

WATCHMAN™

Issue 04
Summer
2008

VIEWING
INSTRUCTIONS

Free



This issue:

- * Our army for all phases continues!
- * Masterclass: Interview with 2 Golden Demon Winners!

Road to Ruin

Part 1 of our narrative scenarios set in the World of Warhammer!

WARHAMMER
LEGENDARY
BATTLES
SUPPLEMENT

Fantasy Apocalypse is here!

WATCHMAN

Issue 04 Summer 2008

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ISSUE 4 EDITORIAL

Can you think of a worse summer than the one just gone? I certainly can't remember one being so un-summer-y in a long time. It was a real annoyance as I enjoy the summer a lot. Its ironic really that way back in issue one I mentioned the seasons and how it affects gaming. My bet is that this summer saw more games played than usual due to the ridiculous amount of rain that we had here in the UK?

The Watchman Tournament was held not too long ago and it was an amazing event - one that was enjoyed by all party's involved as far as I could see. Held in Warhammer World and organised by the incomparable Simon Tull of Carnage Games, the whole event went off without a hitch (except my quest to find the Jury's Inn Nottingham). It was such a success that it'll be happening again next year with any luck. I thought organising the Watchman was a logistical nightmare but seeing how hard Simon worked really put that into a new perspective. It made me feel very lazy about procrastinating over another issue.

That all being said, this issue builds on the creativity theme I mentioned in the last editorial and goes further another step - we finally see Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay in these hallowed pages, something we should have done from the beginning!

'Til next time!

Voltaire

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Our first ever Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay scenario where we flesh out how to link games of Warhammer together through narratives.



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McMullet reviews the first gamer geared holiday homes deep in the heart of France! Yes, your wife would probably leave you if you took her here!



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THE FINAL WORD

We try to make excuses for reasons why this magazine has taken a year to put together.

SUBMISSIONS

IMAGE SUBMISSIONS:

We advise you send your own photos and use these tips to help when getting pictures of your own miniatures;

weblinks: http://www.karoath.com/pages/minitips_photography.html
<http://www.coolminiornot.com/article>

Issue 3 and this issue of the **WATCHMAN** Magazine have articles covering miniature photography!

Technical Info: The higher the resolution of the photo, the better. We accept the following file formats - .jpeg, .tiff,

- We prefer unprocessed images but we realise experienced modellers and photographers process their images before publication.

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ASSIGNING A TITLE TO YOUR ARTICLE:

Please assign a system to your rules in the heading when posting them please use the following abbreviations:

† WH	Warhammer
† WHQ	Warhammer Quest
† WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
† MH	Mordheim
† WM	Warmaster
† ME	Mighty Empires
† MN	Man O' War (<i>for those of you who are really old school!</i>)

THIS IS FOLLOWED BY A SUFFIX OF WHAT KIND OF ARTICLE YOU ARE WRITING:

- † **Rules** - rules submissions might include a background section but if an article has attached rules then please use this tag.
- † **Background** - Straight up background, long or short stories.
- † **PnT** - Painting and Terrain as well as modelling articles.
- † **Misc.** - Anything else!

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Army for All Phases: DAEMONS OF CHAOS

VOLTAIRE GIVES US THE LOW DOWN ON HOW TO CONQUER ALL WITH HIS FLEXIBLE LIST FOR THE NEW DAEMONS OF CHAOS!

THE LIST 2250 POINTS

GREAT UNCLEAN ONE
LEVEL 4 WIZARD
TRAPPINGS OF NURGLE
SLIME TRAIL
PESTILENT MUCUS
655

EPIDEMUS, TALLYMAN OF NURGLE
135

HERALD OF SLAANESH
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HERALD OF KHORNE
JUGGERNAUT OF KHORNE
FIRESTORM BLADE
ARMOUR OF KHORNE
190

21 PLAGUEBEARERS
FULL COMMAND
ICON OF ETERNAL VIRULENCE
295

20 DAEMONETTES
FULL COMMAND
270

10 HORRORS
120

2 BLOODCRUSHERS
140

6 FURIES
72
6 FURIES
72

3 FLAMERS
105

2247 POINTS
POWER DICE: 8
DISPEL DICE: 6

The crux of the new daemon book is a simple one: when a Daemon does something, its normally the best at what it does. Trying to fit a balanced list around this central idea is something which is quite difficult and often ends up in a great headache. This headache is like brain freeze from ice cream, it's so good it has to do something to hurt your head at some time or another. The daemons are not the tacticians dream that the Tomb Kings are or the finesse dagger of cunning that the Dark Elfs pull off so well, they are a new and different tactical beast which is precisely what makes them brilliant. So, let the headache begin...

The headache began in the Lord section of the list as the choice is abundant and brilliant. Forgetting about including a named Greater Daemon, the fix becomes on the standard 'Big Four' in the Lord choices and the Daemon Prince. The Daemon Prince, however, was not going to be able to live up to everything that would be needed for a decently balanced list. Only being able to become a level 2 wizard and having a very limited daemonic gifts section coupled with his complete lack of armour save beyond dedicating him to a god made the choice of a Greater Daemon a simple one.

The next hour of the headache was choosing which of the Greater Daemons best suited the purposes of the game i.e. which of the four would prove to be the most cost effective for their point value. The Bloodthirster suffered the same magical problems as the Prince but on a much more epic scale of not being able to utilise magic at all. He does have access to a decent armour save though, and his combat abilities are next to none. The Lord of Change suffered from not being as good in combat as the other God powers and in an army that needs something that can fight, the Lord of Change simply did not cut it. Flying without an armour save was also irksome. Despite this, the Lord of Change was a good choice and would have been given further consideration if it would have been able to utilise a 4+ ward save, like his herald. The Keeper

More from Matt Cexwish later this issue!



Johnathan Ho's Tallyman of Nurgle.

of Secrets seemed to be a compromise between the Bloodthirster and the Lord of Change in that it was a strong combat beast that always struck first and had the ability to close the distance while throwing out magic in an excellent manner. Once again though, the lack of armour saves and only having a 5+ ward save proved irksome once more. Seeing if anything in its abilities would mitigate this, none of Slaanesh's abilities seemed to make up for this problem. The Great Unclean One suffered new problems which the other four choices so far had not. It was slow (for a Greater Daemon) and it had lacklustre weapon skill. These two problems meant that the Great Unclean One was likely to be charged in the flank or the rear and be systematically pulled apart by more skilled warriors. Ten wounds, however, was not something to be sniffed at and it could be a level 4 wizard.

The decision in the end was to go with the Great Unclean One. Despite the aforementioned problems with weapon skill and flanks/rear charges, the gifts available to the Great Unclean One meant that it had the ability to negate flank and rear charges. This combined with the Pestilent Mucus power that causes

toughness tests for wounds caused meant that the Great Unclean One could dish out the pain as much as he could absorb it. To further supplement this Trappings of Nurgle was chosen as a gift as it meant that the Great Unclean One would have 3 saves – armour, ward and regeneration. Upgraded to a level 4 wizard, the Great Unclean One has access to the Lore of Nurgle, meaning it can inhibit the enemy in a plethora of ways that the enemy will be kicking himself over. This also provided a solid caster for the force.

With the choice of the Great Unclean One over and done with, the heralds presented themselves and with that, the need to support the Greater Daemon in some way. Epidemius, the Tallyman of Nurgle stuck out over everything else in terms of functional support. His wounds tally when combined with the Lore of Nurgle and what would hopefully be an army that caused high wounds meant that the Greater Daemon would be even more devastating than he already was. Epidemius superior toughness of 6 coupled with a palanquin and Regeneration meant that there was a solid supporting character for the front of the battle

line. To better help with Epidemius task, a unit of 20 Plaguebearers set out 7 wide and with the Tallyman in the front of them meant the tally would come to maximum effect a lot faster. To make this unit slightly better still, the Icon of Eternal Virulence was given to them to ensure once the Tally began, the Plaguebearers stood a fighting chance of beating any unit in Warhammer due to an overwhelming amount of poisoned attacks. This unit could be a catch all that could stand up to anything, ranging from monsters to swarms.

The grim realisation that the selected force so far was slow and it was dedicated to a single god meant that there needed to be diversity in the list. The headache came back over which heralds to choose. There was a brief moment where Skulltaker and the Masque nearly became defacto but the lack of the 'locus' abilities was off putting, especially considering there would be more core choices needed. The toughness factor came into play once more as a Herald of Khorne was chosen. The need to include something fast and slightly more attacky than the Nurgle meant that the first Rare choice was filled with a unit of 2 Bloodcrushers led by the Khorne Herald. Gifts wise, the Firestorm Blade and Armour of Khorne were chosen. This gave the Herald an impression Strength of 7, thus giving the army a chariot popper, and an armour save of 0+ as well as conferring Hatred on the Bloodcrushers ensuring that the unit was the most hard hitting that it could be.

The decision to include Bloodcrushers and Plaguebearers left two core choices and two gods to choose to try and establish a theme and it was then that the realisation of how simple it was occurred. The army was seriously lacking on the magical front beyond the Great Unclean One and an extra unit of 10 of tzeentch finest horrors would mean an extra spell or two in the magic phase, but more importantly, they would act as a mobile generator for dispel dice. This unit would either simply contest a table quarter and cast Flickering Fire of Tzeentch every now and again or act as potential flankers for the Plaguebearers. Either way, their original purpose of filling a slot and acting as a battery for the magic pool would certainly be achieved.

Another gaping hole in the battle line became apparent as a horde army would simply walk all over the force, even though there was a lot of very tough and attack orientated units in the army. Knowing Slaanesh was also missing to complete a 'totally

mixed' army made the final choice for a Herald of Slaanesh with entourage a simple one. This was a choice made easier by the ability to be a Wizard and have Many Armed Monstrosity as a power giving the Herald a massive 6 WS7 attacks. The herald also This would beat most other characters into a pulp and would certainly put a dampener on the day of any standard rank and file infantry. To get the full advantages of these wonderful abilities, the final core choice, a unit of 20 Daemonettes was selected to make sure that any big units of low toughness troops (goblins, skaven, zombies etc) would be turned into piece meat before they could even strike back. This also had the added advantage of being able to field a unit that would be able to stand up to the amazing High Elf Swordmasters in combat if necessary. The high movement value of the unit coupled with ASF also meant that they would be able to redeploy swiftly if necessary.

The choice to include a unit of 10 Horrors was a simple one. While there was magic in the force in the form of the Great Unclean One, having some more magic in what is essentially a fragile army is always a nice buff. Horrors perform this role on a dual level as they become a priority target for people who want to wipe out your magic phase and an extra dispel dice early game.

Shooting was a noticeable absence from the force and the only way to rectify this was to return to the rare section of the book and pick a unit of the extremely deadly Flamers of Tzeentch. This unit being able to skirmish also filled the final hole in the selection in terms of having units of all types (except fast cavalry). Their fickle shooting would serve as excellent harassment for the enemy though that is where their role would stay as their low numbers meant taking on a full ranked unit was going to be nigh on impossible and generally a bad decision. They should be able to take on war machine crews and lone characters and win, but again, their fickle nature and low weapon skill makes leaving them as a shooting unit the best use for them.

Totting up the points, there was just over 140 points left for the force. The immediate though was to add to the 'batteries' with a second unit of Horrors however the force looked very slow and with that in mind, 12 Furies were chosen. They were divided into two packs of 6 to ensure maximum mobility on the battlefield. This also supplemented the theme nicely as now the entire pantheon of chaos was present. The tactical



Johnathan Ho's fledging Nurgle Daemon Horde.
Visit his blog at <http://warseer.com/forums/showthread.php?t=153404>

MOVEMENT	SHOOTING	COMBAT	MAGIC
Daemonettes	Flamers	Great Unclean One	Great Unclean One
Bloodcrushers		Daemonettes	Herald of Slaanesh
Flamers		Bloodcrushers	Horrors of Tzeentch
Furies		Epedemius	
		Heralds	
		Plaguebearers	

use of the furies was a basic function of flyers, hunt war machines, lone characters etc. They would also serve as ongoing support for the Bloodcrushers trying to land behind the unit the 'Crushers charge to gain an auto-destroyed incident, or help them by flanking a unit. This meant that there was extra mobility in the force. The furies also provided the possible role of cheap mobile screen for the Bloodcrushers or Flamers, meaning that the more expensive and devastating units would be able to reach the enemies lines.

Looking over the force with an eye to an overview, the force is well balanced but fragile. Not fragile like a High Elf army with low toughness, fragile in the sense that if the Daemon player does not pick his fights then the fights imposed on him will be ones he loses. While

not outnumbering anyone or outshooting anyone, the Daemon army presented does give the impression that it is going to excel at what it does. Each of the units is specialised to the point of nearly being the best as what they do. As the game progresses, this should not be the case due to the cascading nature of the force – the longer the game goes on, the more in favour it is going to go for the daemons player. The manner in which this works is that as the game progresses, the main magical body and main unit in the army will become stronger, as will the army general. If preserved correctly, late game magic will prove devastating also. The list is balanced but appears to excel at the long game. This is perhaps the greatest of irony as who plays the long game better than the Dark Gods themselves...

Then. The Schwarzdrache Inn, The Great Forest. 4th Ulriczeit.

Arost was already beginning to form on the ground as Hans strode towards the inn even though the sun had just faded from the sky. The rattle of the carriage that had brought him here hung in the chill evening air - normally the coachman would stop over at this late hour but the *Schwarzdrache* was not a place that invited casual customers. Hans was familiar with the type of establishment - he'd grown up in a good few of them in Hergig. It was a place where everyone kept their business to themselves. Unfortunately, that business sometimes involved a dagger between your shoulder blades if you weren't too careful.

Hans pushed open the door to the low building and paused briefly to let his eyes adjust. The sound of quiet conversation halted abruptly as he entered, the crackle of flames from the small hearth filling the silence.

The small taproom was almost full with each table being occupied by a huddle of figures in dark hoods. Hans could feel their eyes following him as he strode towards the bar.

"You are holding a message for me, I believe?" He said.

The barman looked him up and down. Hans shifted

his weight just enough to allow his black cloak to fall open, revealing the symbol of Morr around his neck and the heavy mace at his belt. The barman grunted.

"So you're the priest? Yeah I got a message. The fella was quite spec'fic who to give it to."

He reached under the bar and produced a grubby envelope. Hans was relieved to see that the wax seal was still intact - presumably it was off little use to the illiterate barman. Hans nodded his thanks and picked up a pint of ale before looking around for a place to sit and read.

The huddled groups at the tables offered no privacy, but there did appear to be one place the clientele were avoiding - in the space furthest from the fire sat a single figure, tall with black hair that fell over his eyes. He was leaning forward as if asleep and Hans warily approached, taking a seat on the opposite side of the table. The figure didn't stir.

Satisfied that he at least had a small amount of privacy, Hans broke the seal on the letter and tilted it towards the distant firelight to make out the words. Frowning, he read and re-read it before he found his eyes drawn to the dark-haired man across the table. Hans placed the letter on the tabletop between them before speaking.

"I am not accustomed to being watched as I go about my private business, friend. Why do you stare at me? Is there something I can do for you?"

In the glint of the flickering light, Hans could see a faint smile beneath the black hair. •



Road to Ruin

Part 1

Character narratives in the Warhammer World
by Chris Hutchings & Jay Lloyd

Art: 'Morning Over Talabheim' by Jay Lloyd.

- PREFACE -



Chris Hutchings

Where to start? When you think about it, that's a pretty big question. These days I'm more of a roleplayer than a wargamer and I'm always interested in the story behind the character, so when Jay approached me with the idea for Road to Ruin I was up for it immediately; the chance to create someone from scratch and watch them grow from humble origins into (hopefully) a Warhammer general through roleplay, short stories and skirmishes? It was too good an opportunity to miss. In this small series of articles, the emphasis here is to get the most out of your character by fleshing out their backgrounds.

The Warhammer world has been running for over 30 years so there's an immense amount of background information to play around with. Eventually I settled on a cleric of Morr; the Empire is the most detailed of all the realms and I've always been intrigued by their various gods. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to explore them further. As the god of death and dreams, Morr is an important figure in everyday life for your average Imperial citizen, on a par with Sigmar himself, so I thought he would make an interesting choice.

I didn't know much about Jay's character then, but it now looks as though we have a curious pairing on our hands - in fact the Raven is clearly an ominous companion for a cleric of Morr! I'm not sure where this road is going to take our characters but I'm very interested to find out. Where to start? Well, for us, over the next few pages.

We have devised a plot to bring our characters together with the possibility of adding more if we need to. But for you? Substitute our characters for yours or improvise. Who knows, the possibilities really are endless!



Jay Lloyd

Anyone who plays Warhammer will no doubt tell you that one of the most important decisions they make is naming their heroes. Behind every name that is generated by the imagination there is also the potential for histories and tales of glory - or ruin!

Narratives can be a difficult thing - even if you know a lot about the Warhammer World, tying it all together somehow is a hard thing to do, especially if your characters are of different races. My Chaos champion wasn't always a follower of Tzeentch, so I decided to start the narrative for our characters a long time before his corruption.

I envisioned my character as a bit of a *Conan*-esque type of guy, wandering the Old World and getting embroiled in numerous adventures. The thing with Ahmra (eagle eyed readers will get the reference...) is that he is blind, and then you think about how he is disabled by this fact, and what does he do to compensate for it? Putting together my blind barbarian with a cleric of Morr was going to be tricky, but I found writing the following short story helped establish a dialogue to get two characters together, with an ending that allows the introduction of further characters.

However you decide to follow the narrative; through WFRPoleplay, Mordheim or even a full blown game of Warhammer, be sure to make sure that you think about your characters flaws and characteristics. At this point in time, most characters aren't going to be Lvl. 4 wizards with a mastery of Celestial magic, so consider starting off with a Lvl. 1 instead and build it up. Also think about things like how your character acquires items. We have started our narrative as a Fiction/Roleplay with the mind to develop it from this scale through to WH Quest, Mordheim and up to Warhammer - but feel free to improvise!

The Raven and the Barb.

Then. The Great Forest. 11th Ulriczeit.

The laughter coming from the copse of trees was sharp and brutal, carried over by the twilight breeze. A small fire cackled, its light piercing the darkness and framing the gargantuan profiles of the conifers. Firelight illuminated three figures, whip thin and tall with a pale skin complexion revealed beneath long black cloaks. One of the figures spoke, a harsh tongue that sounded like needles scratching a rock, followed by more laughter from his companions.

"There are three of them, Ahmra." whispered a man.

"I know. I can sense their presence cleric. The reek of wine is palatable even from here." came the response. They were twenty yards way from the campfire. "They may be drunk, but that does not make them less formidable." continued the cleric's companion in clipped Reikspiel. "I suspect a trap on their part, no druchii worth their salt ever lets their guard down. Believe me when I say they are horrifying in every aspect. You stay here and keep watch."

"No, I -" protested the cleric.

"We are not debating this issue," said Ahmra. The cleric simply nodded once and the matter was settled. Ahmra began to rise from his crouching position, careful not to brush any leaves or snap twigs. He was a tall man, well built and moved surprisingly quietly for a man his size. A mane of black hair swept over his face, the fringe covering his eyes - or rather where his eyes would be if they were not covered

with a black strip of cloth. He began to swiftly make his way through the undergrowth, cat like and silent towards the campsite and their occupants. The cleric shivered. It was not especially cold, it was more the thought that he was yards away from the promise of a long grisly drawn out death should he be discovered. "Morr preserve me," he muttered. He had heard the stories about the dark elves in the taverns of Altdorf. It is said the dark elves are stone killers from the lands beyond western oceans who reveled in torture and murder as they pillage the shores of the Old World for slaves. Certain death came to those who could not get away. The cleric looked up and scanned the tree line. Ahmra was standing at the edge of the copse, a large black shadow now framed by the light of the fire.

Ahmra boldly stepped towards the centre of the campsite. Instinctively the three druchii wheeled around and there was a soft *sshhnk* as blades were drawn from their scabbards.

"*Th'arkanen dru chi'chala krept!*" hissed one of the druchii to his companions, rising from their positions.

"*Ahkala krept shi' aso thoth amani.*" barked Ahmra in the same dark tongue. A look of surprise momentarily overcame the elf, which glanced at his companions. The grip on the serrated blade became tighter.

"You speak our tongue manswine. I am vaguely impressed since I was under the distinct impression that your race were as intelligent as dung beetles." A thin smile crept over the first elf's mouth as he spoke. The three figures began to encircle Ahmra, each holding a long blade in their whipcord arms.

"And I," replied Ahmra "am impressed that you are all so drunk that you could not hear my coming. The shade clans of Ghronnd would flay you alive for your lack of vigilance." The other two druchii sniggered softly. The first elf looked at Ahmra, his rising anger apparent. The elf looked like he was about to retort, but instead he lunged wildly at Ahmra, the short sword whistling through the air. With a speed

that matched the elf, Ahmra did two things; an arm shot up to intercept the blade with his own hunting knife, whilst simultaneously another reached into the recesses of his black cloak. There was a clang followed by a short *thhknk* and the elf was dead before he hit the ground, a cross bolt jutting out from his forehead. The look of shock from the other two elves was overcome in an instant, as they both charged Ahmra with calculated fury. Of the two remaining elves, the female druchii bellowed a war cry as her blade sliced through the air towards Ahmra's neck. Ahmra instinctively rolled forward to avoid the approaching blade and threw his weight into his shoulder and let the momentum carry him over into his adversary's stomach. The force of the blow caused the female druchii to drop her blade as they both tumbled onto the grass. There was a brief flash as Ahmra plunged his hunting knife into the inner left thigh of the druchii with a sickening crunch, shortly followed by a low wailing moan from the elf woman. The last remaining dark elf advanced upon Ahmra who was still lying face up on the floor, hissing menacingly. There was a dull thud as the blade intended for Ahmra's face met the grass instead as Ahmra recoiled swiftly. Once, twice. The druchii's blade was like a striking serpent weaving its way through the air, hungry for blood. Ahmra saw a brief opening between the legs of the druchii and made to hook his own leg under the elf and twisted. The move knocked the druchii over onto the floor, his legs entwined with Ahmra's. With great speed, Ahmra locked his hands across the druchii's face and broke his neck with a quick twist. Panting heavily, Ahmra rolled over once again and slowly got up. The cleric had not made a sound. Walking over towards the female druchii, he could see that she did not have long before death claimed her. He leant down and eased her into a sitting position. "Tell me, where is the Cathayan?" he breathed. In response, the elf looked at Ahmra dead in the eye and spat in his face. "What Cathayan, whoreson?" she replied. She suddenly bent forward slightly and coughed blood.

"I have been tracking you for four days now, woman. Do not try and claim ignorance. There was a man with you of the Far East, your companions had him bound and gagged like a stuck pig." There was a rustle of leaves and suddenly an immense pain shot through Ahmra's back. Roaring with pain, he fell forwards onto his knees, scrabbling to release the barb now embedded in his back. The druchii female cackled and died. In the same instance, there was a cry and a large crack of impact. Ahmra struggled to crane his head towards the source of the sound, and failed as pain took him.

Ahmra awoke. The pain was still lingered, but had dulled significantly since being hit with the barb. Beside him, the cleric was wrapping a bandage around the shoulder.

"You are lucky my friend," he said. "Thank Morr that the barb was not poisoned otherwise you would be long dead. I worried when I saw there was little blood. I applied a dressing with kings weed." Ahmra winced. His back was stiff and he had a blinding headache.

"Actually cleric, it was. All druchii poison their blades to some degree." he managed.

The cleric looked at him wide eyed, but said nothing. Ahmra continued, "The question however, is how I got this barb in my back."

"Th-there was another elf, Ahmra. You were right. It was a trap. I suppose whilst you were dealing with the other three, this scum, -" and pointed to another body several feet away, "- managed to fire his crossbow into your back. He was about to finish you off when I dispatched him," said the cleric, a smile of triumph flickering across his face. There was a long silence that continued for a number of minutes. Presently, Ahmra sighed, a look of confusion etched upon his face beneath the blindfold and the mane of black hair.

"I could not sense him, cleric," he admitted.

"Although I cannot see as you do, I can sense the auras of all things in my mind, like burning hot fires etching themselves in my conscience. Somehow I perceive several things at once and it gives me an edge. I am unsure as to how the



elf got past my perception, but the reality of me dying to a barb did not cross my mind when I fought these three.”

“But, how di -”

The cleric was cut off. “I have said too much already,” said Ahmra quickly.

“You knew their tongue. How?” replied the cleric, now intrigued. Ahmra’s head turned towards the ground.

“The details are inconsequential, a long time ago I endured the lands of Naggaroth, that cursed place.” said Ahmra, heavily.

“You were a prisoner then? I had heard that no one escapes. How di-” again, the cleric was cut off. “Let us not speak of this subject again, cleric.” advised Ahmra; there was a hint of malice. “The woman was lying. Wherever the Cathayan was, he was not with the party of dark elves. I do not believe he was killed. We must search the bodies, cleric, and see if there any further clues as to his whereabouts.”

The cleric nodded, knowing that Ahmra was returning to his usual dour demeanor. And so they did, two figures searching two recently deceased bodies each. Ahmra rifled through the druchii’s possessions quickly, taking essential food and small tub full of a black substance. The cleric watched suspiciously as Ahmra secreted the tub.

“What is that? That thing you just put in your pockets,” asked the cleric. Ahmra stiffened. There was no point lying.

“It is a paste derived from the black lotus. In small doses it allows the consumer to experience hallucinations, and it is a mild opiate. Come to think of it, I didn’t think the wine could have slowed their reflexes that much,” Ahmra mused. He continued, “In larger quantities it stops the beating of the heart, bringing certain and painful death to those infected with it. I need not bother telling you what that barb was coated with. Still, I think there will be an occasion where it may come in useful.”

There was no further conversation for several moments, with the only source of sound being the cackling of the still lit fire. Presently, Ahmra cursed under his breath, and breathed deeply.

“Gods take me. I would of thought it would be

on them. A sign of some sort. Did you check their bodies thoroughly?” snapped Ahmra. The cleric met his gaze and nodded. There was another moment’s pause. Suddenly, the cleric suggested, “Perhaps we are looking in the wrong place. That other elf was over by that tree yonder.” and with that he pointed into the darkness.

“You forget I am blind, cleric,” retorted Ahmra with poorly disguised distaste in his mouth. But still, he could not help but grin. Ahmra stood and headed towards the area where the barb had come from. It did not take long to locate a small rectangular sack, made from stiffened Orc hide. Ahmra returned to the cleric and the warmth of the campfire. Ahmra turned the sack over and emptied its contents. The sack contained only two items. A small ceramic amulet and a parchment. Ahmra scooped the amulet up into his hand and coursed his fingers over the embossed relief.

“It would appear that our mutual friend has left me a message,” said Ahmra excitedly. The cleric stooped to pick up the parchment and opened it. The parchment contained a note, hastily scrawled and barely legible. He cleared his throat and read out aloud;

“Stalberg, should you find this, I will be at the The Three Crowns at Talabheim, where we first met. Come at the eve of Talabgegründetfest, usual table. Kwan.” The cleric sighed. He had the distinct feeling the last week has been a complete waste of time. ‘Ah well’, he thought, ‘At least I will be rid of this madman, Morr willing!’ As if he could read his mind, Ahmra turned towards him.

“This is where we part ways my friend. I head now towards Talabheim, three days from this place as the crow flies,” said the cleric with false regret.

Ahmra grinned. “I should think not, cleric,” said Ahmra casually. He tossed the amulet at his companion. Stahlberg stooped to pick it up. Although the firelight made the wording on the ceramic unreadable, there was no mistaking the embossed device. Ahmra’s grin widened. It was three crowns.

- Nineswords



INTRODUCTION

DREIKRONENHAUS AFFAIR

This isn't a regular scenario for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay. It's been written specifically for our Road to Ruin campaign and as such doesn't really have any definite conclusions or experience awards. In addition, although the scenario uses WFRP rules, each segment of the narrative can be easily broken down into scenarios for use in any games system, such as Warhammer Quest or Mordheim. Likewise it's also quite linear as we knew exactly where we wanted the story to go. That said, there's no reason why you can't use these characters and settings as a basis for your own adventures, either as a start of a campaign or as a one-off. As presented here it is about right for players in their first or second career but with some tweaking (and a few more demons) it'll fit just about any level. Of course, if you want to follow the Road to Ruin for yourself then this narrative marks the start to bigger things...

STARTING OFF

The Raven & The Barb introduces both our protagonists, Stahlberg and Ahmra going head to head with a dark elf scouting party deep in the Great Forest whilst tracking a man currently known as the Cathayan. This mysterious individual has engineered a meeting with several players in the city of Talabheim (although the players are relatively unaware of it!), with specific details of when and where the meeting will take place. As far as the players are concerned, a trusted acquaintance/friend has simply called in a favour.

The Cathayan has planned to ask his trusted contacts to help transport an item of great importance across the Empire to Altdorf, and to petition the Emperor Karl Franz for aid in returning it safely to Cathay.

However, the forces of darkness are aware of the Cathayan's intentions and move against him. A Chaos cult led by a prominent nobleman has facilitated the abduction of the Cathayan and has placed agents at the Dreikronenhaus (see opposite page) to observe the meeting. The players are, of course, oblivious to all of this. It's up to the players to work together to discover

what has happened to their mutual acquaintance and why their every move is being watched.

CONFUSION IN THE BEER HALL

At the Dreikronenhaus. Talabheim Merchant Quarter. 19th Ulriczeit.

When the players arrive, one by one, the Dreikronenhaus is packed to the rafters. With nearly six hundred paying customers inside it's massive beer hall the place is fairly rowdy, especially with this particular night being Talabgegründetfest, a celebration of Talabheim's founding. There are a number of bouncers keeping an eye on the crowd but with this many people it's hard to spot everything. As the players arrive at the Dreikronenhaus, they will discover that a bed had been booked for each player for one night only under their name.

It's up to you how you run the opening of the adventure. Perhaps the best bet is to establish an arrival order for the players and run them through it one at a time as they push their way through the packed crowd, rife with pickpockets, drunken soldiers and busy serving wenches. Players can either head to the beer hall or to the rooms first. If they chose to book in they'll be led by a servant to an upstairs dormitory containing a dozen beds. The room is very good quality for the general man on the street and each character will be presented with a key which unlocks the sturdy chest at the foot of the bed. The keys must, of course, be handed in before booking out of the Dreikronenhaus.

If any of the players decides to wander around upstairs they'll find the place deserted apart from a young Bretonnian maid, Rosetta d'Guilyard, changing the sheets in one of the private rooms. It's early evening and the other patrons either haven't arrived yet or are down in the beer hall. In fact, the growing volume of noise as the beer hall fills up will quickly draw their attention.

The first player to arrive in the beer hall will find the table where the Cathayan should be is vacant and can take a seat, but anyone who turns up afterwards might not take too kindly to some stranger sitting in



Visual: 'The Dreikronenhaus' by Jay Lloyd.

THE DREIKRONENHAUS



A BRIEF HISTORY

- The Three Crowns Inn, Talabheim -



Dreikronenhaus traces its origins to the time of the Three Emperors. The buildings have been expanded over hundreds of years with nearly as many owners, and is now an extremely popular beer hall with tourists, common folk and the merchants of Talabheim. It is located off the Street of the Emperor's Grace at the heart of the Merchant District in West Talabheim. The Inn famously brews its own ale, known as the 'Triple X' which has an extremely high alcoholic content (so strong the ale is advertised as 'A Manling Ale brewed for Dwarfs!') and is exported all over the Old World.

The main beer hall itself can accommodate over 600 patrons with an additional 120 rooms, making it one of the largest inns in the Empire. Every evening, large crowds of merchants and common folk gather to feast and drink, with entertainment and music provided by the local woodsmen wearing traditional garb known as *Liederhausen*.

Map reproduction from 'Terror in Talabheim' Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 2nd Edition Sourcebook, originally published by Black Industries, now distributed by Fantasy Flight.



their seat. How this pans out is up to the nature of your players but good roleplay is encouraged as it's an excellent opportunity to get into character and make some lasting impressions. If things should come to blows, the players will find their table visited by three or four bouncers rather quickly (use the stats for *Sell-Swords* on page 235 of the main rulebook although equipped with *Leather Jack* and *Cudgel* only). The Dreikronenhaus maintains a no-nonsense policy on brawling and if the players don't cool off very quickly they'll find themselves being asked to leave. If anyone was impetuous enough to draw a weapon (or worse, draw *blood*) then they'll find that the bouncers are led by the proprietor, Jurgen Huntz, who will quickly see those involved ejected from the building.

Have fun with this, but try not to let things boil over. Let the players enjoy themselves but encourage them to talk rather than fight - feel free to make pointed references to the obvious ex-mercenary bouncers. The aim here is to share some information and establish that the characters all *know* the Cathayan and that he organised the meeting but is mysteriously absent.

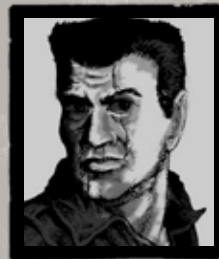
Whilst they talk the players are being watched by agents of the Talabheim Social Club, the Chaos cult responsible for abducting the Cathayan. Their leader, Baron von Kemperbad, has dispatched a few members of his personal guard, led by the Kislevite Karl Kharkovski, to see who turns up. Karl will have found out which beds the players are staying in and takes a few men to have a look, breaking into the chests and rifling through any possessions the characters may have left there. Although there's no sign of the *item of great importance*, Karl and his men will steal any money and valuables to make it look like random theft. However, they are spotted by Rosetta who confronts them. Karl has his men beat her unconscious and they hide her body in one of the chests before leaving to report to the Baron.

The players can discover that their room has been ransacked at any point during the evening. Ideally they'll head up there themselves first but if they are intent on drinking the night away you could have another patron of their dormitory run through the beer hall calling for the dogfaces (the local name for the Talabheim City Watch!). That should be enough to spur them into action.

THE BRETONNIAN

The only lead the players have at this point is Rosetta.

Jurgen Huntz



Career: Inn Keeper
(Ex - Mercenary)
Race: Human

JURGEN HUNTZ

MAIN PROFILE

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45	45	36	42	47	44	49	40

SECONDARY PROFILE

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	17	3	4	4	-	-	-

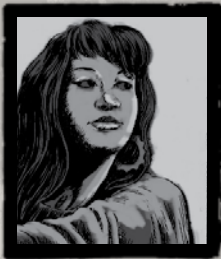
Skills: Gossip, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Kislev, Bretonnia), Speak (Reikspeil, Bretonnian), Animal Care, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Haggle, Lip Reading, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Search.

Traits: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Hardy, Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Studded Leather Jack, Leather Trews, Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Shield, Dagger, Longsword (Good Quality), Short Sword (Good Quality), Tankard, Purse with 11 crowns.

Jurgen Huntz is the current proprietor of the Dreikronenhaus. A former mercenary soldier, he amassed a sizeable fortune over a successful career and purchased the tavern from its previous owner. Some say Jurgen made him an offer he couldn't refuse. Despite his slightly shady reputation, Jurgen is in fact an exemplary land lord and is happy to let the inflated tales of his past go unchallenged as they certainly don't seem to be harming his business. He does, however, employ a number of his old companions to keep the peace and as a result any bar fights tend to be very short lived. The Talabheim public know that starting trouble in the Dreikronenhaus will result in an almost certain barring and possibly the loss of several teeth! Jurgen is a middle-aged gentleman with dark hair cut short. He often wanders around the beer hall in the evenings, sometimes swapping stories and catching up on war news with travelling mercenaries or sometimes working behind the bar. He tends to dress in leather armour and always carries a blade (or four) on his person at all times.

Rosetta D'Guilyard



Career: Barmaid
Race: Human

ROSETTA D'GUILYARD

MAIN PROFILE

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fcl
30	27	29	25	44	36	39	42

SECONDARY PROFILE

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	2	5	-	-	-

Skills: Gossip (+10), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Trade (Cook), Search, Perception, Sleight of Hand, Blather, Dodge Blow, Evaluate.

Traits: Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Fleet-Footed, Flee!, Lightning Reflexes

Trappings: Dagger, Purse with handful of copper pieces.

Rosetta is a young Bretonian girl currently working as a maid in the guest rooms of the Dreikronenhaus. Her dark hair and olive skin would have made her a tidy sum serving in the beer hall itself but her grasp of Reikspeil is sadly lacking, forcing Jurgen to relegate her to the backroom duty of changing beds and washing linen.

If they decide to check on their belongings they'll quickly discover her unconscious body. A *Routine Heal Check* will bring her around, otherwise she'll wake up naturally after a few awkward minutes. Things get a little more difficult as the players find out that Rosetta has a terrible grasp of Reikspeil - if any of the players are Bretonnian then she will immediately feel reassured and happily tell what she witnessed. If there are no Bretonnians but a player who can speak her language then she will soon calm down. Otherwise the characters are going to have to resort to talking loudly and slowly in an effort to reassure Rosetta that they mean her no harm. If communication difficulties persist, Rosetta will become more and more anxious and eager to find someone who she can talk to.

If someone has alerted the Dreikronenhaus staff to the

incident then Jurgen Huntz will arrive shortly with some guards. Rosetta will tell him, in Bretonnian, exactly what happened. His view on the players will depend on their actions - if they tried to help Rosetta or alerted the guards themselves he will be extremely apologetic and offer them free private rooms. If the players seem to have something to hide, or if they caused trouble earlier in the evening, then he will more than likely view them with suspicion.

Rosetta will be able to provide a pretty good description of Karl as he is quite distinctive. The men who attacked her were all wearing black robes but one of them had let his fall open and Rosetta remembers seeing a red and white tabard underneath. It had a device that she describes as a 'white lizards head'. In fact, it's a Wyverns head and a *Hard Heraldry Test* will suggest the colours and crest of the von Kemperbad family. Admittedly the players are unlikely to be able to come to this conclusion right away and will have to do some digging.

Asking about the heraldry will not dig up any conclusive answers this evening - to most of the Dreikronenhaus clientele one noble is much like another and this being Talabheim there are a lot of variations on the red/white scheme. However, a trip to a library or guildhouse in the morning to look up a list of heraldic devices will quickly point in the direction of the von Kemperbad's. Depending of the social standing of the players, they might also be able to find information on the Talabheim Social Club, see later.

If the players want to follow up on Rosetta's description of Karl then they might have better luck. Jurgen Huntz will recognise him as a leader of a nobleman's guard and describes him as a cruel and blunt man. Jurgen doesn't know which particular noble Kurt works for but will be aware he's based somewhere in the Manor District, in the south east of Talabheim. Other members of staff will recall seeing Karl around in the early evening on the upper balcony (conveniently in an area which would have overlooked the players table).

Hopefully by the time the players have discovered this information it will be late into the night. The players will know that they are being watched but won't be in possession of all of the facts yet. They can, if they wish, go looking for von Kemperbad's townhouse right away but the Manor District is very large and the dogfaces won't look kindly on adventurers wandering around there in the early hours of the morning and they will be urged to seek their beds.

The Dreikronenhaus will begin to wind down in the hours after midnight and the best thing for the players to do will be to get some sleep and start looking first thing in the morning. Depending on how they've acted during the evening, Jurgen will either go out of his way to help them and make them comfortable or he'll keep his own eye on the group to make sure they don't cause any more trouble.

TALABHEIM STREETS

Morning of 20th Ulriczeit.

The characters will no doubt be eager to find out what exactly is going on, what has happened to their friend and why some noble is having his goons watch them and break into their belongings. Their best line of enquiry is going to be the Baron von Kemperbad. Any academic characters amongst them will be able to access a library or university building in order to look up the heraldry. Alternatively, a wizard or cleric character may be able to find the same information at a college or temple. The ease of putting a name to the heraldic device is down in part to how the characters handle themselves - Talabheim is a city with strong class divides, even for the Empire, and if the players appear to be a bunch of commoners then it is possible they'll be refused the information. That said, a polite word and a quiet bribe will always work wonders. As GM you can decide how easy or hard it is for the players to get hold of von Kemperbad's name. Again, good roleplay should be rewarded.

Alternatively the players can decide to search out Karl Kharkovski in the Manor District. Searching the streets will draw a blank but there are a few local taverns on the edge of the district that are frequented by servants and guards. Asking around in one of these and giving Karl's description may eventually bring up the name of von Kemperbad. Karl is easily recognisable but he has a reputation in the area and the players will either have to either be very convincing or buy several drinks in order to convince someone to talk. However, the more questions they ask the more chance there is of word finding its way back to Kharkovski.

When the players discover the name of the Baron they will undoubtedly want to find out some more information on him. Where he lives, for starters. Any digging around the Baron will very soon bring up the link between him and the Talabheim Social Club, which meets at his house. The Club is, as far as most people know, an irregular gathering of minor

nobles, politicians and influential guildsmen. What they get up to at the meetings depends entirely on where the characters are getting their information. Any academic institutes will simply record it as an informal gentleman's club for like-minded individuals to discuss the current affairs in the city - a polite way of referring to back-room politics and shady deals. Indeed, the Social Club has gained a certain amount of political power within Talabheim since it was setup, and that influence seems to be growing steadily.

If the players decide to use any underworld contacts to uncover the dirt they'll find a number of rumours about the Club - how it doesn't just cater for politics. The Club is reputed to be a big purchaser of drugs and the occasional prostitute. However, as the Club is supposed to pay a high price for the silence of its providers, the players will not be able to find anyone who has dealt with them directly. If the players are particularly successful with their investigations they might also hear that the Club has been linked to the recent disappearance of several people from the Tallows (Talabheim's poor district). The Club has actually been becoming more brazen in abducting members of the lower classes (of both sexes) to use during its bizarre rituals. The common folk and servants are of the definite opinion that the Club meetings are just a cover for drunken orgies of the decadent nobility. They are, as it happens, surprisingly close to the truth.

Ultimately the players should be left with the definite impression that the Talabheim Social Club, and Baron von Kemperbad, are not what they seem. However, they will not come across any hard proof of the location of the Cathayan - if there's any evidence to be had, it's most likely in the Baron's house.

THE HOUSE OF VON KEMPERBAD

Sooner or later the investigations of the players will bring them to the Baron's townhouse. Again, how much information they've put together up to this point is up to you and how successful they've been. The townhouse isn't very large and sits in a quiet corner of the Manor District, surrounded by a small garden and six foot wall. Guards will be visible at the gate displaying the Baron's livery. The Manor District isn't really a place for stopping and characters found loitering on street corners will soon find themselves attracting a lot of attention from various guards and, eventually, the dogfaces.

Unsubtle players will also be spotted by the Baron's

THE BARON'S HOUSE

MANOR DISTRICT, TALABHEIM

The house of Baron von Kemperbad is located in the Manor District of Talabheim. It is a two storey townhouse of modest size (as Von Kemperbad's residence is in the town of Kemperbad) within it's own grounds. A low level wall surrounds the grounds, and the estate includes a small stable block (with hayloft & outhouse), coach house (with small smithy for shoeing horses) and courtyard.

The Baron affords a moderate level of security, with roughly a dozen guards performing many of the domestic duties within the estate as well as guarding the Baron himself.

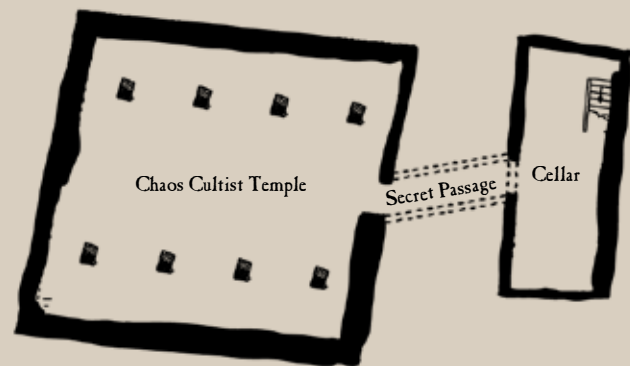
Players wishing to locate the Chaos Cultist Temple in the basement must somehow infiltrate the servants quarters (avoiding or subduing the guards) and find the hidden passage located behind a rack of Tilean wines.



First Floor Plan



Ground Floor Plan



Basement Plan



guards and likely identified. If this happens, or if Karl finds out that the players are asking after him, the Baron will be forced to take steps and will send out a group of ten guards, led by Karl, to round up the characters and 'invite' them in. Any conflict is unlikely to go favourably for the characters although the guards will do their best to subdue rather than kill them. The players can instead chose to run from such an encounter. If they manage to escape they will, however, find the Baron's house on a higher state of alertness if they return.

Should the players accept the invitation they'll find themselves ushered into the downstairs rooms of the house where their weapons are removed. The Baron will greet them graciously and offer them drinks and refreshment. If the players are trustworthy enough to accept anything to eat or drink they'll soon find themselves under the effects of a powerful narcotic laced with warpstone. They must take a *Very Hard Toughness Test* (modified by *Resistance to Poison*) or fall into a trance for 1D3 hours. In addition, the crazed and chaotic visions they see whilst in the trance will also leave them with an *Insanity Point* unless they pass a *Challenging Willpower Test*.

If they refuse the food the Baron will instead ask them some personal questions - where they're from, what brings them to Talabheim? He'll also apologise for the night before and claim that the players were innocent victims of mistaken identity. If Karl and his men stole anything then the Baron will offer to return it along with 5 crowns each as compensation. The Baron really wants to know about the players connection to the Cathayan and more importantly, *the item of great importance*. He plans to imprison them in order to get the information out of them during his next ritual. Obviously the players will not be allowed to leave the Baron's house and if they stop answering the Baron's questions his guards will step in and either beat them unconscious or force them to take the drugs.

If the characters return to the Dreikronenhaus at any point they'll find a note for them from the Baron inviting them to his house that evening. The message will advise the players that a carriage will be sent. If the players wait for this option then a horse drawn carriage will arrive at the Dreikronenhaus around dusk driven by a couple of guards including Karl. Kharkovski won't give any details but will tell the players that there was a misunderstanding last night and that the Baron wants to put things right. If the characters take him up on his offer they'll arrive at the house and be ushered into the presence of the Baron

with the same consequences as above.

Either way, the players *will* wake up several hours later chained to the wall in one of the Baron's guest bedrooms upstairs. The room is 'equipped' for decadent Slaaneshi orgies (we'll leave the exact details up to your own imagination!) and fortunately for the characters the chains are more for show than anything and have already worked their way loose from their fastenings. A successful *Challenging Strength Test* will be able to pull the chains from the wall although the noise may attract guards. Alternatively, an *Average Pick Locks Test* should be enough to get them free - there will be an assortment of small, pointy devices lying around this room, although not within easy reach. The chains are uncomfortably tight and will require a *Hard Agility Test* to squeeze out of if all else fails. If the players successfully break free they'll find that all of their equipment, and much of their clothing, has been removed. If their escape was noisy them guards will burst in on them in D3 minutes. The guards will, again, be trying to subdue rather than kill the players at first.

The players are being held in the bedroom above the Dining Room at the front of the house. A glance out of the window will show them that it is very late at night and there are guards in the lit courtyard below. If the characters break free silently then they will be able to pick the lock on the door (again an *Average Difficulty*) and have a look around. There is no guard on the other side of the door but voices will be audible from the Guardroom at the end of the corridor. Players heading in this direction will come across the door to the armoury. This room is also unguarded and not only contains armour, tabards, swords, clubs and halberds for the guards but also any equipment and clothing that's been taken from the players. For a more detailed description of the interior of the house see under 'Breaking and Entering'.

BREAKING & ENTERING

The players, however, can decide to go for a more stealthy approach if they wish. Assuming they are not picked up by the Baron's guards and they decline his invitation to tea the players will be free to move around a bit more once the sun has gone down. The Manor District is policed quite regularly by the dogfaces but the broad tree-lined avenues should provide ample opportunity to avoid these noisy and brightly lit patrols. Baron von Kemperbad often socialises away from home and takes three or four guards with him, often including Karl Kharkovski.



If the players were particularly successful at investigating the Baron earlier in the day they will discover that he has a social engagement in the Merchant District the following night which will leave the house a slightly easier target. The Baron's house itself will still have a pair of guards on the gate and several more in the courtyard. The gardens themselves, however, are empty and it is possible to scale the wall. An *Easy Scale Sheer Surfaces Test* will be enough to get over. Once in the grounds the characters will need to evade the guards. As long as they stick to the shadows and don't make too much noise this shouldn't be difficult as the guards are, for the most part, at the front of the building. However, the Guard Room upstairs overlooks the rear of the house.

There are several rooms downstairs that the players can try to enter. The sitting room, drawing room and

THE TALABHEIM SOCIAL CLUB

The Talabheim Social Club was established by Baron von Kemperbad several years ago. It's members include wealthy merchants and members of several minor noble houses. It was originally intended as a gathering of like-minded individuals who shared certain unusual desires. On the surface it is a sort of gentleman's club whose members get together to discuss the many political intrigues within the city. However, beneath this innocent exterior things are rather different. At first the members of the Social Club experimented with drugs but soon they moved on to other hedonistic pleasures and it has been responsible for the disappearance of a handful of young boys and girls from the poorer areas of the city.

Baron von Kemperbad uses the Club to further the aims of Slaanesh. He presides over monthly rituals in the chamber beneath his house in worship of the god. Only a handful of members know the truth, the rest naively take part in the rituals without realising what they truly are - partly the result of the intoxicating drugs they take. These drugs are highly addictive and ensure that once a member joins the club, he or she will never leave or tell anyone else the truth, for to do so would result in the supply being stopped.

Unfortunately, the drugs are inherently chaotic, laced with warpstone, and will cause mutations in time. The Baron is slowly spreading the influence of the Social Club into every aspect of Talabheim life eventually hoping to control the leaders of all the powerful guilds and aristocracy.

library all have large windows and are locked from the inside requiring a *Challenging Pick Locks Test* to open. Each of the rooms is empty although the library and drawing room may both be lit with candles depending on the lateness of the hour. The servants quarters has much smaller windows although the locks are easier to pick (*Average Pick Lock Test*) and may require a tight squeeze if any of the characters are particularly portly. The store has a grille instead of glass in the window. Again an *Average Pick Lock Test* will be able to break open the padlock and remove the grille. If the players decide to go for forcing or breaking a window there's a 25% chance the noise will alert the guards unless they do something to keep things quiet.

If the players decide to search the rooms at the back of the house they'll find plenty of silverware and valuables worth up to around 100gc. They won't be able to take everything they find though as it is all quite heavy (candlesticks, bowls etc). If the players look for any evidence to tie the Baron or the Talabheim Social Club to any crime then they will be out of luck. The library contains plenty of books on genealogy, politics and heraldry but not much else, certainly nothing heretical. The Study upstairs contains a locked desk (*Challenging Pick Locks Test*) filled with personal papers of the Baron's, mostly relating to the upkeep of the manor house outside Kemperbad. Again, nothing incriminating.

Downstairs, the front of the house tends to be a lot more active. Depending on when the players decide to break-in they may find the dining room and kitchen full of house staff. Moving through any of these areas whilst they are occupied will result in the players being spotted almost immediately and the guards being called. Assuming the players leave it until the early hours of the morning, or a night when the Baron is away, things will be quieter and downstairs will be deserted, the only light coming from the fire pit in the kitchen.

Upstairs they'll find a number of bedroom doors. Most of them are empty, the Baron's own bedroom is situated above the kitchen and is kept locked (*Hard Pick Locks Test*). The bedroom over the Dining Room holds other secrets as previously mentioned. Again, this room is kept locked. Towards the rear of the upstairs area characters will find the armoury and the study. Both rooms are generally unoccupied. The guard room at the very back, however, is more of a barracks-type affair with bunks for 16 guards (including Karl) as well as two long tables for eating.

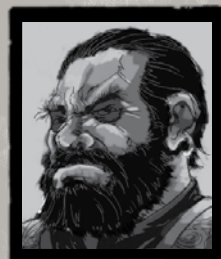


In the evening, off-duty guards relax here with games of dice but they are quick to quiet down once the Baron has retired for the night. During the night there will usually only be 4 guards on, changing shift around dawn. If the players did anything to arouse the suspicions of the Baron or Karl earlier in the day but were not captured then there will be 8 guards on duty, including two in the guard room itself, talking quietly at one of the tables while their companions sleep. If the players successfully threaten any of the guards they will be able to find out some information on the Social Club meetings.

The guards are always patrolling the perimeter of the grounds when the meetings are in progress but they do know that something happens at the back of the servants quarters. Downstairs in a separate single-story wing are the servants quarters. This area of the house accommodates the stable boy, cook, kitchen assistant, maid, groom and butler. Traditionally it is the last area to go to sleep and the first to wake up - servants work long hours. At the back of the kitchen the players will find themselves in the servants dining area with a small wooden table where they take their meals. Beyond that lies the servants quarter proper and a dormitory, partitioned into a section for the men and women. The players can try to sneak through this room if they wish, requiring an *Easy Silent Move Test*. Having *Nightvision* will increase this to a *Very Easy Task* to avoid any obstructions. Failure at the tests will cause one or more of the servants to stir and they will need to be quickly silenced in order to prevent them from raising the alarm.

Should the players decide to talk to the servants instead they'll have to talk fast in order to convince them that creeping around the Baron's house in the middle of the night is perfectly innocent. The servants know that the Baron and his friends get up to some very strange things but as the Baron has never harmed them, treats them well and pays them a good wage none has ever felt the need to question his actions. They know that there is an entrance to the cellar at the back of the servants quarters which the Baron concealed a few years ago. None of them, however, has ever felt the pressing need to go poking around and none of them are aware of the full horrors that lie below. A successful threat or intimidation will be enough to get one of the servants to show them the way down. If the players sneak past the servants without waking them, though, they'll find themselves in the servants privies. A *Challenging Search Test* (modified for *Excellent Sight*) will reveal a false panel in the corner which leads to the stairs into the cellar.

Baron Reinhardt von Kemperbad



Career: Daemagogue
(Ex - Politician)
(Ex - Nobleman)
Race: Human(ish!)

BARON REINHARDT VON KEMPERBAD

MAIN PROFILE

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39	38	35	40	46	57	38	54

SECONDARY PROFILE

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	3	4	4	2	5	-

Skills: Gossip, Common Knowledge (The Empire), Speak (Reikspeil), Academic Knowledge (History, Heraldry & Law), Blather, Charm, Command, Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Channeling, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception (+10), Perform (Actor), Ride, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Magick, Deamonic).

Traits: Dark Law (Chaos), Petty Magic (Divine), Etiquette, Luck, Mimic, Master Orator, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Streetwise, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing & Parrying)

Trappings: Best Craftsmanship Clothes (includes gloves), Rapier (Best Quality) Main Gauche (Best Quality), Ritual Dagger, Incense, Copy of Liber Chaotica - Slaanesh, Spell Components, Jewellery worth 75 crowns, Purse with 22 crowns.

Mutations:

Scales (1) on all locations apart from head - The Baron's body is covered by serpent-like scales that provide him with 1 point of armour. Note that this does not interfere with his spell casting abilities.
Regeneration - Every turn, during his round, the Baron may take a Toughness test to regain one wound. This ability cannot be used if the Baron is already dead.

Prehensile Tail - Provides +6% Agility. Also allows the Baron to wield a third weapon in combat, which will always be a ritual dagger.

The Baron is the current ruling noble in the small town of Kemperbad. The ancient family manor sits on a rise overlooking their land around



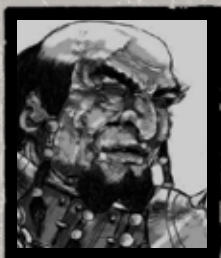
Kemperbad but the Baron also owns a modest townhouse in Talabheim. It's this house, located in the wealthy Manor District, where the Baron spends most of his time as patron of the *Talabheim Social Club*.

The Baron has always had unusual tastes and constantly seeks out new experiences. His searches took him farther afield and brought him into contact with an alchemist who brewed various narcotic concoctions. After several business dealings, the alchemist eventually revealed himself as a Slaaneshi priest. Rather than be repulsed, Reinhardt accepted the knowledge with open arms, excited at the prospect of learning new depravities.

The Baron quickly became a follower of the Prince of Perversion and constructed a secret chamber beneath his Talabheim house. It soon became apparent to the Baron that he wasn't alone in his predilections and as more and more people came to him for their business he saw an opportunity and created the Talabheim Social Club. He is intending to use it to extend the influence of Slaanesh through the ruling elite in the city but it's still in it's early days.

Baron von Kemperbad is an intelligent and charming man in his forties. He always appears very well dressed and adorned with expensive jewellery. His rich cloaks conceal the fact that the warpstone potions have already started to mutate his body. His hedonistic lifestyle has sapped his strength and left him a little flabby but he still has his powers of persuasion, not to mention a smattering of arcane knowledge. He prefers to let his personal guard, little better than hired muscle, to do his fighting for him.

Karl Kharkovski



Career: Bodyguard
(Ex - Marine)
Race: Human

KARL KHARKOVSKI
MAIN PROFILE

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fcl
42	44	41	33	35	26	38	26
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	3	4	-	1	-

Skills: Gossip, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Kislev), Speak Language (Reikspeil, Kislev), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Heal, Intimidate (+10), Ride, Row, Swim, Secret Language (Battle Tongue).

Traits: Disarm, Resistance to Magic, Quickdraw, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Specialist Weapon Group (Thrown), Warrior Born.

Trappings: Leather Jerkin, Sleeved Mail Coat, Mail Coif, Crossbow with 6 Bolts, Shield, Axe, Bludgeon, 2 Throwing Axes, Knuckle-dusters, Uniform (Good Quality), 3 crowns.

Karl grew up in Erengrad, son to a Kislevite father and a mother from Nordland. Although not overly-gifted with brains he was still shrewd enough as a youth to realise that you could make a decent living from brawn alone.

Relying on his strength he grew up fighting as a marine in the Kislevite navy but when his ship was sunk by Norse raiders he found himself back on dry land. Karl's strange looks and odd accent made it hard for him to settle and he eventually found his way across the border into the Empire, winding up on the streets of Talabheim looking for work.

Baron von Kemperbad was quick to employ him as a bodyguard and Karl's experience and strength soon saw him appointed to the head of the Baron's guard. In his role of head bodyguard, Kharkovski oversees much of the day to day running of von Kemperbad's household; including guard training, patrolling the grounds and training the guard dogs, in addition to making sure that the domestic duties are carried out.

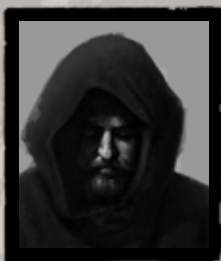
Karl is unpleasant and cruel but he isn't quite as dumb as he looks and certainly has a bit more intelligence that the Baron credits him with. He knows that the Talabheim Social Club is more than it seems and that the Baron's house has a secret cellar.

However, he is unaware of the Club's involvement with the Ruinous Powers - although whether he'd continue to work for the Baron if he did know is a matter for debate.

Karl's scarred face and broken smile are testament to a successful career of not underestimating his opponents.



Hans Stahlberg



Career: Initiate
Race: Human

HANS STAHLBERG

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39	37	32	36	34	36	37	33
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	-	-	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Empire), Charm, Speak (Reikspeil +10, Classical), Academic Knowledge (History, Theology), Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write

Traits: Coolheaded, Resistance to Poison, Public Speaking, Very Strong, Suave

Trappings: Dagger, Mace, Black Robes, Holy Symbol (Black Rose), 11gc

Ahmra, The 'Raven'



Career: Apprentice Wizard
Race: Half Human / Half Elf

AHMRA

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	46	31	37	42	42	43	37
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	5	-	-	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire, Elves), Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Magical Sense, Speak (Reikspeil, Eltharin, Classical) Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Perception, Read/Write, Search

Traits: Aethyric Attunement, Keen Senses, Savvy, Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Arcane), Very Resilient

Trappings: Dagger, Longsword, 4gc

THE TEMPLE

Baron von Kemperbad has recently discovered (through the interrogation of a rival cult member) that an item of great magical power is in the possession of a Cathayan merchant in Taalagad. Hoping to capture it for himself and further the Club's influence in Talabheim, the Baron has taken steps to increase the security for the Temple. Over the past three months, the Social Club has been responsible for the abduction of six people from the streets of Talabheim. These unfortunate individuals were sacrificed during six separate rituals and their souls were used to summon guardian demons from the Prince of Pleasure.

Underneath the Baron's house lies the temple chamber where the Baron leads rituals in worship of Slaanesh. The participants are always heavily drugged during the rituals and many of them have no memory of the exact details. The Baron and a few trusted allies, however, know precisely what is going on. The first room the players enter when they go downstairs is the old cellar. There are still some crates of wine and spoiled food in the corners but most of the large area is given over to storage for the narcotics used in the rituals. Players can take samples of these if they wish.

A *Routine Magic Sense Test* will pick up a faint green glow coming from the liquid (actually caused by the warpstone) but otherwise the liquid in the glass jars looks like a thick, clear honey. It smells remarkably sweet and appealing - just by opening one of the jars a character will have to take an *Easy Willpower Test* or feel the desire to try some. If any player does decide to have a taste, they must take a *Very Hard Toughness Test* (modified by *Resistance to Poison*) or fall into a trance for 1D3 hours. In addition, the crazed and chaotic visions they see whilst in the trance will also leave them with an *Insanity Point* unless they pass a *Challenging Willpower Test*.

Searching the walls of the cellar will uncover another secret door. There are a few signs of use leading up to it requiring only an *Easy Search Test* to locate it, assuming a light source or *Nightvision* is being used. Poking around in the dark will make this a *Hard Search Test*. The door has a lock but is currently unlocked and leads into a short stone passage which slopes down. Have players make *Perception Tests*. Success will reveal traces of old blood on the floor and walls as well as a heavy smell of incense coming from up ahead. The end of the passage leads to intricately carved double doors of some dark wood.

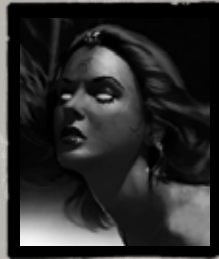
Opening reveals the full extent of the Temple itself, a large area equal to the size of the most of the house above and the courtyard. Eight pillars hold the ceiling some twelve feet above the players heads. *Magical Sense Tests* again will pick up on the Dark Wind of Magic, Dhar, moving sluggishly through here, seemingly weighed down by the incense. The pillars are bedecked with hooks and manacles and silver chains run between many of them creating a confusing web of metal. Six of the pillars are still occupied by the skeletal remain of the ritual victims, their bones glow brightly in the torchlight. Players spotting these will gain an *Insanity Point* if they fail a *Willpower Test*. Around the edges of the room lie dozens of large silken pillows and sheets. Hidden amongst these is the Baron's copy of Liber Chaotica Slaanesh, bound in soft purple leather made from human flesh. Any players leafing through this tome will need to take a *Willpower Test* or be awarded with D3 *Insanity Points*. The room is well lit by torches high on the walls and pillars. Incense seems to be burning everywhere they look and the smell is almost overwhelming - unless characters find some way to counter it (rags tied over their faces, or even pegs on their noses should do the trick) they will suffer -5% to all attacks while in the room.

The Temple will appear empty when the players enter but they are in fact being watched by the three guardian Daemons! Once they are all in the room the doors to the corridor close magically and the Daemons step out of three of the pillars. Any player with *Sixth Sense* is allowed a test - a success will be enough to put the players on their guard otherwise the Daemons will automatically *surprise* the characters. These Daemons have been granted by Slaanesh himself to guard this temple and will not let any of the players leave alive! They are not subject to *Instability* whilst in the Temple but if the players manage to break through the wooden doors behind them (A *Hard Strength Test*, although two characters can attempt at the same time) the Daemons will follow them into the corridor and will suffer from *Instability* as normal. If the players flee, the Daemons will chase them as far as the top of the stairs.

THE AFTERMATH!

Assuming the players kill the Daemons or escape they'll probably find the house in uproar. Unless they'd done something to restrain the servants above the sound of the fighting has woken them up and they have in turn raised the alarm with the guards. If the Baron was away from the house earlier he will

Shari'havaa, the Guardians



Career: Guardian
Race: Daemon

SHARI'HAVAA, THE GUARDIANS

MAIN PROFILE

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	0	39	39	47	39	41	35

SECONDARY PROFILE

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	12	3	3(5)	5	-	-	-

Skills: Perception, Silent Move, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic)

Traits: Ambidextrous, Daemonic Aura, Frightening, Keen Senses, Lightning Parry, Nightvision, Will of Iron

Trappings: Three swords

A trio of Guardian Daemons in the Temple have been gifted to Baron von Kemperbad as a result of Slaaneshi rituals. They each stand around 8' tall and have midnight blue skin. Their faces are as beautiful as they are frightening. Each Daemon has three long arms, two in the usual place and a third protruding from the lower body. Each arm wields a curved sword of purple steel.

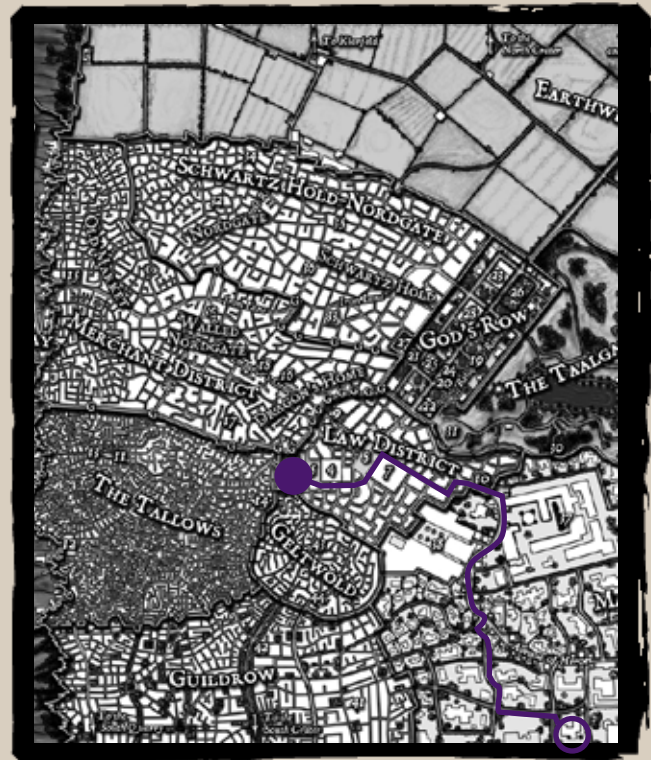


The Guardian Daemons have the ability to blend into the pillars of the Temple and will be hidden when intruders enter, jumping out to surprise and slay them.

The Guardians will try to separate the characters and defeat them individually, using the chains strung out between the pillars to aid them. They use their swords to create a web of steel, parrying all incoming attacks, before striking in the blink of an eye.

have returned home by now. The Baron will by now have discovered that the characters have been doing some digging around and it will raise more suspicions if they just vanish - the Talabheim Social Club is already having to keep a low profile after completing the summoning ritual. Instead of dealing with them himself he has decided to hand them over to the City Watch, accusing them of breaking and entering. The players will soon find themselves surrounded by Kharkovski and the Baron's guards. If they try to fight their way out the City Watch will arrive soon after and catch them in the violent act. If the players manage to escape the building they'll be chased by the guards and the City Watch and eventually find themselves surrounded.

The players will be taken to The Hollows (Talabheim's main prison) by Sergeant Wilhelm Beck of the City Watch. If the players try to argue that they've been setup Wilhelm may be willing to listen, although he will be powerless to prevent their arrest - in Talabheim the word of a noble carries the highest level of authority. If the players were caught fighting the guards, or if they have any stolen property from von Kemperbad's house, then Wilhelm will have seen enough. If the players try to convince Wilhelm of the Chaos temple beneath the Barons house then they will be viewed with scorn and a great deal of suspicion. In any case, the players will be deposited in adjoining cells and told that any investigations will have to wait until morning. •



Above: *The Baron's house is circled. The City Watch takes our adventurer's to the Hollows, represented by the dot.*

Map reproduction from 'Terror in Talabheim' Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 2nd Edition Sourcebook, originally published by Black Industries, now distributed by Fantasy Flight.

- DESIGNER'S NOTES -



Chris Hutchings

And there you have it. There are many questions to be answered, such as '*what is this item of great importance?*', or '*who is the Cathayan?*', and probably more importantly, '*how do we get out!?*', but you will have to wait.

We suggest that players have a read of the WFRP sourcebook *Terror in Talabheim* for more information about Talabheim, as well as independent WFRP magazine *Warpstone* (issue 16).

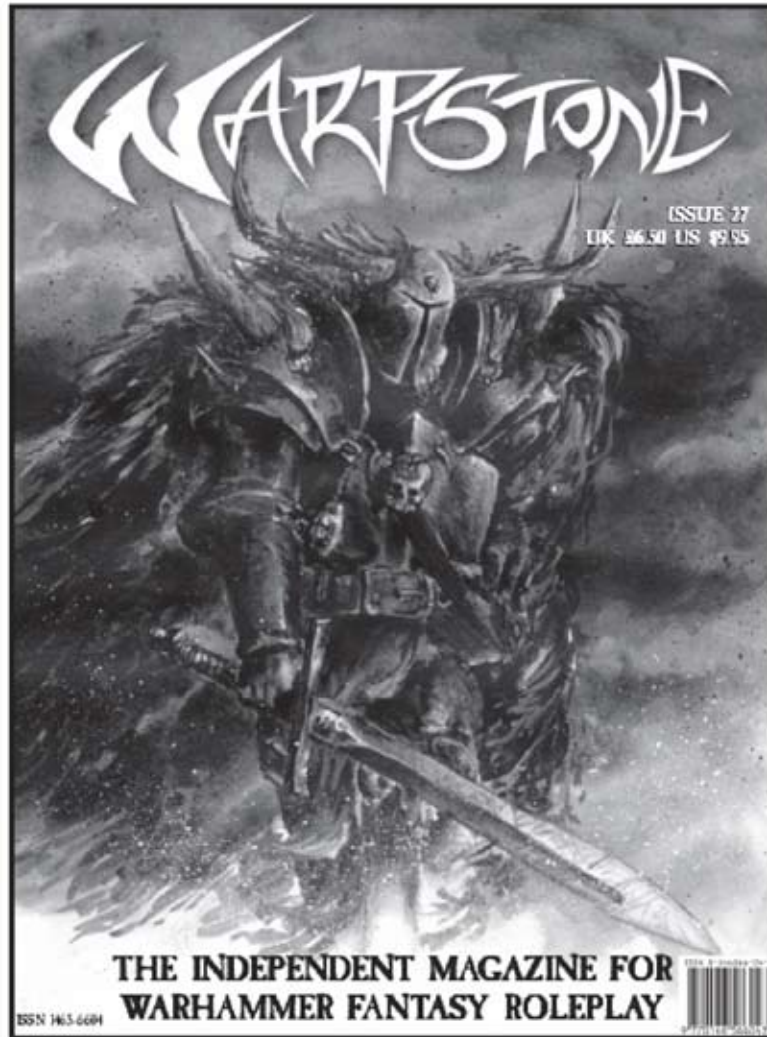


Jay Lloyd

So what's next for our adventurers? We now have a plot, we have enemies, and best of all, now all our characters are languishing in some dungeon. For the group, the next step is obvious to us. Dungeon scenarios are great for a game of Warhammer Quest - we'll not only have to deal with guards, but perhaps some of the things that lurk below the sheen of civilization! •

More information: <http://www.fantasyflightgames.com/wfrp/>
<http://www.warpstone.org/>

WARPSTONE



Issue 27 Out Now!
Issue 28 October 2008

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Shadow Warrior

Part 2

Mordheim

The streets of Mordheim reeked of blood and filth. Bodies littered every alleyway Ralthemar passed, humans, dwarfs, beasts, goblins, scaven, and other, less identifiable creatures. Sounds of combat echoed from all directions. The air was alight with the tingle of magic and warpstone, making the hairs on the back of Ralthemar's neck stand on end. It truly deserved the name 'The City of the Damned'.

Ralthemar stalked through the shadows of the streets, keeping close to the walls or in dark alleyways as he hunted. He knew the Druchii were heading north-east, towards the centre of the ruined city, leaving a trail of slaughter in their wake.

As Ralthemar emerged from an alleyway into a wide, seemingly deserted street, his keen ears picked up the sound of a small, pained voice.

"Elf-kin." He swiftly turned, seeking the voice's owner, to see what he had taken to be a human corpse propping himself up against the wall. Blood dripping from a gash across his forehead has stained his face red, one of his eyes was now a dark, empty pit, crossbow bolts were stuck in his legs and stomach, and his left hand was missing. It was a miracle he was still living. Ralthemar crouched beside the dying man.

"You seek your dark kin?" asked the man.

"Yes, I do."

"Then you seek death, they number at least a score, and..." spots of blood sprayed the ground as the man erupted into a coughing fit. When he spoke again, his voice was a hiss.

"I was one of thirty men fighting them, they took no casualties, their skill was unmatched by anything I have ever seen. Their leader killed most of us..."

The man let out a moan of pain, before vomiting

blood onto his ruined legs.

"We couldn't pierce his armour, which glittered with green stuff what looked like wyrdstone, and that glowing blade slain everyone it touched with one stroke."

"They come for warpstone," Ralthemar muttered to himself as the man stopped and drew a shallow, rattling breath.

"He praised the Ruinous Prince as he killed, crying incantations and words that hurt our ears. Some of us fell before him at his words, screaming like the damned."

"A mage of Slaanesh. The Druchii still worship that foul god. I shall slay him, or die in the attempt," Ralthemar told the man.

"You will still pursue them?"

"Yes."

"Then...avenge...me," the man croaked, his voice leaving him as his life did.

"Tell me your name." Ralthemar requested.

"Kas...par..."

Kaspar's last breath left him. Ralthemar closed his eyelids with his hand.

"Rest in peace, Kaspar" he whispered.

* * *

As Ralthemar stalked through the streets once more, he whispered incantations in his tongue, drawing the shadows around him like a cloak. He could hear the Druchii now, their coarse yet clear voices cutting through the noise of combat.

"We near our destination. Secure this area and deal with our pursuers, I shall meet the scouting party, and return in half an hour. You eight, with me."

Ralthemar reached the corner, looking into the square beyond it to see the backs of nine Druchii, the armour of one glittering with warpstone just as Kaspar had said, disappearing into the darkness

of an alleyway. The other fifteen fanned out, approaching the perimeter of the square.

Ralthemar fitted an arrow as his keen eyes picked out the gap between the Druchii's breastplate and helm. Slowly he drew back the string, whispering.

"Kurnuos guide my aim." The arrow flew straight and true, burying itself in the Druchii's throat. He fell almost silently, the others not noticing his death until the armoured body clattered to the ground. By then, Ralthemar had moved, ducking beneath the bowl of a crumbling fountain. The corsairs rushed to their fallen comrade, and seeing the bolt, looked around for his killer.

Ralthemar loosed another shaft before they saw him, felling a second Druchii as he turned to see Ralthemar. In death however, he alerted his fellows of Ralthemar's location, pointing to the fountain with his sword hand as his other tore the arrow from his throat. The others looked confused as they saw naught but shadows beneath the fountain, their looks of confusion replaced by shock and fear as Ralthemar leapt from the shadows, daggers in each hand. The panicked Druchii randomly loosed crossbow bolts as Ralthemar charged, none finding their mark as he dived beneath their aim, rolling to his feet in their midst.

A sword slammed into his right gauntlet as he slashed for its wielder, the impact numbing his arm and taking the force from the attack. Ralthemar took it in his stride, twisting and ramming his other dagger through the Druchii's eye. Another he felled with horizontal swipes from both daggers, blood gushing forth from two parallel gashes across the pale flesh of the Dark Elf's throat.

Ralthemar heard the whoosh of a blade cleaving the air behind him and ducked just in time, the blade flashing above his head accompanied by a curse from his would-be killer. From his crouching position, Ralthemar sprang backwards, twisting in the air and slamming his shoulder into the Druchii, forcing her to the ground. Before she could react, he rammed his dagger through her eyes.

A sword slammed downwards as Ralthemar moved to stand. With a cry, he dived sideways, his face slamming into the ground as pain flared across his back. Blood ran freely from his nose as he felt

the links of his mail dig into his ruined back.

Ignoring the pain, he leapt to his feet, lightly dancing backwards as eyes sought a target, before hurling his right dagger at the nearest Druchii, an unusually short, blond male wielding a huge broadsword. The blade buried itself in the back of the Elf's hand, drawing a cry of pain from his throat as the sword clattered to the ground. Ralthemar flung the second dagger before the Druchii could retrieve his sword, piercing the Elf's heart.

Ralthemar was now all but weaponless, and his foes advanced swiftly. Ralthemar tried to retreat towards the fountain and his discarded bow, but the remaining nine Druchii advanced that way, cutting him off and forcing him towards the wall of a building. Ralthemar knew he would not survive, his only weapon was the highwayman's flintlock, and one shot. He could put up a fight unarmed, but he stood no chance against nine armed Druchii.

As Ralthemar's back touched the wall, sending searing pain across the skinned area, the Druchii all grinned evilly. One had reloaded his crossbow, and as he raised it, Ralthemar's hand went for the pistol.

From Ralthemar's left, a horn-call sounded, the note strangely familiar to Ralthemar. As the distracted Druchii turned to see the source of the call, their gaze was met by a hail of arrows.

Arsenist

As the last of the Druchii fell, Ralthemar turned to his saviours. His keen eyes pierced the shadows, to reveal tall, lithe figures, clad in mail, slightly conical helms and deep blue cloaks, lowering Elvish longbows. They had the hard look about their faces that only a lifetime of battle can give, and their eyes spoke of lost beauty, faded light, burning hatred and desire for vengeance.

A warband of lost Nagarythe!

A smile played across Ralthemar's lips as he raised a hand in greeting. As his fellow Shadow Warriors slowly walked to meet him, Ralthemar quickly gathered up his bow from the fountain and daggers from the fallen. Once he was armed, he stood to meet the warband's leader. A raven-haired warrior stepped forward, unsmiling, but his eyes

showed no ill will toward Ralthemar.

"Greetings, kinsman of lost Nagarythe," he said,

"What brings you to this human ruin, alone?"

"I have always wandered alone," replied

Ralthemar, "I pursue a Druchii warband, about half of which you just killed. Are you here for the same reason?"

"We are. Do you know their purpose?"

"I believe they are seeking warpstone, they are heading for where the rock impacted, slaughtering as they go. The leader and eight others headed north to meet a scouting party."

"Then we follow, and the chaos worshippers will die for their folly. Will you join us, friend?" asked their leader.

"I shall. What is your name?"

"I am Shalwe. This," he indicated the Elf to his right, of similar height and build, with the same high cheekbones, black hair and deep blue eyes, and a war horn of Nagarythe hung from his belt, "is my son, Olwe, and these," with a sweep of his hand, he indicated the rest of his followers, "are the sons and daughters of my fathers retainers when he was a Lord of Nagarythe. What might your name be?"

"I am Ralthemar, also formerly a Lord of Nagarythe. I travel alone because none of my kin or retainers survived the War of Shadows."

A sad look crossed Shalwe's face for a second, then his expression hardened, and he looked up the street where the Druchii leader was headed.

"Come, enough time has been wasted."

* * *

Swiftly and silently the group walked down the alleyway, bows raised, ears straining for the faintest sound of a Druchii voice amongst the clash of weapons and screams of the dying. Ralthemar and Shalwe, at the front of the group, were brought to an abrupt halt when they noticed the path before them which crossed theirs. Shalwe raised his hand to halt the group. Slowly he walked forward, his leather-clad feet making a wet slapping noise as they met the blood-slick ground. Crouching, he beckoned the others to look.

Ralthemar looked down to see vague marks in the drying blood. Crouching beside Shalwe, the shapes resolved themselves into footprints,

remaining on the path ahead.

"These are recent," said Shalwe, "within half an hour ago. Our quarry continues in this direction. Come."

As they continued down the alley, a sense of foreboding came over Ralthemar. The tingling sensation on his skin intensified, and a faint smell which Ralthemar couldn't identify was in the air, a heavy, pleasant aroma which clouded his mind slightly. He heard a vague noise, sounding as if his ears were blocked. He shook his head and tried to focus through his clouded mind. The sound resolved itself into Druchii voices. Shalwe raised his hand and the Elves stopped to listen.

"Keep extracting the warpstone from the cavern walls and arrange the rocks around the altar in the pattern I showed you. Once that is done, ready the altar and wait where I instructed until I return, then the ritual will begin. I will summon the others to help guard the cavern whilst we are performing the ritual, hopefully whoever was following us has attacked them and been dealt with."

Footsteps echoed down the alley as someone approached its mouth. The warband raised their bows, ready to fire the moment the speaker was in sight.

The footsteps reached the alleyway and a hooded figure, wearing armour glittering with warpstone, stepped into sight. A foul Druchii curse cut through the air and the Elf drew a glowing longsword. Ralthemar recognised the blade instantly.

"Rhianthanalae!" he exclaimed in surprise.

The Druchii pushed his hood back and Ralthemar looked into the eyes of Yanalasse and Ciryar's killer once more.

Ritual

"Well met, Ralthemar," called the Druchii, his voice high and cold.

"You have me at a disadvantage, Druchii," replied Ralthemar, struggling to keep his voice level.

"Where are my manners?" The Druchii replied mockingly, "my apologies, I am Korhuar Hellscream, master of the hidden temple of the Dark Prince. If I may ask, is one of these who stands with you young Ciryar? I imagine he has

grown since I last saw him.”

“You know full well Ciryar is dead, as is Yanalasse. Both by your hand.”

“Oh, of course. You have my apologies for that, but they are avenged, are they not? If you are here, then you must have fought and killed my bodyguards.”

“That is true, your guards are dead by the hands of me and my companions. But that is not my revenge, which cannot be complete without your death, Korhuar.”

“Such a pity, then, that you will never have vengeance. You cannot defeat my warriors guarding the cave, which is where I am returning. Goodbye, Ralthemar.”

With a cry, Ralthemar loosed an arrow, but he was too slow. Korhuar had disappeared from the alleyway, and the Elves could hear his running footsteps. Swiftly, they gave chase, turning left at the alley’s mouth. The buildings of the street they emerged into were mostly ruined, and across the street to Ralthemar’s left a huge crater had been torn from the ground, at least a hundred sword lengths wide by Ralthemar’s guess. At the base of the crater was the running figure of Korhuar, heading to the opposite edge. In the wall of the crater was a pitch-black hole, a cave-mouth. Guarding it were ten Elves in gleaming black armour, each wielding a halberd or draich, who would have been invisible against the backdrop were there not a globe of witch-fire in the hand of the central Elf.

After exchanging a few swift words, the Elves parted before their leader to allow him to pass, and quickly reformed the line of steel before the cave mouth. As one, they looked upwards to face the approaching Shadow Warriors. Ralthemar fitted another arrow and took aim, but his vision clouded as a heavy perfume filled his nostrils. Through the blurred vision of his watering eyes, he looked to see the other Elves taking aim. He looked back to the Druchii, and tried to pick out the different figures, but found it impossible. Judging by the lack of the sound of bowstrings, the others had the same problem. Ignoring his lack of authority, he shouted.

“Fire blind!”

No other bows fired as Ralthemar’s did, and he turned to see Shalwe raising a wineskin to his lips.

After drinking a sip, he offered the skin to Ralthemar.

He recognised the taste immediately, it was wine from the vineyards of lost Nagarythe, matured for six thousand years. It tasted even better than he remembered it, and the effect of the Druchii’s devilry vanished in an instant. Ralthemar passed the skin to Olwe, and it was quickly passed around the rest of the warband. Shalwe barked an order at the warband.

“Aim!”

Ralthemar fitted another arrow as ten bows raised in unison.

“Fire!”

The shafts sped for the foe, some burying themselves in throats, others bouncing harmlessly off the black armour. Three Druchii fell. Shalwe drew his longsword and commanded.

“Draw your blades.”

The ring of metal sounded as the Shadow Warriors drew longswords or greatswords. Shalwe screamed another command.

“Charge! For Asuryan!”

As the others echoed Shalwe with cries of Asuryan’s name, Ralthemar shouted a different name.

“Yanalasse!”

Ralthemar slung his bow across his back and drew his daggers as he ran down the slope of the crater, swiftly reaching the line of black armour and leaping into combat. He lashed out at the first Druchii with one dagger, only to drop it and catch the haft of the halberd that was swung at him. He planted his feet firmly apart and forced the blade to one side, before stepping closer and slashing the other dagger across the Druchii’s throat. As the body hit the ground he let go of the halberd, before turning to look for his next foe. A halberd blade sliced into Olwe’s shoulder, forcing him to the ground with a scream. As his sword clattered to the floor, Ralthemar leapt upon his assailant, the momentum sending the Druchii sprawling. Ralthemar’s dagger plunged into the woman’s eye, and her struggles stopped instantly. Olwe nodded his thanks as he pressed his good hand to the shoulder wound and back away from the fight. Ralthemar retrieved his dagger, and seeing movement as he stood, raised the daggers

reflexively in an attempt to parry the halberd. The daggers struck just beneath the halberd blade, and the Druchii reversed her strike to trip Ralthemar with the haft. As Ralthemar fell, he slashed for the Druchii's ankles, the blades cutting between the leg armour's joints and bringing the Druchii down atop him.

Lights exploded before Ralthemar's eyes as the Dark Elf's armoured fist hit the side of his head. Through the pain, he concentrated on the she-Elf's throat, stabbing swiftly with both daggers before throwing her dying form aside as she desperately gasped for air.

The battle raged around him as Ralthemar lay on the rough ground, holding his head as his temple throbbed. After what seemed like an age the clash of weapons stopped, and through his hazy vision he saw someone crouching over him. He blinked and the vision resolved itself into Shalwe, holding out the wineskin once more.

Wordlessly Ralthemar took a sip, the pain remained but he found he could ignore it. Gingerly he stood, feeling slightly unsteady. He turned to where Olwe lay bleeding, with another of the warband bandaging the wound. He crouched before Olwe, removing a small bottle and a cloth from a pouch at his belt.

"Wait," he told the warrior with the bandage, "allow me to bathe the wound with this, it will help the wound to heal. But," he turned to Olwe, "it will sting."

"Pain holds no fear for me. But I do not wish to bleed to death slowly. If I am to die, it will be in combat with my sword in hand."

"That could come soon," Ralthemar told the boy as he bathed the wound. To Olwe's credit, he made no sound.

Ralthemar finished bathing the wound, and stood back to allow the other Elf to bandage it. As Olwe stood, Ralthemar turned to Shalwe and awaited his command.

"What is the delay?" Asked Shalwe, "if you are prepared, then we enter!"

Weapons ready, the warband entered the pitch-black cave.

* * *

The near-complete darkness gave way to a sickly light, and what Ralthemar saw horrified him.

The tunnel opened into a wide, circular chamber. In the centre was an altar, upon which lay a heart. Korhuar was knelt before the altar, chanting. Around the altar was a golden circle, with shards of warpstone laid atop the gold. At a point on the circle opposite and to the right of the entrance a straight line of gold extended, with was cut by two curved lines of gold, all of which were covered with shards of warpstone. A symbol of Slaanesh.

At each point where the line met the curves, and at the ends of the curves there was stood an Elf. Elves also stood at the point where the line met the circle, and at three points around the circle at equal intervals. Each Druchii was chanting foul words which hurt the ears.

Without warning, the ring erupted in a blaze of magical energy, becoming a swirling column surrounding Korhuar and the altar, concealing them from the Shadow Warriors' eyes. The silhouettes of daemons prowled within the ring, but they seemed unable to break its boundaries.

This was Korhuar's purpose in Mordhiem.

Vengeance

The daemonic silhouettes became clearer, now Ralthemar could see their sinister yet beautiful faces and their naked bodies, the long hair falling onto varying numbers of breasts. One smiled at Ralthemar, slowly licking her lips and beckoning him, but Ralthemar was not the least bit tempted. He had seen what the Dark Prince and his minions could do to mortals, and had no wish for such a fate.

Olwe raised his bow, screaming an oath, and fired into the column of energy. The arrow melted away into nothing as it passed through the barrier.

"Hold your fire!" Shalwe barked, dealing his son a backhanded slap across the face. Anger and hatred blazed in his eyes as he looked back towards the ritual taking place, his body was shaking, and Ralthemar wondered why the sight angered him more than the others. Had he lost someone to cultists of Slaanesh, maybe as a sacrifice in a

similar ritual? Or had one of his family turned to darkness in the time of the sundering?

Pushing the thoughts from his mind, he looked for an opening for attack. The column of magic was impenetrable, but most of the Druchii stood beyond its boundaries, all except Korhuar. He turned to the rest of the warband.

“Ignore Korhuar, the others are not protected by the magic. Kill them!”

Turning, he raised his bow and picked his target, the nearest Elf with his back to Ralthemar. The arrow flew true, and struck the Druchii’s neck between the armour plates. Any sound which escaped from his lips was muffled by the helm and drowned by the clatter of the armour hitting the bare ground. As the other Druchii hastily tried to load their crossbows while still keeping formation and chanting, one of the warband spoke, an Elf with deep grey eyes and white-streaked black hair wearing a darker cloak than the others.

“Stand aside, Ralthemar. I shall handle them.”

The Elf stepped forward, raised his hands and began to chant. Ralthemar felt the familiar tingling sensation on the back of his neck intensify. Magic. He opened his mouth to speak, to ask the mage what he was doing. Another member of the warband silenced him with a hand on his shoulder, and said.

“Let Linarir do his work.”

Ralthemar closed his mouth and watched, as the shadows around the edges of the room writhed and twitched as if alive. The light from the magic around the altar appeared to be forced back, as tendrils of shadow snaked from the cave walls, towards the Druchii. As one fired his crossbow, the shadows struck. Ralthemar was too transfixed by Linarir’s magic to notice the bolt, which narrowly missed his head and hit the wall behind him. His eyes widened as each dark arm wrapped around a Druchii like a python, crushing the life from each, muffling their screams. Within seconds each had fallen to the floor, lifeless. The magic field collapsed and the daemons screamed as they were forced back from whence they came. Korhuar turned, with a cry.

“No!”

“Yes,” replied Ralthemar, “Your acolytes are dead, you stand alone against ten of us. Come and

die.”

“I am not finished yet, Ralthemar.”

In a lightning-fast motion, he struck at thin air with his arm, screeching a dark word which burned Ralthemar’s ears. Pain blazed across Ralthemar’s body and he felt himself falling. Through his screams, he heard nine other bodies hit the ground. He could not move to stop Korhuar as the Druchii stepped over them, with the words “Goodbye, Ralthemar,” before disappearing up the passage. Linarir’s voice sounded and the pain subsided, and Ralthemar turned as he stood to see a glowing, rune-encrusted gem in the mage’s hand. He turned to pursue Korhuar, and Shalwe appeared at his side.

“No, Shalwe. This I must do alone. For my family.”

Shalwe nodded wordlessly and Ralthemar broke into a run.

* * *

“Korhuar! Stand and face me, fiend!”

Korhuar had reached the centre of the crater when Ralthemar’s shout echoed from the rock. He turned, drawing Rhianthanalae in a swift motion.

“You have done well to escape my spell,” Korhuar replied mockingly, “are your friends free of my power too?”

“They are. But that is of no importance. All that matters now is your death.”

“You will fight me alone, then? So be it.”

Ralthemar drew his daggers and cast aside his bow as Korhuar rushed towards him. The air shone with magical light as Rhianthanalae sliced forward, narrowly missing Ralthemar’s arm as he dodged sideways. A second strike followed, and Ralthemar stepped backwards. He was on the back foot, and Korhuar knew it. He ducked beneath another savage swipe, trying to stab one of his daggers beneath Korhuar’s guard. The hilt of Rhianthanalae struck Ralthemar’s wrist as Korhuar swung downwards in defence, loosening Ralthemar’s grip on the dagger. Before it slipped from his grasp entirely, Ralthemar flicked his aching wrist up and left, releasing the dagger into Korhuar’s hand, which lost its grip on Rhianthanalae, as the dagger pierced the skin, forcing him to grip the longsword

single-handed. Ralthemar took advantage of Korhuar's vulnerability, diving forward and dragging him to the ground. Rhianthanalae fell from Korhuar's grip and skidded across the rough ground for a few feet.

Ralthemar stabbed down with his remaining dagger, but Korhuar dealt a savage punch to Ralthemar's elbow, stopping the attack, then another to his face. As Ralthemar recoiled, Korhuar threw him aside almost effortlessly, dealing him a kick in the face as he stood to collect the sword. As Ralthemar tried to sit up, pain pounding in his head, Korhuar's booted foot slammed down on his stomach. The sharp point of Rhianthanalae touched Ralthemar's neck, and he knew he was dead. Pinned to the ground and unarmed, Ralthemar could do nothing but wait for Korhuar to finish him.

"Such a pity," said Korhuar, "that you will not survive to carry out your revenge."

At that moment, Ralthemar remembered he was not unarmed. He had the highwayman's flintlock!

Lightning-fast, he drew the gun, drew back the flint and pulled the trigger, releasing a shot into Korhuar's face. The look of surprise remained frozen on his face as he fell, dropping Rhianthanalae. Ralthemar tossed the flintlock to the ground as he stood, before gathering up his weapons and Rhianthanalae.

'It is over', he thought, looking down on the corpse of his family's murderer. Tears began to run down Ralthemar's face as he thought of them, Yanalasse's beautiful face, and Ciryar's young, innocent smile. What had his revenge gained? One more corpse littering Mordhiem, one less Druchii in the world, one less minion of Slaanesh. But Yanalasse and Ciryar were still dead.

"They can be at peace now, my friend. As can you."

Ralthemar turned to see Shalwe facing him, with the rest of the warband stood at the mouth of the cave. He wiped a hand across his face, trying to remove the tears, but they kept flowing.

"Now I have nothing left. My desire for vengeance was my reason for life these past millennia, but now that is complete, what is there?"

"There are still wrongs to be righted, even if they are not your personal grievances. There are still

Druchii to plague us, still the darkness to be held at bay. If you will, we can stand against it together, as comrades," Shalwe replied, extending a hand.

It took Ralthemar a moment to understand Shalwe's offer. He reached out and grasped it.

"That is most kind of you, and I will travel and fight with you. But first, I must return to Ulthuan. I must visit the graves of my wife and son."

"Then we shall return with you, and await while you are ready. Come, we shall march for the nearest port."

He turned to call the rest of the warband, to see Linarir facing the cave, chanting. The darkness within the cave mouth had spilled outwards, beginning to cover the rest of the cave. The rock began to crack, and the Elves watched the hidden shrine collapse. Shalwe spoke to the warband.

"Now that is done, we march for Marienburg." He led the Elves from the crater, and towards the western wall of Mordheim.

Shadowseer Crofty



Masterclass
Tutorial

BUILD YOUR OWN LIGHTBOX

Photographer Jeffrey Bail gives us the low down on how to build your own collapsible lightbox for your miniatures, for less than a tenner!

Ever wanted to take pictures of small items around your house and make them look like it was done at a studio? It's possible with some items around your home and a trip to your local craft store. It's going to cost you around \$15/£6 but its money well spent. If you were to order a similar setup from a photography store, your looking to spend near a \$100/£50.

MATERIALS NEEDED

8 Wire Coat Hangers

The ones that you have a lot of unless it was beaten into you NOT to use wire hangers. This should a free Item! Make sure they are all the same size by lining them up.

2 Yards of White fabric (48"X72")

You can pick this up at any store that sells fabric. It could be almost any white fabric. Just remember it has to be somewhat thin to allow light to pass through. I prefer white nylon; it costs around \$1.50yd.

Bristol Board

You can find this at almost any arts and crafts store. It's a multi ply (.006) paper that come in multiple colors. Choose what you feel is best. I choose blue in this tutorial.

Fabric Glue / Fusible Web Tape

You can use either. I used Fusible web but I think just regular fabric glue that you find at the fabric store works just as good and is much easier to use. Using Fusible web will require an iron (Read the directions on the fusible tape).

6 Small Bulldog

These will be use to hold the light tent in position and well keep it folded together when not in use. I find mine at the dollar store.

Craft Wire

This will make the hinges to allow the tent to fold back up and pulls the frame

YOU NEED THIS



tight to block stray light. I suggest getting this. You can find this at any arts and crafts store or even the hardware store. Make sure to get a thin gauge wire as you will be sewing with it.

5000K "Daylight" Compact Fluorescent Light Bulb

This will provide the lighting for your light tent. Try to stick with a "Daylight" type bulb. Anything less will cast a yellow color in your tent. Also suggest a desk lamp to go with it.

TOOLS NEEDED

Pliers

Hopefully you have a pair of slip joint pliers lying around. This will help you with the wire coat hangers. The longer the handle, the easier it is to use in this project.

Tape measure

Used to measure for out bends.

Scissors

Well, to cut the fabric of course.

Wire Cutters

Simple pair of wire cutters to trim your hinges.

HOW TO

So now that we have all the things we need, lets get started. This will not be the most easiest to make but it sure beats paying \$100 for the same exact thing.

1. This will be the most labor intensive part of making this tent. Take all 8 coat hangers apart and make them as straight as possible. Hopefully they are 44" long, If not you box will come out different but it will still work.

2. Measure in 11" from each end of the coat hanger and make a 90° bend with your pliers. The coat hanger should now look like a U shape and is laying flat. Now repeat for the rest of your hangers

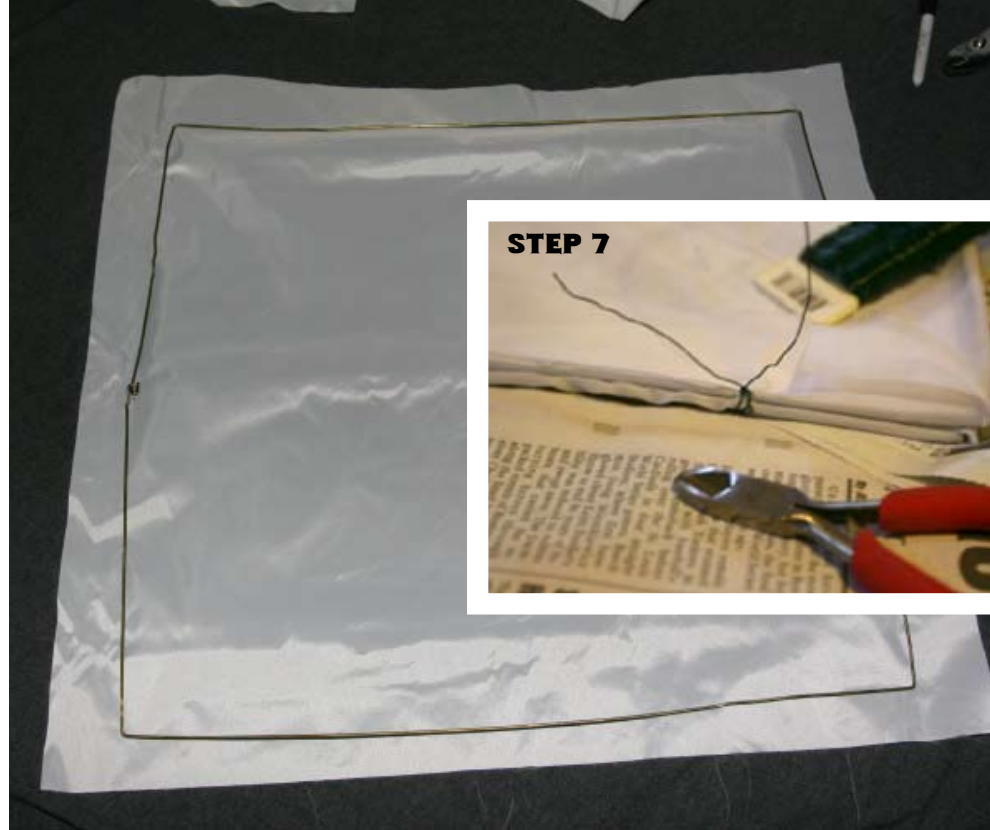
3. Take your pliers to the end of each you and bend the tip like a hook Allow room so you can lock the hooks into another. Now repeat for the rest of your hangers

4. Take the 2 U pcs and join them together using the hooks. After you join them, use the pliers and crimp the hooks so they can't unhook. You should

now have a somewhat square box. Now repeat on the rest of your hangers

5. Layout the fabric to where it's flat, take your square shaped hanger and lay it on top of the fabric. Leave a 2" border on the OUTSIDE of the hanger. You will be later folding the edges over. Repeat 7 more times

6. Using the glue your going to leave a bead 1/2" from the wire hanger on the INSIDE of the square. You will then fold your outside border on top of the glue. Repeat this to the rest and allow the glue to dry. If it's been done right, you won't see the hanger as it's wrapped up inside the fabric. After it's been dry, trim excess with your scissors. It



doesn't have to be perfect so don't get carried away with it.

7. Now you should have 4 squares. Layout 3 across so they are touching end to end. Then take your wire and thread the two edges together. You don't have to go the entire length of the end. I did just three spots. This will act as your hinge and it will keep the box as tight as possible. The middle square will be the BACK of your tent.

8. Take your last square and lay it out so it's resting on top of the middle square (This will be the top of the tent). The bottom edge of your top square should be touching the top edge of the middle (Back) square. Make a hinge using the wire in 3 places.

9. You should be DONE! It wasn't that bad. Give it a test fold. Fold the sides into the middle then fold the top down. You can use the bulldog clips to secure the tent close. Open the tent the same way and use the bulldog clips to secure the top of the light tent to the side panels.

10. Insert your bristol board to where

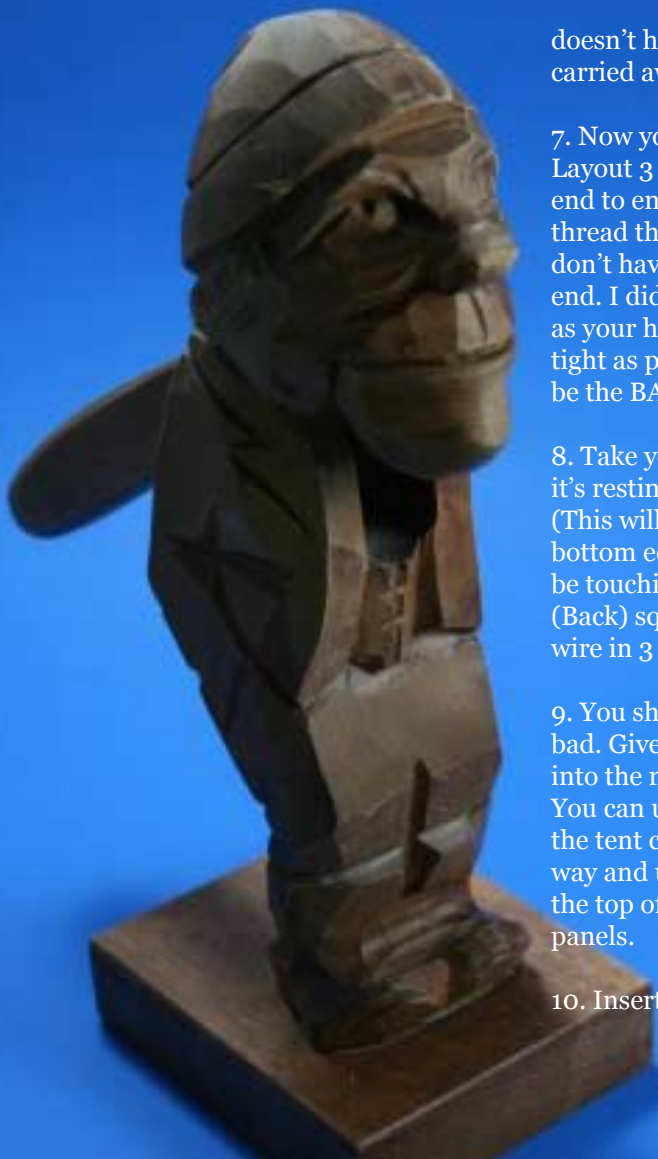


there is a curve in the back. Avoid creasing the bristol board as it will show up in your photos. Just add the light and your object and you should be ready to shoot.

Now you have a collapsible light tent. Hope you have fun with it. Maybe you can come up with a better way to make this. Make sure that children don't go near this. If you find any sharp edges, please get rid of them. Safety first! •

Special thanks to Jeff for letting us use his tutorial. You can see Jeff's work here:

<http://www.jeffreybail.com/>
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/bail>
Tutorial originally posted on www.jpomag.com





Bed and Battles!

REVIEW

The Wargaming Holidays hotel is located in the tiny village of Sarlande in the Dordogne Département of France. Whilst the village itself boasts nothing but a single grocery shop and a restaurant that only opens for lunch, a few minutes drive away is St-Yrieix-La-Perche, a small town which has a few bars and shops, as well as a train station for those travelling by rail. If you're flying in, Limoges airport (served by budget airlines like Ryanair and Flybe) is around an hour away by car or train.

The B&B itself is a large house fitted out with double and twin rooms, some of which are en-suite. Combined with the gîte (holiday cottage), there is currently accommodation for 8-11 people, depending on who is willing to share, plus another gîte and a camping & caravan site planned. Admittedly, I'm no expert when it comes to reviewing hotels, but I found the rooms to be clean, comfortable modern and airy. Perhaps the only facility lacking for the avid gamer would be a table in the room to make those last minute finishing touches to your paint jobs, but then I'm sure one could find a spare surface somewhere. For summer visits, there is also a swimming pool. On the breakfast side of things, as one might expect a "continental" breakfast was served as standard, though the Drake family, who run the B&B, seemed ready to cater for those in search of something more substantial to start the day's gaming. It is also possible to arrange food during events held at the hotel, which during my visit consisted of good, simple food like soup and cold snacks.

Gaming Facilities

By now you may be wondering what a review of a French B&B, written by someone who admits to not being an expert on hotels, is doing on a wargaming website. Well, what makes this hotel unique is its gaming room: Part of what used to be a cowshed

or a barn has been floored and filled with 6' x 4' gaming tables - eight at the time of my visit, though a couple more could easily be accommodated. There are a variety of terrain types available (and, I understand, more in preparation, including a Cities of Death table), and I would estimate the room could accommodate one or two more tables with careful arranging. In addition to the basic gaming boards there is a variety of terrain available, including woods, hills and buildings for Warhammer, Warhammer 40000 and even Epic 40000. The terrain is good quality and generally practically designed, and I would say the range is superior to most Games Workshop stores (especially considering that there is a substantial amount of Epic scale terrain).

The gaming room itself, with stone walls and wooden-beamed ceiling, evokes something of the historical feel of Warhammer World, except that it isn't made of plastic and fibreglass. At the time of my visit the weather was quite hot, but the barn remained comfortably cool; of course, I can't comment on how warm it would be in the winter, but I was informed that electric heaters would be available if got too cold.

All in all, the facilities available would be ideal to organise a small tournament for long-distance visitors, assuming a bit more accommodation becomes available in the near future, or as a place to meet up with a few friends for a holiday including a few games - especially as the family would have something to do if they came along. Of course, the gaming room would also be great for anyone living in the local area to organise events where only limited accommodation was required.

- *McMullet*

<http://www.wargamingholidays.com>

The Necarch's Lair! **LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL!**

Rikard shows us how to sculpt a Strigoi Vampire.
From scratch!



**RIC SWEET
A.K.A RIKARD**

The Strigoi vampire line has always been one that I have loved yet the miniatures are terrible if I'm being honest. So with the re-release of 7th edition Vampire Counts I thought I would write a short article on the steps and processes involved.

FIRST UP IS PREPRATION...

Get everything ready, you should have a good selection of artwork to use as reference material as well as a good anatomy sheet, you will also need the following:

- Wire
- Clippers
- Green stuff
- Clay shapers (A must for sculpting muscles and organic surfaces)
- Sculpting tools
- Some good music to keep you entertained and inspired
- A small dish of water
- A good side lamp

STEP 1

Once you have all these bits and pieces your next step is to make the armature that is little more than a wire frame with the position and shape of the mini.

Always important at this stage is to create some base muscles even though you will be sculpting over them they act as a good reminder of where everything will go and which muscles will bend and flex. Also include a pea shape blob for the head.





STEP 2

Once all this has hardened I move on to the head and facial area as it is the most difficult part so it is best to get it out of the way as soon as possible.

I start off with the basic facial expression and add tiny lumps for each new feature such as the cheeks, eye brows, eye sockets, jaw bones, nose, even the mouth and lips. I then let it all harden.

STEP 3

Next stage I add the tongue pushing it into place and shaping it with clay shapers, before leaving it again to completely harden. Now I begin working on the eyes themselves and the many fine lines and wrinkles around the area.



◀ STEP 4

I push two small blobs of green stuff into the sockets and using a bullet tipped clay shaper. I manipulate the area creating the eyelids (it is much easier making the eyelids and eye balls separately).



◀ STEP 5

Once this again has all hardened I then add two very small balls for the eyeballs themselves and gently ease them into place. At this stage I begin to make the teeth too, I add two small bits of green stuff to the top and bottom of the mouth; this is something for the green stuff teeth to rest against.

STEP 6

I then place the teeth in individually; although it's a longer harder process the end result is worth it, I use clay shapers for altering their angles and positions (as they don't stick to the silicon). I then make the basic structure for the ears and allow it all to dry completely.



STEP 7

Once that is all dry I then make the second detail layer for the ears and use a triangular shaped tool to push the folds into the ears rather like that on a bat. I also create a small piece of fur on the top of the head that will continue down his back. Now that is complete and hardened I can work with the rest of the body. Seeing as the head is complete I usually work from the neck down as I find it easier.

STEP 8

This is where the bullet tipped clay shaper in particular is a real help.

Knowing how muscles move and shape both naturally and under stress is important and many people can get it wrong, so if you can find yourself a body builder or you aren't one have a look around on the Internet for a similar stance.

The preferred method for me to sculpt muscles is just like any other piece I add small blobs of green stuff and easy them into place.

STEP 9

When the torso is complete I move down to his legs. Once you are happy you can then move on to sculpting the hands and feet when everything has dried. I treat both of them as I do anything else it is much easier to build it up in layers and remember your bony prominences of both the hands and feet such as knuckles, scafoid, DIPS, PIPS, as well as connective tissue like tendons as these will be visible in places.



STEP 10

Getting a good A&P sheet on the hands and feet is something I would also recommend, as the muscles don't magically stop at the ankles and wrists. If you look at the feet you will see I begin very simply just by having 4 sausage-like blobs of green stuff make the basic shape. I then add the claws on to the ends of the finger/toes and let them dry, I then add a small band around the joining part where the claw meets the finger or toe.



STEP 11 ▲

I also finish off the bony prominences and connective tissue in the feet. I then work on the loin clothe on a separate flat surface, the key here is to make a square shape but then push the corners out and the sides in. I then use a bullet tipped clay shaper to create the folds and a sharp blade to create the rips, I then add it to the miniature.

◀ STEP 12

Now I begin with the fur, the key here is to make small pointed blobs of green stuff and add them to the mini with the ones at the top flowing down overlapping the ones below, just like fur flows on any creature. The smaller you make the blobs the finer the fur will be. After you have done this you then sculpt each little blob in a wavy fashion to create the fur itself.





STEP 13 ▲

I made a few mistakes with this sculpt, such as the arm positions which I tried to alter though to what effect I am still not sure.

Though I don't think its too bad for my first vampire sculpt, but if I am being honest I prefer sculpting Lizardmen :P

I hope everyone enjoyed reading this, if you have any questions or want to see any other tutorials I can be found on Warsseer, The Pyramid Vault and Deviantart.



*Matt's Forgeworld Great Unclean One in all
it's glory! BLEUGGHH!!!*



Deutsche Invasion!

Masterclass
Interview

In a **WATCHMAN** exclusive, we managed to nab not one, but two Golden Demon (and Slayer Sword!) winners for this issues Masterclass. **BEN KOMETS & MATT CEXWISH** gives us an insight into their world as part of the Deutscheland Golden Demon team. Interview by Jay Lloyd.



Interviewers note: The interview was conducted over the internet, although I have made a few grammatical corrections through the translations, I have tried to retain the (mad!) spirit of the conversation.

Wm Can you tell us a little about yourselves?

Matt Sure! My Name is Matt Cexwish and I was born on July 4th 1986. This makes me 21 years old by now. I'm studying Architecture in the 6th Semester on the Academy Of The Arts (UdK) Berlin.

Ben I'm Ben Komets and I am 27 years old. I am an Architect by profession. Since we are both born and raised in the beautiful city of Berlin it was only a matter of time since our creative ways crossed one day. We First met in a local store, where we dropped some of our first Golden Demons to be exhibited. Matt

Deutsche Invasion! Masterclass Interview with Ben Komets & Matt Cexwish

is known for talking a lot to strangers, so we soon got into a conversation. A funny and strange thing is that I actually knew his father before I knew him.

Matt Yeah, he's an artist / portraitist and quite famous in Berlin. It was funny to see Bens face when he first visited my home and saw my dad. Ben and me are neighbours in Berlin and friends besides the hobby as well.

WM How long have you been involved with the hobby, and what started you off? What keeps you going?

Ben *I first got into the hobby at the age of 16... My brother in Law forced me to paint his entire High Elves Army as a start (!). I sketched and painted on paper and canvas since I was a child, so I wanted to try something new. And every man need a proper way to waste time, right?*

In addition, there is no hobby in the world with a higher crack ratio then this... :)

Matt Well, my Grandfather used to play with painted Lead Soldiers on his bed, but my real entry into the hobby was six years ago. I got my hands on a White Dwarf (the older, way cooler ones...) and there was a Games Workshop in Berlin on a quite prominent spot. I would have never ever thought that it will get me that deeply into the hobby, actually I planned to quit on my 18th birthday. But since it just started to become interesting then - especially with all the foreign countries, commision work and people I met all over Europe - I decided to stay with it until I found another challenge. Today it is my main income. So I won't quit too fast, I guess...

WM Since I study architecture too, I had to ask; do you feel that your backgrounds in architecture help a great deal when it comes to the hobby?

Ben *No! It ruins the seriousness and credibility for architecture and makes us feel like nerds while doing something for the hobby. In addition it draws a lot of time away from the architecture.*

Matt As for the model making you may have some trouble... because of the standard we know in miniature making. In architecture you need more abstract models that show a certain atmosphere, construction, sequence of a room program, etc. .

You have to be very careful not to overdo things in architecture, otherwise it looks kitsch. Most of the things we learned at the university come in handy in the hobby, though. Planning, developing an idea, simplifying scenes, reducing things what's necessary.

PAINTING TECHNIQUES

WM Do you have a particular style of painting?

Matt Yes! We both draw influence from the great masters (classical art, oil paintings, sculpture, etc.) and each other. In general the choice of colour, the creation of ambience with colours and detail is very important for me. My painting skill is not the best, it is the ideas and my imagination that keeps me winning competitions and peoples opinion. You can call it a narrative style.

Ben *Every piece and project has to tell a story. We are very interested to show daily life of the dense background of the respective systems. There often is a lot of work with blood, gore and violence involved, not only in battle scenes or duels, but also in single miniatures, vehicles, bases, freehands and such. We are fed up by this and always try to show more. Something that has never been seen before and that makes the people think about how things actually work. It surely comes from a more serious approach to a project and our unwillingness to following the majority. I use wetblending and try to simulate light and material in a realistic way with my painting.*

WM What are your influences?

Ben *You never know where influence strikes. You got to keep your project in mind all the time. And you have to keep your eyes open. If you need some really good base elements, just keep looking at the plants under your feet in the streets. You will be surprised what you can find there and finally use for your miniatures.*

Matt In general our influences are the great masters, 'real' Classical Art: Rembrandt, Rodin, Da Vinci, Michaelangelo, Flemish, French, Polish Masters. Also comics, drawings, illustrations, concept art, sketches from friends. influence can literally be found everywhere. You can find it easily in the nature, outside, in the sky, in water, fire, the grass (especially the grass!). It is absolutely important to LET the inspiration come to you. If you sit at home, no girl,

*'Leonardo DeMiragliano's Answer' - Matt's
Bronze Winning Golden Demon entry*



*Here's something you don't see everyday -
WIP construction pictures!*



Deutsche Invasion! Masterclass Interview with Ben Komets & Matt Cexwish

no music, no friends, no movies, no fresh air... from where do you think your inspiration will come from? If you look closely at our work you can find inspiration from films, from music, from cultural or social topics. It is nearly as important to do 'nothing' looking for inspiration and think about the project as actually working on it. Staring at someone else's miniatures alone won't get you far for sure.

“My painting skill is not the best, it is the ideas and my imagination that keeps me winning competitions and peoples opinion. You can call it a narrative style.”

WM What kind of equipment do you use?

Ben Everything we get our hand hold on. Everything that helps improving the project. Plus some equipment for special requirements...

Matt It is not important or smart to focus on a special brush, a special colour, a special tool, special light bulbs and so on. Sure, all these things are quite useful. But they don't paint your miniature. I have seen people painting top miniatures with old, gnarly toothpicks better than the best - equipped pamperboys with no skill, technique and passion. Use what does the best job for your style of painting, to get to know what your style, just paint. That is a quite simple, though important and difficult advice to understand.

WM Asking 'how long does it take to paint a model' is like asking 'how long is a piece of string', but say you were given Grimgor Ironhide to paint. How long would it take you?

Ben For me approximately not more than 6 - 8 Hours. I am a fast painter.

Matt Yeah, and it will quite surely still kick ass. For me, at least 2 tries *calculates*. Or four times to watch the sun go up... and it might still look awful! *laughs*

WM Do you have any particular models that you like to paint? Like orcs, or elves?

Ben Not necessarily... I prefer sci-fi miniatures,



while Matt likes to paint fantasy more.

Matt I prefer fantasy models because I think that it is more of a challenge to understand the alternative function of primitive constructions rather to a sci-fi device that can do something because it is from the future. Fantasy steampunk tries to make the process visible in some way. In addition there is so much sci-fi out there.

In addition, it is a self-set rule for me to paint 'good' models exclusively, because I think that all things we produce come back to us one or the other day. So I always try to avoid the 'bad' scenes or themes in general, although I am sure that it is easier to paint a good looking bad model than a good one. Have I mentioned that I have some problems?

SOME TIPS

Ben Try the Vallejo Model Color 70898 Dark Sea Blue for deep shadows, basically everywhere... it is



HOW TO... PAINT BLOOD.

By Matt Cexwish

To do blood, I use a paint called Tamiya Clear red X-27. The paint has a resin which as it dries resembles real blood clotting. You can add Chaos Black to make it look a little more realistic and mix it up to the consistency as you desire. Once your ready, load a brush with your blood mix and blow (yes, blow!) sharply and watch as the paint spatters onto the surface in a realistic fashion, but be careful and practice first, it's a little dangerous!



Deutsche Invasion! *Masterclass Interview with Ben Komets & Matt Cexwish*



the best for anything, I really love this colour. A great silver finish is the Silver Metal 71063 from Model Air, Vallejo. It is more shiny than Mithril Silver because it is really highly pigmented.

GOLDEN DEMON ENTRIES

Wm How do you decide on what kind of entry you are going to do?

Matt The first thing is the decision of attending a certain event. Every event has its special taste, style and therefore requirements. Our experience and estimation about the level creates a certain image of what is needed to make a competitive piece. A good idea is the result of a process. It develops with discussion, trial and error and the luck of finding something that inspires you or simply using something that comes in handy.

After having a general idea I usually speak to Ben about it. We poke fun at it and twist and turn it as long as it gets too stupid, it is a kind of insane brainstorm with accepting even the most ridiculous ideas. If you have an idea, move it.

Look what comes out if you turn it 180° to the opposite. Make it really big... make it really small... What about humor? About symbols or stereotypes? Can multiplying it make it better? What is the least you need to make it work? Then you start to pick what you like about it. Then you begin gathering materials, carrying the idea around with a week or so. After



beginning you might have lots of other ideas, nothing is impossible. The concept can change, but you have to be careful not to lose your initial idea and your whole time.

Ben Sometimes you have an idea that is stuck in your mind for a very long time, sometimes you think quickly about something else that you find interesting enough and start doing this instead. Sometimes you plan something really big only to pause the idea days before the competition starting a new, smaller work, because you see that the time is too short.

“We poke fun at it and twist and turn it as long as it gets too stupid, it is a kind of insane brainstorm with accepting even the most ridiculous ideas. If you have an idea, move it.”

Wm Successful entries are about narrative, and it's very difficult to come up with something convincing a lot of the time. How do you go about planning a narrative?

Ben Let's take an example of what Matt said on developing an idea. Imagine you try to create an idea for a wood elves unit. As it is, it's nothing too special. There have been lots and lots of examples of well painted wood elves out there, so for a competition you have to improve the idea. How about using a certain theme on them? Winter or autumn could be interesting for colours. How about wood elves that have been 'corrupted' by nature itself? They could have become part of the forest, so maybe some branches and partly greenish or brown skin against a very pale elves skin would be great. The idea develops. Maybe add some creatures they are riding? Or maybe they are mixed with the trees itself? Maybe the winter environment spreads where they touched the ground? They could have a leader that uses a weapon that comes out right of his arm, formed from thorns and twigs? If you add some subtle evidence for the presence of possible enemies, if you start to develop the environment in detail, you will get a very dense story that you can continue almost indefinitely. Not sure about this wood elves idea by now, but you get the point, I hope. Move your idea.

Deutsche Invasion! Masterclass Interview with Ben Komets & Matt Cexwish



Matt's Forgeworld Chaos Spawns



WM Any tips for aspiring participants?

Ben **Seriously* Don't come to Germany, we will crush your entries in a big brown sack!*

Matt ...and then kick your ass while chewing strawberry flavoured bubble gum candy *laughing*. So you better start painting instead of reading interviews and surfing the web.

WM Can you tell us what your favourite piece is and why?

Ben *Ultramarine Dreadnought From 'Yellow One' Kirill Kanaev. Since I held it in my hands in Paris 2006. He is the master of how light works.*

Matt Victoria Lamb's 'Rescue Of Sister Joan'. Great stuff, got me started on dioramas... I love the story and atmosphere it tells. Very good light, a pioneer in creating an dense atmosphere in miniatures.

WM I know that you have had trouble in the

past transporting miniatures. What tips can you give us on making sure your entry arrives in one piece?

Matt Hhmm, I have to admit that asking us about how to transport miniatures (people that you KNOW have had trouble transporting minis... :D) seems a bit funny to me! ^_^ ... In general buying a big wooden box and gluing every miniature on a wooden slice plane inside is a good idea. The best idea is to use blu-tac™. If you have a very heavy miniature to transport I recommend wrapping it totally in puppet foam (*ed - it's a natural latex foam used to make puppets*). It is very soft and keeps every damage away from your mini.

WM Does listening to music help you? I know Matt is a big MANOWAR fan. I find that listening to music helps you get 'in the zone'.

Ben *I always paint with some kind of sound or music. Most of the time my TV is on with a DVD I already know or the news channel. Recently my*

Another example of Ben's narrative style.
Here, the Kroot salvage a Landspeeder.



girlfriend tends to sit next to me. I can both paint and talk. Sounds in the background are always great...

Matt Hehe, yeah. If the mood is right I listen to music while painting, but not generally. Last year I painted the Motorjet Biker for the French Games Day. It was the time when I saw a live concert of MANOWAR and they played 'Black Wind, Fire And Steel'. I loved this track, one thing came to another and I used it as a kind of a hymn while painting the mini. Great fun, it totally rocks!

THE G.D COMMUNITY

WM In recent years we have seen entries from many countries. Which team do you think have the strongest entries?

Matt It is hard to say, because some teams have currently only existed for two or three years, others are a ratherly loose bunch of shiny Golden Demon winners, and others are rather small (Polish Games

Day Crew - One Man Army... the Spanish Obscura... Swedish, Danish and Canadian Team...). The Spanish Team is incredibly strong. There is no team in England, as it seems, and somebody lately explained to me, that it is a question of the mentality of the respective country. It seems as if people in the UK prefer painting on their own.

In general it is safe to say that the French are the pioneers when it comes to teams, events, technique, meetings, top skill painters. It seems to me that other countries often enough adapt to the current French style, adding their personal taste or focusing more on certain elements. It is really difficult - if not impossible - to predict the level of a Golden Demon. You might have no trouble at all in one category and the other time you will be getting massacred. There is a lot of tactical movement before a event, some try to get in the toughest categories, other try to avoid them. I always do my thing and believe in my luck. A funny thing is that you ALWAYS meet the painters who are about to slaughter you before the event. They eventually tell you that they compete in your category

Deutsche Invasion! Masterclass Interview with Ben Komets & Matt Cexwish

and they are always way too friendly to be angry with them. Hehe, and in the end it is about the competition, right. You win some, you lose some.

Ben *I'm in Team Deutschland and we are trying to do a lot of things for the community. We provide tutorials and always share our knowledge and work. The overall skill of the painters is considerably high, so we can compete against the best fantasy miniature painters. It is not much about national identity but more about belonging to a certain group of creative people pushing each other further and further.*

Teamwork can help to do much more than just one individual could possibly achieve, at events or while sharing work. The whole team thing led to a more professional overall appearance of the Golden Demon Contest and helped a lot of members to dramatically improve their painting skill. The future is uncertain, but we will give our best to create things out of our imagination the way we want it to be.

WM *Is the UK Games Day different from any of the European ones?*

Ben *We attended the UK Games Day in 2006. It was very exciting to see the biggest Games Day in the World. The overall level is really high and the number of entries astonishing. The UK GD requires a certain style, very similar to the work of the 'Eavy Metal Team. Rather cartoony, not too realistic concerning light and materials. The light comes from everywhere, not from one direction. But they are very innovative, funny and well done entries full of character. The event was really great. Sadly, there was nothing planned before the Games Day like in other countries. And this in the country where pubs were invented! It is a shame...*

WM *The Golden Demon community is pretty tight knit. Do you think there is a language barrier to overcome with teams from other countries? What do you talk about? Sharing tips?*

Matt *Miniatures as this can be seen as a certain language on its own. Most of the painters know the work of each other from the internet. The painters come from all over the world. They have different backgrounds, interests and language skills. So as different as people are there always is a language barrier. But because the procedure of miniature painting is the same sometimes you just have to see*

the result without words in order to appreciate ones work. If there is a question concerning how to recreate a part people are always very, very helpful.

Ben *Whenever I meet top painter from a different part of the world I try not to talk too much about the hobby. Sure, it is the initial start or reason for the conversation, but I want to get to know the person. What work, other hobbies, other interest they have. At events you always get an overdose of everything hobby related.*

WM *Cool Mini or Not is a fantastic resource for showcasing your work. Do you feel like you are getting a lot out of it as a website?*

Matt *It is a good site that keeps us updated with great work from our fellow artists. It brings together people from all over the world and gives a feedback about your work, although it really is about pictures, reputation, who you know, your previous ranking, etc.*

Ben *I don't like the rating system too much. I think that it is too easy to exploit and the rating is based on pictures only, not real miniatures. This make a huge difference. It annoys me to see work that has been done sloppy and without passion and time.*

WM *Time to wrap things up, can I just say it has been a pleasure interviewing you both and giving the readers such a valuable insight into the community of miniature painters!*

Matt *Thanks for the interview, Jay! Keep reaching for that rainbow... :P...*

SOME GREAT RESOURCES

Matt's website & Cool Mini or Not Profile

<http://www.mattcexwish.com> (Coming Soon)

<http://www.coolminiornot.com/artist/Matt%20Cexwish/orderby/Descending>

Ben's Cool Mini or Not Profile

<http://www.coolminiornot.com/artist/white%20rabbit>

The Deutschland Team

<http://www.das-bemalforum.de/>

The Spanish Team

<http://www.spanish-team.com/>

Golden Demon winners archive

<http://demonwinner.free.fr/>

Ben's Slayer Sword winning entry for Games Day Germany 2008. Yes, it is 54mm!



GAMESDAY & GOLDEN DEMON 2007



**LEE PRATT
(VOLTAIRE)**

**With Games Day 2008
looming on the horizon,
the **WATCHMAN** staff
reminisce on last years
event to whet your
appetite for the big day...**

Voltaire: Like all gamers, one of the things I look forward to is a chance to mingle with other people who enjoy the hobby as I do. Games Day was no exception to this rule as I decided to forgo a weekend in France to have the pleasure of joining the 10,000 gamers who turn up each year for Games Day at the NEC in Birmingham. For me, there is nothing better than meeting other people who share a love of a hobby as it helps create a connection, something which can sometimes be lacking on the medium of internet forums.

Now, I was so excited about the day that I actually never read my ticket and thought the event was on Saturday 22nd for some reason. A trip out at 6am on the same morning and reading of my ticket meant I was going to have two days of early morning. Until Games Day, I was not even aware that 6am existed on a Sunday; I merely thought it was an extension of Saturday night.

On arrival at Games Day with the Manchester coach, there was a queue that put most post office queues



The new Cold One. Now 1/3 smaller and destroying battlefields everywhere.

to shame. A joke of the day was that this was Games Workshops ethical conscience making people walk a lot to get into Games Day. An hour of queuing before the event seems to confirm this. To make things worse, the main entrance had the Forge World stand immediately to the left of it. This seemed to create immense queues (which turned out to be a theme of the day).

THE EVENT

Upon entering the event, the terrain workshops were already in full swing and it part of the forum area of the NEC looked like somebody had opened a Games Workshop warehouse. This was incredibly busy, due in no part to the new White Dwarf being released and the 'Apocalypse' expansion for Warhammer 40k being on sale.

“Until Games Day, I was not even aware that 6am existed on a Sunday; I merely thought it was an extension of Saturday night.”

Proceeding into the main building, it was amazing to see how many participation battles were going on from all the different stores around the country as well as the Gaming Club Network. The one, which I wanted to see entitled 'The Problem With a Vampire' for Mordheim, was probably the only one of these boards I didn't see. That being said, there were some magnificent boards, including the Battle for Black Skull Pass and a Lord of the Rings battle between the Ents and Isengard. I passed the Skull fire pass battle just as Grimgor Ironhide was about to storm ten Organ Guns single handedly. It was an impressive sight

Moving further on, the banners from each store adorned the Space Marine statue and just beyond this was the Golden Demon area, as well as the Black Library, Games Development and White Dwarf. I met up with Jay (the nice person who does the layouts for this magazine) got a good look round this area and were very honoured to have an in-depth chat with John Blanche on his artwork. Browsing through his



Our money was on this gorgeous Malus Darkblade conversion. It didn't win. Shame.

sketchbook revealed a lot of artwork for the undead, though we couldn't ascertain whether this was the new concept art for the undead.

The only snippet we got was that the undead contained what he believed was 'the most beautiful model that [GW] has ever sculpted'. Following this chat, we managed to browse the sculptor's cabinet, saying hello to everyone along the way. A few shots of what was featured in this cabinet can be seen dotted around this article. The best among them were the new Cold One Knight, the Strigoi Vampire and the Vampire Lord on steed. We also managed to glimpse some of the artwork for the High Elves book and were extremely impressed by the standard of artwork that they were producing.

The Black Library stands were packed and by the time we got there, all the copies of some of the new books had gone or were only available in limited edition. The queue to get books signed was equally long. Talisman looked fun though I did not purchase it on the day as the prospect of carrying it back to a coach then home

from Birmingham didn't appeal (I did not spend a single penny on anything except food at Games Day – that's restraint!). The new Space Marine game looked interesting, and the trailer for Warhammer online was superb.

The Golden Demon entries were as good as ever and a few miniatures really stood out as it became pretty obvious who was going to be in the proceedings to win a Golden Demon. The only miniature that I saw which did not win a demon was a Malus Darkblade conversion that should have easily won in the 'Best Fantasy Monster' category in my opinion. That being said, I'm not a Golden Demon judge so perhaps I don't notice things as well as they do. It was funny seeing a lot of people criticising the work of the miniatures on display and thinking lot of them could probably never paint as well as the entrants. I also noticed a very striking High Elf regiment that I recognised to be Harry's straight away.

CONCLUSIONS

My only gripe with the award ceremony was that the pictures on the screen were very small considering the size of the NEC Arena. We could hear everything clearly but the picture quality from the other side of the room really let things down. Overall, I believe this Games Day was excellent and I know that I will be in attendance again next year. I'll now hand you over to Jay for his own run down of how the day went...



The Warseer meet up.
The **WATCHMAN** staff are circled.



JAY LLOYD
(NINESWORDS)

07.14 hrs - The M1

Been up 3 hours at this point, cruising along to Birmingham with **Motorhead** on full blast!

08.41 hrs - The Queue

Having spent my lunch money just to park my car, I make my way over to the entrance queue. One of the worst things about going on your own is having to stand around and listen to other peoples conversations whilst wishing you had friends of your own to talk to whilst waiting around for the doors to open. Thankfully, what could of been a very boring hour for me was saved by four veterans from Leamington Spa, who obviously had the same idea of amusing themselves as I (i.e admiring the approaching hordes), so thanks to Ross, Mark, Stevie and John for helping me retain my sanity. General madness ensued in the ever growing queue and by the time the weight of the crowd finally battered down the doors, I could of sworn crowd control were just making people do laps around the NEC for no reason.

09.58 hrs - Forgeworld Stand

I was thankful to be right next to the Forgeworld Stand this year as this was going to be my first port of call. Now for those who regularly go to gigs, being sandwiched in between two large blokes with beards headbanging to Motorhead is one thing, but being sandwiched between two large blokes with beards scrambling to purchase a 'Malcador Heavy Tank with Battle Cannon' is another entirely. Having literally battled my way to the front, I manage to spend £66 within 10 minutes of being at Games Day.

10.00 - 13.00 hrs - The NEC

After cracking skulls to exit the Forgeworld stands, things seemed to calm down as I struggle to take in the enormity of the event. I roll over to the Golden Demon booths and I am simply blown away by the ever increasing standards of the entries. I am also impressed by the mobile photographic studio they brought along to take some shots of the models

as they are being judged and I spend some time watching the Adobe Photoshop™ wizards at work. At this point I meet up with Voltaire and we stroll around the arena. We make our way over to the Black Library / Black Industries (RIP) stands and flick through what's new for WHF Roleplay. My plan to meet Dan Abnett is utterly extinguished as it dawns upon me that it would take half an hour to get hold of a copy of *Only In Death* and about the same to meet the author. I make do with taking a quick snap of the man himself from ten feet away and I'll later pretend I actually met him.

“I roll over to the Golden Demon booths and I am simply blown away by the ever increasing standards of the entries.”

Wandering over to the studio tables, it is safe to say that what they brought along this year drove the crowds into a frenzy. After wading ankle deep in the accumulation of drool from excited hobbyists, we got some shots of what was actually in the cabinets. The obligatory High Elf stuff was there, but what excited The Watchman staff was some of the new miniatures for the Vampire Counts range. It was around this time that the highlight of the day smacked me in the chops; none other than John Blanche himself was just standing on his own with a couple of sketchbooks to hand. For me, Blanche epitomises Games Workshop for me (ever since I was 11) and it is an understatement to say that seeing his work in the flesh as an inspired moment. What's more, is the fact that his sketchbook was crammed full of stuff for the new Vampire Counts concepts, and I was actually sold on the phrase 'Undead Pyrates of Sartosa'.

Lunch followed shortly, and we braved the line for a £3 hot dog and a bottle of Sprite (it did not go unnoticed by the end of the day that only bottles of water remained in the vending machines...)

13.46 - 14.27 hrs - “War-meet.”

Having decided to turn up early for the obligatory Warseer Forum meet, I could not help but think that despite the multitude of posters on the internet's largest GW themed forum, I was expecting about three people to show up and I am pleased to say that I couldn't of been more wrong. As the minutes ticked

by more and more Warseerers arrived and there was an excited flurry of introductions and catching up with old acquaintances. Most of the posters looked nothing like how I imagined them (with the exception of El Diablo), with Hulkster being the only obvious poster as he sported a 'Hulkmania' t-shirt.

16.00 hrs - Awards

I have to admit the awards ceremony wasn't the fanfare I was expecting, instead there was a microphone with bad feedback and people the size of ants (from where we were sitting) coming up to collect their prizes. One gauntlet and Slayer Sword winner later and the venue begins to slowly empty. I leave Voltaire by his coach and head back to my car to reflect on the day.

The Aftermath

I had a blast. It was great to meet up with the Watchman Staff and I think as far as Games Day goes, seeing the level of excitement in the atmosphere from both the staff and the hordes epitomises the hobby for me. There is no doubt in my mind I will be attending next year.



You can now mail order some of the Undead pirates through direct sales.



WARHAMMER LEGENDARY BATTLES

The **WATCHMAN** presents a complete set of rules and the first part of our datasheets for a Warhammer Fantasy version of Games Workshop's Apocalypse!

Supplement written by Voltaire.

Art: 'Besieged by Beasts' by Ville-Valtteri Kinnunen <http://www.villeart.com>



Warhammer Legendary Battles (WLB) was originally published in 'the other magazine' some months ago to coincide with the rising popularity of Warhammer 40k: Apocalypse. This effort was not one that went ignored and players have played massive games of Warhammer using the new rules as a basis for it ever since. With that in mind, Apocalypse was a lot more comprehensive than the meagre rule set presented for Legendary Battles. That is where we have decided to step in and fill the breach!

The scale of Warhammer can sometimes go beyond mere 3 thousand points games as the size of our armies' increases. With this in mind, it can sometimes be disheartening to have 5k+ of a single army to find that really, there's nothing particularly special about the whole experience, something is still lacking. Legendary Battles aims to try and bring some of the scope of this epic size back to Warhammer without going down into the tiny miniatures of 'Warmaster'. The Warhammer Fantasy rules scale up very well in comparison to the limited scope of 40k's force organisation chart, but this can sometimes leave large deficits in theme and the character of a large battle.

GENERAL RULES

The General

Each side of the army must have an elected general as per the standard warhammer fantasy rules. For the purposes of WLB, his leadership range is extended to 18". As well as this, for every 2500 points in the force, a Lord level character other than the General must be elected as a marshal. The marshal acts with the same rules as a general for all intensive purposes. The only time a marshal does not pass on his leadership is if the general is within 18". As well as this, a General is worth 200 VP instead of the usual 100 VP and each marshal grants an extra 100 VP upon his or her death. Any undead units may march if within 12" of a Marshal and will use his leadership should the General die. These rules do not change the Vampire Counts need to be within 6" of a model with the vampire rule to be able to march.

For the purposes of defining an army and leadership bonuses etc, an army is considered to be an entire force on either side of the battlefield, no matter what units from what races they come from. For example: Player A has an alliance of Skaven and Undead alliance. The deployment of their forces means that the Undead General is in the midst of a Skaven skirmish with their opponent, the Skaven player can use the Undead General's leadership for their tests etc, so long as they are within 18" of the General. This is to

represent a single overarching leader taking complete control of an army for the game.

The General will always be the character with the highest leadership. If there is a tiebreak situation, the players should come to a mutual agreement on who should be the general. Failing this, a small combat between the Lords could be fought to determine supremacy as if fighting a challenge. Discretion is necessary for this matter.

The Battle Standard

The Battle Standard Bearer confers a re-roll for Break Tests to all forces within 18" instead of the usual 12". There can be a battle standard for each race, in each army used in the game. So, in the example given above, a Skaven Battle Standard and an Undead Battle Standard could both be present in the same force. The rules for the general and marshals also apply to battle standards in terms of conferred leadership.

Army Composition

The Armies must always be legally composed to their point's costs within the relative army books. Characters may only ever join units of the same race. This means characters cannot be in any army other than their own, except where exceptions are normally made such as in the Orc and Goblin list.

Victory Conditions

The conditions for gaining a Victory in WLB are similar to those of an ordinary game of Warhammer and are largely scenario dependant. The only real changes are those mentioned previously about the General and marshals. The usual rules for Victory Points for units apply, as do those for capturing table quarters (though for the purposes of WLB, it is generally better to divide the table into eighths instead of quarters).

Reserves

The reserves of the army are determined after deployment. A third of the army is placed in strategic reserve before the battle begins and from turn two onwards each player begins to roll for their reserves.

They arrive as follows:

TURN	ROLL
2	5+
3	4+
4	3+
5	2+
1	Automatic

This table is the one that should be used under all conditions when determining the arrival time of reinforcements. To decide whereabouts reserves come onto the board from, select a point on the table edge and then roll for arrival. The location for this roll should be the players edge or one of the flanking table edges. In games with multiple players, it can only ever be a neutral/allied table edge.

TACTICAL ASSETS AND STRATEGIES

When employed in big numbers, the armies of opposing forces tend to have had some orders given to them before the battle gets underway. These tend to be in the form of a simple command in the heat of the moment or a simple sign to show that it is time for something to occur. Contained below are ten basic strategies/assets that any army can pick.

Flank Attack

Any units held in reserve by the army may elect which side of the table they come on from rather than determining it randomly. This is declared before rolling for the arrival of reserves commencing on turn two of the game.

Forced March

The army is being forced to go at double time to reach their opponent in time. For the duration of the entire turn, any unit on the board that has the ability to march may double its base movement for the purposes of determining how far they can march. This affects any units except flyers who still retain their base movement value of 20". If a unit moves in this manner it does so instead of declaring charges. A unit making use of the Forced March strategic asset may declare no charges.

Tunnels

Tunnels have been built before the battle that leads to several points on the battlefield. The player with this asset gets D3+1 tunnel markers that he may place anywhere on the battlefield. These tunnels then scatter 2D6" in a randomly determined direction. If a misfire is rolled, the tunnel is considered collapsed. If the tunnel goes off the board edge, it stops at the edge and moves no further. If both players have opted for this asset then D6+2 tunnel markers are placed instead.

These tunnels are all encompassing access points for an army to emerge from. A unit may elect to enter one of the tunnels in its turn. In the next players turn the unit will then emerge at the end of the tunnel at

any of the other points available as designated by the controlling player. They come back onto the board and can declare charges etc as if they simply moved. If an enemy unit is sat on the tunnel for whatever reason, it counts as having been charged by the emerging unit. Only infantry may use the tunnels in this matter as they are considered to be too cumbersome for chariots or knights to use.

Glorious Charge

May only be used by Mounted units

Once per game a 'Glorious Charge' may be declared. For the entirety of this turn, every mounted unit in the game is considered to cause 'fear' if they charge an enemy unit. If the already causes fear then this asset has no effect. The unit is only fear causing for this turn and next turn it will revert back to its usual psychological state.



Hold the Line

Infantry units only

For one turn of the game, a universal declaration of 'Hold the Line' is ordered to all infantry units. For the entirety of this turn until it is the players turn again, the unit is considered to be stubborn. Units that are already stubborn become unbreakable for that turn.

If the infantry units benefiting from this asset defeat their enemy then they may not pursue that turn, even if they hate the enemy. This is to represent the stern eye of the general being upon them. Frenzied units work exactly as they usually would.

Meticulous Planning

The general has meticulously planned every single detail of the coming battle down to a tee. To represent this, he may designate which units he wants to bring on in which turn and will get an additional +1 when rolling for the arrival of reserves.

For example, an empire general with this asset wants to bring on his inner circle cavalry on turn 3 and his outriders on turn 4. on turn 3 it would normally be a 4+ to bring on the unit but instead he would get the reserves arrival on a 3+. The outriders would still be 4+ until turn four in which case the usual 3+ for reserves would become a 2+ on the outriders. Each reserve **MUST** be designated a turn for their arrival in this manner.

Magical Phantasmagoria

The winds of magic favour this army's wizards in a great way as they draw deep from the wells of energy to unleash a magical phantasmagoria. For one turn of the game, the army may elect to use this asset and gains double dice for EVERY wizard on their side of the field. This overrides the usual rules for the generation of power dice.

This maelstrom of magic also leaves the wizards exhausted afterwards so in the opponents next magic phase, the wizards generate half the dispel dice that they would normally do as they recover their energy.

Strategic Deployment

This particular general is a master of feigns and subterfuge. After deployment is finished, he may re-deploy D6 units. These units cannot be scouting or single model characters.

Characters that join a unit may be re-deployed however. If, for whatever reason, the character already has this ability, he may roll 2D6 and choose the higher of the numbers for the amount of units that can be redeployed.

Barricades

The army has set up makeshift barricades before the battle even begins. The army gets to place D6 barricades in front of any of its units. These barricades are represented as adequate terrain on the board and represent the army entrenching before a battle gets underway.

Barricades follow the rules for defended obstacles as laid out in the Warhammer Rulebook. As well as this they take away the charging bonus of any units (This does not include chariot impact hits), and count as difficult terrain for the purposes of movement.

Ambush

The army has planned a grand ambush for their opponents. Any skirmishers, flyers and scouting units in the army may be placed in strategic reserve for the ambush. This is sprung on the third turn of the ambushing player. All of the ambushing units enter play from the rear of the advancing enemy army and count as having pursued off the board for the purposes of movement. Only one quarter of the army may be deployed in this manner except for Wood Elves and Beastmen.

Assassination Attempt

Before the battle has commenced assassins and agents can be said to try and kill or generally weaken the enemy general. This is done before battle has been joined and the assembled armies are encamped ready for war.

To represent this, any of the enemy's characters that are not deployed within a unit take a single strength 5 hit if they deploy outside of a unit. This represents an isolated general being picked off. The general gets all his usual saves against this. If he is wounded, it becomes D3 wounds.

Disrupted Messages

The messengers who travel between the army and its reserves are disrupted. Their lines of communication become confused and thus, they are unable to follow their original orders exactly.

You declare this strategy at the beginning of the enemies reserves roll. He has to roll a scatter die and artillery and the entry point for the relevant unit will shift in whichever direction the arrow indicates. If a 'misfire' is rolled, the unit can arrive as normal and the disrupted messenger has been caught and shot.

If disrupted messages and meticulous planning are taken in the same game, the roll for reserves is re-rolled and the scatter die can be re-rolled.

ARTILLERY TRAIN

POINTS: 50 PER BATTERY

The Artillery Trains of the Empire are infamous throughout the land as being great the greatest war machine gunners in the world. When they assemble, their sheer firepower can stop any army in its tracks. The only army that can possibly match them in this manner are the dwarfs.

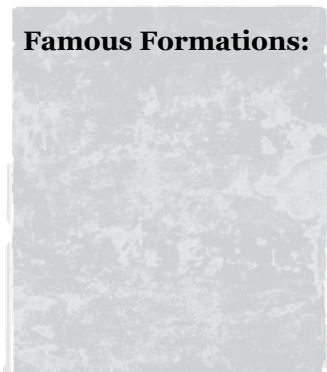
Ogre Kingdoms army in a single fell swoop. This battle saw the Ogres didn't see it coming and gained nothing from the battle except a fresh pile of corpses.

The battle of a Thousand Cannons was one such formation of batteries that wiped out an entire

SQUAD NAME

SQUAD NAME

Famous Formations:



SQUAD NAME

FORMATION

Artillery Battery

1-3 Warmachines (Cannon, Hellblaster or Mortar – must all be the same type of war machine) – a lead machine must be designated

Artillery Train

1 Engineer
3+ Artillery Trains

SPECIAL RULES

Bombardment - The Artillery battery must all declare their guesses at once and must all aim at the same target. This is a single guess from the lead cannon in the unit. Bounces and scatter are determined separately. Misfires, scatters and bounces can be re-rolled.

Any casualties from the Bombardment cause panic in the enemy they wounded.

In an Artillery Train, the batteries may use different targets but gain all the benefits of the free engineer who acts as a commander for the unit.

BLACK ARK FLEET

POINTS: 125 + MODELS

The Black Arks are blight on the seas of the world and it is these pirates that bring the slaves back to Naggarond. These fleets are rightfully seen as an omen of doom for any ship that does not belong to the Druchii.

Elves. While their presence is appreciated, many see them as glory hogs who only appear to loot battlefields.

On the field of battle the Black Ark Fleet is a fearsome sight to behold, often appearing when battle is joined to switch the balance back in favour of the Dark

**UNIT
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**UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

1 Master OR Lokhir Fellheart
2+ Dark Riders
2+ Corsairs
0-4 Bolt Throwers

SPECIAL RULES

Corsairs Barrage – Before the battle begins, the Dark Elves get a free bolt thrower shot for every ranged weapon in this formation.

Pirates in Waiting – The Black Art Fleet formation is able to deploy from any table edge with its reserves, even the enemies

rear. They count as having pursued off the board for the purposes of charges, movement etc.

Stern Leadership – When within 12" of the formation commander, the unit counts as Stubborn

IDOL OF GORK, OR MORK!

POINTS: 350

The idol of Gork (or is it Mork) was carved out of stone by Grimgor Ironhide following his defeat by Vardek Crom the Conqueror during none of the Warlords many battles when he journeyd through the Worlds Edge Mountains. The idols of Gork (or Mork) became a common sight in the preceding invasion of the Empire by the forces of Archaon, the Everchosen. These Idols become conduits for the Waagh magic and while not as many exist today,

a scant few of these Idols still exist and turn up for great battles between the Orcs and their direst foes. Their raw power is barely contained and many an Orc Shaman has lost his head trying to harness the magical essences of an Idol of Gork(or Mork).

**UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

1 Idol of Gork (or Mork)

SPECIAL RULES

Power of the Waagh – The idol of Gork (or Mork) is a conduit of the raw energy that charges a Waagh. Should an Orc unit within 12” of the Idol roll a ‘6’ on the animosity table, it gives the Orc player a ‘free’ Waagh that MUST be used on the next turn. A Waagh may only be called once a turn. Only 1 Waagh may be stored in this way.

Itz Magik – All Wizards within 18” of the Waagh get a bonus Power Dice for every spell they cast. If this bonus dice rolls a ‘1’ then they must immediately roll on the Miscast table.

Immoveable – The Idol of Gork (or Mork) is a heavy boulder essentially and cannot move for the duration of the battle. As well as this, the idol has T7 and W3. It always hits automatically in C.C.

PANTHEON OF CHAOS

POINTS: 150 + MODELS

The Greater Daemons of Chaos are a sight to behold as they burst forth into the mortal realm. It is only on a rare occasion that they come together to support a single purpose, usually something great and terrible.

When the Daemons appear, they tend to warp everything around them in incongruous material that whimpers and squeals. Anyone caught in the proximity of this pantheon has a good chance of

becoming a creature of Chaos themselves.

UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

- 1 Bloodthirster
- 1 Lord of Change
- 1 Keeper of Secrets
- 1 Great Unclean One

SPECIAL RULES

Pantheon - The Pantheon MUST be kept in reserve. When they arrive from reserve, rather than arrive in the conventional manner, choose a point on the battlefield and then scatter is 2D6 in any direction. This is the central point for the pantheon.

If each daemon within the pantheon is within 6" of the other 3

daemons, the Pantheon get a bound level 7 spell sent from any of the daemons. This spell has a 24" range and causes a str4 hit on every model in the target unit. For every three wounds caused, a chaos spawn is created and subsequently placed within an inch of the unit.

THE CRUSADE

POINTS: 150 + MODELS

When Bretonnia marches to war, they do so in great crusades. These crusades are normally heralded by a great number of knights and are a spectacle to behold. Their sheer tenacity is amazing and it is a wily general who is unmoved by the sight of hundreds of knights in Lance formation coming for their line.

been the great wars against the lands of Araby and Mousillion but a particularly zealous Bretonnian General may call one at enemy time in the name of the Lady.

The only obvious incidences of the Crusades have

**UNIT
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**UNIT
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**UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

- 1 Bretonnian Lord
- 1+ Questing Knights
- 3-5 Knights of the Realm
- 0-1 Grail Knights

SPECIAL RULES

The formation gets a free 'glorious charge' once per game.

Kill the accursed - The Bretonnians have been filled with a great hatred for their enemies and as such get the benefits of hatred for the entire game.

The Lady has blessed us - The Bretonnian army **MUST** pray. They never lose this during the game, no matter what happens.

THE HOST OF THE END TIMES POINTS: 500 + HOST

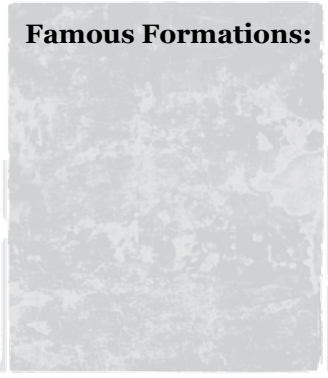
The Lord of the End Times has swept over the Empire once before and has nearly managed to wipe out the entirety of the Empire. Suffering a defeat at the hands of Grimgor Ironhide, he has since retreated to the Brass Keep. At the height of his power Archaon was a sight to behold as was his host. They believed nothing could stand in their path and they were invincible. To see the host united as a single entity – four gods under one pantheon, it was not difficult to

believe they were invincible either.

UNIT NAME

UNIT NAME

UNIT NAME



FORMATION

- Archaon
- 1+ Chosen Knights
- 4+ Chaos Lords (one of each mark)
- 4+ Units (one of each mark)

SPECIAL RULES

The End is Nigh! - Each of the units in this formation counts as stubborn if within leadership range of Archaon. Each of the Hero choices in the formation gains frenzy if within range as they try to impress the Everchosen.

Zenith of Power - Archaon is at his peak when leading the host of the end times and as such, suffers insurmountable hatred towards his foes. Archaon and all the formation units are subject to hatred for the game as long as the whole formation is intact.

THE RAIDING HORDE

POINTS: 150 + MODELS

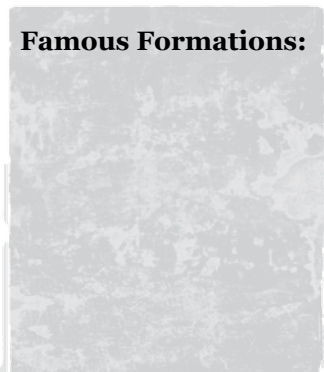
When the Beastmen advance on their foes, they do so from every unseen quarter. They hide in wait and ambush their foes from afar while letting their better units hold the main line. Sometimes though, it is better for the Bestigor to come to the field of battle later. When they do, it is normally to the shock of the enemy and everyone around as such an elite regiment does not deploy easily...

UNIT NAME	
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UNIT NAME	
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UNIT NAME	
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Famous Formations:



FORMATION

3-5 Bestigor
0-4 Chariots

SPECIAL RULES

Raid and Pillage - The Bestigor in the formation all benefit from the 'raider' special rule.

Disciplined Ranks - Despite the raider rule, the Bestigor will always form up into ranks 5 wide and get full rank bonus. Aside from this they move as skirmishers and other units with the

THE SHIFTING SANDS

POINTS: 175 + MODELS

When the Tomb Kings march to war, it is not unusual for them to appear like mirages from a desert.

Rising from the sands, they seem to be able to take even the most prepared of armies by surprise. There is nothing that can stop this advance and nothing that can hold them back. The sand itself obeys their command and they know no fear and have no concept of death.

A Tomb Kings will in indefatigable and will never cease. When the sands shift, the end is nigh...

UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

1 Tomb King
2+ Skeleton Warriors
2+ Heavy Horsemen
Light Horsemen

SPECIAL RULES

They Came from Below - Rather than deploy as normal, the Tomb King and his accompanying units can be held in reserve. Place a 'penny' (or other suitable marker) at any point on the battlefield. This is where the King will rise and where his army will approach from. Beginning on turn 2, roll for the arrival of the army. The army will appear on 4+ on turn 2, a 5+ on turn 3,

a 2+ on turn 4. They automatically appear on turn 5.

The unit cannot declare charges on the turn they arrive. All units must be within 12" of the 'penny'. The turn they rise from the depths all attacks against the unit are at -1 to hit due to the sand everywhere.

WARP LIGHTNING BATTERY **POINTS: 150 + MODELS**

The Warp Lightning Cannon is the modern pride of Clan Skyre and is often employed only on a small scale. There is good reason for this as Warp Lightning Cannons are powered by large chunks of volatile Warpstone. Should several of these large chunks come together then they make the air around them unstable and the resultant blast tends to release enough energy to wipe out small villages. As with everything Skaven, it either succeeds magnificently

or annihilates ones own forces.

**UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

- 1 Warlock Engineer
- 3+ Warp Lightning Cannons

SPECIAL RULES

Warp Lightning Blast - When firing, each Cannon in the battery rolls a single set of 8D6 to determine the distance of the shot. An artillery dice is then rolled for each of the cannons in the battery and the highest roll is the overall strength of the battery. Everything in the path of the attack takes D6 wounds instead of 1. On the final destination of the blast, place the small blast template, everything hit takes a strength hit equivalent to

that of the highest dice roll made previously.

If a double is rolled when determining the strength of the dice, the blast goes in a random direction determined by the scatter dice. IF a Treble is rolled then the Warp Lightning Cannons explode and every unit within 6D6 inches takes 2D6 hits at the strength of the treble rolled with no armour save allowed.

ZOMBIE MASSACRE!

POINTS: 200

On Geheimsnacht every year, cultists and necromancers across the world stir for the fullest night of the cycle of the Warpstone moon. This night is marked by terrible omens of ravens feasting on each other and milk souring by simply being outside. It is on this terrible night that Vlad Von Carstein woke Sylvania and it is on this great night when the dead are most restless.

Zombies in particular are rife on this night as the recently deceased stir from beyond the grave and when they approach en mass, the only option left is to run, or heed the calling of the Corpse Carts...

**UNIT
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Famous Formations:

FORMATION

1 Corpse Cart
100+ Zombies (in a single unit)

SPECIAL RULES

The dead have risen - The zombies fight in a single unit and can get more than the usual +3 rank bonus. They get a rank bonus equivalent to their amount of ranks. To get this bonus the unit must be fielded at least 10 wide. The minimum block, for example, can get a +10 rank bonus simply by being a 10x10 square.

The dead will rise - So potent is the strength of a zombie massacre that anyone overcome by it will join their ranks. Any casualties caused by the zombies (including hits from overrun) on 1-wound models add to the unit just as if invocation had been cast.

THE FINAL WORD



Lee Pratt

A year on and something is terribly wrong. Why has it been a year since I wrote these last words...? So, a year on I find myself missing writing and the fluster of knowing the Watchman is about to be released. That being said, it's not been an idle year for me. Between the Vampire Counts release, the Watchman tournament and sorting out Issue 4, I feel like I've been going to work just to escape the Warhammer. That is an amusing turn of events really.

Stress associated with Warhammer is actually quite commonplace I have found and it is a real boon on an enjoyable hobby. People stressing over painting deadlines for tournaments and refining their tactics during the heat of the moment are probably more commonplace than we like to admit. Perhaps you're stressing over finding a way to effectively counter ratling guns or some immoveable dwarf unit. Is this stress enjoyable though? Perhaps the best thing to do is to relax, perhaps it is to stress like a taxman on the 31st March? I know when the Watchman Tournament occurred earlier this year, I panicked. I panicked a lot and it really showed on the day. I was overheating and dehydrated. I hardly slept the night before through anxiety. By the end of the day, I was quite bewildered wondering why I had been worrying and realised that if I hadn't worried, things could have gone a lot better.

This issue has been a complete reverse of that effect where everything has been so relaxed that the magazine ran over ridiculously. I regret not having brought the Watchman out for a year. You're reading the final efforts of a long stress and an equally long break from the stress of making a magazine. That being said, I suggested two battle Reports for next issue. Hmm, seems I DO enjoy the stress after all?

Until next time?
- Voltaire



Jay Lloyd

So another issue out and once again it has been a mad rush to get the whole thing out in time before Games Day (if this has come out after Games Day then blame the Warseer guys :P).

What's changed then? Well by now you have probably guessed that the format substantially differs from the previous issues - this is a step closer into how we envisage the magazine being, more like a magazine and less like a power point slideshow. I know there will be a few grumblers here and there but surely it doesn't take *that* much effort to be able to zoom in and use the pan tool if the text wasn't big enough for you (I can read what I'm writing now just fine and I have a tiny laptop!).

When I agreed to step in and manage the layouts, I started again by looking at the logo. Issue 3's logo in hindsight wasn't a great attempt so I spent a great deal of time making sure that the logo was legible, whilst looking still fantasy-esque without infringing onto GW territory. I believe that the submissions in every issue are pretty good, and for something that is put together by a few gamers in their free time without professional resources, equipment or organizations, we're getting there in creating something pretty special.

As Lee already commented, getting the whole thing together sometimes is a real pain, but we're slowly getting better at managing how it all comes together. In all honesty, the reason why you haven't seen an issue in a year is purely down to the fact like you, we both have day jobs. In my case, my work is pretty intense and consumes my waking day, so I try my best to make sure what we don't make up for with regular updates we make up in quality. Let's hope I'm not writing this very column in a year's time!

Till next year (har har!)
- Nineswords

