



# Druchii.net

M O N T H L Y



OCTOBER 2004





Hi again!  
Almost all your holidays will be over by now, and I hope you've enjoyed your time and that you've had a good time killing lizards all around. My holidays are over too, regrettably. I haven't even been able to finish my unit of corsairs - only twelve are done. However, that doesn't mean I can't show them to you. Here is a picture of my favourite corsair.



Originally, he had a dagger in his right hand holding the dagger backwards.

As you can see, I cut the dagger away and replaced it with the sword of another corsair. I like this one so much because it looks like he is in the process of stabbing someone (or something). The painting is my regular scheme, but I have changed the sea dragon cloak since I showed you that in-progress picture a few months back. Now, I started out with a black basecoat as normal, but dry brushed it with scaly green completely. Then I layered a mix of scaly green and jade green on top of it. To finish it off, there is a highlight of jade green, a glaze of green ink, and a glaze of really watered-down

black ink. I like it as much as anything in my small, but slowly growing army, but there's one little problem; what to do when I run out of jade green?

As for the articles that you will be able to find in this issue, I cannot really tell with that much precision. We're now working one month ahead (I'm writing this even before the September issue is released), but there are some articles of which it is not sure if they'll be ready in time for this issue. The 7th Convent, for example, was scheduled to release no less than three projects. However, the most interesting one (an alternative list...) will not be ready for some time as they quite stubbornly refuse to release it un-perfected. However, you can undoubtedly look forward to the next part of the Know Thy Enemy: Chaos series, namely Tzeentch. To Make Like a Slave is bringing you articles on baby hydrae and sorceresses on foot, and The 7th Convent has a very special new unit for you. Or rather your opponents...

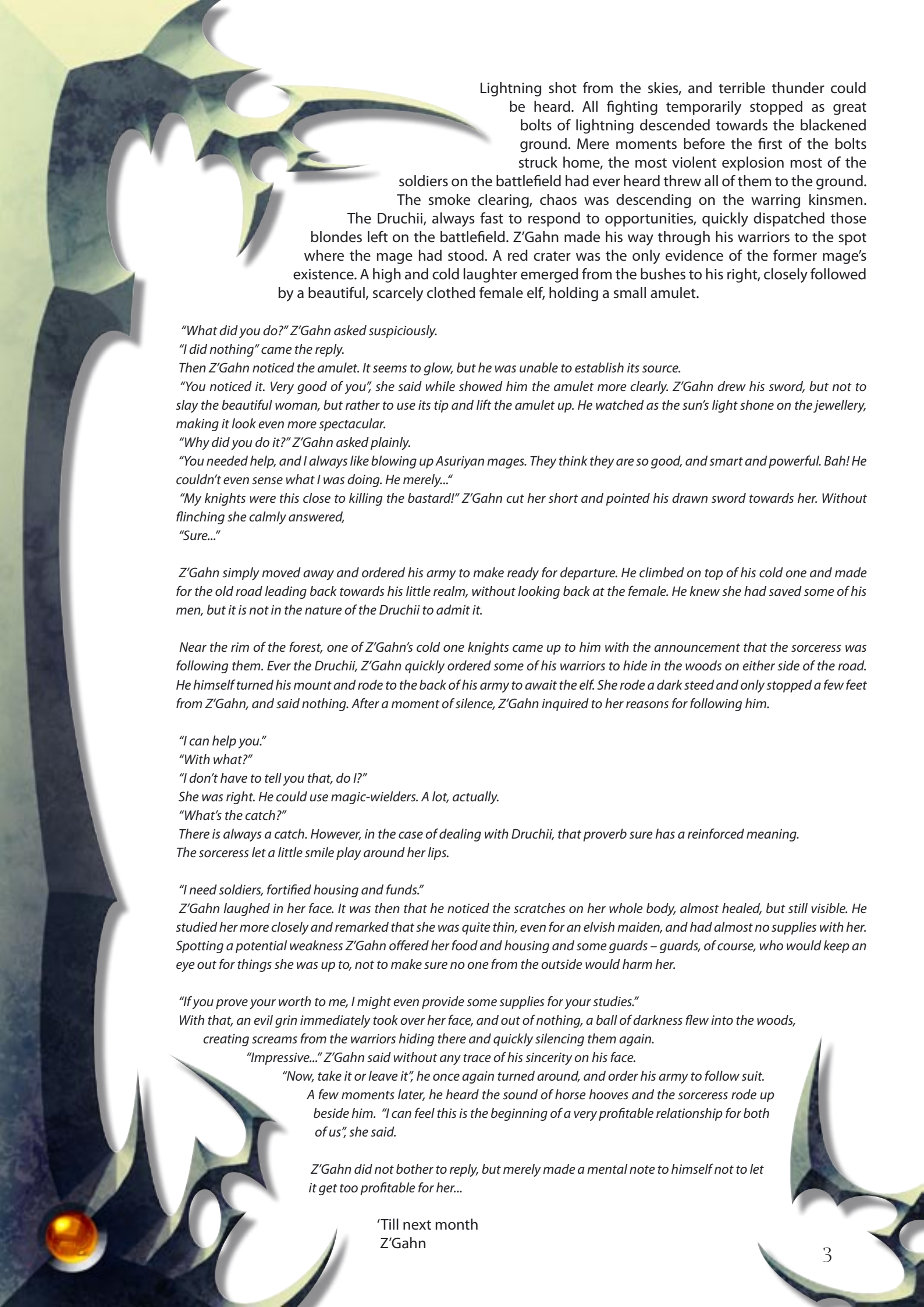
The rest is up to you to discover...

If I were to set you loose now, that would mean this would be my shortest prologue to date. Only half a page! Luckily, I have just finished my sorceress on dark steed, Sellirn Riathi. As with everything in my army, she has a story too.

It was during another fight against the Arnhelm Asur. The damned kin was losing ground fast, and at this point the enemy general finally dared come out of hiding - a mage. Z'Gahn's troops almost immediately lost momentum when they were pounded upon by the wizard's spells, and eventually his cold

one knights were the only unit left making progress. Desperately, the mage focussed all his spells on the knights who were rapidly fighting their way through to him. The spells, however, did not seem to harm the knights anymore. In a final gambit, the mage tried to cast his most potent spell, the sky around him crackling with energy. Aiming his finger at the dread Knight, the mage released all power inside him.





Lightning shot from the skies, and terrible thunder could be heard. All fighting temporarily stopped as great bolts of lightning descended towards the blackened ground. Mere moments before the first of the bolts struck home, the most violent explosion most of the soldiers on the battlefield had ever heard threw all of them to the ground. The smoke clearing, chaos was descending on the warring kinsmen.

The Druchii, always fast to respond to opportunities, quickly dispatched those blondes left on the battlefield. Z'Gahn made his way through his warriors to the spot where the mage had stood. A red crater was the only evidence of the former mage's existence. A high and cold laughter emerged from the bushes to his right, closely followed by a beautiful, scarcely clothed female elf, holding a small amulet.

*"What did you do?" Z'Gahn asked suspiciously.*

*"I did nothing" came the reply.*

*Then Z'Gahn noticed the amulet. It seems to glow, but he was unable to establish its source.*

*"You noticed it. Very good of you", she said while showed him the amulet more clearly. Z'Gahn drew his sword, but not to slay the beautiful woman, but rather to use its tip and lift the amulet up. He watched as the sun's light shone on the jewellery, making it look even more spectacular.*

*"Why did you do it?" Z'Gahn asked plainly.*

*"You needed help, and I always like blowing up Asuriyan mages. They think they are so good, and smart and powerful. Bah! He couldn't even sense what I was doing. He merely..."*

*"My knights were this close to killing the bastard!" Z'Gahn cut her short and pointed his drawn sword towards her. Without flinching she calmly answered,*

*"Sure..."*

*Z'Gahn simply moved away and ordered his army to make ready for departure. He climbed on top of his cold one and made for the old road leading back towards his little realm, without looking back at the female. He knew she had saved some of his men, but it is not in the nature of the Druchii to admit it.*

*Near the rim of the forest, one of Z'Gahn's cold one knights came up to him with the announcement that the sorceress was following them. Ever the Druchii, Z'Gahn quickly ordered some of his warriors to hide in the woods on either side of the road. He himself turned his mount and rode to the back of his army to await the elf. She rode a dark steed and only stopped a few feet from Z'Gahn, and said nothing. After a moment of silence, Z'Gahn inquired to her reasons for following him.*

*"I can help you."*

*"With what?"*

*"I don't have to tell you that, do I?"*

*She was right. He could use magic-wielders. A lot, actually.*

*"What's the catch?"*

*There is always a catch. However, in the case of dealing with Druchii, that proverb sure has a reinforced meaning. The sorceress let a little smile play around her lips.*

*"I need soldiers, fortified housing and funds."*

*Z'Gahn laughed in her face. It was then that he noticed the scratches on her whole body, almost healed, but still visible. He studied her more closely and remarked that she was quite thin, even for an elvish maiden, and had almost no supplies with her. Spotting a potential weakness Z'Gahn offered her food and housing and some guards – guards, of course, who would keep an eye out for things she was up to, not to make sure no one from the outside would harm her.*

*"If you prove your worth to me, I might even provide some supplies for your studies."*

*With that, an evil grin immediately took over her face, and out of nothing, a ball of darkness flew into the woods, creating screams from the warriors hiding there and quickly silencing them again.*

*"Impressive..." Z'Gahn said without any trace of his sincerity on his face.*

*"Now, take it or leave it", he once again turned around, and order his army to follow suit.*

*A few moments later, he heard the sound of horse hooves and the sorceress rode up beside him. "I can feel this is the beginning of a very profitable relationship for both of us", she said.*

*Z'Gahn did not bother to reply, but merely made a mental note to himself not to let it get too profitable for her...*

'Till next month  
Z'Gahn



# Contents

<b>Z'Gahn: The Prologue</b> .....	2
<b>Contents</b> .....	4
<b>I'm Spartacus! or Former Slave Partisants</b>	
CoP: Fluff .....	6
T7C: Rules .....	9
<b>Forces of Darkness - Shadowspite</b>	
CoP: Article .....	10
<b>Harpies</b>	
CoP: Fluff.....	14
<b>Know thy Enemy: Tzeentch</b>	
ToK: Article.....	19
<b>Battle Report Druchii versus Tomb Kings</b>	
Reporters: article .....	28
<b>The Hellcanon</b>	
ToK: Tactica .....	36
<b>Baby Hydrae</b>	
tmlas: article.....	38
<b>Sorceresses on Foot</b>	
tmlas: article.....	40



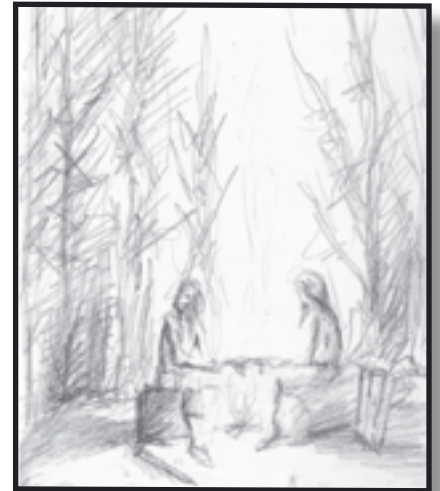
# “I’m Spartacus!”

## Former Slave Partisans

By Shadowlance

**The slave raids of the Druchii take them all over the world and they capture all manner of people. From the lowliest scribe to the most valiant knight – all are taken to Karond Kar to be broken. Most quickly lose the will to resist, and instead do whatever they are told by their dark captors.**

Others, however, cannot be broken and will soon try to escape; some even succeed, and these fortunate few make up the ragtag armies of former slaves that exist throughout Naggaroth. The lives of these guerrilla warriors are a constant struggle of survival against not only the Dark Elves who hunt them down, but also against the harsh environment in which they must live. They sustain themselves by raiding Druchii caravans, for they would not dare to settle anywhere long enough until the earth, even if the soil were good enough to actually grow crops. They are undisciplined and unruly in battle. The only way they can survive is by tapping their hatred of the Dark Elves, whose looted armour and weaponry they use in combat.



These armies are typically led by either the most literate member, or one who has had considerable experience or training in the ways of war, such as a knight. Armies led by the former rarely last long, as a scribe is a less than an ideal general. Those armies led by professional warriors may occasionally last long enough and be successful enough to become a minor nuisance to the druchii. Though they are never a major threat, they may interrupt enough caravans that the Druchii feel the need to send out an army to hunt them down and destroy them. These search-and-destroy campaigns are almost always successful, for no army made up of escaped slaves can withstand the might of a sizeable Druchii force. Any slaves unfortunate enough to survive the eradication of their army are taken back to one of the dark cities of the Druchii – in chains.

The recaptured slaves are, of course, not reintroduced into the general slave populace, for their presence would only encourage others to attempt escape: something that all slaves are taught to believe is impossible. The recaptured slaves are usually given over to the brides of Khaine, or are used as playthings for the slave masters’ amusement. After a particularly large slave army has been crushed, survivors may be publicly crucified or impaled so that their slow and agonising deaths may serve as a warning to any other slaves considering escape.

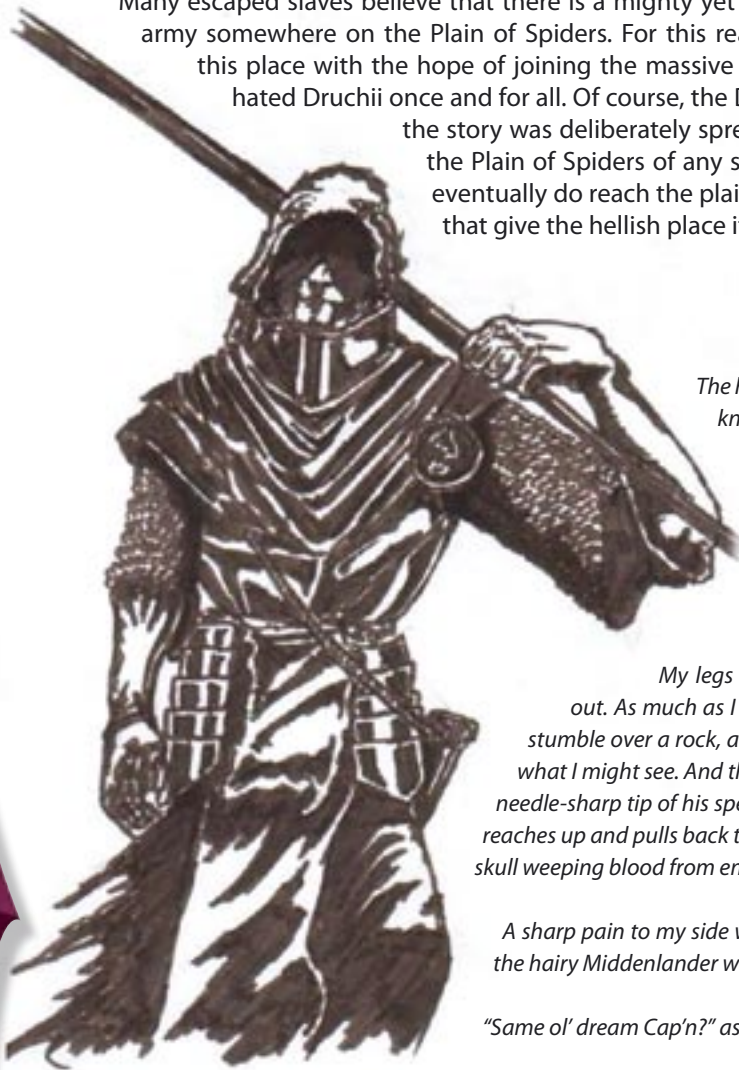
The movements of slave armies can easily be traced by the gruesome scenes they leave behind at the sites of their attacks. After the members of a Druchii caravan have been killed, they are dismembered, their heads skewered on stakes, and their other body parts scattered about the area. Any Dark Elves who survive these attacks are either taken as slaves themselves, or are tortured and left to die slowly. Captured Druchii are sometimes made to fight each other to the death in gladiatorial combat in order to amuse their captors. Druchii consider it an unforgivable act of weakness to allow one to be made captive by mere slaves and such captives know that their kin will make no attempt to rescue them.

Some former slaves worship their own gods from before they were first captured. Others, especially those who were born into slavery, may worship Khaine, but they are generally ostracised or even slain by their fellow escapees. There are many armies that have their own god – typically either an amalgam of their disparate native deities, or an entirely new power formed from the former slaves’ feelings of revenge and hatred towards the Druchii.

The most well known of all the slave armies was that of Hargan, a former scribe of the Burgomeister of Marienburg. Although it lasted only a few months before being annihilated by the personal army of the lord of Har Ganeth, rumours of the army spread to the slave quarters of every city in Naggaroth. The Druchii believe that at least five other recent slave rebellions were inspired by tales told of Hargan and slaves are now forbidden even to speak his name.

Another famous slave army was that of Ricert Corezon, a knight of the land of Bretonnia. That particular army's exploits were great. By the hands of its warriors, many a Dark Elf was killed. The army favoured guerrilla-style attacks and would ambush small, lightly protected caravans. Corezon's followers worshipped a number of minor gods, almost all of them deities remembered from before the worshippers were captured. The army's most notable exploit was the destruction of the standing army of the large slaving vessel, the Sea Fang, which had run aground on the coast south of Clar Karond during a great storm. All the Druchii crew were slaughtered and the freed slaves joined Corezon's army. It was another year before Corezon and his army was lured into a trap (using another beached slaving vessel as bait) and massacred. Corezon himself was the last to die, finally being torn to pieces by a black dragon.

Many escaped slaves believe that there is a mighty yet nameless hero, a former slave himself, massing an army somewhere on the Plain of Spiders. For this reason, many armies try to make their way towards this place with the hope of joining the massive army that they believe will eventually destroy the hated Druchii once and for all. Of course, the Druchii are aware of this (indeed, some believe that the story was deliberately spread by them) and thus purge the land surrounding the Plain of Spiders of any slave presence on a regular basis. Those slaves that eventually do reach the plain are invariably devoured by the colossal arachnids that give the hellish place its name.



## Fight or Flight

*The hooves of the dark steeds pound like thunder in my ears and I know that they are gaining on me. I know I couldn't have been hard to track – the rattling of my chains must have been audible for miles. I just can't understand how they reached me so quickly. I'm out of breath and I can hear them speaking to each other in their cruel tongue. I can tell from the tone of their voices that they are enjoying this, like it's all just sport to them.*

*My legs are utterly exhausted and I know that they will soon give out. As much as I wanted to escape, I knew that they would catch me. I fall. I stumble over a rock, and I land flat on my face. I roll over onto my back, dreading what I might see. And they are upon me. The leader of the riders looms over me, the needle-sharp tip of his spear at my throat. Then he begins to laugh. As he does so, he reaches up and pulls back the hood from his face. But it is not a face I see but a fleshless skull weeping blood from empty eye sockets. I scream.*

*A sharp pain to my side wakes me from my fitful dreams. I discover that it is Hergus, the hairy Middenlander who serves as my second-in-command.*

*"Same ol' dream Cap'n?" asks the burly man.*

*"Aye, old friend," I reply. "Lady have mercy upon me, it plagues my sleep every night."*

*"Next time," he continues, "would you mind running for a little longer? Your screamin' always wakes me up, an' I loose me some valuable beauty sleep."*

*"Well, friend," I say, laughing (perhaps a little hysterically) "I shall try!" Still laughing, the two of us go about the task of waking the rest of the group. Though my nightly screams always wake poor Hergus, most of the others have managed to steel themselves to them. Waking everyone is a necessary – though sometimes dangerous – task. For I am not always the only one to be haunted by such nightmares: some wake to terrified confusion and, occasionally, outright paranoia and violence. A few years ago, had anyone suggested that I would be spending the first few moments of every day*



waking my subordinates in a ragtag army of former slaves, I'd have called them crazy. Yet here I am doing just that. And I think maybe I'm the crazy one.

The cold of this accursed land bites bone-deep into my flesh, just as it does at every waking moment. It has been just over two years since I was captured by the Dark Ones and almost a year since I fled from their foul city, but I know that I shall never get used to the cold. My fingers are numb almost all the time and it has been months since I have actually been able to move my toes. I do not dare to unwrap the rabbit skins that serve as my boots; the faint odour of putrefaction tells me all I need to know.

With all the troops now awake, I walk over to check on the weapons. It is a daily ritual of mine, one that I don't think that I will ever shed. They are, of course, exactly as they were when I checked them yesterday. The weapons are all of elfish design, all taken from the dead after guerrilla raids on the Dark Ones' smaller caravans.

"Captain, sir!" I hear a voice call. I turn to see one of the perimeter scouts come to a breathless halt before me. "They are here. Three or four thousand warriors at least. And something else..." The man shakes his head, eyes wild with terror. "A great winged beast. It casts a great shadow across the land, blotting out the sun. They are marching from the west and have fanned out to block our escape. They're herding us eastward. They will be here within the hour."

As the scout turns to spread the unhappy news about the camp, I shudder at the thought that these weapons will soon have to be put to use once again. Our usual strategy of packing up and leaving is not an option, for this valley, though sheltered and – or so we thought – well hidden from the Dark Ones, has only one route out: right through the enemy army. We are going to have to make a stand right here.



"All's well Cap'n?" I hear the unmistakably deep voice of Hergus inquire.

"As well as it possibly can be, I suppose," I reply, my voice laden with depression. "We don't really have enough weapons, you know. Or enough warriors able to wield them."

"By Ulric," Hergus replies, "we will find a way. Or else we will all die with honour, fighting to the last man."

"And woman and child. For we have many of them and we both know that the Dark Ones will slaughter indiscriminately. No quarter will be given and the survivors..." I can't bring myself to finish the sentence. We have all seen what happens to those slaves who raise weapons against the Dark Ones but are recaptured.

In less than an hour, we are prepared for war. Those who were once peasants and scribes stand side by side with former knights and professional soldiers, all arrayed in the dark battle armour of our most hated foe. Small groups of skirmishers armed with slings or makeshift bows wait amid the trees, while the others form up into small regiments. Those regiments stand out in the open to serve as bait – one of Hergus' cleverer ideas.

The morning mist slowly clears, allowing our ragtag army their first glimpse of the enemy. Preceded by the shrill wailing of their battle horns, the Dark Ones approach like an unstoppable tide of black soldier ants. However, it is not the enemy army that fills me with such unnatural terror. Above them soars a great black-winged shape: a wyrm, a dragon. Now I know that we are doomed.

*Sighting their prey at last, the Dark Ones break into a charge. Their black-cloaked riders quickly outpace their comrades on foot and plough into the regiments acting as bait, including my own. I duck out of the way of a jabbing spear and bring my elven-forged glaive to bear, almost taking off the rider's arm. He screams and falls from the saddle, blood flowing freely from his wound. At that exact moment, our troops concealed amid the trees come rushing out, killing many of the dark riders with stones and arrows, and sending the rest fleeing back through their infantry. I shout with joy at this small victory, knowing that it will be short lived. Then the Dark Ones' answer comes: the sky darkens with a hail of crossbow bolts. The black rain decimates our ranks. I see Hergus fall, a bolt pierces his eye. Scores of former slaves sprawl on the frozen ground, their bodies riddled with bolts. The cries and moans of the wounded are hideous.*

*Rage takes hold of me at the sight of such a slaughter. I quickly rally the few troops left standing for a charge into the enemy lines. I want to go down fighting, not shot down like a rabid dog from hundreds of yards away. Then, without warning, I am knocked off my feet by a sudden gust of hot, foul-smelling wind. As I look up, I see the dragon landing before me, its wicked talons tearing deep into the frozen earth. The beast's cruel rider smiles arrogantly at me. Thoughts of honour and glory rush through my mind, a bitter memory of my former life before the Dark Ones brought me to this Lady-forsaken land. But the time for honour is past. I only want to survive.*

*I turn and run.*

*"You are a disgrace to the Lady," I say to myself. "You deserve to die."*

*Then I am struck by a second blast of foetid air, this time accompanied by clouds of churning greenish-black vapour. My lungs fill with the noxious gas and my chest heaves with unspeakable pain. I fall to the ground, wishing to cry out, but unable to do so. I taste blood and realise with horror that my lungs are starting to dissolve. Then there is darkness and a release from pain.*



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**Initiative: The Cult of Pleasure**

**Editor: Lethalis, Snotling Uniter**

**QA Guy: Loremaster Nagathi**

**Illustrations: The Monarch, Freebooter, Conan**



# Slave Guerrilla

Once in a while, a fortunate slave escapes its masters, the Druchii. Free, he wanders in the frozen wastes of the north, occasionally finding company in other runaway slaves. However, this life is not easy. Cold, hunger and injuries affect the slaves which, unable to take care of themselves properly, just die. Despite this harshness, there is a spark of hope: war. Bands of slave guerrillas, often lead by a stronger and thus better-armoured warrior, fight against their former rulers in a desperate attempt to survive.

Slave Guerrillas can only be hired in battles against Dark Elves and that are played in Naggaroth. Note that they cannot be hired by Dark Elves, even if they fight against other Dark Elves – they just disgust Dark Elves.

## For Hire:

Every army fighting in Naggaroth may hire them and they count as 0-1 Core choice, however they do not count towards minimum core choices. They count as core unit in any DoW army invading Naggaroth and do not count towards minimum core choices there either.

## Points:

Each party consist of Guerrilla Leader and 9 Guerrillas for 60 pts. The player may hire additional Guerrillas for 5 pts per model.

**Guerrilla Leader** ~M 4 ~ WS 4 ~ BS 3 ~ S 4 ~ T 3 ~ W 1 ~ I 3 ~ A 2 ~ Ld 7

**Guerrilla** ~M 4 ~ WS 3 ~ BS 2 ~ S 3 ~ T 3 ~ W 1 ~ I 2 ~ A 1 ~ Ld 5

**Party size:** 10-20

Weapons and armour: The guerrillas use any weapons and armour they can gather. These war spoils are then divided and distributed amongst the whole guerrilla, except the leader that gets the best armour. To represent this, the guerrilla warriors use one ordinary hand weapon each and the leader has light armour.

## Options:

- May be armed with slings or throwing weapons for +1 pts per model,
- May be equipped with light armour for +3 pts per model,
- Guerrilla leader may replace his light armour with heavy armour for +3 pts.

## Special Rules:

- Hate Dark Elves

## - Guerrillas

They skirmish and will always scout.

## - Who are they?

Slaves won't cause panic amongst friendly units and will not use neither the General's leadership nor any Army Battle Standard re-rolls. In addition, no character may join them.

**Authors:** The 7th Convent  
**Initiative:** The 7th Convent  
**Editor:** Lethalis  
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# The Ghronnd City Legion

By Shadowspite

**Ghronnd, the North Tower, stands upon the very borders of the Witch King's realm. To the north, only a thin line of watchtowers guard against incursions by the forces of Chaos. To the east loom the Spiteful Peaks, perhaps the most inhospitable mountain range in the known world, infested by fearsome manticores, tribes of savage orcs and warped beastmen, and even worse dangers. West is the desolate wasteland known as the Black Plain, where sleeps the ageless evil of the Altar of Ultimate Darkness. Only to the south is there any safety, for that way runs the Witch King's highway, paved with the skulls of his foes, leading to the gates of his own city of Naggarond.**

Ghronnd resembles the capital in form, though not in size. It is a heavily fortified citadel rather than a true city. Few Druchii who are not soldiers come here and even fewer dwell in the citadel permanently. Even without the many threats from beyond the city walls, this would still be the case. For there is an even greater danger within; Ghronnd is the stronghold of the Cult of Khaine.

Unlike Naggarond, Ghronnd has only a single temple to Khaine, but it is the largest in the whole of Naggaroth. As well as the main temple building itself, a full third of the citadel is under the direct control of the hags. Barracks, assembly fields, and training rooms enough for a sizeable military force can be found there as well as the more usual reliquaries, meditation chambers, and holding pens for sacrificial victims. Witch elves and assassins, dozens of smaller yet no less martial cults devoted to Khaine's many aspects are also barracked within the temple grounds.

Rulership of the citadel was long ago granted to the noble House of Kalanth, but the true power has always lain with Crone Hellebron. Since the mysterious death of the last city lord, she has ruled Ghronnd alone. Even when the crone resides in Naggarond at the court of Malekith, the city is left under the command of the hags rather than in the hands of the nobility. All important posts in the Ghronnd city legion, the city's own military force (as opposed to the smaller forces maintained by the noble houses), are filled by Hellebron's appointees.

## Moriyah Cynthariour

**"You are indeed most fortunate, my friend, for you shall soon have the opportunity to meet one of the few Druchii whose skill with the Draich exceeds mine. Speak wisely and do nothing to arouse her wrath. She is not as forgiving as I am." – Brytheas Kynkhadath**

The most senior of these appointees is Moriyah Cynthariour, who is second only to the crone herself in the military hierarchy of the citadel. The eldest daughter of Lord Akhiril of Har Ganeth, Moriyah entered the service of Khaine as a child and has served Him faithfully for almost six centuries. Driven by a dark obsession to excel at every martial skill, she was taught by Tullaris himself in the art of the draich and became a legend among the executioners of her city.

As commander of the Ghronnd city legion, Moriyah now trains her own elite Draich-regiment, the crimson guard. Proud of her own skill and forever striving for perfection, she has vowed that any who can best her with a draich may take her head as a trophy. She would rather die than live as merely the second best in her chosen martial discipline. Only one of her students, Brytheas Kynkhadath, has ever come close to achieving this. Some say that he was her lover as well as her student, and that he left Ghronnd and began a life of wandering to escape the possibility of having to kill her one day.

Moriyah Cynthariour is intense and passionate, quick to anger and liable to mete out swift and deadly punishment to those subordinates who have failed her, yet she can be exceedingly generous to those whose skills and devotion catch her eye. Her troops both fear and love her, just as they fear and love the Witch King himself. Under her command, the city legion of Ghronnd has become one of the best-disciplined and highly skilled military forces in all of Naggaroth.

In battle, Moriyah combines the patient and disciplined attitude of a draich-mistress with the righteous fury of Khaine Himself. She has a tendency towards leading seemingly rash assaults, yet these are always timed



to perfection and never fail to bring ultimate victory. Riding upon her manticore, Bloodmane, she prefers to lead from the front, revelling in the joy of slaughter. She has come close to death many times and hardly a hand's breadth of her flesh is unmarked by old battle scars, yet she trusts in her martial skills and the divine protection of Khaine and, thus far, they have never betrayed her.

Her armour of bronze and brass was blessed by crone Hellebron herself and baptised in one of the cauldrons of Khaine. It is said that some of the Bloody-Handed god's eternal thirst has passed into the metal and that blood strengthens it. Her draich is an ancient heirloom of House Cynthariour and its blade carries enchantments of swiftness and accuracy. Around her shoulders, she wears the rune-inscribed cloak that is the mark of her position as commander of the Ghrond City Legion.

## Erekith Arlathain

**"No pleasure is greater than that felt when the blade of your kheitain sinks into soft, warm flesh and steals the soul of a prey-creature. The thrill of the hunt is a siren that sings in one's very blood." – Erekith Arlathain**

There could hardly be a greater contrast than that between Moriyah Cynthariour and her lieutenant. Erekith Arlathain was not born into the nobility, but rose through the ranks of the Ghrond City Legion through intricate politicking and more than one suspiciously convenient death. Like many newly ennobled Druchii, he is almost insufferably proud and arrogant, treating his underlings as little better than slaves.

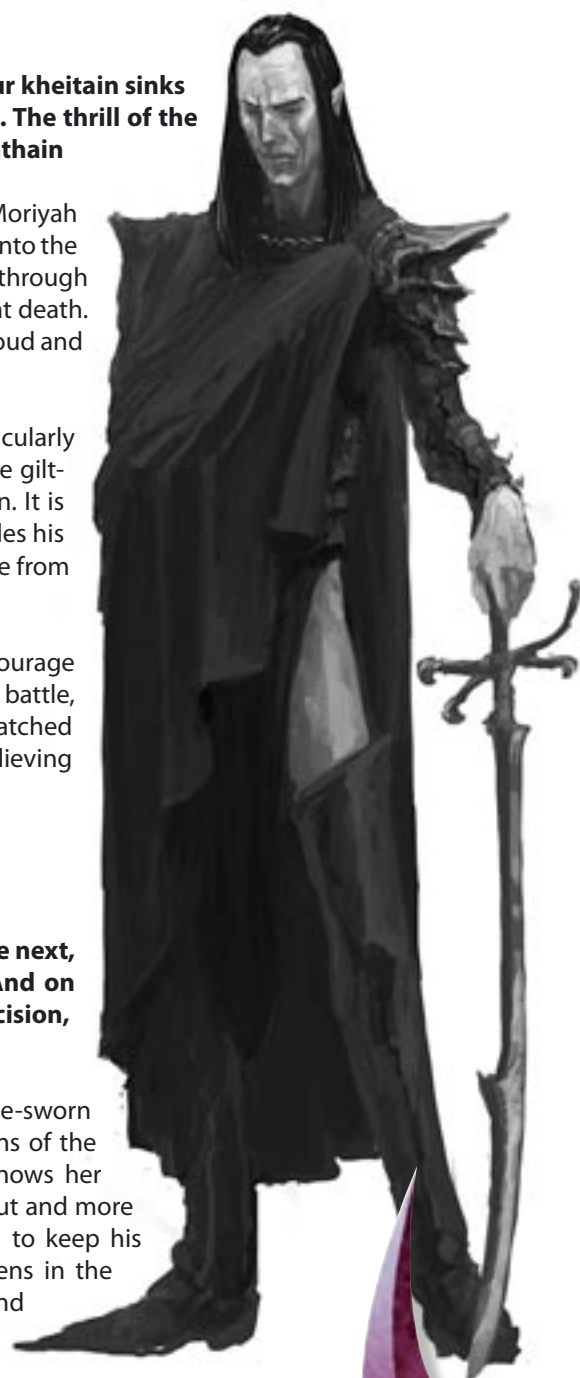
While Erekith is by no means unskilled in battle, neither is he particularly brave. He prefers to pick off weak or isolated enemies with the gilt-and-ivory repeater crossbow that is his most prized possession. It is often said by Erekith's subordinates, only half in jest, that he rides his dark pegasus, Stormcloud, only so that he may more swiftly flee from danger.

Erekith himself seems to be totally unaware of any lack of courage on his part. He constantly boasts of his skill and ferocity in battle, describing in vivid detail the myriad ways in which he has dispatched his foes. Those who do not know him are often misled into believing him as eager and fearsome a warrior as any in Ghrond.

## Scurath Kaethaluin

**"It came out of nowhere. One moment, all was peaceful. The next, all my comrades lay in bloody pieces upon the ground. And on every warrior's forehead had been carved, with horrible precision, the rune of Khaine." – Aethris Brightlance, dying words**

Crone Hellebron trusts no one, not even her own Khaine-sworn appointees. Scurath is her eyes and ears in the upper echelons of the Ghrond city legion. Moriyah has no fear of him, for she knows her own devotion to Khaine matches his, but her less devout and more ambitious lieutenant, Erekith Arlathain, is careful to keep his distance from the assassin. Very little happens in the city legion that Scurath is not aware of, and nothing that he sees or hears fails to reach the attention of crone Hellebron.



In battle, the assassin is a nightmare of swirling black and red silk and flashing knives. He is a follower of Khaine in his aspect of the Iron Panther, specialising in the patient stalking of his quarry and the arts of ambush and surprise attack. He carries the warding of his chosen aspect and has little to fear from the enemy wizards that are his usual target.

Indeed, Scurath's hatred of sorcery is known to be extreme even for an adept of Khaine. It is rumoured that the reason the Ghrond city legion rarely employs sorceresses is because the assassin murdered the last three in their beds. Neither the legion nor the Ghrond convent have ever confirmed or denied this rumour.

### Khielyth Orisariour and the Sariouri Company

**"You see that snow wolf pelt Khielyth wears? They say she killed the beast with her bare hands. Oh, it didn't attack her. She was just angry that day. Let that be a lesson to you, youngling. Don't make Khielyth angry or her next cloak may be made from your skin!" – Veteran of the Sariouri Company to new recruit**

Born in the wilderness south of the Spiteful Peaks, Khielyth Orisariour was the unwanted third daughter of the chieftain of the Bloody Moon Clan. After a hateful childhood of torment and neglect, she fled her clan, leaving two of her siblings dead, and journeyed alone to Ghrond.

She has served in the city legion ever since, earning a reputation for brutality and sadism that delights her patron, crone Hellebron. Khielyth now commands the sariouri company of the legion, a unit that specialises in spreading terror among the enemies of Khaine. Among the savage human tribes that dwell north of the citadel, beyond the line of watchtowers, she is known as 'The Flayer' for her habit of skinning her foes alive.

### Vardalec Senluas and the Urithairi Company

**"I do not accept your surrender. None of you pathetic weaklings could possibly be of any use to us as slaves. But my warriors need target practise and you will suffice for that. I will give you until the count of five. Now... start running." – Vardalec Senluas**

Vardalec Senluas, like his drinking and hunting companion, Erekiath Arlathain, is supremely confident of his own abilities and arrogant without measure towards those he regards as his inferiors. However, unlike Erekiath, Vardalec is actually as courageous as he thinks he is.

As a former student of Moriyah Cynthariour, Vardalec carries a draich in addition to his repeater crossbow. He is well versed in the use of both and is as eager to take his enemies' heads in close combat, as he is to shoot them down like dogs from a distance. Despite his arrogance, he knows his duty as commander of the urithairi company of the Ghrond city legion, keeping his troops well drilled and motivated and he never misses an opportunity to test their skills against a worthy adversary.







## Khaine's Blades

**"Who can stand before us? We are Khaine's Blades and the Bloody-Handed God Himself lends the strength of his fiery rage to our cold steel. Our victims' blood is our wine. Their pain is our pleasure. Their dying screams are divine music to our ears." – Blade master Urithash Orielth**

Khaine's blades are one of the many khainite sects in Ghrond that owe fealty to Hellebron despite not being part of the mainstream Cult of Khaine. The sect accepts only a handful of new recruits each year and their training regime ensures that only the most exceptionally skilled of warriors survive.

The night before Death Night, the sect holds an annual ceremony in which all final-year students fight to the death to decide which of them will graduate. Naked except for the sect's rune-embroidered crimson cloak, the students wield two blades each in a breathtakingly fast dance of death that scatters severed limbs and heads across the training arena. When the dance is over, only one student will remain and he or she will be that year's sole graduate. Sometimes, there is not even a single survivor and this is taken as a good omen from Khaine, it shows that His blessings still lay upon the sect.

The sect is led by a single consummate blade master who retains their position only so long as no other member of the sect can slay them in single combat. The current blade master is Urithash Orielth, though at least two of his pupils are nearing the point where they are likely to challenge him for leadership of the sect. Urithash keeps these two at his side at all times and in battle they serve as his standard bearer and horn-blower.

## Yarieth Kherishour and the Sisterhood of the Blood Lotus

**"My blades grow thirsty and so do I. It has been too long since we tasted the blood of an enemy of Khaine." – Yarieth Kherishour**

It has been said that there are more witch elves within the Temple of Khaine in Ghrond than there are Druchii in the rest of the citadel put together and this may well be true. The witches are split into dozens of sisterhoods, each led by a hag and each vying with the others in the number of sacrifices they can dedicate to Khaine and the sickening inventiveness of the deaths they inflict upon their victims.

One of the largest sisterhoods in Ghrond, indeed in the whole of Naggaroth, is the sisterhood of the blood lotus. It is named after its favoured method of ritual killing, in which the victim's chest and belly are cut open and spread to resemble the petals of a lotus blossom.

## Nalui Lathai and the Sisterhood of the Black Orchid

**"I rejoice, for my sisters are with Khaine. They gaze down upon us from their place beside His mighty throne. They cry out for vengeance, cruel and bloody, and they shall have it!" – Nalui Lathai**

The sisterhood of the black orchid is small, never numbering more than two-dozen witches at any one time, but it is a powerful political force in the Cult of Khaine, for it is the sisterhood to which crone Hellebron herself once belonged and can trace its history back to the time before the Sundering. It has taken part in many great battles over the centuries against both the encroaching forces of Chaos and the hated High Elves of Ulthuan.

Nalui Lathai is one of the youngest hags in the entire Cult of Khaine, having been chosen for the position after the previous hag and over half of the sisterhood were slain at the battle of the Blighted Isle by Prince Tyrion. Nalui harbours a particular hatred for the Prince, and has vowed to feast on his heart.

## The Divine Predators

**“The beauty of the harpies is the beauty of Death.” –  
Furion**

The harpies that dwell in the towers and belfries of the Temple of Khaine in Ghronn are unusual in that their skin is the dark red of ancient blood, while their wings and talons are as black as midnight. They are said to be more intelligent than others of their kind are, and some have even learned to wield stolen Druchii blades in battle.

They are treated with great reverence by the witch elves of Ghronn; for it is believed that they embody the souls of their slain sisters. The oldest of the creatures, which may have lived for well over a thousand years, are regarded as having the power of prophecy, though none outside the Cult of Khaine know how the witches are able to communicate with them to discover what it is they foretell.

**Author: Shadowspite**  
**Initiative: The Cult of Pleasure**  
**Editor: Silas**  
**QA Guy: Loremaster Nagathi**  
**Illustrations: Freebooter**

## Harpies

*Written by Critias*

**Tanthuriel ran up the hill with a bundle of long repeater shafts over one shoulder, nimble feet carrying him swiftly up the grassy slope. The sight that welcomed him as he crested the small hill, though, filled his heart with fear and loathing.**

The dark host was spread like a blanket of evil over the green fields before him. Their armour was a glossy black and red, their faces impossible to make out from here even to his keen blue eyes. All he saw was a wave of black mingled with red like slowly congealing blood seeping from the woods and pooling into the fields. He repressed a shudder, and looked to his left.

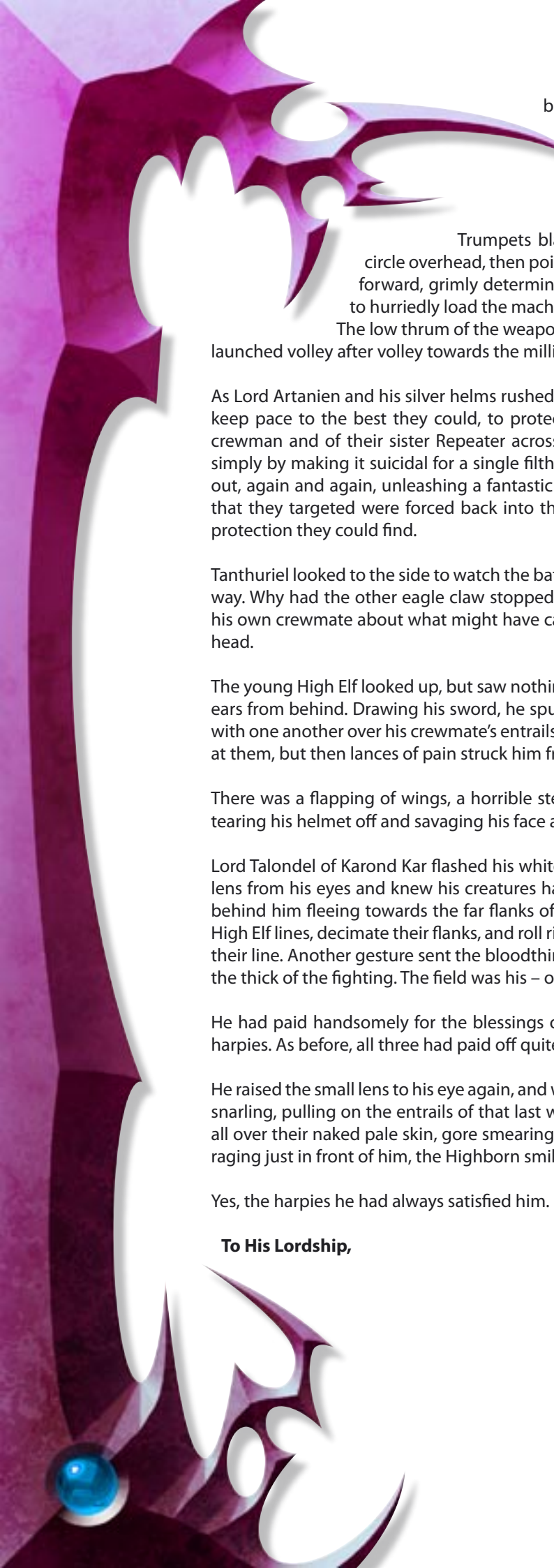
There, he saw the shining blue and silver of his comrades, his brothers and sisters, his family. The trumpets of the High Elfish war host rang out, clear and proud and high, and units shifted smoothly into position. In the centre of their lines, mounted on a fabulous ellyrian steed, he saw his prince waving his blue-flaming sword overhead. Lord Artanien would see victory over the accursed Druchii, for certain!

Tanthuriel hurried to the war machine that was his responsibility, and nodded grimly to his co-loader. He had brought the last of their bolts; it was up to the pair of them to see that not a shaft was wasted. Their twin unit was perched on another hill on the opposite side of Lord Artanien's line, and between them, they would make certain every Druchii that dared threaten their kin would pay dearly for advancing across the fields.

Tanthuriel squinted and raised a hand against the sun, straining his sharp eyes to survey the accursed Dark Elfish lines. He saw more crossbows than he had time to count, but there seemed not to be any of their filthy reapers! He had seen the foul weapons before; their design and purpose shamefully similar to his own







battlefield role, and the thought of such awesome firepower brought to bear on his own noble kin made him suppress a shiver. Such memories, however, could remain distant on this autumn day – the foolish Druchii had no artillery of their own, it seemed!

Trumpets blared once more, and Lord Artanien's sword swung in a wide circle overhead, then pointed across the fields. As one, the shining silver war host surged forward, grimly determined to bring the fight to their twisted cousins. Tanthuriel began to hurriedly load the machine, determined to keep up with the other crew of his Repeater. The low thrum of the weapon firing seemed the only sound he could hear, as he and his kin launched volley after volley towards the milling, jeering, Druchii.

As Lord Artanien and his silver helms rushed to the centre of the enemy line, regiments of spearmen would keep pace to the best they could, to protect the cavalry's flanks. Tanthuriel's job – and that of his other crewman and of their sister Repeater across the field – was to protect the flanks of the spearmen, quite simply by making it suicidal for a single filthy Dark Elf to advance and threaten them. Their machines sang out, again and again, unleashing a fantastic volley of shots towards the craven dark horde. The Dark Elves that they targeted were forced back into the woods to huddle and cower behind their shields and what protection they could find.

Tanthuriel looked to the side to watch the battle, and was stunned to see no movement on the hill across the way. Why had the other eagle claw stopped firing? Where had their crew gone?! As he turned to question his own crewmate about what might have caused their sister squad to cease fire, a shadow passed over his head.

The young High Elf looked up, but saw nothing, then looked around whilst a horrible rending noise filled his ears from behind. Drawing his sword, he spun about just in time to see a trio of filthy creatures squabbling with one another over his crewmate's entrails. Bile rose in his throat as he screamed a shrill challenge and ran at them, but then lances of pain struck him from behind and above.

There was a flapping of wings, a horrible stench, and fire and pain all along his shoulders, his back, claws tearing his helmet off and savaging his face and neck across that green field peppered with rolling hills.


Lord Talondel of Karond Kar flashed his white teeth in a brilliant, horrible, smile. He lowered the enchanted lens from his eyes and knew his creatures had done their work. A gesture sent the messengers assembled behind him fleeing towards the far flanks of his line, to order the attack. His cavalry would sweep into the High Elf lines, decimate their flanks, and roll right into the swirling melee already taking place in the centre of their line. Another gesture sent the bloodthirsty witch elves next to him, howling and dancing, forward into the thick of the fighting. The field was his – or would be, at least, within the hour.

He had paid handsomely for the blessings of Khaine, the assistance of the witches, and the loan of a few harpies. As before, all three had paid off quite well, satisfying as always.

He raised the small lens to his eye again, and watched the harpies feast. A pair of them swiped at one another, snarling, pulling on the entrails of that last weakling elf to fall. The bright blood of their fallen foe splashed all over their naked pale skin, gore smearing over their faces as they sated their hunger. Ignoring the battle raging just in front of him, the Highborn smiled softly as he watched the creatures feast.

Yes, the harpies he had always satisfied him.

**To His Lordship,**



**Highborn Andreyas Del'silvra,  
Reaver of the Seven Towns,  
Marauder of the East,  
Taker of a Thousand Slaves,**

**Greetings and blessings, most noble lord! As always, it is both my honour and pleasure to attend to your merest wish and see to your slightest whim. I must confess that, in this very specific instance, it is even more truly my joy to obey; your questions touch upon something that I consider a bit of a hobby, an eccentricity, an area of my own personal gratification and curiosity.**

*Harpies, quite simply, are amazing creatures, my lord. I sacrificed a dozen slaves this very night, simply giving thanks that one so proud and fine as your honourable self would approach me for more information about these noble creatures!*

*Allow me to begin, however, with the most sincere and humble of apologies. Though I certainly understand that it is the tactical application of Khaine's blessed that would interest one of such renowned martial prowess such as yourself, Lord Andreyas, this humble scribe and scholar is by no means qualified to attempt to answer such questions. As a graduate of the basic army camps and having risen no higher in rank, I haven't the grasp of strategy required to advise one such as yourself in the proper battlefield uses of these wondrous creatures – I must beg you to seek such insight elsewhere.*

*As to other aspects of these wildest and proudest of creations, however, I do certainly commend you on asking me to share my knowledge! As I am certain you know, sire, I have paid handsomely in slaves, gold, and favours to have the absolute finest of access available to non-priestesses to the temple libraries. All the collected knowledge of Khaine and his teachings is available to me, insofar as such knowledge is made available to anyone not a ranked member of the most holy temple. Where other such scholars can but pass second hand information or press the merest of speculations on you as solid fact, my lord, I am certainly able to present you with more certainties than anyone but a high priestess!*

*You may find, however, as a result of the very exclusivity of my reference material, that the information I humbly tender unto you may differ, slightly or outright, with the pitiful lies and self-righteous guessing of those half-trained scribes who would call themselves 'scholars.' Ignore them, Lord Andreyas, as you would the babblings of your lowest slave. The fact you have come to me is sign enough that you already understand this truth; where others guess, I know.*

*However, bear in mind, most noble Lord, that difference of opinions have been known to occur within the temple libraries themselves! There are schools of thought devoted most heartily one way or another, even among priestesses of the same temple.*

*The foremost notion as to the history and appearance of harpies lies with the idea that they are blessed Khaine made form. His wrath is their muscle, his vengeance their talons, his anger their wings, his hatred the blood in their veins. They are the purest physical manifestations of his will. As the flying hunter, Khaine brings death to the enemies of the Druchii, and to those Druchii deemed unworthy of the name. Harpies are sacred beasts for this reason, as I'm sure you know, my Lord. Even those who disagree slightly with this primary description of these noble beasts do so in the slightest of whispers, and even then, they do not refute this theory outright. For, truly, if they are Khaine made flesh, who would dare risk offending them, or him through them?*

*Some, those who are brave and foolish enough to disagree, point out that this theory must be flawed, or at best only partially correct: why would he let these creatures die, were this the case? Why would Khaine's manifestations be as fragile as harpies are known to be, why would they not be overpoweringly potent, rending the weakling daemons called forth by ruinous cults – for instance and example only, my Lord – helpless before Khaine's own fury? Surely, these pathetic heretics whimper, the merest aspect of Khaine's strength would not breed and live and nest and eat like any other mortal creature.*

*Invariably, however, these blasphemous tongues repent of their fallacious arguments under the tender and blessed knives of the witch elves, before being silenced forever. No doubt, a few of these pathetic souls have been sent to Khaine in the afterlife, and he has most specifically explained the matter to them in person. I am unwilling to believe my Lord; they continued to question him so openly.*

*Ironically, Sire, the weaknesses of that dissenting argument brings me to the second major theory regarding the nature and lineage of these proudest of creatures! There are no small numbers of philosophers and theologians who reckon these righteously savage predators are the reborn spirits of slain witch elves, no less! Any who have seen the furious power of those most blessed of Khaine's Druchii servants and gone onto witness the savagery of the harpies has had reason to compare the two, to hold the similar examples of his strength side by side, to wistfully gaze upon the carnage wreaked by both his servants and smile in recognition...*



*Are both slaughterers not beautiful? Are both not deliverers of Khaine's righteous anger? Do both not possess the same pure white skin beneath the spattered blood, the same frenzied power, the same predatory instinct? The temple itself has never confirmed nor outright denied such a theory, of course. However, is that not our way? Were the truth handed out to every soft-souled Druchii child that asked such questions, would our people not grow as soft as the pitiful Asur? No, I say, the temple has left this theory open to discussion and debate, that the truth might be forged from the flames of disagreement, debate, and made a matter of reason rather than simply faith.*

*Chief among the arguments against this second theory is simple mathematics. Who can know how many hundreds, how many thousands, of blessed witches have given their lives in Khaine's service? Would the skies over all Naggaroth not be darkened under their leathery wings, if harpies were truly ghosts' made-flesh?*

*Personally, my lord, it is my own argument that quite simply jerks the teeth from that particular piece of rhetoric, thusly; "Who has claimed that every witch elf is worthy of this reincarnation?"*


*Indeed, Sire, let it never be said that faith and reason can not be combined. It seems completely logical to me that only Khaine's favoured may come back in such a way! To many slain witches it is no doubt reward enough to know they perished atop a pile of Asur or Dwarves, mewling humans or Greenskins; to die with a mouthful of blood and a dagger in each hand, to be sent to Khaine's side in the afterlife is all the reward they have ever sought. Nevertheless, it is my theory that Khaine might gift those who died especially well with a new body; with sinew and bone and talon and fang and hatred and power, wings and speed and ferocity, to be born anew into a life devoted solely to his bloodshed.*



*Moreover, following such logic, of course, one can then reasonably combine both theories. At the scholarly Convention of Quills not three decades hence, of course, I did so myself! Though the services are primarily attended by those scholars and lore masters such as myself, I am no doubt aware that your lordship may have heard of the arguments my proclamation began. No less than seven assassins, my Lord, have attempted my life since; no doubt sent by jealous and ignorant rivals of mine, jealous and ignorant and wrong, for Khaine has blessed me with my lifetime and again.*

*But I digress, and for that I apologise. You asked about harpies and their origins, not this humble scribe's tribulations and trials! I must beg off soon, my Lord, as this missive grows long, the hour grows late, and your requests for information were quite specific in their need for haste. I humbly beg, however, that I be allowed to share but one final theory as to the nature of the harpy, for irony's sake if for no other reason:*

*Some laughable few claim these noblest of creatures are mere beasts alone! I would laugh, were it not so blasphemous and heretical in nature! Indeed, Sire, you no doubt noticed the trembling of my hand in rage as I penned those words alone! To think of it! There are those who would call themselves Druchii, those who look upon the magnificent slaughter wrought on the enemies of our people by these proud servants of Khaine, and yet still insist they are nothing but natural predators!*



*Absurd, as I'm sure you'll agree, my Lord. The witches will find those who would dare doubt Khaine, I am certain, and no doubt such blasphemous notions will soon be eradicated. There should be – there can be, there must be – no doubt in the hearts of any who gaze upon a harpy: They are his beasts. Whether by Khaine granting them bodies as rewards for a witch elf's lifetime of service, or simply willing them to exist as extensions of his own Blood Hand, there is no way that any sensible Druchii can look upon a harpy and think they are anything but his creatures.*

*And With That Most Suitable Closing,  
I remain as ever your humble and faithful servant,  
Lore-Prince Try'Staleb of Karond Kar*

**Author: Critias**  
**Initiative: The Cult of Pleasure**  
**Editor: Silas**  
**QA Guy: Loremaster Nagathi**  
**Illustrations: Dearon, Freebooter**





# Know Thy Enemy: The Forces of Change - Tzeentch

Written by Vorchild

**If there is one defining attribute to the forces of the chaos god Tzeentch, it is the prowess of their wizards. Not only in terms of their skills shaping the winds of magic, but also the power of their swords in battle. The champions of Tzeentch are some of the most dreaded of the chaos heroes, and rightfully so as they combine the sheer might of the chaos stat line with the awesome powers of chaos magic. The Druchii have one similar character at their disposal, and that is their king, the mighty Malekith.**

This extra ability makes the Tzeentch characters massively different from any of their counterparts. It also makes their magic much harder to nullify as their characters can quite easily best even some of the Druchii lords. The magic at their disposal, however, is limited in certain ways. As Tzeentch is the lore of change, it is expected that the spells available are both highly variable from each other and highly variable in and of themselves in terms of their effectiveness.

It is that variability that makes the lore slightly weak in the eyes of those who do not know the powers of Tzeentch. The power of Tzeentch magic is not necessarily in the power of the lore itself as it might be for slaaneshi magic, but rather in its massive volume. This volume is not to say that it is common for Tzeentch armies to have lots and lots of expensive characters using devastating magic from every corner of the table, but rather that the mark of Tzeentch has an interesting benefit: it generates power dice. Thus, it is not uncommon to find Tzeentch armies with 15 or so power dice from which to draw on. Everything with a mark of Tzeentch will generate at least one power die. The following list can be quite typical of the Tzeentch army.

## **Lord of Chaos on Disk of Tzeentch**

*With the Golden Eye and Staff of Change, equipped with shield and great weapon*

## **Aspiring Champion in Tzeentch Chariot**

*With two dispel scrolls, equipped with a shield and a great weapon*

## **Aspiring Champion on foot**

*With power familiar, equipped with a shield and a great weapon*

## **Chaos Chariot of Tzeentch (for aspiring champion #1)**

## **Chaos Chariot of Tzeentch**

## **5 Knights of Tzeentch**

## **15 Warriors of Tzeentch**

## **15 Warriors of Tzeentch**

## **Firewyrms**

## **Firewyrms**

There are two things to notice right off; the first is that the army is small, with a total of 42 models. That kind of a figure is small even by chaos standards and it's no surprise considering that even with only 3 characters, more than half of the points in this 2000 pts list are used for the characters. The chaos lord himself is about 500 pts. The second thing to notice is the purity of the army. Everything, including the spawn, is marked as Tzeentch. Though it is fluffy to mark the spawn for Tzeentch, it is not exactly always common, though they can be extremely useful to the chaos player. The reason for this purity is echoed by the third and most important thing to notice and that is that the army above generates 16 power dice. A Dark Elf equivalent in terms of power dice is virtually impossible with 2000 pts; even with a high sorceress, two supporting sorceresses, and a dark emissary.

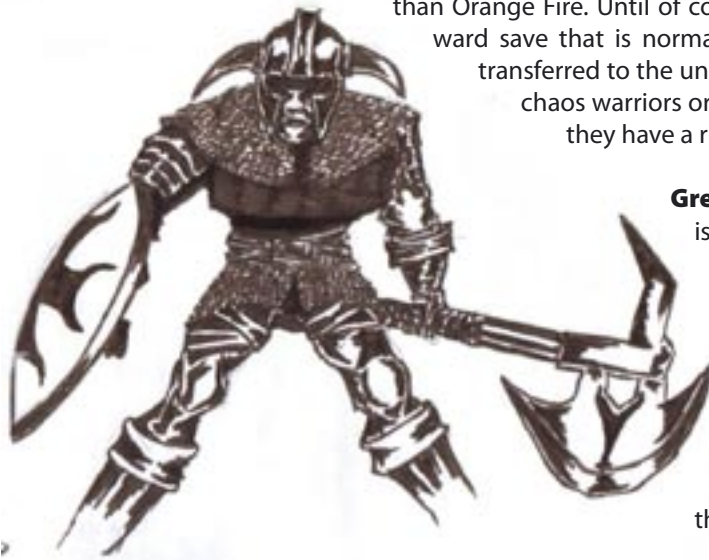
This massive number of power dice sheds real light on the power of Tzeentch. As mentioned above, it is not the lore that powers the magic, but the volume. With that many dice, two new concepts are brought to light. The first is the startling lack of any need for power stones in the army, meaning the Tzeentch sorcerer can either concentrate on his combat weapons, on magic defence, or maybe on nothing else and keeping his cost down and using those precious points for more troops. That makes the champion of Tzeentch a very versatile character and highly dangerous, as you will not know what to expect necessarily until the danger is upon you.

The second new concept is running out of spells to cast. With 15 dice, your opponent can easily cast five spells, each using three dice, even when many of the spells only require two. These spells are what will usually make or break a Tzeentch army, and are as varied as the colours of the rainbow.

**Red Fire** is a typical magic missile in essence, but as it is a magic missile of Tzeentch, its strength varies from casting to casting on the roll of a D6, the same as its number of hits. It is easy to cast and has a long range, meaning that it is simply an all round very useful spell that the Tzeentch player can always use if necessary. Unsurprisingly, all Tzeentch characters can trade a rolled spell for this one, and many frequently do as it is highly useful in most cases, and every so often, a good burst will get through causing five strength 6 hits on a unit.

**Orange Fire** is one of two remain in play spells in the lore of Tzeentch. It is also very easy to cast and is possibly one of the single best spells in the game in terms of its ease of casting vs. effectiveness and tactical advantage. The spell will allow the character to re-roll all failed to hit and to wound rolls as well as all saves, both armour and ward saves, making the Tzeentch champion even more difficult to kill and also more deadly in combat. The spell is also tactically advantageous as well as advantageous in combat since it is a remain in play spell. If the Druchii general wishes truly to have a good chance at defeating the chaos champion, you must spend the power dice in your magic phase to dispel it. If you don't, then there is little chance at all of damaging a lord of Tzeentch on a disc with the Eye of Tzeentch with missile weapons as a 3+ re-rollable ward save is virtually unstoppable.

**Yellow Fire** is the second remain in play spell, but overall seems much less impressive than Orange Fire. Until of course the sorcerer joins a unit in which case the 5+ ward save that is normally granted to him upon casting this spell is also transferred to the unit he is with! Many people can attest to the fact that chaos warriors or knights with a 5+ ward save are even deadlier than they have a right to be.



**Green Fire** is the bane of the Druchii army. The range is substantial and the effect can be devastating as all the models in the unit attack one another. Though not so useful against units of knights, corsairs and especially executioners can be decimated. A unit of 20 executioners will, on average, kill about eight of their comrades with this spell, and a unit of 20 corsairs will kill three or four on average. Against an MSU style of list, this spell is made much less effective, but can still seriously reduce the combat effectiveness of certain shock units.

Thankfully, witches are not affected since they are immune to psychology, but only while frenzied. The power of this spell, is once again, not in its sheer power, but rather in terms of its range and the fact that there are no LOS requirements. The chaos sorcerer will simply cast the spell over and over again until the unit is made ineffective. Sadly, some of the units most easily damaged, like executioners, and some of the most effective against the chaos army due to their ability to engage with high strength attacks.

**Blue Fire** is another magic missile, and is much more powerful as well. It is the only magic missile in the game capable of automatically destroying a chariot with a strength seven hit. Not only that, but if your opponent is lucky, the spell can do twelve strength seven hits! That kind of firepower, though extreme, is still enough to destroy most of the powerful units in the Druchii arsenal, including dragons and their riders, chariots, hydrae, and units of knights.

On average, however, the spell will be about strength four or five, and on average only do about seven hits, which is reasonable considering its casting cost. Still, after four or five castings, luck will inevitably shine on the forces of Tzeentch and the spell will be significant in either its power,



or is mass of hits, or – Khaine forbid – both at once. Happily, the range on this magic missile is rather pathetic so, incredibly, it is actually possible to avoid completely.

**Indigo Fire** is one of the more creative spells in the lore of Tzeentch, and the only one in the game that can create units that are not worth any victory points. The spell, consequently given its power, is difficult to cast, but will be more deadly to a Druchii opponent than most others as it does a strength two hit to every model in the unit. Against that unit of 20 corsairs mentioned earlier, it may kill four or five on average, but more importantly, creates four or five new horrors that count as charging in the combat phase. Fortunately, this spell can only be cast on unengaged enemy units and horrors are absolutely terrible in close combat.

Once again, this spell could be very powerful if the target unit was decimated by the spell and a whole new horror unit, worth 0 victory points but able to damage your army for the rest of the game, were created. The spell is particularly useful against small skirmishing units that are both easy to damage and easy for the horrors to stay in combat with. Shades in particular may have difficulties with Indigo fire. It is also worthy to note that even one horror can be a pain all on its own as it will both block marches and can cast its own spells in future magic phases as described later.



**Violet Fire** is the final spell in the Lore of Change, and it is both the most difficult to cast and the nastiest spell in the lore. Its range is also completely abysmal. However, its power is not in dealing damage as with previous spells, but rather in completely eliminating a character in one shot. If a leadership test is failed, your character is no more. Though this spell is not so useful to the Tzeentch general when facing an elvish opponent, it can be extremely useful elsewhere. Still, it is sometimes worth the casting attempt to see if a Druchii general is suddenly sucked into the void. Better yet, it makes for an easier way for the Tzeentch character to get rid of his enemy's magic defence. If you know the enemy has this spell, it is wise to either avoid the caster, or make sure you are confident in your leadership testing, either which shear blind luck, or by grouping your characters closer to the general to benefit from that extra leadership.

As a point of interest, it is possible for a Tzeentch army to generate more than 20 power dice in a 2000 pts army. That many power dice, or even the 16 or so in the list above, makes the army very susceptible to miscasts. Certain miscast results can also be rather devastating to the magic phase, and, as that magic phase is so important to the forces of Tzeentch, a miscast could potentially mean the difference between victory and defeat. In that case, it is sometimes a good idea to equip a character with the Ring of Hotek in order to encourage those miscasts to be more frequent. Placing it on an assassin in a unit of scouting shades can be useful, but usually there is a greater preference to give it to either a beastmaster or noble on a dark pegasus. Normally, a noble is preferred due to his greater combat abilities as he can easily deal with things such as spawn and certain smaller units of daemons when the occasion calls for it.

Once the magic is nullified, it most certainly does not mean that the fight is over. There is still a lot of power in the Tzeentch combat phase yet to deal with, and the characters are only a small part of that. In general, Tzeentch daemon characters are not all that fearsome, or at least no more fearsome than undivided daemon characters. The greater daemon of Tzeentch, the lord of change, is similar in that it has less power in direct combat than any of the other greater daemons. Its power lies in its magic, though like all Tzeentch characters, it is still a tough nut to crack. The gift Tzeentch's Will makes it so much more fearsome than a regular level 4 wizard does. The ability to re-roll one die per turn is extremely powerful when it comes to magic. It greatly increases the reliability of the magic and sometimes increases its sheer power.

Add to that increased ability in magic the powers of flight and the unit strength to negate ranks and it can easily be seen why this daemon is the most expensive. As with most of the greater daemons, the solution is either to charge it and win combat and hope it fails its instability test, or else shoot it, and preferably some combination of the two methods. Shooting it will be much simpler in many cases as it presents itself as a large target that in many cases will attempt to stay out of combat in order to sling magic at Druchii units. Once they are weakened enough or the daemons flight has landed it in an advantageous charge position, the Lord of Change will strike and hope to defeat the enemy in one series of attacks.


In general, reaper bolt throwers will be able to do damage, as can repeater crossbow bolts. Remember that, being a large target, all ranks after the first can still shoot at it. A good volley of 20 repeater shots at close range will do, on average, almost two wounds to the greater daemon if they have not moved. Combine that result with a couple reaper single shots, and you can effectively double that total. After a few turns, that daemon is done for. Even after one turn, it could be weakened enough to drive a chariot or two into it in order to cause the final wounds to be scored.



Remember that the daemon cannot flee, so take advantage of that to make him fight when he does not want to. A charge by a unit of eight cold one knights will also sometimes be sufficient in dealing with the thing while it is weak, and sometimes while its still strong. With a War Banner they are almost guaranteed five points for combat resolution. In return, the daemon may kill two knights, meaning you have won combat by three points. That by no means ensures that the daemon will disappear, but it is something to consider using to finish off the daemon while it is weak.

Daemon princes and exalted daemons of Tzeentch are very similar to the greater daemon. Of the two varieties, only the daemon princes can use the gift Tzeentch's will, which is the daemonic gift of most importance. Consequently, an exalted daemon of Tzeentch is not all that common





considering that it uses up two hero slots and cost twice as much as an aspiring champion for not much more benefit, especially considering that the aspiring champion is sometimes more difficult to kill a much more versatile.

Daemon princes of Tzeentch are also generally given over to greater daemons when possible as they use up virtually the same number of slots (the Lord of Change uses up an additional rare) and the greater daemon is generally much more effective considering it has more daemoniac gifts than the daemon prince can have (by about 50 points). It also is tougher, stronger, and can negate ranks, which easily makes it more cost effective than the daemon prince is.

Still, if there is either a daemon prince or an exalted daemon to be seen, the process of eliminating it is about the same, and generally simpler. Being mounted on monstrous bases means that there is no unit in which these characters can hide, so they can be singled out by missile targeting and shot to pieces. In general, a single round of shooting from a pair of reaper bolt throwers can get rid of an exalted daemon. Just wait for them to show themselves and then unleash a fury in their direction.

If you don't want to go by the more efficient shooting path, magic missiles and the like will also cut them down, and sometimes even faster. A burst of the dark magic spell Doombolt should make quick work of an exalted daemon. After that, the only other alternative is combat. What must be realized is that though this article may have made them out to look slightly weak, they are still Chaos characters and are easily the match of any Druchii soldier or commander. Still, they generally do not join up with the horrors, which are the only daemon unit they can join, so you can destroy them with chariots or similar units with high strength or with combat resolution provided it is possible to manoeuvre a dark elf unit into combat with those flying terrors.


If a tzeentchian army has a daemoniac character in it, chances are it either has a unit of tzeentchian daemons accompanying it as well, or that the daemoniac character is the general, and must be commanding a number of daemoniac units. The Tzeentch daemon army is an interesting one as the troops involved are the worst in combat but the strongest in a variety of forms of magic.

The real core of the Tzeentch daemon army is the horrors. These are little magic-wielding daemons of the poorest combat ability. Thus, they are taken primarily to both fulfil the core requirements and to add power to the Tzeentch magic phase. Though it may seem unimpressive, the horrors generate a bound spell based on the size of their unit. Thus, they are much more powerful in greater numbers. Still, a number of smaller units of horrors can be just as frightening. It is quite simple to obtain a Tzeentch daemon army will 7 to 9 power dice and 4 bound spells from the horrors (which will always come first, unlike normal bound spells – see the description in the horror entry in the Hordes of Chaos armybook), each with a power level of about six or seven.

These bound spell daemoniac powers are interesting as the horrors can choose one of the three spells to cast each turn. The first spell, Fire of Tzeentch, is the standard magic missile spell with a bit of a twist. Though it will always do D6 hits, the strength varies with the size of the horror unit that has cast it. For example, a unit of 16 horrors will cast that spell at a power level of eight and will do D6 strength four hits. It is not the most powerful spell, but it can still be very troublesome to the Druchii war host. The easiest way to tone down the spell is to kill a few of the daemons so that the strength of the spell decreases. A unit of 10 horrors, for example, will only be able to do D6 strength two hits, which is more than a little sad and normally not worth spending the dispel dice to get rid of it considering there will almost certainly be more potent magic to come. Still, it is a generally all-purpose spell that the unit will be able to use likely from the first turn when its power will be the greatest.

The second spell, Coruscation of Energy, is much more powerful with respect to elves as it does a strength three hit to every model in the unit. However, its range is short being a mere 12".

It is worth noting, however, that this spell can also be cast into combat, which is fortuitous for the horrors as it may force a panic check on their adversaries and not actually have to engage in combat should their enemies flee. Against elves, panic is much less likely, but the damage will be much greater. It is most important to note that this spell can still be cast by a single horror model, making a lone horror running around your lines potentially very dangerous. It may only be a power level 1 spell, but that is still enough if you have no dice left to dispel it, so be very wary of any horror unit that has gotten that close to your lines.



The third spell, Uncontrollable Mutation, is another spell that the horrors can cast into close combat, though this time, they can actually really benefit from the result.

Though it can only be cast on man-sized models, every horror in contact with an enemy will have to test to see if it can turn an enemy model into a new horror and be added to the ranks of Tzeentch daemons!

Truly, it is not a very powerful spell considering on average about one model may be turned into a horror per casting, but this spell negates armour and toughness, meaning it is rather excellent against our knights. However, in most cases you will find the Tzeentch player more willing to cast Coruscation of Energy against an elvish opponent rather than Uncontrollable Mutation.

Dealing with horrors can be summed up rather easily – kill them before they kill you (Loremaster's Note: Oh, that was something new... – Nag). Though you can generally avoid their most powerful spell, avoiding them completely is difficult, especially as they will be creating a drain on your dispel dice if you choose to avoid the effects of their spells. However, a unit of horrors is very weak in combat, and it is also expensive with horrors models almost on par with black guard in terms of cost. Horrors also will have no command group, as most daemons, and being so expensive are unlikely to have many ranks. Also, they have elvish toughness and stats like a goblin, so those ranks can be easily removed with shooting.

All in all, a unit of warriors equipped with repeater crossbows can do wonders on a unit of horrors. It will do damage with missile fire, and would even be likely to best it in combat. Even a unit of harpies (if they pass the fear test) can destroy a unit of horrors. However, dark riders are usually a very good choice considering they have a massive charge range compared to horrors and will generally kill about three of them and receive nothing back from the horrors. Combined with a flank and you may be winning combat by five points. However, they are still daemons, and they have good leadership, so the likelihood that they will be completely wiped out in one turn of combat is slim, so the cunning Druchii general must plan ahead a bit more than he would if facing equivalently combat dominating goblins.

The following is a typical sort of 2000 points Tzeentch Daemon list.

**Lord of Change**

**Aspiring Champion of Tzeentch**

*With great weapon and Chaos Steed*

**A unit of 16 Horrors**

**A unit of 16 Horrors**

**A unit of 10 Horrors**

**A unit of 10 Horrors**

**A unit of 5 Knights of Tzeentch**

**2 Firewyrms of Tzeentch**

This army has a mere nine power dice at its disposal, but it also has four bound spells from the Horrors with a power level that will vary initially from five to eight. It is highly dependent on magic and vulnerable to combat as it has only two combat ready units, the knights and the lord of change. However, it makes up for that deficiency somewhat with the pair of firewyrms (tzeentchian chaos spawn which are discussed below) that will seek to delay combat as much as possible, and may even pin units down to be crushed by the knights or the greater daemon.

When discussing horrors, it is only fitting to discuss their attachment unit, flamers. These little guys are sometimes thought of as expensive for what they do, but in reality, they are quite the excellent unit of accompany the horrors. Their power is mostly in their ability to be a missile weapon as they can fire D6 strength three bolts at a target within 8". This missile attack can be quite the deterrent to unit of fast cavalry and skirmishers that may wish to either harass or attack the horrors. In addition, they can also enter combats with horrors and add some combat prowess to the attack.

The second group of Tzeentch daemons is the screamers. They are tough flying daemons that will inevitably threaten all the smaller Druchii units including shades, harpies, reaper crews, and sometimes dark riders and chariots. Though many people have been know to use them



in squadrons of three or four, it is when they reach the size of about six that they become much more dangerous since they are rather relentless in their attack and it becomes excessively difficult to wipe out the unit.

Unlike other daemons, it is most times almost impractical to shoot the screamers. Their chaos warrior toughness and two wounds combined with being skirmishers and being more difficult to hit makes repeater crossbow fire next to useless against them, not to mention the fact that they will still get their daemonic ward save. At close range, and without moving, it would take, on average with double shooting, over 100 bolts to bring down a unit of four screamers. Considering that they are a flying unit and will charge 20", bringing all that firepower to bear is most unlikely. Some have thought to supplement those repeater crossbow shots with reaper fire. Assuming close range, a pair of reaper bolt throwers will, on average, do two wounds, which means one dead screamer. Not bad, but really, not good enough considering that the next turn will likely bring an end to one of those reapers.

The final solution, as usual, is combat. It is not to say that shooting will not weaken these flying terrors and make them easier to handle, but you must understand that units of dark riders and reapers especially do not come cheap and so must not be thrown away lightly. The reaper bolt throwers especially are a key to victory if there is a Lord of Change on the battlefield. Therefore, there are a number of combat solutions available, keeping in mind that the screamers are skirmishers that cannot flee. The most obvious, perhaps, is to charge them with a fully ranked unit and gradually destroy them through combat resolution, and depending on the size of the screamer unit, that may be the best course of action.

Probably one of the best ways would be to send out a small unit of knights (five including a champion) to do battle with them. The knights cause fear, so they will not be auto-broken nor have to test to charge, and they will be able to pack a continuously dangerous punch with their cold ones (not to mention their lances on the charge) that will ensure that the wounds keep getting scored. After that, they have their impressive armour save that will help them stay in the fight until the threat is gone. All those advantages, and a unit of five is comparable in cost to a unit of four screamers.



Chaos mortals are much different and more conventional than the daemons of Tzeentch. They are generally the same mortal units seen over and over again – warriors, knights, marauders, and the rest. One difference to note with respect to chaos mortals of Tzeentch is chariots become much more popular. Chaos chariots in general are quite a useful unit, but the mark of Tzeentch is arguably the most useful mark for a chaos chariot as it generates power dice, as does the mark for any other Tzeentch mortal unit.

It is also a popular mount for the tzeentchian champions who will then inevitably wreak havoc on your units if they are allowed to charge. However, the mark of Tzeentch does not protect the forces of chaos from any psychology. A unit of cold one knights, for example, can run almost any tzeentchian unit into the ground. Not because of their combat prowess, but because of fear. It is all well a good to have an expensive and potentially devastating unit of chosen warriors, but if they are outnumbered by a fear-causing enemy and lose that combat, they are going to break and run.

Not only will they suffer the penalties of fear, but they will also suffer from other psychology. There is nothing like watching a unit of chosen knights flee away when a nearby unit of warhounds is destroyed by shooting, so exploit the weakness to the utmost extent. There are many things the Druchii war host excels at, and near the top of that list is causing panic.

The hard nut to crack in the Tzeentch army, however, is usually the characters. Fortunately, they are all of them expensive as they combine the awesome combat power of chaos champions with the powers of Tzeentch magic. As such, it is rare that they will be very numerous. Their power in magic will rather come from their units, which will provide them with more power dice to use. It is, in fact, quite common to see a Tzeentch army of 2000 pts with only two characters but still have all the magic potential as one with four.



Moreover, these characters are difficult to kill, just the same as with any chaos combat character. However, the tzeentchian player will usually be forced to make some sort of compromise with characters as they cannot be both combat monsters at the same time as they are magic monsters. Many times, the Tzeentch player will choose on the side of magic as the combat prowess of their champions is usually quite good even with the most basic weapons. An aspiring champion, for example, might simply ride in a chariot and wield a great weapon, but would be accompanied by a Power Familiar. Another might take a Spell Familiar and the Mirror of Knowledge.

The Mirror of Knowledge is an item rarely seen by many accounts, yet it can be extremely useful for the Tzeentch player to use to avoid the little nasties that reside in certain units and might threaten the Chaos army. To know all the magic items in a unit is indeed quite powerful, but more important to the Druchii player is its ability to see if a unit contains an assassin. Assassins, though expensive, can still deal quite effectively in many cases with Tzeentch heroes, and as those Chaos champions are so expensive, it becomes much easier for that assassin to make back his points. Against an aspiring champion with one of the combinations above, an assassin with Manbane, the Rune of Khaine, and an extra weapon will generally deal out 2 unsaved wounds on average, which amounts to a dead Tzeentch champion (whether aspiring or exalted).

The real difficult combination, and all too frequently seen, is the Chaos lord on disc or chaos dragon with the Golden Eye of Tzeentch. Many times this combination is followed through by the use of the Staff of Tzeentch (which is also a very powerful item), but after the Eye, about anything else becomes redundant as the character has single-handedly become



an absolute wrecking ball. Normally, the only ways to deal with such a powerful and monster-mounted character is to shoot it with reapers and either hope to get a lucky shot in and kill the rider, or at the very least cause him to start walking for the remainder of the battle.

The eye negates that possibility as it confers an impressive ward save against missile attacks to its bearer that also affects the mount. With that kind of a ward, unless you have four bolt throwers to fire at that monstrosity, there is little point in targeting it. In addition, as it is a chaos lord on dragon, it will be difficult to best it in combat with a fully ranked unit either and hope it flees. A lord on dragon of your own should, however, be able to pose a great threat to the chaos lord or even a highborn on manticore. As the chaos lord will not have any ward save in combat, the elvish lord will have a good chance at defeating him and ridding the Chaos army of its most potent ally.

Surprisingly, Tzeentch armies will generally be weak in magic defence. With only about two characters, the armies will normally generate about five dispel dice in total, which, though fairly good, will not hope to halt the powers of a full set of druchii magic. Thus, it is quite possible for the Druchii to win against this magically powerful foe using magic. Many of the spells in the dark lore become very powerful as well.



The Doombolt, as always, will seek to seriously damage a variety of Chaos units, from spawn, to knights, to warriors, to marauder horsemen. Word of Pain, as always with chaos, can ensure the elvish units get the most out of combat. Soul Stealer is also rather powerful, even considering the toughness and armour of Chaos units as it will many times be enough to cause panic in the Tzeentch army, which as mentioned previously, is something to strive towards. Black Horror is also very powerful for the same reason. Those panic checks can be absolutely deadly, and are almost guaranteed to be effective considering that many chaos players will group their armies closer together for protection from the superior manoeuvrability of elvish units.

By far, however, Dominion is the most powerful as it can halt either movement or magic. To halt the magic of a Chaos lord on any lord level spell caster in the Tzeentch army is an extremely potent ability as it negates most of the real power of the army. Similarly, movement can be halted to make the shorter range of the Tzeentch magic a deciding factor.

A tzeentchian army is also very likely to be small, owing to the expense of Chaos unit in general, and the even greater expense of the Tzeentch characters. As such, it is normally rather easy to move around the small body of troops to get in the position you need to engage them in combat and be successful.

Thus, the Tzeentch army, though potentially very potent, is not completely undefeatable. The magic,

though powerful, has its limitations and the characters, though dominant, are expensive and will normally find it difficult to make back their points without risking themselves to the sharp bite of Druchii blades...

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# They Came From The Shifting Sands

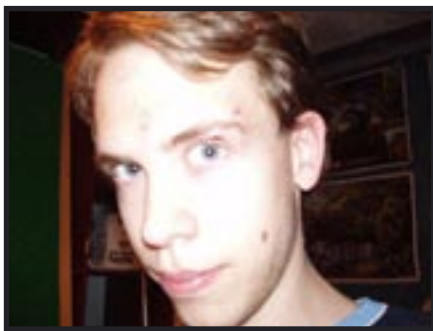
*A Battle Report by Silas*

**The call was given!  
So I ran behind a rock.**

**I'm no fool, volunteering for extra unpaid work. Write a battle report, they cried!  
Show the people of Druchii.net your generalship skills! Me? Yeah...right...  
Oh, alright.**

I lunged for my phone and dialled for a pizza. Then I gave some thought into writing a fantastic battle report that all will be talking about for years to come. Running my own gaming club meant that I had plenty of people to battle. Problem though was that very few had painted armies. Still...someone could use one of my armies. Phoning around and I eventually threatened Rob to participate in this report. So here we go!

Scenario; Pitched Battle. 1,500 points aside.

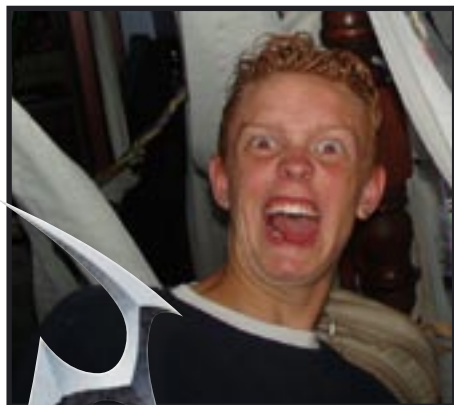


**Forward, Sons of Malekith!  
Silas**

Well now, 1,500 points to spend. Over the years I have built up a fairly decent army. Ok, it is not very well painted, but then the general masses rarely are. Looking over the choice of models I decided to do something different. In the army list forums, the tactics forums and so on everyone says to take some dark riders. Sure they are one of our best units, but why? Why do I use them all the time? What about the other cool units? Executioners? Black guard? The poor old warriors. Often left lacking. Many new people to the hobby are told to get these wondrous units. Many have the misguided belief that the common warriors are not that good.

Well, what if I proved differently? How about an army of crossbow elves? Yes, that sounds good. Besides, they will be good against Tomb Kings, with their low toughness and low armour. Thirty should do the trick. I will need something to help when the Tomb Kings eventually hits my ranks, so a unit of twenty corsairs will back up my ranged units. Tomb Kings can have a lot of nasty stuff like bone giants and tomb scorpions. So I took two repeater bolt throwers to add to my already vicious fire power. To combat the Tomb Kings magic I decided that my army was going to be lead by a family of sorceresses (The army is their combined bodyguards). So two level two sorceresses, one carrying a dispel scroll. Hopefully that'll blunt the Tomb Kings ongoing magic.

Finally some fun stuff! I've always liked witch elves, what with the lack of clothes and poison. They often do me proud purely through sheer weight of attacks. A nice unit of twenty will do. To go for any screaming skull catapults that the dead often bring to the battle nine shades were hired. Now to the plan. Shoot everything that gets close! Sound good? It does to me!



**Them Bones, Them Bones, Them Dry Bones  
Rob**

Writing a battle report for a web mag that I have never read. I have not even been on the forums for the site. Well, what can I say? Other than "Please don't hunt me down and kill me for being useless!" My good friend Silas gave me the use of one of his armies. I love the Tomb Kings, having a big army of my own (unfortunately, they have only got to the undercoat stage...). Silas has a nice army and I was pleasantly surprised when he said I could use it. Admittedly, he had spent the past half hour threatening me, my family, my work place, my dog, my neighbours, my TV... to get me to do this report for him.



First choices for me are my Tomb King and two liche priests. A great weapon (as if he is going to strike first much anyway...) and the Golden Ankhra goes to the Tomb King, while three dispel scrolls (I hate enemy magic) and a Hieratic Jar go to the priests.

To fill my core I chose two units of skeletons with hand weapons and shields. Both with full command. These would walk up the middle of the battle, soaking up the enemy fire and hopefully getting replenished by my magic. Another unit of twelve archers were brought along to take out any flankers. Some fast, hard-hitting stuff was needed so along came the three chariots with full command and the Mirage Banner so that they should hopefully survive enemy shooting. Something was needed to take on any big beasts that the Dark Elves can field, such as the hydra. So a bone giant was summoned to cleave my foes. Oh, and his pet scorpion came too.

The plan? Soak up enemy fire power, get down the flanks with the chariots, keep the army moving and replenished. Sounds simple, lets see how it goes...



*Silas' Lovely Ladies*

*Sorceress*

*Magic Level 2, Dispel Scroll*  
*155 pts*

*Sorceress*

*Magic Level 2 vv*  
*130 pts*

*10 Dark Elf Warriors*

*Repeater Crossbows*  
*110 pts*

*10 Dark Elf Warriors*

*Repeater Crossbows*  
*110 pts*

*10 Dark Elf Warriors*

*Repeater Crossbows*  
*110 pts*

*20 Corsairs*

*Full Command Group*  
*225 pts*

*20 Witch Elves*

*Full Command Group, Witchbrew*  
*315 pts*

*9 Shades*

*126 pts*

*2 Repeater Bolt Throwers*

*200 pts*

*Total 1481 pts*



*The Desert Legion*

*Tomb Prince*  
Great Weapon,  
Golden Ankhra  
149 pts

*Liche Priest*  
Dispel Scroll, Hieratic Jar  
173 pts

*Liche Priest*  
Two Dispel Scrolls, Horse  
173 pts

*10 Skeletons*  
Bows  
80 pts

*20 Skeletons*  
Full Command Group, Hand Weapons, Light Armour, Shields  
205 pts

*16 Skeletons*  
Full Command Group, Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Shields  
169 pts

*3 chariots*  
Full Command Group, Mirage Standard  
210 pts

*Tomb Scorpion*  
85 pts

*Bone Giant*  
220 pts T

*Total: 1480 pts*

**The Setup**

The battlefield was set up almost symmetrical; a hill one end, a tower the other for both of us. In the middle and at the front of what turned out to be the Tomb Kings deployment zone was a small forest. I placed my witch elves next to the hill on one flank, on the hill went one of the crossbow units and a reaper bolt thrower. In the centre of the battlefield stood my unit of corsairs along with a unit of crossbow elves. Next to them, just by the tower, I put my other reaper bolt thrower. On the other flank went my last crossbow unit. Further up, hugging the tower crept my unit of shades. I had a sorceress on either flank.



On the opposite side of the board the Tomb Kings set up. Directly opposite my witch elves went the chariots. With them was the liche priest on horse. Behind the wood stalked a small unit of skeletons, accompanied by the tomb prince. Further on, but still behind the wood, lumbered the hulking bone giant. In its shadow was the bigger unit of skeletons. Beside them, standing in the shade of the hill, was the unit of archers and the liche priest on foot. The scorpion was buried in the sands just behind the dark elves hill (now, that could be a problem...).

Rolling for first turn shows that the Undead are quite quick for the shamble across the board...



#### Turn One; Tomb Kings

Rob; Aha, this is it. My turn to stroll across the board and kick in some flesh. Let us show these Elves what being dead is all about. Crumble forwards my pretties! My chariots thunder towards the witch elves, putting faith in their banner to hold off the inevitable storm of bolts. The rest of the army followed suit (not being able to march is annoying...), making their really slow progress towards the Dark Elf lines.

Ah. Magic. The prince shouted a lot at his fellow skeletons forcing them to go a bit faster. Liche priest numero uno casts the same spell on the big unit of skeletons. My hierophant stands around looking silly because none of his/hers/its spells are in range. Shooting. Let's see how effective this is! The bow corpses shoot at the shades covering by one of the towers. One dies. Yeah, I can see they are going to be really effective...

#### Turn One; Dark Elves

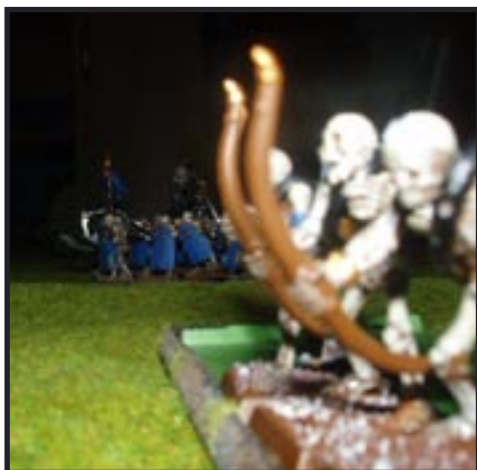
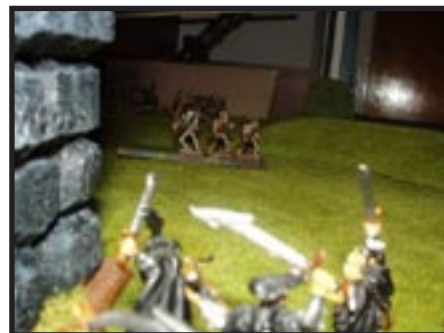
Silas; Well, not much happened there then, did it? A little walking forward, which is nice. Means that I am in range. Lets give them a volley eh lads? My army held its ground and prepared to fire. First, my sorceresses put on a little show and danced entrancingly. The effect? Nothing. All my spells were out of range. Still, I am sure the lovelies will get their chance to cause some havoc later.

Ready! Aim! Fire! The unit on the hill fire at the chariots, however because of the Mirage Standard, only managed to cause one wound. Oh well. The bolt thrower hurled a massive bolt across the field, slamming into one of the chariots, bringing the thing crashing to the ground. One chariot down! Two to go! The next unit of crossbow elves fired away at the large unit thundering towards them, killing



four. The other bolt thrower fires at the giant. Hitting, dealing it two wounds. Another four to go... My shades return fire on the archers, killing five, while my last unit of crossbow elves took down another four, leaving three alive! Go Elves!

No combat...I guess it's his turn to recover.

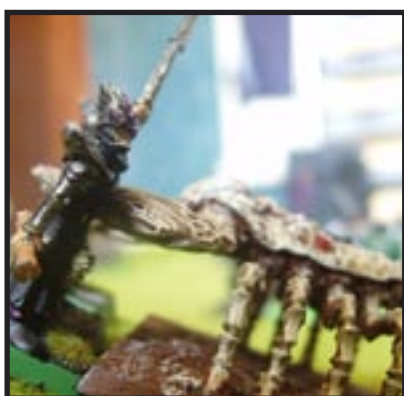
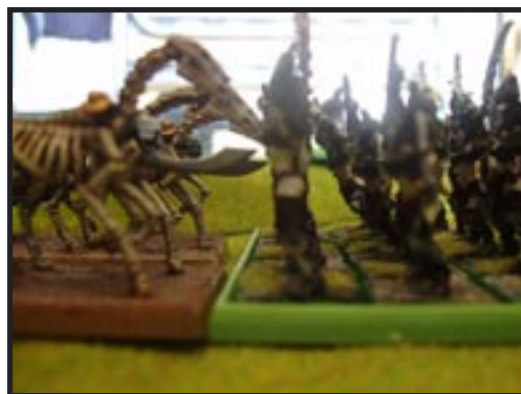


### Turn Two; Tomb Kings

Rob; after checking through the Dark Elf army book to make sure that the elves are carrying repeater crossbows and not machine guns, I knew I had to get rid of that fire power. First up is a nice little weapon when it works; the scorpion. This little tunneller can appear behind enemy lines and charge straight away! Very useful for getting rid of enemy war machines and missile troops. Can I roll a four? Of course I can! The scorpion comes out practically where I want it, right next to the bolt thrower on the hill. Let's eat some elves!

I also charged my chariots into the big unit of witch elves in front of them. It may be all going wrong on my left flank, but I'm sure I can crumble Silas' left as well. The rest of my army made its slow methodical march forward.

Now for some magic; my tomb prince manages to roll a one for his power level to get his unit moving. Dispelled with such ease, I felt like slapping my prince. To make up for it my liche priest on the far flank manages to raise five of the dead archers while Silas wasted all of his remaining dispel dice trying to dispel it. This allowed the Hierophant to move my tomb princes unit. Not a bad little magic phase.



My skeletons manage to shoot down another three shades. And now for some fun! Combat. The scorpion easily dispatches the two crew and thunders into the side of a unit of crossbow Elves.

Sadly my chariots only managed to kill three witch elves. I rolled nine ones! Sometimes I could just break

down and cry! Return attacks took off a wound, meaning that I lost the combat by one, pulling down another chariot! It's not going well here...





### Turn Two; Dark Elves

Silas; Well, hoping for the scorpion to not turn up so early didn't work...now I've lost a bolt thrower and am in danger of losing some crossbow elves. But I have a cunning plan! I moved the corsair unit into a position where it could provide a back up if my plan failed. The witch elves seemed to be doing fine, facing only a single chariot. I moved the shades away from the tower towards the far hill, letting my crossbow unit take care of the remaining enemy archers. I moved one of my sorceresses into position to carry out my daring plan to save the crossbow unit from the scorpion. Everything else stayed still.

All went quiet. I heard a voice say "Casting Dominion on the Scorpion" and realised that it was mine. I picked up the dice. I rolled. Irresistible force! Khaine is with me today! I declared that the scorpion could not attack in combat (Loremaster's Note: What funky version of Dominion do you use, Silas? Dominion can only prevent shooting, moving and spell casting. – Nag). The crossbow unit was saved! So overjoyed was I that I forgot to throw around any other combat, going straight to my shooting. The remaining bolt thrower fired at the bone giant again, taking another wound off, while the unit of crossbow Elves next to it fired into the large unit of skeletons, dropping three. On the far flank, my last unit shot down three of the archers.

Time for combat. The witch elves easily put down the last chariot, while the elves fighting the scorpion failed to harm it. The scorpion in return kills two, winning the combat. Nevertheless, the hardy Elves hold their ground, knowing that help was on its way...

### Turn Three; Tomb Kings

Rob; Hopefully this turn I can get some luck. Let us see shall we?

No charges were declared, instead my army shambled onwards. My tomb prince ordered the march, but was dispelled. On the other side of the table, my liche priest replenished the large unit, condemning the archers to their doom. The hierophant got the tomb prince and his unit to move forward, trying valiantly to come to the rescue of the poor scorpion.

Shooting and the five archers took down two elves. Onto combat. Well, due to Dominion my scorpion was not going to eat any Elves (Loremaster's Note: If you just had looked at the spell description... – Nag). At least the Elves were not up to scratching its bony armour. Still, the corsairs that were thundering up its backside were certainly going to make short work of the poor critter.

### Turn Three; Dark Elves

Silas; This is going really well! Admittedly, mostly because of good luck rather than generalship...

The corsairs charged forwards, eager to tear the scorpion limb from limb.



Everything else manoeuvred its way into some good positions. The witch elves moved around the hill, ready to get at the rear of the tomb princes unit. The unengaged repeater crossbow unit in the centre of the board moved away from the bone giant, trying to avoid getting charged. The shades, which were by now happily plodding around behind enemy lines, ran towards the liche priest. I tried to cast Dominion again, this time on the bone giant but Rob used one of his dispel scrolls. No other magic was cast due to some bad rolling.

And the troop doth fire! My bolt thrower took another two wounds off the bone giant, leaving it on one, while the crossbow Elves on the far flank took out the remaining archers. That seemed to be it. Is it me or is my fire power lessening? Oh dear.

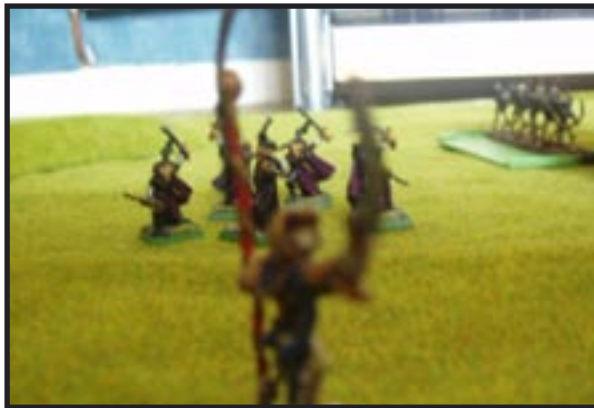
The one combat sees the corsairs take two wounds off of the Scorpion. In return, the scorpion kills three corsairs, while the warriors do nothing. Through combat resolution the scorpion crumbles to dust and the Druchii cheer!

#### Turn Four; Tomb Kings

Rob; Oh well, things aren't looking too good anymore. Still, this turn, a lot of my units should be hitting combat. Hopefully, things will go better from now. My tomb prince thunders into the corsairs, intent on revenge. The bone giant loped towards the warriors directly in front of him. The other unit of skeletons ran along side the giant.

The liche priest ran away from the approaching shades, but I knew there was no escape. My all important magic phase proved good. Silas dispelled my tomb prince's attempt at striking the corsairs in the magic phase and also trying to raise more skeletons for the tomb prince. He then used his dispel scroll to stop me charging the unit of skeletons into the warriors directly in front of them. Aha! I had a trick up my sleeve; the Hieratic Jar. I could now cast another incantation, charging the bone giant into the crossbow elves.

All my shooting was done, so straight to combat. My tomb prince pulled apart two corsairs, while the skeletons took down another. In return, I lost two skeletons. Winning the combat and causing fear, I chased and wiped out the unit of corsairs! The bone giant did wonders, killing seven warriors, forcing them to flee and running into a sorceress. The tables have turned it seems, let us get back into the fight!



#### Turn Four; Dark Elves

Silas; Ooohh...that wasn't good. The corsairs fleeing has left a large hole in my army, to make matters worse I am about to lose a sorceress. Grim things indeed. Still, I can hold out and take the win. My witch elves were in charge range of the tomb prince and my shades were about to shoot down a liche. In my haste I completely forgot about my magic phase, but I doubt it would have done much at this point anyway.

In shooting my bolt thrower killed three skeletons, while my shades took down that liche. Aha! Trade off, your magic user for mine!

Cackling slightly as my witch elves hacked to pieces seven skeletons, I stared in amazement as I won the combat by nine, meaning the whole regiment disappeared! Including the tomb prince!

I'll have to admit I did a little dance at that point... The bone giant easily dispatched the sorceress, but was now in no position to do much to my remaining elves.





### Turn Five; Tomb Kings

characters in one go! After a fantastic turn, I'm now left in a position to be slaughtered. My two (yes two!) remaining units are both facing the wrong way to be of any use. Still, never go down without a fight...

I turned both units to face the witch elves, not wanting Silas to have the satisfaction of another flank attack. My magic was dismal, Silas easily dispelling the one incantation I tried to do, and, with no shooting, it was over to Silas to finish me off...



### Turn Five; Dark Elves

Silas; The fight seems to have gone out of Rob now. There is very little to do but mop up. The witch elves charge the last of the skeletons, while the bolt thrower prepares to blow apart the bone giant. Again I missed my magic phase, but only because there was no useful spell to cast. The bolt thrower tore apart the bone giant, while the crossbow unit on the hill shot down the hierophant. Last, but not least, the witch elves ripped through the remaining skeletons, leaving no tomb king model left on the board. Victory!

### The Aftermath; Silas

Well, that swung around every turn, especially in the middle. I really thought I would have problems when that scorpion turned up in turn two. Still, I managed to react well on the battlefield and had a lot of luck (I just love luck!). Man (or rather woman) of the match has to go to the witch elves, they took on the chariots and the tomb princes unit all by themselves.

Overall I was very impressed with my army decision. I was not really expecting a ranged army to do overly well. Still, it just goes to show that you can always be surprised. There should be loads I could fill this with, but it is hot and I am not. So goodbye from me and over to Rob to give his excuses...

### The Aftermath; Rob

Amazingly I really enjoyed this game, even though I took a hammering. The Lady Luck obviously was not on my side today. If she was things could have been very different. I could have done without my chariots being torn asunder with ease; they should have at least killed some of the witch elves. That was the weirdest eyed snake I have ever seen.

**Authors: Silas and his friend, Rob**  
**Initiative: Freelancing (The Blood Hawks)**  
**Editor: Lethalis Moonlight**  
 **Loremaster: Nagathi**

# Chaos Artillery: The Hellcannon

Written by AloneandBurned

*"The elector count smiled as he set his artillery and his hand gunners in a line to stand and face the oncoming chaos hordes. Everyone knows that after the gunners do their job, the chaos forces will blast through them easily, since they are unarmoured and defenceless. "FIRE!" yelled the count, upon which several gunners, mortars and cannons unleashed fire at the Chaos troops. The hellblaster started whirring and warmed up its barrels for the bullets that it would be unloading soon. Several Chaos units got tore apart, but yet they came on.*

*The count realized grimly that his gunners would have to do that a few more times to make the fight manageable. Then he noticed this giant lumbering cannon-like object in the back of the Chaos line. It had somehow just shimmered into existence. A cold sense of dread filled him as he gazed upon its fearsome and terrifying visage. The small Dwarves running around it were busy shovelling ammunition into the spout... wait; that was not ammunition. They were loading corpses into it.*

*Incredulous, the count looked around at his men, all their eyes focused on this horrifying scene. Then the giant cannon swivelled in their direction. How? How was it doing that? The dwarves were not moving it... it was moving on its own!*

*The mages in the empiric army felt a chill as they saw vast amounts of magic being pulled by the beast. Then, a quick flash of light blinded them all, as the cannon unloaded the corpses that flew straight towards the gunners and the artillery in front of the line. However, the corpses seemed to be half eaten, and the souls of the bodies were screaming and wailing, being burned by the magical energy as they sped towards their target. As the round slammed home, several gunners and a cannon were destroyed, their limbs and pieces flying around. Such a sight unnerved even the most veteran of the defenders, and several panicked and ran off the field, not wanting to stick around to get shot by this creature.*

*As the surviving gunners tried to make their shots count, they were too shaken to concentrate. The Chaos line came even closer, and the cannon on the Chaos side screamed again, and unloaded its magical firepower. As the burning bodies and souls flew towards a giant block of spearmen, those realizing that they were about to be hit ran even before the flaming bodies landed.*

*The count yelled at his army to hold, but the men were too frightened to pay attention to his orders. They kept running and running, but the Chaos forces were not so forgiving. Speeding up, and without any pesky bullets catching them, the Chaos forces slammed into the severely depleted and ramshackle empiric lines. The part of the army that was not dead was fleeing, with the Chaos troops in closer pursuit. The elector count's body lay on the ground, battered and bruised. Praying to Sigmar one last time, he closed his eyes, and drifted into the eternal slumber of death."*

With the Storm of Chaos, we saw several things that were brutal and ruthless... the entire slayer army, the anointed, the daemonic chariots (\*shudder\*), and the great weapon-wielding black orc army. Chaos, however, got a brand new unit, and its first real shooting unit: the hellcannon. This monstrous construct is a nasty piece of work, and I will spill the beans on it.

There are several things you have to realize about the hellcannon; it is daemonic, it is a large target, it causes terror, and it can fight in close combat, it can wreck units and panic complete armies off the board, and is in effect a very powerful piece of work. All of these things have to be considered when facing it, and I will go through them all.

First things first, it is a daemon. This means that the hellcannon is unbreakable and immune to psychology, and has to make instability checks if it loses combat. The hellcannon and its crew gain some protection from damage because of its daemonic aura. It is a large target, so anyone can target it, and similarly, it can see almost everything on the board. Thus, no unit is safe from its diabolical firepower. It is also a terror-causing creature, and thus, charging it with small skirmisher units is extremely hard (bye harpies!). Moreover, if they do manage to get into combat with it, it has six wounds with a toughness of seven! Therefore, strength 3 attacks are useless against the machine itself. The crew is an easier target, being "only" toughness four. However, they have heavy armour and they gain the 5+ ward that the hellcannon has. To top it all off, the hellcannon has four attacks at strength six. This cannon is an evil piece of work in close combat, but it has an even potential in the shooting phase.

To make a long story short, it fires like a stone thrower with the strength of an empire great cannon. Anything hit by the template takes D6 strength 10 hits, and anything within



2.5" of the point of impact has to take a panic test or run away. One good thing about it is that you are allowed to flee away from the hellcannon if it is going to hit your unit. Yes, this cannon can destroy an army by itself. To make matters worse, it is backed by Chaos mortal army that is walking across the board. It is fairly expensive, but with the right troops, it is worth it.

*"The hellcannon could hear the screams of the dying and injured. It could feel the taint of fear and pain in the winds of magic. It could taste the dread rolling off the fleeing humans... it came in waves, and made it hunger for flesh. The hellcannon tugged against its restraints that chained it to the ground, straining its daemonic body with all of its strength. However strong the chains might have been, no mortal chain could hope to restrain the unleashed might of a daemon seeking blood. The chains snapped, and the chaos dwarf crew fled, not wanting to be anywhere near the rampaging daemon.*

*The daemonic engine surged forward, now unchecked, and ploughed into friendly troops in the line of pursuit. The chaos warriors in its path did not have a chance to do anything as the daemon devoured their souls without a pause and kept on chasing after the fleeing humans."*

The only way to stop a hellcannon is to kill off its crew – either that, or to force it to rampage! As a compulsory move, if there is an enemy unit with 2D6" inches of the hellcannon, the enemy is charged by a rampaging hellcannon. The cannon cannot fire its big gun when it does so, but it may still use a flame template to shoot nearby units. If they crew are killed, the hellcannon rampages every turn from that point on. Though it is reasonably easy to distract it, the fact that it causes terror is the end for our harpies. Shades are a decent choice, though they need to shoot the crew... they would not survive past the first round of combat against this creature. A noble riding a pegasus is a good idea, but you have to remember that its high toughness and six wounds... nothing smaller than a manticores will be able to handle this big boy, and even then it is a stretch.

People might think that the best way to handle such power is to close with your enemy at full steam, so that he will not shoot, not wanting to scatter and panic his own army. Well, remember what you are running towards... a rock hard chaos force. Simply put, the best way to deal with the hellcannon is to avoid giving it nice and juicy target too long. Deal with it as you would any war machine. One tactic is to get dark riders behind it, so it has to charge in that direction, and will very possible run off the board. Of course, at this point, you are sacrificing a whole unit... Harpies are better at it, since they can land right behind it, and laugh as it chases them off the table. If it does run off the board, it is out of commission for two turns of shooting... and when it can shoot, well, the measurements will be different. Sure, in the hands of a good guesser, that means nothing, but it is still worth a shot. The kicker is that you lost less than 100 points to distract something three times its cost.

Be wary of it when you see it on the field, and make sure to include it in your plans. Do not bunch up your army if you can help it, and send your war machine killers after it... Good luck!

**Author:** AloneAndBurned  
**Initiative:** Temple of Khaine  
**Editor:** Lethalis  
 **Loremaster:** Nagathi  
**Illustrator:** Freebooter



# Painting My Baby Hydrae

By RagainCain

**Howdy, ladies and gents, with lasts month's article on hydras, I thought I'd share with you the techniques and processes I went through when painting mine.**

The first thing you would notice is that it is not the standard model, which in my opinion looks too sluggish and inelegant. Instead, I went for two of the Warmaster hydrae, which matches perfectly with my preconceptions of what our hydrae should look like, lithe and agile yet powerful. To keep them gaming legal I mounted two of them on a chariot base and use them with the profile in the army book.

Awesome! Next up was how to paint them. I wanted them to contrast to the rest of my army, which is primarily black with gold armour (there are lots of pictures of my army in the Album if you would like to check them out).



Therefore, a natural colour, but something that still ties it into the rest of the army is what I sought for. I eventually went with natural shades of green, a classic lizard colour, and it still ties in with my army because gold is a green colour, trust me.

Base coating; after applying a chaos black undercoat I base coated it with an equal mix of dark angels green and chaos black (50/50 mix). This was then highlighted with catachan green, using a technique called dry-brushing.

(Dry-brushing is where you paint with next to no paint on your brush. This is achieved by dipping your brush in your chosen colour then wiping the majority of it off on a paper towel, then brushing over the raised detail lightly, the more you do it, the stronger the colour will be!) (Master Editor's Note: I bet most people reading this knows what dry-brushing is. Hell, even I know – Nag).

This was then highlighted by gradually adding rotting flesh, emphasising the muscles. I then highlighted the beaks of the hydras by painting on highlights – drawing the brush from the back to the point of the beak, up to almost pure rotting flesh.



That is the majority of the model done. Next are the details. First up were the eyes. To make them stand out I wanted a striking colour, eventually I settled on yellow. However, yellow does not cover black very well, so first it was necessary to re-base coat them bubonic brown, this was then coated golden yellow and highlighted by adding skull white.

While on the heads I painted the tongues (all 10 of them!), these were quite simple. A base coat of warlock purple highlighted with tentacle pink did the job.

Lastly were the claws, now I know many ways to paint bone; however, the one I will explain (and the one I used) is, in my opinion, by far the most realistic. It started with a basecoat of graveyard earth, this was highlighted with kommando khaki, and then khaki with skull white added, in the same manor as the beaks, starting at the back of the claw and drawing your brush toward the tip.

Now the models were finished I had to base them. This was a bit of a no-





brainer as I used the same method for my entire army! To add a bit of narrative to the model I scattered some skulls on the base and on the rocks that are on the majority of all my large bases. The rocks were painted with a basecoat of chaos black and codex grey (50/50), Dry-brushed with fortress grey and then lightly with skull white. The skulls were painted in the same manor as the claws above.

All that remained was to texture it by sticking on some sand, this was then inked with brown ink and when it was dry, dry brushed with bleached bone. Then patches of static flock were added and the edge of the base blacked out. Phew!

There you have it, one of my favourite models in the RagainCain collection.

RagainCain

**Author: RagainCain**  
**Initiative: To Make Like a Slave**  
**Editor: Silas**  
**QA Guy: Loremaster Nagathi**

# Painting & Modelling Dark & Slaanesh Sorceresses on Foot

By RagainCain

After reading an article in the Monthly about 'Sorceress Assassins'(giving them Steed of Shadows and the Web of Shadows) I had to make one to try this tactic out, the steps I went through are below. It would be very easy to arm her with another weapon if you so wished.

## My Dark Sorceress

### Components

- Witch elf standard-bearer (body)
- Female hydra apprentice (head)
- Mounted sorceress
- Green stuff

OK, first things first, I removed the witch elf head just above the shoulder line and filed the legs free of any detail to make sculpting the skirt easier. I removed the hydra apprentice's head, also at the shoulder line. Finally, I liberated the top of the mounted sorceress's staff and removed the Khaine icon from the pole.

Next, I attached the apprentice head to the witch elf body and the staff top to the top of the banner pole, with a little attention to detail it is possible to get the detail on the pole match up to that on the top of the staff. To make the web of shadows I used a section of the witch elf hair and attached it to the sword handle.

Once all this had dried thoroughly I started the sculpting. The hair was first, I rolled a sausage of green stuff and laid it around the join, draping it down her chest, then using a damp sculpting tool pressed it into the correct shape, making sure to cover any gaps. Then using the 'blade' end, I sculpted the hair by following the hair on the apprentice's head.

Now with the hair completely dry it was time to move onto the skirt. I started by rolling out a sheet of green stuff, and wrapped it around her legs. I also put a ball of it between her legs so that when I started poking around it would not tear. Using a knife, I trimmed the top of the skirt to match her belt. I then used the flat end of the tool to put in the detail. The only thing you have to remember when sculpting robes is 'how will it hang'. As you can see, I have the skirt bunched up over her knee and between her legs. The bunches are made by pushing into the green stuff on one side and then the other, making a ridge that can be smoothed out.

Because you have to have at least one Slaanesh sorceress in a Cult of Pleasure army I had to make one. Would you like to know more?





# My Slaanesh Sorceress

## Components

- Lahmian vampire (with cat between legs)
- Female hydra apprentice
- Green stuff

This was made in exactly the same way as the dark sorceress, just do a head swap with the apprentice and model on some hair to cover the bond in the same fashion as above. Very simple. With them both made, it is time to get to the painting...

The dark sorceress was unsurprisingly given a black undercoat, any places that the spray missed were touched up with watered down chaos black. The robe and chest area were painted by highlighting successively with bleached bone added to chaos black. The skin was then base coated with elf flesh. I then applied my 'dark elf flesh wash', which is a mixture of shadow grey and purple ink, to the fleshy areas. Once this was dry I highlighted by adding the flesh wash to elf flesh and then successively adding skull white for the highlights. Her hair, including the Web of Shadows hair were base coated kommando khaki, which was highlighted with skull white, mixed into it to get the striking blonde.

The metal work was base coated boltgun metal and then highlighted with chainmail and then mithril, while the gold areas were given a coat of shining gold, which was given a flesh ink to give it some warmth and depth. This was highlighted by successively adding mithril into the gold. When all the highlights were finished, it was given a flesh ink glaze to pull it all together. All I had to do was base her and she was ready to go!



The Slaanesh was given a white undercoat, since the majority of the model was going to be pink. Her cloak was base coated warlock purple; this was then highlighted by adding tentacle pink and then skull white successively. I then painted the fleshy areas elf flesh and gave them a tanned flesh wash. When this was dry, the skin was highlighted through elf flesh up to almost pure skull white.

It was at this point that I blacked everything else out. I highly recommend blacking out as it allows you to see what your next step should be. I moved onto her underwear and frilly bits; these were base coated fortress grey, and highlighted up to skull white. Next were the metal bits, which were painted boltgun metal and then highlighted with chainmail and then mithril silver.

Since my Cult of Pleasure is a mirror image of my Cult of Khaine, I represent this with the hair too. In my Cult of Khaine, all my female elves have blonde hair, so in my Cult of Slaanesh they all have black hair. This was achieved by adding bleached bone to chaos black to highlight, then it was given a black glaze. After painting the eyes, I gave her some ice blue lipstick and moved onto the final detail.

The Familiar (the cute cat) was base coated graveyard earth, then highlighted kommando khaki and than a little bleached bone, while the nose area was chaos black and dwarf flesh, highlighted with dwarf flesh. Based up and ready to go!

Phew! Two of my favourite models. If you have a go please post some pictures to the album and if you have any questions, send me a private message.

Cheers, RagainCain

**Author: RagainCain**  
**Initiative: To Make Like a Slave**  
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