

Privateer Press



NO QUARTER™

ISSUE N° 50
Sept 2013

BATTLE REPORT: TEN-YEAR REUNION

WARMACHINE: PRIME MODELS,
FOUR ORIGINAL FACTIONS,
ONE BLOODBATH

THE SILVER LINE

NEW STORMGUARD UPGRADE
IN GUTS & GEARS!

BEHIND THE LEGEND OF CYGNAR'S ICONIC WARCASTER

COLEMAN STRYKER IN THE GAVYN KYLE FILES

THE CUTTING EDGE

MECHANIKA MELEE WEAPONS IN
FOUNDRY, FORGE & CRUCIBLE





UNLEASH THE POWER OF THE



**SILVER LINE
STORMGUARD**

The Silver Line Stormguard—Storm Knight Unit (Stormguard Upgrade) is NOT a complete model. The kit contains a Silver Line Stormguard stat card and all the parts necessary to upgrade a Stormguard unit to Silver Line Stormguard. Players will need a Stormguard—Storm Knight Unit (PIP 31099) in addition to this kit.



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ON THE COVER

WARMACHINE Ten-Year Anniversary by Andrea Uderzo

KICK IN TO HIGH GEAR

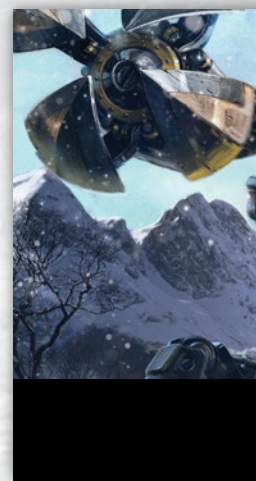
After an overwhelming outflow of support from an enthusiastic Privateer Press community, the WARMACHINE: Tactics Kickstarter campaign received over \$1.5 million to create and publish the first fully immersive Iron Kingdoms video gaming experience. Visit warmachinetactics.com to learn more about the dynamic battlefield combat you'll soon see in this groundbreaking turn-based strategy game.



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THE BIG FIVE-OH

It's always important to celebrate major milestones, and this issue of *No Quarter* affords us the rare opportunity to celebrate two at once. The first is *No Quarter*'s 50th issue, a nice round number that translates to over eight years of the best of WARMACHINE, HORDES, Iron Kingdoms, and Privateer Press. The second is the 10-year anniversary of WARMACHINE, which we've been celebrating all year with the article series "In Battle Forged." In this issue we're also marking the occasion with a truly epic Battle Report.

This Battle Report evokes the nostalgia of those long-ago days when the entirety of the WARMACHINE game could be found in a single book. In honor of a decade of WARMACHINE, we assembled four top-flight players and restricted their lists to only those models that could be found in the original *WARMACHINE: Prime*.

WARMACHINE: Vengeance previews continue in *No Quarter* #50, presenting you with two larger-than-life models. One of these, Kommander Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed, perfectly fits the theme of milestones and anniversaries, as the Butcher was the first model ever released for WARMACHINE.

There are still plenty of your old favorites in this issue, too. "Forces of Distinction" checks in with new theme forces for Cygnar's Markus "Siege" Brisbane and Legion of Everblight's Thagrosh, Prophet of Everblight; "Gavyn Kyle" takes a revealing look at one of the most iconic warcasters in the Iron Kingdoms, Lord General Coleman Stryker; and "Guts & Gears" offers both an in-depth look at the Stormguard and their new exclusive upgrade, the Silver Line.

What I've noted here is just scratching the surface, so I hope you'll settle in, turn the page, and join us for the next fifty issues of your best source for all things Iron Kingdoms.

Aeryn Rudel
Editor-in-Chief 



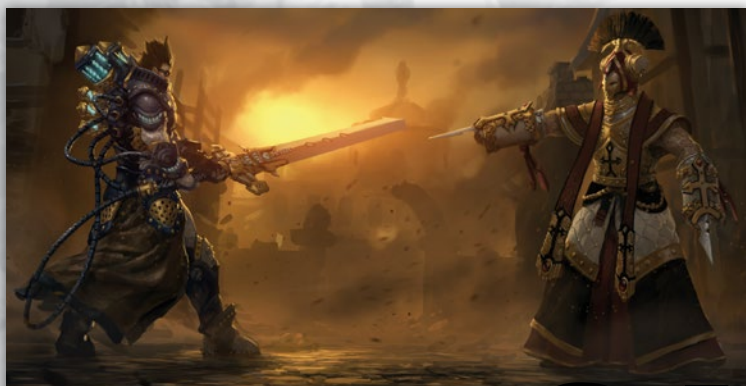
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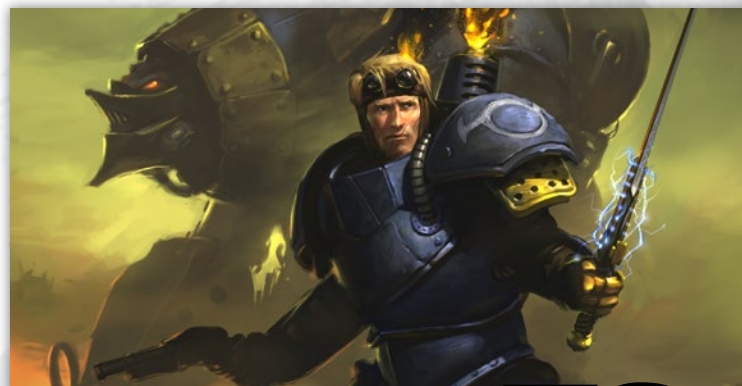
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NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Foodmachine 2013: Call to Action!

By Norbert Brunhuber



It's time to kick off another exciting year of Foodmachine! The Privateer Press community can start preparing game clubs and stores to take part in our eighth annual charity drive to help families and individuals less fortunate than we are. What began as a way to collect cans of food for needy people has grown into a worldwide effort with dozens of outstanding events; last year alone we collected the equivalent of over 50,000 cans!

We encourage Press Gangers and other organizers to hold local Foodmachine tournaments and collect food or cash donations for local charities that help people right in their home towns. Over the years, many gamers have told me they went without food or had to rely on charitable donations themselves to get enough to eat while growing up. Clearly, this cause can help people who are just like you and me.

Sound interesting? Great! All you have to do is visit handcannononline.com/foodmachine and download the organizer's pack. This rules pack will help you get an event started and suggest ways you can publicize it. It also contains the best part of a Foodmachine tournament: the cheats! You see, at the root of every Foodmachine tournament is a system allowing you to cheat in the games you play in exchange for donated food. The more you give, the more you get to cheat!

After the event, we ask all organizers to report their collections to us at foodmachinepp@gmail.com so we can track the amazing success of this event around the globe. If you've already held your event this year, please email us the results right away; otherwise, we encourage you to plan your event to occur between November 1 and December 31 and to email us the results as soon as possible. You can use any method of donation (like cash or other goods); just send us your results and we'll help convert them into a can-equivalent figure for reporting purposes.

Project Orange Crush (Hunger)

After the success of the past two years, we are again putting up an orange-themed army for charity auction. This year we'll have the full line of Convergence of Cyriss models for painters around the globe to donate their efforts to. Painters buy and paint models that are then assembled into a single army for auction. Every dollar you donate gets you another chance to win the entire army! See the army as it grows by visiting razoo.com/thrallharvest2013, and while you're there consider donating to the cause. Interested painters should visit handcannononline.com/foodmachine to sign up for a model to paint.

Donate like You Got a Pair!

To get all the details about Foodmachine, visit our website or <http://facebook.com/foodmachinepp>. If you still have questions, email foodmachinePP@gmail.com, and we'll get you on your way!

News from the Front brings you recaps and advance information about WARMACHINE and HORDES-related events from around the world. Is there a cool event taking place in your area?

Tell us about it at: submissions@privateerpress.com



IRON GAUNTLET UPDATE

Do you have what it takes to battle for the ultimate title in WARMACHINE and HORDES competitive play? Then... ENTER THE IRON GAUNTLET. Compete in Iron Gauntlet Qualifier events around the world for glory and a chance to compete against the best of the best at the Iron Gauntlet: WARMACHINE & HORDES World Championship at Lock & Load GameFest 2014! In this epic confrontation, one competitor will dominate the championship and claim the title **"Best in the World."**

The gauntlet has been thrown down. Prove you're the best...if you've got the metal!

UPCOMING IRON GAUNTLET QUALIFIERS

WARMACHINE Weekend 2013

St. Louis, MO
November 15-17

Cancon 2014

Canberra, Australia
January 25-27

TempleCon 2014

Warwick, RI
February 6-9

SmogCon 2014

United Kingdom
February 21-23

More dates to come!

For more information about Iron Gauntlet:
The WARMACHINE & HORDES World Championship,
visit www.privateerpress.com/organized-play/iron-gauntlet

IRON GAUNTLET GLOBAL PLAYER RANKINGS

Through July 2013

PLAYER NAME	POINTS	REGION
Keith Christianson	10	NA West
Daniel Knauss	10	Europe / Africa
Brandon Cating	8	NA West
Andy McBirnie	8	Europe / Africa
Charles Arrasmith	6	NA West
Liam Jordan	6	Europe / Africa
Endre Fodstad	4	Europe / Africa
Josef Skladanka	4	Europe / Africa
John Demaris	2	NA West
Jay Larsen	2	NA West
James Russel	2	NA West
Walter Langedorf	2	NA East
Tony Moore	2	Europe / Africa
Vladimir Kokolia	2	Europe / Africa
Martyn Jenkins	2	Europe / Africa
Dean Booth	2	Europe / Africa
James Sligar	1	NA West
Billy Paulo	1	NA West
Travis Toscas	1	NA West
Frank Wilkerson	1	NA West
Jason Watt	1	NA East
Jake Van Meter	1	NA East
Daniel Ruiz	1	NA West
Cale Miller	1	NA West
Adam Yates	1	Europe / Africa
Ben Martin	1	Europe / Africa
Michael Kunrt	1	Europe / Africa
Kuen-Kuen Sim	1	Australia / Asia

NEW RELEASES



IRON KINGDOMS FULL METAL FANTASY ROLEPLAYING GAME: KINGS, NATIONS, AND GODS

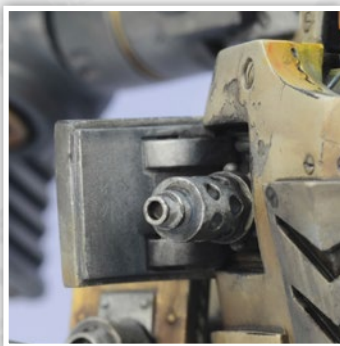
Take your adventures to new heights with this exhaustive guide to the people and nations that form the heart of the Iron Kingdoms—Cygnar, Khador, Llael, Ord, and the Protectorate of Menoth. Explore the steam-driven core of a world of conflict and epic adventure with a wealth of information that brings these nations to life in stunningly vivid detail.

PIP 406 • \$59.99 (HARDCOVER)



HOUSEGUARD HALBERDIERS (PLASTIC RESCULPT)
GAME: WARMACHINE/RETRIBUTION OF SCYRAH
SCULPTOR: BRIAN DUGAS
PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO
RELEASE: OCTOBER • PIP 35059 • \$49.99

GHORDSON EARTHBREAKER
GAME: WARMACHINE/MERCENARIES
SCULPTOR: DOUG HAMILTON
PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO
RELEASE: OCTOBER
PIP 41103 • \$154.99



NEW RELEASES



TROLLKIN CHAMPIONS (PLASTIC RESCULPT)

GAME: HORDES/TROLLBLOODS

SCULPTORS: BRIAN DUGAS & TODD HARRIS • PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO

RELEASE: SEPTEMBER • PIP 71705 • \$44.99



FENNBLADE KITHKAR

GAME: HORDES/TROLLBLOODS

SCULPTOR: TODD HARRIS

PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO

RELEASE: OCTOBER

PIP 71077 • \$22.99



RAZORWING GRIFFON

GAME: HORDES/CIRCLE ORBOROS

SCULPTOR: BENOIT COSSE

PAINTER: MEG MAPLES

RELEASE: SEPTEMBER

PIP 72073 • \$18.99



ALGORITHMIC DISPERSION OPTIFEX
GAME: WARMACHINE/CONVERGENCE OF CYRISS
SCULPTOR: STEVE ESERIN
PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO
RELEASE: OCTOBER
PIP 36017 • \$12.99



REFLEX SERVITORS
GAME: WARMACHINE/CONVERGENCE OF CYRISS
SCULPTOR: SEAN BULLOUGH
PAINTER: MEG MAPLES
RELEASE: OCTOBER
PIP 36023 • \$12.99



OBSTRUCTORS
GAME: WARMACHINE/CONVERGENCE OF CYRISS
SCULPTOR: BEN MISENAR • PAINTER: MEG MAPLES
RELEASE: SEPTEMBER • PIP 36016 • \$49.99

NEW RELEASES



REDUCTORS

GAME: WARMACHINE/CONVERGENCE OF CYRISS
SCULPTOR: BEN MISENAR • PAINTER: MATT DIPIETRO
RELEASE: OCTOBER • PIP 36006 • \$49.99



LEVEL 7 [OMEGA PROTOCOL]
GAME: LEVEL 7
RELEASE: SEPTEMBER
PIP 62004 • \$89.99



HIGH COMMAND™



HORDES HIGH COMMAND
RELEASE: OCTOBER
PIP 61003 • \$44.99

CLASSIC WARMACHINE MODELS
NOW AVAILABLE IN FULL-SIZE UNITS



STEELHEAD HALBERDIERS
GAME: WARMACHINE/MERCENARIES
RELEASE: OCTOBER
PIP 41108 \$59.99



VENGEANCE

PREVIEWS



By David "DC" Carl

Art by Oscar Cafaro, Nicholas Kay,
and Néstor Ossandón

The next WARMACHINE expansion is well underway, due for release in early 2014. As players anticipate the next wave of warcasters, warjacks, units, and solos, we reveal some of the spectacular new models just on the horizon.

For this issue's preview, we show you Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed, a veritable engine of destruction on the battlefield, and the devastating Ghordson Earthbreaker colossal. Both models will soon bring cataclysmic power to your tabletop experience.





KOMMANDER ZOKTAVIR, THE BUTCHER UNLEASHED

KHADOR EPIC WARCASTER UNIT

Only a beast could match his fury.

—SUPREME KOMMANDANT GERVALDT IRUSK

ZOKTAVIR

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	8	9	5	14	18	7



BLUNDERBUSS

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	—	12



LOLA

POW	P+S
8	16

FOCUS 6

DAMAGE 20

FIELD ALLOWANCE C

WARJACK POINTS +4

MEDIUM BASE

FEAT: RED HAZE

Many consider Kommander Zoktavir the empress' mad dog, a brutal beast to loose upon her enemies. When the red haze overcomes his vision, every foe before him becomes a loathsome thing he feels compelled to obliterate. Facing this cyclone of blood and suffering, enemies have but a moment to flee or perish.

Zoktavir gains up to 6 focus points. He cannot have more focus points than his current FOCUS as a result of Red Haze. Enemy models/units in Zoktavir's melee range automatically fail command checks for one round.

SPELLS

SPELLS	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ENERGIZER	*	SELF	CTRL	-	NO	NO

This model spends up to 3 focus points to cast Energizer. Models in its battlegroup that are currently in its control area can immediately advance up to 1" for each focus point spent. Energizer can be cast only once per turn.

FLASHING BLADE	1	SELF	-	-	NO	NO
-----------------------	---	------	---	---	----	----

This model immediately makes one normal attack with one of its melee weapons against each enemy model in its LOS that is in the weapon's melee range. These attacks are simultaneous.

IMPENDING DOOM	2	-	-	-	NO	NO
-----------------------	---	---	---	---	----	----

Enemy models within 5" of this model are pushed 5" directly toward this model in the order you choose.

OBLITERATION	4	10	4	15	NO	YES
---------------------	---	----	---	----	----	-----

The force of this attack blasts apart the earth itself.

SILENCE OF DEATH	2	6	-	-	YES	NO
-------------------------	---	---	---	---	-----	----

Target friendly model/unit's melee weapons gain Grievous Wounds. (When a model is hit by a weapon with Grievous Wounds, for one round it loses Tough, cannot heal or be healed, and cannot transfer damage.)

ZOKTAVIR

Officer

Terror

Granted: Vengeance – While this model is in play, models in its unit gain Vengeance. (During your Maintenance Phase, if one or more models in a unit with Vengeance were destroyed or removed from play by enemy attacks during your opponent's last turn, each model in the unit can advance 3" and make one normal melee attack.)

Warcaster Unit – This unit is made up of Zoktavir and two War Argus.

LOLA

Magical Weapon

Reach

Weapon Master

TACTICAL TIPS

RED HAZE – Automatically failing a command check does not cause models that never flee (such as models with Construct , Fearless , or Undead to flee.

GRANTED: VENGEANCE – Models move after continuous effects have been resolved during the step of the Maintenance Phase that says "Resolve all other effects that occur during the Maintenance Phase."

Kommander Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed

Orsus Zoktavir, The Butcher Unleashed is a monolith of unpredictable wrath, terrifying to friend and foe alike. The Butcher Unleashed takes to the field flanked by two massive war argus, immense two-headed dogs bred for battle. The argus harry the Butcher's foes relentlessly, rushing in and out of combat until the enemy is exhausted and an easy target for Lola.

Using Kommander Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed

Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed is an indomitable killing machine...but you already knew that. Both previous versions of Orsus Zoktavir were also indomitable killing machines. The big differences now are that previous versions had less-impressive maneuverability and fewer puppies. Maneuverability trick one, Vengeance, crops up after an opponent destroys one of Zoktavir's Argus. In the following Maintenance Phase, he (and a remaining Argus, if applicable) can make a 3" advance and a melee attack. The Butcher Unleashed then layers Energizer on top of Vengeance for up to 3" more distance before even using his movement for the turn. Overall, this means Zoktavir can advance farther than his SPD before even using his SPD to make a full advance or a charge.


That impressive movement package is only one side of the coin, however; Zoktavir's brand-new spell Impending Doom is the other side. This maelstrom of rage pulls in all enemy models within 5" of Zoktavir, effectively extending his threat range

WAR ARGUS

 Terror

Circular Vision – This model's front arc extends to 360°.

Gang – When making a melee attack targeting an enemy model in melee range of another model in this unit, this model gains +2 to melee attack and melee damage rolls.

Granted: Relentless Charge – While this model is in play, models in this unit gain Relentless Charge. (Models with Relentless Charge gain Pathfinder  during activations they charge.)

Sprint – At the end of this model's activation, if it destroyed one or more enemy models with melee attacks this activation it can make a full advance.

BITE

Combo Strike (★Attack) – Make a melee attack. Instead of making a normal damage roll, the POW of the damage roll is equal to this model's STR plus twice the POW of this weapon.

WAR ARGUS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	7	5	4	14	14	6

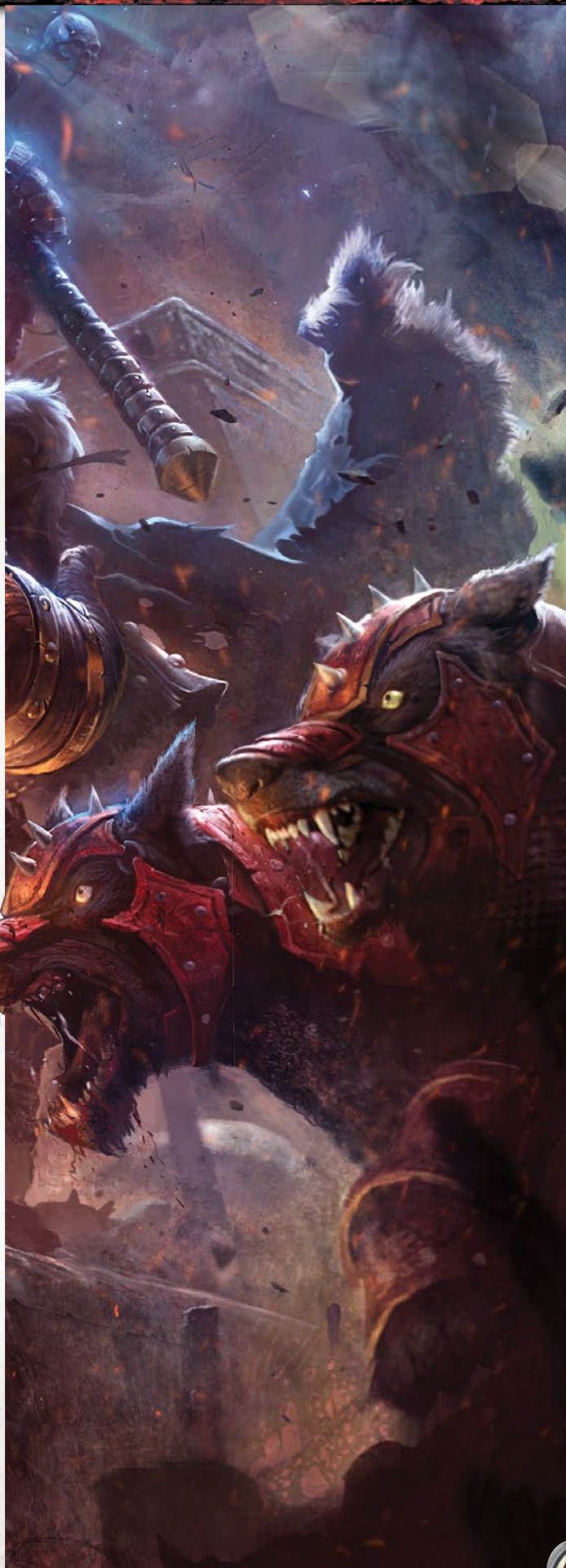
BITE		
POW	P+S	
4	11	

DAMAGE	8
FIELD ALLOWANCE	
MEDIUM BASE	

even farther. Flashing Blade then allows him to hew through every model in his melee range with each focus spent for an attack. If that isn't enough, he's also packing Obliteration for a high-POW offensive spell and Silence of Death to get around Tough rolls or transferring damage.

A warcaster is never complete without his feat. Red Haze replenishes Zoktavir's 6 focus points to continue unleashing carnage upon his enemies, and it causes enemies in his melee range to automatically fail command checks. Thanks to Zoktavir's Terror ability, this means many enemies will flee before his wrath regardless of command stat or the Standard Bearer ability. (Well, any surviving unit members will flee. It's safe to assume the enemies within range of Lola will be sliced neatly in twain.)

But Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher Unleashed does not come to battle alone. His pair of War Argus are highly maneuverable themselves, thanks to Relentless Charge and Sprint. Even better, they grant Zoktavir Relentless Charge, allowing the massive warcaster to move nimbly through impeding terrain. Their base stats aren't overwhelming, but Gang allows the two Argus to perform a pair of MAT 7, P+S 17 Combo Strikes or four attacks at P+S 13 if preferred. Their medium bases are also quite helpful when careful positioning for line of sight is required to safeguard their medium-based master.





Ghordson Earthbreaker

MERCENARY RHULIC COLOSSAL

EARTHBREAKER

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
4	16	6	5	8	20	—



TORPEDO

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	4	13



TORPEDO

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	4	13



REPEATING CANNON

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
12	1	—	13



REPEATING CANNON

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
12	1	—	13



STEAM CLAWS

POW	P+S
4	20



STEAM CLAWS

POW	P+S
4	20

FIELD ALLOWANCE	2
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POINT COST	19
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HUGE BASE	
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EARTHBREAKER

Rhulic Warjack – This model can be included only in a battlegroup controlled by a Mercenary Rhulic warcaster or assigned to a Mercenary Rhulic ‘jack marshal. This model can be reactivated only by a friendly Mercenary Rhulic warcaster or a friendly Mercenary Rhulic ‘jack marshal.

TORPEDO

Ammo Type – Each time this weapon is used to make an attack, choose one of the following abilities:

- **Crater** – The AOE is rough terrain and remains in play for one round.
- **Quake** – On a direct hit against an enemy model, all models hit are knocked down.

Driller – When making an attack with this weapon, ignore cover and the +2 DEF bonus for elevation.

TACTICAL TIP

RHULIC WARJACK - Colossals cannot be controlled by a ‘jack marshal. Only a Rhulic warcaster can control an Earthbreaker.

Ghordson Earthbreaker

When the wealthiest Rhulic clans need to leverage immense power—whether at a construction site or on the battlefield—they mobilize the Ghordson Earthbreaker. This hulking construct, outfitted with drilling torpedoes and massive steam claws, can level opposing soldiers and warjacks as easily as it moves mountains of earth. While these great machines were once employed only within Rhul, the emergence of colossals in the wars of the Iron Kingdoms has motivated Rhulic mercenary warcasters to invest in Ghordson Earthbreakers to maintain their competitive edge.

Using Ghordson Earthbreakers

The Ghordson Earthbreaker is a solid colossal. With ARM 20 and a truly massive set of damage boxes, an Earthbreaker can take a real beating before being reduced to a wreck marker. Just as important, it can dish out the carnage as well as it can take it. With P+S 20 Steam Claws, it has no difficulty rendering warjacks to scrap, and two to six Repeating Cannon shots at POW 13 are no joke, either. The real highlight of this colossal, however, is its pair of Torpedoes. Their range isn’t quite as long as the Repeating Cannons, but each Torpedo can knock down a 4” AOE of models or can tear up the battlefield with a 4” rough terrain template. Torpedoes also ignore cover and elevation, giving an Earthbreaker an effective RAT 11 against a target that’s standing on a hill by a wreck marker.

All three of the Rhulic warcasters have ways of making the most out of the Ghordson Earthbreaker. Gorten Grundback is the ideal warcaster for having an Earthbreaker pummel opposing forces into the ground. Strength of Granite is a peerless melee damage buff spell that gives an Earthbreaker P+S 24 Steam Claw attacks or allows slams and throws with POW 20 damage rolls. The Landslide feat also drags enemies a whopping 8” closer and drops their DEF by 3. Effective SPD 12, STR 20, MAT 9, anyone?

Durgen Madhammer is also capable of lending a hand to the Earthbreaker’s existing melee prowess. His Redline spell can give an Earthbreaker +2 SPD, +2 STR, and extra focus efficiency at the cost of a little damage to the warjack’s massive hull. This isn’t quite as impressive as the full Gorten Grundback combo listed above, but that’s without using a feat. Speaking of feats, Bombs Away gives the Earthbreaker an additional die on Torpedo attack rolls and on the blast damage rolls of their explosions.

REPEATING CANNON


Rapid Fire [d3] – When you decide to make initial attacks with this weapon at the beginning of this model’s combat action, roll a d3. The total rolled is the number of initial attacks this model can make with this weapon during the combat action, ignoring ROF.

STEAM CLAWS

Open Fist

LEFT DAMAGE					
1	2	3	4	5	6
			L	C	C
	L	L	C	C	C
L	L	M	M	M	M

RIGHT DAMAGE					
1	2	3	4	5	6
C	C	R			
C	C	C	R	R	
M	M	M	M	R	R



The clearest benefit of using a Ghordson Earthbreaker alongside General Ossrum is Snipe. With an extra 4" of range on both of the Torpedoes and both of the Repeating Cannons, the Earthbreaker's ranged deadliness increases tremendously. Add in Double Powder Ration from Dougal MacNaile (in Highborn or Four Star) for even greater range. Additionally, Ossrum's Unstoppable Force spell is a great way to capitalize on Sweep power attacks, and the Perfect Plan feat takes an Earthbreaker's ARM up to an impenetrable 22 for a round.

LOCK & LOAD

GAMEFEST 2013 THREE-PEAT!

Privateer Press held its third annual Lock & Load GameFest in Seattle, Washington, from May 31 to June 2. Adding an entire additional floor to the convention, Lock & Load GameFest 2013 was even more packed with seminars, events, tournaments, and open play than ever before.

Iron Arena dominated the lower floor, where hundreds of people from all over the world got together for open play of WARMACHINE, HORDES, Bodgers Games, and LEVEL 7 [ESCAPE]. There were even a few demo games previewing WARMACHINE *High Command!* The lower floor also featured the P3 Studio area, where studio members shared tips and showed off their work, and the main stage area, where events like the Iron Painter Showdown and Trivia Challenge were held.

Upstairs, the competition heated up in the WARMACHINE and HORDES tournament area while other attendees enjoyed seminars about everything from hobby and painting to game development and the history of the Iron Kingdoms. Convention goers snapped up the prerelease Convergence of Cyriss models, many of them hitting the table that very same weekend.



TOURNAMENTS

This year saw the debut of the all-new Iron Gauntlet: WARMACHINE & HORDES World Championship. With a series of worldwide open qualifiers leading up to the World Championship at Lock & Load 2014, this new format challenges players to demonstrate their mastery of the game by requiring painted models and allowing two lists from different factions. The final round of this exciting premier event was broadcast live over the Internet and to the excited crowd watching in the Iron Arena room below.

Of course, the Iron Gauntlet wasn't the only tournament on the schedule. Lock & Load featured a variety of tournaments to appeal to competitive players of all kinds, including Masters, Hardcore, Who's the Boss, SPEEDMACHINE, and Three Commanders.

IRON GAUNTLET

The first Iron Gauntlet Qualifier was quite a phenomenon. The pioneering players of the new format fielded a wide array of different faction combinations and warcaster/warlock selections. One daring player, John Deshazer, even fielded a complete and fully painted Convergence army right on the heels of the faction's prerelease! The field was



pretty evenly split between players who fielded lists from one faction and those who competed with lists from two, and a few players even paired a WARMACHINE list with a HORDES list.

The Iron Gauntlet Qualifier finals came down to Brian Cating versus Keith Christianson. Brian Cating paired his expert mastery of his Kallus, Wrath of Everblight list with an excellent Feora, Protector of the Flame list. Meanwhile, Keith Christianson climbed through the early rounds of the tournament with Lich Lord Asphyxious and Major Victoria Haley. In an exciting final match broadcast live on the Web and to the excited crowd watching from the Iron Arena, Keith edged out Brian with Cryx prevailing over the Legion of Everblight. Keith's win scored him maximum points toward qualifying for the Iron Gauntlet World Championship at Lock & Load GameFest 2014, and we look forward to seeing him and all of the other qualifiers there!

HARDCORE

Bringing out the boldest competitors, Hardcore tournaments have challenging time restrictions, a single-list format requiring players to construct well-rounded armies, and fully painted model requirements. In addition to the Vanquisher Medal awarded to the overall winner, Hardcore also features special awards for other achievements. Master Craftsman is awarded to the best-painted army, Mage Hunter is awarded to the player who kills the fewest models en route to an assassination, and Executioner is awarded to the player who scores the most victory points over the course of the tournament.

The winners this year: Brian Egger destroyed the competition with Hoarluk Doomshaper, Rage of Dhunia leading a Mountain King to earn the coveted Vanquisher Medal. Sam Ross used a Lich Lord Terminus Cryx list to win Mage Hunter; Robert Shrodes won Executioner with his Cryx forces led by Pirate Queen Skarre; and Todd McNeal's skillfully painted Cryx army, led by Asphyxious the Hellbringer, won Master Craftsman.



MASTERS

Players set out to prove mastery of their faction in the Lock & Load Masters. Each competitor fielded three different lists within their chosen faction and battled it out for bragging rights. Ryan Chiriboga's Lich Lord Asphyxious, Pirate Queen Skarre, and Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast Cryx lists bested the field, earning him first place in the tournament. Gord Wepler came in second

place with his Circle Orboros forces led by Morvahna the Dawnshadow, Kreuger the Stormlord, and Kreuger the Stormwrath, and Todd McNeal finished third with his Cryx armies featuring the Witch Coven of Garlghast, Asphyxious the Hellbringer, and Skarre, Queen of the Broken Coast.

FORMULA P3 GRANDMASTER PAINTING COMPETITION

The Formula P3 Grandmaster Painting Competition at Lock & Load GameFest 2013 was perhaps the most hotly contested yet. This year, painters upped their game with a slew of beautiful models boasting staggering paint jobs. The top entry in each category earned its owner the coveted title of Lock & Load Painting Master. Randy Miller won the single miniature category with his incredible Thagrosh the Messiah; Arthur Nicholson won the group category with a stunning selection of Skorne models; and Todd McNeal's Kraken won him the Painting Master title for the large model category. All three entries were something to behold, but it was Randy Miller who won the overall Grandmaster title with his Thagrosh model. Congratulations to all of the Grandmaster Painting Competition winners!



RANDY MILLER THAGROSH, THE MESSIAH - SINGLE MINIATURE



RICKARD NILSSEN
RASK - SINGLE MINIATURE



ANTHONY WANG
KROMAC - SINGLE MINIATURE



ARTHUR NICHOLSON
WARPWOLF STALKER - LARGE MINATURE



TODD MCNEAL
KRAKEN - LARGE MINATURE



ANTHONY WANG

RHULIC BATTLEGROUP - GROUP MINIATURE



ARTHUR NICHOLSON

SKORNE BATTLEGROUP - GROUP MINIATURE





BASED ON THE AWARD-WINNING  GAME

INTO the STORM



BY LARRY CORREIA



The Coming Storm...

A knight of Cygnar follows a strict moral code. His integrity is beyond reproach. He holds himself to the highest standards whether dealing with friend or foe. And he values honor above all.

The year is 606 AR, and Cygnar has been sorely pressed by its enemies both at home and abroad. In Caspia, the conflict with the Protectorate is about to erupt into full war with the looming invasion of Sul. The Cygnaran military is desperate for soldiers with the skill, strength, and bravery to take up the devastating galvanic weaponry of the new Storm Division. In this climate, every soldier is valuable, even those fallen from the honor expected of a Storm Knight. A group of such men—thieves, drunkards, and worse—comprise the Sixth Platoon. All they need is someone to lead them.

Lieutenant Hugh Madigan, a peerless warrior knighted during the reign of deposed King Vinter IV, has spent years in obscurity, punished for his loyalty to the former king. Now he has been ordered back to the front and given command of the Sixth, his task to turn a platoon of miscreants into elite soldiers fit to be called Storm Knights. Time is short, and war is coming. One way or another, Lieutenant Madigan must lead his men into the storm...

The following excerpt is from *Into the Storm*, the latest offering from Skull Island eXpedition from *The New York Times* bestselling author Larry Correia. Available now at skullislandx.com in three digital formats: ePub, Mobi, and PDF.

PART 1: The Recruiters

Spring, 606 AR

He hadn't been dealt a very good hand, but when you make a habit of gambling with your life, you learned to make your own luck.

Considering that the tavern was a seedy little place on the outskirts of a tiny village deep in the Thornwood, it was fairly crowded. The patrons were rough folk, gathered here to spend their ill-gotten gains on poor quality ale, bad food, and ugly prostitutes. The tavern was the center of a lawless, wild settlement. The entire village consisted of a handful of huts on stilts to keep them out of the mud, a flea-ridden stable, and this sorry excuse for a tavern. It was made of logs slowly being devoured by moss and was so ramshackle it didn't even warrant a name. This place was still within the borders of Cygnar, but only in the loosest sense of where lines fell on a map. The village was a forgotten place and a haven for bandits, though he was only looking for one bandit in particular.

"You been pondering on those cards a long time . . . What's your play, stranger?"

"I'm in. Knights over jacks."

One of the other players scoffed. "Not bloody likely odds, that."

"I'm feeling lucky." He slid three farthings across the table. "Give me one more."

"Bold move, gambler." The dealer shoved another card at him. He was a big, thick-armed man, with a bushy black beard that would make any Khadoran proud. The dealer matched the description of a certain bandit leader with a hefty price on his head. "If you're so confident, how come only three coppers?"

"Well, after losing the last few rounds to you boys, I'm afraid that's all I've got left to my name."

"Times are lean," the dealer agreed. His armored great coat opened a bit as he leaned back, revealing a holstered repeater. That confirmed every man at the table was packing at least one weapon, a reasonable precaution in the Thornwood. "You looking for work, gambler?"

The two other players exchanged knowing glances. Of course, they were all with the same gang, so they would know what was coming next. The Thornwood Blades needed recruits. He'd made sure he looked the part. These types always fit a certain mold.

The gambler picked up the card. It was the Black Knight. *Appropriate.* "I'm between jobs."

"You strike me as a fella that knows how to handle himself." The dealer gestured at the Caspian battle blade leaning against their table. "Seems like that sword has seen some use."

"A bit." He looked down at his sword. The metal grip had been polished smooth by hundreds of hours beneath callused hands. The cross guard was nicked and dented from countless impacts. "It's gotten me by."

"You're a sight older than most of my men, but I figure a fella don't get to be your age wandering around places like this without knowing how to take care of himself. Marks on your face say you're no stranger to getting cut." The dealer ran his finger across his jawline, or at least where he probably had a jaw under all of that beard. "There's work to be had here, good work, if you've got the guts for it."

"When there's enough crowns involved, I find the guts."

"That's what I like to hear." Their current round of Fellig's Fortunes was forgotten. Their hands of cards were laid on the table, and now it was time to talk business. The dealer leaned over the table conspiratorially, though everybody in the tavern either already knew or suspected his identity, and they were all too crooked themselves to try and collect a bounty. "The

name's Devlin. You heard of me?"

Devlin Norwick. Leader of the Thornwood Blades. Killer of men, women, and children. "Can't say that I have, but I'm just passing through."

"My trade is on the roads to the east. Take what I want. Make a tidy profit doing so. Locals get a piece too, so they're keen on keeping us around. I've got an outfit, and I could always use a good swordsman. I'm short a few hands—"

One of the other bandits loudly interrupted. "Only because of that bastard Madigan killing them!"

Devlin just shook his head. "We'll deal with him in time, Rolf."

But the outburst had attracted the attention of some of the other patrons, who had begun muttering as well. The name seemed to be well known by many of the local cutthroats and invoked either nervousness or anger.

"Madigan, eh? Never heard of him either. He seems like a beloved sort."

"Sir Madigan. Cygnaran Army. He's been hunting our gang all up and down the Thornwood. Latches on like a war dog and won't let go."

Another bandit pounded the table for emphasis. "Makes life miserable for the workin' man, he does!"

"Cage it, Nash," Devlin ordered. The bandit shut his mouth. "We had us a nice arrangement with the authorities before this Madigan came along. Even the army don't like him. They say he's an evil type, brings bad luck wherever he goes. So they sent him out here to fight farrow or some scut work, but he had to go sticking his nose into other folk's dealings. You know how them knights are."

"Pushy know-it-alls, the lot of them," he agreed. "But I've got an empty coin purse, an empty stomach, and an empty mug, so why don't you buy us some dinner and a round of drinks, and tell me more about this job of yours, Mr. Devlin?"

"I like that attitu—"

"*Attention villagers!*" The tavern fell silent as everyone turned to see who had shouted. The newcomer was a tall, handsome young man who was obviously, painfully out of place. Though his expensive wool great coat had recently picked up some traveling grime, it was probably the cleanest thing the tavern had ever seen. When he got a lungful of the thick smoke filling the room, he began to cough, then covered his mouth with a clean, white handkerchief. "Thank you. Pardon my interruption, villagers, but I am here to deliver an urgent message and would appreciate your assistance."

The well-spoken young man might as well have entered holding a sign that read *Rob me and leave my corpse in a ditch*. Rolf turned to Devlin and whispered, "I reckon he's not from around these parts."

"I am looking for someone. I was told at the fort that I could find Lieutenant Hugh Madigan here."

Bloody hell!

It was silent for a long few seconds, and then nearly everyone in the room began to laugh uproariously.

"What's so funny?" The room was uncomfortably hot from the roaring fireplace, so the newcomer unbuttoned his great coat, revealing the bright blue uniform of the Cygnaran Army. The laughter slowly died and hands moved toward guns or blades as the patrons realized this was no joke. "This is no laughing matter. I have an important message for Lieutenant Madigan."

"Sorry, young sir." The tavern owner approached cautiously. "I think you've got the wrong place and should be going now before anything bad happens."

"Bad? What? This is important. Once again, I'm looking for Lieutenant Hugh Madigan, Third Platoon, 22nd Company. I've got priority orders straight from Corvis."

"Ha, ha! Yes, very amusing." The proprietor took the young man by the sleeve, trying to hustle him out the door before his establishment had yet another killing inside of it. "Please, sir. Right this way."

"Are you daft, man?" The oblivious soldier pushed the tavern owner away. "I'm Sergeant Cleasby, and I'm on important business on behalf of the crown. This is a priority. You probably don't get that much out here in the backwoods."

"Hold on, now!" shouted a rat-faced man from the opposite corner. "What's all this about Madigan being here?"

"I was told the lieutenant was in this village hunting for a bandit gang."

Oh, you dithering imbecile. The gambler reached slowly for his sword. The bandits in the room were glancing about nervously now. The tavern owner retreated for safety.

"I've not met him, but he was described as being in his late forties, in excellent health, of average height, grey haired . . ." Sergeant Cleasby was glancing about the room as well but found he was the only person dressed in blue and gold. "He may not be in uniform."

Devlin turned to study the newest addition to their game of Fellig's Fortunes.

"He is a swordsman of some renown, favors a Caspian blade . . . Let's see, what else?"

Rolf and Nash turned to stare at the big sword leaning against the table. Devlin's eyes narrowed dangerously, then he shook his head slowly in the negative. "Easy there, gambler," Devlin whispered. "Let's hear the lad out."

He stopped reaching for his sword and calmly placed his hands on his lap. There was bad luck, and then there was military incompetence. The two often went hand in hand.

"Oh yes, Madigan has distinctive scars on his face from the Scharde Invasions, sustained in an action for which he received the Star of Valor and knighthood—"

"Where's these scars on his face at, boy?" Rolf asked as he pulled the hand cannon from his belt.

"Boy?" Cleasby grew indignant. "How dare—"

"Where are the scars?" Devlin demanded.

Several other men had risen from their seats. Knives and guns had been drawn. Many eyes were now focused on Devlin's table and followed his gaze. Madigan had been a plague on every bandit in this part of the Thornwood for months. Other toughs were approaching Cleasby, who only now was realizing what he had blundered into. Cleasby raised his hands defensively as several weapons were pointed his way. "Gentlemen, calm down, please . . . I must have the wrong village. I'll be on my way."

This time Devlin roared. "Where are Madigan's scars?"

Cleasby swallowed hard. "On his cheek and jaw."

Everyone in the tavern was looking at him now. The gambler's eyes flashed back and forth, a movement most would take for fear but a few would recognize as an experienced combatant assessing every potential threat. There were a lot of threats.

Devlin grinned, showing off blackened teeth. "Pleasure to meet you finally, Sir Madigan. Good thing you got yourself uglified up to such a noteworthy degree."

"I was marked by a Satyxis whip. Left me a face only a mother could love." The gambler's voice was cold, and he no longer sounded like a hungry bandit, but rather a commander of men. "Devlin Norwick, in the name of the crown, I hereby arrest you for murder, banditry, general lawlessness, and the theft of military supplies. Surrender your arms and stand down. Resist and I'll kill you."

"By yourself?"

"What do you think, Devlin?"

"I think if you'd brought help, they would've stopped this idiot from coming in here and mouthing off." Devlin moved his head from side to side, making a big show of taking in the many well-armed and surly patrons. "You're as mad as they say, coming in here alone, demanding my surrender."

"I'll take that as a no. Sergeant Cleasby, take these men into custody."

"Uh . . ." The young soldier had been surrounded by a few members of the Thornwood Blades and was slowly being backed into a corner. "That'll be just a moment, sir!"

"I'll hand it to you, old man. You've got a pair on you." Devlin chuckled. The great battle blade was still sheathed, resting against the table, only a foot from Madigan. Devlin eyed the sword. "But nobody's that fast."





GUTS & GEARS

STORMGUARD

BY AERYN RUDEL • ART BY ALEX KONSTAD AND NÉSTOR OSSANDÓN

Cygnar's Stormguard are renowned upon the battlefields of western Immoren for their bravery, their martial skill, and, most important, for the devastating voltaic weapons they wield in combat. The Stormguard are part of the tripartite organization of Storm Knights, alongside the Stormblade heavy infantry and the Storm Lance heavy cavalry. Their role on the battlefield is similar to their Stormblade brethren but, as their name implies, they can act as an incredibly effective defensive unit as well as a devastatingly powerful offensive one.

Although all Storm Knights are an inspiring presence to Cygnaran soldiers, the Stormguard's large number of common enlisted men is a heartening example to the rank-and-file soldier. To many they represent knightly ideals of bravery and skill at arms, tempered by the common man's grounding wisdom as well as his ambition to rise above his station through personal achievement. Every fighting man, from the lowliest trenchers to the most powerful warcasters, knows the Stormguard will fight vigorously and with inexorable skill for king and country.

HISTORY

The Stormguard traces its origins to Prince Leto's interest in galvanic weaponry and his sponsorship of warcaster and inventor Sebastian Nemo during the reign of King Vinter IV. Leto had lent his support to the creation of the Stormblade Infantry before he seized the crown from his brother, and these new soldiers saw limited action in the Scharde Invasion. After he became king, Leto promoted the development of two new branches of Storm Knights, the Storm Lance heavy cavalry and the Stormguard, heavy infantry designed to utilize storm tech in a support role.

Although the members of the Stormblades and Storm Lances were originally drawn largely from the ranks of the aristocracy, the Stormguard was and is composed primarily of common enlisted men who have proven themselves capable of withstanding the rigors of Storm Knight training and combat. This was an important distinction for King Leto, who desired all men with the proper temperament and skill be allowed to ascend to knighthood if they proved worthy. The Stormguard provided a means for dedicated and loyal soldiers to earn the esteem and prestige of the aristocracy through skill at arms.

The Stormguard first saw significant combat action in the Caspia-Sul War, deployed within the Menite city to support the Stormblade Infantry under the leadership of Lord Commander Stryker and his new Storm Division. It was here the Stormguard demonstrated its versatility as an offensive support unit, its members using their voltaic halberds to break the enemy charge against a thick hedge of galvanic weaponry and to protect Storm Knight units as they repositioned or retreated.

In the years since the Caspia-Sul War the Stormguard has grown, and its recruits are now as numerous as their Stormblade brethren. Most still serve within the Storm Division, but they can be found in small numbers in other divisions as well, usually serving as elite shock troops or as specialized guards for important personnel.

RECRUITMENT & ADVANCEMENT

Like other Storm Knights, potential Stormguard recruits are selected from the ranks of enlisted and commissioned soldiers, chosen for their physical capability, bravery, and battle prowess. The Stormguard has a higher proportion of commoners than the other two branches of Storm Knights, and roughly half its recruits are chosen from other service branches.

Courage and combat prowess are not enough to see potential Stormguard through the grueling training awaiting them at Fort Falk. Recruits must go through eight

weeks of basic training, which includes intense physical conditioning to acclimate each soldier to the weight of his armor and equipment. In addition, each recruit must become an expert in the use of voltaic weaponry and master the unique formations that allow Storm Knights to take full advantage of their powerful armaments. Roughly half of all recruits fail to pass basic training, unable to cope with the mental and physical stresses placed upon them.

Because experience and skill are required of a potential Stormguard, many recruits enter training with the rank of corporal, although sergeants and even lieutenants are not uncommon. Advancement is a strict meritocracy, and Stormguard who reach the rank of captain receive their knighthood, if they do not already possess one. As such, the Stormguard remains the most viable path for a commoner with verve and skill to join the ranks of the aristocracy.

EQUIPMENT

Members of the Stormguard wield devastating voltaic halberds, mechanika polearms designed to cleave through steel while unleashing torrents of electricity that jump from enemy to enemy. More frightening still: every strike of a voltaic halberd charges the nexus generator, a heavy mechanika-bladed cannon carried by each sergeant in a Stormguard unit. When fully charged, the nexus generator can unleash a powerful blast of electricity deep into enemy ranks.

To protect them from enemy attacks, the Stormguard wear the standard heavy armor of the Storm Knights. This thick suit of plate covers a Stormguard from head to toe in steel, stout enough to turn aside both blade and bullet. In addition to protection from the aggressions of the enemy, a Stormguard also requires protection from his own powerful weaponry. The terrible galvanic energy unleashed by the Stormguard during combat is lethal to friend and foe alike, and Stormguard armor defuses this energy through two primary components. The first is the armor itself, which uses a thin non-conductive material sandwiched between the plates of steel. This greatly reduces the conductivity of the armor and keeps galvanic energy from arcing through the Stormguard and into unprotected friendly troops. In addition to the non-conductive construction of the armor, a Stormguard is further protected from any residual electrical discharge it might fail to absorb by a padded gambeson, insulated against galvanic energy and worn under the armor.

Although each voltaic halberd bears weight-compensating runes as part of its mechanika, it is still a bulky and cumbersome weapon. This, combined with the weight of a Stormguard's armor, means they carry little else into battle and must rely on more lightly equipped units, such as trenchers and long gunners, for any additional supplies.

BATTLEFIELD ORGANIZATION & TACTICS

The Stormguard is deployed in platoons led by a lieutenant, which is further broken down into squads of ten men, each led by a sergeant who wields a nexus generator. Above the platoon level, each Stormguard company is commanded by a captain who possesses a knighthood in addition to his military rank, often receiving this honor upon promotion.

The Stormguard is largely deployed in support of the Stormblade Infantry or to secure strategic positions. When working with the Stormblades, Stormguard integrate themselves into the Stormblade ranks, using the extended reach of their halberds to keep enemies from swarming their brethren. This combination often allows a mixed platoon of Stormblades and Stormguard to tackle infantry and warjacks at the same time, keeping the former at bay while making a concerted attack against the latter.

As its name suggests, the Stormguard excels at holding key positions, again using the extended reach of its weaponry to cut down enemies before they can get within melee range. The presence of the nexus generator allows for a powerful “active” defense, whereby the Stormguard hold back and whittle down the enemy with their voltaic halberds while their sergeant further reduces the enemy with blasts of electricity. The sergeant may even fire his nexus generator into the ranks of his own men, confident their insulated armor will protect them from its lightning as it destroys any enemies who have managed to close to melee range.

SPECIAL UNITS

Within the larger Stormguard ranks are two special units with roles different from their brethren. The first is the Palace Stormguard, a unit assigned to Castle Raelthorne that serves as part of the Royal Guard. Though they act largely as an elite honor guard, the Palace Stormguard are battle ready and among the most heavily armed troops patrolling the castle grounds. There are exactly one hundred members of the Palace Stormguard, each specially chosen for displaying extreme courage and loyalty on the field of battle. To be a member of the Palace Stormguard is the most prestigious appointment a Stormguard can hope to achieve. That many of this group began their careers as common enlisted men speaks to Leto’s progressive thinking and his belief that honor and knightly virtues are not strictly a measure of noble birth.

The second special group of Stormguard is the Silver Line, a small branch of the Stormguard formed shortly after the conclusion of the Caspia-Sul War. The original Silver Line was a squad of Stormguard that received special commendations for bravery in the face of overwhelming numbers while covering the evacuation of wounded Cygnaran soldiers during the invasion of Sul. Legend says the fighting was so intense, the blue of the Storm Knights’ armor was burnt away, leaving only the scorched silvery metal beneath.

After the war, the surviving Stormguard, whose actions had already earned them the title of the Silver Line, were recognized for their service and were chosen to form the nucleus of a new company, one that would serve a more defensive role. They were equipped with revolutionary new mechanika weapons, the thunder halberd and the electrostatic nexus, designed to harness kinetic and electromagnetic energy to slow an enemy advance or to make opponents more susceptible to electrical attacks. New members of the Silver Line are outfitted with armor of silvered steel plates, a tribute to those original heroes of the Caspia-Sul War.

Today the Silver Line are employed primarily to hold positions and to bolster the flanks of larger Storm Knight forces, serving as the anchor for a Stormguard line set to repel an enemy charge.



SILVER LINE STORMGUARD

Alongside the soldiers of the Silver Line, the storm of a Cygnaran army becomes a deadly hurricane.
—Major Katherine Laddermore



When the Cygnaran Second Army retreated from Sul, it had many wounded to transport, and squads of Stormguard were deployed to protect the injured as they fled back into Caspia. The Protectorate harried the retreating wounded with squads of Flameguard Cleansers, the torturous fires of their purifiers licking at the heels of the Cygnarans. Three squads of Stormguard broke off to forestall the enemy, pitting lightning against fire in a desperate battle. These brave Storm Knights suffered heavy casualties but were successful in driving back the Protectorate forces long enough to ensure escape for the retreating wounded.

The surviving members of the Stormguard emerged from the battle scorched but unbroken, the Cygnaran blue of their armor burnt away to reveal the bare metal beneath. These brave Stormguard presented the Cygnaran military with a unique opportunity: in addition to honoring these men for their service, they were given the privilege of forming the core of a new Stormguard company, the Silver Line.

The Silver Line Stormguard Company is equipped with polished steel armor in honor of their original members. To facilitate its more defensive role, its recruits are armed with thunder halberds, mechanika polearms based on the more common voltaic halberds. These weapons can unleash devastating gravimetric energy when striking, potent enough to knock a heavy warjack to the ground. In addition, the armor of a Silver Line Stormguard is fitted with a kinetic generator that can produce a wall of energy to slow enemy troops, blunting even the most determined charge.

The Silver Line sergeant carries a thunder halberd that incorporates an electrostatic nexus in its head. Strikes from the units' thunder halberds feed energy into the electrostatic generator, allowing the Silver Line sergeant to

SILVER LINE STORMGUARD

☑ Combined Melee Attack

☑ Gunfighter

☑ Immunity: Electricity

Electromagnetic Discharge – After all models in this unit have completed their actions, its Leader can make one ranged attack. The attack has base RNG 6, AOE 5, and POW –. It gains +1 RNG for each model in this unit that hit an enemy model with a melee attack this activation. Models hit suffer +2 damage from electrical damage rolls ⚡ for one round.

Polarity Wall - While this model is B2B with one or more models in its unit, it cannot be charged by a model beginning the charge in this model's front arc.

Ranked Attacks - Friendly Faction models can ignore this model when determining LOS.

THUNDER HALBERD

☑ Reach

Critical Knockdown - On a critical hit, the model hit is knocked down.

LEADER & GRUNTS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	7	5	12	15	9

THUNDER HALBERD	
POW	P+S
6	12

FIELD ALLOWANCE	
LEADER & 5 GRUNTS	6
LEADER & 9 GRUNTS	9
SMALL BASE	

unleash an electromagnetic burst that turns enemies into living lightning rods, making them far more susceptible to the lightning attacks of Cygnar's deadly storm tech.

The Silver Line Stormguard serves in a primarily defensive or support role and is often deployed to hold key positions, to work with more traditional Storm Knights to increase the efficacy of their lightning attacks, or to serve as the unassailable center of a Stormguard line.





STORMGUARD & SILVER LINE TACTICS

BY JACK COLEMAN

The Stormguard are elite front-line soldiers outfitted with cutting-edge Cygnaran mechanika. As their name implies, they are more defensive than the rest of their Storm Knight brethren, forming the thin voltaic line between Cygnar and its enemies.

Stormguard

The Stormguard are well suited to almost any Cygnaran list. Ranked Attacks allows the Stormguard to screen their army without blocking line of sight for the array of ranged weapons and spells in your arsenal. Similarly, Immunity: Electricity allows you to position the unit without worrying about incidental casualties from wayward electrical AOE's or chain effects (such as Chain Lightning or an Electro Leap from a fellow Stormguard). The extra DEF provided by Set Defense is crucial to the survival of a front-line unit like the Stormguard. Assuming an attacker's average MAT of 6, the difference between DEF 12 (72% chance to hit) and DEF 14 (41% chance to hit) is quite substantial. Altogether these abilities make the Stormguard an ideal choice for screening your army.

Stormguard are no slouches when it comes to high-voltage butchery. With MAT 7, Reach, and Combined Melee Attack (CMA), they are one of the most accurate 10-man melee units in the game. In conjunction with Electro Leap (When a model is hit with this weapon, you can have lightning arc to the nearest model within 4" of the model hit, ignoring the attacking model. The model the lightning arcs to suffers an unboostable POW 10 electrical damage roll), the Stormguard can carve through masses of enemy troopers with ease. Electro Leap is also a great tool for eliminating support models like the Choir of Menoth and Paingiver Beast Handlers, which tend to follow closely behind their respective 'jacks/beasts.

Electrical Discharge is the Stormguard's signature move, allowing the unit leader to make a ranged attack after every model in the unit has finished their actions. The stats for this attack are RNG 10, AOE 3, and POW 6, +1 POW for each model in the unit that hit an enemy model with a melee attack this activation. With a good setup this can become an exceptionally potent attack. The blast damage scales as well, because you divide the POW of the attack *before* adding the additional POW, allowing for blast damage rolls with POW 10 or higher. Thanks to Gunfighter the Leader can use this ability even while he is engaged, and because it inflicts electrical damage he does not have to worry about damaging himself or other Storm Knights with the blast.



Silver Line

The Silver Line Stormguard perform a similar role to their standard Stormguard brethren. They maintain the same stat line, along with Immunity: Electricity, Ranked Attacks, CMA, and Reach, but they trade some offensive power for incredible defensive and support capabilities.

The Silver Line forgoes Set Defense in favor of Polarity Wall (While this model is B2B with one or more models in its unit, it cannot be charged by a model beginning the charge in this model's front arc). With proper placement this ability can deny your opponent the alpha strike, forcing him to take additional attrition by either slowly advancing or running to engage your models, and can also be used to force your opponent to sacrifice models in order to contest Control Points and zones. It is important to note that while Polarity Wall protects the Silver Line from charge and slam attacks, it does not prevent them from being trampled because models are not targeted by a trample attack.

The Silver Line's Electromagnetic Discharge is similar to Electrical Discharge, but with AOE 5 and a base RNG of 6, +1 RNG for each model in this unit that hit an enemy model with a melee attack this activation. Instead of dealing damage, however, models hit by Electromagnetic Discharge suffer +2 damage from electrical damage rolls for one round. With the proper army composition this ability can cause significant damage (Storm Lances with Katherine Laddermore, for example, can Assault a model/unit affected by Electromagnetic Discharge with POW 16 Electrical Bolts and POW 12 Electro Leaps). Additionally, because Electromagnetic Discharge does not deal direct damage, it suffers far less from attrition than Electrical Discharge, which becomes decreasingly powerful as the unit loses members.

Support

One of the weaknesses of Stormguard is their moderate defensive stats. Thankfully Cygnar has several spells that increase the unit's defenses against ranged attrition. If you include a Journeyman Warcaster in the army, you can combine Arcane Shield with Deflection for ARM 20 vs. ranged and magical attacks! Alternatively, you can combine Blur with terrain features such as hills and forests to increase DEF to 17 or even 19 with cover. This is particularly useful if your enemy has models/units with Sniper.

Rhupert Carvolo is also an excellent choice for additional survivability. The extra point of DEF provided by Dirge of Mists stacks with all the other spells and abilities available to the Stormguard. It is particularly useful when combined with Set Defense, bringing your Stormguard up to DEF 15 against charge attacks. Heroic Call is also a great option, providing Tough and Fearless, and is preferable if your enemies are likely to hit your Stormguard regardless of their DEF—which is usually the case once they have been swarmed. March is also a valuable tool, although Pathfinder is already available to the Stormguard from multiple sources.

The Stormblade Captain is a powerful combatant who provides great utility for any Storm Knight models. His Leadership [Storm Knights] ability is another great way to provide Pathfinder to your Storm Knight models, but his greatest asset is Tactician [Storm Knights]. Tactician allows friendly Storm Knight models to ignore each other when determining LOS and to advance through friendly Storm Knight models if they are within the Stormblade Captain's 10" command range. With proper placement you can screen your army with Stormguard, assault with Storm Lances or Stormblades, and then charge/run your Stormguard back to the front of your army, effectively "leapfrogging" to get the most out of every model. This is an incredible tool when combined with the Silver Line Stormguard and their Polarity Wall ability, as you can put your opponent in a position where he cannot charge your army, and anything he advances or runs will be severely punished by the Storm Lances, Stormblades, and Stormblade Captains behind them.

The Thunderhead synergizes well with all Storm Knights. His Energy Pulse special attack is great for clearing out infantry, as it automatically hits all models within 6". Because this is electrical damage you can use this to take out models that are tying up Storm Knights without doing any harm to the knights themselves. The Silver Line's Electromagnetic Discharge is exceptionally powerful with the Thunderhead, increasing his Energy Pulse to POW 14 (boostable) and increasing his Lightning Coil ranged attack to POW 16 (with ROF 3 and Sustained Attack).

Warcasters

The Stormguard and Silver Line Stormguard can perform well with any Cygnaran warcaster thanks to their high MAT, CMA, and the great variety of support solos available to them. Here are a few warcasters, however, that synergize particularly well with them.

Commander Coleman Stryker excels at getting your Stormguard to the enemy. His spell list provides an incredible toolbox of defensive buffs and utilities to overcome a variety of situations. Polarity Wall from the Silver Line and Tactician from the Stormblade Captain bring some great new strategies for a Stryker brick list by providing additional control and maneuverability.

Silver Line Stormguard are also a natural fit with all three versions of Nemo.

Paired with a Journeyman Warcaster, Commander Adept Nemo can take advantage of the Deflection/Arcane Shield combo. Electromagnetic Discharge turns his ranged weapon into a brutal POW 16 with POW 9 blast damage and allows his Chain Lightning spell to hit at POW 12.

General Adept Nemo's ranged attack, Electrical Blast spell, and Elite Cadre all synergize well with Electromagnetic Discharge. A well-placed Firefly (thanks to Energizer) and an Electromagnetic Discharge can set up multiple POW 14 Triangulations for your Stormsmiths!

Artificer General Nemo loves *all* Storm Knights. Lightning Field greatly increases the reliability of Electro Leap, and when combined with the additional die of electrical damage provided by his feat, the "leapfrog" tactics of Storm Knights with a Stormblade Captain become both more deadly and more forgiving of your placement. General Nemo's feat is also a natural fit with Electromagnetic Discharge. Watch warjacks crumble before Storm Glaive Blasts, Storm Throwers, Nexus Blasts, and Electrical Bolts, all at POW 16 with three damage dice.



PAINTING THE SILVER LINE STORMGUARD



BY MEG MAPLES

COLORS USED

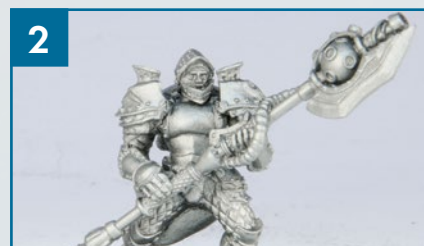
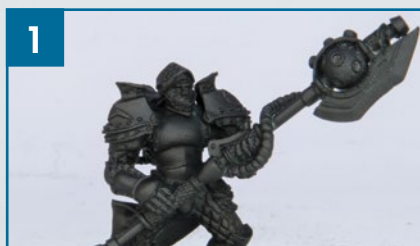
-  Arcane Blue
-  Armor Wash
-  Bastion Grey
-  Blighted Gold
-  Brass Balls
-  Brown Ink
-  Coal Black
-  Cold Steel
-  Cryx Bane Base
-  Exile Blue
-  Greatcoat Grey
-  Ironhull Grey
-  Khardic Flesh
-  Menoth White Base
-  Menoth White Highlight
-  Meradius Blue
-  Midlund Flesh
-  Pig Iron
-  Quick Silver
-  Sanguine Base
-  Tamar Black
-  Traitor Green
-  Trollblood Base
-  Trollblood Highlight
-  Turquoise Ink
-  Umbral Umber
-  Underbelly Blue

Born in fire, the Silver Line Stormguard face the enemy in a gleaming line of burnished steel. With their thunder halberds, these specialized units of Stormguard hold their positions against all opposition, slowing the enemy advance with raw kinetic energy and bursts of electromagnetic power. The Silver Line Stormguard are an upgrade kit for the standard Stormguard, and this tutorial shows you how to create their unique color scheme.

STEP 1 – MINIATURE PREP

1. Prime your models using Formula P3 Black Primer.
2. Airbrush the models using Cold Steel, making sure you have black-label metallics, not white. If you don't have an airbrush, you can drybrush Cold Steel all over the models. Get good coverage on the armor plates.

Colors Used: Cold Steel



STEP 2 – SILVER LINE ARMOR

1. Glaze with Underbelly Blue. This step provides a hint of muted light blue to Cold Steel while dulling the metallic down, which is very important when painting metallics.
2. Shade with a 1:1 mix of Greatcoat Grey and Underbelly Blue.
3. Apply a final shade of Greatcoat Grey sparingly for the deepest shadows on the silver armor.
4. Use Tamar Black to line the silver armor. This provides an artificial line for the eye to read a break between plates of the armor that are close together. Highlight the armor with a mix of Cold Steel and Quick Silver.

Colors Used: Cold Steel, Greatcoat Grey, Quick Silver, Tamar Black, Underbelly Blue



STEP 3 – LEADER FACE

1. Basecoat the leader's face using Midlund Flesh.
2. Mix in a dot of Sanguine Base in Khardic Flesh for the first shade mixture. Shade the deep-set eyes of the leader and the sides of the face encapsulated by his helm.
3. Add a drop of Exile Blue into the mix from the previous step for the final shade. Black out the oval of the eyes with Thamar Black.
4. Midlund Flesh should be blended in a few key areas if your shading was messy. This is to reclaim parts of the basecoat, which makes highlighting cleaner. Use Menoth White Highlight to paint the white of the eye. Do this by painting a smaller white oval in the black oval of the eye.

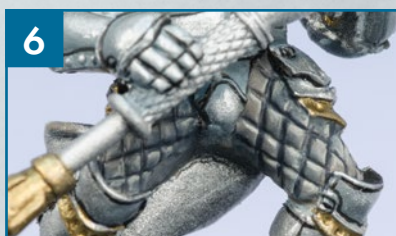
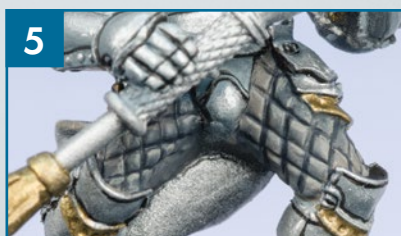
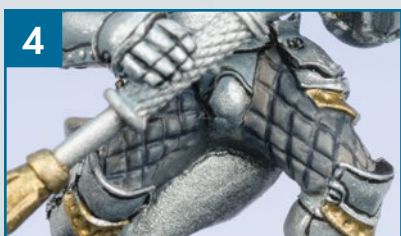
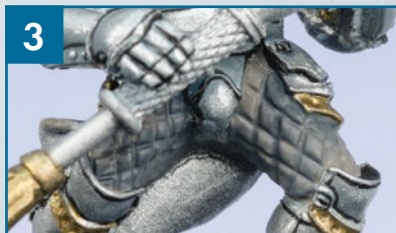
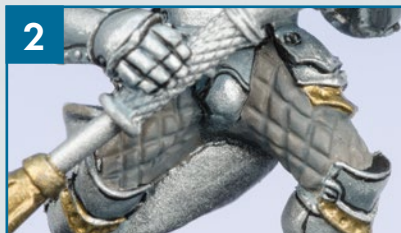
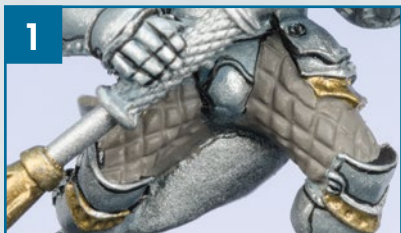
Colors Used: Exile Blue, Khardic Flesh, Menoth White Highlight, Midlund Flesh, Sanguine Base, Thamar Black



STEP 4 – INSULATION

- 1) Basecoat the insulation in Bastion Grey.
- 2) Shade with Ironhull Grey.
- 3) Mix in a drop of Coal Black and a drop of Sanguine Base into the Ironhull Grey for the final shade.
- 4) Mix Coal Black and Sanguine Base to get a muted purple for lining their insulation.
- 5) Create a 1:1 mix of Menoth White Base and Bastion Grey for the first highlight.
- 6) Add Menoth White Highlight to the previous mix for the final highlight.

Colors Used: Bastion Grey, Coal Black, Ironhull Grey, Menoth White Base, Menoth White Highlight, Sanguine Base



STEP 5 – TABARD

- 1) Mix Trollblood Base with Greatcoat Grey for the denim basecoat. The edging of the tabard uses Trollblood Highlight as a basecoat.
- 2) Shade the denim by adding some Exile Blue into your basecoat mix. The first shade on the white trim is Bastion Grey.



STEP 5 – TABARD (CONTINUED)

- 3) The last shade for the denim is the mix from Step 2 with Coal Black added in. The last shade on the white trim is Ironhull Grey.
- 4) Highlight the denim with a mixture of the basecoat mixture from Step 1 and Underbelly Blue. Highlight the white trim with a 1:1 mix of Menoth White Highlight and Trollblood Highlight.
- 5) The last highlights are Underbelly Blue on the denim area and Menoth White Highlight on the white trim.

Colors Used: Bastion Grey, Coal Black, Exile Blue, Greatcoat Grey, Ironhull Grey, Menoth White Highlight, Trollblood Base, Trollblood Highlight, Underbelly Blue



STEP 6 – STORM BRASS

- 1) Mix Blighted Gold and Brass Balls for the basecoat.
- 2) First shade is a 1:1 mix of Traitor Green and Cryx Bane Base.
- 3) The final shade is the previous mix plus 3 drops of Brown Ink.
- 4) The first highlight is Brass Balls.
- 5) The final highlight is a mix of Brass Balls and Quick Silver.

Colors Used: Blighted Gold, Brass Balls, Brown Ink, Cryx Bane Base, Traitor Green, Quick Silver



STEP 7 – CYGNARAN STEEL

- 1) Basecoat the thunder halberds, hafts, and backpacks with Pig Iron.
- 2) Shade with a mix of Greatcoat Grey, Armor Wash, and a couple drops of water.
- 3) Mix Exile Blue and Umbral Umber into the previous mix for the final shade.
- 4) Highlight with Cold Steel.

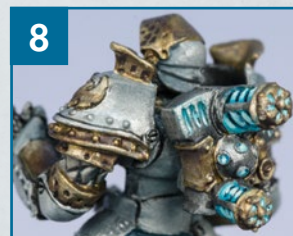
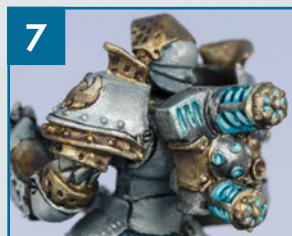
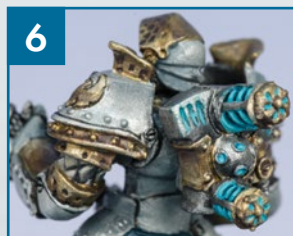
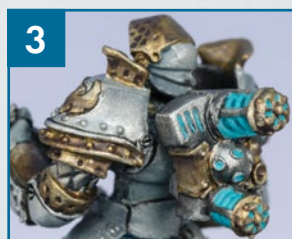
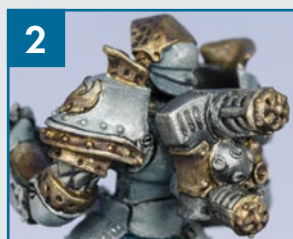
Colors Used: Armor Wash, Cold Steel, Exile Blue, Greatcoat Grey, Pig Iron, Umbral Umber



STEP 8 – FINISHING TOUCHES

- 1) Spray the entire model with a clear matte finish and allow to dry thoroughly.
- 2) Highlight the Cygnaran steel and Silver Line armor with Quick Silver.
- 3) Add some glinting highlights to the storm brass with a mix of Quick Silver and Brass Balls.
- 4) Add the glow by basecoating all of the glowy bits with Arcane Blue.
- 5) Wash the glowy bits with Meredius Blue.
- 6) Add some line shading around the coils and segments of glowy bits with a mixture of Coal Black and Turquoise Ink.
- 7) The first highlight is Arcane Blue with a touch of Menoth White Highlight.
- 8) The last highlights are dots and lines of Menoth White Highlight to key areas of the glowy bits.

Colors Used: Arcane Blue, Brass Balls, Coal Black, Menoth White Highlight, Meredius Blue, Quick Silver, Turquoise Ink



CONCLUSION

I hope you enjoy the sleek look of your new Silver Line Stormguard! Now, throw some dice, lower your thunder halberds, and electrocute some Khadorans!



Take a look inside the files and dossiers of Gavyn Kyle, the Iron Kingdoms' premier spy. Gathered at great expense and risk, these dossiers give a behind-the-scenes look at the histories and motivations of important characters in WARMACHINE and HORDES.

The Gavyn Kyle FILES

Transcribed by William Shick
Art by Marco Mazzoni, Andrea Uderzo, Chris Walton, and Mathew D. Wilson

COLEMAN STRYKER

I must admit I was surprised by how long it took before you requested my services on this particular subject, but it may be because much of his service record is so well known. There are few military leaders of his age who can claim to match the accomplishments of Cygnar's Lord Commander Coleman Stryker. Few men even decades his senior have been so central to so many events that have dramatically changed the shape of this kingdom, and arguably the entire region. It was wise of you to budget your coin by requesting I focus my efforts on the earlier portions of his career, where less is known with certainty. This turned my task into something more engaging than I had anticipated, unearthing the political intrigue occurring in the years before the Lion's Coup among several of Cygnar's commanding warcasters. This reinforces the value of those with the warcaster talent and the special handling they receive by the Cygnaran Army.

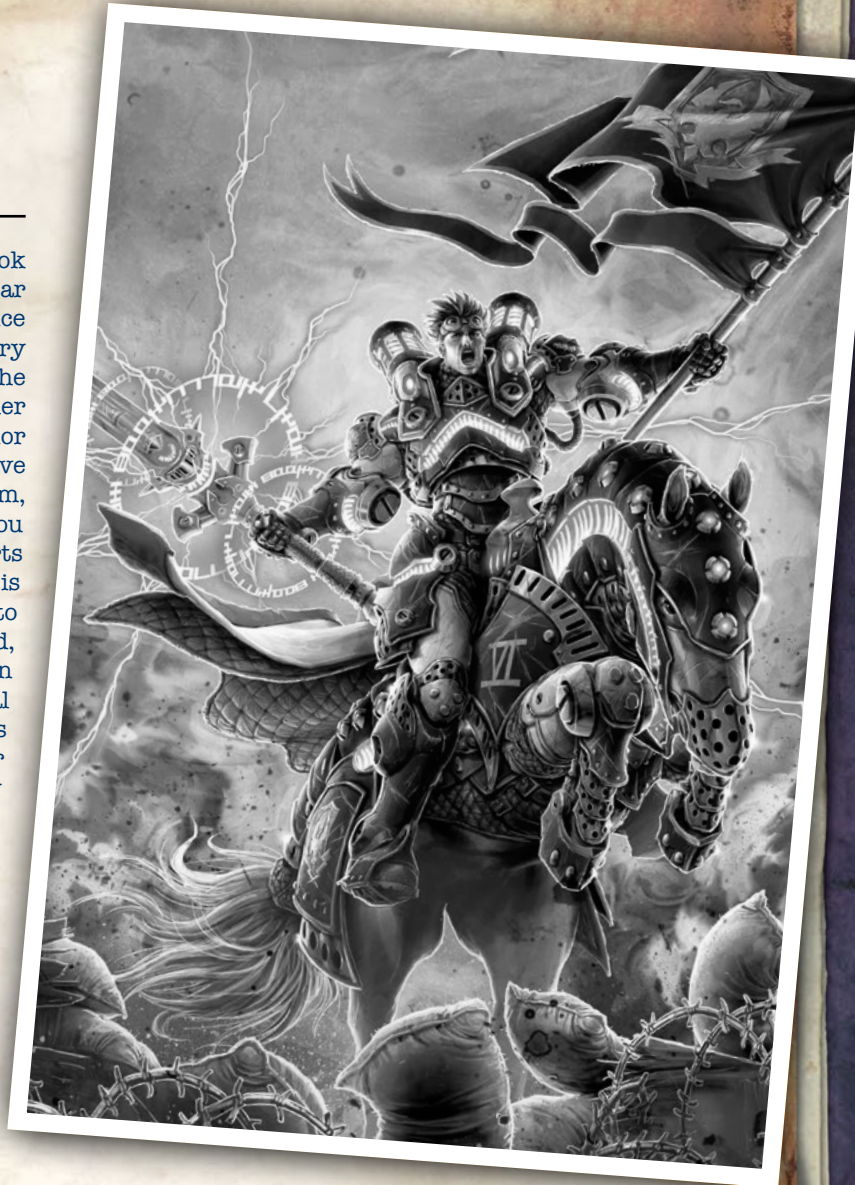
Coleman Stryker was born to Joseph and Laura Stryker in the town of Fisherbrook. Laura Stryker died of illness while Coleman was still young, leaving Joseph to raise his son alone. While Joseph made great efforts to keep his son from following the path of war, the hand of fate is rarely to be denied, and by the time Stryker was sixteen years old events would set him on the path to becoming one of Cygnar's most formidable military commanders and the foremost champion of King Leto Raelthorne.

—GK

Official Court Document

Town of Fisherbrook

On the day of Goloven 9th, 591 AR, Coleman Stryker, son of Joseph Stryker, took control of a nearby steamjack through unknown



means, which resulted in the destruction of an estimated 1,500 crowns' worth of property to Ironmonger Steam Works and led to physical injuries to several workers, including the owner, amounting to another 2,000 crowns' worth of damage.

Coleman Stryker Summary

- 575 AR:** Coleman Stryker is born to Joseph Stryker and Laura Stryker.
- 591 AR:** Recruited on the recommendation of Commander Asheth Magnus to the Royal Guard at Castle Raelthorne in Caspia.
- 592 AR:** Sent to train with the Caspian Stormblades under Captain Lillian Brock at the request of Stormblade Commander Kielon Ebonhart.
- 593 AR:** Commander Asheth Magnus uses his influence to have Stryker entered into the Strategic Academy's journeyman trial despite Stryker not yet having attended the Strategic Academy. He completes the test but is deemed unfit for journeyman training.
- 594 AR:** Participates in the Lion's Coup. Though he initially fights for Vinter, Stryker ends the coup on the side of Leto and proves instrumental in the coup's success. During the coup, his warcaster talent is witnessed.
- 594 AR:** Enters warcaster training at the Strategic Academy in Caspia but is soon transferred to the branch in Point Bourne.
- 595 AR:** Begins journeyman tour under Commander Sebastian Nemo and is given command of the notoriously difficult Ironclad later nicknamed Ol' Rowdy. After brief service in the Thornwood, they both join the Third Army to assist in coastal defense against Cryx.
- 596 AR:** Completes journeyman tour and is promoted to captain.
- 597 AR:** Joins Cygnar's Second Army, protecting the eastern border and the southern interior. Assists in quelling post-coup uprisings among the Royal Knights of Cygnar led by the now-outlawed traitor Asheth Magnus.
- 596-599 AR:** Serves brief tours of service alongside both the Third and First Armies before returning to the Second, rotating between Cygnar's threatened borders.
- 600 AR:** Promoted to major in recognition of his exemplary service in defense of the realm, including his role fighting seditious Vinter loyalists.
- 603 AR:** After again confronting Asheth Magnus, Stryker is personally lauded by King Leto, who promotes him to commander.
- 604 AR, autumn:** Ambushed by Khadorans while escorting a military supply caravan to Redwall Fortress, a precursor to the onset of the Llaeese War at the end of the year.
- 605 AR:** Leads forces on the front lines of the Llaeese War and witnesses acts of barbarity against the Cygnaran and Llaeese people by both Khadorans and crusaders from the Protectorate of Menoth.
- 606 AR:** Elevated to lord commander by King Leto to lead a special division under his direct command. Unleashes former inquisitors to assist in the effort of rounding up and imprisoning Cygnaran Menites in the eastern region to prevent their collusion with the Protectorate. These Menites are subsequently sent to Bloodshore Island Prison. Stryker also orders an attack on the walls of Sul and leads his Storm Division during the Caspia-Sul War that ensues.
- 607 AR:** Critically injured in Sul during a fight against Feora, Protector of the Flame, when he risks his life to rescue endangered Sul-Menite civilians. Six weeks later, only partially recovered, he faces Hierarch Garrick Voyle in the streets of Caspia. Attempts to negotiate by turning over the Menite prisoners fail, and Stryker and Voyle battle at a gatehouse in the inner city. Though the battle initially seems hopeless, Stryker ultimately succeeds in defeating and killing Hierarch Voyle, ending the war.
- 608 AR:** Following the cease-fire between Caspia and Sul, Stryker's Storm Division relocates to Stonebridge Castle to aid in the defense of the Dragon's Tongue River. His forces attempt to provide relief to the Khadoran-invaded city of Point Bourne but discover the city overrun by Cryx as well. Subsequently joins Lord General Duggan in negotiating for a conditional alliance between Cygnar and Khador in order to confront the Cryxian menace in the Thornwood.

In his testimony Coleman Stryker claims he only sought to defend his father against attacks from Ironmonger Steam Works proprietor Alec Branner. Testimony from numerous eyewitnesses, however, indicates Joseph Stryker was only being severely reprimanded for failure to complete his job responsibilities and was in no physical danger.

The court has determined the incident was not malicious on the part of Coleman Stryker. Nevertheless, his reckless endangerment

of people and personal property cannot go unpunished. Therefore, the court has decided, as Coleman Stryker is yet of age, Joseph Stryker is responsible for the payment of all damages listed in the appendix of this document.

The debt Joseph incurred as a result of Coleman Stryker's actions would have been outright crippling for a man of his modest means. Not only was the entire sum paid, however, but the whole incident, including the official records, was quickly swept

under the rug. It required considerable research in the dark and dusty corners of long-forgotten courtroom minutia to unearth this particular document.

The reason this rather mundane entry from the Fisherbrook Court records was kept obscured becomes apparent once one understands the extent of the conspiracy engineered by then-Commander Asheth Magnus.

Through extensive research into the Cygnaran military archives, I was able to uncover that Joseph Stryker served in the Cygnaran military under Captain Asheth Magnus. Clearly Magnus, for whatever reason, kept tabs on his old subordinate. I hypothesize Magnus may have been the first to identify Coleman's latent warcaster abilities, and he saw the chance to secure this powerful asset. The following letter, written to a high-ranking Inquisitor in Vinter's inner circle, provides a revealing picture of Magnus' agenda for the young Stryker.

—GK

From: Commander Asheth Magnus

To: Senior Inquisitor Delvin Thatcher

While I acknowledge we once had disagreements about my belief that Joseph Stryker's young son would inherit the "gifts" of his mother, I am pleased to report the information provided by my informants in Fisherbrook has proven the merit of my belief. Though you may still question my assessment of Joseph's whelp, I am confident he can be shaped into a powerful weapon in service of our king.

Taking the opportunity afforded by our journey back to Caspia, I have begun testing Coleman's burgeoning talents, and even I must admit I am impressed. Already the boy shows more promise than senior apprentices from the Strategic Academy. Within the few days since we left Fisherbrook, he has already grasped how to connect his mind with a cortex, though his touch lacks any sort of finesse or restraint.

Coleman Stryker is headstrong, arrogant, and naive, and he is desperate to become something more than the son of a simple mechanic. It was inevitable that the brash youth would chafe under his father's restrictive hand. Where the father ran from greatness, the son yearns for nothing less.

In short, he is the perfect clay for us to mold and is well worth the paltry sum I paid to absolve his family's debts and earn the boy's loyalty.

You will see. In time, Coleman Stryker will become a great asset to the Crown if I am given the support I require.

Upon their arrival in Caspia, Magnus used his influence to have Stryker placed within the prestigious Cygnaran Royal Guard. Such a move not only allowed Stryker some of the best martial training available, it also ensured the young warcaster would be kept close to Magnus.

Stryker's initial training presents the first real look at the impetuous yet extremely talented young man he was. The document below is an evaluation of the young recruit by his commanding officer.

—GK

From: Major Collin Jenkins

To: Commander Asheth Magnus

In the short time he's been training with the guard, Recruit Coleman Stryker has earned both the ire and admiration of his fellow troopers.

He's taken to every bit of training I've thrown his way like a fish to water. I've been especially impressed by how quickly he's picked up the Caspian battle blade. What he lacks in skill he more than makes up for with raw determination and fearlessness. In the few months since he joined, he's been able to go toe-to-toe with guardsmen who have been serving for decades. Though he follows orders well enough, there's an unmistakable arrogance behind every "yes, sir" and salute.

In short, the boy is a loud-mouthed braggart. Apparently the great honor bestowed upon him by being allowed to train with the Royal Guard—a post many soldiers would envy—is not sufficient for his overblown ambitions.

In an attempt to cow the boy a bit, I had him run the Gauntlet. It's a trick I've used before when I've needed to inspire an attitude adjustment in a recruit who just can't stop from seeing himself as the next great hero of Cygnar. Given an ego as big as Stryker's, I had the trencher drill sergeants run it at commando graduation levels.

Most recruits never even get past the first obstacle before they throw in the towel. Sixty pounds on your back, the roar of live-fire chain guns overhead, and three miles of the most brutal obstacles ever devised. As you know, the instructors pride themselves on the fact that only ten percent of commando candidates qualify. There's a reason they call the course the Gauntlet.

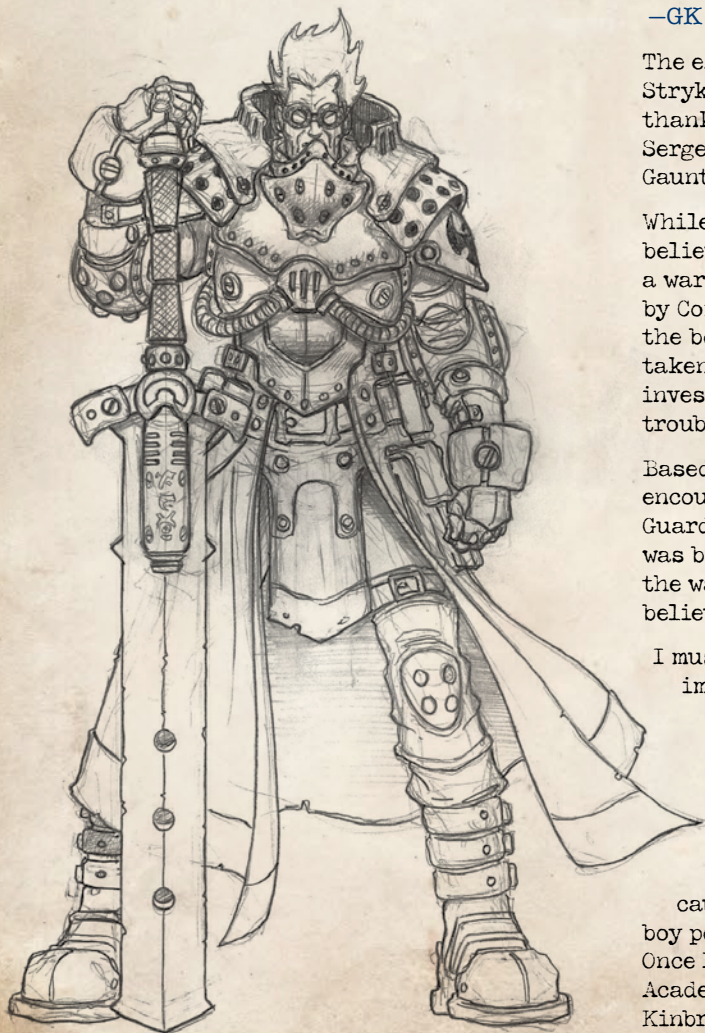
At first I thought I had him. He managed to work through the first two obstacles okay, but then he started to falter. I realize now my mistake was asking him if he wanted to quit.

Through some combination of raw talent and sheer determination, the recruit made his way through that course. His performance would never have passed for commando qualification, but damn it all if he didn't fight his way through every inch.

I know you've taken a personal interest in Recruit Stryker's training, but despite being impressed, I believe his attitude and demeanor are not good fits for the Royal Guard. Were he to show his lack of respect to any of the officials in the palace or—Morrow forbid—to King Vinter himself, it would be a disaster. But he clearly has what it takes to be a soldier, even an exceptional one. With respect, perhaps he should be considered for trencher commando training or some other role?

While the above document is invaluable for its insight into the early personality and potential of Coleman Stryker, what I find more intriguing is the fact that even here Stryker's arcane talents remained hidden. The sentiments in the letter seem to indicate Magnus was personally training Stryker, likely in the warcaster tradition, in addition to the training he was receiving as a recruit for the Royal Guard.

Some of Magnus' motives to enter into this conspiracy are perplexing. Even though there was a growing undercurrent of unrest within



the court due to Vinter's increasingly despotic reign, Magnus was at the height of his political influence. He could easily have ensured Stryker would have been placed as a journeyman beneath him if he had turned him over for training to the Strategic Academy.

To answer this, I located documents suggesting Magnus was increasingly at odds with other high-ranking warcasters, particularly Commanders Sebastian Nemo and Birk Kinbrace. I hypothesize these individuals may have been isolating Magnus from the younger warcasters. It is worth remembering the warmaster general at this time was Prince Leto himself, and he may already have been planning the coup. Magnus would have been foremost among those deemed a serious obstacle to any such plans.

Not everyone was ignorant of young Stryker's potential. The following letter from Commander Nemo to Lord Ebonhart of the Northern Midlunds—a top-ranking Stormblade and one of King Leto's confidants—discusses the Commander Adept's interest in Magnus' protégée and hints at the coming conflict between the Raelthornes.

—GK

The exploits of Royal Guardsman Coleman Stryker have recently come to my attention, thanks to reports from Trencher Master Sergeant Olin Dougal, who oversees the infamous Gauntlet training course.

While there has been no outward show of it, I believe this young man contains the spark of a warcaster within him—a suspicion increased by Commander Asheth Magnus' interest in the boy, as my contacts tell me Magnus has taken Coleman under his wing. Such personal investment from a man as calculating as Magnus troubles me.

Based on my hunch, I arranged a "chance" encounter with the boy during one of his Royal Guard training sessions. Though our meeting was brief, my years of training and sensitivity to the warcaster talent in others gave me reason to believe Coleman Stryker has this rarest of gifts.

I must admit that while the boy's talents are impressive, the evaluations of his character are quite concerning. The reports I have read depict an impetuous, reckless, and arrogant youth who has yet to learn the discipline required to truly harness his immense talents.

As such, I feel it may be critical to our cause to counteract Magnus' influence. If the boy possesses the spark, I dare not expose it. Once Private Stryker apprentices at the Strategic Academy, I am uncertain if even Chancellor Kinbrace will be able to prevent him from being assigned as journeyman to Magnus, given Magnus'

close association with King Vinter. Magnus himself is beyond our reach, and his misguided loyalty is unshakeable. He is either blind or indifferent to the true nature of our king and has become an instrument of Vinter's tyranny. We cannot allow other young officers, especially young warcasters, to follow this path.

I suggest we maneuver Private Stryker to receive Stormblade training as an extension of his work with the Royal Guard. While Magnus may be wary, I believe he will see this as a chance to have an insider within the Stormblade ranks.

Sincerely,

Commander Sebastian Nemo

While this political maneuvering had several consequences for Stryker's development, one of the most important was the relationship it fostered between Stryker and the Stormblades. It may seem surprising now, given his strong ties to this uniquely Cygnaran martial tradition, but without Nemo's active hand Stryker might never have had significant dealings with the Storm Knights. This would have left him bereft of the friendships and connections that have influenced a significant portion of his military career since the Lion's Coup. Among Stryker's correspondence are several mentions of the respect he felt for his Stormblade training officers and how they shaped his approach to battle.

—GK

Stryker's gift remained successfully hidden for another year following his training with the Stormblades. But by the end of 593 AR, Magnus surprised everyone at the Caspian Strategic Academy by using his leverage to have Stryker entered into the journeyman trial. Normally only open to senior apprentices from the academy, the journeyman trial is the final test an apprentice must pass in order to graduate and be placed under a mentoring warcaster as a full journeyman. Though failure is rare, these apprentices typically resume training until the next trial.

Despite his unorthodox entry into the trials, with nearly three years of close training under Magnus combined with his tremendous innate talent, Stryker should have had little issue passing the test.

Though the official report from the Stryker's trial states he indeed overcame the arduous test, it goes on to mark his performance as a failure. As the journeyman trials are closed to all except the leading instructors, eyewitness accounts are nearly impossible to come by even for a man like myself.

As such I can only hypothesize why Stryker was passed over, though given the increasing tension in the political climate as Leto rallied supporters for

the coming coup, it is possible that Commanders Nemo and Kinbrace failed him to prevent Stryker from becoming a journeyman under Magnus. Another more intriguing hypothesis, however, is that Magnus engineered the entire encounter so Stryker would fail. While such a move may seem contrary, Magnus could have used the undoubtedly crushing failure to prove to Stryker the classic institution's lack of vision, thereafter becoming his sole source for training. Evidence suggests the Strategic Academy sent letters inviting Stryker to join the institution as an apprentice in order to undergo proper training, and these invitations were refused.

—GK

Given the close relationship Stryker held with Magnus, Stryker's role in the Lion's Coup is particularly interesting. This moment truly defined his destiny. Through my network of contacts I managed to track down and interview an eyewitness to the events of that day. The following is the account of retired Stormblade Sergeant Garvin Tews.

—GK

Don't let the historians fool you. The battles fought during the Lion's Coup were as bloody and brutal as any that have taken place since the Cygnaran Civil War. Comrade fought comrade as each was forced to choose between sworn oaths to their king or to a potentially brighter tomorrow for their country.

I fought alongside Commander Nemo and Leto Raelthorne in the royal gardens against Vinter's loyalists led by Commander Magnus. The gardens of the east wing were some of the most beautiful in all of Caspia, tended to by Leto's own wife. That day, though, they became a charnel pit. A poetic man might have found some symbolism in that.

Slowly but surely we fought our way through the resistance in the gardens and to the doors of the throne room. We believed that victory was at hand.

These days, the name Asheth Magnus is synonymous with treachery. Before the Lion's Coup, however, Magnus was regarded as one of the kingdom's greatest battlefield commanders. I have great respect for Commander Adept Nemo and his battlefield acumen. But to see Magnus in action at his height was awe-inspiring. He was brutal, uncompromising, and unyielding. Most of all, he was cunning. We thought we stood on the verge of victory, but instead we fell into his trap. He had kept a strong force of loyalists in reserve and isolated the king's forces from those embattled outside the throne room, tightening the noose. Fighting as the right

hand to Vinter Raelthorne, who proved that his legend as a warrior was not exaggerated, it was clear Magnus had outmaneuvered us. Leto begged Vinter to spare our lives, surrendering himself and ordering those of us remaining to lay down arms. It was the hardest order I've ever had to follow.

Vinter, seeing the battle was won, left us to Magnus.

Magnus ordered us all on our knees as he brought his Sentinels into position. I didn't have any illusions about what was about to happen. Neither Vinter nor Magnus was inclined to show mercy.

Magnus proclaimed his sentence: as traitors, we were all to be executed immediately. The revelation of his mentor's true nature clearly surprised Stryker. He argued with Magnus about the injustice of the action, that we should be given trial. The commander wasn't in a mood to humor him. When Stryker refused to follow Magnus' order, the man turned his warjacks on Stryker.

What happened next was a blur. Right before Magnus could give the order, Stryker slammed his hand into the ground and arcane runes erupted. The entire room shook with Stryker's earthquake.

I don't think the kid was trying to attack Magnus directly, just to buy some time. But he hadn't counted on the chaos his quake could cause in those close quarters. Magnus' days as an able-bodied man ended as one of his own Defenders fell right on top of him, crushing his leg and side. Prince Leto and the rest of us quickly reclaimed our weapons and sought to take advantage of the chaos by turning the tables on Vinter's loyalists, now with Stryker at our side. It was only moments before Vinter was left standing alone, but he proved to be almost an army unto himself. Leto crossed blades with his brother, and everyone knows what happened then. I'll never forget that day. It not only signified the end of the tyrant's reign; it also was the day I saw the birth of a new hero.

Stryker's reversal was only one of several pivotal events that occurred during that bloody day, but it was certainly the most personally defining event in his early life. Not only did it mark the end of Magnus' influence on him and the beginning of his affiliation with King Leto, it also revealed Stryker's warcaster talent to the wider world.

Quickly following the Lion's Coup, Commander Nemo convinced Stryker to undergo formal training at the Strategic Academy, although his time as an apprentice was abbreviated and most of his academy work focused on officer training. Not long after Stryker's enrollment, he was transferred to the northern Strategic Academy branch in Point Bourne. The timing of this move coincides with

records concerning Magnus' escape from Cygnaran custody after refusing to accept Leto's royal pardon. It seems likely that Commander Nemo had Stryker transferred to prevent any potential reprisals by the embittered warcaster he had accidentally crippled.

—GK

Records from the Strategic Academy show Stryker was an exceptional cadet and warcaster apprentice. His three years of training under Magnus obviously had as much to do with his success as did his innate talents and drive. His attitude, however, remained a problem, despite being tempered by his time with the Stormblades.

Whether or not Stryker's actions during the Lion's Coup motivated Commander Adept Nemo to take him on as his first journeyman in nearly a decade will never be known. But records indicate that Nemo used his influence within the Strategic Academy to have Stryker placed under his supervision for his journeyman tour.

The following document shows the Commander Adept wasted no time taking a stern hand with his new journeyman.

—GK

To: Warmaster General Olson Turpin

Date: Glaceus 12th, 595 AR

Upon my arrival at Point Bourne to retrieve Lt. Coleman Stryker for his journeyman training, I was informed of a tribe of Tharn from the Thornwood that had been raiding several settlements north of the Dragon's Tongue. I determined this was a perfect opportunity to see my journeyman in action, and we joined the 319th trencher company on their sortie into the Thornwood to root out the savage Tharn.

I had carefully read the reports of Lt. Stryker that had been compiled from his various instructors at the Strategic Academy. The picture they painted was similar to the one depicted of him by his old commanders within the Royal Guard: brash, headstrong, and oftentimes reckless. Captain Adept Alleen Collins, an old comrade of mine from the Scharde Invasions and one of the brightest military commanders I've had the pleasure of knowing, succinctly described Stryker as "his own worst enemy." I had hoped drilling with the Storm Knights would cure him of that, but he is clearly stubborn.

I will not waste time with a detailed after-action report on our engagement with the Tharn. Suffice it to say we were able to prevail and eradicate them entirely, hopefully sparing the good people of the surrounding communities

the wicked barbarity of the Tharn. What is important is, having seen Lt. Stryker in action, I can safely say all of the evaluations of him by his instructors seem on target. In our battle Lt. Stryker showed both recklessness and a lack of reserve. He barreled headlong into our opponents, and though he carried the day—slaying the Tharn chieftain in an impressive display of combat prowess—the risks he took were unnecessary, and he just as easily could have been killed.

When I chastised him for his performance, I felt as if the boy barely heard me, my words failing to penetrate his thickheaded bravado. I am confident this attitude is an unfortunate consequence of both his innate talent and the influence of Asheth Magnus. He has never had to work hard to achieve what others struggle for. Most important, he has rarely felt the sting of failure, which is one of life's best teachers.

In order to teach the young lieutenant an important lesson in humility, I requested a notoriously difficult Ironclad be given over to him. This was a machine Kinbrace and I had used for a time during the Sharde Invasions, but which had taken a bit of a turn. The 'jack had been handed over to the instructors at Point Bourne to challenge apprentices, as age has made it obstinate and self-willed, all but impossible to control for any length of time. Since then, it has served as the perfect tool for keeping new journeymen in check. And after years of this, its personality has only gotten

worse. I fully expect it will be the perfect instrument to teach the lesson Lt. Stryker needs now.

—Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo

Following their brief tour in the Thornwood, Nemo and Stryker joined the Third Army and served defending against Cryxian attacks. While it is impossible to know for certain, I believe Nemo chose this assignment specifically for Stryker. The horrors of fighting the Nightmare Empire leave little room for romantic notions about the glories of war.

—GK

Journeyman Coleman Stryker Six-Month Evaluation

To: Warmaster General Olson Turpin

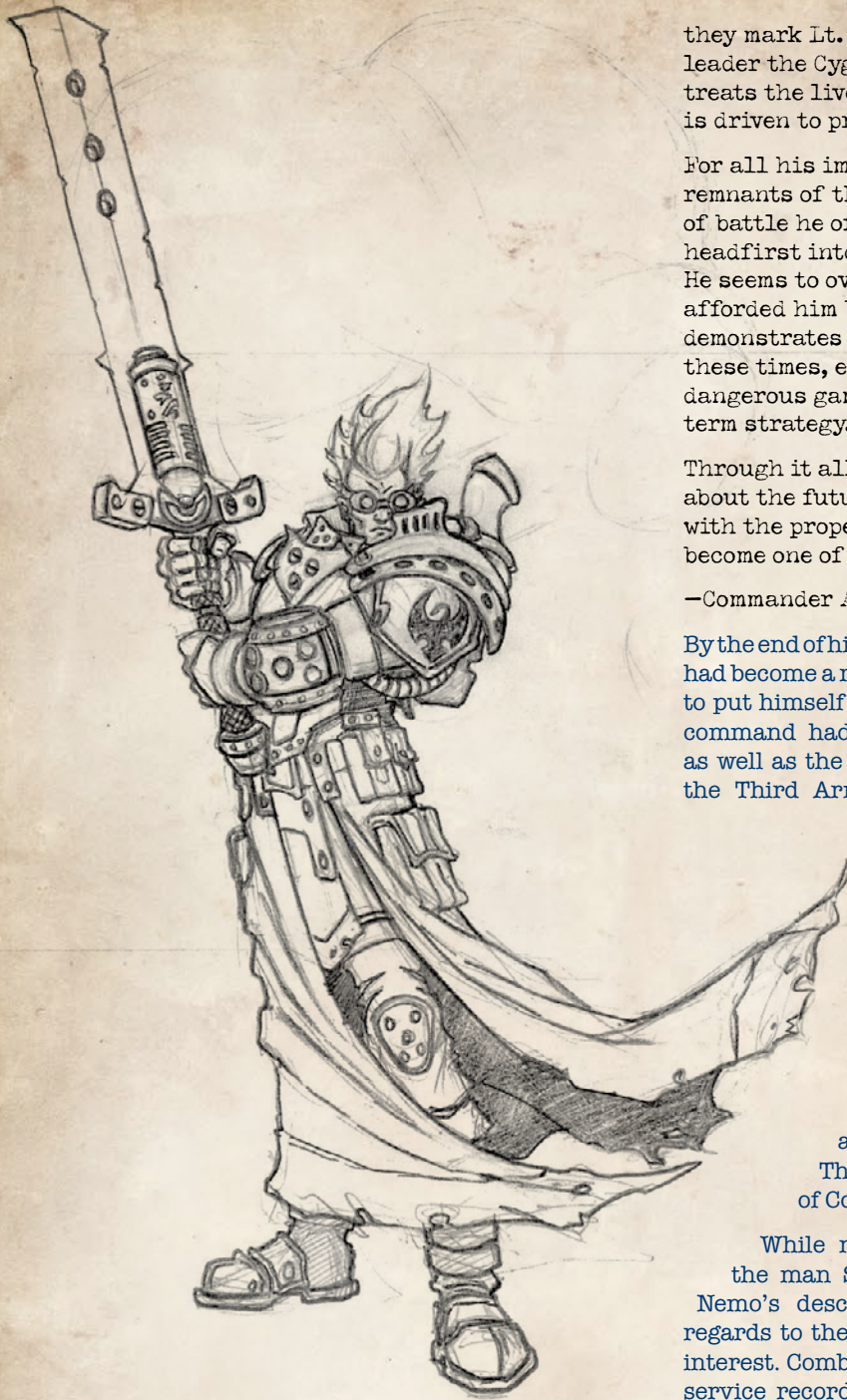
Date: Solesh 15th, 595 AR

In his six months under my command as a journeyman, Lt. Coleman Stryker has shown significant improvement in his arcane mastery and ability to successfully control multiple warjacks in the heat of battle. Perhaps most impressive is Lt. Stryker's ability to channel his arcane might into powerful localized earthquakes, which are capable of toppling all but the most surefooted opponents. Though the effort takes most of his energy and concentration, he has used this ability to great effect on the battlefield in our continuing engagements against Cryx with the Third Army.

In addition, I must make note of Lt. Stryker's personal combat prowess. His time training among the Stormblades has provided him combat skills well above any journeyman I have so far trained.

More remarkably still, Lt. Stryker has managed to find balance with the fiery Ironclad, which he has aptly nicknamed Ol' Rowdy, the one I thought to use to humble him following our departure from Point Bourne. Though the temperamental old warjack initially proved to be quite the challenge for Stryker, the boy has somehow forged an incredible connection with it in recent months. It seems the pair have found in each other a kindred spirit. Much to my chagrin, the bond between the two has only encouraged more reckless behavior and the cocksure attitude I sought to dispel, as together the pair have become an incredible force on the battlefield. There is no denying, however, the temperamental 'jack has unlocked a deeper awareness in Stryker, who was only able to assert control over the 'jack through mutual understanding rather than by force of will.





Perhaps the most important milestone in the growth Lt. Stryker has shown during our time with the Third Army is his newfound concern and care for the soldiers he fights beside. Lt. Stryker has learned the harsh realities of war, and during our tour he has seen several comrades he had grown close to killed in the heat of battle. The pain of loss has done much to quench the fiery youth, and he now consistently puts the welfare of his fellow soldiers above all else. While this attitude often leads to the less-admirable qualities I ascribed below, at his core

they mark Lt. Stryker as exactly the type of leader the Cygnaran army strives for—one who treats the lives of his men as precious and who is driven to protect the people of our nation.

For all his improvements, he still retains remnants of the youth he once was. In the heat of battle he often leaps before he looks, rushing headfirst into the most dangerous situations. He seems to overestimate the invulnerability afforded him by his power field, and he demonstrates a frustrating lack of control at these times, expending his arcane reserves in dangerous gambits without considering long-term strategy.

Through it all, though, I remain optimistic about the future of Lt. Stryker, and I believe with the proper guidance he has the potential to become one of our nation's greatest warcasters.

—Commander Adept Sebastian Nemo

By the end of his journeyman tour in 596 AR, Stryker had become a rising star. His energy and willingness to put himself in danger to protect those under his command had already earned him a reputation, as well as the appreciation of the men throughout the Third Army. In Nemo's final evaluation, he

notes that only many years of experience could hope to temper Stryker's bad habits and shape him as a true leader, but he also remarks that Stryker had learned to focus those bad habits to his advantage on the battlefield. For context, it is worth noting that nearly all of Commander Nemo's assessments of young warcasters are harsh and uncompromising.

Thus, by his standards, this appraisal of Coleman Stryker is quite positive.

While not critical to an understanding of the man Stryker would become, Commander Nemo's description of Stryker's triumph with regards to the temperamental Ironclad piqued my interest. Combing through the machine's extensive service record I found mention that the machine had once been assigned to Lt. Jessa Kates, a journeyman who was killed in action shortly before the Lion's Coup and who would have been in the same journeyman trial as Stryker in 593 AR.

Over the next seven years Stryker continued to experience a meteoric rise within the Cygnaran Army. During this time, Captain Stryker became an increasingly integral part of King Leto's inner circle. As his victories and fame mounted, so too did his influence with the king. It may well be that King Leto, who was himself given military responsibilities at a very young age, appreciated the perspective of a younger soldier alongside the

older and more conservative members of his war council. Stryker was promoted to major in 600 AR, but he would not remain at this rank for long.

By 603 AR, given the invasion of Corvis and increasing tensions with both Khador and the Protectorate, King Leto advocated for Stryker's promotion to the rank of commander, bypassing colonel entirely. This action was met with resistance from both Warmaster General Turpin and Commander Adept Nemo, though the latter's feelings were only ever revealed in personal correspondence with the former. Both agreed Major Stryker was too young and not yet seasoned enough for the weight of such responsibilities.

King Leto, however, would not be denied.

—GK

To: Warmaster General Olson Turpin

Date: Tempen 12th, 603 AR

Olson,

Given the recent events surrounding the invasion of Corvis by my elder brother, increased Khadoran activity along our northern border, and plots of sedition instigated by the renegade Asheth Magnus within our own borders, I am sure you can see how, now more than ever, our nation is in dire need of strong leaders embodying our core ideals.

It is for this reason, as well as for his proven skill in battle and loyalty to this great nation, that I enact the promotion of Major Coleman Stryker to commander, effective immediately. I realize this is unorthodox and would see him bypass the rank of colonel; however, I might remind you that such an act is not without precedent. Certain nobles have been given such honors for having done far less than Major Stryker to earn that responsibility. Why should bloodline eclipse proven skill and capability in battle?

Major Stryker has proven instrumental in defending our home and the crown from threats both foreign and domestic. He is beloved by the soldiers who serve under him, and he has demonstrated a keen strategic mind in his numerous victories over the enemies set against him. He has shown the ability to demonstrate restraint as well as aggressiveness, depending on the situation at hand. His pacification of the riotous Menite gathering with no casualties on the bridge between Caspia and Sul three months ago is a perfect example of this acumen.

While military men seasoned by years of active service will always be valued, there are times when a leader arises who is worthy of special

consideration despite a lack of seniority. I fear we will soon find ourselves in need of brave and steadfast leaders with the conviction to see our nation through its darkest hours.

—Leto Raelthorne

Two short years after being promoted to commander, Stryker would find himself tested in ways he likely never imagined. The Llaelese War was a conflict the likes of which the region had not seen in almost a century, a far cry from the isolated skirmishes of recent history. This war also saw Cygnar on the defensive, arriving too late to halt the inexorable Khadoran advance. This may have been the first time Commander Stryker ever truly tasted defeat and the choking frustration of seeing allies and innocents suffer while he himself was powerless. The arrival of Protectorate forces and the insidious depredations of Cryx into this tumult only made matters worse.

As we know, the Protectorate wasted little time in launching its so-called Great Crusade while Cygnar was engaged in the north. Protectorate saboteurs interfered with Cygnaran supply lines, likely causing the suffering and deaths of thousands of Cygnaran soldiers in Llael and later the Thornwood. It is no wonder Stryker felt driven to conduct his personal crusade against the Menites both before and during the Caspia-Sul War that followed.

Those and more recent efforts are beyond the purview of what I was hired to unearth, and so deeper investigation into these matters will require a separate contract. Regardless, it is clear from the earlier record that Lord Commander Coleman Stryker has often found himself at the center of singularly momentous events. If ever there was proof that some men are born to a greater destiny, it would be with this Cygnaran warcaster. Certainly one can't help but wonder what Cygnar would look like had he not linked his fate to King Leto's during the Lion's Coup.

—GK



FOUNDRY, FORGE & CRUCIBLE

THE CUTTING EDGE

By Erik Scott de Bie with Matt Goetz • Art by Johan Grenier

The weaponsmiths of the Iron Kingdoms constantly search for ways to improve upon the equipment they manufacture. For the most part this refinement takes the form of improved metallurgy and more carefully engineered designs, but the art of mechanika, magic, and simple clockwork manufacturing provides a range of powerful options for warriors with exacting specifications. For each custom weapon used in battle, hundreds never reach the field, yet there will always be those willing to experiment with, build, and refine newer and stranger arms.

The following weapons are a small sample of the unique weapons found in western Immoren. From the blades of long-dead kingdoms to experiments on the fringe of mechanical theory, they are rare instruments of war. Wielded on the front lines of battle or in the shadowy assassinations of regents, they are strange, powerful, and deadly weapons in the hands of those who earn their living in battle.

AKINETIC JAVELIN

Cost: 910 gc

Effective Range: 24 feet (4')

Extreme Range: —

Skill: Thrown

Attack Modifier: -1

POW: 5 + the thrower's STR

AOE: —

Description: The Akinetic Javelin is an unusual item, one of the very few examples of mechanical throwing weapons. Built on the framework of a broad-headed javelin, the Akinetic Javelin sends a debilitating galvanic charge down a twenty-five-foot spooling wire from a generator powered by an arcanodynamic accumulator and housed within its attached heavy gauntlet. The runeplates are designed to release a crippling burst of arcane energy that interferes with the musculature of its targets, causing them to spasm, lock, and shut down in waves of debilitating seizures. Emitter points along the javelin's head release this energy directly into the body of a target, and even the largest creatures are vulnerable to this effect. Calvo Rutton—an Ordric monster hunter



AKINETIC JAVELIN

of some renown—commissioned the Akinetic Javelin to aid him in his work. He would use the javelin to deliver an opening strike against a powerful beast, allowing teams of his assistants to swarm over the disabled prey with their blades. Both the strange weapon and the unusual man who wielded it disappeared late in 577 AR during a prolonged hunting expedition into the Bloodsmeath Marsh.

Rune Points: 4

Special Rules: Add the thrower's STR to the POW of the damage roll.

After resolving an attack with this weapon that damaged a living character during the attacker's turn, the attacker can use a quick action that turn to activate this weapon. When activated, this weapon sends a jolt of galvanic energy into the damaged character, knocking him down.

If this weapon does not have a functional accumulator, it suffers -1 on attack and damage rolls and loses the ability to knock down targets.

Fabrication: The material cost of the Akinetic Javelin's housing is 60 gc. It takes three weeks to construct the device. The pertinent Craft skill for construction is Craft (metalworking).

The Akinetic Javelin's runeplates require four weeks to scribe and a successful INT + Mechanical Engineering roll against a target number of 16.

DEPRECATOR

Cost: 675 gc

Skill: Hand Weapon

Attack Modifier: 0

POW: 3

Description: The Deprecator is a finely crafted mechanical sword carried by some agents of the Order of Illumination. When powered by the alchemical capacitor within the sword's grip, the weapon's runeplates create an aura of arcane interference to help

safeguard the wielder from magical attacks. Though this interference also makes the beneficial magic of their allies more taxing, Illuminated Ones who wield the sword often consider this an acceptable trade.

The Deprecator was conceived in the founding of the Order of Illumination as a means of protecting its ungifted members from magical assault as they rooted out infernal corruption. Illuminated Ones carried these blades as they hunted down arcanists guilty of practicing the dark arts. Since that time, Deprecators have protected the men and women who bear them and served to execute infernalists, Thamarites, and other malefactors.

Rune Points: 3

Special Rules: While this weapon has power, the COST of spells targeting the weapon's wielder are increased by +1.

Fabrication: The material cost of the Deprecator housing is 60 gc. It takes two weeks to smith the weapon. The pertinent Craft skill for construction is Craft (metalworking).

The Deprecator's runeplates require three weeks to inscribe and require a successful INT + Mechanical Engineering or Lore (Morrowan faith) roll, whichever is lower, against a target number of 15.

FANG OF URCAEN



FANG OF URCAEN

Cost: Such a cursed artifact is never available for sale.

Skill: Hand Weapon

Attack Modifier: +1

POW: 1

Description: Historians attribute these fell weapons to ancient Morrdh, primarily due to the few examples uncovered among the moldering ruins of the Black Kingdom, but their true origins and purpose have been lost to the centuries. Thought by most to be sacral weapons, these daggers drain the soul of a victim and can siphon it into the wielder to empower his weakened flesh. As long as it contains a soul, a Fang of Urcaen bleeds a miasma of dark magic that deflects incoming attacks. While these attributes may appeal to those who ply dark magic, such weapons carry a significant danger to their wielders.

These blades act as a beacon of sorts, drawing the attention of the undead. Such creatures are slavishly drawn to a living creature in possession of a Fang of Urcaen and will stop at nothing to tear him apart.

Special Rules: The Fang of Urcaen is a magical weapon.

If this weapon destroys a living character, the weapon gains a soul token. This weapon can have up to three soul tokens at a time. A character wielding this weapon gains a cumulative +1 DEF against melee attacks made by living characters for each soul token the weapon has.

During his activation, a character wielding this weapon can spend a soul token to immediately regain d3 vitality points.

Undead characters charging a character armed with this weapon gain +2" of movement. An undead character attacking a character wielding this weapon gains +2 to its attack and damage rolls.

GREYLRORDS RUNE AXE

Cost: These weapons are unavailable at any price and are closely guarded by the Greylords Covenant and its agents.

Skill: Hand Weapon

Attack Modifier: 0

POW: 3

Description: These rune-inscribed axes are the signature weapons of the Greylords. Based on the Khardic war axe, these weapons are manufactured by secrets means known only to the artificers of the order. In the hands of those initiated into the order, these weapons manifest the chilling power to leech life from those they strike.

The Greylord Covenant considers ownership of these magical weapons to be the proprietary right of its members. The Greylords will go to great lengths to recover these weapons if they are found in the possession of those outside the order.

Special Rules: A rune axe is a magical weapon.

Only a Gifted character with Connections (Greylords) knows the secrets of unlocking the runes inscribed on this weapon. In such a character's hands a rune axe causes +2 cold damage.



RUNE AXES AND THE GREYLRORD ARCANIST

A character starting the game as a Greylord Arcanist (see *Iron Kingdoms Full Metal Fantasy Roleplaying Game: Kings, Nations, and Gods*) can choose to start with a Greylords Rune Axe instead of one of his starting spells.

KNUCKLEDRIVER

Cost: 75 gc

Skill: Unarmed Combat

Attack Modifier: -1

POW: 3

Description: The knuckledriver is a mechanically augmented cestus made up of armored plates and heavy locking support braces. A pair of spiral torsion springs mounted within the hinge points of the device become coiled when the wearer draws back his arm, and a small toothed wheel and ratchet lock it into place. A trigger grasped by the wearer sits inside the armored fist of the knuckledriver. When wound and released, the knuckledriver adds the power of its uncoiling springs to the force of the wearer's punches. Blows from a knuckledriver can easily break bones and are even capable of cracking plate armor. This makes the weapon attractive to brawlers who rely on their unarmed skills and wish

KNUCKLEDRIVER



to take on armored opponents. Winding the spring back requires a great deal of strength, so typically only the most physically impressive pugilists employ the device. The knuckledriver has seen a recent surge in popularity in the illegal underground pit fights of Khador's coastal cities. The use of knuckledrivers has turned these already violent brawls into a deadly bloodsport, where a fighter walks out of the arena victorious—or not at all.

Special Rules: A character must have at least STR 6 to use this weapon.

Attacking with a knuckledriver requires both a quick action and an attack. The quick action is spent cocking back the springs, and the attack is used to actually strike. If the knuckledriver is not cocked prior to a strike, it becomes POW 1 and loses all other benefits.

Attacks with the knuckledriver gain the Beat Back Mighty archetype benefit (see *Iron Kingdoms Full Metal Fantasy Roleplaying Game: Core Rules*). On a critical hit, the target is slammed d3". The POW of the slam damage roll is equal to the STR of the attacker plus the POW of this weapon. The POW of the collateral damage is equal to the STR of the attacking character.

NEUTRALIZER

Cost: 860 gc

Skill: Hand Weapon

Attack Modifier: 0

POW: 2

Description: The neutralizer is a powerful mechanical device developed by the agents of the Prikaz Chancellery, who prize the weapon for its ability to render even the most physically impressive man instantly unconscious. Powered by arcanodynamic accumulators housed within the main body of these thick metal truncheons, neutralizers give agents of the Chancellery a tool for quick and non-lethal subdual of a target. These weapons are most frequently employed by the Chancellery for capture of live targets in possession of high-value information or of suspected enemies of the state, allowing for secure transport of a captive to a safe house for prolonged interrogation.

In the hands of the operatives of the Chancellery, the neutralizer acts as a conduit for their inherent arcane energy that is transformed into a debilitating blast. A member who evinces greater magical talent can produce a far more debilitating effect from the neutralizer.

Rune Points: 4

Special Rules: When an attack with this weapon while it is powered damages a living character, immediately after the attack has been resolved the damaged character must make a Willpower roll against a target number equal to the attacking character's ARC + 9. If the character succeeds, he stays conscious. If he fails, he is knocked out (see *Iron Kingdoms Full Metal Fantasy Roleplaying Game: Core Rules*).

If this weapon does not have a functional accumulator, it suffers -1 on attack rolls.

Fabrication: The material cost of the neutralizer housing is 45 gc. It takes three weeks to construct the device. The pertinent Craft skill for construction is Craft (metalworking).

The neutralizer's runeplates require four weeks to scribe and a successful INT + Mechanical Engineering roll against a target number of 16.



NEUTRALIZER

RETRACTABLE LANCE



RETRACTABLE LANCE

Cost: 250 gc

Skill: Great Weapon, Lance

Attack Modifier: -1 (spear), 0 (lance)

POW: 4 (spear one-handed), 5 (spear two-handed), 8 (lance)

Description: Based on the rudimentary designs discovered in the notebooks of the engineering genius Arctus Feros, the concept for the retractable lance goes back to the days of the Clockwork Renaissance. Simply put, it is a telescoping lance that can convert to the length of a spear, allowing a rider to deliver a devastating cavalry charge with a couched lance before retracting it into a shorter and more maneuverable spear. A small lever built into the butt of the device engages a compact arrangement of gears within the device. Operating the lever one way causes the lance to retract to its smaller configuration while reversing the procedure extends the weapon to its full length. The modern retractable lance has achieved minor notoriety in the hands of the Bloodspurs, an Umbrean mercenary company known for unpredictable tactics and equestrian maneuvers.

Special Rules: A character can extend or collapse a retractable lance as a quick action. It uses the Great Weapon skill while collapsed and the Lance skill while extended.

While extended, the lance can only be used to make charge attacks and then only while its wielder is mounted.

When wielded two-handed or in the lance configuration, the retractable lance is a Reach weapon.

TEMPEST SHIELD

Cost: 1,210 gc

Skill: Shield

Attack Modifier: -1

POW: 3

Description: The Tempest Shield is a mechanical weapon capable of turning an attacker's strikes back against him. The shield converts the force from incoming attacks into deadly blasts of electrical energy. The device is not at all subtle: a deafening clap of thunder that can be heard up to a mile away accompanies each electrical discharge. An arcanodynamic accumulator mounted on the shield's reverse side powers its unique runeplates, which also affords the wielder protection from incoming electrical strikes.

Rune Points: 4

Special Rules: A character armed with a shield gains +1 ARM for each level of the Shield skill he has against attacks originating in his front arc. This bonus is not cumulative with additional shields.

While this shield is powered, a character armed with it gains Immunity: Electricity against attacks originating in his front arc.

While this shield is powered, when a character wielding it is hit by a melee attack originating in his front arc, after the attack has been resolved the attacker immediately suffers a POW 10 electrical damage roll, unless this weapon's wielder was incapacitated by the attack.

If this weapon does not have a functional accumulator, it suffers an attack modifier of -1.

Fabrication: The material cost of the Tempest Shield's housing is 105 gc. It takes two weeks to construct the device. The pertinent Craft skill for construction is Craft (metalworking).

The Tempest Shield's runeplates require four weeks to scribe and a successful INT + Mechanical Engineering roll against a target number of 16.



TEMPEST SHIELD

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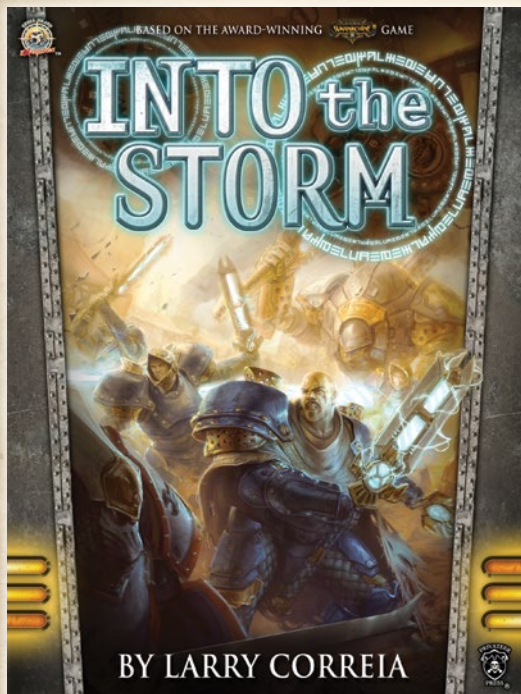
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Lieutenant Hugh Madigan, a peerless warrior knighted during the reign of deposed King Vinter IV, has spent years in obscurity, punished for his loyalty to the former king. Now he has been ordered back to the front and given command of the Sixth, his task to turn a platoon of miscreants into elite soldiers fit to be called Storm Knights. Time is short, and war is coming. One way or another, Lieutenant Madigan must lead his men into the storm...



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THE BUTCHER'S BLOCK

THE BUTCHER
UNLEASHED

BY MATT DIPIETRO

I can't think of a better model to commemorate the ten-year anniversary of WARMACHINE than Orsus Zoktavir, The Butcher Unleashed. For a short time, we're offering a limited-release display base, and illustrating how to paint it is a great way to celebrate the occasion. The original Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khardov was the first Privateer Press model I ever painted. Ten years later WARMACHINE is bigger than ever—and for seven years I've had the pleasure of bringing its models to life, and of teaching miniature enthusiasts how to paint their favorite models. Though the limited-release base may be hard to come by, these techniques will still apply to a wide variety of other projects.

THE BUNKER



To get things started use three tones of primer: black, gray, and white. This will give you a rough idea of the lighting for the piece and allow you to paint using mostly washes and shading.

COLORS USED

- Battlefield Brown
- Bloodstone
- Bloodtracker Brown
- Brown Ink
- Ember Orange
- Exile Blue
- Frostbite
- Gun Corps Brown
- Hammerfall Khaki
- Ironhull Grey
- Jack Bone
- Khardor Red Base
- Menoth White Base
- Rucksack Tan
- Sanguine Base
- Skorne Red
- Tamar Black
- Thornwood Green
- Trollblood Highlight
- Umbral Umber



1 Add color to each area using washes. Give the sandbags a wash of Hammerfall Khaki and the wooden crates a wash of Gun Corps Brown. Give the metal a blotchy texture with a mixture of watered-down Bloodtracker Brown and Bloodstone.



2 Apply a translucent wash of Ironhull Grey to the concrete areas to get them started. Give the metal a second layer of texture, this time with a translucent and patchy coat of Exile Blue.



3 Shade the concrete and give it a streaky texture using a mixture of Battlefield Brown and Exile Blue.



4 Apply more shading to the sandbags using Thornwood Green. Then use Thornwood Green to add dirt and grime to the metal and concrete. Using this same color in all areas of the model will help unify the overall appearance.



5 Apply deep shading to all areas of the model with a mixture of Brown Ink and Thamar Black to draw the individual parts together. The amount of shading achieved and the opacity of the mixture used will vary depending on the material being shaded.

Use a mixture of Thamar Black and Battlefield Brown to basecoat the ground and add dirty streaks to the concrete.



6 Next, apply highlights to the sandbags with a mixture of Jack Bone and Hammerfall Khaki. Add shading to the crates and highlights to the brick areas using Battlefield Brown.



7
At this point, the concrete needs some highlights. Use a mixture of Frostbite and Trollblood Highlight to add blended highlights and edge highlights to the cracks.



8
Finish off the crates by shading with a mixture of Umbral Umber and Thamar Black. Highlight some of the larger stones on the ground with Trollblood Highlight to give the impression of rubble. Highlight the metal areas with a mixture of Bloodtracker Brown and Rucksack Tan, then use the same mix to highlight to the ground.



Finish off the bunker by using Battlefield Brown to blend the ground and rubble together.

FLAG



Just as with the bunker, start the flag by using the three-tone primer technique to rough out the placement of the lighting.



1 Wash the field of the flag with a mixture of Sanguine Base and Skorne Red. Paint the Khador anvil with a coat of Ember Orange.



2 Use Bloodtracker Brown to basecoat the flagpole and shade the Khador anvil. Apply a glaze of Khador Red Base to the field of the flag.



3 Shade the flagpole and the flag field with a mixture of Brown Ink and Sanguine Base. Use Menoth White Base to highlight the Khador anvil.



4 Mix Brown Ink with Thamar Black and apply it to the damaged areas of the flag to simulate weathering.

CONCLUSION

I hope you share some of the excitement all of us here at Privateer Press feel for the upcoming, groundbreaking Orsus Zoktavir, The Butcher Unleashed model. This tutorial should help you to present your Butcher in style, and with a little practice you'll have a solid understanding of how to paint your own scenic bases for models yet to come.



FORCES OF DISTINCTION XIV

By Michael G. Ryan and Aeryn Rudel • Art by Andrea Uderzo and Anthony Jones

COMMAND RESPECT

By Michael G. Ryan

Occupied Thornwood Forest, south of Blindwater Lake, north of the Dragon's Tongue River, early 608 AR.

I

"Some Widowmaker might take pity on you, junior," Markus "Siege" Brisbane said to the journeyman behind him. "You got a blind spot that'll kill you."

"Where?" Murrough demanded, then set his jaw. "Where, sir?"

"Everywhere. You're too distracted. You listening? What about you, Saito? Lieutenant Saunders?"

The four of them picked their way through the forest's underbrush, three journeyman warcasters tightly grouped together, Siege ahead. Their warjacks—three Chargers behind Siege's two Hunters—were, in Siege's vocal opinion, clustered too closely together.



"Sir," Emily Saito said, "the scouts should have reached the fort."

When she hesitated, Brisbane said, "You got something to say?"

"Yes. No. I mean, I was just going to ask if—"

Eoin Saunders cut her off. His Charger, its boiler chugging, moved in sync with him. "You think we're going to bury some Khadorans today, Major?"

"Sir," Murrough interrupted, "I think what Lieutenant Saito was going to say was, according to our tactics classes at the academy, we're close enough to the fortification that we should wait for the scouts to return. Also—"

"I can hear you, but I can't hear her. She'd better find her voice if she wants to command," Siege said. When Saito reddened, he added, "You're not in a classroom anymore, boy. Don't quote your schoolbooks to me."

"Those red bastards," Saunders interjected, "have some nerve putting a garrison this close to our border. Can't wait to take a few of them down."

"You'll get your chance, Lieutenant," Siege said, his scowl fading.

Ahead the trees thinned, the underbrush cleared, and a trio of horses approached in the filtered sunlight, Tempest Blazer gun mages on their backs. Their lieutenant dismounted and approached the major while the journeyman warcasters fell silent and waited.

II

The Khadorans had repurposed an abandoned ruin to create a hasty fortification. More important, they were gone. Rifles and blunderbusses lay scattered around the wreckage of a Juggernaut in the small courtyard. Siege ignored the deep claw marks in the Juggernaut's ravaged armor; instead, he walked the perimeter of the fort's clearing, leaving the journeyman warcasters waiting in the courtyard.

"Where are the bodies?" Emily Saito asked, glancing nervously around.

Saunders shrugged. "Who cares?"

Murrough said, "Maybe they retreated and took their dead with them."

Saunders shook his head. "Khadorans don't usually retreat, junior."

Theme forces offer players the opportunity to play thematic armies that spotlight particular aspects of a warcaster or warlock's character or history. From time to time, Privateer Press will introduce new theme forces in the pages of *No Quarter*. These theme forces are "fair game" upon publication and usable in our organized play events.

"I have to take it from him, Eoin," Murrough said, "not from you."

Saunders ignored him.

"He's coming back," Emily Saito said softly.

Siege left his Hunter just outside the arched passage as he returned to the courtyard. "I found their trail."

"Protectorate?" Saunders asked.

"Cryx."

"Then those are Slayer claw marks." Saunders gestured to the wrecked Juggernaut's hull. "And there are no Khadoran bodies because the Cryxians took them to reanimate as thralls."

"Solid assessment. You three stay on alert here while I go after them." Siege gestured at the three Chargers and the Hunter in the courtyard. "The Blazers will watch your perimeter."

"Wait," Emily Saito said. "You're not taking us, sir?"

"You heard me."

"I think that's somewhat blindly aggressive. Sir," she said.

"You have your orders, Saito." Siege faced Saunders. "I'll be back when I know where they went. Until then, you're in charge."

Saunders nodded, and Siege glanced at Murrough, who was silent. The major turned back to the tunnel, calling the Tempest Blazer lieutenant to his side.

Once Siege was gone, Saunders began to pick over the remains of the Juggernaut, and Murrough hunched down in the shadow of the courtyard wall. Emily Saito squatted beside him.

"I guess you're not as excited to be training under Major Brisbane as you were when they told us back at the Academy," she said.

Murrough shrugged. "It's all right. I didn't expect to be his favorite."

III

When he came to the fresh split in the Cryxian trail, Siege recognized the lure tactic. While the original trail continued north, the bulk of the Cryxians had doubled back, sloppily covering their second trail. Their helljack — the Slayer, as evidenced by its large clawed tracks — had followed behind a host of thralls. On the path ahead, in addition to thralls, was a massive humanoid of some sort.

They knew he'd split his own forces.

Even as he turned back south to rejoin his journeyman warcasters, the Cryxians who'd been lying in wait charged from the deepening forest shadows.



MAJOR MARKUS "SIEGE" BRISBANE TRIAL BY FIRE

by David "DC" Carl

WARJACKS: Cygnar non-character warjacks, Triumph

UNITS: Field Mechanics, Gun Mage units, Long Gunners

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Non-character Journeyman Warcaster solos are FA U.

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes two or more Journeyman Warcasters.

Benefit: Warjacks in a battlegroup are automatically allocated 1 focus point at the start of your first Control Phase. This focus is in addition to any points allocated.

SOLOS: Captain Arlan Strangeways, Journeyman Warcaster, Lieutenant Allison Jakes, Squire

TIER 3

Requirements: Siege's battlegroup includes Triumph.

Benefit: For every battlegroup in the army that includes one or more warjacks, place one trench template anywhere completely within 20" of the back edge of Siege's deployment zone after terrain has been placed but before either player deploys his/her army. Trench templates cannot be placed within 3" of another terrain feature but can be placed within 3" of each other.

TIER 4

Requirements: The army includes Captain Arlan Strangeways and one or more Field Mechanic units.

Benefit: Reduce the point cost of warjacks in battlegroups in the army by 1.

Siege braced himself, commanding the Hunter at his side to open fire as he reached back to the one he'd left at the fort to scan for attackers there as well. For the moment, based on what he could see, they were safe.

His rocket cannon boomed and mechanithralls were hurled into the air. Undeterred, the survivors—including those maimed by the blast—charged. He met them head on, but even as Havoc devastated his foes, the forest parted behind him.

A brute thrall barreled down on Siege, roaring to deafen the forest. Siege stood his ground, turning about to deal with attacks from multiple directions.

Then came the Charger. Crashing through the woods, it didn't belong here, but when it fired its long arm cannon at the brute thrall's back Siege didn't care. He opened up with his rocket cannon and the brute thrall reeled in the crossfire, flailing mindlessly with its steamfists.

It was over in minutes. The brute thrall crumbled in a mass of gore and metal. Soon the remaining thralls were also destroyed, and Siege turned as Saunders approached with his mechanika blade in hand.

"I bet you're glad to see me, eh, Major?" he said.

Siege said, "I told you to stay put."

"I heard your cannon, so I came running to cover you." Saunders grinned. "Just like you would have done."

Siege reached out, found the Hunter he'd sent back to the fort, and scanned the ruins from its perspective. Thralls were already climbing the fort's battlements as the Tempest Blazers fired at them from cover. Siege was surprised to see their helljack wasn't a Slayer; instead, a Seether, its three-faced iron lich overseer moving behind it, pushed through the gateway passage.

"Move," he commanded, propelling Saunders back toward the fort. "You abandoned your post."

Jerking away, his grin gone, Saunders preceded him. When Siege outlined his plan of attack the journeyman only grunted in reply.

As they burst into the fort's clearing, Siege focused on gathering his internal arcane reserves before he aimed his Hunter's long arm cannon at the Seether's back. To either side of it in the courtyard he could see Emily Saito and Murrough, mechanika blades and hand cannons drawn.

"Now!" he commanded Saunders and unleashed both the power of his Hunter's cannon and his own force of will. The arcane attack he launched weakened the armor of the Seether sufficiently to leave its inner components vulnerable to the thundering blast of his Hunter's long arm. The shot exploded beneath the helljack's armored torso. Its insectile iron lich overseer whipped around, two of its three faces spotting Siege and Saunders as they charged from the forest.

Saunders' command to his own Charger, however, came too late. He'd waited too long, and by the time he opened fire the Seether had already closed on Murrough.

When Saunders' warjack fired, the shot missed the Seether entirely. Instead, it blasted Murrough off his feet, spraying the wall behind him with blood, one dismembered arm twirling gracelessly in the air.

Emily Saito wavered, her eyes flickering back and forth between the Seether and her fallen comrade. When Siege motioned furiously, she knelt to tend Murrough as the major and Saunders confronted the helljack and its overseer.

Even without her, the battle was heavily mismatched—between his rocket cannon, war maul, and the Hunters, Siege could have handled it alone. With Saunders' Charger backing him, it ended in seconds. The Seether's glow brightened as chunks of armor exploded from its body, then faded as its inner components were reduced to scrap. The Seether went down under their combined fire, and the thralls were destroyed. The iron lich overseer threw itself furiously at Siege, resigned to its death even as Siege raised his war maul to destroy it.

By then, Murrough had resigned as well.

Siege and Emily Saito stood over the dead journeyman warcaster's body as Saunders busied himself inspecting the various enemy dead, his attention deliberately redirected.

"I told you," Siege snarled at him, "to stay with the others."

"I did what you would have done," Saunders said.

"After twenty-six years of combat experience, my superiors have reason to trust my judgment. You haven't earned that. You just killed one of our own men."

Saunders stiffened. "An unlucky shot."

"When I write my report, I'll mention your bad luck and how this death isn't the worst thing that could have happened," Siege said. "I'm sure your noble family will approve. Boy."

Saunders' eyes narrowed, then he walked away to stand over the fallen Seether.

Siege was done with him. He knelt down and closed Murrough's eyes. Emily Saito just watched.

"He thought he'd be your favorite," she said at length. "He said you knew his father. That you were old friends."

"I do, and we are," Siege said. "I'll tell the colonel what happened here. But I don't have favorites."

She closed her eyes. "Major, do you even remember what it was like to be a journeyman?"

"Yes." Siege cleared his throat so she would look at him. When she did, he was smiling, his lips tight, his brow momentarily smooth. "I was a kid once, believe it or not. Hell, I was even a sergeant once." He paused, then added, "Lieutenant."

WORTHY

By Aeryn Rudel

Sythya closed her eyes and ran her hand down the shredder's scaled back. She felt the spawn react to her touch, arching its back and emitting a low, feral hiss. Its primitive thoughts surged through her consciousness. It could smell the sweat and fear on the humans penned on the other side of the camp, and its hunger was a living thing within her mind, all consuming and inexorable.

As she had been instructed, she seized hold of the shredder's thoughts, using her own will to encircle and command the dragonspawn's. It took some effort, but the beast at her side quieted and its hunger retreated to the back of its mind. Within the void left by the that ravenous hunger she felt His presence, and she reveled in the faint glimmer of Everblight's being that existed within the shredder.

"You!" Vayl's voice was knife-sharp, and Sythya's eyes snapped open. The Disciple of Everblight stood before her—death, power, and beauty carved from ice. "Join the others," the warlock commanded, pointing to the small group of tents next to a



THAGROSH, PROPHET OF EVERBLIGHT

NEW BLOOD

by David "DC" Carl

WARBEASTS: Legion non-character warbeasts

UNITS: Spawning Vessel

SOLOS: Beast Mistress, Blighted Nyss Shepherd, Blighted Nyss Sorceress & Hellion, Spell Martyr, Succubus

TIER 1

Requirements: The army can include only the models listed above.

Benefit: Increase the FA of Spawning Vessels and Beast Mistresses by 2.

TIER 2

Requirements: The army includes one or more Spawning Vessel units.

Benefit: Each Spawning Vessel in the army begins the game with one corpse token.

TIER 3

Requirements: The army includes two or more Beast Mistress solos.

Benefit: Add one warbeast to each Beast Mistress's battlegroup free of cost.

TIER 4

Requirements: The army includes three or more warbeasts with Dig In.

Benefit: Beast Mistresses and warbeasts in their battlegroups gain Advance Deployment (▶).

crude stockade on the other side of the camp. There three other Nyss had gathered: Kyra, Lyssan, and Ravyl. A shredder stood beside each Nyss. Two of the diminutive spawn stood quietly, but the third, next to Ravyl, was a frenzy of movement. It lashed its head and tail and dug furrows into the frozen ground with its long, raking talons. Ravyl was obviously straining to control the beast, her face a rigid mask of tension and fear.

Sythya commanded her shredder to follow her as she walked toward the others. She hadn't made it halfway when Ravyl's shredder finally broke free of her control and charged the stockade, where a dozen captured human soldiers were penned.

She heard Vayl hiss in surprise and anger, and turned to see the warlock stretch one long arm toward the wild shredder. Vivid blue runes formed around Vayl's hand and Sythya felt the temperature drop sharply, prickling her skin with talons of brutal cold.

The shredder was a few yards from the stockade when Vayl's spell, manifesting in an intense gale of frigid air, struck the dragonspawn. The shredder stopped immediately, its greyish skin suddenly slick with a layer of ice, and pitched over onto the ground. The spell had not slain the beast, although Sythya had no doubt Vayl could have easily killed the shredder had that been her intent.

"Mistress!" Ravyl pleaded. "I lost control only for an instant! I shall—"

Rage blossomed within Sythya. Ravyl was not worthy of the great gift Everblight had bestowed upon her, a gift she was obviously unable to control. Her weakness could not be tolerated.

She passed her anger to her shredder, filling its mind with her disgust and outrage, and then released it from her control. It did exactly as she expected and launched itself like a scaly missile toward Ravyl. She had time to utter one dismayed cry and fumble at the claymore sheathed at her hip before the shredder slammed into her and bore her to the ground.

"Stop this!" Vayl's voice was a razor of ice through Sythya's mind, and she reasserted her control of the shredder and commanded the beast back to her side. Ravyl still lived, but the shredder had injured her horribly. She climbed to her feet, holding her left arm to her side. It was chewed down to the bone and attached at the shoulder with only a thin string of bloody sinew.

"Why have you done this?" Vayl demanded, stepping in front of Sythya.

"She was not worthy," Sythya replied, unable to keep the disgust from her voice. Over Vayl's shoulder she saw a pair of legionnaires leading Ravyl away to tend her wounds.

Vayl regarded her for a moment, her icy blue eyes unreadable. "It is not your place to judge who is worthy and who is not," Vayl said. "But you are not wrong." The warlock pointed to where the remaining beast mistresses stood. "Join the others. The Prophet will be here soon."



She had never felt such awe before, never been so utterly consumed by the presence of another. Everblight's power flowed from the Prophet in waves, and she could feel the great athanc pulsing within his chest like the heartbeat of a god.

Thagrosh stood next to Vayl, his massive body an instrument of majestic wrath. "You said there were four, Vayl," Thagrosh said, his voice booming across the camp.

Sythya saw Vayl stiffen and her eyes narrow, but her voice was cold and measured when she spoke. "There were," she said. "As I told you, even among those with the gift, some cannot handle the rigors of such power. Fine control over the blight requires a keen and resilient mind."

Thagrosh grunted and shook his head. "Then let us see if these other three are any worthier."

Vayl nodded. "I will release the humans, and you will see." "Arm them first," Thagrosh said, his voice carrying the unmistakable tone of command. "Let us see how your beast mistresses fair against a real threat."

Vayl scowled. "Bring their weapons!" she barked at a group of blighted legionnaires assembled as an honor guard for the prophet. Four of them disappeared behind the tents and then returned, arms laden with crude but effective axes. Sythya noted they had not brought the heavy rifles the humans had also been armed with when they were captured. The legionnaires dumped the collection of axes on the ground before the stockade.

"Release them," Vayl said, and two of the legionnaires opened the doors on the stockade.

The humans wore armor of metal plates, painted a garish red, over heavy furs. They were large and stout, typical of the humans who dwelled within these northern climes.

Thagrosh moved away from the stockade; his very presence was terrifying to such lesser beings. The humans saw their chance and took it, bursting from the enclosure and snatching up their weapons.

Sythya felt grudging respect for the humans. They did not flee, recognizing the futility of any attempt to escape. They stood their ground, weapons ready.

Sythya and the other beast mistresses needed no urging. They drew their claymores and charged, pushing their shredders to do the same. The moments that followed were a wild blur of steel and blood, where she could



hardly tell the difference between her mind and the shredder's. Again and again she felt its fangs and talons tear into a body, just as it must have felt the solid shock of her claymore as it clove through armor and flesh.

When it was over Sythya stood with Kyra and Lyssan, virtually unscathed amid the savaged corpses of the fourteen humans.

Thagrosh moved to stand before them, regarding Sythya and the other beast mistresses with a cold stare. "They fight well," he said. "I will take them south with me."

Sythya felt her pulse quicken at Thagrosh's words. She had been chosen to follow the Prophet. There were no words that could adequately express her joy.

"You may have these two," Vayl said, motioning to Kyra and Lyssan. Thagrosh's eyes narrowed. Vayl inclined her head slightly and added, "with your permission,

Sythya shall remain with me."

The elation she had felt seconds earlier evaporated, and Sythya was nearly overcome with despair. She held her composure, however. To show displeasure at Vayl's decision was to invite disaster.

"Why this one?" Thagrosh asked, irritation adding an edge to his voice.

"Those two can lead your beasts well enough," Vayl said to Thagrosh. She then turned to face Sythya. There was a slight smile playing at the corners of Vayl's thin lips, and Sythya suddenly felt the overwhelming presence of Everblight. "With additional . . . instruction, this one may prove worthy of greater things."

"Very well," Thagrosh agreed with a dismissive wave as he began to leave. "Send others as you find them."

TEN-YEAR REUNION



BY DAVID "DC" CARL, LYLE LOWERY, WILL SHICK, AND JASON SOLES • CHRONICLED BY AERYN RUDEL AND MICHAEL SANBEG
ART BY ANDREA UDERZO



Battle Reports have long been a favorite feature among readers of *No Quarter*. For this, our benchmark 50th issue of *No Quarter*, celebrating ten years of WARMACHINE, we knew we had to go far beyond the battles we've fought in the past. So, we rallied the teams for war and initiated a conflict to usher in the next fifty issues in our own inimitable style: a four-way bloodbath among the original WARMACHINE factions, mercilessly played out by some of Privateer Press' most hardcore combatants.

In the spirit of this historic WARMACHINE anniversary, we added a twist certain to bring back fond memories for our veteran players. For this Ten-Year Reunion Battle Report the players used only models available in the original *WARMACHINE: Prime*. While this certainly limited their lists, it did not reduce the glorious chaos that inevitably followed.

Scenario Rules

No matter the scenario, there was no doubt that getting these four players around a single WARMACHINE table would result in unprecedented destruction. To fuel the flames, the Ten-Year Reunion Battle Report features the Showdown scenario introduced below.

The Battlefield

Because there was sure to be an almost excessive amount of action in this epic free-for-all, our combatants chose to keep the terrain relatively sparse. A modest forest, a few linear obstacles, and a pair of hills along the sides comprised all of the terrain features. For the board itself, the simple yet dynamic two-piece crossroads gaming table detailed in *No Quarter* #45 served as a perfect field of carnage.

Showdown

Special Rules: Mark a zone (10" square) in accordance with the diagram below.

At the end of each player's turn, starting on the fourth player's second turn, a player earns Control Points (CP) as follows:

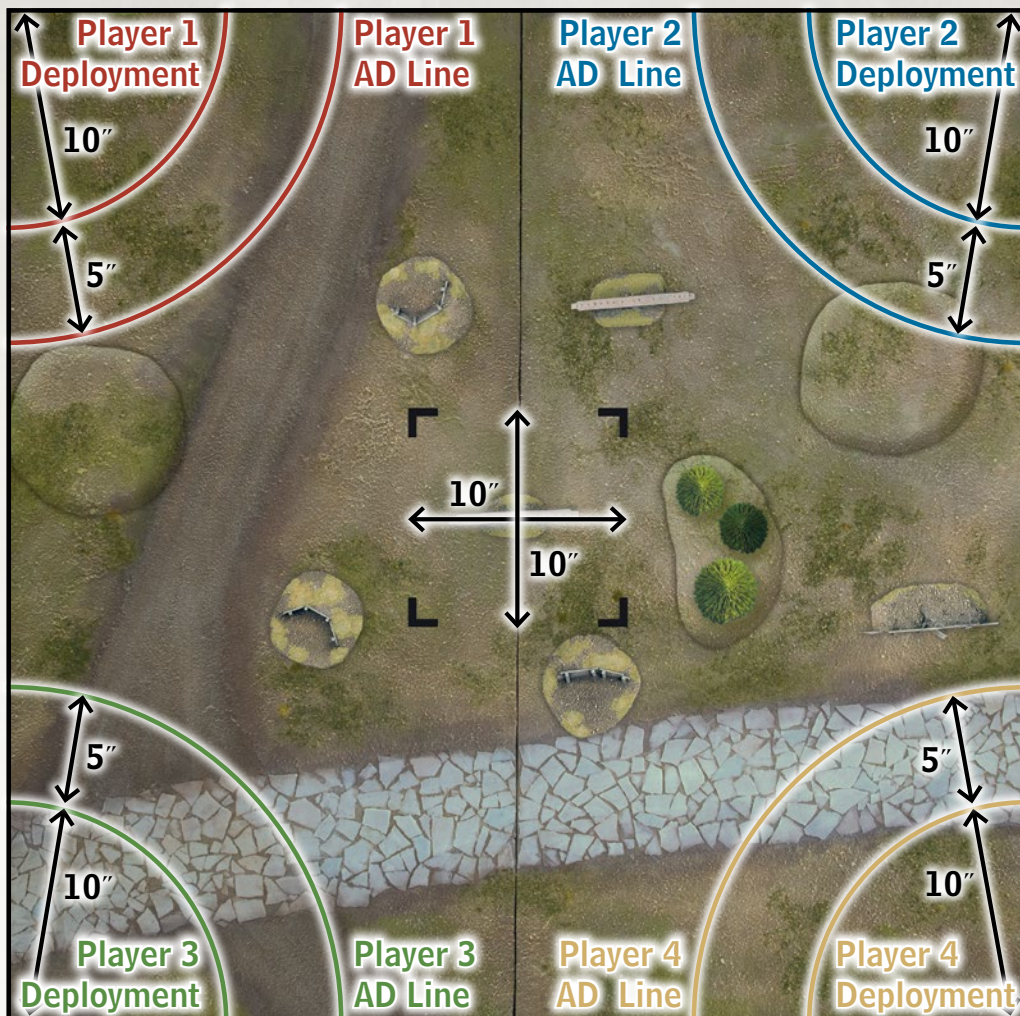
Zone: Control = 1 CP, Dominate = 2 CP

A player controls the zone if all models in the zone are friendly models, and a player dominates the zone if he controls the zone *and* his warcaster is in the zone. Ignore inert and fleeing models when determining who controls or dominates the zone.

If a player's warcaster is eliminated, that player still takes a turn as usual with his remaining forces. If a player's entire army is destroyed (or his only remaining forces are inert), that player is eliminated from the game entirely.

Victory Conditions

The first player to earn at least 5 Control Points immediately wins the game.



Protectorate of Menoth Army Construction - DC



I decided to start out my list in a way I thought none of my opponents would—with three heavy warjacks. Two Crusaders and a Vanquisher set me back just 20 points, leaving plenty of room for troops or even additional warjacks.

I next turned to what normally would have been the starting point: the warcaster. I like all three *WARMACHINE: Prime* Protectorate warcasters for different reasons. In the end, though, I decided to go with Grand Scrutator Severius. Divine Might is a good motivator for opposing warcasters to shy away from my army, and Eye of Menoth is a phenomenal support spell.

Due to the sturdy wall of blessed iron that started my army list, my next addition was a pair of minimum Choir of Menoth units. For just 1 extra point I almost always choose two minimum units rather than one maximum unit, allowing me to use two different Hymns during the same turn. It's often helpful to use Battle on just one or two warjacks while using one of the defensive Hymns on others, and it never hurts to have a few spare Choir members. With Eye of Menoth and Hymn of Battle in play, I also had to add a Redeemer to Severius' battleground.

Boostable blast damage at an effective POW 9 is amazing with ROF 3. The Redeemer is another great motivator to encourage my opponents to fight amongst themselves.

That left 11 points for troops, which was perfect. Deliverers are always tempting with Grand Scrutator Severius, but the Redeemer had my carpet-bombing covered. I added units of Knights Exemplar and Holy Zealots instead. Their Relic Blades and Fire Bombs would provide exceptional damage against the western heretics, northern oppressors, and shambling corpses across the table.

Model/Unit	Points
S Grand Scrutator Severius	+6 warjack pts
R Redeemer	6
C Crusader x2	6 each
V Vanquisher	8
CM Choir of Menoth (4) x2	2 each
Z Holy Zealots (10)	6
K Knights Exemplar (6)	5
Total	35



Cygnar Army Construction - Will



I'd been itching to play Caine ever since reading *The Way of Caine*, but what really sealed the deal for Cygnar's deadliest gun mage was the knowledge that I'd be facing three opponents. The idea of Caine moseying into the center of the table

and unleashing a deluge of Spellstorm shots into such a vulnerable crowd was too tempting to pass up. Further, Caine's spell list, sporting both Deadeye and Snipe, was perfect for the ranged game I planned to bring.

A unit of Arcane Tempest Gun Mages was my first choice, as their trio of Attack Types is fantastic when paired with Deadeye. Next came a full unit of Long Gunners, whose already impressive range would be amped up to an incredible 18" thanks to Snipe, hopefully assuring them two good shots each turn. Finally I chose a Defender to add its heavy barrel to my ranged arsenal.

Knowing I was a little light on armor-cracking potential, I went to my favorite Cygnar unit, the Stormblades. Two units would allow me to spread out as needed, depending on the situation at hand.

I rounded out my list with a Journeyman Warcaster, who could provide added defense with Arcane Shield and give me a boostable RNG 12, POW 12 hand cannon shot. Last, but certainly not least, I grabbed Eyriss, Mage Hunter of Ios as a perfect complement to my assassination-oriented game plan.

Model/Unit

Points

Model/Unit	Points
C Lieutenant Allister Caine	+6 warjack pts
D Defender	9
J Journeyman Warcaster	3
E Eiryss, Mage Hunter of Ios	3
GM Arcane Tempest Gun Mages	6
S Stormblade Infantry x2	5 each
L Long Gunner Infantry	10
Total	35



Cryx Army Construction - Jason



I have a long history with Cryx, though I haven't played with them much in recent years. For this issue's group battle, however, I knew the time had come to return to the Dragonfather's embrace.

To my mind, Cryx is perfect for free-for-all group games. Deneghra's armies move fast and thus are able to turn on a dime to capitalize on the fortunes and miseries of war. They are also deceptively hard-hitting and can paint targets to encourage one's opponents to do your dirty work. At least, this was my theory going in.

Witching Hour

Tier 3

Model/Unit

Points

•	Warwitch Deneghra	+5 warjack pts
R	Reaper	7
Dr	Defiler	0*
Nw	Nightwretch	4
Dr	Deathripper x3	4 each
Sk	Skarlock Thrall	2
M	Mechanithralls	5
ST	Bile Thralls	8
Nt ST	Necrotech & Scrap Thralls x2	1 each
	Total	35

*free with theme force



Khador Army Construction - Lyle



What's a Ten-Year Reunion without WARMACHINE's very first model, Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khador? It wouldn't be right to leave my original-sculpt Butcher on the sidelines for a battle like this, so I picked him for

the basis of my list. Since this scenario would be a free-for-all fight for the center of the table, I decided to make my list as durable as possible. Three heavy warjacks (much to DC's surprise) and a full unit of Man-O-War Shocktroopers formed the core of this immovable object, with Widowmakers and a pair of Manhunters to pick off priority targets and targets of opportunity. My list is slow, but I've got armor all day. My three warjacks each sport 34 boxes at ARM 20, and as long as my Shocktroopers are

in Shield Wall they're at an even tougher ARM 21. I'd just have to keep giving them the Shield Wall order. I wasn't interested in getting to the zone first—I was interested in being the last one standing.

Heart of Darkness		Tier 1
Model/Unit		Points
B Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khador	+6 warjack pts	
J Juggernaut		7
D Destroyer x2		9 each
S Man-O-War Shocktroopers		8*
M Manhunter x2		2 each
W Widowmakers		4
Total		35

*discount from theme force



Deployment

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

I ended up with last choice for deployment/turn order yet still managed to get the first turn. I couldn't blame my opponents for wanting to react to other players' choices. With no information to assess besides the terrain itself, I deployed near the woods. With just a 10" quarter-circle for deployment I set up in a big clump faced toward the zone. My SPD 4 warjacks comprised the center of the clump with the rest of the army arrayed beside and behind them.

Cygnar – Will

Coming in with the third pick of turn choice, I found myself going second. I nabbed the corner opposite DC's zone, thinking the forest would provide a perfect buffer for Caine to teleport behind after unleashing a salvo of Spellstorm shots as well as a great place for Eyriss to strike from. I put the Long Gunners facing the hill with my Stormblades flanking Caine and the Journeyman and Defender in the center. The Gun Mages set up on the right flank opposite the Khadoran zone.

Cryx – Jason

All I really wanted was to start as far away from Will's guns as possible. My +1 to the starting roll helped a little, and I deployed in a good position between Lyle and DC. With a force as quick and reactive as this, my only real concern was trying to fit my models into the deployment zone while maintaining unit coherency.

Khador – Lyle

I won the deployment roll and elected to go last. My corner ended up between Jason's Cryx and Will's Cygnar and across from DC's Protectorate. I deployed the Butcher and his warjacks to face the center of the board with my Shocktroopers clumped to the left.

Advanced Deployment

Cygnar – Will

My goal was to hide Eyriss in the woods as quickly as possible, so I deployed her with that in mind.

Khador – Lyle

Conveniently, there was a hill between the Cryxian army and mine. I deployed my Widowmakers as close to the hill as I could with the Manhunters in advanced positions along the flanks.



Round 1

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

My first turn was dedicated to casting upkeep spells and getting into position for subsequent turns. My Redeemer, Vanquisher, and gold-based Crusader ran forward. My silver-based Crusader advanced slightly behind them. The Choirs of Menoth advanced, and each used the Hymn of Passage on a pair of warjacks for immunity to targeting from non-magical ranged attacks.

Severius activated next. He advanced, put up Eye of Menoth for its +1 bonus to *all* attack and damage rolls, and cast Defender's Ward on the Knights Exemplar for +2 DEF and ARM. The Knights Exemplar ran to a position where fewer of them were within the Long Gunners' line of fire. The Holy Zealots used Warding and also ran.

Cygnar – Will

Caine allocated 1 focus to the Defender and kept the rest. The first order of business was to get my first unit of Stormblades (known henceforth as Alpha) on the left, out of Caine's path. They activated and ran toward the zone, doing their best to use the forest to block DC's line of sight. Caine activated next and cast Snipe on the Long Gunners to give them a healthy 18" range. I figured if I couldn't shoot his 'jacks I'd just eliminate the Choir first, which was fine by me. Caine then advanced and cast Blur on himself.

The Defender ran up behind the wall, followed by the second unit of Stormblades (known as Bravo) on the right, who ran to create a line of defense against Lyle should he decide to come my way. The Journeyman advanced toward the wall and cast Arcane Shield on Bravo squad, making them all but immune to blast damage from Lyle's bombardrs. Eyriss ran into the safety of the forest, and the Long Gunners ran toward the hill, hopefully to be in position to fire into DC's back ranks or at least reposition to cover the scoring zone in the center.

Cryx – Jason

My first turn was fairly noncommittal. I threw DC and Lyle each a little heat while moving into position around the table. My goal was to push back on DC to keep him from being able to strike into my flank while still maintaining the threat of action against anything moving to the middle of table. I intended to send just enough against Lyle to get him to shift Will's way instead of committing to me.

Khador – Lyle

Let them charge into the middle and beat each other to pulp; my armor would slowly roll in and mop them up. With that in mind, there was no need to hurry. I kept all of my focus on the Butcher.

No need to run. Always Shield Wall. The Shocktroopers advanced in a tight formation, and the trio of warjacks advanced as well.

The Butcher advanced and cast Iron Flesh on the Widowmakers. Between Iron Flesh and the bonus from the hill, the Widowmakers had an impressive DEF 19 against the Cryxian forces below them.

The Widowmakers advanced onto the hill and fired on the Night Wretch bearing down on them. Three well-placed shots crippled its arc node. Not a bad start.

To wrap up my turn, both Manhunters ran into position, waiting for a chance to strike.



Cygnar – Will

I started my turn by upkeeping Snipe with Caine and Arcane Shield with the Journeyman. Caine then allocated 2 focus to the Defender and kept 3 for himself.

I couldn't shoot DC's 'jacks, but I could shoot his Choir. The Long Gunners advanced and opened fire on the unit of silver Choir. A few CRAs saw two of them laid low, but, sadly, they passed their command check and didn't flee.

Given how conservative Lyle had been on his first turn I decided to make a play for some early Control Points and ran Stormblade Alpha so one member was in the zone. Stormblade Bravo also ran, and I was able to get a single model into melee with Lyle's Manhunter. Now he'd have to deal with that solitary Stormblade or risk a very likely death from the ensuing free strike.

My Defender advanced next and, being denied the ability to target DC's Crusaders (I really hate those choirboys), instead unloaded on one of Lyle's Shocktroopers. The shot dealt a respectable 6 damage.

My Gun Mages ran into position for next turn, knowing that Sniped POW 10 magelock shots would do next to nothing against the Shield Walled Shocktroopers.

Not wanting to expose Eyriss yet, I used Phantom Seeker to kill an Exemplar while keeping her safely hidden within the forest. Caine then advanced while the Journeyman ran, both to take cover behind the wall.

Cryx – Jason

My attempts to play off Lyle's psychology did not work out too well. Not only did he not fall back to focus on Will, his Widowmakers took the hill, reinforced by a Manhunter and an incoming Destroyer. I wasn't too worried about the loss of the arc node on my Nightwretch; group games are largely about attrition, and I had the only mechaniks in play.

I decided to play things conservatively. I ran a Deathripper onto the hill and poured some boosted Venom through it. I hoped to catch a Widowmaker or two and possibly the Manhunter. Unfortunately, all my focus bought me was a single Widowmaker.

Unhappy with the results, I rolled my Nightwretch back to my Necrotechs and brought up the Reaper. One of the Necrotechs passed its skill roll and got my arc node back online.

By now I really wanted to move on DC, but I couldn't commit while Lyle held that hill. The next turn was going to be very important, and I was prepared to lose a Deathripper. With that in mind, I brought up some reserve elements and sent the Mechanithralls screaming into DC's Zealots. They killed two on charges, taking single swings to compensate for their low MAT.



Round 2



Khador – Lyle

Cryx was bringing the fight to me, so my plan to slowly head to the center clearly wasn't going to work. I had Bile Thralls bearing down on me and a Deathripper in the midst of my Widowmakers. Iron Flesh wasn't going to save the Widowmakers, and the Butcher needed it more at this point, so I chose not to upkeep the spell. I allocated 1 focus to the Juggernaut and 1 to Destroyer B.

My Manhunter nearest the zone was engaged by a Stormblade, but I had other plans for him and knew he couldn't afford to be tied down. Looking at Will's single Stormblade in the zone, I knew that if the Manhunter were to charge him I'd pick up an easy Control Point in a game where they would not come easily. Gauging the distance by measuring the Butcher's control area, I determined that my Shocktroopers would be able to successfully charge the impeding Cygnaran—except I was wrong. The Shocktroopers, upon receiving the charge order, found themselves unable to reach the Stormblade that pinned down my Manhunter. I couldn't believe it! I checked my control area! I was certain!

Then I remembered what I had told myself going into the game: always Shield Wall. Now the fearless soldiers, once safe behind their heavy wall of iron, were running across the field with shields at their sides, begging to be punished.

Always Shield Wall!

Flummoxed by the failed charge, I did my best to salvage the turn. After the Juggernaut ran toward the zone, my Manhunter near the Widowmakers charged the Deathripper that had made its way onto the hill. Unfortunately the charge attack missed, and while the second attack landed the Manhunter's axe barely penetrated the Deathripper's armor to deliver only 2 damage.

The incoming Bile Thralls were getting dangerously close to Purge range, but the Widowmakers were up to the task of taking out the three closest threats.

Behind the Widowmakers, Destroyer B advanced and fired on the withdrawing Nightwretch with a boosted shot and boxcars to obliterate the bonejack. Caught in the blast, the two adjacent Necrotechs took a point of damage each.

Will's Defender looked like an easy target for Destroyer A, so after striding toward the middle of the battlefield it launched a bombard shot at the enemy warjack, but the Defender only took 1 point of damage.

Now it was up to the Butcher to succeed where the Shocktroopers had failed. The Butcher advanced and fired a boosted blunderbuss shot into the melee standoff between the Manhunter and the Stormblade. My opponents thought it reckless bravado, but I just thought, "What would the Butcher do?" Even if he missed and killed the Manhunter it would be no less dignified than being cut down by a free strike, and having the melee drag out was of no use. Fortunately the Butcher's blunderbuss dropped the Cygnaran like a sack of potatoes, the boosted damage roll shredding Will's hapless soldier. The Butcher cast Iron Flesh on himself for some measure of protection from retaliation while the unencumbered Manhunter charged into the control zone, easily cutting down the lone Stormblade in the zone.

The first Control Point was mine.

Round 3

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

Not bad, not bad. My casualties had been pretty minimal the previous round and I was in good position for some payback. I upkept all three spells (Defender's Ward, Eye of Menoth, and Vision), allocated 2 focus to the Redeemer, and allocated 1 focus to each heavy warjack.

The Vanquisher activated first, boosted its attack roll, and consumed a trio of Long Gunners in a ball of flame. After the silver Choir gave the Redeemer Hymn of Battle, it aimed and launched a full three-shot volley of Skyhammer rockets. When the smoke cleared, a pair of Stormblades and a Bile Thrall had fallen.

The Holy Zealots used Fervor and their fire bombs to immolate four Mechanithralls. Everything else in the army ran, allowing several models to enter the zone.

Cygnar – Will

All right. Fate had given me a pretty big break with the Man-O-War's failed charge. Though I had wanted to work with Lyle against our opponents, I couldn't just give him a pass. Plus, with some extremely amazing marksmanship from the Butcher he'd managed to rob me of the first Control Point!

The Journeyman upkept Arcane Shield on Stormblade Bravo while Caine dropped Snipe on the Long Gunners, allocating 2 focus to the Defender and keeping 4 for himself.

I started my turn with a bang as Stormblade Bravo charged into the Shocktroopers, who were now bereft of Shield Wall. In a flurry of storm glaive strikes, four of the five Shocktroopers were struck down—not a bad start.

Next up, Stormblade Alpha charged into the zone, with one model charging a Knight Exemplar and another two charging the Manhunter who had denied me my Control Point last round. Thanks to a CMA, the Manhunter and the Knight Exemplar were both destroyed.

Looking at Eyriss, I was faced with a difficult choice. Despite his best efforts, DC had left Severius in a spot where I had a good chance of hitting him with a Disruptor bolt. I was in no position to capitalize on it, however, and doing so would guarantee Eyriss' death. Jason was quick to point out that such a move would strip DC's upkeep next round. While tempting, I decided I'd rather keep the Mage Hunter card in my pocket for later and instead fired a Disruptor bolt at DC's Vanquisher, which hit but did no damage. Now it was time for the important part of my



denial strategy. Caine advanced to bring the Vanquisher in LOS and cast Thunder Strike. The attack hit, but my roll for the slam movement was subpar, knocking the 'jack only 2" away and leaving my troops within range of its flame belcher. Further, the attack did no damage and Caine's ensuing magelocks failed to so much as scratch the heavy 'jack.

The Long Gunners followed Caine, with three of the seven moving to bring the Vanquisher into range. The first seven-man CRA hit for a total of 6 damage on the knocked-down 'jack. The second, only benefiting from a four-man CRA, dealt 3 damage. The Gun Mages stepped up next and fired at an array of targets, but thanks to Defender's Ward on the Knights Exemplar the only net effect was to knock one of them back 1".

Next up, my Journeyman advanced and boosted his hand cannon shot against the last Shocktrooper. Though the attack hit, the boosted damage roll was 1 off from killing the Khadoran. Last, I had the Defender fire its heavy barrel at one of the remaining Knights Exemplar. Despite a boosted POW 15 damage roll I was unable to crack the Knight's increasingly impressive ARM.

Round 3

Cryx – Jason

By now Khador was looking like a mad dog, lashing out on all sides. Lyle's initial conservatism had given way to some serious aggression, but it was not paying off.

There were some sudden reversals I had not foreseen. The Deathripper I had been prepared to lose was merely scratched, and the Nightwretch that seemed to be on the road to recovery had been blown apart by Lyle's Destroyer.

With DC moving into the center of the table, shielded by a forest and having obliterated many of the Long Gunners, I really wanted to shift my attentions to him. I felt like Severius had gotten off light, not drawing fire from Eiryss, but I still needed Lyle off that hill. It was time for some overwhelming firepower. Unlike my opponents I had not yet committed to any flank, so hitting back hard was a relatively simple matter.

I allocated 1 focus to the forward Deathripper and 3 to the Reaper. I then brought up my Bile Thralls. I Purged one and took out two of the remaining Widowmakers, causing the third to flee. I also put some damage on the Manhunter but failed to kill him. My facing kept my Deathripper safe. A second Bile Thrall Purged in the direction of the Zealots, but I was a bit too far off and hit nothing.

Next, I sent my Mechanithralls further into the Zealots, killing three more. In lieu of actually being able to move on DC, I at least hoped to keep him from moving against my flank while I dealt with Lyle.

I shifted over the forward Deathripper, which brought down the Manhunter with a boosted snap of its jaws. With the Deathripper no longer engaged I activated Deneghra and channeled Crippling Grasp through the bonejack onto the Destroyer. Then I activated the Reaper, Harpooned and Dragged the Destroyer, and went to town. The Helldriller savaged but didn't quite destroy it, but its axe and movement were crippled, and I'd yanked it out of the Butcher's control range. All in all, Lyle's flank had completely disintegrated with little cost to myself.

I repositioned my remaining models, and one of my Necrotechs created a single Scrap Thrall from the remains of the Nightwretch.

Khador – Lyle

I spent much of the round trying to get Cryx and Cygnar to focus on the Protectorate, but instead I watched my army get slaughtered on both flanks. The Widowmakers and Manhunters did not die in vain, but the Shocktroopers' lives were utterly wasted. Empress Vanar would not be pleased.

A Juggernaut, a Destroyer, and the Butcher still made for a formidable threat. To be threatening, though, they had to get into the zone and start swinging those axes. I upkept Iron Flesh on the Butcher and gave 1 focus to the Juggernaut.

The sole surviving Shocktrooper cut down one of the Stormblades that had killed his comrades while Destroyer A casually swatted another. The Butcher and his Juggernaut ran to the edge of the control zone. The last Widowmaker, fleeing after seeing her unit killed by a Bile Thrall, ran to a new position and gathered her wits, successfully rallying.



Round 4



Protectorate of Menoth – DC

Well, Will certainly made my Vanquisher focus allocation easy. Knockdown plus Disruption is very strong, but it didn't mean my Vanquisher would have nothing to do. I upkept Defender's Ward and Eye of Menoth, allocated 2 focus to the Redeemer, and kept 4 focus on Severius.

To start out, the gold Choir gave the Redeemer and the Vanquisher, the Battle Hymn. The Vanquisher stood up and fired at the Long Gunner grunt between Caine and Eiryss; with Hymn and Eye of Menoth, odds were good for a hit that would make a huge difference. Unfortunately, my dice didn't see it that way, and the shot went wide. It did catch the Long Gunner, Caine, and a Gun Mage, but the Mage Hunter lived to fight another day. The Redeemer advanced and thinned out the Bile Thrall ranks a bit.

The Knights Exemplar then received a charge order but had a poor showing, killing just a single Stormblade. Severius advanced into the concealment of the woods and used his feat, Divine Might, catching both the Butcher and Caine and preventing all those bonejacks from channeling within 16".

The silver Choir advanced, smacked a Mechanithrall with a holy stick, and sang Shielding on both Crusaders. One Crusader advanced before the Holy Zealots killed off three more Mechanithralls in their ongoing battle with the dead. The other Crusader advanced into the woods in front of Severius in a vain attempt to block Caine's and Eiryss' easiest angles at Severius.

Cygnar – Will

Things started off poorly as Caine took 5 damage from the fire blazing about him. He also got no focus this turn thanks to Severius' feat, so the Defender was on its own. The only saving grace was that my Journeyman had been outside Severius' feat range and so would still get focus. I let Arcane Shield drop on the Stormblade Bravo, as I knew it would be Caine's only chance to survive the next round's fire.

Even though I had no focus this turn, DC had left Severius in the best position yet for me to make a possible assassination run. All I needed to do was strip that pesky 4 focus off him and go for broke. This was the moment Eyriss had been waiting for. Confidently, she advanced, drew LOS on the aged Grand Scrutator, raised her crossbow, and fired—right into her own foot. Snake eyes! I wish I could tell you DC didn't gloat about my unfortunate roll, but I can't.

So with my first plan lost to the wind I figured the best I could do was try to stay alive. Stormblade Alpha activated and killed a Knight Exemplar with a CMA while Caine advanced behind the wall near the forest and picked off another Knight with his Spellstorm pistols. The Long Gunners continued to plink away at the Vanquisher, dealing another 4 points of damage with two more CRAs.

The star of the turn was my Journeyman, who managed to finish off the Shocktrooper he had wounded last round with another boosted hand cannon shot before casting Arcane Shield on Caine, giving him a critical ARM boost against the fire threatening to consume him.

Stormblade Bravo charged Lyle's Destroyer, dealing a total of 7 damage. A single Gun Mage used his Thunderbolt rune shot to knock the Juggernaut back 3" while the rest of his unit missed entirely. The Defender managed to eliminate the Knight that had laughed off his shot the previous round.

Round 4

Cryx – Jason

And Eiryss failed me again. I was salivating at the thought of Severius losing his focus for the round followed by Deneghra using her feat, allowing me to move my Defiler to spray Venom over the old warcaster (aimed at another model, obviously, to circumvent Spell Ward). At least, that was what I was thinking during Will's and DC's turns. Eiryss choking and Severius' feat restricting my arc nodes forced me to improvise.

I paid to upkeep Crippling Grasp on the ravaged Destroyer and allocated 2 focus to the Defiler. The greatest threat remaining to my force was DC's Redeemer with its notoriously unpredictable firepower. With my thrall units now suffering the effects of attrition, that warjack was clearly Enemy #1.

The Defiler moved up and sprayed. A couple of boosts scored me a dead choirboy and 5 points of damage to the Redeemer. That and Corrosion were sure to get its attention.

Foreseeing the inevitable, my Reaper advanced and continued to wail on the Destroyer. Irritated it was still standing, I charged the Destroyer with a Necrotech who scored the 2 points needed to wreck it.

I rolled the still slightly damaged Deathripper back a little to a spot where my remaining Necrotech could fail to repair it.

Deneghra then activated and channeled Crippling Grasp onto Lyle's Juggernaut, partially out of sheer meanness and partially because I wanted to keep him focused on Will.

I charged the Mechanithralls again and brought down another Holy Zealot, then moved up the rest of my army.



Khador – Lyle

Thanks to Severius' feat, Will and I were both in a bad spot. At various points we had flirted with an alliance (when he wasn't slaughtering my Shocktroopers), but now it was clearer than ever that our best hope of challenging DC and Jason for the win would be to work together. For the first time in this game, we would openly cooperate for mutual survival.

Stripped of focus thanks to Severius, the Butcher lost Iron Flesh. This left him disturbingly vulnerable. So, working with Will, the Butcher ran behind the Defender. The Butcher's path took him past a few Gun Mages, but they did not attempt to free strike. Likewise, though he could have charged, the Butcher did not attack the Defender.

My Destroyer walked away from the Stormblades it had previously been engaging (Will again declined to free strike) and fired at a Necrotech, but the shot missed. My Juggernaut, slowed by Crippling Grasp, struggled to move toward the zone again.

My last Widowmaker was being threatened by a Scrap Thrall, but the bigger threat to the Cygnar/Khador cooperative was the last of the Knights Exemplar, behind a wall, protected by Defender's Ward, and now bolstered with +5 STR and ARM. My Widowmaker would need an 11 to hit, but thanks to Sniper any hit would kill, rendering that +5 ARM useless. I decided to go for the Hail Mary (with Will's enthusiastic encouragement, of course) and took the tricky shot. Luckily the shot found its mark, and the Exemplar fell. There is no armor that can save you from a bullet in the eye.

Round 5

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

This was definitely a good news/bad news situation. Eiryss failed to shoot Severius (after the Vanquisher failed to barbecue Eiryss), but Cygnar and Khador had forged an uneasy alliance and a Widowmaker had just made a perfect headshot on my DEF 18, ARM 22 Knight. I upkept Eye of Menoth, the Redeemer took 1 Corrosion damage, and I passed out 5 focus points to the battlegroup.

The gold Choir Battle Hymned the ranged warjacks, allowing the Vanquisher to burn three Long Gunners to ash after a boosted attack roll and allowing the Redeemer to blow away a Stormblade, a Gun Mage, and hit Eiryss. With only 3 off the roll, I boosted damage on the irritating elf just to make sure. 1, 1, 3. Groan.

The Zealots continued their Fervored fire bombing to dispatch a couple more Mechanithralls and damage the Defiler. Severius cast Defender's Ward on the silver Crusader and moved a bit further into the forest. The gold Crusader then advanced out of the zone. The silver Choir put Shielding on both Crusaders before the silver Crusader also advanced out of the zone and smashed Eiryss to paste with a boosted roll from the Inferno Mace.

Then, Will claimed his first Control Point. Though allowing this would have been a boneheaded move in a one-on-one game, I knew it would increase tension between Will and Jason, one of whom wanted to feat/spell assassinate me while the other wanted to fill me with Spellstorm rounds. Secondarily, I thought it might create some friction in the Cygnar/Khador alliance.

Cygnar – Will

As I'd expected, my turn began with Caine still burning from Menoth's holy fire. Thanks to Arcane Shield and a lackluster roll by DC, however, Caine emerged unscathed this round. I allocated 3 focus to the Defender and had the Journeyman upkeep Arcane Shield, as I would definitely need it again next round.

As I started my turn, I hoped to open a gap in DC's forces that Lyle could drive the Butcher into. Regardless of what anyone says, I really did intend to keep the alliance...for at least a round.

My Gun Mages advanced, leaving melee with the Butcher (who elected not to take free strikes against them). One took out the Scrap Thrall threatening Lyle's Destroyer while the other three managed to knock down DC's closest Crusader, push back the other with some well-placed Thunderbolt shots, and then kill another silver Choir member. I was just about to activate the Defender and start dealing some damage to DC's knocked down 'jack...then I looked closer at the table.

I realized then if I didn't hit the Butcher this turn, Lyle would be in a perfect position to introduce Lola to Caine's smoldering face. And if there's one thing I've learned about Lyle it's that he's as shifty as a Louisiana Cottonmouth.

As I asked Lyle once more for his assurance that he wasn't going to betray me, my opponents took the opportunity to disparage his trustworthiness with every word. In the end, while I knew many would damn me for it, I plunged the knife into his back before he could drive it into mine.



Round 5

Cygnar – Will (Continued)

The Defender, still loaded with focus, turned and unleashed a torrent of blows on the Butcher—of which two hit for only 7 points of damage total. Things were off to a rocky start, but I had plenty of army to go. The Journeyman activated next and swung on the Butcher but failed to hit even with a boosted roll.

Next up was Caine. Though the Butcher was in melee, Caine was in his back arc and aiming. The first shot hit and dealt a hearty 7 damage. The second shot also hit and put another 4 damage on the Butcher, leaving him barely alive. But a barely alive Butcher is still a very serious threat. I had 1 focus left and could have bought an additional shot, but I would have needed an 8 to kill him. No, I needed three dice to be sure. So, with a cringe, I called out that I was using Caine's feat Maelstrom. Thankfully, the shot rang true and dealt more than enough damage to finish off the bloody Kommander.

To compound my treachery I had Stormblade Bravo charge Lyle's sole remaining Widowmaker, finishing him off with a three-man CMA and taking Khador out of the game.

I ended the turn by running the Long Gunners behind DC's lines and charging the last Stormblade into DC's knocked-down Crusader to deal 3 points of damage to it. I scored another Control Point, along with Lyle's undying ire.

Cryx – Jason

I will start off with a moment of silence for Lyle "Cautionary Tale" Lowery. Honestly, I think I most of all wanted their little alliance to succeed, but what are you going to do?

I started my turn off by allocating 1 focus to the Defiler and letting Crippling Grasp expire on Lyle's inert Juggernaut.

I advanced a Deathripper into the zone. I then advanced a Bile Thrall and failed to Purge anything again. I activated Deneghra, who advanced and channeled Crippling Grasp through the Defiler onto the Redeemer. She then channeled Venom through the Deathripper in the zone into the face of a Gun Mage who shortly thereafter died an ugly death.

The Defiler opened up on the crippled Redeemer, taking out its movement system and Skyhammer. Target neutralized.

One of my Necrotechs then succeeded in taking the Manhunter's 2 points of damage off my Deathripper. The other created four fresh Scrap Thralls out of Lyle's Destroyer wreck. The rest of my army moved up.



Round 6

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

While my opponents were losing warjacks and troops like crazy, I still had three fully functioning heavies with enough Choir of Menoth to keep them at peak efficiency. Deneghra was creeping ever closer, however, and I knew Jason could draw Venom lines despite Severius' Sacred Ward, even if it required him to sacrifice one of his own bonejacks as a target to do so. I also knew Caine could kill Severius easily if given half a chance.

So, rather than loading up a Crusader and smashing into Will's Defender with effectively P+S 21 inferno mace hits, I decided to simply kill the nearest Cygnarans, continue leaving the zone to the Cygnar/Cryx battle, and offer the Cygnarans an olive branch by focusing on the Cryxians as much as the board allowed. Not that I exactly trusted Will, but I did hand him some Control Points in the previous round, and I knew there was no way I could trust Jason.

So, the actual turn: the Redeemer took a point of damage from Corrosion, the silver Crusader threw the Stormblade out of the way to splatter him on the Defender's hull, and Severius advanced as far from Deneghra as possible. He attempted to Convert a Long Gunner to faith in Menoth, but the rifleman passed his command check, so Severius used Ashes to Ashes to immolate the Long Gunners instead.

The Choirs used Shielding on all the warjacks and the Holy Zealots fire bombed the bonejacks, reducing the Defiler to scrap and damaging the Deathripper. Cryx then scored a Control Point, further encouraging Will to deal with Jason's forces instead of my own. The remaining 'jacks advanced or ran.

Cryx – Jason

Up to this point I had just felt like a circling vulture, but now was the time to decisively enter the game. I did enjoy the talk-through as phrases like "alliance" and "king maker" got bandied about the table—as if Cryx cares for the shallow promises and petty ambitions of mortal men.

DC's fear of my feat had pushed him into range of Will's guns, and now all that was left was Caine's inevitable destruction.

I allocated 1 focus to a Deathripper and 1 focus to the Reaper.

The Deathripper slammed Lyle's inert Juggernaut through a Gun Mage, killing him in the process. My Skarlock then advanced and cast Ghost Walk on Deneghra, who charged the inert Juggernaut, and though she succeeded in the charge she did not quite reach the zone as I had hoped. She then used her feat, unfortunately missing Caine but affecting virtually the entire Cygnaran army.

Cygnar – Will

It's as if my fellow staffers want to make me out to be untrustworthy, like I'm Privateer's viper in the grass. Regardless of what DC claims, however, *you can't have an alliance with someone if you don't actually tell them you want an alliance!*

Severius was hanging out in the wind. It was a weird move by DC. I told him as much. He said nothing except that his plan had gone a little askew. I then responded that I had to take the shot.

Caine advanced. Unlike when I'd faced down the Butcher last round, this time I was confident of my chances—so I should have known to be nervous. My first shot missed. My second shot missed. I bought a third attack and boosted, and thank Morrow it hit. I boosted damage, and Severius was more than half dead. I bought a last attack. I boosted. It hit. I boosted the damage roll. The dice hit the table, and DC sighed.

Caine racked up his second caster kill.

I followed up by moving my Defender into the zone, but missed the attack on the Deathripper contesting it. My Gun Mages went next, and a lucky Thunderbolt critted the Deathripper, knocking it down and pushing it out of the zone. Two follow-up shots laid a healthy 14 damage on the wretched machine, taking out its movement and arc node. My Journeyman, fast on his way to a full promotion, advanced and finished it with a boosted hand cannon shot. Finally, Stormblade Bravo ran to take up a new position, and I scored another CP, leaving me 2 to go for the win.



A Bile Thrall advanced and Purged on a Zealot, because... why not?

I then ran a Deathripper, the Reaper, and the Necrotech into the zone. The rest of my army moved up.



Round 7

Protectorate of Menoth - DC

Yeah, I figured Severius would be too tempting to pass up. I fully admit the right play for the long game would have been to just hoard focus and sit on ARM 22.

Some remaining choirboys and Holy Zealots ran to get popcorn and good seats in the bleachers. No one received a Control Point.

Cygnar - Will

It was a long shot, but I had one chance to win on CPs this round, and it was a chance I was going to take. I just needed to kill the Deathripper engaged with the Journeyman. And to do that I needed one lucky shot to cripple its movement. But given Jason's greater strength I knew I couldn't outlast him. It was time: win or die.

The Journeyman let Arcane Shield go. Caine gave 3 focus to the Defender. The Journeyman activated and moved out of the Defender's way. His single boosted sword attack hit and managed to cause 2 damage. The Defender then advanced into melee with the Deathripper and hit with a boosted attack roll. I was rolling straight dice for damage thanks to Deneghra's feat, needing 10 points on column 4. I rolled a 6 for column and 8 for damage. Both Lyle and DC groaned. Jason simply grinned.

I did what I could with Caine, but the Deathripper's effective DEF 19 was too much even for him, so with my last 2 focus I Teleported behind the forest. I knew Jason had me, but I was at least going to make him work for it.



Cryx - Jason

I allocated 1 focus point to the Deathripper. The Skarlok advanced and cast Ghost Walk on the Deathripper, who ran into position for a clear line on Caine. Deneghra arced Scourge through the Deathripper and into Caine. I boosted, hit, then boosted for 12 damage to Caine, and the battlefield was ready to be picked clean of its dead.

Conclusion

Khador – Lyle

Betrayed! I knew it was expecting too much of Will to pass on an easy kill. The silver-tongued serpent's stream of subterfuge scored him a simple assassination, but really I have only myself to blame. I should have committed my forces a lot sooner instead of allowing them to get picked apart on two fronts. And, worst of all, I completely wasted my Man-O-War Shocktroopers. Always Shield Wall, I told myself — but I didn't, and my commitment of those troops and a Manhunter toward that first Control Point was not worthwhile at all. At least I didn't get assassinated because I left my warcaster out in the open with some misguided hope for mercy from the likes of a proven opportunist like Will Shick. That was DC.

This scenario was a lot of fun, though, precisely because of all the desperate negotiations and shady side deals. I enjoyed the game immensely, and next time I'll know who to trust: no one!

Cygnar – Will

There are two things I will remember most about this game: knowingly betraying Lyle, and unknowingly betraying DC.

Though no one will ever believe me, I never expected to stab (or hammer, stab, and then shoot, as the case may be) Lyle in the back. But the funny thing about four-player free-for-all is that no matter how many times you hear someone say they won't screw you over, there's a far more powerful voice screaming in your head that you don't want to be the first player knocked out of the game for trusting someone who calls himself the "Chinese Bandit." I mean, really, the writing was on the wall. No matter how unclear it made me feel, the Butcher had to go.

Of course, the second memory will stick with me as it represents almost the exact opposite of the Lyle betrayal in every way. Once again, I expect that no one will believe me, but I had no idea DC wanted to ally against Cryx. Sure, we had talked and joked about it beforehand, but he never said anything about it at the table—and honestly, why wouldn't he say something? It's not like this was tense Cold War Era backseat politics where secrecy and appearances must be maintained at all costs. What was Jason going to do, continue to try and kill us like he had been doing since the start of the game? Instead, with a nonexistent nod and a wink, DC left Servius in a position where I simply had to have Caine fill him with lead—steaming hot, magical lead.

Protectorate of Menoth – DC

Will makes a fair point. I should have made my proposed deal much clearer at the table. That way, I could have looked like more of a chump when I got shot to death—like Lyle. I know I expected too much from subtle clues like not wrecking Will's only heavy warjack, but in my defense, we're often very keenly in tune, and I have a fairly accurate read on where he stands on things. I also knew my read on Jason was correct—that he was going to kill my warcaster if given half a chance and had placed Severius as a higher priority target than Caine. I was caught between the proverbial rock and a hard place, and I didn't want to simply hoard focus for armor while my army got whittled away.

This game was definitely very different than our usual *No Quarter* battle reports, and I wasn't too surprised to see warcasters who are capable of performing repeatable assassination runs rule the day. It's always an interesting change of pace when players try out a new format, league, or theme force. <shameless plug> Speaking of a change of pace, just wait until you get a load of this *No Quarter's* "In Battle Forged" scenario. It is certainly one of the more daunting scenarios I've been involved with, but I think folks will really enjoy it. </shameless plug>

Cryx – Jason

All hail the Dragonfather.

CRYX WINS!



IN BATTLE FORGED

COMMEMORATING TEN YEARS OF WARMACHINE



The game of WARMACHINE has always been deeply intertwined with the sweeping storyline told in the pages of its expansion books. Throughout the years, we have seen western Immoren become embroiled in all-out warfare as the various nations of the Iron Kingdoms seek to achieve their own ends through force of arms. Heroes and villains have risen and fallen, attained glory, and found redemption in their darkest hours. As the story of WARMACHINE has evolved, so have the models used on the tabletop. The relationship between narrative and development has been a pillar of WARMACHINE since it was first conceived, evidenced by models from epic warcasters to terrifying new weapons of war.

LESSONS OF WAR

A STORY & SCENARIO FOR WARMACHINE

BY WILLIAM SHICK • ART BY ILICH HENRIQUEZ, LUKE MANCINI, SLANOMIR MANIAK, FIRAT SOLHAN

Caspia, The Strategic Academy, 14 Octesh, 607 AR

Chancellor Birk Kinbrace looked out over the Strategic Academy from the window of his office high above the Academy's main courtyard. Below, cadets led by senior recruits were performing their daily pre-dawn calisthenics. Kinbrace's gaze swept outward across the imposing fortress wall that housed not only Benewic's Gate but a significant portion of the Strategic Academy itself. The military school had been constructed as an army barracks and fortress in ancient times, before the outer walls had been expanded and Caspia had doubled and then tripled in size. Now the gate stood as one of the only major entrances to the fourth and inner region of Caspia, a vital area that housed both Castle Raelthorne and the Sancteum.

Kinbrace took in a deep breath and did his best to savor the calm of the early morning. He knew there was every possibility such a moment might never come again. Despite the serenity of the scene before him, despite the normalcy of life within the academy for the last two weeks, the ominous specter of war loomed, its wicked shadow inexorably marching through the outer districts toward the heart of the City of Walls.

With a sigh, Kinbrace turned back to the stack of reports on his old mahogany desk. Normally he would spend his mornings reviewing cadet evaluations and administrative reports. He preferred to handle the bureaucratic minutia

required of the chancellor of the Strategic Academy first, leaving him the rest of the day to perform the tasks he truly enjoyed: training apprentices in preparation for their final evaluation, the last step before they received their journeyman assignments. It was during these classes Kinbrace remembered the man he used to be, before age and duty had pulled him away from the front lines. These days he served Cygnar by preparing the next generation of warcasters, doing his best to ready them for the dangerous road ahead.

Today, however, the reports that would consume his morning were not about student evaluations or budgetary requests for new training 'jacks. Instead, his desk was littered with reports about the battle for Caspia raging just within the outer walls. He scanned them, the lines of his face deepening, and then walked over to a large map of Caspia pinned to the wall. After reviewing the reports once more for accuracy, he quickly rearranged several colored pins stuck in the map, adjusting their positions to reflect the new battle lines.

Major Brisbane continued to contain the Sul-Menite forces at the Black River Courtyard, but the Protectorate of Menoth had proven exceptionally difficult to oust from its position. Already the Menites had defeated two concerted efforts by the Second Army under General Halsted to push them back across the Caspia-Sul Bridge. While this unexpected resilience was cause for concern, the generals were expecting reinforcements from coastal and

In celebration of ten years of WARMACHINE, No Quarter is proud to present *In Battle Forged*, an article series that looks back at some of the most pivotal moments in the story of WARMACHINE with exciting new fiction from the perspective of those involved. In addition, for the first time, players have a chance to reenact battles from those key moments on the tabletop with new scenarios and exclusive scenario models that represent the forces that took part in those famous engagements.

“Lessons of War” takes players back to the difficult battles within the City of Walls during the final weeks of the Caspia-Sul War. After breaching Sul’s walls, Cygnar had hoped to quickly seize the Menite city but was instead embroiled in over a year of grinding street-to-street battles. With Lord Commander Stryker fallen, the Cygnarans were confounded by a series of reversals that resulted in losing Sul and suffering a counter-invasion into their capital. It would fall to the students and instructors of Cygnar’s foremost officer and warcaster training facility, the Strategic Academy, to defend Caspia’s heart at Benevic’s Gate. Coordinating the defense was Chancellor Birk Kinbrace, a retired war hero and friend of Sebastian Nemo — a man who would soon face the wrath of Hierarch Voyle, described by some as nothing less than the living avatar of Menoth.

interior garrisons. Their estimated arrival was not nearly soon enough for Kinbrace’s tastes, as additional zealots continued to pour into the city from Sul.

A knock at the door pulled Kinbrace from his thoughts.

Kinbrace moved away from the map and back to his desk to receive his visitor. It was unusual for him to receive callers at this early hour, so he hoped the new arrival was not bringing more dire news. His visitor did not wait for an invitation before he pushed into the office. Recognition stopped cold any complaint Kinbrace might have had at this breach of etiquette.

“Hello, Birk,” the newcomer said.

“Sebastian Nemo!” Kinbrace said with genuine surprise. “How are you, you old devil?” Kinbrace rose from his desk and moved to embrace his comrade, the joy at seeing his old friend quickly dispelling his earlier worries.

Kinbrace’s exuberance was rewarded with one of Nemo’s rare smiles. “I’m well, you old jackal. Though if you keep squeezing me, these old bones might not make it to tomorrow.”

Kinbrace laughed and released his friend. *How long has it been since I have really smiled?* he thought. *Thamar’s teeth*, he then wondered, looking at Nemo’s lined face, *how long has it been since this old buzzard has smiled either?*

Kinbrace nodded and took a quick assessment of his old friend, finding him just as healthy as always. “It’s good to see you, Sebastian.”

“And you, Birk.” Nemo’s smile faded as his eyes moved to the map pinned to the wall. “I only wish we were meeting under different circumstances.”





"Aye." Kinbrace motioned for Nemo to sit while he took one of the other guest chairs opposite his friend rather than returning to his desk. "Last I heard you were with the First Army aiding in the defense of Northguard. The situation must be dire for you to be recalled here."

"I'm not here on official orders."

Kinbrace grunted. "You're here for Stryker then. Already been to the Sancteum?"

Nemo nodded but said nothing. Kinbrace knew the man was slightly embarrassed to be caught out for being even remotely sentimental.

Kinbrace chuckled. "You always did have a soft spot for that boy."

"The latest report I received, the priests didn't think he was long for this world. We parted on bad terms last time we met. I couldn't let that be the end of it." Nemo's voice trailed off to almost a whisper. "Learned my lesson..."

Kinbrace nodded, well aware of how badly Nemo had taken the loss of his wife. His grief and absence had also cost him a relationship with his daughter. "So, you left expecting the worst and instead find him on the road to recovery."

Nemo cleared his throat. "Aye. I should have known that boy was too stubborn to die."

"A lot like his old mentor, eh?" Kinbrace chuckled. "Still running around the battlefield at your age like some spry youth fresh off his journeyman tour."

"It's the one trick this old dog was ever really good at. Besides, the only other job Turpin would let me take is currently occupied by your tired old arse."

Kinbrace was about to respond when a knock on the door interrupted him. "Enter," he said.

A young adjunct, the insignia on his collar marking him as a lieutenant, opened the door and stepped into the room. He offered a crisp salute, his back ramrod straight.

"At ease, lieutenant." Kinbrace caught Nemo's glance. The old warcaster raised a bushy eyebrow.

"Commander Kinbrace," the young officer said. "New reports from the front, sir. Compliments of General Halsted, sir." It was a subtle thing, but the fact that the young officer called him commander rather than chancellor set the tone. Kinbrace had not yet become accustomed to having his old rank reactivated. It felt like a formality, but he knew it wasn't. A warcaster could never truly retire.

The lieutenant offered Kinbrace a wax-sealed envelope. Kinbrace accepted it reluctantly. He knew whatever was contained within was not good news.

Kinbrace dismissed the lieutenant, and once he and Nemo were alone, he carefully broke the seal on the envelope and removed the documents while Nemo watched in stoic silence. Kinbrace's brow furrowed as he read. It seemed Hierarch Voyle himself had been reported marching from Imer at the head of a fresh army toward Caspia.

After a moment Nemo spoke up. "Trouble?"

"It's nothing. Just more reports on troop movements," Kinbrace lied, suddenly feeling the weight of age in his bones. He knew Nemo had his own duties, his own burdens, and they would soon take him from Caspia.

He could tell Nemo didn't believe him, but thankfully Nemo didn't pry. Instead he said, "I'm sure General Halsted and the Second will push those Menites across the bridge in short order, and we'll be having a drink at the Rusty Freebooter before winter."

"Since when did the legendary curmudgeon Sebastian Nemo turn into an optimist?"

Despite the friendly jibe, there was no chuckle, no mirth to be had from the comment. Nemo grunted. "These days we could all do with a little optimism, no matter how tenuous."

Kinbrace looked back to the map of Caspia on the wall, at the bright red pins that represented the Protectorate forces, and nodded.



22 Octesh, 607 AR

The midday sky was streaked with plumes of oily black smoke, and the sounds of battle echoed faintly just beyond Benewic's Gate. It had been less than a week since Protectorate forces had finally broken through Major Brisbane's defenses at the Black River Courtyard. Despite the Second Army's best efforts to halt the advance, the Sul-Menites fought with a righteous fervor that was extreme even for them. Once the initial defenses had broken, they had quickly swept through the outer districts and punched through the first two rings of gatehouses guarding the outer roads. They then moved steadily toward their ultimate destination: Castle Raelthorne.

The Second Army was putting up dogged resistance in vicious street-to-street fighting just beyond the fourth ring of gatehouses, of which Benewic's Gate was a part. Despite the Second's efforts, Kinbrace knew it was only a matter of time until the war came to the doorstep of the Strategic Academy. He had read the daily reports and had even given active combat assignments to several of the academy's journeymen. They, at least, had some measure of battlefield experience. Kinbrace dreaded the thought of assigning senior apprentices to the front lines. He loathed the thought of tossing Cygnar's next generation of warcasters into the meat grinder before their time, but the reality of the situation made such an action inevitable.

He despised having tactics and strategy informed by desperation. But most of all he hated the fear that gnawed at him. Fear for his students, for his comrades, and for the nation he loved.

I wonder if this is how the Menites felt when Stryker breeched their walls? Kinbrace thought as he marched through the courtyard where all the students of the academy had gathered. He had donned his warcaster armor for the address he was about to give; it was a far more powerful statement than any words he might say. The old mentor past his prime had taken up arms once again. He hoped such a sight would bring some small measure of inspiration to his students. As he shifted uncomfortably beneath the armor's weight, he wondered if it didn't make him look like a foolish old man attempting to relive past glories. He thought of

his friend Sebastian Nemo. *How do you make it look so effortless, you old dog?*

He drew in a deep breath as he mounted one of the instructor platforms dotting the courtyard. He looked out into the crowd of faces, all men and women he knew by name. As he looked into their eyes he realized there was no disdain or contempt for the old warrior who stood before them. Instead, they looked back at him with a mixture of awe and expectation.

Kinbrace felt the anxiety fade away, and a feeling he had almost forgotten replaced it.

"I have been chancellor of this school for sixteen years," he began. "It has been my honor and privilege to train some of the best and brightest, to help shape and mold the future heroes of our nation who stand resolute against the enemies of our kingdom. Graduates from this esteemed academy have faced the ravenous imperialism of Khador,



the vile depredations of the Nightmare Empire, and even the unexpected threat of the Skorne from across the red sands in the east. Recently, we have faced another, far more insidious problem, thanks to the intolerant zealotry of the Protectorate of Menoth, once a protected vassal state, now a viper biting at our heels. The Protectorate was born from our nation's belief in peaceful coexistence, but it now seeks to destroy the very heart of Cygnar as it once attempted during the Civil War. It hopes to crush our ideals of freedom and intellectual excellence beneath the iron heel of theocracy."

Kinbrace paused, letting his gaze move across the faces of his students.

"I will not lie to you. War is coming to our door. It may be a matter of hours or days, but this academy will soon stand in the path of this invading force." Kinbrace slammed the butt of his spear on the platform for emphasis, letting his words hang for a moment before continuing.

"I know each of you. I have watched your skills and abilities grow. I have seen within you the hero you will become. I know many of you did not expect your time to come so soon or under such dark circumstances." Kinbrace placed a hand on his breastplate. "I never expected to don this armor again or to wield my spear in battle, but fate rarely takes into account our desires. We have a choice. We can withdraw into the academy, bar our doors, and watch the invaders march past to assail our king and our primarch. Some might even say

this would be the prudent course of action. But heroes are rarely prudent. Heroes meet the enemy with steel in their hands and fire in their hearts."

"I ask you to stand with me. To be a bastion against the zealotry that seeks to erase everything we love from the face of Caen. I ask you to be the heroes I know you are all destined to become."

Kinbrace looked out at the faces of his students once more as he finished. There were no cheers, no shouts or claps. Instead, he watched as each student snapped a salute, firm resolve etched on their faces. He felt pride swell within his breast, even as the echoes of sadness twisted his guts. He wondered which faces he would never see again once the battle was done.

"As chancellor of this academy, I hereby suspend all classes. We are now officially on active duty with the Second Army."



26 Octesh, 607 AR

The whine of Redeemer rockets pierced the overall tumult of battle around Benewic's Gate before culminating in a series of heavy explosions that tore great chunks of stone from the masonry of the gatehouse. Kinbrace ordered his trio of Defenders stationed on the wall to return fire with their heavy barrels, empowering their shots to cause maximum damage. The rounds punched through the armor plating of the light Protectorate 'jack, causing great plumes of fire to gout forth as its boiler was torn apart. The boom of the Defenders' guns was quickly followed by the report of several lighter cannons as the apprentices along the wall commanded their training Chargers to fire into the Menite ranks. Though their cannons lacked the sophistication and rate of fire of their battlefield cousins, they were nonetheless effective against the Protectorate infantry assaulting the gates below.

Despite the heavy fire raining down from the gatehouse walls, Protectorate forces continued to advance on the entrenched Second Army. Long gunner fire erupted across the line in a great plume of white smoke, while the roar of trencher chain guns echoed across the streets as those deadly weapons unleashed hell from hidden nests within the surrounding buildings. Kinbrace watched as Protectorate troops were mowed down by the massed firepower.

Still more came.

Kinbrace saw the contrails of Deliverer rockets soar up from behind the Menite lines toward the Defenders on the wall. He called for his students to take cover even as he pressed himself against the granite battlements. He felt heat wash over his power field as the projectiles delivered their explosive payload. From his position he saw a lucky shot streak between a gap in the battlements and slam into the ground next to an apprentice, blanketing the young warcaster in a sheet of flame. The apprentice's power field was too weak to save her from the blast, and Kinbrace clenched his fists in helpless frustration as the flames engulfed her.

He turned back toward the Deliverers. The rocket-wielding Menites were well out of range of anything but his Defender's heavy barrels. Drawing on his arcane power, Kinbrace imbued the next three Defender rounds with a trick shot spell he had found particularly useful during the Scharde Invasions. As the rounds struck their targets, the runes surrounding them coalesced into blasts of arcane energy that struck down swathes of enemies. With more than half the Deliverers eliminated, the rocket fire diminished instantly. Moments after the first rounds struck, Kinbrace drew upon all his arcane might to repeat the spell-enhanced volley.

Now bereft of the constant rocket fire, the Protectorate assault force found itself on the receiving end of a withering hail of fire from the Cygnarans. Kinbrace let out a small sigh of relief as the Menites finally began to fall back. Despite the temporary victory, he knew the Protectorate forces would return for another assault on the gate.

He took stock of the status of his troops on the wall. The Menites had claimed two of his students today and had severely damaged a pair of training Chargers. While he hated himself for thinking it, so far the losses were well within acceptable limits. He knew that wouldn't last. Based on reports he had received regarding the disposition of the Protectorate army, he was certain Benewic's Gate had thus far only faced minor probing attacks.

Kinbrace looked down at the main road just behind the gate and puzzled over the grim reality of the situation. It wasn't a question of *if* the gate would fall; it was a question of *when*. Images of the academy thoroughfare turned into a full-blown battlefield flashed through his mind. Benewic's Gate was large, but not so large it wouldn't represent a serious bottleneck for an assaulting force. Once the initial troops got past the gate they would be at their most vulnerable, their backs exposed to troops on the wall as well as those on the road, who could be entrenched behind defensive barricades. If anything did make it past the kill box, Kinbrace's Centurions would form a reserve strike force.

"Lieutenant Hamilton," Kinbrace barked at one of the few journeymen reassigned to help in the defense of the Strategic Academy, "I need you to get a work detail together."

"May I inquire as to the nature of the work, sir?"

Kinbrace smiled. "We've got roadwork to do."



2 Katesh, 607 AR

The heavy steel doors of Benewic's Gate shuddered as Deliverer Sunburst artillery hammered against them. With each thunderous blow the dull clang of metal rang out like the bells of the Archcourt Cathedral. Apprentices and long gunners on the ramparts continued to pour fire into the Protectorate troops below, but Kinbrace knew the Menites would not be denied today.

They had held off the enemy for three days, but as elements of the Second Army were pushed back from their defensive positions throughout the third district, the strength of the attacks against the gate grew. Despite Kinbrace's dogged defense, Benewic's Gate weakened

from the onslaught of rockets and incendiary shells lobbed at it from the Protectorate's increasing number of Vanquishers and Reckoners. Kinbrace's forces had also suffered from the bombardments, and the names of those apprentices who had fallen in defense of the gate were burned into his memory.

With some reluctance he had called for the remaining units of the Seventh Division and the students from the academy to fall back behind the wall to their new defensive fortifications. He knew that by doing so he had ceded the gate to his enemy and altered the scope of battles yet to come. But the Menites would find the gate a minor obstacle compared to what awaited beyond.

With one last, thunderous explosion the great iron gate

gave way. The shriek of rending metal echoed through the courtyard as the massive doors were torn from their hinges.

Kinbrace could see the unmistakable white and gold of his enemy rushing through the open gateway. He lifted his spear and roared, "For king! For kingdom! Fire!"

His call was answered by the thunder of numerous rifles and cannons unleashing a tempest of lead against the Protectorate assault force. In an instant, the entire front line of gleaming white exploded in crimson. Kinbrace drew on his arcane energy and unleashed a powerful blast into the tightly packed ranks of Menites as they attempted to push through Benewic's Gate, sending bodies of several flying like rag dolls.



He then turned his attention to the trio of Defenders, using what remained of his arcane reserves to empower their fire with the trick shot spell he had used to great effect on the walls. Menites fell by the dozens, their assault stymied by the twisted iron mess of the fallen gates. Those who did make it past found themselves caught in enfilading fire from long gunners and chain gun crews entrenched in several fortified buildings on the flanks. Kinbrace allowed himself a grim smile, *They're hastily built, but I think the Gauntlet drill instructors would be proud.*

Over the roar of gunfire and the screams of the dying, Kinbrace heard the unmistakable clamor of heavy warjacks and looked up to see a pair of Vanquishers charging through the ruined gates. The two Protectorate 'jacks all but ignored the massed firepower directed at them. As the Cygnaran forces began to concentrate their efforts on this new threat, more and more Protectorate troops began making it past the established kill zone unscathed, threatening to organize an assault against their defensive lines. Kinbrace shouted above the battlefield cacophony, "Focus your fire on the Menites! I will handle the 'jacks. We must not cede this ground!"

Kinbrace allowed his mind to slip into the cortexes of his two Centurions, taking a moment to savor the heavy warjacks' strength and power. He commanded them forward to engage their Protectorate counterparts. As they advanced, Kinbrace summoned protective runes about the first machine. With a howl of vented steam, the Vanquishers attempted to charge the Centurion, but Kinbrace activated the mighty warjack's polarity shield and a wave of magnetic force halted the Vanquishers' forward momentum. Capitalizing on the advantage, Kinbrace impelled the second Centurion to charge the stalled Protectorate 'jacks.

The Centurion's wicked piston spear tore through the midsection of the lead Vanquisher, causing hydraulic fluid and sparks to spray like arterial blood. With a hiss the weapon's internal pistons activated and drove the spear repeatedly into the damaged 'jack, each blow savaging delicate internal workings as the weapon ripped the enemy warjack to shreds.

While the Centurion was finishing its opponent, the second Vanquisher moved in to strike. Kinbrace was prepared for this and had the ensorcelled Centurion quickly move to intercept the Vanquisher's deadly blazing star with its shield. Sparks flew as the weapon impacted against heavy steel. Before the Vanquisher could attempt a second blow, Kinbrace effortlessly directed attacks from both Centurions into it, the power and angle of their twin strikes ripping the warjack in half at the midsection.

With the Protectorate warjacks defeated, the Cygnarans were once again able to direct their fire on the flagging Protectorate assault. Despite their zealousness, the Menites were not suicidal. Their attack stalled, and the remaining Menites began falling back in an orderly retreat. Kinbrace shouted for his men to keep the pressure on the enemy and maneuvered his Centurions to take point on driving the last vestiges of the Protectorate forces from the gateway. The remaining troops on the walls continued to harry the Menites as they fell back to their own defensive positions around Benewic's Gate.

As the last of the gunfire died away, Kinbrace breathed a sigh of relief. Withdrawing his mind from the Centurions, he became acutely aware of his heart hammering in his chest. He had to fight to slow his heavy breathing from the exertion of battle. He'd spent too long behind a desk these last sixteen years. For now, he concentrated on hiding the most obvious signs of his exhaustion, and not for the first time he cursed his aging body.

"Looks like your road revision worked like a charm, sir," Lieutenant Hamilton said, his Chargers striding dutifully behind him as he approached Kinbrace.

"Aye." Kinbrace said, his body still buzzing from the post-battle adrenaline. "They will be back, though."

"Yes, sir." The young warcaster looked toward the ruined gates. "Sir..." Hamilton stopped, as if reconsidering his question.

"Speak your mind, son," Kinbrace said. "If you have a question I want to hear it. I'm still your teacher whether we sit in a classroom or stand on a battlefield."

The journeyman shifted slightly before continuing, "Was it really wise to give them the gate? I mean, what will we do now?"

Kinbrace took a moment to survey the ruins of the Strategic Academy's courtyard. "Now, lieutenant, we dig in, fortify that gateway, and show those Menites we're not as easy to break as simple iron doors. Unless Menoth himself comes knocking, we will hold."

DIVINE POWER

BY DAVID "DC" CARL

SETUP

Before the game, determine who will be the attacker (Protectorate forces) and who will be the defender (Cygnaran forces). Then designate one table edge as the attacker's table edge and the opposite table edge as the defender's table edge.

The attacker's deployment zone is the area within 10" of his table edge, and the defender's deployment zone is the courtyard of the Strategic Academy (the control zone shown in the scenario diagram).

Place four 4" x 6" buildings and two wall template linear obstacles as shown in the scenario diagram.

The attacker deploys first and takes the first turn.

ARMY COMPOSITION

The attacker's army consists of Hierarch Garrick Voyle, Grand Exemplar Kreoss with Fire of Salvation and 1 Guardian, and a 6-model unit of Choir of Menoth.

The defender's army consists of Chancellor Birk Kinbrace with 2 Centurions and 2 Defenders, 3 Apprentice Warcaster solos with 1 Training Charger each, 1 Journeyman Warcaster solo with 1 Charger, and a 10-model unit of Long Gunners.

SPECIAL RULES

None.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

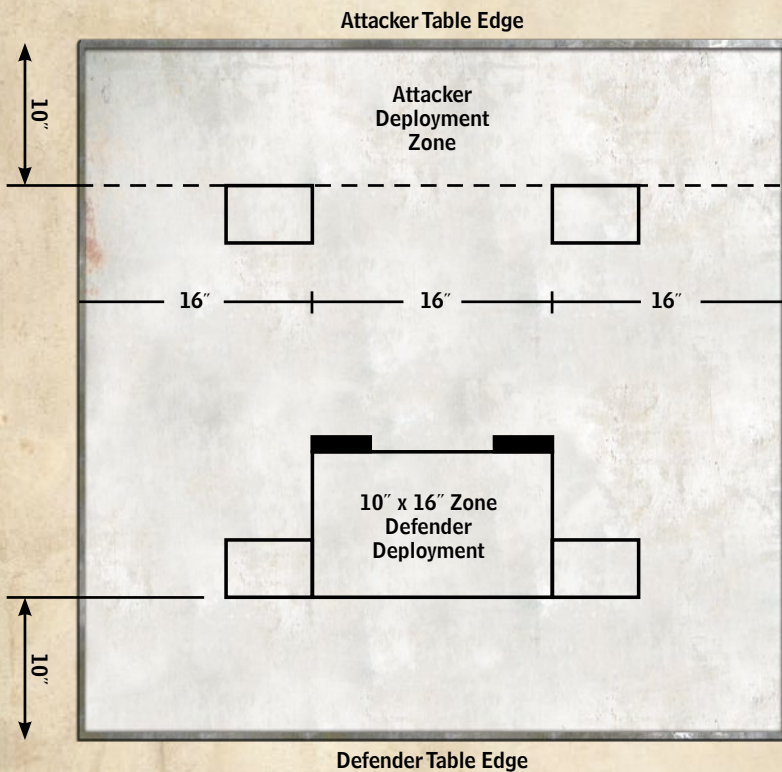
The attacker wins the game if Chancellor Birk Kinbrace is destroyed.

The defender wins the game if Hierarch Garrick Voyle is destroyed.

The attacker *or* defender can also win the game if he controls one or more character models in the control zone when his opponent has no character models in the control zone beginning on the second player's fourth turn.

OPTIONAL RULES

If both players agree, they can play a variation of the Divine Power scenario. In this variant, the attacker and defender each add 20 points of non-character models from any one faction to the armies listed above in Army Composition.



HIERARCH GARRICK VOYLE

VOYLE

ANCIENT SHROUD – When a damage roll against this model exceeds its ARM, it suffers 1 damage point instead of the total rolled.

GLORY OF MENOAH – Once per game during its activation, this model can use Glory of Menoah. Ranged attack rolls against this model and models completely within 3' of it automatically miss for one round.

PARRY – This model cannot be targeted by free strikes.

RIGHTEOUS FLAMES (★ACTION) – An enemy model that ends its activation within 2' of this model suffers the Fire communion effect. Righteous Flames lasts for one round.

SIDE STEP – When this model hits an enemy model with an initial melee attack or a melee special attack that is not a power attack, it can advance up to 2' after the attack is resolved. This model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

STEADY – This model cannot be knocked down.

HOLY FORCE

ARMOR PIERCING – When calculating damage from this weapon, have the base ARM stats of models hit that have medium or larger bases. This weapon gains +2 to damage rolls against models with small bases.

DECAPITATION – Damage exceeding the ARM of the model hit is doubled. A model disabled by this attack cannot make a Tough roll.

DIVINE VERDICT – When a model is hit by this weapon, it is knocked down and can be pushed 46" directly away from this model.

PUNCH BLADE

ARMOR PIERCING - SEE ABOVE.

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SPD	7	STR	10	MAT	10	RAT	5	DEF	17	ARM	14	CMD	10
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POW	13	P+S	13
POW	3	P+S	3

POW	15	P+S	25
POW	15	P+S	25

POW	3	P+S	3
POW	3	P+S	3

POW	3	P+S	3
POW	3	P+S	3

VOYLE

HIERARCH GARRICK VOYLE
PROTECTORATE CHARACTER SOLO

TRAINING CHARGER

CHARGER

READY MOOE – A model with the Bartlegroup Commander ability can reactivate this warjack without forfeiting its action while B3B with it. This model can activate the turn it is reactivated.

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SPD	6	STR	8	MAT	6	RAT	6	DEF	6	ARM	12	CMD	15
-----	---	-----	---	-----	---	-----	---	-----	---	-----	----	-----	----

POW	4	P+S	12
POW	4	P+S	12

POW	12	ROF	1	AOE	12	POW	12
POW	12	ROF	1	AOE	12	POW	12

POW	4	P+S	12
POW	4	P+S	12

CHARGER

TRAINING CHARGER
CYGNAR LIGHT WARJACK

APPRENTICE WARCASTER

APPRENTICE

JOUANEYMAN WARCASTER - This model is not a warcaster but has the following warcaster special rules: Bartlegroup Commander, Control Area, Focus Manipulation, Power Field, and Spellcaster.

SPILLS

ARCANE BOLT

MAGICAL BOLTS OF ENERGY - This model makes a normal attack with a non-spray ranged weapon, the weapon gains Magical Weapon. If the weapon was AOE - it becomes AOE 3. An affected model cannot participate in a combined ranged attack. Models in the AOE other than the model that was directly hit suffer blast damage but do not suffer any other effects of the attack. Explosivo expires immediately after resolving target model's next ranged attack. Explosivo lasts for one turn.

EXPL0SIVO

ARCANE BOLT

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EXPL0SIVO

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SPD	5	STR	5	MAT	4	RAT	4	DEF	13	ARM	14	CMD	7
-----	---	-----	---	-----	---	-----	---	-----	----	-----	----	-----	---

POW	5	P+S	10
POW	5	P+S	10

POW	12	ROF	1	AOE	12	POW	12
POW	12	ROF	1	AOE	12	POW	12

POW	5	P+S	10
POW	5	P+S	10

APPRENTICE

APPRENTICE WARCASTER
CYGNAR SOLO

CHANCELLOR BIRK KINBRACE

FEAT: UNLOCKED POTENTIAL

His arcane strength drives those around him to excel in the art of war, unlocking their potential in ways they never believed possible. Chancellor Kinbrace can make a master marksman into a peerless sharpshooter.

While in this model's control area, this model and friendly Faction models with Jouaneyman Warcaster gain a bonus equal to their FOCUS to all attack and damage rolls. Unlocked Potential lasts for one turn.

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COST	3	RNG	10	AOE	3	POW	13	UP	NO	OFF	YES
------	---	-----	----	-----	---	-----	----	----	----	-----	-----

ARCANE BLAST

A magical energy blast radiates from a single point to strike all models in the AOE.

FAIL SAFE

Target friendly warjack gains +2 ARM and does not suffer the effects of crippled systems.

MAGIC BULLET

If target friendly Faction model's next normal ranged attack directly hits after resolving the attack choose a model within 4' of the model hit. The chosen model suffers an unboosable POW 12 magic damage roll. The point of origin for this damage is the model hit. After resolving this damage roll, Magic Bullet expires. Magic Bullet lasts for one turn.

POLARITY SHIELD

Target friendly model/unit cannot be targeted by a charge made by a model in its front arc.

REFUGES

When target friendly Faction model hits an enemy model with an attack during its activation, immediately after its combat action ends the affected model can make a full advance. It cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

CHANCELLOR BIRK KINBRACE

PLAYER GALLERY

ANGELIC INSPIRATION

— BY WILLIAM WORTHINGTON —

I loved the idea of the archangel surrounded by blue flames, so I sculpted those first and then made a mold out of clear resin, adding blue ink for the precise color I needed. Once it was ready, I wired the piece with blue LEDs for a truly amazing effect. The archangel was done in Coal Black, Frostbite, Morrow White, and several washes.



STAFF GALLERY

OUT OF THE BLUE

— BY CHARLES FOSTER III —

For this army, I really wanted to try out an Egyptian theme. To achieve this I emulated the blue pigment common in ancient Egypt, which really augmented the look of the Immortals and Ancestral Guardians. I used Exile Blue as my base,

followed by highlights of Cygnar Base Blue and Cygnar Blue Highlight, with a final hard line of Meredius Blue. In the end, I was really happy with how well my Egyptian blue Skorne army came together.



FROM THE DEEP

The Modeling & Painting Challenge in *No Quarter* #48 called for traditionally land-bound models that you had modified to stalk the murky depths of western Immoren's seas, lakes, and swamps. With such an unusual challenge, the responses were magnificent. Here we proudly present our three favorites.



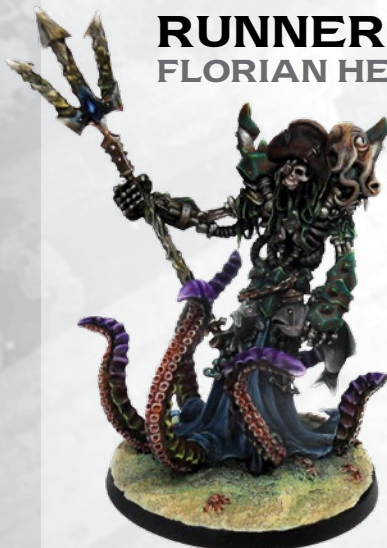
WINNER: BEN BOYD

Aglow with haunting green lights as it burns necrotite, Ben Boyd's Necroctopus is a perfect mix of steel, tentacles, and terror.



"NECROCTOPUS"

RUNNER-UP: FLORIAN HEINEMANN



"CAPTAIN OCTOSPHYXIUS"

Florian Heinemann's vision of a deep-sea pirate lich lord with tentacles is a nightmare to shiver anyone's timbers.

HONORABLE MENTION: CHRISTIAN WEISS



"SEAFOOD"



Check out page 96 for the next Modeling & Painting Challenge!



GUNS ABLAZE

You've experienced it before: your opponent's booming cannon blasts apart your warbeasts, armed only with tooth and claw, or mows down your standard bearer marching unprotected across the battlefield. The *No Quarter* #50 Modeling & Painting Challenge wants you to arm your forces to the teeth...even if they fight only with their teeth. Imagine a Gallows Grove with its previously hidden rifles suddenly jutting from knotholes, or Clockwork Angels who descend from the sky to open fire with their chain guns. Show us your Choir of Menoth that has swapped songs for slugs or your Arcane Tempest Gun Mages who have moved from magelock pistols to heavy cannons they can barely heft. So choose your gunslingers wisely, and then give us both barrels.

To submit your entry, take a digital photo of your creation, fill out a submission form, and send both to submissions@privateerpress.com. Before you send your entry, make sure you read the rules and submission guidelines at:

privateerpress.com/no-quarter/no-quarter-challenges

The winner of this challenge will receive a \$100 U.S. spending spree at the Privateer Press Store (store.privateerpress.com), and the runner up will receive \$50.

The top entries will also be published in an upcoming issue of *No Quarter*.

ENTRIES DUE BY 11/15/13



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