talk about are the characters that are available to lead the beast hordes.





Lords

There are three different lord level choices for the Beastmen army, and each of them represent a different way to play the army.

Beastlord

The Beastlord is the warrior-general of the Beastmen army, and his amazing combat statistics reflect those. He has the highest leadership available to an ambush army, and he comes with the Mark of Chaos Undivided. He can be given the various marks of the Chaos gods, providing him with different abilities. The Mark of Tzeentch makes him a 4th level sorcerer, the Mark of Slaanesh makes him *Immune to Psychology*, the Mark of Nurgle makes him cause *Fear* and gives him an extra wound, while the Mark of Khorne makes him frenzied and adds a dispel die to the pool. The various marks change the tone of the army, but they still play similarly. The Beastlord can allow units to be placed in ambush, and have them spring upon the enemy starting the second turn onwards. Moreover, with his relatively good leadership, he can keep his units in line. Since he is a raider, he could also join a beast-herd. However, you almost always see him in a unit of appropriately marked bestigors. He can also ride a tuskgor chariot, but you will almost never see him on there. He is usually in the centre of the army, where most of the units can use his better leadership value.

Strengths: Cheap for a Lord level character. Best Leadership in the army, and pretty good combat prowess. Can be loaded up protectively to keep him alive through anything. Well, almost anything. A good amount of attacks, and is not restricted to striking last, making him the perfect complement to a bestigor unit.

Weakness: Only Leadership 8... other than that, he is a pretty good general.

Doombull

Another warrior-general for the Beastmen hordes would be the doombull. He is essentially a minotaur champion, one who is older, smarter, and stronger in general. If he is the general, the army can have minotaurs as core choices. Imagine an army with huge braying minotaurs, rushing at the enemy with weapons raised! Well, you do not need to imagine it; I will provide one such army list for you at the end. The doombull can also receive the various Marks of Chaos. However, the doombull does not really get much protection, and at best, he can get a 3+ armour save from having heavy armour, a shield and a hand weapon.

Strengths: He is faster, tougher, and a better leader than the Beastlord. He can make minotaurs core, and can really pack a punch when he gets into combat.

Weakness: He does not have the *Ambush* special rule, meaning there can be no units that are hiding in the wings to come on at a later time. In addition, he is a lot more expensive... he costs nearly 150% more than a Druchii highborn.

Great Bray-Shaman

Last but not the least, the great bray-shaman is the answer to any magical questions that the Beastmen player might have. He can use either the Lore of Slaanesh or Nurgle, depending on his mark. He can also choose the Lore of Shadow, Death or Beasts if he wishes. As a level 3 base, he can be upgraded to the 4th level for even more power. To top off the magical power this fellow brings to the table, he also wields a bray-staff, which can either give him +2 to his armour, or +2 to his strength. Moreover, with a couple of attacks with a decent strength (4) and weapon skill (5), this shaman can crack open a couple of skulls in combat too. To compound matters even further, he can take the Lore of Beasts and cast the Bear's Anger on himself, making him a combat monster almost as good as the doombull himself! Another point of note is that the great bray-shaman can also ride in a chariot, replacing the bestigor in the back. His leadership value is that of the beast-herd champions, so he is really not helping in the discipline department, but his magical firepower should make up for his lacklustre leadership.

Strengths: The same as any level 4 spell caster, except that he can





also hold his own in a fight. He also has the Raider and Ambush special rules, so even he, like the Beastlord, can have the units ambush the enemy.

Weaknesses: He is extremely expensive! At level 3 he is nearly 200 points, fully loaded up, with a mark, he very easily goes into the 350 point range... use with caution! Also, his leadership is nothing to brag about, he has a hard time keeping everyone in line.

Those were the mighty lords of the Beastmen armies. The Beastmen will have one of these three as the general, if possible. However, they do have lieutenants and right hand men that help in leading the army, as well as lead smaller armies.

Heroes

Though they are not as powerful as the lords we saw above, they are still pretty useful and strong. In addition, one of them can become the battle standard-bearer... so all their subser-vient roles are still useful in the long run.

Wargor

The wargor is the basic warrior-hero for the Beastmen. An average statistic line which is nothing to really worry about, the hero has the same leadership value as a beast-herd champion, meaning that, once again, this hero does not help lead the army. However, one wargor is almost always upgraded to be the battle standard-bearer. With the low leadership that is ever present in the army, the battle standard's re-roll is nothing to sneeze at, stopping a unit from being routed because they lost by only 1. The wargors do not have much in the way of armour, as Chaos armour can only be bought for one character in the entire army, so they are slightly easier to kill than most loaded characters, but if they do get to attack, they can easily demolish a few of your fragile troops.

Strengths: Cheap and effective for their cost, the wargors major advantage lies in gaining marks and one of them being upgraded to a Battle Standard Bearer.

Weaknesses: He is only Ld 7, and hardly has any armour in comparison to other characters. A noble with a great weapon could easily make short work of him.

Bray-Shaman

The bray-shaman is nothing more than a normal second level spell caster that you could find in almost any army, with the exception that he has an extra attack, and can be equipped with a decent weapon (the bray-staff). They can be given the marks of Nurgle or Slaanesh to use those specific Lore of Magic, but other than that, they are nothing spectacular. In fact, their statistics are even worse than that of a bestigor gouge-horn.

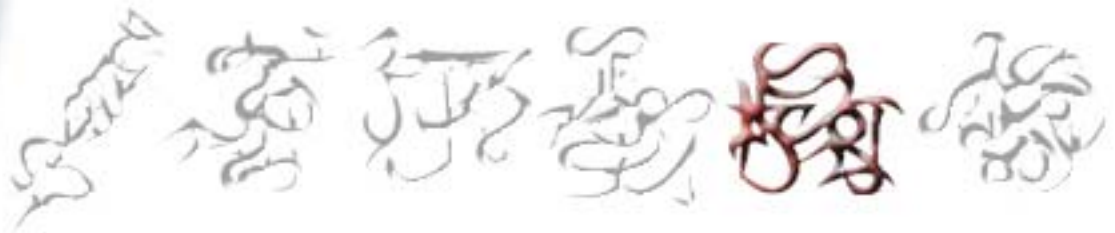
Strengths: Marks and magic, the usual routine. The bray-staff makes him more survivable to mage hunters (harpies will not be able to do much to these guys).

Weakness: Leadership 6! Holy molly! Strength 3? Aaaah! He looks more like a beastmaster than a Beastman.

All these aforementioned would be characters that you would face against a Beastmen army. Now that you know what would comprise of the said army lists, I shall talk about the various styles of armies you would face. All the army lists listed below are 2000 point lists, since that is nearly the standard size wherever you go.

Do remember, since this is a chaos list, there can be MANY variants as the books can be combined, units borrowed and stolen, so forth and so on. Therefore, I am only going to give you pure Beasts of Chaos lists that would be only from the Beasts of Chaos army book.





Style 1: Khorne

Well, the khornate Beastmen list has one major advantage... all the marked units can ignore any and all shooting damage done to it, as well as not panic from fleeing unmarked units. Once the khornate Beastmen army makes contact with the enemy, it ploughs right through them... a very rock hard list if your opponent knows what he is doing.

Khornate Ambush List

Beastlord

Mark of Khorne, Great Fang, Chaos Armour, Horn of The Great Hunt

Wargor

Battle Standard Bearer, The Beast Banner, and Heavy Armour

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

25 Khorngors

Full Command Group

24 Bestigors

Full Command Group

6 Warhounds of Chaos

6 Warhounds of Chaos

4 Minotaurs of Khorne

Great weapons

2 Bloodbeasts of Khorne



*The Bloodthirster may not be in the armylists on the left, but I'm sure he's hanging around somewhere...
Pic thanks to Lord Mesthop*

Like I mentioned in my article, a rock hard list with tons of models. This army has eight units with the ambush rule, meaning that up to four of them can ambush. That would mean two beast-herd units and 1-2 warhounds units would ambush, while the rest of the army would try to close with the enemy as fast as possible. The last two beast-herds would be screeners and would stop the khornate fren-



zied units from being drawn out. The general would go with the khorngors, while the battle standard bearer would be with the unmarked bestigor unit. The Horn of the Great Hunt would help the ambushing units be more accurate as to the Beastmen general's wishes. With 128 models, this list would have some serious manpower, and a good magical protection with 5 dispel dice.

Another way of using Khorne would be to have a doombull general, and have a hard hitting but extremely small army. However, the army is extremely fast, and will make it to the other side in roughly two turns.

Khornebull List

Khornebull

Sword of Might, Heavy Armour, Shield

4 Khornate Minotaurs

Great Weapons, Bloodkine

4 Khornate Minotaurs

Great Weapons, Bloodkine

4 Khornate Minotaurs

Great Weapons, Bloodkine

3 Khornate Minotaurs

Great Weapons, Bloodkine

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 5 Ungors with Shields, Foe-Render Musician

25 Khorngors

Full Command Group, Banner of Rage

Tuskgor Chariot

Tuskgor Chariot

5 Warhounds

5 Warhounds

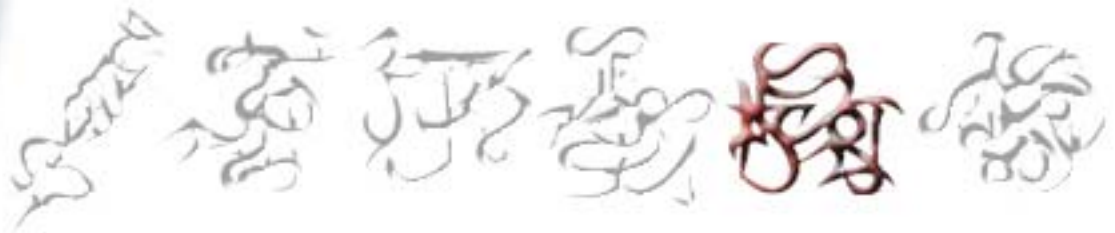
5 Warhounds

5 Warhounds

This army is half the size of the previous one, but is still a fast and solid army list. The khornate minotaurs make life difficult, since there are so many fear-causing creatures. To top it off, there are two chariots, and a solid brick of khorngors for a secondary punch. The warhounds are there to harass they flanks, and with the general being at Ld 9, the entire army is pretty solid even if it loses combats.

Strengths of the khornate beasts: This is a hard-hitting style of play, with the army wanting nothing else but to land into combat as soon as possible, and still negating any damage they take from magic and shooting. They can rip apart anything they touch if at full strength, and combined with the ambushers coming in to distract and flank the enemy, a solid Khorne list can be quite a hassle for even the most experienced Dark Elf players.





Weaknesses: A smart opponent can lead them around by their noses, and fast cavalry will completely draw their lines out of proportion.

The Druchii player will want to plan a lot of flank charges, and try and soften up several units instead of trying to completely destroy one. Softening up the unit would allow for the Druchii to hold a charge, and go first the next turn and defeat the beast unit. Dark Riders will win the day for you, since they can open up the flanks. Shades and harpies would be good to make some suicidal flank and rear charges to throw the lines of battle into a mess.

Style 2: Nurgle

Nurgle, the most under-rated god from the four ruinous powers. Many dislike Nurgle since its effects are not extremely powerful... I like it because the power that Nurgle has is harder to use, and needs careful planning to complete successfully. The Mark of Nurgle makes the marked unit cause fear, get a scaly skin save, or gives it an extra wound depending on what is marked. The shamans can also use the Lore of Nurgle, which is easily one of the better lore to destroy heavily armoured troops. If used well, the Nurgle list can have enemy units fleeing from fear quickly.



A dragon ogre from The Warhammer Photo Society. Courtesy of Oblivionknight321.

Beastlord of Nurgle List

Beastlord

The Black Maul, The Dark Heart, and the Mark of Nurgle

Wargor

Sword of Might, Pelt of the Dark Young, Battle Standard Bearer

Undivided Bray-Shaman

Mark of Chaos Undivided, two Dispel Scrolls

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

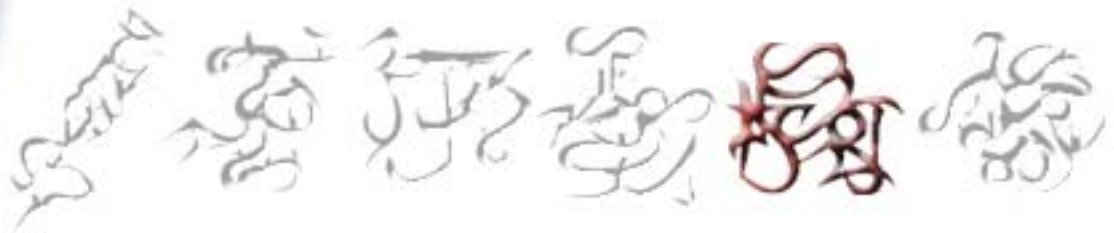
5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears, Full Command Group

28 Pestigors

Full Command Group, Gore Banner

3 Minotaurs





Mark of Nurgle, Great Weapons

3 Dragon Ogres

Additional Hand Weapons

Dragon Ogre Shaggoth

Great Weapon

A medium sized army list with lots and lots of psychology inducing units. The only things that do not cause fear or terror would be the beast-herds and the bray-shaman. So while the army marches forward, with the dragon ogres and the shaggoth drawing fire, the three beast-herd units that are in ambush leap out to do some harm from the sides and rear, manage to panic and outnumber their enemy so that the bigger and stronger fear-causing units can do their job.

A magically inclined Nurgle army would look something like this:

Dragon Ogre Shaggoth Champion

Mark of Nurgle

Bray-Shaman

The General, Level 2, Mark of Nurgle, Bray-staff, The Goretooth, Dark Heart

Bray-Shaman

Level 2, Mark of Nurgle, Bray-staff, Spell Familiar, Dispel Scroll

Beast-Herd

11 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

11 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

10 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

25 Pestigors

Full Command Group

5 Warhounds

5 Warhounds

3 Minotaurs

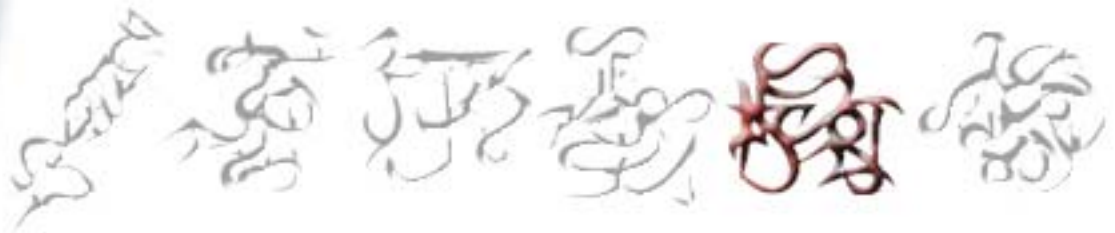
Mark of Nurgle, Light Armour, Great Weapons

2 Beasts of Nurgle

At 104 models, this army comes in at a respectable size. Do note that the general is not the Shaggoth champion, who is currently occupying the Lord slot of this 2000-point list. This is to allow the army to still have ambushers, while gaining access to the Mark of Nurgle for the Shaggoth.

Strengths of the Nurgle list: Fear-causing enemies are always bad, especially when it is a big block of great weapon-wielding,





strength four, toughness four, pestigors.

Weaknesses: The Nurgle style entails having to bear the low leadership while getting across the board to do damage to the enemy. Here is where massive amounts of skirmishers come into play, to keep the rest of the army from being shot up. Even if they do break and run, the other units are too big to panic from them.

The Druchii player will want to take care versus this army style. The ambushers already make you worry about your flanks, and some of your units will turn to meet the enemy. Remember, getting charged in the flank is bad, but being hit in the flank by a fear-causing enemy is worse. Make sure that you burst through the skirmisher screen as soon as possible, while keeping his fear-causing units busy with your cold ones or other units that can cause fear. Since this army is not immune to panic, work the flanks, and do your best to destroy a single unit and cause panic.

Style 3: Tzeentch

As in any Tzeentch army, the focus falls on the highly expensive characters that are the main damage-causing entities for this list. Since the wargors are tough fighters, their magical nature with Tzeentch makes them very important to the battle strategy. The surrounding units provide power dice for the casters, who tend to do massive amounts of damage before they stick into combat, and finish the job there. Now, really, there is really only one effective way to make a Tzeentch list with the Beastmen. You need a beastlord to be the general. Since you cannot have a great-bray shaman, the only fourth level caster would obviously be the beastlord. The doombull and shaggoth can only get to level 2, and thus, would be poor leaders in a Tzeentch list, where the amount of dice you get to throw on the spells become quite important.



The Beastlord List

Beastlord

Mark of Tzeentch, Heavy Armour, Great Weapon, Power Familiar, Golden Eye of Tzeentch, Riding a chariot

Wargor

Mark of Tzeentch, Battle Standard Bearer, Heavy armour, Blasted Standard

Wargor

Mark of Tzeentch, Dispel scroll, The Goretooth, Heavy Armour, Great Weapon

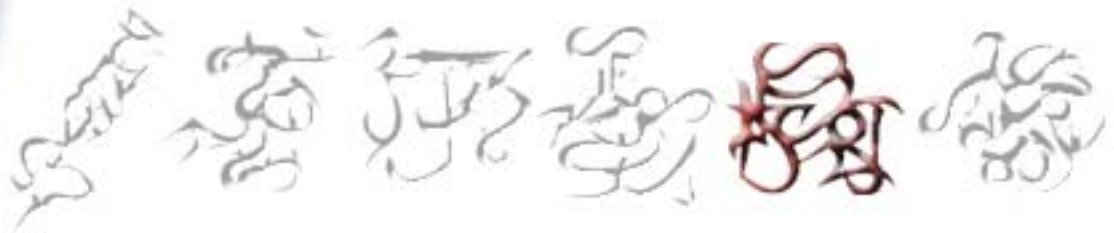
Beast-Herd

10 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

10 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Someone who is obviously mutated. Who knows—she might actually be Tzeenchish! Thanks to Liquidoloco for a great pic.



Beast-Herd

10 Gors with Hand Weapons and Shields, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

28 Tzaangors

Full Command, Gore Banner

Tuskgor Chariot

3 Minotaurs

Mark of Tzeentch, Additional Hand Weapons, Light Armour



A Slaaneshi Chaos warrior. Picture courtesy of Dardaroth 1 on the Warhammer Photo Society

2 Firewyrms of Tzeentch

With a whopping 13 power dice, this army list is made to destroy during the magic phase. All the units have been loaded up with as much armour as they can get to avoid as many casualties as possible, with a couple of beast-herd units ambushing to take out enemy war machines. The failed panic check can really hurt this army, so the army needs to be small and a little spread out to avoid panic checks. I was tempted to take the Staff of Change, but even that is too much for me.

Strengths of the Tzeentch Beastmen: The magic phase is their most important phase, and their casters are still pretty good in close combat.

Weakness: Leadership, leadership, and leadership. This is an even easier list to exploit than the Nurgle one. The Nurgle list still has fear to save it from being completely overwhelmed, but the Tzeentch list does not. All it does is try to kill the enemy before it reaches hand to hand.

The smart Druchii should be wary. Try to shield your expensive units from the casters, and hit the support units and take out those fast. The bigger units are not immune to panic, so targeting them after getting the support units out of the way is the best way. Remember, a skirmishing line can be pulled away if you hit it from one side first. That is the best way to open up the lines of fire to the big power dice producing units. Remember, if you can see the casters, they can see you... and they have a longer range to hurt you with (30" magic missile).

Style 4: Slaanesh

Arguably the best version of the Beastmen, the Mark of Slaanesh has one very important use... it makes the marked units immune to psychology. This means, that other than his cheap unmarked units, the Beastmen player can walk through a hail of fire and not worry about his big unit panicking from nearby units being destroyed. The Slaaneshi lore also increases the effectiveness of the Beastmen units, by making them frenzied or unbreakable. Because of its powerful lore, Slaanesh is also one of the more magically inclined lists that you will see.

The Great Bray-Shaman list

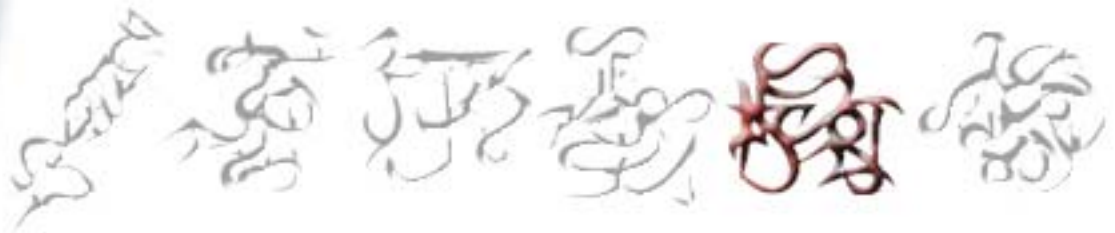
Great Bray-Shaman

Mark of Slaanesh, Level 4, Staff of Darkoth, The Dark Heart, and a Dispel Scroll

Bray-Shaman

Mark of Slaanesh, Level 2, Bray-staff and a Power Familiar





Wargor

Mark of Slaanesh, Battle Standard Bearer, Berserker Sword

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 10 Ungors with Spears and Shields, Full Command Group

28 Slaangors

Full Command, Rapturous Standard



A Slaaneshi beastman army—Look out for it in the Tournament report in this issue! Picture courtesy of Aloneand-burned. Army courtesy of someone else.

5 Chaos Warhounds

Tuskgor Chariot

Tuskgor Chariot

4 Minotaurs

Mark of Slaanesh, Great Weapons

2 Fiends of Slaanesh

A small, magically strong list, with 9 power dice and 6 dispel dice at its disposal. It can withstand magical damage, so its main survivability comes from avoiding taking a lot of shooting damage before it reaches hand to hand.

Another way of making a tough Slaanesh list is to bulk out on troops, and let go of magic altogether. However, the power of the Slaaneshi magic is lost, and thus it is not suggested. However, a beastlord with two bray-shamans can do the trick. Essentially, replace the character choices with the above three mentioned, and it roughly works out to the same.

Strengths of the slaaneshi Beastmen: They are not afraid. They do not panic, and they will hold firm regardless of what is going on



*A Slaaneshi marauder. Now, seeing as he's part of the Cult of Pleasure, and the Cult of Pleasure is connected to the Storm of Chaos, I can say that this is relevant to this article because this article is very remotely connected to the storm because Beastmen will be there...
Ok, I'll shut up and just thank Kiwi now.*

around them. They have an excellent magical lore to back them up.

Weaknesses: The Slaaneshi lists tend to be a little smaller, since the Beastmen general will want a few more marked units that don't care about the shooting or magic at them. Also, marked models and units cannot flee, so watch for the opportunity to get a charge off on his mage with a bigger unit.

The Druchii players should be careful... none of the normal tricks (bait and switch and flank) work. You have to beat them soundly in combat for any reasonable chance of making them break. Also, keep firing at the marked units to soften them up even if they do charge. Shooting at the unmarked units is exactly what your opponent wants you to do since he could care less if they panic. Sure, if he has a skirmisher screen, you cannot shoot anything else, but then hold a turn, see if he opens up the line for the charge. If you charge his skirmisher line, he has you where he wants you. Stay put, and wait for him to break it apart by himself. If he has ambushers, keep some of your own units ready for them (shades, harpies and dark riders). The skirmish line should only be charged all at once, so none of his herds can jump in on the flank.

Those would be the different styles of pure Beastmen lists you would see... but we cannot forget one important thing. Both the Hordes of Chaos and the Beasts of Chaos can be used in conjunction to make a solid list, and they can also have daemonic units. How would you feel seeing that Beastmen army with 2 units of mounted daemonettes rushing at you to hamper your shooting, before the ambushers came in and reared you?

Let us try a combined list, for... I don't know... say Khorne.

Beastlord

Mark of Khorne, Chaos Runesword, Pelt of the Dark Young

Wargor

Mark of Chaos Undivided, Battle Standard Bearer, Beast Banner

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 5 Ungors with Spears

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 5 Ungors with Spears

Beast-Herd

5 Gors with Additional Hand Weapons, 5 Ungors with Spears

23 Khorngors

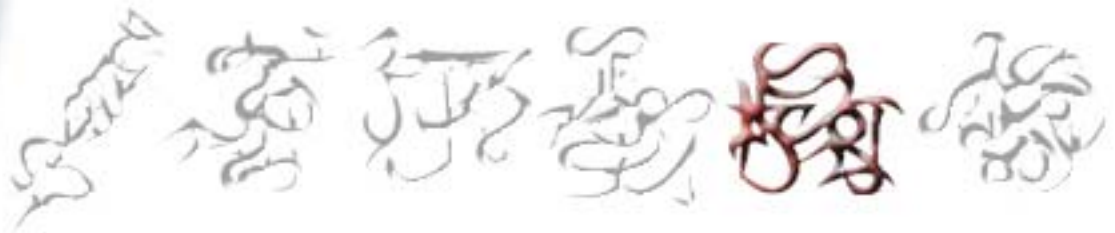
Full Command Group

24 Bestigors

Full Command Group, Gore Banner

5 Chosen Chaos Knights





Mark of Khorne, Full Command Group

20 Bloodletters of Khorne

Full Command Group

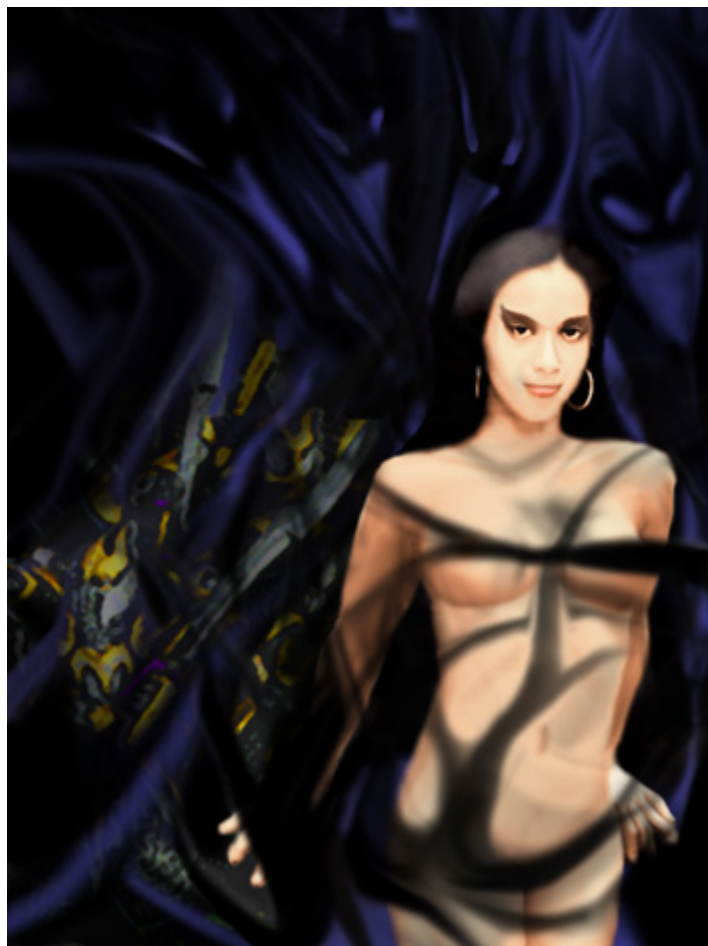
5 Flesh Hounds

A lot of differences can be seen here... a 1+ armour save cavalry unit, two daemonic units that are attributed to Khorne. This is a very tough list, with lots of models looking for a fight. The army can also still have some of the beast-herds ambush if necessary.

The point is, the Beasts of Chaos, combined with the Hordes of Chaos, make for a very balanced and versatile list. I could double the number of pages of this article, and still not have all the potential lists here.

Well, here we are, after this giant monstrosity of an article. I think I have covered everything there is to know about the Beasts of Chaos: Their army, their characters, the different styles of armies, and the external choices that they can pull in from the Hordes of Chaos book. I have listed their strengths and weaknesses as I have seen from personal experience, as well as what I concluded from going through the book. I talked about everything but the magic items, which I am not allowed to (Editor's note: ... due to copyright laws – Nagathi). Not that I would. If you would like to see what each of those magic items are, I would suggest you borrow/buy the book from your local gaming store. As a druchii general, you should be prepared and be ready for your enemy. Know Thine Enemy well... AloneAndBurned out.

Z a.k.a. AloneAndBurned



Another Magic card pic by Daeron. This one's the Shadow lore.

Creating Lord Obsidianus

Avatar of Slaanesh – To Make like a Slave

The anointed is the new character that is available to the Cult of Pleasure list, but it doesn't have a model. Avatar of Slaanesh has converted an amazing anointed for his Slaaneshi army, and we couldn't resist getting him to talk about it...

One cold, dark night here in the land of chill, I was talking on the phone to Sneaky, discussing my next conversion: The anointed. I knew my Anointed was to be an awesome, imposing model and that he would dwarf all on the battlefield with his majesty. Then his name came to me: Lord Obsidianus, the name I use for Hotmail and my 40k hive tyrant was perfect. So I went to Games Workshop and mail-ordered my parts; they cost me just over \$50 CAN. The parts that made up his magnificence came from all over. His mount was to be none other than the coolest horse in existence: Dohrgor, Steed of the Apocalypse. Unfortunately, Archaeon would not let my elven lord use him, so I had to cover up the chaos symbol on his flank to make my own steed. Next were parts for the lord himself, and the torso of lord of slaanesh on steed was perfect. His equipment was next, a shield and a lance, so I ordered a cold One knight's shield and a blood dragon Vampire's lance. Next, he needed a suitable head; this was the part that had me stumped longest, and in the end, I ordered the head of the dark emissary. One last touch remained – the wings. If you are a lord in my army, you have wings. After about half an hour of searching for furie wings in the catalogue, I gave up and ordered the dark pegasus' wings.



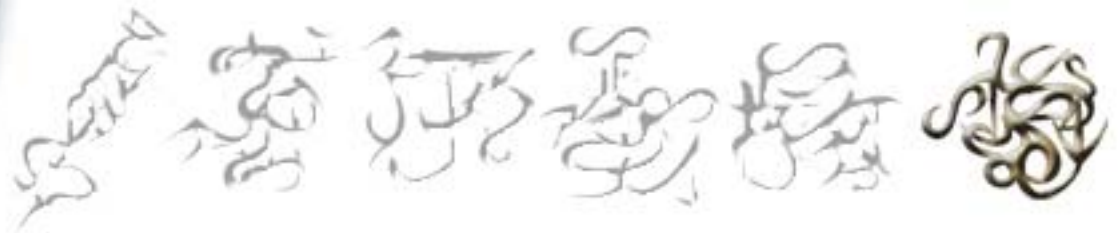
Avatar of Slaanesh's Anointed conversion. Drool.

Two and a half weeks later, the parts arrived, and in a flurry of cutting, scraping, gluing, and green stuffing, he was almost done. To build him, I first scraped all mould lines off, then laid the parts out, and did a dry run to see how he would fit together; this was not going to be an easy conversion. First, I built Archaeon's horse and attached it to the base. The model I got did not quite fit together smoothly, so I added some green stuff in the crevices and green-stuffed over the chaos symbol on the horse's rear end. Next, I attached the rider; the torso fit without any problem, but the head required the bottom two horns to be cut off and a small ball of green stuff for a neck. Next I attached the wings, bending the pegasus' wings so that they would form almost 90 degree angles, then cutting off the ends of the wings (so they didn't look too big) and pushing them into a wad of green stuff and super glue on the model's back. This is a step where a holder clip would come in handy, but since I had no such tool, a couple paint containers propped it up for drying. The wings took a while to set in place since green stuff is not the best substance to hold pewter in place. Next came the arms, the left arm (shield) was simple, a chaos warrior hand sliced off at the wrist and filed down so it did not look disproportionate, and glued it on to the elbow. The right arm (lance) was infinitely more difficult to convert. I originally thought the blood dragon lance would be big enough to look imposing, but it was not, and I ended up cutting the blood dragon's arm off at the wrist. Next, I cut up an archive chaos knights lance and attached it in place of the Vampire's tiny one (the blood dragon one is 2/3

the size of the chaos one). Last step happened after he was painted; I replaced the lance tip with Morathi's Heartrender.

For painting, I used a black undercoat. I began work on his horse at black with just





a little codex grey, and worked up to all codex grey. His armour was done using boltgun metal mixed with about one-third nauseating blue; after this dried I applied a purple ink wash (actually sky blue and magenta ink mixed to make purple). After the armour and all metal areas were looking nice, I proceeded to the wings. Beginning this with a heavy dry-brush of codex grey and applying the same purple ink wash over it all gave the wings the added effect. The cloth was simply a nauseating blue coat with purple ink wash over it (seeing a common denominator here?). Finally, his face was painted in the same way as his horse and the eyes were finished with a dot of tentacle pink. The horse's rear was branded with a symbol of slaanesh in purple ink and the spines of the horse were also inked. Hooves were painted bleached bone in vertical stripes and inked with brown. Final touches included painting the spines of the wings with codex grey vertical strokes and then doing the same in Skull White, while leaving some grey visible.

In the end, this process came out with the most impressive model currently in my possession.



I had four pictures of this awesome model. Can you really blame me for using them all?



Noble on Foot: Aethanur

Monarch Iauraurion—To Make like a Slave

After having made my "Battle Standard Bearer on Cold One" model, I realized I was left with a spare cold one knight model. I thought "Why the hell not?" and came up with another conversion, and there was some serious cursing involved during the whole process...



Step 1. The lower torso is clipped off

As I only have some clippers at my disposal, getting rid of the lower torso of the knight was a gruelling affair. In the end I managed to get it right though. Behold, what was left of the original model.

I love bareheaded commanders as it sets them apart even more. Therefore, I clipped the head off and put a plastic high elf head, tailored to the right size, in its place. However, I was completely dissatisfied with the girly hair-do of the high elf, so I went ahead and made some wilder hair for him with green stuff. Much, much cursing was involved here, as the original form of the head hindered me enormously.



Step 2. The hair is fixed



Step 3. The spearmen legs are fitted and glued

Time for the legs. I took some basic spearmen legs and tried to see if they fit the waist of the torso. And of course... They did not. Therefore, I cut out a thin disc of green stuff and placed it on the waist, then pressed it onto the lower half of the body. The next day, I finally glued these two parts together.

Onto the weapon; I really pitied the fact I couldn't use the beautiful lance the cold one knights carry, and I did not want to make a spear out of it either (who gives characters spears these days?). So, with a bit of shame in my heart, I decided for the good old - and overly used - plastic lordling sword arm. However, I cut the hook-part of the sword away to give it a sharp, sabre-look.



Step 4. The arm and blade are added

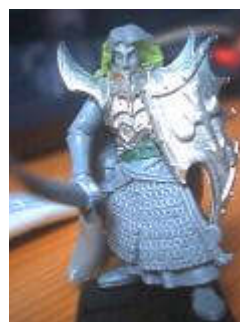


Step 5. The Noble's sea-dragon cloak

The model definitely needed a more imposing presence at this point, so I simply added a sea dragon cloak. I used a plastic marauder cloak for this; my own skills at handling green stuff would not have satisfied. I first cut the skull off the mantle (again with lots of curses, it was really hard with only a knife), then proceeded to make the scales. My method for this is to make little balls (of varying sizes) of green stuff and press them onto the cloak with the flat of my knife, starting at the top and ending at the bottom.

There, all finished and ready for painting.

Note that the shield has not yet been glued on, just stuck to the arm with the blue green stuff bar. I do this to get a better view of the final composition of the model – it would be a shame to discover something awkward when the painting is done, would it not? Overall, I had fun during this conversion, despite all the cursing. Oh well, on to the next one!



The finished product

Building a Watchtower

Malleroth-To Make like a Slave

With the Storm of Chaos here, the Druchii watchtowers protecting our cities against Chaos invasion have become increasingly important. Malleroth has built one of the watchtowers that keep out the Chaotic forces, and this is how he did it...

I. Introduction

Building a watchtower is a rather time intensive project (I am not entirely sure if I would have even started the project had I been aware of the huge amount of work). However, for those who are willing to sacrifice this time and work here is how I built mine. As I am not a native English speaker I hope you will forgive me any wrong spelling/wording (Editor's Note; Don't worry, we'll correct them for you!)

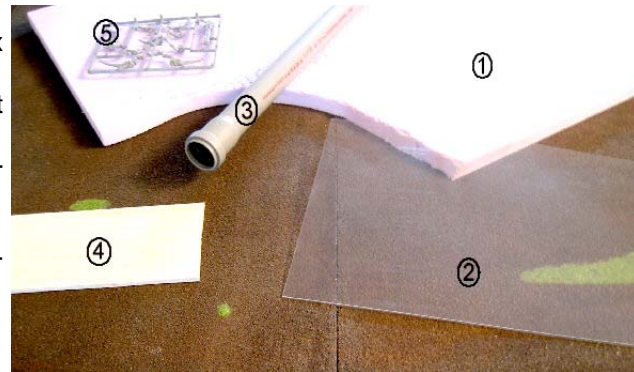
(For dimensions, I will use the metric system as basis but I will also provide some approximate inch lengths) If there is something unclear feel free to send me a private message.



II. What do you need?

Components:

1. One sheet of polystyrene 2cm thick, and 30cm by 30 cm minimum in area (1" by 12" by 12")
2. One sheet of strong plastic "paper" (about 0.75 – 1 mm)
3. One plastic drainpipe with a diameter of roughly 3-3.5cm length and 40 cm long (1.25" diameter, and 16" long)
4. Three panels of balsa wood. 0.5cm x 10cm x 100cm (0.2" by 4" by 39")
5. Six sprues of Tyranid hive tyrant claws
6. Quartz sand (or other suitable modelling sand)
7. PVA glue
8. A few extra bits (skulls, shield symbols etc.)
9. Motivation!!!



Notes on the components

1. There are different types of polystyrene soft and hard one. I strongly recommend using the hard one. In Germany, the material is widely known as "Styrodur" but I do not know its proper English name (Editors Note: Insulation Board – Silas). The soft polystyrene easily crumbles and turns itself into little balls whereas the hard variant only produces little particles. Good advice: Do NOT cut this stuff indoors where you have carpet; I had great trouble getting the particles off even with the vacuum cleaner...

2. The plastic "paper" is normally used for lanterns for the kindergarten but it should be available in good modelling stores. Sometimes appropriate sheets of plastic are included in organizers

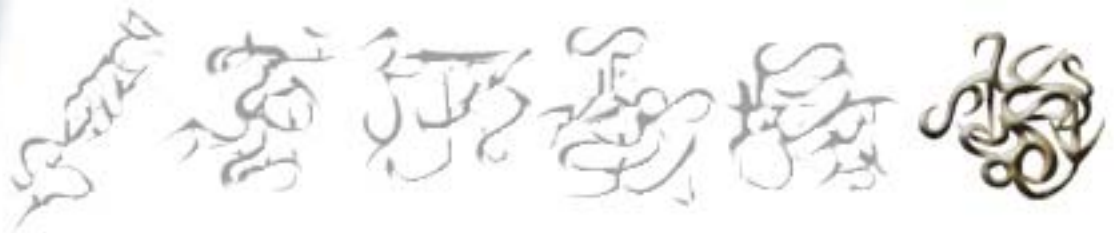
3. Well just an ordinary drainpipe, should be available at any DIY store.

4. Unfortunately I do not know the proper English word for the German "Balsa-Holz". It's not included in my dictionary... (Editors Note: You got it right. It's Balsa Wood – Silas) This kind of wood is soft, but relatively stabile and has a low weight. It is quite easy to cut this wood (0.5 cm) with a modelling knife. Normally it is used for aircraft models due to its light weight.

5. Available at Games Workshop, but rather costly... my poor tyranids had to suffer...

6. Well, it is just sand.

7. Try to get the fast-drying PVA glue. The normal one takes several hours to become dry, whereas the fast-drying can be ready in approx. 10 minutes.



Tools:

Modelling knives, a saw, dual-sided tape (sticks on both sides), scissors, a felt pen which can write on the plastic "paper", for painting I recommend an airbrush (but it will work without one too).

III. Getting started

1. The Base

At the very beginning I cut out a circle-form of about 30cm (12") from the polystyrene (I made it rather oval and irregular to make it look more natural). Then I flattened the borders with a modelling knife, and cut a stairway. My stairway is 6cm broad at the bottom and 4cm at the top. For the height of 2cm polystyrene, I recommend four steps, each 0.5cm high, and 1cm "forward". I worked very long on the stairs as I have tried it with five steps, which looked strange. I covered most of the stairs with green stuff to compensate this error. When you buy the polystyrene, 2cm may look a little too thin, but I have tried several options and 2cm turned out to be best.



After cutting out the base and stairs, I cut out a hole in the middle of the polystyrene (about 3cm diameter) fitting to the size of the drain pipe. Do not cut the hole too large, it is good when the pipe sticks out by itself a little.

2. Tower body

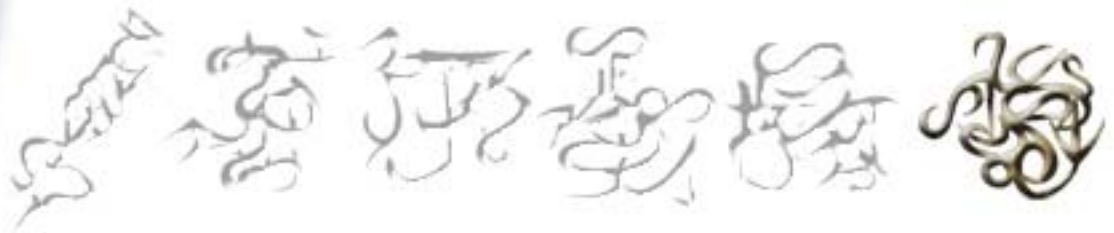
The primary stability of the tower depends on the stability of the drain pipe, so good material is vital here (strong plastic is good). I cut the pipe to a length of 40cm (16") using a saw. I would make the tower a bit less high if I were to build it again, so I recommend cutting the pipe to about 35cm (14") but this depends on personal preference. I fixed the pipe to the base with a glue gun. Be careful, it is very important that the pipe is standing exactly straight, unless you want a Tower of Pisa...

3. Balsa wood parts for the tower body

In my opinion the following part is the one which is most difficult in building the tower. The problem with the tower is that you cannot give it a flat surface (like a bretonnian tower) as it should look a little elven. To achieve this, I cut 12 pieces out of the balsa wood, which have one flat side (to be glued to the pipe) and one curved side for the looks. I achieved a nice concave rounding by using the "ovals" function in my graphics program on the computer. I merged two ovals and printed the result on two sheets of paper which I then glued together to create a stencil for cutting (if you have access to a printer with large paper, even better). My stencil had a length of 38cm (15") was 2.5cm (1") broad at the top; 6.5cm (2.5") at the foot; and about 0.5cm (0.2") at the thinnest spot in the upper third of the stencil. The pipe sticking out of base and balsa-wood parts should have the same length as the stencil.

Afterwards I pinned the stencil to the balsa wood and cut the wood in the double oval form. This is the reason why I used balsa wood; it can be cut to form quite easily with a modelling knife. Unfortunately, I do not have a picture of the 12 tower body parts, so I took a photo of the stencil and the leftover wood.





After cutting the 12 parts, I used sandpaper to soften the cut edges. I then glued the 12 parts to the pipe with PVA glue. Take some time for this, so they have all the same angles. I used strips of double-sided sticking-tape to fix the parts on the foot and top to the pipe as the glue takes some time to dry. Start with opposite parts each. This helps to get correct angles.

4. Tower tip

On the top of the drainpipe and the side parts, I glued a circle-formed piece of balsa wood with a diameter of 9.5cm (3.75"). This time no ovals... Then I cut eight small triangles (1.5cm x 3cm) and four bigger triangles (2.5cm x 8cm) out of the wood and cut an oval form out of the longest sides of these triangles.

I glued this piece to the top plate of the tower in a circle – ovals to the outer side.

When planning the tower, I had not intended to use 4 larger pieces but after I had seen "the two towers" I had to have them, they are a bit Orthanc-like. I guess many other options for the top of the tower would also be fine, be creative.



5. Plastic pieces for sides and tip

To give the tower a more solid look I closed the gap between the side parts and the top parts with pieces of plastic "paper". I closed the gap from the foot to about 9cm height and the upper 2-3cm of the side parts, and almost the complete top parts gap. The plastic "paper" can be cut with good scissors.

I cut the upper edge of the plastic into an oval form to make it match the organic form of the tower. Try to have the parts next to each other at the same height. I numbered the parts with a felt pen. (WARNING: When you use a felt pen you MUST remove the markings completely with alcohol before painting the tower. I did not do this, and the numbers became visible after applying the purity seal on the completed model. This caused several hours of rework...)

Leave a space free of plastic for the entry door. I glued the pieces to the tower with instant glue (dries within a minute).

Glue small extra pieces of plastic in the gap as you see fit.

6."Claws"

For the claws at the tower top I used the hive tyrant claws. They need a certain amount of cutting... I fixed them with green stuff and instant glue.

7. Stones next to the tower

The stones are cut out of polystyrene in sharp forms and glued to the base with a glue gun. This took me a long time and produced unbelievably fine polystyrene dirt. Fortunately, I was invited to a friend's when I did this work...

8. Finishing

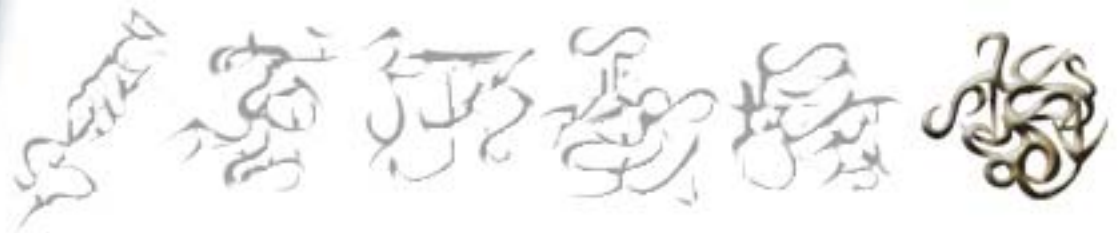
I glued sand to the base with PVA glue, filling some gaps of the stones around the tower. (Hint: The hard polystyrene is not a very good surface for PVA glue, as the glue does not stick to the flat surface. Thus, I scratched the surface with a knife and applied a thin cover of chaos black spray on the base before gluing the sand to the base. Warning: If you use too much of the spray the solvents will "eat up" your base, especially the stones next to the tower. If anybody knows a better glue for this purpose please let me know. (Editors Note; No More Nails, although that is a English product and I don't know its equivalent in other countries – Silas)

Apply some extra bits, skulls, spears, shields or whatever to the tower and the construction is complete.

IV. Thoughts on painting

I sprayed the whole tower chaos black (be careful at the base, maybe do not use spray on the base). Afterwards I used an air-brush to spray large spots of dark angels green on the tower; in these spots, I sprayed smaller spots of snot green. After airbrushing





the tower, I repainted the stones beneath the tower in chaos black and brushed them with codex grey and fortress grey. I have thought much about the colour of the tower, and first had the idea to paint it purple to fit my Dark Elf primary colour, but I fear this would have ruined any contrast of my models near the tower. Moreover, the green fits well to my cold ones and my sea dragon cloaks.

If you create your own tower, please publish or mail me a picture.

I hope this helps you
Malleroth



Painting Daemonettes

Kraven Norseslayer—To Make like a Slave

Daemonettes—the daemonic backbone of any Cult of Pleasure army (being the only daemons available). Kraven Norseslayer shows us how to paint these licentious beings

After reading through a fair few posts in the painting and modelling forum, it became obvious that many Druchii out there were having problems with painting daemons for their new Cult of Slaanesh armies. After receiving a couple of private messages asking how I painted my daemons, I decided to write this guide on painting daemonettes; in this case a mounted daemonette. I chose the mounted daemonette because the principles of painting the rider can be transferred to the daemonette on foot, and the principles of painting the mount can be transferred to steeds of Slaanesh. Call me lazy, but it saves me having to write three separate articles! Anyway, let us get on to stage one.

Stage One: Preparation and Undercoating



Before I discuss what colour to undercoat the models with, I really should say a few words on assembly. The model comes in three parts. The main body of the daemonette and mount, the mounts tail and the Daemonettes arm. Fitting the arm to the daemonette has never posed me a problem; the tail is a different matter... it never seems to bloody fit. This is mainly due to the excess metal from the moulding process being left right on where you are meant to join the tail to the body!

So a little care is needed when removing this – make sure you clip away the metal and file down the joint while paying particular attention to the bit that sticks out on the tail that fits into the body. Once this is done, stick the tail to the body with the trusted super glue (if you can get it the first time you are a better man than me).

Tip 1: Trust me on this one; you are not going to get a perfect fit! However, with the good old green stuff we can fill that ugly gap up. Roll a thin sausage of green stuff and lay it in the gap. After leaving in for about 20-30 minutes, smooth it down with a wet sculpting tool and leave to dry overnight. The next day you can attack the joint with a bit of fine grain sand paper to smooth it all out and voila, your mounted daemonette is ready for undercoating



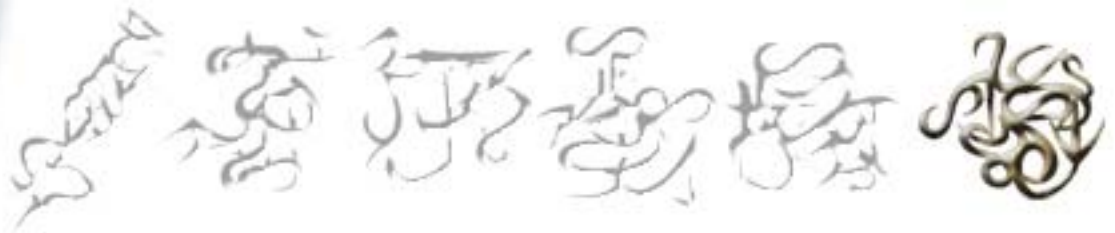
So then, which colour to undercoat? I always undercoat black because it gives the model a slightly darker feel, however this comes with a warning as you will be painting very light colours on this undercoat which will require several coats. The words “pain in the backside” come to mind but trust me, it is worth it, so lets undercoat the model black and move onto the second stage.

Stage Two: Metallic Parts

The first thing we are going to do is paint every thing on the model that is metal. Do not ask me why, I just always do it that way. So, give the dagger blades, jewellery, and little bits of amour a basecoat of boltgun metal, and when that is dry a wash of watered down black ink should be applied. Use a mix of about 70% water to 30% ink so as not to obliterate the metallic colour with black.



Tip 2: When you are mixing ink with water, do it on a light colour palette,



preferably white. This will allow you to judge the transparency of the ink better. Once the ink is dry, dry-brush the metallic areas with chainmail. So then; let us move onto stage three.

Stage Three: Base Coating

So now for some colours, and what colours they are! We are going to base coat the mount and the daemonettes hair liche purple and the daemonette's body tentacle pink. Try to be careful with this and not get the colour where it is not meant to be. You will have no problem with the liche purple as it covers well but you will probably require two coats of the tentacle pink to cover the black without looking patchy.

Tip 3: When painting light colours over a dark undercoat, apply several coats of watered down colour, instead of one thick layer, so as not to cover the detail of the model.

That is the basecoats done then and very silly the model looks to. Let us do something about that in the next stage.



Stage Four: First Highlight

The first thing we are going to do is give the mount and the daemonette's hair a fairly heavy dry-brush of warlock purple. Use a large dry-brush for the mount, and a small dry-brush for the hair. Once that is done, paint the underbelly of the mount warlock purple to make it ready for the second highlight. Now the mount is done its time for the fiddly bit. Paint the daemonette skull white, leaving the tentacle pink showing in the recesses of the model.

Are you fed up with painting skull white? Well, let us paint some more in stage five then

Stage Five: Second Highlight

With a small dry-brush, give a light dry-brush of tentacle pink to the mounts face, mane, and underbelly, and also to the daemonette's hair. Do not worry if you got some pink on the daemonette whilst doing this because the next thing we are going to do is paint the daemonette white... AGAIN. This should not take as long as the first time though. Do not forget to extend the white slightly from the forehead to the hair as this gives the impression of the colours blending together.

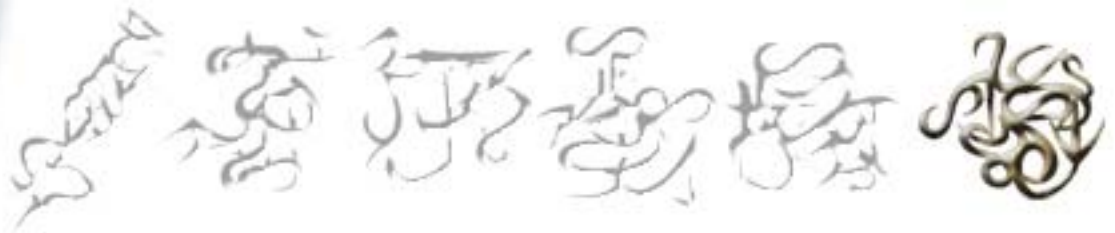
So with the lion's share of the painting done, let us start finishing off.



Stage Six: Detail

Paint the claws of both the mount and daemonette black, and while the black paint is drying, paint the eyes of the daemonette and that sexy thong too. Talking of eyes, paint the mounts eyes sunburst yellow and if there are any jewels on the model, paint them white (as if you were not sick of painting white already)

Nearly done!



Stage Seven: Fine Detail

Get out your pot of codex grey and using a very thin line, highlight the claws of both the daemonette and her mount. If you are feeling adventurous, also highlight the thong. To represent emeralds for jewels, add green ink to the white jewels and to finish off complete the mounts eyes with a vertical black pupil.

Ta-Daaaa. However, what about the loincloth I hear you cry! I know! I was coming to that.

Stage Eight: Linking the model to your army

In my opinion, the best way of linking the daemons to your army is by the colour of the loincloth. If your army is green, paint the loincloths green, if your army is blue, paint the loincloths blue. My army is predominantly red so guess what? That is right – the loincloths are red. I base coated them with a 50/50 mix of chaos black and red gore, highlighted with red gore and blood red before tying the highlights together with a red ink wash.

With the loincloths done, your mounted daemonette is complete. All you need to do now is base the model and it is ready for the tabletop. I paint my bases graveyard earth and then give them a layer of sand.

When this is dry I flood the base with flesh wash and, when dry, dry-brush with vomit brown and then bleached bone. However, basing should be done to your personal taste (*Editor's Note: and hopefully to link the daemonette to the rest of your army – Nagathi*).



So there it is; a guide to painting daemonettes. The main thing to remember is that this is just a guide. Feel free to experiment

with colours on your own! As long as you remember the principle of darkest colours first, then lighter colours, your daemonettes will look just fine. I look forward to seeing some of your examples in the painting and modelling forum

Cheers
Kraven



Dark Elf Princess

GeOrc-To Make Like A Slave

Hi there, here is a translation of one of my website articles:

This is part one and describes how I painted the Dark Elf princess on cold one, which won the German Golden Demon competition: Gold for Warhammer Single Entry.

Dark Elf princess on cold one



Before I start I will thank my girlfriend Anke who wrote this translation for the To Make Like a Slave Initiative.

The model Dark Elf high sorceress on cold one is one of my most beautiful showcase models I have painted so far. This girl has started an absolute new painting era: showcase. Paint jobs had taken more and more time, and painting regiments had become an exercise of several months. I became sure that I would never paint a complete army again. Furthermore sculpting has taken more and more time as well. Thus, the new trend is painting single models which are for showcase. Thereby you can do experiments and do not have to use only one way of painting. The princess is the first step in this new direction. Old rules have been broken by the design and many new painting techniques have been tried as an experiment of one model.

The model had been created with the purchase of the Lelith Hesperax miniature, which I got for a special price from one of my retailers. The whole story had just been a plan less purchase, as I had always wanted this model. Thus, I could not resist. First, I had wanted to use it for a Dark Elf on foot but the model had been too large to fit between the witch elf models. One day I got the idea to place the girl on a cold one. Well, that should work fine and so I began cutting the whole model into several parts and putting it into a new order. After a lot of time, this model had been created.

Step 1: Cutting

To make an exact version of Lelith on a cold one, it was necessary to use as many original parts as possible. That is why I cut the miniature into different pieces. First, I cut off the hair from the legs. I cut into the middle of the legs above the thigh armour at an angle so that it formed a V-like shape. I then cut the legs down the middle to create two separate legs.

Step 2: The Cold One

To sit the model on the cold one it was necessary to sculpt a saddle on which the miniature could sit. I decided to give it the form of a demon skull so that the miniature looks more heroic. Giving the cold one a different look, I cut the head in two parts and glued them into a larger space, so it will have a larger mouth. In addition, I tried to sculpt a saddlecloth out of chain mail. This first try ended in disaster and later I re-did this part.

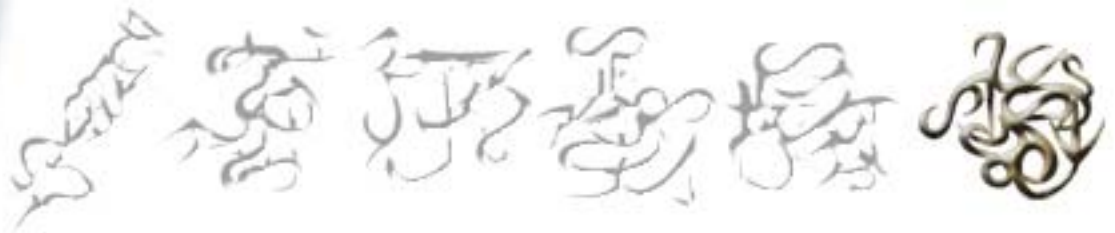


The cold one is also a conversion and should look heavily armoured. For the armour I was very impressed by the original artwork of Malus Darkblade by David Gallagher in the way it that it should look in the end. For this, I cut some wire and, using a lighter, I made it hot and stuck it into the cold ones back. Every wire bit should become later a bit of the cold one's armour. The horizontal long wires on the head were glued into slots already cut.



Step 3: Putting everything together

This picture shows how I arranged the parts of the miniature onto the cold one. All damaged parts and the connections must be repaired later with green stuff. Lelith's torso



was connected with a long thick wire, which was glued into a hole drilled in her body. The wire also goes through the body of the cold one and gives the miniature immense stability.

Step 4: First try in sculpting armour

First time I tried to sculpt armour with green stuff, and, like the chain mail, it ended in disaster. The segments got no shape, looked ugly, were soft and I had massive problems with the spikes. These pictures show these problems.



I tried to cut the spikes into shape with help of a scalpel, but I was not happy with the result. The armour had not a really good shape, and, the most important thing; I was not able to sculpt a smooth surface. Unmotivated I threw this piece of ugliness into a corner where it laid for half a year.



Step 5: The time of brown stuff

Ok, time moved on and I got some lessons in using green, and brown, stuff. Note: Use green stuff for soft things like bodies, clothes etc. and use brown stuff for hard things that should hold shape like armour, weaponry and all things out of metal.

I knew that with the momentary armour I could not be happy, so I began to sculpt the new armour over the old one. I used the old one as armature for the new and got to finish the rear part of the armour. The good thing was that brown stuff becomes very hard and holds shape very good. Therefore, it was no problem to get hard armour onto the cold ones back. However, it was not a really good effort, because I already had problems getting a good shape. After a lot of cursing, I threw the miniature into a corner for the second time.

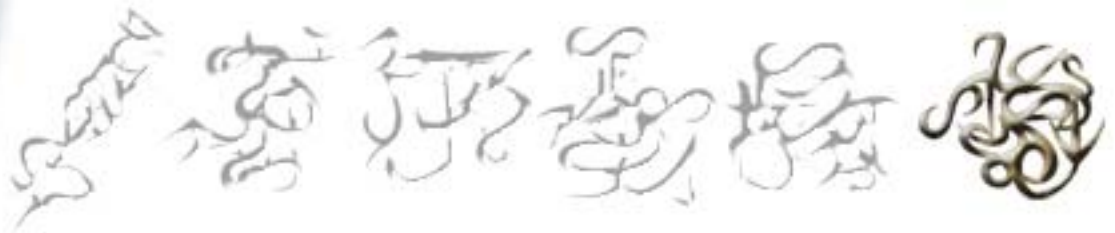


Two weeks later I got a new motivation. After finishing work on my sorceress on cold one, I knew the new painting style for this miniature and that's why I must finish it. Very quickly I got not perfect, but much better, results.

Coming home one night after a lot of alcohol in a cocktail bar, I got the idea to sculpt the helmet. I do not know exactly what I did this night but the result was awesome (Pre-Editor's note; see! Alcohol can be good!). Three hours later, I needed to sculpt all eight side-blades. Some hours later, I sculpted the rest of the helmet and the result was absolutely awesome – This was the motivation I had looked for. I finished the mouth of the cold one and the next step was to re-sculpt the chain mail. After much success, I decided to work on the rear armour again. Still I needed much patience, but this time I succeeded, the rear armour was perfect now. Next step was to finish the front armour plates on the back of the cold one. I tried to sculpt them in the same size as I already had done on the rear part. This time it was much easier, and, with brown stuff, I quickly got a good result.

Step 6: Repair work

Now it was time to repair the miniature. As you can see in the picture, I used green stuff for all the soft parts. I repaired the boots and legs. In addition, the armour parts, which I had damaged by cutting the Lelith miniature into pieces needed to be repaired. Here I oriented the original parts and tried to make good copies of all the parts. A masterpiece was the knee armour on her left leg. After all the repair work, I filled in all the gaps on Lelith and the cold one that comes from building the miniature together.



Step 7: More Details

Now it was time to make this conversion really awesome, by giving it more details. First, I re-sculpted the chains between the boots and panty, which were originated from the original miniature. My friend Konstantin said that the cold one needed bigger teeth so I re-sculpted the mouth a second time. In addition, I added a divided tongue. To add reins, I formed nose rings out of wire, which I glued on to the miniature. Then I added the chains between her craned hand and the nose rings. Note on chains: For chains I used cheap jewellery. Make sure they are as fine as possible.



It is important that the reins are taut. Through this effect, it looks like she is pulling on the reins, the cold one becoming enraged and dangerous. The last thing was to glue the strange armour piece onto her shoulder. On this piece, I will later add some banners. Now it is finished and it is time to prime the miniature with chaos black and before painting it.

Painting:



I started painting this model in a time of change. A short time before this I had painted the sorceress on cold one in a very colourful way.



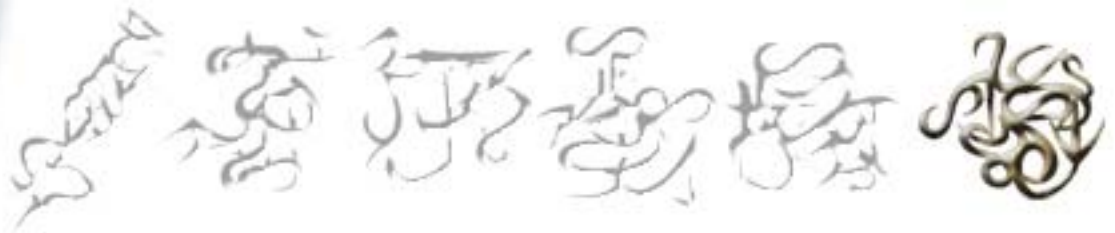
The origin concept of the cold one has been kept, but I had to use a stronger green colour which has given more contrasts. The cold one had been grounded with a mixture of goblin green and chaos black. After that, I painted highlights using camo green. Still getting much more contrast, I used strongly thinned chaos black and shaded the dents, especially the wrinkles and the legs in direction to the body.

After that I highlighted with rotting flesh and in the direction of the middle of the belly I brightened the cold one. The last layer of highlighting was done with skull white. Now the basic colour of the body was finished, it was time to paint the scales. I highlighted the black primed scales with thinned rotting flesh in direction to the belly. Then I made a second highlight with skull white also in direction to the belly. The warts were primed with nauseating blue. Then I highlighted them with liche purple and then with warlock purple. To finish them off I set a white point on every wart to make them look wet. The mouth, except for the tongue, was painted in the same way as the warts. The tongue was painted in blue colours. Here I used enchanted blue as basic colour and gave highlights with lightning blue and space wolfs grey.



It is very important to work with thinned colours, so that black primer shines through the thin layers of the upper colours.

Teeth and horns were given highlights with bleached bone and



then with skull white. The eyes of the cold one had been grounded with red gore and given highlights with blood red. After that, a mixture of blood red and sunburst yellow, and at last by pure Sunburst Yellow. Then the slit pupil had been painted on with chaos black. Thus, the cold one has been finished. But how should it go on? The model got more and more dusty on my desk. While it continued getting dusty, I had painted some other miniatures and stepped on the non-metallic metal path (Pre-Editors note: the technique of painting metal without using metallic colours).

One day I chatted with Goatman about the project and he looked at pictures of the model. I asked him how he would paint the small one, and suggested the painting pattern I then used. I first did not want to use it because it broke the rules of my army pattern. Due to this, I tried a silver armament for the cold one. However, I saw that it did not work, and painted the whole stuff over, starting with Goatman's suggestion, with the exception of green reflection in the rider's armament. I started with the cold one's armament. To begin with, everything had been grounded with snakebite leather, and then new highlights were placed with golden yellow and bleached bone.



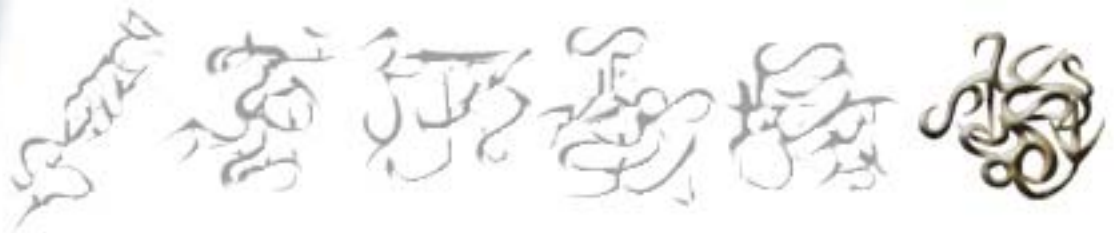
It is important to work with a lot of layers. You have to re-shade very often, and place new highlights again until you have perfect crossings. For the red golden colour of the vertical head, I used thinned blood red. I did it carefully on several layers of the snakebite leather. This had been the only procedure different from the other golden parts. It is important you pull your brush for the most lightened parts!!!

The next step had been the cold one's saddle, which had been converted to a demon's skull. Thus, I decided to use bone colour and painted it in exactly the same way as the clutches and teeth of the cold one. The horns were been painted with the same colours as the purple warts.



Now it was time to paint the princess's skin. I wanted to have a drow style, however, it should have a blue reflection because I did not like brown touches like those I had used for the "Parcum Sorceress" which I sculpted and painted for www.Joker-Miniatures.de. The black groundings had been painted again with chaos black. Then highlights were done with deadly nightshade, enchanted blue, lightning blue, and several times by space wolfs grey. At last, I used much thinned deadly nightshade to give the miniature's skin a darker touch.

Now I started with silver non-metallic metal. Therefore, I used shadow grey as grounding, setting the highlights with codex grey and fortress grey. At some parts, further highlights were placed again with pure skull white. Here I used the same technique, which I have already described with the gold colour. After many grey colours, it was time for something different. I painted the lilac elements of the miniature, the drapery on the arm, and the hair-band. I used the same colours which I already used painting lilac elements. I decided to paint the upper parts of the boots and the hair in white. For that, I primed everything in codex grey and lit it up in many layers with skull white. Now there was only some detail work to do. I painted sword, chains, and earring in the right non-metallic metal colours as described earlier in the article. The last thing to do was the eyes, which I painted very carefully in the holes in the



helmet.

Because I have not added any freehand on the miniature, I decided to add some self-made banners. I cut them out of some thick paper. Then I paint them in lilac colours. I primed them in nauseating blue and then gave highlights with liche purple and warlock purple. Always painted from the top I get a colour changeover from dark (bottom) to light (top). After this was done on both sides, I added some druchii runes with skull white. I glued the finished banners on the strange piece of armour, which is situated on the shoulder of the princess. To give the whole thing more detail I built some small skulls with a stamp technique and glued them onto the banner.

Stamp Technique (developed by myself)

It's a small mould making. I make an original skull out of brown stuff (Do not use Games Workshop miniature parts as master, that is forbidden). After it is dry, I take a small ball of brown stuff and push it carefully on the wet skull. The skull must be completely wet, this is very important. Then carefully remove the putty from the skull. Now you have a negative of the skull. Then put a toothpick in the putty ball and let it harden. Now you have a skull stamp. For the small skulls, I took small green stuff balls, which I laid on an old blister plastic piece. Making the stamp completely wet I stamped a lot of skulls, the best four I painted with non metallic metal gold colours like I have already described.

Base Design:

As usual, I had used Moltofil for the base. To give it its pointed structure, I had taken a toothpick and stuck it in the already dried Moltofil. I had placed a head on it and fitted the cold one on the base. After everything had dried, I put thinned glue on it to make the model more stable. Then the whole thing had become a black grounding. Initially, the skull had been painted as already described. For this, I used bone colour as well. I brushed the deeper placed parts in exactly this order: scorched brown, bestial brown, snakebite leather, bubonic brown and bleached bone. Points were painted with the following colours in this order: codex grey, fortress grey, and skull white (only on the absolute edges). Brown parts had been sprinkled with static grass. It was finished!

Show base:

The show base had been designed in the same way like the mini-base. In additional I used toothpicks and coffee sticks from McDonald's. The frame of the miniature's base had been built with these sticks as well. The wooden elements were dry-brushed with several blue colours. I used the following colours in this order: enchanted blue, lightning blue, and space wolf grey.

Please give feedback if the article is useful or if there is something to change or describe in more detail.

Regards GeOrc



Lonicera-Fluff

Darkprincess-The Cult of Pleasure



The Dark Princess herself—Lonicera. By Darkprincess.

The Cult of Pleasure is supported by numerous benefactors who have chosen the path of Slaanesh. One such benefactor is Lonicera—Princess of darkness.

Lonicera was born into the Elven aristocracy of Avelorn, and spent much of her childhood studying the highest art forms of the great kingdoms of Ulthuan. She took to her studies extremely well, and from an early age, displayed a great affinity with all things most beautiful. Art, music, and dance were her life in those far off days, and all gave her great satisfaction and delight.

However, all delights fade with time, and she found herself constantly having to push the boundaries in order to satisfy her needs. Gradually, she was becoming more and more decadent and it was inevitable that she would eventually find herself drawn into a lifestyle of pleasure seeking. Much to the chagrin of her highborn family, who became so displeased with her increasingly overt displays of hedonism, that they sent her away to a convent where she would be re-educated to remove such dangerous ideas from her mind. However, while there, she was befriended by Elora, a younger elf maiden with a similar mindset. From Elora, she learned that in the province of Nagarythe, the Lady Morathi had formed a religious sect dedicated to the worship of pleasure and decadence.

Together, they made their plans to escape the dreary convent life, and one night, they sneaked out of their rooms, and began a long journey north. They found many along the way who were only too happy to help them in exchange for certain favours, and after many days of travelling, they finally made it to the great city of Tor Anlec.

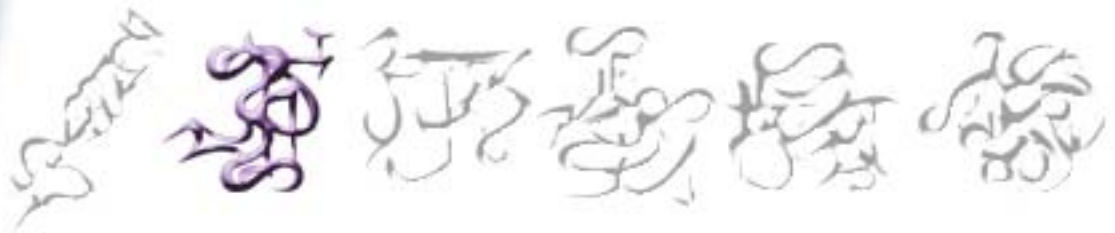
Here, they began their new lives as dancers in one of the temples of the Cult of Pleasure. Elora was content to spend each and every day performing in the temple, but Lonicera was always more ambitious. When she was not dancing for the gratification of the assembled priestesses, and ultimately, for the pleasure of Slaanesh herself, she became aware of the power commanded by the most learned of the priesthood. She was intrigued and fascinated by this, and soon, she was taken under the wing of one of the high priestesses. Over decades, she was taught the secrets of magic, though she still attended to her temple duties with much enthusiasm, and gradually worked her way up the ranks until she became a priestess herself.

Still lower in status than her mentor, she showed a great natural talent for the arts of magic, often entertaining experienced sorceresses with her skills, and it wasn't long before she came to the attention of the greatest sorceress of them all, the Lady Morathi herself.

She was summoned to the Royal Palace, where she was invited to study under her guidance, while practicing her duties at the Lady's own temple. She accepted the offer, but made a condition that her friend Elora should also come along. Morathi was at the same time surprised that this young woman would place conditions on her offer, yet delighted that she had found somebody who had such boldness, and was prepared to stand up for what she wanted and wasn't afraid to make her own demands, like the highborn Elf that she was.

And so it was that Lonicera and Elora moved into the palace, where they both performed their duties with renewed vigour. Lonicera would eventually become the High Priestess of the Cult of Pleasure – a status second only to that of the Lady Morathi herself, in addition to becoming a powerful sorceress in her own right. Elora, for her part, had become a priestess and was very happy with her own role.

For almost a century, Lonicera carried out the rituals of pleasure, and the rewards were enormous, for Slaanesh is a generous god, and her worshippers can expect great delights in return for their services.



Therefore, everybody was happy and life was very good.

Nevertheless, there were dark times ahead. Very soon, Elf would fall upon Elf as the bitter war of the Sundering came to shatter everything that they held dear, and both Lonicera and Elora suddenly had to fight to survive. Morathi protected them of course, in the knowledge that Lonicera would be a great asset to her in the future.

Those times were hard. An exiled people forced to live in a cold, unforgiving land. Many died in the months and years following their arrival in Naggaroth, but the Druchii heart is as strong as it is hateful of those who forced them from their homeland, and in time, they formed the great society that we know today.

Lonicera, once the haughty daughter of an Asur noble, was rapidly being consumed by darkness. She was now Druchii, and like most of her kin, her heart was filled with implacable hatred of the Asur. Her soul cried out for vengeance, but at the same time, a part of her longed to return to her homeland of Avelorn. This cold and forbidding place was not somewhere that she intended to spend the rest of her life. However, there was time enough for this later. Right now, it was all about survival.

And survive she did, but in the process she fell deeper and deeper into darkness. She had by now given herself over; mind, body, and soul to Slaanesh, and centuries of worshipping the Dark Prince has made her cruel and depraved beyond imagining. Her drive now was only her base desires of pleasure and bloody vengeance against the Asur for forcing her to live in this cold, hateful place. Over many centuries, she has put her feelings into writing in the form of the Scroll of Infinite Hatred. She has infused this document with magical powers of protection. She has studied much magical lore. She knows the dark art, the lore of slaanesh and that of the Lahmian sisterhood, with whom she is eager to forge alliances, and can practice these to

a very high standard indeed.



Lonicera's tower. An amazing 3D graphic made by... you guessed it... darkprincess

The Tower

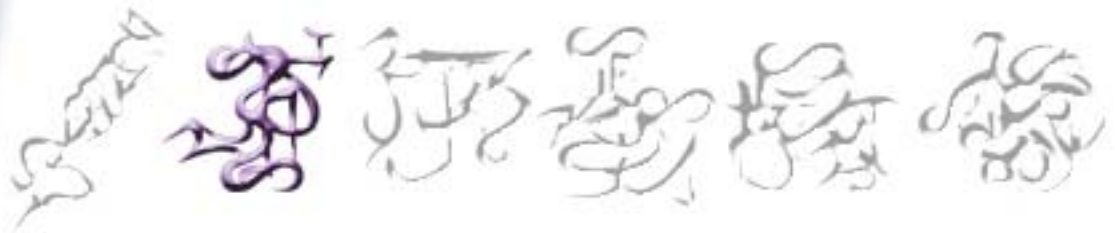
However, hers is not the only religious faction in Naggaroth. Hellebron's Temple of Khaine is a constant threat to the Cult of Pleasure, and Morathi foresees a great civil war in the future where the tragedy of the Sundering is replayed as the two faiths battle for domination of the hearts and minds of the Druchii people.

In order that her own followers prevail, the Lady has taken steps to safeguard her future and that of her cult. Two millennia ago, she could see the growing hatred towards the Cult of Pleasure emerging from within the ranks of the Temple of Khaine, and began to formulate a great plan.

Realising that the best way to ensure peace is to prepare for war, she started to surround herself with loyal disciples, and had her finest warriors train them to the highest standards.

Starting with her own personal guard, she would build an army that could fend off any attacks by those Khainist infidels.

But she also realised that it would be almost impossible to do this under the noses of Hellebron and her witches, much less her own son Malekith who, while tolerating the Cult of Pleasure, and behaving



somewhat Slaaneshi himself, could not necessarily be relied upon to trust his mother's motives. Although Morathi has no desire to usurp him in the immediate future, he would be unlikely to ignore the fact that a potentially rebellious private army was being created outside of his direct control.

With this in mind, she searched the land of Naggaroth for a remote, easily defended location where her followers could conduct their secret tasks without fear. After much searching, she found the place, some one hundred and twenty leagues west of the city of Naggarond, in a secluded pass, deep in the heart of the Iron Mountains. Here, where even sunlight fears to fall upon the grim landscape, she would erect a great temple, the most important temple in Naggaroth, where her plans would be put into practice. The approximate location is halfway along a line drawn on the map of Naggaroth, from the Hex Gate, to the Altar of Ultimate Darkness.

Morathi, of course, had a great many of her own duties, both religious and political, to conduct in Naggarond, and so she handed over full responsibility for this project to her most loyal and most trusted High Sorceress, Lonicera.

For many weeks Lonicera meditated for long hours each day, concentrating on the task that her beloved mistress had given her. It is said that one night she had a vision in which Slaanesh appeared to her and spoke to her. During the vision, she was given detailed instructions of how she should proceed. When she awoke, the dream was still intensely vivid in her mind and she immediately wrote down what she had been instructed to do.

"You will build a great tower of black rock that will stand proud as a symbol of your devotion. Atop this tower you will build a chamber and within this chamber a pyramid of slate, twice your own height. The inside of this pyramid will you adorn with solid gold, likewise the outside. From the top of this pyramid will stand a great spear of gold, pointing into the stars. You will fashion my mark from a sphere of amethyst banded with gold, and place gold blades atop. This symbol will you place upon the golden spear. Now in the centre of the chamber floor will you place a golden rod, half your arms length, hollow and strongly fixed. Do this and your devotion will be rewarded, Lonicera"

Lonicera told nobody of this dream, not even Elora. If Slaanesh had wanted others to know, then s/he should have appeared to them also.

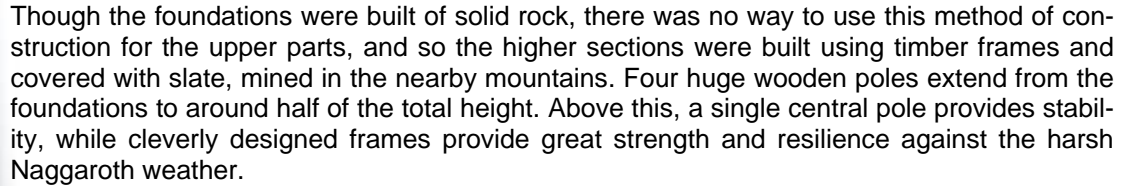
Along with her close friend Elora, now an aspiring sorceress herself, they ordered the capture of Dwarf slaves from the Old World. Unlike most slaves, these were treated very well, looked after, and properly fed. In fact, they were much more like a hired workforce than genuine slaves. For Lonicera knew that the Dwarves were the finest builders in the world, and any structure they built would last for many millennia. If she took care of them, they would build her a masterpiece. Though she did not trust Dwarves, she respected them, and respected their great skills. She had their best architects design a great tower based on the instructions she received in her dream, and soon, the construction would start.

Within a decade, the Dwarven slaves had built the massively sturdy foundations, and beneath these, their miners had dug tunnels that connected with the underworld, giving her people secret access to the tower without having to risk an overland journey. They were great artisans, and she knew that this was going to be no ordinary temple complex, but a great fortress capable of withstanding any attack.

The hardest part was keeping all of this a secret, but they managed it. It was very unlikely to be stumbled upon by accident, being hidden in a valley and only accessibly by land via a dangerous and easily defended mountain pass, although she gained extra security by using her sorcerous power to draw a magical veil over the immediate area, concealing it from view.

The only time its security was nearly compromised was some fifteen years into the construction schedule, by which time the tower structure was almost two thirds completed, when a lone Elven ranger chanced on the narrow bridge that crossed a ravine and formed the only accessible land passage to the tower. Needless to say, the unfortunate elf was promptly killed in order to preserve the secret.





Though the foundations were built of solid rock, there was no way to use this method of construction for the upper parts, and so the higher sections were built using timber frames and covered with slate, mined in the nearby mountains. Four huge wooden poles extend from the foundations to around half of the total height. Above this, a single central pole provides stability, while cleverly designed frames provide great strength and resilience against the harsh Naggaroth weather.

Around the tower are twelve turrets, arranged in three tiers of four. From here, watchers can alert Lonicera and her priestesses to any possible outside threats.

After twenty-two years of hard and merciless toil in the most hostile conditions, the tower was complete. The Lady Morathi arrived to inspect the work, as she had done on a few occasions during the construction. She was evidently very pleased with what she saw – everything from the deep caverns, below the foundations, to the shining icon of Slaanesh at the top.

The tower had a strange and ominous look. It was quite obviously Druchii in design, but the influence of the Dwarves was immediately apparent too. Like an unpleasant, spiky tree stump, the grim spire rose well over three hundred feet into the heavily overcast sky. Its black slate covering gave it an evil visage without ever suggesting what went on within its oppressive walls.

Inside, however, was somewhat different, at least in certain areas. Though the interior was not yet completed, lavish marble and gold surfaces and rich hanging fabrics lent it a grand and opulent feel. A sense of dangerous power was still in evidence though, as this was obviously a sacred place. Religious icons were everywhere to be seen. Elaborate carvings decorated some walls; precious stones were set into others and gold, the glint of gold was everywhere.

"Lonicera, you have done well", Morathi told her. "Now we have a place of safety. A fortress of darkness that not even my own son would dare attack. Here in this place, out of sight of Hellebron's spies, we will raise a great army – an army of pleasure and an army of darkness. Nobody will be able to defeat our forces as the power of Chaos itself marches to war with us! Khyrkan Belalakh!"

Over the following days, many hundreds of slaves were brought to the new tower, and most were sacrificed to Slaanesh on the newly consecrated altars. Many fascinating methods of killing were used in these dark rituals, and the black marble floors were running with blood. Devoted of Slaanesh, loyal to Lonicera and Morathi drank the warm blood and feasted upon the raw hearts of the victims, just as Hellebron's witches would have done during their own khainist rituals. However, here, for the glory of Slaanesh, great orgies of depravity added an extra level of darkness to the slaughter. Never had such a depraved spectacle been witnessed, not even by Morathi herself, accustomed as she was to such murderous displays at Khainist temples in Naggarond and elsewhere.

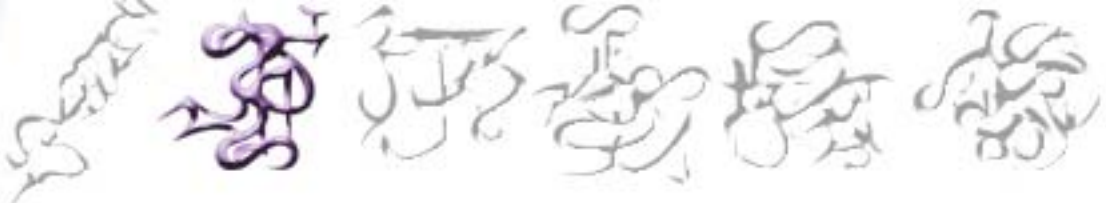
The Mark

In the decades that followed, Lonicera's disciples continued fitting out the various chambers of the tower. There were places to hold prisoners, to torture them, to sacrifice them, and also places for the training of the large numbers of devoted, drawn from all six covens of the Cult of Pleasure. In addition, of course, there were the private chambers for Lonicera and her priestesses. It was almost as a small town built upright. However, this town was evil through and through. Morathi had charged Lonicera with the task of raising an army of darkness for the Cult of Pleasure, and she would dedicate her life to this task, knowing that this was her chance to exact revenge of the hated Asur.

She remembered her dream from all those years ago. What she had been told was correct. She had indeed been rewarded. Slaanesh had rewarded her with the chance to destroy those who had destroyed her life during the Sundering.

Nevertheless, there were other dreams and visions to come. She felt a close connection to Slaanesh. She was a devout disciple of the Dark Prince and often claimed openly to her followers that the god





had appeared to her in dreams.

Over the past two thousand years, Lonicera and Elora have recruited many thousands of Slaaneshi devoted and other loyal troops from among the Cult of Pleasure's most loyal subjects. Morathi now has a great army that she can call upon at any time and that will be loyal to her cause. Throughout all six cities of Naggaroth, Cult of Pleasure army cells carry on with their lives as normal, until called upon to fight for Morathi and for Slaanesh. When the civil war comes, the cult will have its people in place and ready to fight. They have conducted rituals, which summon up Slaanesh daemons that can fight alongside Morathi's army and indeed form an important part of it. Daemonettes mounted on Slaanesh steeds as well as Slaaneshi furies, terrible, winged creatures with a ferocious bloodlust. These have fleshy, membranous wings and a pale complexion. Dark sprites often surround the sorceresses, like a swarm of diminutive harpies, tiny evil faeries with a vicious temperament. Even greater daemons can occasionally be summoned to stand with the armies of pleasure, along with a host of other daemonic entities formed from the winds of magic.

The number of sacrificial victims whose souls were taken by Slaanesh over the millennia cannot easily be counted. For this place is stained with the blood of ages, and tainted by the darkness of Chaos itself. The altars run with blood as the hearts are plucked from victims' chests by the priestesses. Furies greedily devour the remains of victims, and sometimes they are offered living sacrifices.

Half a millennium ago, quite recent for an Elf who has magically extended her lifespan to something approaching immortality, Lonicera experienced the most intense dream since the one where she received the instructions on building her tower. This time, she saw herself sitting naked in the uppermost chamber of the tower, held down by heavy chains while a swirl of pink mist writhed around her. She heard a sensuous voice saying, "I told you I would reward you, Lonicera". Suddenly she felt her whole body wracked with excruciating pain, and woke up screaming. Immediately Elora, along with her handmaidens rushed into her chamber to see what had happened, but the pain had gone as suddenly as it had appeared.

"I'm alright", she told Elora. "It was just a bad dream, nothing more"
She turned to pick up a robe from the side of her luxurious bed. As she reached over for it, Elora gasped aloud.

"What is it Elora?" Lonicera asked.
"On your back...." she replied hesitantly.
"The mark!" one of her handmaidens whispered to the other, "the priestess bears the mark!"

On Lonicera's lower back, just to the right of the base of her spine, was a raised area, almost like a faded scar, in the distinctive shape of the icon of Slaanesh.

"I had a dream" Lonicera explained to them "I was in the upper chamber, then I felt pain and I woke up"

She pulled her robe around herself quickly and raced up to the top of the tower. She opened the pyramid vault and inside, resting in the hollow gold receptacle, was a staff of dark red wood, decorated extravagantly in gold and precious gems. At the top was the Slaanesh icon, made just like the one on top of the tower, from a ball of amethyst trimmed with gold, but smaller.

She reached out and touched the staff. She felt her whole body tingle, and a wave of pure ecstasy surged through her soul. She gasped with pleasure. Again she heard the voice;

"Lonicera, You bear my mark. You are my favoured one, my dark princess. Now listen to my words, devoted servant. With this staff you will have great power. It is my gift to you. It contains my essence. It will serve you well in battle. It will make your powers stronger. In desperate times you may call on my full strength through it, and you will be almost invincible, but hear this, Lonicera. You may do this only once. If you call upon me this way, you will drain all of my power from the staff, and it will serve you no longer until it is placed back in this chamber, whence its strength I will replenish.



Khyrkan Belalakh!"

The words rang in her ears. "Khyrkan Belalakh" – Pleasure is the path to glory. Immediately she understood what was being asked of her. Favoured of the Dark Prince... She would give thanks tonight, and many more slaves would die, their beating hearts ripped from their bodies and their warm blood served to the massed congregation.

"Elora!" she screamed as she ran down the many flights of steps, "Elora!"

"Yes mistress?"

"Find me a virgin... and some slaves – Tonight we give praise to the Lord of Pleasure!"

And so it was that Slaanesh embraced many new souls that night.

The Secret

To this day, very few Druchii know of the existence of the tower. Even fewer know its location. It has no official name, as officially it does not exist, but those that know of it have called it the Tower of Blood, or the Palace of Infinite Pleasure, along with several other colourfully descriptive titles. Lonicera simply calls it "home", and she rarely ventures outside of it these days.

Anybody who strays within sight of the tower is killed in order to prevent them telling of its whereabouts. An exclusion zone extends for over fifty leagues around it, and it is constantly patrolled by harpies and daemonic riders. Unpleasant creatures are common in these parts, and do much to deter casual tourists.

Even Malekith himself is probably unaware of all the precise details about the tower, so skilful is his mother's mastery of secrecy and intrigue. It is Morathi, alone among the nobility of Naggarond who guards the dark secrets, although Lonicera knows very well that if the Cult of Pleasure should ever fall, Morathi would betray her in an instant to save herself. It would be Lonicera who would have to carry the responsibility, as it is she who sits in the dark palace. She does not trouble herself with such thoughts however, as she understands that treachery is a part of everyday life in the Land of Chill, and she does not believe that the cult will ever be defeated.

Lonicera has her own secrets of course. Although Morathi knows that she bears the Mark of Slaanesh, she does not know that Lonicera, although fiercely loyal to her, considers herself to be Slaaneshi first; and Druchii second. So far this has never caused any conflict of interest, but the future is an undiscovered place, and Slaanesh demands unconditional loyalty.

But for now, Lonicera and Morathi speak with a single voice; the voice of power, the voice of pleasure, the voice of victory. Khyrkan Belalakh!
Pleasure is the path to glory.

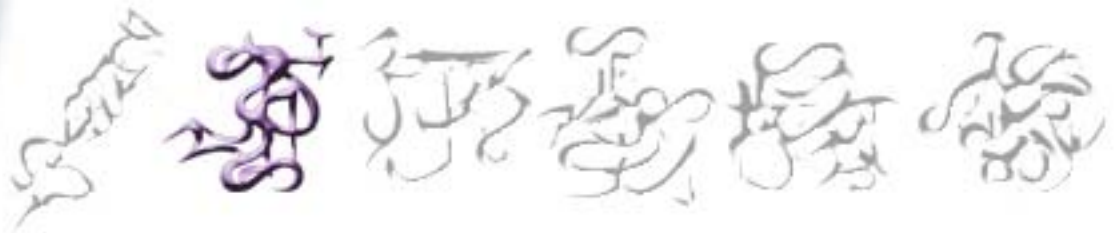
Now, it is time to prepare, for there is a great storm coming, and we all must be ready...

The Dream

Lonicera's most intense vision since receiving the mark remains enigmatic to her. She saw herself walking in a valley that seemed to be made of fleshy substance. It seemed to extend forever. She felt herself floating above this bizarre landscape, skimming quickly over the surface, as if engaging in some magical airborne dance.

Somebody else was there with her – a beautiful Elf maiden, as beautiful as herself, but different. A blinding white light shone about her, dazzling Lonicera as this ethereal creature danced around her. Laughter filled the air, and the other woman reached out towards her. Lonicera reached out to meet her, and as they touched, the light around this strange unearthly vision subdued and became less dazzling.

Lonicera thought that it was the Everqueen, but it was not. She did not know who this beautiful Elf was, as she had not seen her face at any time in the past. Strange things were happening around them. As they danced in circles around each other, the landscape beneath them began to change.



Slowly the fleshy features faded and became green and lush. Great trees appeared from nowhere, and mountains in the distance became visible. Lonicera looked around her. Everything was changing. The sun was shining and the air was warm and pleasant. Suddenly she found herself running through a forest that seemed strangely familiar.

She ran right up to a large tree and stopped beneath its shadowy canopy. A babbling brook passed close by, and birds sang in the treetops. A beautifully sweet scent of flowers filled the air, and it was then that she realised that she was back home in Avelorn, not far from the place where she spent her childhood years. She looked around quickly, but was alone in this place.

She walked slowly until she came to a clearing where she sat down on the lush grass. Suddenly she became aware of the bright light behind her. She spun around quickly to see the dazzling Elf maiden appear before her. The beautiful apparition reached out her hands again and whispered the words; "Dost thou dare to dream my sweet one?" Then, in a flash of light, she was gone, and Lonicera awakened to find herself back in her bedchamber, within the fortress tower in Naggarth.

She rubbed her eyes, quickly realising that it was all just a dream, before putting her head back onto her pillow, hoping to dream it again. She did not know what this dream meant, it was unlike most of the visions she had experienced before or since, but somehow she knew it was important. She needed to discover who this apparition was, or whom it was representing to her, but thus far, she is unaware of any hidden meaning in this dream.

As far as she knows, it was simply a dream – a romanticised vision of her former homeland as she remembered it from her childhood, the subconscious musings of a desperately homesick exile. However, she has never forgotten this vision, for she feels deeply in her heart that it embodies great significance. One day, she hopes that it will become clear to her.



Another amazing magic card backing by Daeron. This one's for Slaanesh, and so I figured it'd be suitable.

Lonicera—Rules

Darkprincess & The Seventh Convent

You know her fluff, now see her rules—Lonicera is coming to the battlefield...

Lonicera is a lord choice, and may only be fielded with a Cult of Pleasure army. She must be used exactly as described below, no further equipment or magical items may be bought for her. Note that all rules concerning Druchii characters in a cult list apply to Lonicera as well, i.e. she cannot join mortal or daemonic Chaos units.

NOTE: This character has not yet gone through enough play testing and can thus be a little overpowered or weak. This is due to the lack of active play testers in the Playtesters' Guild (see the advertisement elsewhere in this issue). If you use Lonicera in your games, please send Anaryin or Z'Gahn a private message detailing the results so we can tweak this character further.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	In	At	Ld
Lonicera	5	4	4	3	3	3	7	1	9

Points: 450

Weapons: Lonicera wields the Staff of Kython.

Armour: Lonicera is protected by the Bane of the Everqueen.

MAGIC ITEMS

Staff of Kython

Lonicera claims that this powerful staff was given to her directly from the Dark Prince of Pleasure, and who dares argue against her word?

All enemy models within 6" from Lonicera suffer -1 Ld, except if they are immune to psychology. First work out which Ld value enemy model will use (i.e. either the general's, theirs own or someone else's), then reduce that number by 1. In addition, if Lonicera caused a wound or successfully cast a spell directly affecting an enemy model in the previous turn (except first turn) she may, in her own magic phase, take one dispel die from the opponent's pool and use it as her own power die. In enemy's magic phase, she may take one power die from enemy's pool and then she may use it as dispel die. Each time she uses the staff to take dice from the foe's pool of dice, she must pass Ld test or lose 1 wound with no saves of any kind allowed.

Scrolls of Infinite Hatred

Bound spell power level 4.

Lonicera may cast these bound spells on herself. She and unit she is with are subject to hatred even if normally immune to psychology, and she and unit she is with have always strike first ability. If the opponent is entitled to strike first, revert to normal initiative. If she and unit she is with already hates enemy, then they are subject to eternal hatred as described on page 7 of the Dark Elves armybook. After a scroll has been read, roll a D6. On a roll of 1 the scrolls are exhausted and cannot be used for the rest of the game.

Bane of the Everqueen

This shining gem was once stuck onto the Everqueen's crown, Avelorn's crown. Nowadays it is hanging around Lonicera's neck and protects her from harm.

Lonicera has a 5+ ward save. In addition, all High Elven magical attacks and spells from the Lore of Life and High Magic are saved on a 4+ instead of 5+.

SPECIAL RULES

Mark of Slaanesh

Lonicera bears the Mark of Slaanesh and is therefore immune to psychology, just as described on page 47 of the Hordes of Chaos armybook.

Master of Slaanesh Lore

Lonicera is a master in arts of the Lore of Pain and Pleasure. She is a fourth level wizard and always use Lore of Slaanesh. She adds +1 to her casting rolls as normal for Dark Elven sorceresses.

Equal but Second

If Morathi is not leading the cult army, Lonicera must be the general.

Aura of Seduction

At the beginning of each close combat phase, all enemy models in base contact with Lonicera must pass a test on their leadership or may not make any attacks in that close combat phase. Models immune to psychology are not affected by this aura.

Hatred

Lonicera Hates High Elves, and is subject to Eternal Hatred to Everqueen. Note that these rules apply even if Lonicera is immune to psychology.



History of the CoP

Darkprincess and Shadowspite–The Cult of Pleasure

The History of the Cult of Pleasure Researched by Anthrel Tarn, Assistant Lorekeeper, Library of Hoeth

Few would ever cast doubt on the idea that Aenarion was without doubt the greatest of the Phoenix Kings. Aenarion the Brave, Aenarion the Defender. The very incarnation of Asuryan on Earth, loved and revered by all of Elf kind. None were greater, of that there would never be any doubt. For Aenarion would always be remembered as the one who drove out Chaos; the one who fought the heinous Daemon hordes and won a great victory for all elves. So began a time of peace, and Ulthuan became a great world power. The population began to grow for the first time – for the only time. This was the Golden Age, and the light of the world shone brightest of all over the mystical lands of Ulthuan.

Nevertheless, there can be no light without darkness, and Chaos is ever-present, never to be fully defeated. Most of all, darkness always dwells where one least expects it to be found. For the elves of Ulthuan, this darkness was found in the heart of Aenarion himself; having drawn the Sword of Khaine and seeking vengeance for the supposed slaying of his own children and his beloved Everqueen, he allowed himself to be consumed by hatred, killing the disciples of Chaos wherever they could be found. His heart had grown cold and darkness had crept into his soul, without him even realising it.

And so it was that he came upon the Slaanesh war-band that held captive the beautiful elven sorceress Morathi, and was bewitched by her in an instant. It is said that love is blind, and, so infatuated with her did Aenarion become, that he too became blind to the corruption in her heart. To this day, no one knows whether Morathi was a captive or a willing participant in the dark rituals of Slaanesh worship. Only she knows the answer to these questions, and will not tell of it.

Following the birth of their son, Malekith, Aenarion continued in his great crusade to purge the curse of Chaos from Ulthuan forever. History tells us of the great battles that he fought and of the creation of the vortex that keeps the Daemon trapped within the Realm of Chaos. However, war is always costly, and in this case, it was paid for with the life of the Phoenix King himself. At least the lands of Ulthuan had been saved, and Aenarion's daughter Yvraine was crowned as the new Everqueen.

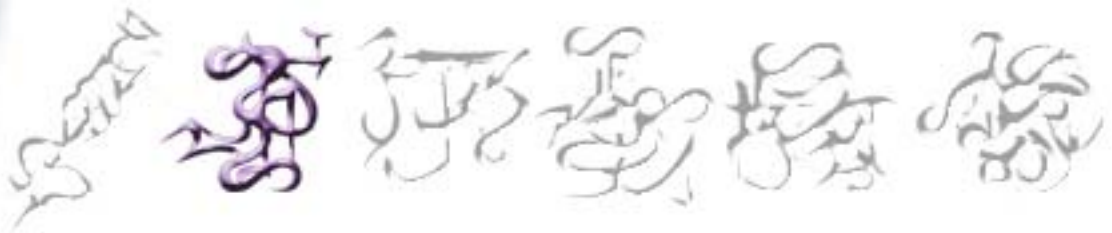
Malekith showed every sign of being his father's son, and had great support for becoming the next Phoenix King. However, the blood of Aenarion flowed through his veins and there was quite obviously an aspect of darkness about his character. This alone caused suspicion among large parts of the nobility, if not actually the general population, many of whom feared losing the peace that they had enjoyed for so long during the Golden Age, and eventually he was considered unfit to rule. Therefore, it was that Bel-Shanaar who was crowned in a great ceremony at the Shrine of Asuryan.

This left Malekith deeply troubled, and while Ulthuan enjoyed unprecedented peace, he wandered the world, discovering new lands and peoples.

Nevertheless, elf kind has a great weakness – that of decadence. Soon, the riches brought to Ulthuan by trade and the arrogance of elves began to open the doorway to luxuriant self-indulgence and hedonism. In moderation, these pose little threat, but there were those among us who had been touched by the darkness of Chaos, and in particular, that of Slaanesh. The dark prince finds easy pick-



Mettare brings us another fantastic picture. Have I ever mentioned that I love this community? Let's see other sites beat THIS!



ings among those for whom pleasure becomes the overriding factor in their lives, and Morathi had been affected in just this way. During her time with the Slaanesh war-band, the Lord of Pleasure had reached deeply into her soul, and she would be forever influenced by this encounter.

While Bel-Shanaar made alliances with various races, and her son Malekith roamed the distant lands, Morathi spent her days in a state of indulgent lethargy. She had made many powerful acquaintances and a few genuine friendships among the courtiers of Anlec, the great northern city in Nagarythe, and would often throw elaborate parties for her equally idle society sycophants. Wine flowed in abundance, and the finest artists, musicians, dancers and poets from all over Ulthuan were summoned to perform for her and her party friends.

However, with time, even these idle pleasures began to take on the aspect of dull routine, and Morathi needed excitement in her life. She needed the constant thrill of new pastimes and ever greater pleasures. She had been embracing many fledgling religious cults since Makekith's childhood; but rarely stayed active within them for more than a few years, or perhaps a few decades in extreme cases.

Varissa lifted the black iron goblet to her lips and gulped down the warm fluid. The drug-laced blood burned her throat and set her insides aflame. Dropping the goblet, the hag drew her second blade from its thigh sheath and lurched forward. A roiling crimson mist began to gather at the edges of her vision and she smiled as she felt the witchbrew begin to work its magic on her body. Colours appeared brighter, though tinged with the hue of blood. Her hearing was sharper too: she could distinguish each and every individual sound of battle coming from the traitors' lair three streets away. Disgust and anger flared white-hot in her soul as she thought of the degenerate worshippers of the false god of weakness and self-indulgence. Unable to contain her rage, she broke into a loping run, heading for the beckoning sounds of battle.

The hag rounded the corner, her sisters following close behind. A hail of black-fletched bolts sliced through the air and tore deep into unprotected flesh. A dozen or more of Varissa's sisters sprawled on the cobblestones. Others ran on, ignoring the bolts raining down upon them, maddened by the witchbrew and by their hatred of the heretics.

The bodies of Khainites and Pleasure-Cultists alike lay strewn across the courtyard of the black tower. The night air was thick with the stench of blood and death, mingled with the sickly odours of incense and musk. The Slaanesh-worshippers were falling back to the open doors of the tower, firing volleys of barbed crossbow bolts into the witch elves and their loyal warriors as they retreated.

Varissa growled, further enraged by the traitors' cowardice. True Druchii did not retreat from battle. True Druchii followed the will of Khaine, who did not tolerate failure. Only victory or death was permissible.

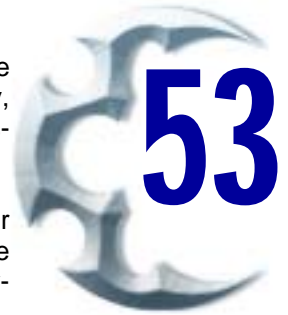
The witchbrew continued to twist her senses. She saw the foe not as purple-robed elves, but as pathetic, mewling slave-creatures cowering before the might of the true servants of Khaine. Their crossbows were flimsy constructs that flung showers of harmless feathers toward her. When one of the feathers struck her leg and stuck fast, she ignored the faint sting of pain. It was of no more consequence than the bite of an insect.

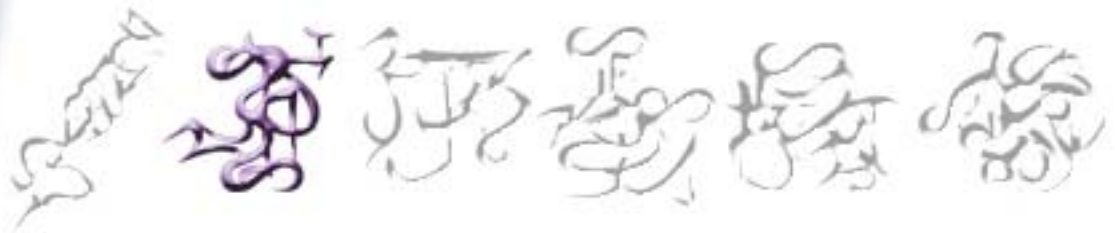
and Lileath, in her aspect as Goddess of Dreams and Isha, as the Harvest Goddess, representing fertility were also praised highly, while the pleasure goddess Liadriel was of course another, increasingly important focus of worship.

However, Morathi was darker of soul, and she began to remember the sensual delights that she had experienced while among the Slaanesh cultists. It was but a small step for Morathi to turn the joy-

Nevertheless, none of these cults really held the right kind of appeal for her increasingly deviant appetites. It was not long before she came to the conclusion the only way she could ever gain the thrills that she so desperately desired would be to form her own cult, starting with herself as founder and leader, and the closest and most trusted of her society friends as priestesses.

And so it was that, some 6,000 years ago, Morathi and her decadent followers began to meet once every two moons (fifty-nine days), for a great party, during which they would offer thanks to the gods of all things pleasurable for granting them their happy and carefree lives. Adamnan-Na-Brionha, the Lord of the Dance was a popular deity at these occasions, despite being primarily associated with the Wood Elves of the Old World,





ous praise of Liadriel into something far darker and more dangerous. Soon, Slaanesh joined the traditional Elven deities worshipped at her ever-more hedonistic soirees. Not all of her friends were overjoyed at the thought of a Chaos god being praised at the parties, but they were mostly the idle wives and mistresses of powerful nobles. Thus, they knew not to offend Morathi by speaking out against her allegiances too loudly, if they wished to retain the lives of privilege that they had become accustomed to. And so they began to accept the worship of Slaanesh at these gatherings, and soon began to enjoy the more extreme carnal pleasures that Morathi's preferred deity allowed them. And so began the Cult of Pleasure...

In time, the noble piety of Isha, Liadriel and Lileath were replaced by a dark lust, and the dances of joy that so pleased Adamnan-Na-Brionha, began to take the form of erotic



A picture of Lonicera (remember her?) from Conan.

gyrations and overt sexuality. As Slaanesh was gradually brought to the fore, and the other gods were sidelined,

and the emphasis became more and more on pleasures of the flesh, while the parties became more frequent, now to be held every thirty-six days, in recognition of the significance of the number six in Slaanesh worship.

Morathi had long been aware that pleasure and pain were two sides of the same coin, and she had begun to indulge herself, and later her willing followers, in painful rituals during which she and they would subject themselves to certain degrees of pain in order to test the strength of their faith to Slaanesh. More and more extreme methods of inflicting pain were attempted, and Morathi would inform her followers that Slaanesh was much pleased by their devotion. By now, news of the new cult had reached the ears of others, and many elves, equally hedonistic after many years of blissful peace, began to indulge in the same practices. They all saw Morathi as their spiritual leader, and hung on every word she would speak.

The cult spread rapidly throughout Nagarythe, and later, across much of Ulthuan. Morathi now saw herself as the high priestess of all elves, while using her legendary political cunning to keep any unwelcome attention away.

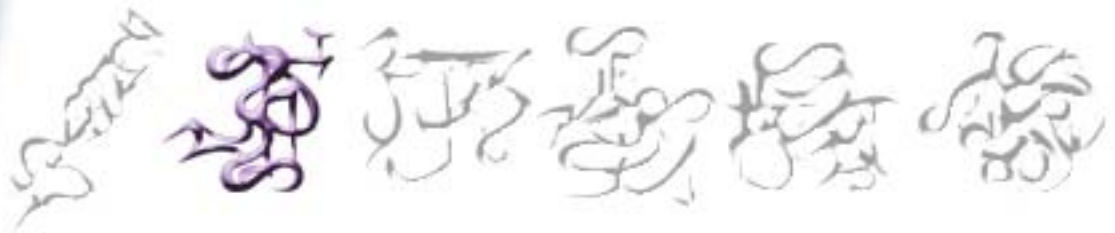
Her disciples were ecstatic, and began to attempt to outdo each other to prove their devotion. Unfortunately, they would take great risks with their personal safety, and there would come a time when some would push themselves so hard that they would not survive the experience.

However, Morathi was able to offer them a safer and far darker solution. Instead of injuring and possibly killing themselves to prove their loyalty to Slaanesh, she told them that the dark prince would be equally satisfied with the pain of another, and the way to show devo-

The last of the Pleasure-Cultists vanished into the tower and the heavy iron doors began slowly to close. The witch elves gave a roar of pure hatred and rage and swept forward. Varissa, no longer caring how many of her sisters still remained to follow her, sped across the courtyard, and hurled herself through the narrowing gap.

The doors slammed shut with a deafening clang that drowned out the frustrated cries of those Khainites too slow to reach the tower in time. Varissa and the handful of witches who had been fast enough to get inside before the doors closed could see no sign of their prey.

The interior of the tower was hollow: a great cylinder of smooth black glass that reared up to pierce the sky. The floor was inset with a mosaic of tiny turquoise and amethyst tiles edged with gold. The design could not be deciphered from so close - it had evidently been designed to be viewed from high above - but even what little the witches could see filled them with horror and revulsion. At the centre of the hollow tower stood a spiral staircase, black and glistening like the walls, its steps carved with writhing, twisted shapes that resembled the bodies of elves wracked with torment or ecstasy. The cloying scents of musk and incense filled the air, making it hard to breathe. Save for the sounds of the witch elves' boots against the mosaic floor and of their panting breaths, the tower was as silent as a tomb.



A piercing shriek sounded suddenly behind her and Varissa spun around to see a young witch whose name she did not know writhing on her back on the floor, blood pouring from her mouth and nostrils and from the ragged holes where her eyes should have been. Others of the sisterhood were backing away from the walls, their earlier frenzied rage replaced by fear. For a moment, Varissa could not understand what they were retreating from. Then she saw.

The walls were as smooth and reflective as an obsidian mirror, yet the lithe female figures that seemed to cavort within the walls were not reflections, however distorted, of the Brides of Khaine. Curved horns and writhing, fleshy tentacles adorned daemonic faces. Some of the dancing shapes were endowed with monstrous claws in place of hands. Others held long knives or delicate living whips whose fronds moved with a will of their own.

Varissa could hear their sibilant voices in her mind. They promised an eternity of pleasure so intense as to be torture and of pain so all consuming that it would be indistinguishable from pleasure. They sang of whips and barbed chains and the gentle caress of a razor against quivering flesh, of skin peeled open like the petals of a lotus blossom and of bones broken and reformed into new shapes more pleasing to their master. Several of Varissa's fellow witches paused in their retreat, their minds overwhelmed by the enemy's seductive whispers.

"Weakling fools!" Varissa snarled, yet she could not deny that even she felt drawn to the fell dancers within the walls.

Three of the witch elves began to stumble towards the wall, their eyes vacant and staring. Varissa sprang after the nearest one and, without a second's thought, plunged her blades through the mesmerised witch's torso.

tion would be to inflict that pain on a willing victim, and show Slaanesh how much they enjoyed doing it.

Surprisingly, there were many who would allow themselves to be so tortured in the name of their god, but inevitably the first deaths came swiftly, for inflicting pain upon another, whether willing or not, is an inexact science and individual tolerances do vary considerably.

Morathi was quick to head off any investigation by higher authorities by covering up the involvement of noble ladies and changing the focus of the cult subtly. This was mainly done so that the name of Slaanesh would not be used quite as openly within the membership as it had been until then.

However, Morathi had a powerful enemy. The witch Hellebron and her Cult of Khaine had been around for much longer than Morathi's group, and had also become powerful, giving rise to much enmity between

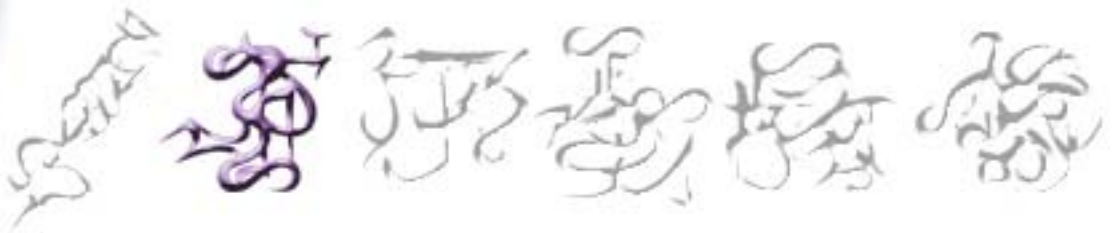
her own cult and the Cult of Pleasure. Petty squabbles led to sporadic acts of violence by the more zealous cult members, and many of these involved the murders of those elves involved with, or thought to be involved with, the Cult of Pleasure.

Nevertheless, the dark practices continued, and Morathi's power grew much greater, until she found that she was able to summon daemonic creatures to join her enraptured followers in their depraved orgies. Not even this was the limit of Chaos worship, and soon, the sacrifices would begin. First, it would be small animals or fowl, but later the focus turned to cattle, in particular bulls, for the bull was a powerful symbol of Slaanesh, representing the Greater Daemon, the infamous Keeper of Secrets. Seen as a great fertility icon, the bull-headed daemon was revered by all Slaanesh worshippers, but rarely seen, as summoning such an entity into the material world was a difficult and very dangerous thing to attempt. Only the greatest and most devoted servants of the dark prince could hope to conduct such a summoning and survive.

Hellebron was enraged by the growth of Morathi's cult, and it seemed to resist all her attempts to discredit its activities and leadership. Long had she and her witch elves sought secretly to undermine Morathi's activities, by fair means and foul, yet all had failed. In an act of desperation, she would inform the King himself of what was happening behind closed doors in the city of Anlec, intending to spread the fear of Slaanesh throughout Ulthuan, thus causing an official crackdown on the Cult's activities.

When word of the sacrifices reached the ears of Bel-Shanaar, he and his court were horrified. How could these barbaric practices be allowed to continue in this, the most highly civilised land in the entire world? Nobles were despatched to Nagarythe to discover the truth behind such tales, but Morathi was expecting an investigation sooner or later, and used her silver tongue and feminine charms to convince the investigators that the beasts being slaughtered were simply those that were dying and beyond help from the beast-handlers. That





they were simply offering them a merciful death and asking Kurnous, Lord of Beasts, to take it into the after world. When the nobles returned with this information to the King, he was not happy about it, but he believed the explanations. Therefore, the sacrifices continued on the pretence of veterinary mercy, and were tolerated, albeit with a sense of unease, by the larger population.

However, Hellebron would not leave it at that. She knew how devious her great rival could be, and continued to place her own agents in and around Cult of Pleasure. If she could not make the King fear the cult, she would make the cult's members fear her.

Nevertheless, Hellebron would not have it all her own way. As the leader of what was effectively a murder cult, her own activities were viewed with suspicion and fear equally as much as those of Morathi. From the point of view of ordinary elves, it seemed that there was evil everywhere, but even so, life was still good and most elves were content and, for the most part, happy with their lives. However, idle peace breeds its own troubles from within, and now, effectively without any official controls, both cults were able to carry on unchecked, and so the rituals grew ever more extreme and barbaric.

However, the other two had reached the wall and were pressing themselves against the glistening black surface like moths at a lantern, trying desperately to reach the daemonic dancers beyond. The seductive whispering grew louder and more and more of the witch elves were overcome, their minds broken by the subtle but undeniably powerful influence of the Darkling Prince. The few who still resisted shuddered uncontrollably, their bodies wracked with pain as Khaine and Slaanesh fought for their minds and souls.

The wall rippled like the surface of a bottomless black lake and a pale arm, shadowy and translucent, emerged through the darkness. Delicate clawed fingers caught one of the witch elves by the shoulder and pulled her, gently but firmly, into the daemonette's embrace. There was a sudden flurry of limbs and flashing blades and a horrified scream as the witch became aware, briefly and for the last time in her life, of what was happening. Then the daemonette stepped out of the wall and casually tossed the skinless corpse aside, while it was still shaking in spasms.

Varissa and the handful of witch elves still in possession of their wits fell back to the staircase, able only to watch in horror as the daemonettes stepped out of the wall and slaughtered the witches their sibilant songs had ensnared. The air shimmered as the presence of the daemons began to distort the very fabric of reality around them. The seductive whispers were drowned out now by the tortured screams of the souls the daemonettes had harvested.

"Khaine preserve us!" the hag prayed, though in her heart she knew that Khaine would not protect even his most devoted servants when they were too weak to defend themselves. She knew too that he would not welcome her soul if she died here, but would be stolen by the Dark Prince. Her loathing and hatred for the treacherous servants of Slaanesh still smouldered, but the thought of what horrors would be inflicted upon her soul after the daemonettes tore it from her body filled her with terror. Heart hammering in her chest and muscles tensed to keep her from trembling, the hag continued to back away from the daemonettes.

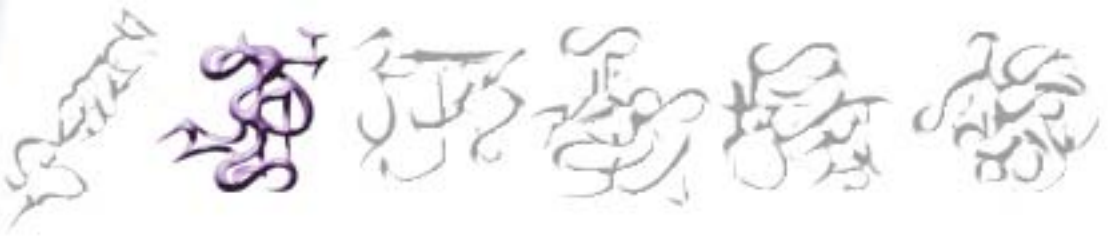
Hellebron continued in her attempts to destroy the Cult of Pleasure, but she neither had the political influence nor the military strength to do it. However, things were about to change in a totally unexpected way...

Shortly before Malekith returned from his voyages of discovery, Bel-Shanaar and others began to hear tales of young elves disappearing without trace. These stories were denied at first, but soon, the evidence became overwhelming that the Cult of Pleasure had descended to a level so low as to be unimaginable to most elves – the sacrifice of their own kin. Whether these unfortunate elves were willing participants in the rituals that led to their deaths is unknown, but this behaviour could never be tolerated under any circumstances, and had to be stopped. By now, the cult had become very powerful, and Morathi was not going to let anybody take away what had become a major breeding ground of her political influence.

It was at this point that Malekith stepped in, denouncing Morathi as a disciple of Slaanesh, and beginning the infamous Great Purge. All

over Ulthuan, elves were quick to distance themselves from the cultists, and an atmosphere of distrust began to spread like a cancer throughout the kingdoms as the ruthless hunting down of Slaanesh worshippers arrived in every city, town, and village. Nobody would be safe from the purge. The nobility were particular targets, and all over Ulthuan, powerful nobles were taken away, never to be heard from





again, despite the fact that most were not guilty of any forbidden activity. History does not remember all those innocent elves who were slain by Malekith and his zealots during this dark time, but it does record that it was all a lie; a ploy to gain him the Phoenix Throne upon which he was unworthy to sit.

Following the division of the Elven race into Asur and Druchii, came the Sundering. The Cult of Pleasure was still powerful, especially in the new city of Naggarond, but in time, the Druchii's hatred of those that drove them from their homelands became too great for them to be able to find pleasure in anything except the slaughter of Asur. And so the worship of Slaanesh began to fade once more into the background, as the all-consuming hatred caused the Druchii population to gravitate towards the bloody-handed god of murder and vengeance; Kaela Mensha Khaine. At last, Hellebron's cult was a major power. With the worship of Khaine now the official state religion, she was free to pursue Morathi with renewed vigour, and now had the military power she needed.

Morathi and her Cult of Pleasure, although driven into the shadows, had not lost its political power. This was something that Hellebron could only ever dream about. As the mother of the Witch King, Morathi commanded power and loyalty among the most influential members of Druchii society, and the cult continued to conduct its religious practices virtually unhindered, albeit with rather greater secrecy than had been the case in Anlec.

She stumbled as her heel caught the bottom step of the staircase. Turning, she caught a glimpse of movement above her – the hem of a dark robe or cloak disappearing around the curve of the staircase. Despite her fear, she smiled. Here was a mortal foe she could face, a servant of the enemy whose blood she could shed in Khaine's name. Abandoning her sisters to the daemones, she raced up the stairs, blades glinting eagerly in the moonlight.

This was too much for Hellebron, and she had decided that it was time to use her own assets, namely an enormous army of drug-crazed witch elves, to destroy the Cult of Pleasure once and for all. One night, in a barbarous deed, which came to be known as The Night of Death, and coincided with a major Slaanesh festival, Hellebron's witches smashed into the homes of suspected Slaanesh worshippers all over Naggaroth, slaughtering thousands on the spot, and taking others back to Ghroind, so that they might be offered up to Khaine in unimaginably bloodthirsty sacrifices. Even Morathi's temple was attacked by a force of nearly two hundred witch elves, in the hope that Morathi herself could be taken for sacrifice, as there would be no greater prize for Khaine – or for Hellebron herself – than the Slaanesh leader herself.

Her prey was barefoot she realised from the sound of the footsteps. Probably it was only one of the younger acolytes of the Cult of Pleasure, barely worth the effort of slaying. Twice she almost had him or her, the hem of the robe visible for a tantalising moment before it rounded the next turn of the stairs.

The staircase ended abruptly and Varissa found herself standing atop the tower, on a circular platform open to the sky. The two moons shone down through the drifting clouds: the larger silver moon that the hated Asur held to be sacred to Lileath the Prophetess and the smaller Chaos moon that hung menacingly beside its larger sister. The hag could almost feel its baleful gaze burning through her flesh and stripping her soul bare. She shivered and wiped a trickle of sweat from her brow with the back of her hand.

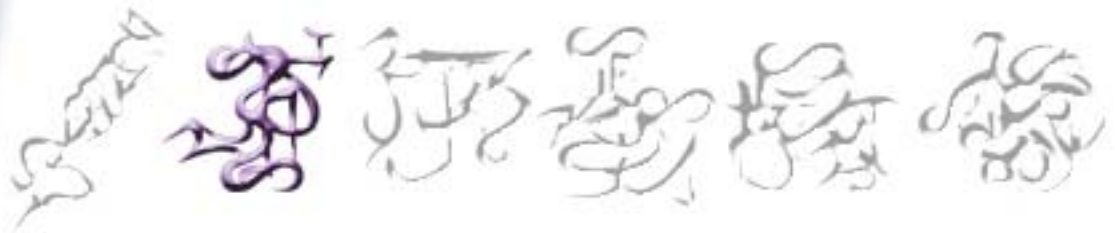
Her prey stood alone and, apparently, defenceless at the edge of the platform. He was young – barely more than a child – and quite beautiful even to the hag's jaded eyes. He wore a piece of purple silk wrapped around his waist and hanging down to his ankles, but his torso was bare. His pale skin glistened with oil and a faint scent of sweet spice, like cinnamon, reached Varissa's nostrils as the breeze shifted. His hair was the purest white and very fine. It swirled up as the night wind caught it, obscuring his face. There was something strange about his eyes...

"I will send your soul to Khaine, traitor," Varissa said coldly, but she made no move to attack the youth.

Hellebron had already meticulously planned all manner of horrific humiliations for her rival, and waited in her black tower for her army to return with her prize.

However, she had seriously underestimated the strength of Morathi's defences, along with the loyalty of her followers, and the attacking witches were defeated easily. The fortunate ones were killed in the battle. The survivors would be given up to Slaanesh in rituals even





darker and more cruel than anything that Hellebron had planned for her. Many were impaled on tall poles in the temple courtyard, while others were skilfully flayed alive, their intact skins to be placed on the temple walls as trophies, while their still-living skinned bodies were thrown into vats of salt water. Their agonised screams could be heard all over Naggarond, and ordinary elves hid themselves away, covering their ears to the horrific sounds of the dying witches. Later, their remains were all branded with the rune of Slaanesh before being piled onto a long line of carts, and sent back to Ghroind in order to humiliate Hellebron even more. Morathi had scored a great victory, but had lost a huge number of loyal followers in a single night.

Hellebron was insane with rage when the gruesome caravan arrived at her temple, and she vowed there and then that this would not be the end of her attempts to eradicate the Cult of Pleasure. She would set aside one night each year to demonstrate her authority and that of Khaine to the Druchii population at large. The Night of Death would become Death Night, the annual Khainist festival of slaughter, during which Hellebron's army would seek out and murder suspected Slaanesh worshippers.

Anybody might be branded as such for any number of transgressions, no matter how minor. Not offering up enough slaves during the Harvest of Souls, for example, might be considered as acting against the interests of Khaine, and therefore, could be an indication that the family responsible may in fact worship Slaanesh, making them legitimate targets for the witch elves.

Moreover, while the Witch King was consumed by his undying hatred of the Asur, and planning to retake Ulthuan, Hellebron and her witches continued to terrorise the population into submission, while continually failing to stop Morathi and her enraptured followers.

Despite the fear and despite the murders, the Cult of Pleasure had not been purged, only weakened temporarily, and elves from all over Naggaroth still had the courage that only their true faith in the Dark Prince could give them, and so the cult carried on growing, both in size and in political power. The Night of Death was a terrible and fearsome atrocity on an unprecedented scale, but Morathi had vowed to herself and to Slaanesh, that she would not allow this to intimidate her. The cult would survive, and eventually, it would prevail. Of that, she had no doubt at all. Secret cabals of Slaanesh worshippers existed in all six cities, and each had a large and devoted membership. Morathi and her generals could call upon all of these devotees in time of strife, and Hellebron was powerless to prevent the cult's growth. For in forcing it to go underground, she had made it more difficult to observe as closely as she would wish. Her agents were always discovered quickly and dealt with mercilessly.

A chorus of tortured shrieks, punctuated by desperate pleas for mercy, filtered up from the bottom of the tower. The hag shivered again, but her feelings of horror were more distant now. It was getting hard to think clearly, as though her thoughts were fighting their way through a cloying fog.

The boy smiled gently. "No, Varissa. My soul is already given to another and She does not share." His laughter sounded like silver wind chimes.

Varissa took a step closer to him, though she could not be sure whether her legs were under her control or his. Was he exerting some sorcerous power to hold her back, or was she in fact being drawn to him against her own will? The blades felt heavy in her hands. First one, then the other, dropped from her nerveless fingers.

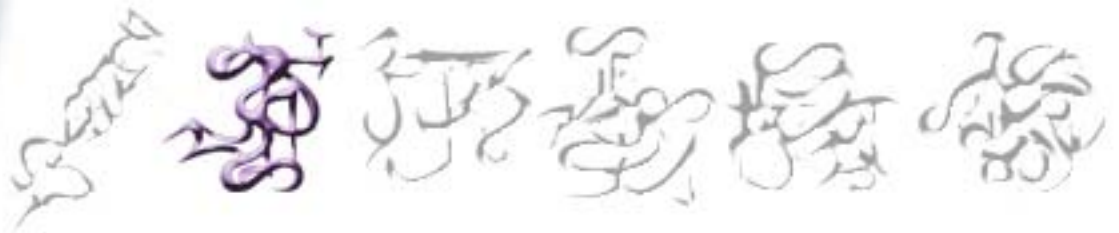
Part of her was screaming, she knew, warning of the terrible danger she was in, but it felt somehow as though it was no longer her concern. There was only the beautiful youth and his mesmerising eyes, deep pools of darkness that seemed to pull her in. She felt as though she was drowning, yet still she could not – or would not – resist.

"Your soul will feed her eternal hunger. But do not be troubled, for death will not be the end for you. There is no oblivion to be found in her embrace, but an infinity of sensation."

"Eternal pain," Varissa moaned in despair. For a moment, she hesitated.

And this is how it has remained for over five thousand years. However, now is a new power is rising in Naggaroth. The Cult of Pleasure grows in strength with every passing day, while the Temple of Khaine is finding itself increasingly marginalised. And with Archaon's horde poised to invade the Old World, Morathi





plans to lead her cult into the steaming jungles of Lustria, in search of the powerful magical items that will allow her to finally take control of Naggaroth, and one day take back Ulthuan, placing her son upon the Phoenix Throne. The balance of power in Naggaroth may be about to change...

The youth laughed again, but his mirth seemed borne not of scorn but of compassion. "So it may seem, at first. But eventually you will come to understand, as I did long ago, that pain and pleasure are one and the same. All experience, all sensation, is to be welcomed. The only thing in this world or the next that is worth fearing is oblivion and that neither of us will ever suffer. That is the promise my Mistress offers."

Varissa heard the skittering of claws against the stairs and the mocking laughter of the daemonettes.

"Embrace your destiny," the beautiful youth whispered. Without seeming to move, he was suddenly upon her, seizing her and holding her trembling body gently against his chest. "Slaanesh shall reclaim all Her lost children in time, even those who yet cling to their dark father, the Bloody-Handed God. I release you from his selfish restraints. Your soul is free and he has no further claim upon you. Go now! Go join your sisters!"

With an almost childlike giggle, the boy tossed Varissa's limp and unresisting body to the daemonettes, who descended upon it like starving ravens upon a carcass.

With his head on one side and a faint smile playing upon his lips, Kouros watched as the handmaids of Slaanesh skilfully dissected the last of the witch elves. A piercing scream, which no mere mortal would have been able to hear, echoed across the summit of the tower as the hag's soul pulled free at last from her tortured body and vanished into the Aethyr.

Kouros bent down and lovingly stroked the head of the nearest daemonette. Their Mistress would reward him well for this night's work. Nevertheless, he knew that the true conflict, the war he had spent millennia preparing for, was only just beginning.



Yeah, I know this picture is also somewhere else in the monthly, but it's awesome. Thanks to Kraven Norseslayer.

Creating the Devoted

To Make Like a Slave

Picture by E irick Blackheart

The Devoted are the new unit in the Cult of Pleasure list. So how do you make it? We asked our TMLAS members to tell us how they made theirs...

RagainCains's Devoted



Having the 1+ prefix you have to take a unit of devoted, so that means everybody need some! After going through my mind and the Mail Order catalogues, I settled on the witch elves (I also considered the sisters repentia models from 40k, but they hold one two-handed weapon instead of the additional hand weapons that the devotees should have).

So, step one: remove all Khaineist markings, and to my knowledge, the only one is the banner top! That one was replaced with the top of the Slaanesh lord's banner pole and has the corsair banner underneath it.

On to the painting. I wanted them to be like negatives of my witch elves, which have the blue/purple skin tone, blonde hair, and gold armour over a black undercoat. So I started with a white undercoat then made the hair black (just like my sorceresses of Slaanesh) which is chaos black, highlighted by adding bleached bone to it, then given a black glaze, the flesh was painted elf flesh then given a tanned flesh wash. That wash was followed by highlighting beyond elf flesh up to almost pure skull white.

Next was the metal work, after looking through the Hordes of Chaos book I noticed the armour the Slaanesh chaos warriors were wearing, I had to have it! It was base coated dwarf bronze and then highlighted with mithril silver, given a purple ink glaze on top. I then had the extreme highlights put back in with mithril.

So it was time for the clothing. I went for the classic pink, which is warlock purple highlighted with tentacle purple and white. To contrast, the tabard is white, which is fortress grey highlighted with skull white.

To emphasize the whole Slaanesh = Pain = Pleasure aspect, I painted the barbed wire around her leg and put in some weeping blood. Lastly was her weapons, which I decided would be the same as the daemonettes, i.e. achieved by applying chaos black with an extreme highlight of white on the blade then given a coat of ard' coat.

Kraven Norselayer's Devoted

First of all, let me point out that I am not a great converter, yet. In fact, I am rubbish! I am frightened of using green stuff for anything other than filling gaps, so when it came to tackling a unit of devotees for my Cult of Slaanesh army I needed something that fitted the bill and was simple. So like many others of you out there I chose witch elves, and why not? They have no armour, are equipped with two hand weapons, and require no converting so they are the perfect choice. However, to me, they will always be witch elves, so I wracked my brain for simple conversion ideas that would make the unit look more like followers of Slaanesh and came up with the following.

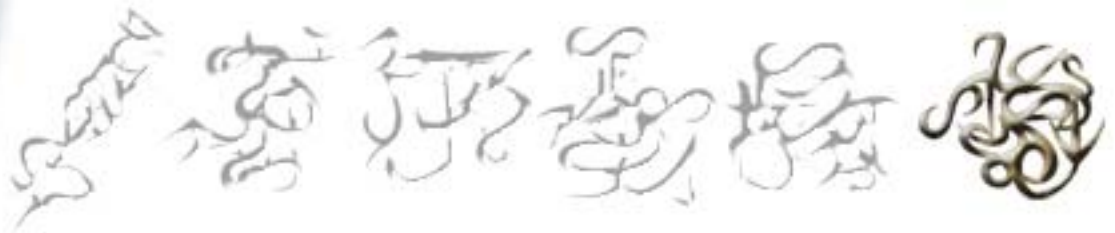


Standard Bearer

The large Khaine icon on top of the standard is the main thing that stands out, so this had to go, to be replaced with a more Slaaneshy symbol. I played with many ideas including using a 40k rapturous standard top or a 5th edition daemonette standard top. In the end, I decided to remove the old standard all together and replace it with the standard from the mounted Chaos Lord of Slaanesh, just as RagainCain did.

Replacing the banner was a simple matter of cutting the old one away and cutting a slot in the pole of the new banner for the devotee's hand to fit in.





The Mistress

Even with the converted standard bearer, the devotees unit still looked too much like a standard witch elf unit, so I decided to create a new mistress armed with the quintessential weapon of the Slaanesh follower... the whip. I decided my mistress was going to be armed with two whips, so I took a female beastmaster body and simply glued a second whip arm onto her.

It was a simple conversion (if you can call it that) but affective.

Devoted colour schemes

I seem to have a fairly controversial view amongst Druchii.net members about devotees colour schemes in that I believe that Cult of Slaanesh members would not freely wear the colours of Slaanesh due to fear of a visit from the assassin adepts of the Temple of Khaine. Therefore, my devotees have a red colour scheme that ties in with the rest of my army, their allegiance to Slaanesh shown by a subtle streak of pink in their hair.



GeOrc's Devotee



The Idea

First, I will thank forum member PIP for his brilliant idea to convert witch elves. I fall over his idea again by writing my article about the queen and decide to give it a try.

Step I: Preparing the miniature

I took a witch elf that I think show the best conversion scheme for a whole unit. I decided for this witch elf because she do not wear much armour on the legs. Initially, I cleaned the miniature completely with a sharp knife and with fine water sand paper. Then I removed her sash with help of the jewellery saw. I also used the knife to remove the wire on her leg and the cloth over her breasts. I sanded everything to get smooth surfaces.

Step II: Sculpting

I sculptured the skirt before anything else. I thought on the typical short cheeky schoolgirl skirt. I used the shape of her body to sculpt her skirt. I especially used the butt and legs as a substructure to fit the cloth to her body. On her right side, I opened the skirt. The second step was to use brown stuff to sculpture some buckles over the slash in her skirt. In addition, I sculptured the nipple for her breast and repaired some parts on her legs.

The prototype of a devoted regiment is now finished. I thought about more conversion, but I think for a normal regiment miniature this will be enough. I will spend more work in building the command group.

Making a Lustria Board

RagainCain–To Make Like a Slave

Picture by E irick Blackheart

These are the steps and processes that we went through when making our Lustria board. Feel free to use whatever bits you want!

Materials:

- MDF
- Polystyrene (Poly)
- Garden Rope
- PVA glue
- Sand
- Filler
- Textured paint
- Sandpaper
- Masking tape
- Green stuff
- A bread knife (used to cut the Poly)
- No More Nails adhesive

First up was the plan: we decided that it should have contours, a jungle valley, and a temple. Therefore, with these ideas in mind we set to work. I have made a few boards in my time and the best way to start is to build up from the base, so that means sticking a sheet of polystyrene to the MDF baseboard to give it some depth. This will be the ground level of the board. Now a quick note on this, I have found that using PVA straight on to MDF ends up with it warping (curling up) so I used the No More Nails adhesive. With all this completely dry, the next stage is to add the contours of the board.



You can see from the picture that this was achieved by sticking on more sheets of Poly. Cut it to the right shape and then have the edges smoothed off [using a Bread Knife for the cutting and Sandpaper for the smoothing], with the main height towards the end of the board for the valley. The river was then cut into the ground level Poly and all matched up.

The temple was made in the same way, only using straight lines to give it an artificial look. We also cut breaks and chips into the temple to make it look more realistic (all with my trusty bread knife) and placed it at an angle for aesthetical purposes.

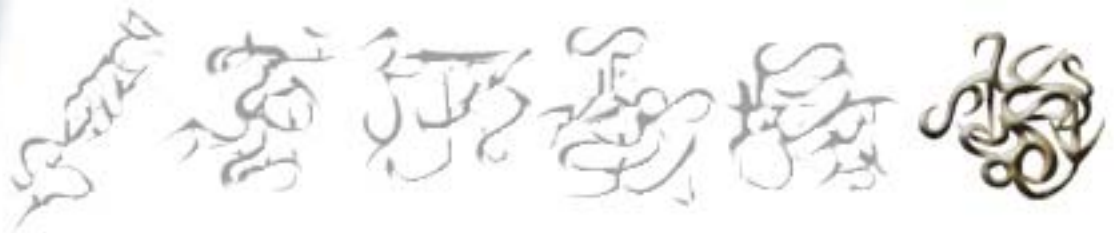
The next stage was to make it look more natural, and this consisted of texturing the edges of the river, and making the contours smooth.

So first up, we were texturing the riverbanks and the "cliff". This is much easier than you would think. It is simply a coat of filler applied roughly then jabbed at with your fingers to get the desired effect. At this point we also textured the bottom of the river by applying more filler and smoothing it with our hands (wetting them makes this much easier). Secondly were the contours. This was a case of sticking masking tape down on them until they were all covered. One coat of PVA to harden it up, and it was ready.



The temple was then given a coat of fine quality textured paint to make it stand out from the natural jungle. It was at this point that we started detailing the board; we made overgrown vines on the temple by dipping garden string in PVA and put-





ting it on the temple, from the base up. We also made two bridges, one a skirmisher rope bridge from the garden rope and the other a slatted bridge by cutting strips of card and sticking them onto the rope to make the slats. As a small detail, we cut squares of card and stuck them to the floor at the entrance to the temple as tiles.



That means the structure and building are done, so with it all thoroughly dry we set about painting it. The ground was covered in PVA and had a layer of sand stuck to it. When this was dry, it was base coated with bestial brown mixed with PVA and water, not only does this colour it but the PVA seals in the sand and makes it more wearing! This was dry-brushed with bleached bone as highlight.

Next comes the river, this was base coated a mix of chaos black and codex grey all over, then it was dry-brushed with lighter shades by adding skull white to

the mix.

The water

To make it look like a jungle river as opposed to a fresh water river or stream we base coated it with a mix of dark angels green and a little hawk turquoise. To give the illusion of depth we added chaos black and blended it into the middle. When this was dry, it was given a light dry-brushing of skull white to simulate the crashing waters. Finally, it was given a coat of gloss varnish to make it look wet.



All that remains was the temple. To make it slightly different to the rocks we mixed a little catachan green into the basecoat of chaos black



and codex grey, and this was highlighted by adding fortress grey into the mix, then finally white. The vines and bridges were painted scorched brown and dry-brushed bestial.

The entire board was then static flocked and had the edges blacked, in later boards we found that cladding the edges in something, like thick card or 6mm MDF makes them last that much longer.

And there you have it, a Lustria board as promised. For jungle foliage you can use the jungle trees from Games Workshop, (it's worth mounting

them on separate bases though.) Or, you can get some plastic plants from a tropical fish store and base them; they look much better than they sound!

Have a go; scenery is a very rewarding aspect of our hobby!

RagainCain



Slithering Fiend of Slaanesh

RagainCane-To Make Like a Slave



With the Cult of Slaanesh list we finally have an unbreakable, inexpensive (in comparison to our other units any way) hold-up unit. Well I had to have one... all right, two of these fiends in my army.

First I had to decide how it was going to look. I for one believe that they should be slender, and using the Steed of Slaanesh and dechila as a concept I starting collecting the required bits. I would be using a large part of the red terror from the 40K Tyranid range and the claws from the Keeper of Secrets for the Slaanesh aspect.

Components:

- Tyranid Red Terror (minus the arms)
- Steed of Slaanesh head
- Two right hand claws from the Keeper of Secrets
- Two left hand claws from the Keeper of Secrets
- Green stuff
- Modelling knife
- Sculpting tool

It started with the assembly of the red terror, all but his "arms". The only way to do this is to build from the base up. On the body I removed the bony protrusions from its carapace, after which the Keeper of Secrets's arms were glued into place. I made sure that I had one of each arm on each side to get different poses (simply turn the arms upside down).

With the model mainly built it was time to crack out the green stuff and start filling. First up were the holes on the lower body where two small claws originally went. Next was the joint on the front where the "arms" meet the body. Finally, it was the back, which I decided to re-sculpt to extend it over the new arms. To do this you need to cover the original area with green stuff, then using your tool dipped in a bit of water and flatten the green stuff into the right shape and area. Once this is done, using a modelling knife to cut away any excess. Using this method, means you will have nice definition and clean lines.

Once you have this done let it set for about 15 minutes, then using the blade of the tool, score lines into the carapace from top to bottom to give it the right texture.

The final touch that I added was the tongue from the steed of Slaanesh. I stuck into place at the back of the red terror's mouth. To match it to my army I added the rocks and random skulls to its base, with two of these bad boys made, all I have got to do is paint them!



RagainCain

Battle for Beaver Ruin

A Rogue Trader Tournament report by AloneandBurned

Hi! I call myself Z, but most of you know me as AloneAndBurned, especially those of you in the role-playing forums (RPG forums)... Here I will take you through the vicissitudes of the Rogue Trader Tournament (RTT) I went to on Saturday, May 22nd, 2004. In fact, you will get a lot more than that. You will see the entire process of getting to the RTT.

Let me give you a little backdrop of my current situation. I have made more army lists than the number of rooms in a hospital, and thus, I can never remember which one I am currently considering to use. If you were to search my room and car, you would find at least 20-30 army lists just lying around, un-used. Even on college notes that I never read, you can find army lists. I have a hectic schedule, and thus I do not paint my own army, but I got a friend, Sean, who is a professional painter (blatant plug), to paint them. Albeit expensively, it is always worth the cash as Sean puts a lot of time and effort into my models. Anyways, I finally got my shades and second noble model (more like a highborn... it is so pretty, I am going to cry!) in, and sat down to make an army list from my painted models. Now, since I play a game every Thursday, I had to finalize my list then. Without further ado, I present to you The Invasion Force!™

Lord Izkiel Raije

Highborn, General, Draich of Dark Power, Seal of Ghrond, Blood Armour, Sea Dragon Cloak
229 Points

Mistress Scara Nailo

Sorceress, Dark Steed, Tome of Furion, Dispel Scroll, and second level of magic
182 Points

Mistress Cirlaas Nailo

Sorceress, Darkstar Cloak, Crystal of Midnight, and second level of magic
175 Points

Lieutenant Zhorin Aileron

Noble, Wand of Kharaidon, Great Weapon, Heavy Armour, and Sea Dragon Cloak
124 Points

16 Dark Elf Spearmen

Shields and Full Command
153 Points

12 Repeater Crossbowmen

Repeater Crossbows, Shields, Musician, and Lordling
159 Points

12 Repeater Crossbowmen

Repeater Crossbows, Shields, Musician, and Lordling
159 Points

5 Dark Riders

Repeater Crossbows and Musician
127 Points

18 Corsairs

Full Command and War Banner
230 Points

6 Harpies

78 Points

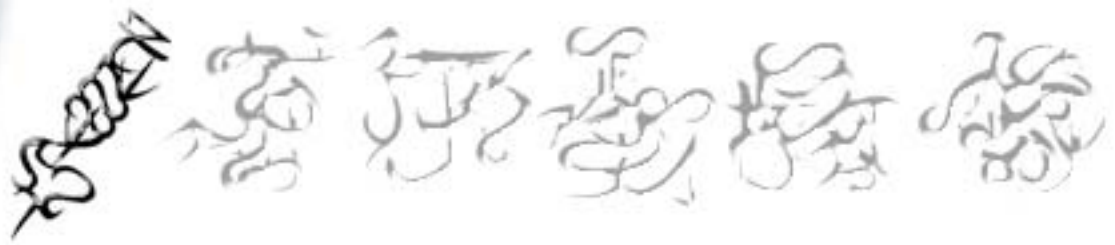
6 Shades

Bloodshade
96 Points

19 Executioners

Full Command and Banner of Murder
284 Points





That is the Invasion Force. A very core heavy list in which I am using almost all the models I own. That list was finalized on Thursday after I played versus Sean's Skaven army, and annihilated him. Well, technically, it was a draw since our mission was to kill the enemy general, but the points left on the table on the end did not reflect a draw. Having seen the army in its full glory, I decided to stick with it.



It is Friday and I am psyched. I made plans to go Mark's house on Friday night after work, so I could crash there, and go to the tourney with him since he was running it. We stayed up until about 2 am playing Dynasty Warriors 4 on his Xbox. I made my army list into his Army Builder on the laptop so that it was ready to print the next morning.

No hitches, we awoke, showered, got my list printed five times, one for me, one for him, and one for each opponent after the game was done. You know, to be courteous and all. I had decided to do a tourney report the week before, so I brought my kick-ass camera to take lots of pictures.

There were 14 players at the start, and I will try to remember everyone I can...

1. Jay Elgin playing Vampire Counts

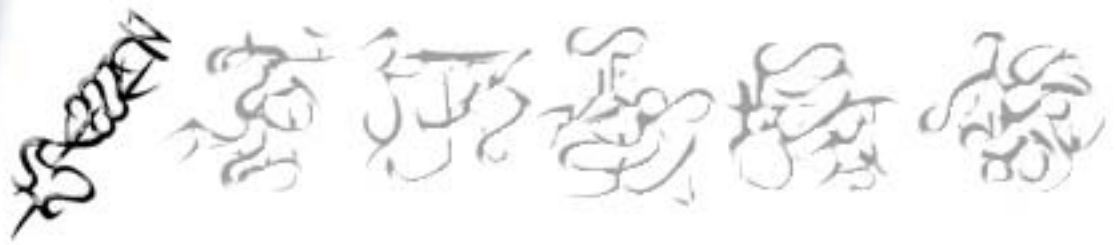


2. Mark Salisbury playing Tomb Kings of Khemri



3. Jeff Shea playing Tzeentch Beastmen





4. Robert Wright playing Goblins



5. Steve Elliott also playing Tomb Kings of Khemri. In this picture, you can see several other players. From left to right: Mark Salisbury (glasses, sitting and laughing), Paul Murphy (standing). Mike Warner (doing the limbo?), Jeremy Jackson (side view), Jay Elgin (glasses, white t-shirt).



6. John Petrizzio playing Lizardmen

7. Tom Thomas playing Bretonnian You can see Tom Thomas' army behind the Lizardmen; I did not get another picture of it.



8. Jeremy Jackson also Vampire Counts



9. Mike Warner, yet another Lizardmen player



10. Paul Murphy playing Chaos Khorne



11. Jeff Burgin playing his Dwarves



12. Jeremy Burgin playing High Elves



13. Jason Burgin playing Orcs and Goblins



14. Zafar Tejani playing Dark Elves (that is me!)



Tom Thomas was a ringer, he was the man called in to be the 14th player, so we do not have an odd number of players. He was going to leave after the first two games.

Mark went around collecting the entrance fee, and checking army lists for verification... and at 11 o'clock, the first pairings were announced.

Game 1: The Invasion Force versus Steve Elliott's Khemri

First off, let me tell you, Steve Elliott is a great guy. This is the first time I met him, and I was extremely impressed. He was smart, quiet, and a good general. His army was breathtakingly beautiful, and I was already pretty worried by just looking at this undead army in front of me. The banners were stunning, the characters were outstanding, and the amount of work he had put into the army really put me to shame (because I do not paint my own army... not enough time to). We talked for a bit, explained to each other what units we were using, and all the special rules that go with them, and waited for the round to start.

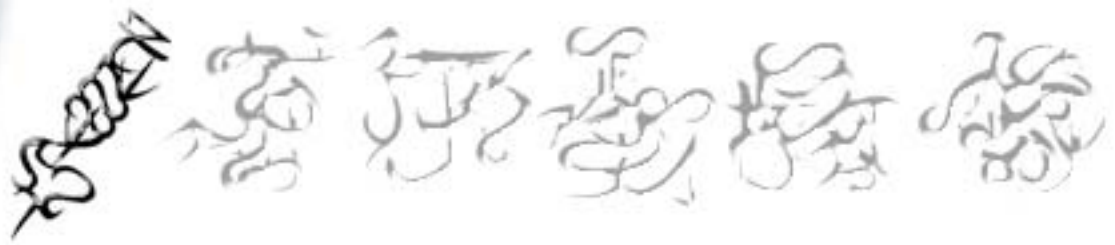
His army list included a tomb king with the flail that does two wounds instead of one, hanging out with a unit of skeletal warriors; a tomb prince on foot, hanging with a unit of archers; a hierophant with the Cloak of Dunes who was flying around by himself; a mounted liche priest with the medium cavalry unit.

As core, he had two units of 25(?) skeleton warriors, one unit of 16(?) skeleton archers, and one unit of 12 medium cavalry with the regenerating banner of D3 wounds at the start of magic phase. His special units were made up of one unit of three chariots, one unit of three ushabti, two tomb scorpions, and one screaming skull catapult with Skulls of the Foe.

Scara, my first sorceress, rolled up Black Horror, Chillwind and Doombolt.
Cirllaas, my other sorceress, rolled up Chillwind and Doombolt.

Now, Khemri is an army that I have very rarely beaten. Their movement in the magic phase is really potent, and I was unsure if my five dispel dice would be enough. After setups (which I cannot quite remember since it was two weeks ago), we began the battle.

The scenario we were playing was "Land Grab". In this scenario, table quarters were worth 200 victory points instead of 100 each. In addition, every hill that you controlled at the end of the game gave you extra battle points (not victory points). We also judged, by looking at the terrain pieces, that all the hills were difficult ground (they were rocky and bumpy, and had a lot of random things lying around on them).



A summary of the game

In story format, since I really do not remember too much of the game itself

Bloodshade Deroven was not happy. What he just saw would disturb lord Izkiel Raije quite a bit. It would seem that those lame High Elves had some help from the Tomb Kings to protect their borders. This early sighting of the enemy would really help.

Deroven reported to the general's tent. "Come in, Deroven, tell me what you see out there." "The Tomb Kings are riding to stop our invasion, Lord Raije!" Deroven said, standing at attention. "What? Here?" roared Izkiel Raije, unhappy with this turn of events. "We shall have to fight through them. Zhorin!" yelled Izkiel. The young lieutenant appeared a moment later. "Yes, my lord?" he inquired.

"Get the forces up, and tell the sisters to be ready for battle. I will get my guard myself. You bring out the rest quickly. We have to get the initiative on those undead hordes if we want to see the Asur dead by our hands. Go." Zhorin left, and the sounds of armour and weapons being readied filled the air.

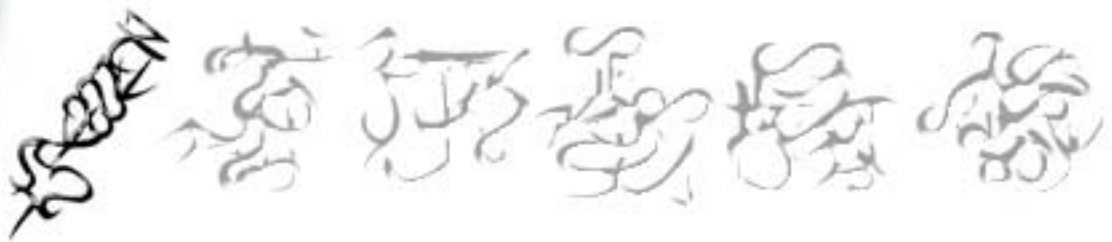
The druchii army assembled quickly, lining up to face the undead minions. Deroven took his shades and hid inside the tower halfway across the field. Their mission was simple and straightforward. Distract the scorpions until the rest of the army is in place. However, one scorpion started to burrow under the ground and disappeared. The dark riders, along with Scara, rode up on the opposing flank to draw in the knights away from the rest of the army. Cirlaas advanced with her spearmen, as did Lord Raije with his executioners and Zhorin with his corsairs. The magic phase was not successful, as the enemy liches used up all their scrolls to stop the magic. Then Cirlaas pulled out the ace up her sleeve: The Crystal of Midnight. Targeting the mounted liche, she made him forget how to use the Incantation of Urgency.

However, when the Khemri army started moving, the Druchii could not do much to stop it. The catapult managed to dent the spearmen, and one brave Druchii warrior shoved Cirlaas out of the way before dying from the impact of several skulls being launched at them. The knights then moved towards Scara and her group, and once again, they charged! Scara was so surprised at her inability to stop the undead magic that she stood there, dazed, when the knights hit her and ran off the dark riders (the dark riders rolled a four to escape on 3D6, and I was exactly 12 inches away. BAH!) However, the screeching harpies flew across the battlefield, heading for the skull thrower... those crewmembers looked particularly delicious.

The knights turned to face the spearmen's flank, and moved towards them. The scorpion popped out, and charged the other flank. The chariots came in from the front. Cirlaas and her spearmen were surrounded! Cirlaas tried to cast a spell, but the scorpion injected her with his lethal venom. The remaining Druchii did not stand a chance, and the undead hordes crushed them, and chased them down. However, the knights overran into an angry executioner unit. The undead champion challenged Icharath, the Draich-master. Icharath smiled, sidestepped the spear, before leaping up and cutting off the head of the undead reflection of life. The other knights managed to punch through two of the draich-wielding elves, but lord Raije showed them what swordsmanship really was. He pulled out his draich, a huge silver sword with a slightly dark aura around it. Izkiel levelled three knights with his blade, and the last executioner in the front lines caused another wound, almost destroying the unit. Only the liche was left standing, and then the druchii took the fight to the undead.

The harpies were about to charge the crewmembers of the skull chucker when the machine emitted a loud scream, and crumbled into dust. Instead, the harpies flew towards and attacked the hierophant that was flying around all alone. He had already taken a wound from a salvo of fire from the crossbowmen, but he was still alive. However, when the harpies hit him, he crumbled away into nothingness. The corsairs charged the archers, and killed them all, but the lone tomb prince stood bold, pinning the corsairs in place. The skeleton warrior unit with the tomb king charged the corsairs in the flank, who panicked and took off, barely escaping the wrath of the undead king. Directly opposite this mess, the executioners defeated the mage,





and ploughed into the scorpion. The tomb scorpion barely had time to turn around before the elves hit, smashed, and ploughed right through it, spilling its guts around, and running towards the other side of the board, where the unmoving ushabti stood guard.

Zhorin and his corsairs rallied to see the tomb king charge in again. This time, the chargers made contact, and the tomb king swung his mighty flail, knocking out Zhorin. The corsairs could not do much against the undead horde, and being outnumbered, ran off to recoup and regroup.

Lord Izkiel Raije surveyed the battlefield. Both armies had taken several casualties, and as far as he could see, all that was left on the field were the harpies, executioners, both the crossbowmen units, the tomb king and prince, a unit of skeletons, 3 chariots, a scorpion and some ushabti. Right then, Deroven and his shades drew out the tomb scorpion, making it run into a killing zone set up by one of the units of crossbowmen. The crossbow bolts did not penetrate the scorpion's hard bony shell, and he killed 3 shades, causing Deroven to lead the rest off the field.

Lord Izkiel Raije was mad... and he wanted to get those ushabti holding a valuable hill. He ordered his executioners to charge the giant constructs, but they seemed to be too far away. However, the banner that the standard-bearer was holding screamed for blood in Druchii, urging the executioners to reach their target. With one fell swoop, the executioners killed the constructs and took the hill.

On the other side, the scorpion that chased off the shades charged the crossbowmen, which fled towards the hill. The chariots were then ordered to pursue the fleers, and caught them. However, their course ran them into a very rough and rocky hill, causing all the chariots to smash and break apart on the hill. The harpies, realizing that they were surrounded by fearsome undead, decided to leave and go back to the ship that brought them there... they had already had their fill.

Lord Izkiel turned west to face the tomb king. Both generals met each other's gaze, and nodded respectfully. The battle had turned into a standoff, but the Dark Elves had reached the side they wanted to. All they had to do was regroup, and set off to reach Tor Elyr.

Results

Dark Elves: 1634
Tomb Kings: 1435
Difference: 199pts towards the Dark Elves. Tie Game.

Battle Points

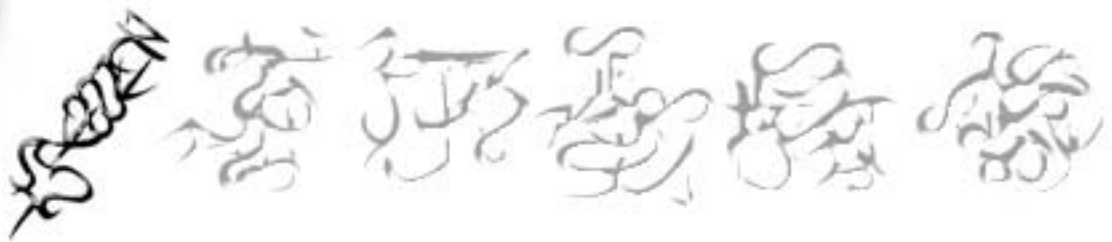
Dark Elves: 11
Tomb Kings: 9

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! I was 2 points away from the victory, but Steve managed to pull it to a tie. This game was very close, with all the mages dying before the halfway mark (not counting the king and prince). I had a blast, and Steve was a great opponent to play against. We both made a few mistakes (Steve not moving his chariots close enough to the king so they could charge the executioners in the magic phase; me for leaving my harpies to contest a table quarter on risk of their life. If they were anywhere else, I would have won...)



Jeremy Jackson scarfs it while poor old Z carks it.





So, after a good game that lasted from 11 – 1pm (that I almost won... waaaah!) I took off for lunch. A short walk to Arby's with Jeremy J., and 10 minutes later, I was ready to kick some ass for my second game.

Game 2: The Invasion Force versus Robert Wright's Goblin Hordes



Rob and his gob.

Well, Rob is the league manager for Warhammer where I play regularly, and also one of my favourite opponents. We have played countless number of games, to the point where he wins one half, and I win the other, as there are really no surprises left between us. Or so I thought. His goblins are the regular kind, no night goblins, black orcs, or the like.

The Goblin list looked like this: Robert had a Goblin war boss, but I do not know what he was carrying; I never got into combat with him, mounted on a wolf; he also had a battle standard bearer also mounted on the wolf and in the general's unit. For magic support, he had a level 2 shaman who got both the magic missiles and two first level shamans with the magic missiles as well. As core units he used one HUGE unit of trolls (eight of them) with the mounted general and BSB with them; four 20-man units of Goblin archers (or was it five? I cannot remember exactly), and also three big blocks of 49 man Goblin units. Two of them with spears, one with hand weapons and shields. He also had four snotling bases (I hate these so much!).

Once again, I do not think there was anything else, but I could be mistaken. There might have been another goblin hero with a great weapon in a spear unit, but I cannot quite recall.

Scara rolled Chillwind, Soul Stealer, and Word of Pain.
Cirlaas got Chillwind and Doombolt (Bah, no Black Horror!)

The scenario was "Traitor", where both players traded one core troop model with the other. If they killed their own traitor, it was worth 200 bonus victory points.

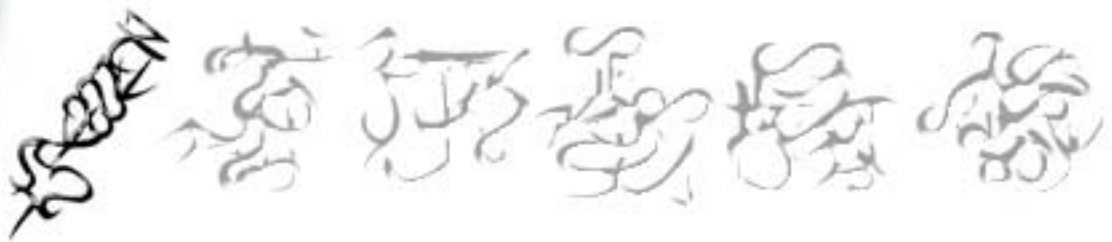
Story mode:

Lord Izkiel Raije waited impatiently in his tent. He had to reach Tor Elyr within the week, and here all three of his so-called lieutenants were being treated back to full health. Such a bad example they were setting for the troops.

Sisters Scara and Cirlaas finally appeared, looking a little haggard, but still ready to fight. Behind them walked in Zhorin, with no scars or wounds on him. In fact, the big gash that was on his forehead, left by the tomb king, had also disappeared. Lord Raije then remembered who was tending to the three of them... the hag, Elenae, whom he had brought along. The sisters glared at his lieutenant for a moment, making him quickly lose his smile. Lord Raije smiled for a moment, but then got back to business.

"The three of you should be ashamed. You, Scara, you left even be-





fore the day began! If you do the same again, I shall execute you myself. And Zhorin, you call that little scratch you received a fatal blow? Once again, if any of you fail me, you WILL meet the end of my draich,” said Lord Raije, putting his hand on his sword to emphasize his point. Normally, the sisters would not be afraid, but this general held an item that came from the temple in Ghrond... the very Seal of Ghrond! This item dispelled any magic within a certain range, and Lord Raije always had it on his body. Thus, so near him they were reduced to simpering slave girls instead of majestic mages as they were normally.

The tent flap lifted, and Deroven, the bloodshade, entered. “My Lord, I have some dreadful news. Our marching path for tomorrow has been blocked by a horde of goblins, which are also headed to Tor Elyr,” he said. “How did you learn that?” snorted Lord Raije, “A goblin whispered in your ear?” Deroven tries not to smile as he says, “We picked up a goblin lurking on the outsides of our camp. He has told us that the goblins are due to meet up with another group of orcs closer to the fort, which they plan on assaulting within the next few days.”

“And he also said that a Dark Elf was conversing with his leaders, and that he was wearing the clothes and armour of one of the spearmen. It seems we have a traitor. I checked with the spearmen, who claim that they didn’t find one of the missing bodies, Yunloa. Everyone assumed that he was killed by the undead, but it seems that he found that battle as an opportunity to retreat to his goblin ally’s camp further inland,” Deroven reported.

“Fine. Tell the goblin that he will be returned to his army undercover. Go.” Lord Raije turned to Zhorin. Alert all the troops to be on the lookout for this traitor, and have him killed. Sisters...” he turned to the two sorceresses, “you have been warned.”

As the army assembled, word got out that Yunloa had defected to the giant teeming goblin hordes, which were now on the march to eradicate the High Elves at Tor Elyr. The Dark Elf army was still assembling when the goblin army started marching towards the new aggressors. They all marched into firing range, and the repeater crossbow bolts filled the air, claiming many a life in the name of Khaine. The harpies screeched through the air as they attacked the snotlings, and the shades ambushed a mage within an archer unit. The shades managed to dispatch the mage, whereas the harpies fled, not being able to withstand the number of small creatures that were swarming around there (I rolled 12 1s for attacks).

The rest of the army advanced, with Zhorin and the corsairs escorting the hapless goblin traitor across the field. They kept him hidden, and charged the nearby archers. The archers fled away from the charge, keeping the raging corsairs at bay, leaving them to be shot. The mages, Cirlaas and Scara, began a magical duel with the goblin shamans. So great was the Druchii fury, that the lead shaman’s head popped right off. The other two could not do much as the Dark Elven magic went rampant. Both sorceresses kept the goblin archers too cold to shoot, while the dark riders kept the both the spearmen units busy. All the Druchii units avoided the big monstrous troll unit, since they knew better than to charge such a powerful enemy by themselves. However, the main priority was killing Yunloa. The crossbowmen perched on the highest hill found him, leading a unit of spearmen, hiding behind some bowmen. The valiant Elves charged into the bowmen and routed them, smashing into the traitor unit behind them. Arkath, the lordling of the unit, cut off Yunloa’s head before the traitorous elf could draw his weapon. Arkath’s own unit was run off by the teeming masses of the goblins, but they eluded escape.

Lord Raije was pleased... his army was performing as expected, except for the harpies who managed to fly off without doing anything. The executioners had charged the snotlings and crushed them in a couple of swift strokes, and were looking for their next opponent. The traitor was dead, the goblin had been returned to infiltrate the army for the future. Though most of the goblin army still lived, they had lost all of their shamans, and their only means of undercover intelligence.

Results

Dark Elves: 845

Goblins: 608

Difference: 237 points in the favour of the Dark Elves. Victory!

Battle Points

Dark Elves: 17





Goblins: 6

Yay! I won! It was a close game... if I had not killed that traitorous spearman; there was no way that I would have won. Rob had it tough, with his own mage blasting his head off on turn one. My magic did not play an important role, though my shooting did. I managed to panic several of the archer units off the board, and the corsairs faced no opposition on their long trek across the board, everything just ran away. They managed to drop off the goblin traitor in the woods in Rob's deployment zone, which earned me extra battle points. I am pretty positive it was 17-6; it might have been more.

Therefore, we had about 30 minutes to get our armies ready for the third round, and unwind when calamity struck. Well, Tom Thomas, the Bretonnian player with two wins under his belt took off. Thus, we were unbalanced. His opponent from the last game, Jeremy, the guy who I had lunch with, was called away for a family emergency. Thus, it worked out. Then the High Elf player (a pox on his soul!) decided not to finish out the tournament. Instead, he pulled out, leaving us in a lurch. Well, Mark had to play to even things out, which was not really a problem since everyone was asking me for rules clarifications anyway.

Now for the final games; I was paired up on table one... much to my surprise. VERY MUCH to my surprise. I did not realize that I was the one of the only players who had a tie and a win. Most of the others who had a win lost their second game. Moreover, the only player still in the tournament at that point with two wins was... John Petrizio, the Lizardmen player; who also won the last RTT I went to; who is also playing an army that I have never beaten. Could anything else add to this pressure?

Game 3: The Invasion Force versus John's Lizards of Doom

His army list contained a saurus oldblood with great weapon I think. He was marked for +1 dispel dice too. Accompanying the oldblood was a saurus scar veteran who was a battle standard bearer with the same mark, and one skink priest at level 1 with the Diadem of power. For core units he used one saurus unit, one saurus unit marked with immunity to psychology, three units of skinks, two of which scouted. Moreover, the special and rare units were made up of three kroxigors, three terradons, five cold one saurus cavalry, and three salamanders.

His general and BSB went together into the unmarked unit of saurus warriors. His skink priest stayed in the backfield and did nothing, but all he needed was the dispel dice.

The scenario was magic flux, where we rolled all the dice we generated at the start of the phase. Any 1s were added to the opponent's pool. Nothing too harsh for the list the both of us were using.

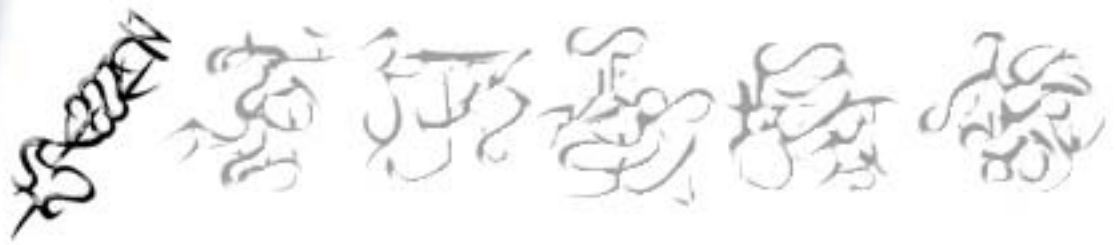
Once again: Story mode!

Lord Izkiel Raije saw the uncertainty in his troops' demeanour – this was an enemy that they did not want to face... not here, not now. They had routed the goblin hordes, and had marched non-stop towards Tor Elyr. When they came to the valley that the fort was in, what they saw stunned them. Instead of seeing an army of their weakling cousins, they saw a rock hard force of lizards. Deroven and his shades had barely escaped with their lives, coming back to say that the enemy had their scouts halting any scouting attempts that they could have made, so the enemy had their lines safe from hit-and-runs.

Lieutenant Zhorin, on the other hand, was barely concealing his anger... the Lizardmen were one foe he hated just as much as the Asur. He lost his father, a highborn, when a Lizardmen army ambushed the Druchii forces. His corsairs, standing around him, felt infused with the same anger and hatred as he did, and gripped their weapons tight, ready to do justice in the name of Khaine.

Scara and Cirlaas were pleased at first to see that there was not a slann mage in the enemy lines... that mage would have caused much harm to the army, and they would have been near powerless to stop it. However, they did discern that the winds of magic were fickle, and that the lizard generals emanated some strange power,





disrupting their magic.

The army waited quietly, under their general's orders, holding and halting until the enemy came into view. The few forests that were scattered did not provide many avenues for shooting, so they had to conserve their ammunition to make it count against the small, fast lizards, or the big, tough ones.

Several skinks burst out of the woods, rushing towards the crossbowmen, stopping only to blow poisoned darts from their blowpipes. As a crossbowman went down, a dart lodged in his throat, his companions opened up on the skinks, killing most of the unit on the spot. The few that survived decided not to stick around, as the rapid-fire crossbows would decimate them. The other unit came in close, and shot at the shades, but to no avail. The return fire they faced took four lives, but the general's shouting orders made sure the skinks stuck around. The giant kroxigors behind them lumbered towards the line, and aimed at the general's unit. All the saurus warriors walked up to start threatening the Druchii forces.

On the other side of the field, Scara and Cirlaas made short work of the salamanders that were threatening them with a little help from the harpies and dark riders. They also managed to cause the terradons to manoeuvre to an area where they could not shoot at the fast cavalry. Cirlaas then stole a bit of the skink priest's soul, relishing it in its glory.

The saurus cold one riders were in a little trouble... three weak units, all of which had fled from every single charge, slowing them from the rest of the army, and separating them similarly, surrounded them.

At this point, the surviving skinks charged at the shades, which managed to hold them in place. The kroxigors came in closer, so that they could stop the shades that would run after the little lizards. However, the skinks did not run, and the crossbowmen charged in on the flank, causing enough damage to run them off, and smack into the sides of the kroxigors.

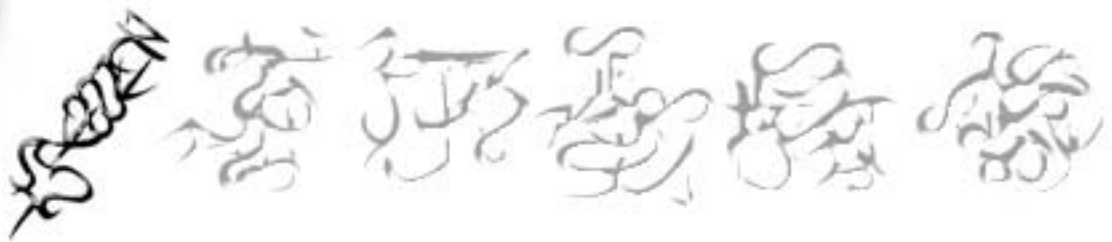
Finally, Zhorin's nerves gave way, and he urged his men on to go and take out the kroxigors. "You fool! Stop!" yelled Lord Raije, but then decided that he had to commit, or his line would be torn to shreds. He charged the unit that the saurus general was in. The saurus unit stood firm, awaiting the charge from the fast and deadly executioners, bolstered by the fact that their army standard-bearer was with them. Lord Raije saw this, and decapitated the bold scar veteran. However, the executioners blades just bounced off the thick-skinned saurus. Then the oldblood struck back, killing several. The executioners, off balance from the unexpected charge, combined with the innate doubt they already had, decided that they wanted no more from this battle, and dragged off Lord Raije, running away and scattering. The saurus blew away from all the Druchii units, reaching the backfield.

Ignoring the screaming and panicking executioners, Zhorin gripped his giant axe, and killed a mighty kroxigor. The corsairs, once again, fuelled by his hatred, killed a second one, while the crossbowmen managed to put another dent in their hide. The last kroxigor, now afraid of these rabid elves, tried to escape. The crossbowmen surged after them, running the monstrous lizards down, whereas the corsairs struggled to hold their leader back. They knew the importance of staying in place.

The cold one saurus charged the spearmen who promptly fled, but they did not go far enough, allowing the cold ones to hit them and run them over, destroying them. Luckily, Cirlaas had the foresight to run out of the unit into the nearby woods, thus avoiding her unit's fate.

Scara left her rider unit too, just as the terradons swooped down upon them, killing them as they tried to escape. The Druchii magic was causing damage each turn, and slowly whittling the lizards down. Scara managed to put some pressure on the skink mage, and caused him to run at her in desperation. However, the terradons swooped back in, and Scara intelligently challenged the little priest. She managed, with the help of her mount, to kill the wounded mage, and held for that turn. Cirlaas could only watch in horror as the two terradons swooped down on her sister, and ripped her to shreds.





Zhorin had turned to face the two Saurus units that were behind him and his corsairs. The oldblood had jumped out and run into the woods, avoiding any mishaps. The second saurus unit (the one that was immune to psychology) charged the corsairs, expecting to blow past them. However, seeing their general run off, and their leader so obviously enraged, the corsairs were ready. As the saurus crashed in, the corsairs dodged all the incoming blows and killed two of the lizards. Zhorin, his eyes lit with anger, rend three more from this world with his giant axe. Even though the general was nearby, he could not stop the unit from breaking because of the massive damage it had taken. It turned to run, but the corsairs scattered them and slammed into the oldblood's old unit.

The second saurus unit, characterless, stood no chance as the corsairs kept up their killing streak, and Zhorin once again claimed a few more notches for his axe. The second unit of saurus, who could not do anything, ran away, only to be run down by the triumphant corsairs.

The shades, spotting the wounded general by his lonesome, tried to turn him into a pincushion, but the weak bolts just bounced off his tough scaly skin. Finally, the terradons flew too close to the crossbowmen, and paid dearly for it as their little bolts dropped both the fliers to the ground.

In the end, the Lizard army was reduced to the oldblood and the cold one knights, where as the Druchii army still had shades, both units of crossbows, the corsairs with Zhorin, and Cir-laas.

The oldblood kept running, knowing that his time to serve the High Elves had come to an end. The last few saurus cold ones were surrounded and killed, and their cold ones were stolen from them. The army recouped in front of the fort and gathered all their wounded and dead. The Invasion Force had reached its target...

Results

Dark Elves: 1420

Lizards: 1048

Difference: 372 points in the favour of the Dark Elves. Victory!

Battle Points

Dark Elves: 18

Lizards: 5

I won! YES! I beat the Lizardmen! I almost fainted when the points came out. Hell, I did faint. I was feeling very euphoric at this point. John was a good sport; he did not start pouting at his loss, and was a very fun person to play against. We started packing up our armies and gathering our gear, getting ready to leave. I had been there for 10 hours already, and was ready to go. All the results were gathered, and Mark ran off to his room to tally.

He came back out after 10 minutes, holding the scrolls of victory and the certificates. He started with the Best Painted Army, which went to Mike Warner and his Lizardmen army. The Best Themed Army went to Jeff Shea, the Tzeentch Beastmen player (with 15 Power dice... what were his opponents thinking?). Best Sportsmanship Award went to Jeff Burgin... or what we like to call, the pity award. Apparently, his luck was so bad, and that he was whining about it so much, that his opponents felt sorry for him, and nominated him as their best opponent. He promptly, in an act of defiance, declined the award, and gave it to one of his sons (one of three, I do not know which). And finally, the Best Overall... well, he did not quite announce the winner as he threw the T-shirt onto my face. Then he announced, "Best Overall is Z!"

Once again, I passed out and collapsed onto Jay (too bad there was no picture of that, it was funny... and good blackmail material). I changed my t-shirt, got a few pictures taken, and headed home, happy as can be!

My very second tournament and I won! I received a 30-dollar gift certificate, which I promptly spent on witch elves (I have to get models for witch elves or devotees... the Slaanesh list rocks!)



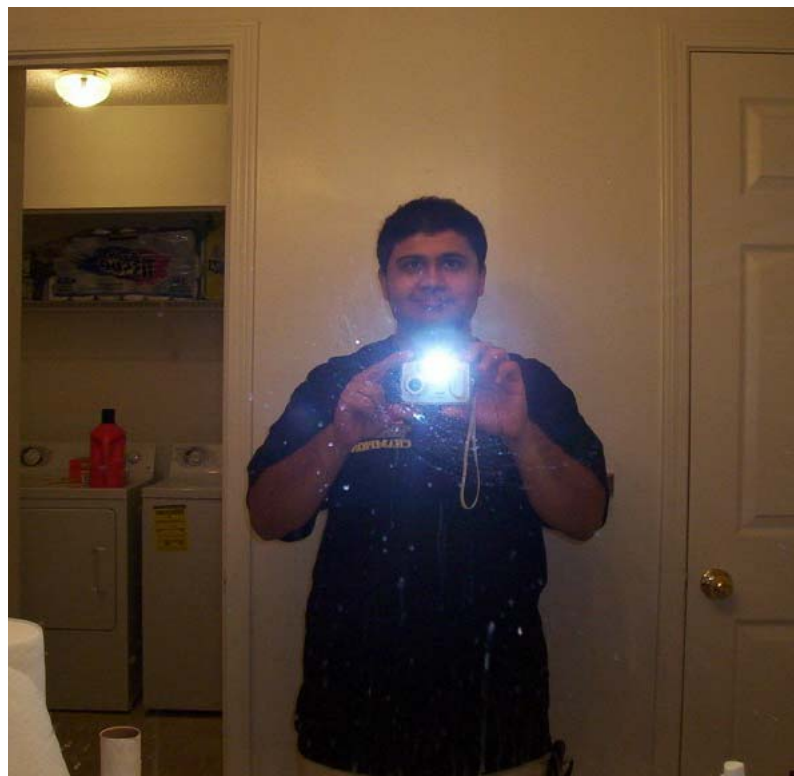
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Z and the winning grin... and of course the T-shirt.

Well, thanks for reading this monstrosity of a report, and I hope you have a go at tourneys too! Go kill in the name of Khaine!

Z aka AloneAndBurned



Goodbye from Z.

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MONTHLY

TO MAKE LIKE A SLAVE

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