

The Doom Seeker

Issue 6 - Winter 2010-11



New Kislev Army Book
Island of Blood Review
Winter Gaming
The Blades of Storm
The Grubbi Chronicles

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The Doom Seeker

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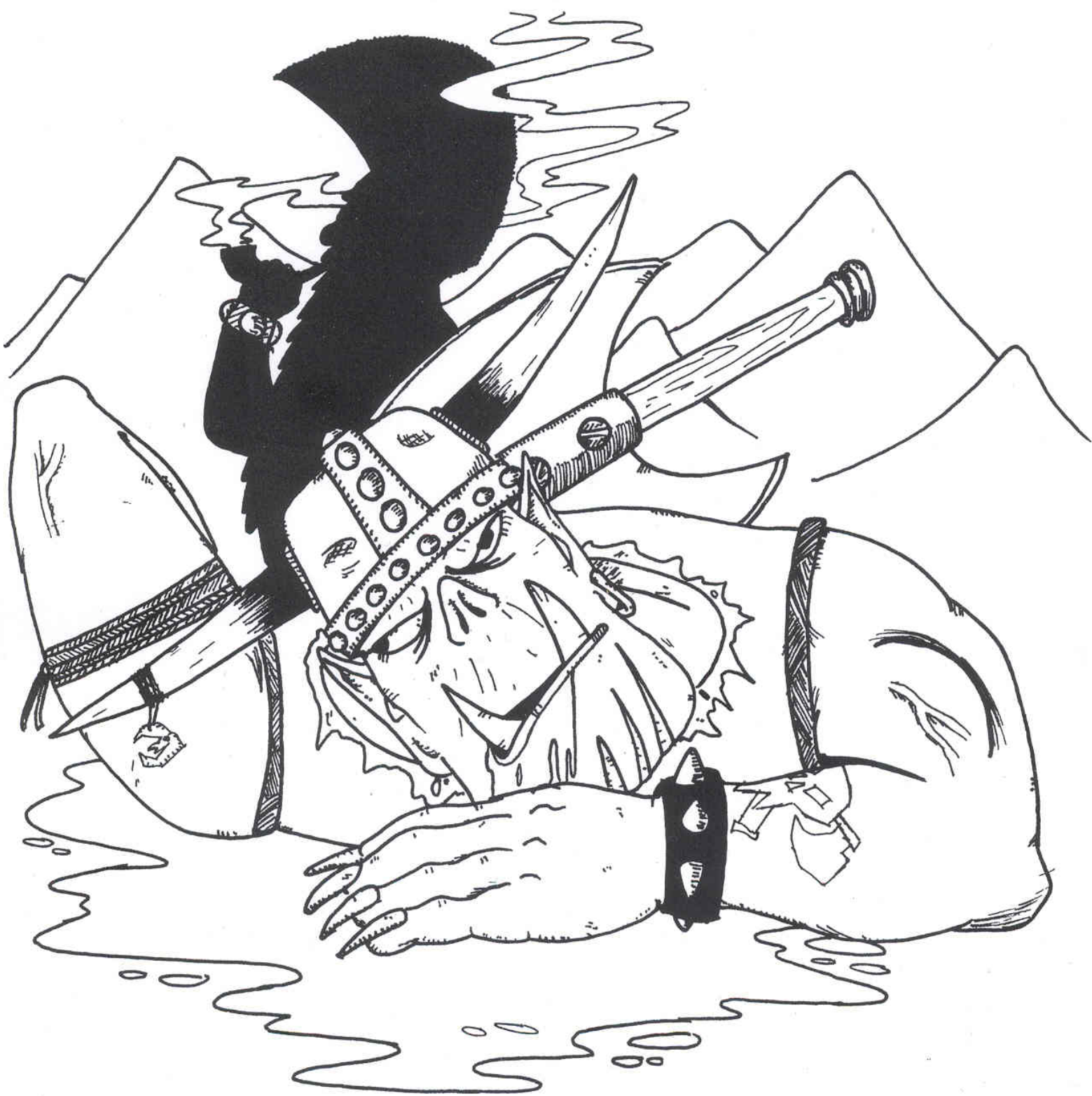
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From the desk of Bilbo Baggins

Hello fans, welcome to issue 6 of TDS.

In the past three months we have been working hard, and I've been yelling a lot, to get the issue ready for publication. Our real lives gave us some problems but we have worked through and got the issue completed.

For this issue I've brought back my favourite Swede, M4cR1ll3n, to talk about another of his Army Books. This time it's the Kislevites that gain our attention. Kislev had some great models by the Perry Twins but were forgotten by GW after releasing a 32 page allied contingent book in 2003. M4c has decided to update the list and his 100 page book makes it an army in it's own right.

Our story editor again steps out of his comfort zone of writing fluff to give a review of the Island of Blood box set for 8th Edition Warhammer Fantasy and a continuation on his creating portals from last issue.

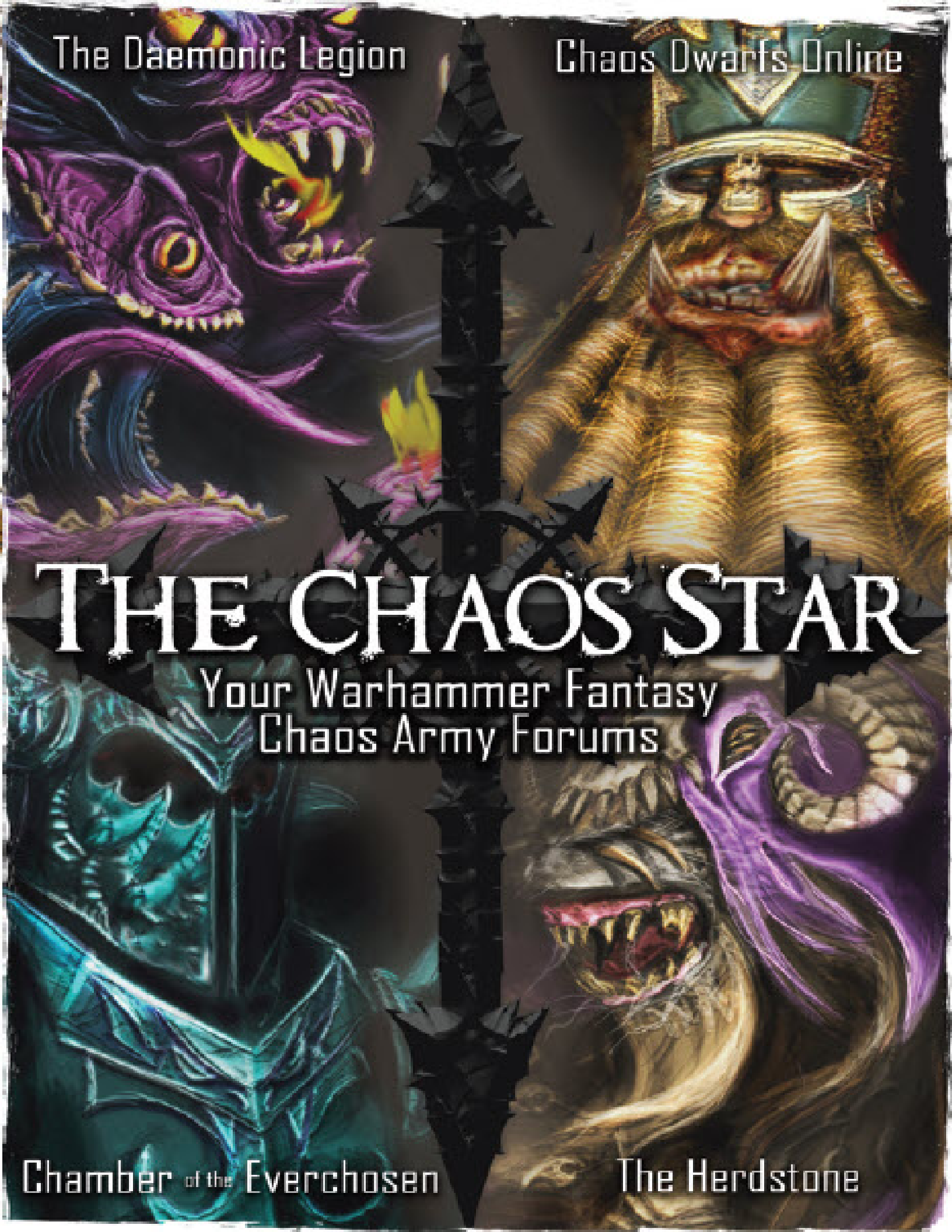
Grubbi from [Gnoblar Tower](#) joins us this issue with a story of the greenskins who hang with Ogres. Seeing the world through the Gnoblar viewpoint is enlightening. We are glad to have him and hopefully he'll grace us with his presence in the future.

With winter around the corner in the northern hemisphere I was thinking about gaming scenarios for the Winter. I know that GW did create a Lore of Winter Magic for winter gaming, and it's bonuses for Winter Based armies and snow falling or on the ground would help my Chaos Dwarf army. But I was thinking about things to alter games to add challenges that would add fun to the game.

With the release of the Dogs of War Army book, yes M4c and I were on the team creating it, I figured I would include two characters I created during the writing of the book in this issue. Thurak Grimluson a Dwarf Weaponsmith and one of the most famous Female characters in the History of Tilea, Monna Lissa.

Next Issue we plan to be talking about two army books, M4c about his Cathay army and the Dogs of War book done by some members of the [Dogs of War Online](#) forum.

Bilbo Baggins

A collage of Warhammer Fantasy Chaos Army units. In the top left is a purple Daemon Prince with a flaming sword. In the top right is a large, golden Chaos Dwarf. In the bottom left is a teal Chaos Knight in full plate armor. In the bottom right is a Chaos Beast with a purple aura. A large, black, spiky cross-like symbol is centered in the background.

The Daemonic Legion

Chaos Dwarfs Online

THE CHAOS STAR

Your Warhammer Fantasy
Chaos Army Forums

Chamber of the Everchosen

The Herdstone

Slayer Journal

Articles of the current state of the game of warhammer. Fan made lists, tips on playing the game, interesting finds, and ways to change up the normal game play against friends.

Kislev Army Book

By: Bilbo Baggins Images By: Jean-Bernard Mondoloni

Hello all, as promise last issue we have caught up with my busy friend Mathias "M4cR11I3n" Eliasson to talk about his Kislev Army book.

Welcome Back to The Doom Seeker Mathias, it's nice of you to take time out of your schedule to join us again.

Thanks for having me back, as the obvious friendly response would be.

We were wondering what made you decide to include Kislev in the list of armies you decided to make army books for?

Hmm, I think that might have the work of some previous fan-made lists, as well as simply thinking Kislev is really cool. There have been some pretty good attempts at making Kislev army lists, but none had really stepped up to make it into a full army book, so I guess that's the main reason I chose to do so.



Boris riding Urskin

I noticed that you have created some new Special Characters to spice up the list. I love the updates to Tzar Boris and Tzarina Katarin can you tell us about these characters and what inspired them?

I wouldn't claim any of these characters as my own, they were all part of the old Citadel Journal list from way back. I simply updated their rules to 8th edition.

Can you take Tzar Boris, Tzarina Katarin and Tzar Saltan in the same army? The old list would not allow you to.

While the fluffy answer would be no, you can legally. This was mostly due to save some page space, as it would require a lot of paragraphs in which characters you could pair Boris up with. If you want to go with a fluffy list

though, I wouldn't Katarin and Boris in the same army though.

You have two different types of spell casters, Ice Witch/Frost Maiden and Hag Mother/Hag Witch in the list. Was this purely due to fluff reasons or did you just want to keep the Ice magic to their own casters?

Both. The idea of Hags are from the Realm of the Ice Queen in which they have an important part, so there's the fluffy reason. From a gaming point of view, limiting Kislev to only Ice Magic seemed a bit dull, and since I also didn't quite like the idea of Ice Witches using anything but Ice Magic, the Hags fitted right in there as an alternative.

Ice witches using lore of Fire might be funny but way out of character.

Yeah, just a little bit...

Isn't including a Priest of Ursun going to draw complaints of Empire Light?

Very possible, but I really liked the background for them in the Realm of the Ice Queen, so they do exist in Kislev according to official sources. They are more inspired by priests of Ulric if anything.



Gryphon Legion

How hard was it to bulk up the Core, Special and Rare choices in the Army?

Not very, really. There was some minor tinkering with the previous version due it including an Armoured War Bear as well as Bear Cavalry, but that all worked out just fine in the next version.

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Can you tell us more on why people should include these units in their army?

Well, for characters you have the your basic fighters and spellcasters, which can be equipped with certain Legacies for some extra punch. Then you have the Hags which cast their spells automatically, albeit at a lot lower power level. You also have Priests of Ursun which are quite similar to Warrior Priests, and the Droyaska whom is an excellent character-killer.

For the core units you have all the famous troops of Kossars, Winged Lancers and Ungol Horse Archers, but I also included Gospodar Militia for some cheap spearmen/halberdiers and Hawks of Miska as harassers and screeners. Lastly, you have the Druzhina, whom fill the roll of medium cavalry and excel at flanking and taking out small units in combat.

In the special section you have the Gryphon Legion as always, supported by Streltsi (handgunners), Sibirian hunters (scouts that can lay traps in the forests), the stubborn Kreml Guard and the Bear Pack, which work similarly to ogres.

Finally, in the Rare section you have the Urugan cannon (essentially Helblaster Light), the Sons of Ursun (bear cavalry!) and the War Wagon, which is almost like a portable building to put up in the enemy's lines.

In short, a quite simple list that might remind quite a bit of the Empire, but with a lot more punch in close combat. Add to that their Kin of the Bear God rule (re-roll panic tests), and you have a very stoic force with lots of light to medium cavalry that should be able to ruin the enemy's day with superior flanking manoeuvres.



Kossars

The inclusion of a Bear Pack seems natural to the Bear worshipping Kislev. Has there been any backlash about including them in the list?

Backlash as in people disliking them? Well, one or two thought the inclusion of both the Bear Pack and the Sons of Ursun was a bit too similar, which is understandable,

but since they are both cool and fluffy as well as appears in the Citadel Journal list, I chose to include both of them.

You started this army book during 7th edition and you have updated the Lore of Ice, was this because you felt the magic in it was weak or to balance it with current Warhammer standards? Are you going to work on it again with the release of 8th Edition?

Well, the 6th edition Lore of Ice was both weak and tricky with many special rules such as glacial barriers and whatnot. The Kislev list by the Tempus Fugitives was better, which I based my Ice Lore on, although it is really a mix of that one, the official 6th edition one, and the Lore of Winter which was up on GW's website a while ago. For 8th edition, I gave the Lore of Ice a signature spell and a lore attribute, as well as clarified what sort of category each spell was part of.



Ungols

GW seems to have released only dribs and drabs (small intermittent amounts) of information on Kislev over the years. GW's 32 page Kislev Army Book, the Empire Army Book and Realm of the Ice Queen for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, how did affect the creation of the fluff that you have included in this book?

A lot, actually. From the Realm of the Ice Queen I could gather a huge amount of background material of everything Kislev, and the GW booklet offered some fluff for the bestiary. The rest was from the Citadel Journal list, meaning there was actually very little I had to write myself, although compiling and editing everything was very time-consuming.

Are there going to be any major changes to the Kislev book after seeing the changes in 8th edition of Warhammer Fantasy?

Already updated it. The changes to Kislev for 8th was mostly graphical actually, like adding a new background watermark and new fonts, as well as some tidying up.

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Rules-wise, the Hags needed some changes for how their magic worked, and some magic items changed too. All in all, Kislev is mostly unchanged from 7th to 8th edition, thankfully enough.

The Dwarfs of Chaos, the unofficial Chaos Dwarf army list, has been gaining support in the Indy tournament scene. Have you thought about trying to get this, or any of your Army Books, legal for independent tournaments? I know the GW sponsored tournaments are out but the Indy scene seems to be growing in many countries and they might be receptive to it.

Haven't much thought about it, really. I heard my lists had gained quite a bit of popularity in Germany and was allowed in some tournament there, but I haven't really tried pushing them for the tournament organizers. If anyone would be willing to allow them that would be fun of course, but I'll leave that to the community, I just make the list for fun.



Kislev Prepared for Battle

Where can people find models to use in the list or will they have to do loads of conversion work to field the army?

I wouldn't recommend the GW models as they are both rare and too expensive to build a large army of, unless you have a Kislev army already. Old Glory Miniatures and the Assault Group have big range of Eastern European models though, which should work great as Kislev models. They are also a lot cheaper than GW models, so I would recommend checking them out.

What type of player do you feel should be building a Kislev Army?

Hmm, I guess it would be mostly for the fluffy players. The army as a whole isn't really that specialized like the Bretonnians or Wood Elves, but are pretty average at everything. Kind of like the Empire, but with a lot more mobility due to all the cavalry and a lot less cannons.

Again I want to thank you for your time. Will you come back and discuss another of your army books in the next issue?

Only if there is cheese cake. Then I shall tell you a tale of fabulous Cathay!



Kislev allying with Cult of Ulric

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Island of Blood Box Set Review

By: Ironlord

Chances are you already own a box of Island of Blood, or maybe more. But for those of you who are still on the fence (2 months after the release) or for those of you looking for a review of the content, we here at The Doom Seeker have had a look at the latest big box from Games Workshop.

Models.

The models are fantastic and really push what can be done with the "snap together" models, the details and quality of the models over all is starting to rival some of the standard units in the game. A lot of people are pointing too the griffin to show how good these models are, and granted it is a good example, but I am really fond of the mage model. The fire that the model is standing on seems rather fragile, but is solid enough too support the rest of the model.

On the Skaven half of the box set the top model is (fittingly) the Skaven Warlord. As interesting as the engineer model and rat ogres are, they seem kind of bland. The detail in the Warlord is great, the pose is more dynamic than more of the other models in the set and the samurai-esque banner on the back is a nice touch. Those of you who picked up the Island of Blood novel will know why the Warlord has a clever... but why does he have a spear/halberd/glaive?

Is that explained in the book? Should I read more? Should I try to actually find the book?

There aren't any scenery extras in this set, like the Dwarven shield wall for the Thunderers in Battle for Skull Pass which is a shame, but then again they did supply you with clan rats and those are pretty much scenery anyway.

My last comment on the models isn't so much about the models themselves but more the packaging arrangements of the models. The pieces come on typical GW sprues, nothing new or interesting about that, but what is really weird is that they come on mixed sprues so you have high elves on the same sprue as Skaven. Not a big deal normally, but these sets tend to get traded around a lot, on day 1 I bought the box and instantly swapped out the High Elf infantry for as much Ratmen as I could find, but me and my new business associate spent about 20 minutes with a pair of clippers going to town on the box set so he got all the high elves and I got me some furry little minions.

Since everyone at GW knows that not only will beginners pick up this box set to learn the game, but veterans will also pick it up to get a sweet deal on armies, surely they should put all the high elves and Skaven on separate sprues to speed up the process of trading them out. Maybe there was a technical problem where they couldn't quite fit the models into the frames without mixing and

matching them but this is a small gripe against what is a decent set of models.

Mini Rule Book

Games Workshop could price these mini rule books on their own for the same price as the full sized Big Red Beast and still sell truck loads of them. And there is a reason. These things are the quality product that every tournament gamer wants because carrying the behemoth book to any where other than your garage will probably give you a back like a roller coaster in under a year. Honestly I wanted this as well, even though I don't compete I like having a smaller more accessible version of the rule book on hand so I can nip in, check a rule and be out without having to do my weightlifting breathing techniques to crack open the behemoth that is the 8th edition rule book.

Thankfully the book is still full colour and features some of the pretty pictures to break up what would other wise be a very large amount of text, all the diagrams are full colour as well which is just as good as it was in the main book.

These books however still contain the same errors found in the main rule book, so you will need to download the errata and merge it into the rulebook, which could be a problem because the pages may have changed with the reformatting into the smaller rule book.

A small warning (no pun intended) about the book for those of you with slightly bad eyes, the text in this book is smaller than the main rule book, this may be a factor for someone. Time for Bilbo to invest in a magnifying glass.

The "READ ME FIRST" booklet.

These sets are designed for beginners, people who haven't picked up the game or those who aren't familiar with the new rules. So a beginners guide to playing a few simple games is necessary for this box (maybe not so much for the guys already playing 8th edition and just buying this for models and a smaller rule book).

So why isn't it in there?

Maybe in my old age I'm starting to think/sound like Bilbo but this book is really little more than an advertising leaflet with full colour pictures.

Battle for Skull Pass's starter booklet was great, it featured diagrams similar too the main rule book, explaining the basics of movement, magic, shooting and combat and going into some of the key details such as marching, ranks etc. Once you went through the beginning scenarios you had 1 or 2 small scenarios to play through to test what you knew.

The booklet that comes with this has nothing like this.

There is a paint guide... that doesn't have a list of paints used or how to apply them. Its really just 4 pictures with the words "Do it like this..." written underneath it. Sure there are plenty of inspirational pictures that will be great examples of what can be done with high elves and Skaven, but its not very useful for the beginners who this set is supposed to be made for.

The only reason this is really obvious is that it is set opposite too a great guide too constructing the Griffin that comes with the set. Its a disappointment.

Earlier I mentioned about the Battle Scenarios in the read me first booklet for BFSP and how they built into an actual game with a pre written scenario.

A saving grace for the book is the Warhammer World(e) map, I typically struggle too envisage the Old World, especially if you are dealing with some of the more obscure places like Ind or Khuresh.

If this 2 page map was able too be pulled out and become a poster, it would be fantastic, but because of the page order, you can't take it out of the book without cutting out 4 pages. If you fanatically want the map, then the surrounding pages aren't too important, you just have to be careful.

Also: Seriously? "The Landes And Seas of the Worlde."

Using "Ye Olde English" in fantasy stopped being funny a loooooooooooooooooong time ago.

Other Pieces.

The set includes a set of Plastic Stick Rulers marked in inches, those of you on forums may know these as whippie sticks because they are perfect for whipping your opponent across the table when he calls your paint scheme stupid.

Also included is a set of plain standard templates that are usable in both Warhammer and 40k, it is good too see that GW didn't try to get rid of their extra pointy templates that we took a look at in the last edition.

There is also a small number of dice, too small to be of any practical use but it is good to get a few extra dice if you need to top up your collection, dice have a habit of going missing so an extra set of D6s and Artillery Dice aren't a bad thing.

Overview.

The Island of Blood boxed set is good value for money, it contains models that don't exist outside of this set (at time of writing) and in a volume that isn't available anywhere else. If you are a Skaven or High Elf player then it will give you value for money and the parts you don't want can go online, eBay gobbles this type of box set up because of it's value for money. If you don't play any of the armies you can still sell off the models and keep the rulebook, whippie sticks, dice and templates.

Breaking News

Games Workshop released new FAQ/Erratica for Warhammer.

On 29 September 2010 the updated FAQ/Erratica, version 1.1, for Main Rulebook. *NOTE: Date is for the US English release.* They did fix the ASF rule mentioned in the last issue of TDS with this FAQ release.

It would be nice if GW would update the FAQ's for Chaos Dwarfs (Ravens Hordes), Dogs of War (Warhammer Chronicles), Cult of Ulric as well as the Storm of Chaos and and Lustria Armies for those who have taken the time to build these armies and still like playing them.

The most current versions of FAQ's releases for Warhammer are as follows. The dates are from the FAQ's from GW's USA Site.

Book	Version	Date
Beastmen	1.2	10 September 2010
Brettonia	1.1	12 July 2010
Daemons of Chaos	1.1	12 July 2010
Dark Elves	1.2	10 September 2010
Dwarfs	1.2	15 September 2010
Empire	1.2	15 September 2010
High Elves	1.2	7 October 2010
Lizardmen	1.1	12 July 2010
Ogre Kingdoms	1.2	15 September 2010
Orcs and Goblins	1.2	15 September 2010
Skaven	1.2	15 September 2010
Tomb Kings	1.2	15 September 2010
Vampire Counts	1.2	29 September 2010
Warriors of Chaos	1.2	29 September 2010
Wood Elves	1.1	13 July 2010
Rulebook	1.1	29 September 2010

Visit your regional GW Site to download the latest versions and to check for new releases.



Winter Gaming

by: Bilbo Baggins

I was thinking of how to make a winter scenario for Warhammer in snow. But of course my mind is known to wonder around and most scenarios I was thinking were just rehashes of the tried and true scenarios that have been played by Warhammer players for many editions. Take and Hold, Break Through and Pitched Battles are done to death.

So what to do.

Well how about just adding elements to the standard scenarios that could pop-up and cause problems that aren't expected, or making units that are faster or more manoeuvrable on snow, or adding magic spells (or bound items) that could effect your enemy.

So here are some of the things I came up with.

When did that show up?

This can be used in battles but really effective in Take and Hold and Break Through. Use markers for each 500 points of the game, rounding up so a 2250 point game would have 5 markers. Make up markers and have a friend place them randomly on the board, if you can't get a friend then have you and your opponent place an even number on the board. Just place them no closer than 10 inches to your opponent (or within 6 inches of the take and hold object). You can use a scatter die and a D3 to further randomise the markers. The markers come into effect when you get within 5 inches of them.

The markers could have different monsters under them or better is to randomise what is under them. I would think something like this.

1. The Ice Broke – All models within 6+D6 inches of the marker break through thin ice over a unknown lake. All models take an armour save and if they pass they are removed from battle because they drowned. If the model is not armoured still roll a D6 and on a roll of 6 they drown and are removed from battle.

2. Who woke up the Slayer – One Doomseeker (use rules from SOC Slayer army of Karak Kadrin) pops up and charges the nearest enemy unit. Roll a D6 to see who the Doomie considers the enemy you or your opponent. A roll of 1-3 it's under your control and 4-6 he's under his/her opponents control.

3. Did that Snowbank Move? – Put a Yeti on the field under the control of a third player or have him move randomly (scatter die) during each players movement phase. He always moves twice his movement rate and any unit he comes in contact with has been considered charged.

4. Slippery When Cold – The field 2D6 from the maker is so covered with ice and snow that movement is reduced by half (round down) and this includes charge bonus. Remains in effect for rest of game.

5. Snow Storm – A massive storm has hit the board. Vision has been reduced to 12 inches until the storm leaves. Also all flyers are grounded until the storm ends. Start of each players movement phase the player rolls a D6 and on a roll of 6 the storm dissipates and normal line of sight is restored.

6. Ice Shard – The unit finds a glowing shard of ice infused with odd magic. This shard casts a protective aura over the unit carrying it. They gain a 4+ Ward Save. If picked up by a Hero/Lord model then any unit he joins gains the benefit of the save.

I think the river is frozen fully

Put a river (at least 4 inches wide) directly between the two armies, and there should be NO BRIDGES. The river is frozen and passable (considered difficult terrain). When a model/unit crosses the river they roll a D6 and on a roll of 1 the ice breaks and they fall in. All models in the unit take an armour save and if they pass they are removed from battle because they drowned. If the model is not armoured still roll a D6 and on a roll of 6 they drown and are removed from battle. The remaining models finish their movement.

If the unit finishes it's move on the ice they will take the broken ice test again before their movement phase.

Special Equipment

The use of special equipment on your units to help in the conditions. Adding Skis or snowshoes to a unit so they can increase movement (skis) or ignore snow covered difficult terrain. You can only add each of the choices once in your army and only to infantry units of at least 10 models and with movement values of 5 or less.

Skis - +2 points per model - doubles movement rate.

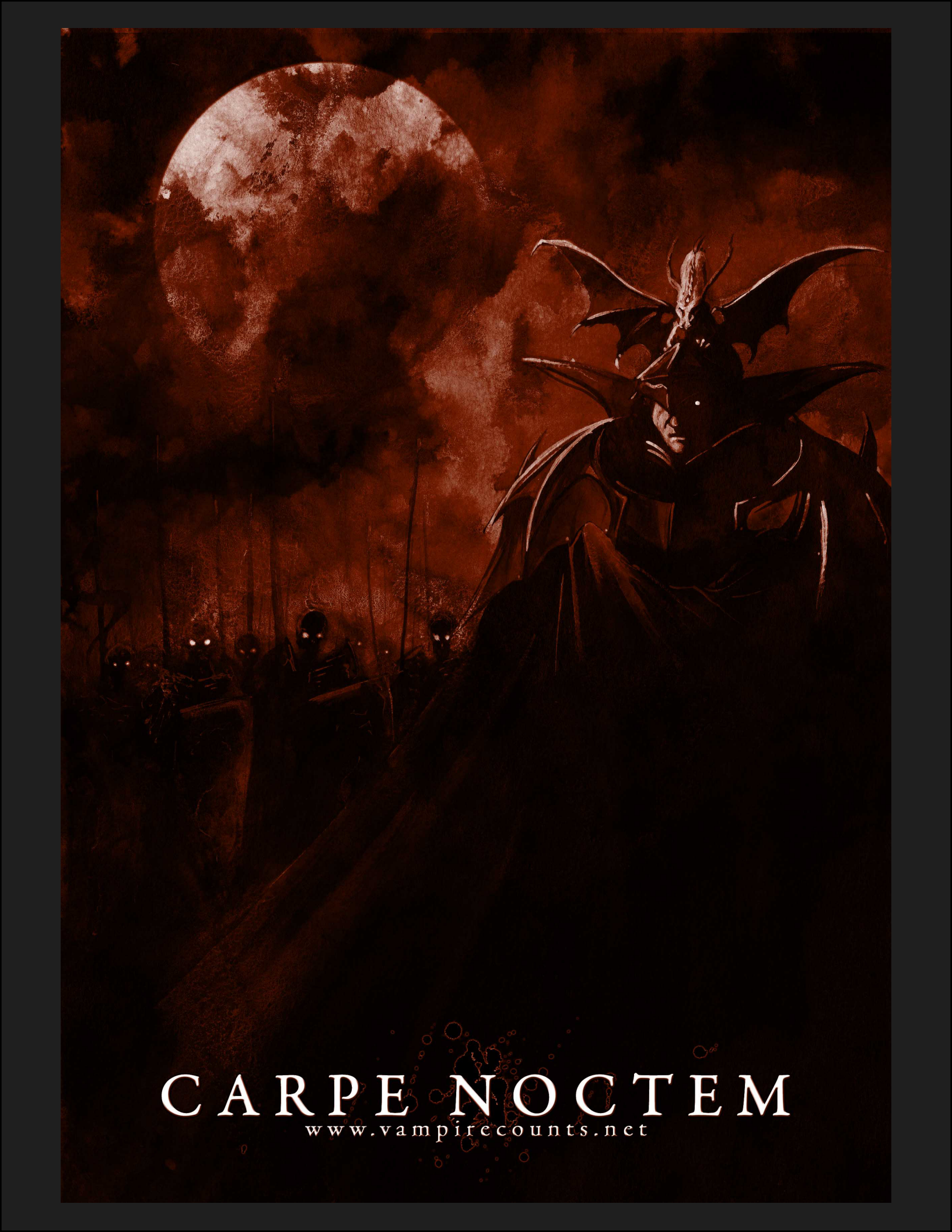
Snowshoes - +1 point per model – Adds +1 to movement rate and ignores difficult terrain caused by snow/ice.

You could also make it that these units score double Victory points if they kill the opponents general.

Conclusion

I hope you find these ideas interesting and will consider using them in your games during the winter. You may come up with other ideas for your winter gaming and I hope you tell us about them.





CARPE NOCTEM

www.vampirecounts.net

Thurak Grimluson, Dwarf Master Engineer and Armorer

By: Bilbo Baggins

After the deaths of his father and grandfather Thurak Grimluson decided a change of scenery might be a good idea to help him make something of his life. So he packs his belongings and his great grandfather's hammer and went to Tilea seeking fame and fortune. He was already a well-respected maker of armour and weapons before he made his journey to Trantio. Upon arrival he set up shop and soon his armour and weapons found homes in the armouries of all the Merchant Families in Tilea. He is best known for his two most famous creations, Tilean Plate Armour and the Grimluson Decksweeper.

Tilean Plate Armour was his first creation after setting up shop in Tilea. Many had tried to make armour that would rival these created in the Empire and the Dwarfs Holds but all previous attempts to create stronger armour had failed over the centuries due to the substandard materials found in Tilea. Thurak came up with a way of using the materials and aligning them with runes to become stronger than the some of their parts. When it hit the market the Merchant Families all placed orders and order armorer tried to copy it but none were as strong as Thulak's Original.

He then created the Decksweeper on commission for the Pirate Barbarossa. He designed it to quickly clear a path to allow men to quickly gain control of ships that were being boarded. Upon Barbarossa's untimely demise Thurak put the weapon for sale to the highest bidder, who ended up being Barbarossa's chief rival.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thurak Grimluson	3	4	5	4/5	5	3	2	2/3	10

Points: 160

Equipment: Thulak's Hammer, Runic Tilean Plate Armour, Shield

Options: May choose Dwarf Handgun (+10 points), or Decksweeper (+30 points)

Runic Tilean Plate Armour: Thurak inscribed his personal armour with the Rune of Stone so the Armour has a 3+ armour save instead of the standard 4+ armour save.

Thulak's Hammer: An Heirloom of his family was handed down to Thurak from his Great-Grandfather, Master Engineer Thulak Grimluson. It has been inscribed with the Rune of Fury (+1 Attack) and the Rune of Cleaving (+1 Strength)

Entrenchment: At the start of the game he may join one Cannon in the army and it will be considered Entrenched. It will be considered as in Hard Cover when being shot at and protected as a defended obstacle in close combat.

Artillery Master: If he joins a Cannon Crew they are allowed to re-roll misfire on the first artillery dice roll (must accept second roll) but not bounce roll. If Cannon misfires and is destroyed Thurak take a wound no save allowed. Also Cannon will cause D6 wounds instead of D3.

Dwarf Handgun: Master crafted weapon of unerring accuracy, gives +1 to hit

Decksweeper: This is treated as a handgun with the following exceptions;

Range: Flame Template **Strength:** 4, Armour Piercing, The template is placed at the base of the model using the Decksweeper. All models under the template (even if only partially) take a S4 Armour Piercing hit.

Hard to Load: As it takes a while to pack all of the bullets, nails, and other materials used for ammunition in the weapon and to ready it for use, the weapon may only fire every other turn.

Dog of War: May only be hired by Dogs of War, Dwarf, and Empire armies as a Hero Choice.

Creation of Thulak

While working on the Dogs of War Army Book project some of the new equipment and magic items caused my mind to wonder. I think the Decksweeper was one of my ideas to add into the Spoils of War (Magic Items) and I created the fluff for it. After making a Dwarf who lived in Tilea by the name of Thulak Grimluson in the description I figured I should make him a real character. I knew he would never make the books final form but I had to create him for fun and with the release of the army book I'm putting him here for all to enjoy. He is only allowed to be used with your opponents permission.

Dogs of War Online presents:

Gold and Glory

Volume II — Issue 3 — Winter 2010



Warhammer

The premiere Dogs of War Site: www.dogsofwaronline.com

The Doom Seeker - Issue

Monna Lissa

Special Character By: Bilbo Baggins

Monna Lissa is another Special Character I created while working on the Dogs of War Army Book. I knew that she would never be included in the book but her history and the battle at Monte Castello were too good to ignore.

Monna Lissa is the Daughter of the Great Mercenary General Galeazzo. She followed him wherever he was stationed and was with him during the siege of the Fortress of Monte Castello. It was during the siege that her father was mortally wounded and Monna Lissa decided to impersonate her father to keep up morale.

She personally led three repulsions of the Orc tide before her helmet was knocked off and all discovered she was leading the troops. The men started to become downhearted and were thinking of abandoning their posts until Monna Lissa persuaded the surviving troops to stay and defend the Fortress and Tintoverdi's masterpiece "The Five Seasons" that hung in the banquet hall. They all were so moved that they followed her in the defence of the Fortress for three months. They fought on like frenzied berserkers following the death of Monna Lissa until a massive force from Luccini finally broke the siege.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Monna Lissa	4	3	3	3	3	2	4	2	9

Points: 100 and is a Hero Choice

Equipment: Hand Weapon, Tilean Plate Armour, and Shield

Special Rules

Inspiring Leader: When she is on the battlefield all units gain +1 to their Leadership

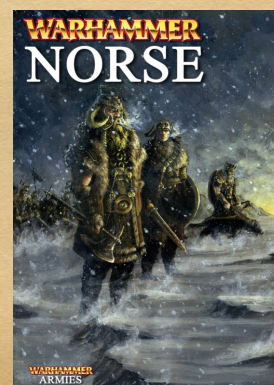
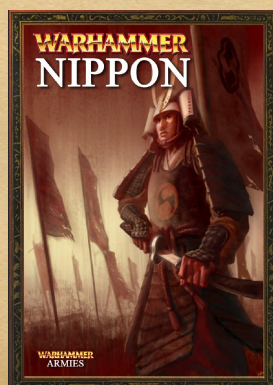
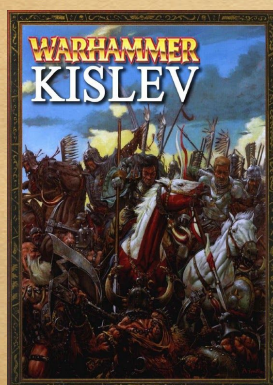
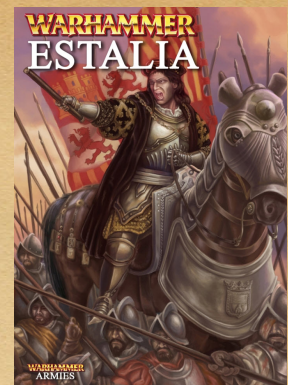
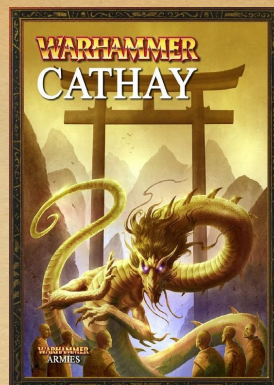
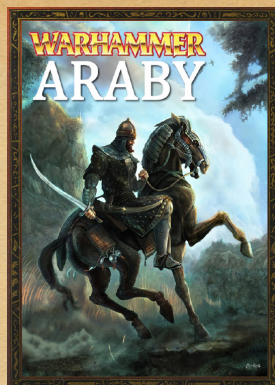
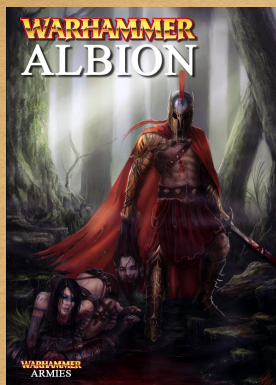
Intense Greenskin Hatred: Monna Lissa and the unit she joins so hates all Greenskins that they have Hatred for every round of combat

Never Surrender: Monna Lissa and units within 12 inches become Stubborn.

Even In Death: If Monna Lissa dies during the battle all remaining troops become Frenzied that they cannot lose.

Must be General: If using Monna Lissa in a game she has to be the General of the Army and you do not need a Paymaster. Cannot take any Lord choice models when she is being used.

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Opening the Doors to Better Portals

By Ironlord

In the last issue I covered the basics of creating portals, using them to create centrepieces for your terrain and how too create a unique creation with just paints and water effects.

But now I'm going to show you how to take your portals too the next level and bring them into the game.

The 3D Effect vs True 3D

Trying to get a true three dimensional effect on a portal is hard with just paints as it requires layering and painting skills that take a long while to perfect. This can be a problem for people who, perhaps, don't have the time to invest in this type of project.

However creating something that is, in fact, in three dimensions can help you circumnavigate the time sucking process of layering.

That is not too say that this is a quick process, due too the drying time of the Games Workshop Water Effect, this can take up too a week to get several successive layers of Water Effect too look thick enough to give a sense of depth.



Creating Your Portal

The following tips will be generic so they can be applied to any type of portal situation, I will then follow this up with my own fully painted example with specific tips.

- Have an opening for your portal, this can be a door frame, a hole in the ground or (if you willing to be a bit more advanced) a massive chaos portal.
- Have a base for your portal, something to build upon and layer your Water Effects. Personally I use thin plasticard as it is thin enough too cut easily to shape with the opening of the portal while remaining solid enough for me to work on in later stages.
- Have something to create a third dimension to your portal, this could be a model coming in or out of the

portal, half formed or almost out of the (to quote Stargate) event horizon.

-Create the basis of the portal. Glue the portal together, gluing the base of the portal into the portal's opening and then gluing the three dimensional element too the base of the portal, filling in any gaps with modelling putty. Allow this to dry before going on too the next stage.

-Add details too the base, if you think the portal should ripple or swell at any points, use modelling putty to create these effects as it will be faster to do it now that try and create these effects with the water effects. If you are having trouble picturing how things should appear, imagine the object you are trying to push through the portal as if it was pushing through a membrane of some kind.

- Paint the portal, using the tips from last time for painting portals and remember to paint everything now. Once the water effects go on you won't be able to paint directly onto the original surface.

-Layer the Citadel Water effects, using thin layers just a few millimetres thick and give the liquid time to dry fully before adding the next layer.

To create better three dimensional effects, paint onto the layers once they are dry, or mix watered down paints/out of the tub washes, too the layers. Obviously you will want to mix these before hand in a suitable container.

Creating My Portal

For my three dimensional portal I decided too create a Skaven Assassin leaping out of a portal from a dark world, weapons drawn and ready for action. This guy ties into my assassin heavy Skaven army that I started with the release of the Island of Blood.

The opening of the portal is an old doorway (a double of the one used in the previous article) because it was what I had lying around, although I am tempted to create a large floor opening like a rip in the ground that chaos is pouring through, but that dream will just have to wait a while.

I constantly harp that you need to let the Water Effect dry before adding a new layer however this time I used the opposite effect.

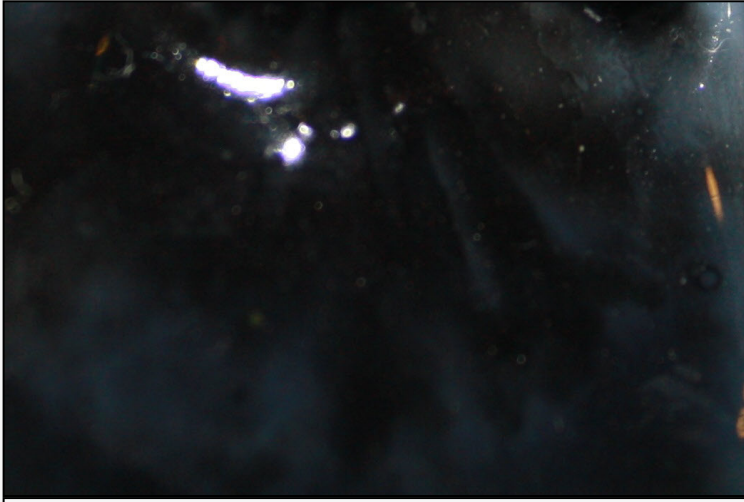
If water effect doesn't dry properly it remains cloudy white in patches because the surface dries and the air cant get in too dry the stuff underneath, which dries improperly with just the heat.

Knowing this would happen I put on a thicker layer of water effect and let it sit over night, I then washed it the next morning with Badab Black, allowed that to dry and then added a layer of Water Effect mixed with Badab Black.

The Doom Seeker - Issue

Once this had tried it created a more realistic night time colour.

Night is never truly black, so just using Chaos Black seemed wrong, I could just babble about how the portal leads to a dimension of pure darkness, but that would just be me trying to cover for being lazy.



close up of black portal

You will notice that his claws and cloak have trailing globs of blackness, these were simple to make, simply take green stuff, leaving a blob to attach too the model, pinch the other end of the green stuff and pull it in the direction you want it too go in. For me this mean pulling it

backwards too give the impression that the assassin is leading out with great speed.

There are also a few tentacles creeping around the door frame. This was a last minute decision that I made in to make things a bit more interesting, just like the trailing globs of blackness, this was done with green stuff.

This may be hard to tell from the images but the area between the assassin and the even horizon has been smoothed over around the stomach, cape and left arm to give the portal the membrane feeling.

Other than that the model is fairly standard, I decided to give the assassin a brighter nose to create a focus point on the model, drawing the eye too the centre, rather than have people just looking at the piece as a whole. They eyes were made to glow green as part of an experiment I've been doing lately, I have been painting several demonic models and painting evil light coming out of peoples eyes has become a theme of mine recently.

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The Blades in the Storm

By: Ironlord

"GET IN THERE!" Bellowed Captain Storm, his thick heavy beard wagging as he ran head first down the corridor, his blood thundering in his head as he pursued the quarry deeper into the tunnels. The Doors into the Deep of the world had been broken open the day before last by an abomination from the Skaven city.

Behind him streamed a pack of weary warriors, twenty or so who had the strength to continue. Even among the Dwarves, the number of Warriors who could keep fighting was dropping fast. This was all out apocalyptic war.

If they failed here then one of the few Dwarven expansions in the last hundred years would be over run and destroyed. Storm wouldn't let that happen.

His short legs were pumping furiously as he chased the shadows down the corridors that had only been cut a half century before. These were the winding corridors that housed the families of the workers in these mines. When the first booming strikes had landed on the Doors into the Deep had landed they had been evacuated, a few of the more warlike women had stayed behind to help in the defence, but they were now intermingled in the swirling madness of battle.

Storm waited on his side of the corner, letting a few of the stragglers catch up to him and the more nimble footed warriors.

"Go in hard and go in heavy, don't let 'em breathe the air through their stinking snouts!"

Several of the dwarves were so furious that they were actually snarling, how dare the Skaven come into the homes of their families and desecrate it with their foul stench.

"FORWARD!"

As Storm and his warriors rounded the corner several things happened at once.

His left foot slid from beneath him, sending him crashing too the ground.

The air filled with ink black smoke.

He felt the air fill with sharp metal, which whizzed past him, close enough to touch.

His ears nearly split with the sound of screaming.

But then he was back on his feet again.

He watched as the flagstone where his head had been standing was destroyed by the fearsome Glaive of a Skaven foot soldier.

The ratman was slightly taller than Storm, or would have been if he was standing upright, but now he was wrestling with the embedded weapon. Grabbing his heavy hammer, Storm smashed the creature's face against the wall.

Smoke was clearing now, hurried away by a small wind from somewhere inside the complex. But there was little to see. Storm had survived what was clearly a devastating attack.

The bodies of seven dead dwarves lay on the ground, several still twitching in agony as the poisons in the Skaven weapons destroyed their bodies. There were a few Skaven, dressed in black cloth, on the ground, they had waited here in ambush and had probably listened to Storm's commands to go in.

How could he have failed so many of his kinsmen?

Dark thoughts crossed his mind, he wondered if he was worthy of his beard and rank before he pushed his thoughts aside.

"Tricky gits!" He cursed, kicking one of the black robed Skaven in the head. He hadn't seen the cut in it's throat and was surprised when it flew off into the tunnel. He couldn't be seen to be this week in front of his own warriors, they would doubt his command and he would have a problem. The sound of battle drifted down the corridors and reminded him of his duty.

"Come on then!" He ordered as the warriors followed closely behind him, their eyes more wary of the things in the shadows.

Dwarves had excellent vision in the dark, they had come from the darkness beneath the surface, born of the stone, and were created with the ability to see in the dark lands they called home. But if there was anything that could hide from them, it was the dark Clad Skaven of the Eshin Clan. Masters of assassination and guerilla warfare.

Now that they were stuck in the smaller corridors with plenty of hiding spaces, they were all a little more wary. But there was no way out for the rats now.

At least no way that Storm knew of.

Each room was constructed with the same template, a square room, hewn into the stone, sealed off by a door made from wood that was decorated and reinforced with metals.

The Doom Seeker - Issue

Doors were marked with family symbols, etched onto the metal or, in a few special cases, the metal had been moulded to make a clan specific shape.

Over twenty doors were spread around the hall, each one could hold any number of Skaven and each one would have to be cleared.

"Two groups of five, break down the doors and clear the rooms, the rest of you stay in the hall and keep an eye on the other rooms."

The first few doors were empty, Storm's warriors were beginning to get worried, nervous and sore. If they could get into a fight soon enough, the adrenaline would kick in and they would return to their fighting prowess, but if they were held back too long they would become tired and lose their fighting strength and be cut down by these Clan Eshin cowards.

It was Storm's chance to break down a door, he really hoped that he could get face to face with the Ratmen this time. Stepping back he ran straight forward, leading with the shield.

There was a screeching sound as the metal on his shield ground against the metal details on the door. But then the door swung open on its pristine hinges and Storm flew through the door and into the room, flying head first into the dark robes of a leaping Skaven.

He had smashed head first into the creature's chest, his solid helm crushing the creature's ribs and lungs. But it thrashed as it died, its metal coated fingers digging into Storm's exposed skin, but failing to get through his armour.

He was up and swinging in no time, realising that the room was filled with shadows, all of them swooping in at him from all across the room.

Trying to steady himself he set his feet at shoulder width apart and blocked the swing of a venom coated, single edged sword. The weapon dented against the solid hammer and the wielder took a few steps back before dropping its weapon, clutching its arm in pain. Its face exploded as an axe appeared in it, as the dwarves ran into the room. There was hardly room for five of their warriors here, but they were holding the much smaller exit, while the Skaven flipped, crawled and stabbed their way around the room in a bedazzling display that dragged their eyes across the room and back as they tried to keep track of the ratmen.

Then suddenly their leader, an assassin with a curved blade, screeched and led an all out assault. They threw things at the dwarves as they converged, everything from finely balanced daggers to dislodged lumps of stone was used to try and dislodge the warriors in the doorway. Naturally the dwarves ducked behind their shields but that was what the Skaven had planned.

Storm realised it just as he felt the first foot land on his shield. He lashed out in front of him, but he was too late

to stop the one who had went over the top. As were most of the other warriors.

The other Skaven hadn't seen their leader's plan and simply crashed straight into Storm.

One hit the shield and bounced back, taking down a friend of his who was too eager for the kill, the creature's claws fought like rabble until there was a squeal of agony. Apparently these assassins weren't above killing each other.

Another two tried to barge past him on either side, but were struck down by those behind Storm. Their foul blood went everywhere and Storm spat it into the eyes of the creature he was facing before he levelled its face with a swift hammer blow.

The Ratmen retreated back into the room proper and began to panic. Even though each of them had run through every inch of the room they began to scratch and poke at the stone walls. Searching for a new way out, there were four of them now, but with no leader and with half of their pack gone they had reverted to animals.

"Finish 'em off quick lads!" Storm growled, "We got more work to do and I don't wa."

He was cut off by a scream of agony from outside, he had never heard a dwarf scream before, but it was a horrible sound. Too high pitched for any noise a dwarf should make in his opinion.

Turning, Storm led them out of the door and into the corridor.

One of the younger warriors was being held hostage by a large, dark robed Skaven who held a wickedly sharp and heavily poisoned blade to the neck of the warrior. Storm could just see it glinting between the braided strands of the beard.

The Rat thing hissed and whipped its tail, Storm saw a spark as the steel tip of the tail clicked against the flagstones, now he was worried, how many weapons did this thing have?

But it was surrounded, all three corridors had at least seven fully armed and armoured dwarf warriors, its escape would be impossible. But still in a single swift and violent motion he ripped the knife across the Dwarf's throat and let the body drop onto the ground, launching itself backward as it did, using the warrior's corpse as a springboard.

Its speed was impressive and it moved on the tips of its toes, pouncing from one highly sprung step to the other. Bouncing over the first dwarf it landed on the next shield and used it to go up onto the wall, where its claws dug into the wall and began scrambling along towards the exit.

Cursing, Storm grabbed a fallen axe and lobbed it down the hall, cursing again as the sparks flew off of the wall instead of striking flesh.

The Doom Seeker - Issue

"Forget that one!" He bellowed, "Get the rest of those black robed bastards, we'll come back for that git later!"

"But he killed Snalot!" Wailed one of the warriors.

"And Snalot is dead, we won't bring him back and we have a job to do, I'll make sure I have that ratman's hide by battles end, just get in the rooms and clear them out!"

The rest of the rooms were almost empty, a single scabbling Skaven was hacked apart by angered warriors, in terror it had lashed out and stabbed the stomach of Yollot, the brother of Snalot, Storm felt a pang of guilt as he was taken away from the fight, complaining of a burning feeling in his limbs. Everyone in earshot knew he wouldn't survive. As the sounds of battle raged in the background Storm wondered if anyone would survive.

There was no where to take Yollot, so he was left in a small room to shake the fever that racked his body. A few people objected too leaving one of their brothers to die. But when they learned that Storm was going to hunt down the assassin they were still unhappy to leave Yollot, but knowing that they could avenge him softened that blow.

The scene before them was one of all out war, the type of fighting that only Skaven and Dwarves were capable of. The circular room swirled with masses of Skaven as they crashed against the fury of the Dwarves who stood defending a doorway. Storm realised that it was the doorway out of this level of the mountain, when the Skaven got through that door they would be all to close to the still fleeing Dwarven families.

His eyes flickered across the scene of war below, he tried to ignore the burning pain of watching his kin folk die, searching for any hint of the assassin. He couldn't have gotten far in this scrum, not even with his agility.

Every second the thing got further away.

Every second another friend died.

Every second he failed in his task.

"THERE!"

He pointed at a flicker of purest silver that flashed amid a pile of brown furred rats. He saw a shadow flit in between several groups of Skaven as it pushed it's way away from them.

"GET STUCK IN THERE!" He ordered.

The carnage was brutal as they entered the front line of combat, their momentum crushed a pack of abnormally large rats that were scurrying across the ground towards the Dwarven line. The defending warriors cheered and surged forward to fill the gap as Storm rolled onwards.

He had tunnel vision now, closing on the assassin was the only thing on his mind.

The voices of his fathers before him shouted for vengeance, their voices thundering in his ear's as he crushed the face of a rat monster beneath his hammer. Grey matter squelched out in all directions. He bashed a monster aside with his shield, never breaking stride as the lowly clan rat bounced off of the shield and back into it's horde of brethren.

He was gaining slowly on the assassin.

The cutting force of Storm as he chased the assassin across the room proved to be a boon for the dwarves, such was the fury of Storm that he sliced across the front line with ease and allowed his brothers to step forward and reclaim a few vital feet. Had a general been present to lead them, the dwarves would have used this advantage better, surging forward to catch the enemy off of their guard, but as it was they only noticed Storm as he ran past them, cracking skulls and killing enemies.

But they closed the gap by the time the last of his followers sprinted by.

On the other side of the hall was an opposite image of the living areas, it was hard to believe that only a hundred and fifty feet away from the, nice, clean, well crafted living quarters there was a mining tunnel, littered with broken rocks, tools and, since the invasion, bodies.

Storm wondered how they had gotten into this tunnel, it was a new construction, only a few months old and hardly fifty feet long. The unconnected tunnel was a dead end.

Now they would have their vengeance.

"Spread out, every warrior is shoulder to shoulder with someone else, let nothing get past." He growled, shaking some Skaven blood from his hammer.

He noticed that he had lost a few warriors on the charge across the chamber. He would mourn later.

Deeper into the mine shaft they went, the noise of battle never truly fading, weapons drawn and keen eyes searching for the signs of an assassin. Storm noticed a green light on one of the walls, not made by any of the glowing mosses that could be found underground, but instead it seems to be like torchlight. Cold but unyielding.

It's light provided no clues.

They ran forward, eager too see the source of light. There were bodies here, broken and ripped, lying on the floor in pools of blood and tissue that no one cared to identify.

They rounded a slight corner, a kink in the tunnel, where the dwarves had altered the angle too avoid hitting some volcanic rock.

Around the corner was a strange twisted drill it's body over seven feet long of battered metal, a savage thing, it's head a crooked metal monstrosity, designed to chew through even the heaviest rocks and boulders. Storm noted that the weapon was pointed facing the hole in the wall some twelve feet away.

The green light came from a small, window like hatch in the machine's side, one of the younger warriors went to touch the light, his eyes fixed on the gem inside the machine but Storm batted his hand away and urged them all forward without a word. The tunnel's end was in sight, a crudely cut hole just over ten feet away, opening into a larger cavern system that reeked of rat droppings. The stench caught in the back of the throat and forced him to cough it up.

The cough sounded like gravel being poured down a scree slope.

Then suddenly he heard a deeper rumbling.

Turning he saw that the drill had been lifted and was now in the hands of an ogre sized Skaven who was barrelling down on him and fumbling with the controls. Behind it's head was the assassin, tail wrapped around the monster's right bicep for balance as it threw daggers at the rest of the warriors who were in awe of the sight before them.

The rumbling was the gagged rat ogre, whose mouth was tied in leather belts, probably by the assassin, but it was

drowned by the roar of the drill. It exploded with noise as the trigger mechanism was pulled and the head of the drill began too spin fast.

Storm panicked as the monster smashed him with the drill, the assassin having singled him out for the larger creature and guided the thing's hand.

He felt the drill bit blast through his chain mail armour and then hit his stomach.

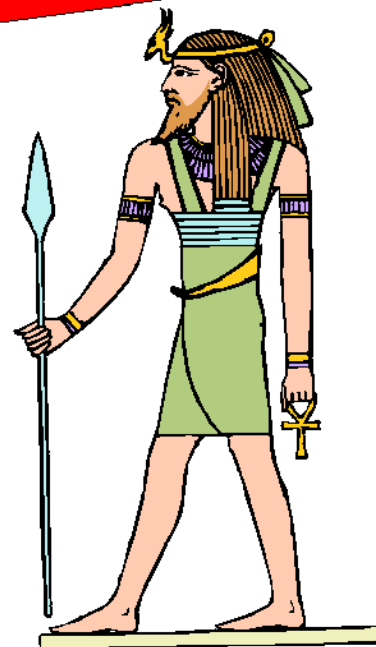
The bladed tip of the drill was white hot and fire spread throughout Storm's body, an ugly fire, the kind that burns but does not warm. Then he fell forward, his face falling towards the blades, spikes and grooves of the Rat Ogre's latest weapon.

He only prayed that he passed out before he struck.

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Dogs of War Online

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The Grubbi Chronicles

By: Grubbi

Grubbi was a Gnoblar like almost all the others he had ever known. He had a big nose and big ears. As well as other Gnoblars he was extremely paranoid about others chatting about his ears and nose. Grubbi was also a champion at crook-dice. Grubbi's secret weapon was his lucky dice bag which contained his extra lucky crook-dice. Grubbi had found the dice bag when he was rummaging through a scrap heap. Ever since he had obtained the dice-bag, he had won every game of crook-dice he had played. Grubbi was overjoyed but the same could not be said for the other Gnoblars.

One day after Grubbi had beaten every other Gnoblar in crook-dice he heard some other Gnoblar chatting to each other and when Grubbi went closer they stopped. Grubbi assumed they were talking about his ears, so he started cry. The other Gnoblars kept of chatting thinking he wouldn't hear. Grubbi stopped crying for the moment and heard some words in their conversation. 'Grubbi' 'crook-dice' 'win' 'tear up' 'dead Grubbi'. Grubbi sprinted back to his burrow under a scrap heap. He had to devise a plan to stop the Gnoblars killing him.

The next day Grubbi crept up on a Gnoblar with his back turned towards Grubbi. Grubbi pulled out the sack from behind his back and leaped onto the Gnoblar in a 'Gnoblar tackle' style. Then Grubbi pulled out his sauce pan and hit the other Gnoblar on the head with it, hoping he won't kill it. Then Grubbi put the Gnoblar in the sack and set off to his burrow. When he got to his burrow he gave the Gnoblar a dice bag which look just like his and wrote on his forehead with dirt, 'I am Grubbi'. When the Gnoblar awoke Grubbi told him he was playing a game and all he had to do was play crook-dice and if he won he would get two shiny coins. The Gnoblar accepted the deal with no hesitation. Now all that had to happen was for the Gnoblar to win the crook dice game.

Grubbi watch the crook-dice game from the shadows. His heart was filled with excitement and eagerness. Grubbi watched the final dice roll. Grubbi nearly let out a roar of excitement. The Gnoblar pretending to be Grubbi had won. Grubbi then thought that that Gnoblar must be very lucky, or very unlucky to win that game. Grubbi watch as the 'fake Grubbi' was torn to shreds. Still he couldn't be too careful, he decided to leave his shanty town and look for another Ogre tribe that knew nothing about him.

Grubbi gathered up his things and set off to find another tribe. Grubbi had nothing to give to this tribe. He didn't have an Ogre master and when there was fighting to be done he hid in his burrow and didn't come out until it was over. Grubbi wanted that to change in his new tribe, he wanted to fight and have a master.

Grubbi covered snow topped peaks and crossed lush green plains in search of a new tribe. One day he could

walk no more, he was thirsty and hungry he had lived on dew from the grass in the morning and little more than animal droppings. Grubbi laid on the ground thinking this was him time, he had done nothing his whole life. He felt ashamed. Then he heard some voices, he thought they were in his head so he ignored them. But suddenly the voices got closer, Grubbi looked up stunned.

"Look, a Gnoblar, should we kick it,"

It was two child Ogres.

Grubbi screamed, he didn't want to be kicked.

"Or should we keep as a pet?"

Grubbi liked that idea much better.

The two Ogres agreed they should keep him. Grubbi got a ride to their tribe on their backs. Grubbi had the first decent dinner in years. He got 5 half eaten chicken bones and a goats head. Grubbi was in heaven.

Just after he had finished his dinner he found himself flying in the air towards the Shanty Town. Grubbi knew he had been rejected. So he started to find a home. He found a nice pile scraps which wasn't too smelly. He didn't know if it was already occupied, but he didn't care. Grubbi had a comfy sleep, his eyes slowly opened, and then he felt the cold numbness of a steel of a knife up to his neck.

Grubbi blinked to get his eyes in focus. He noticed that a steel knife had fallen off a scrap pile and landed on his neck, luckily it did no harm. He went outside to try and fit in with the other Gnoblars; he saw some Gnoblars playing crook-dice. Grubbi decided to join in, unsurprisingly he won. He wanted to play another game but after he saw the angry faces of the other Gnoblars he decided he didn't want to play any more.

He then saw some Ogres playing with some Gnoblars. The Ogres would throw a shiny coin near some Gnoblars and watch them tear each other apart to get the coin. Grubbi felt drawn too the shiny coin and quickly joined the fight. Grubbi launched himself into the pack and landed on another Gnoblar. The Gnoblar half screamed half laughed and grabbed Grubbi's leg, he then pushed him into the ground. Grubbi got up and saw the coin gleaming in the sun light. However, another Gnoblar grabbed it first, he was memorized by its shininess, Grubbi quickly grabbed the coin while he was distracted. Grubbi bolted from the pack towards a forest. Only half of the Gnoblars noticed that the coin was gone. Grubbi quickly became that half's worst enemy as they took off after him. Grubbi noticed a pile of rubbish up ahead, if he could just reached it he could hide in there. However, before he could make it he tripped over a root and dropped the coin into the pile of rubbish. The Gnoblars chasing him quickly lunged into the pile whilst Grubbi got

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to his feet. Grubbi was annoyed at the other Gnoblar and started kicking their backsides. The other Gnoblars didn't enjoy this and started to retaliate. Grubbi knew he just bit off more than he could chew; he looked around for something to fight them off with. He spied his eyes on an extra pointy stick. He grabbed the stick and started to jab at them. The other Gnoblars began to throw sharp-stuff from the rubbish pile. A piece of metal hit Grubbi in the face, then a rock hit him in the chest. Grubbi then got winded by a brick, before he knew it he became a punching bag. Grubbi became black and blue; Grubbi didn't expect to make it out of this alive. Then he heard something, with the last bit of energy he had he turned his head towards the noise. The Gnoblars that didn't notice the coin had gone were heading towards him. Grubbi cursed, now he was going to be in even more pain. But the Gnoblars tackled the Gnoblars beating up him. Grubbi sighed in relief; all he had to do now was get out.

It took Grubbi awhile to make it out of the fight and get to his scrap pile, but he made it. He was starving from all that fighting so he decided to try and find something to eat. He headed out of the shanty town and towards the Ogres. Maybe if he fought he might get some food. So the first ogre he saw he said "I'll fight". The Ogre just laughed and punched Grubbi in the stomach. Grubbi decided that talking to an ogre wasn't the best way to get food. He remembered that sometimes ogres fought for other people, Grubbi thought that those Ogres might have lots of food. Grubbi stood there for a while, then an ogre came up to him and grabbed him with his fat hands. The Ogre bellowed. "You shall join our army whether you like it or not, we set sail for the Land of Men tomorrow" The Ogre then put him back on the ground. Grubbi found this extremely lucky; these were surely the ogres that fought for other people. Grubbi stood there waiting for his food. The Ogre gave him a funny look and walked off. Grubbi was about to shout 'where's my food' but he decided against it.

Grubbi woke the next day hungry and thirsty. Hopefully they gave out the food and water on the ship. Grubbi made his way towards the dock. Grubbi had never seen a ship before let alone a dock. Grubbi didn't know what ship he had to go on but. Suddenly the same Ogre came up to him and shouted. "Get in the ship!" Grubbi was starting to get annoyed at that ogre. He was going to call he 'fat fingers' but he thought he might not get any food. Grubbi was herded and shoved into a tiny cabin with all the other Gnoblars. Grubbi knew this was going to be a long ride...and a painful one.

The trip started like all others. Mouthful games of Crook-Dice and a fistful of fights in the hold of the ship. Grubbi had already gained a black eye after disagreeing in a Crook-Dice game. Since the Ogres weren't giving them any food they had to start finding other food, mainly each other. They had started with the weakest Gnoblars but as

they were the skinniest it wasn't much of a meal. So they were starting to gang up on the 'fatter' members of the army. Grubbi was relived because he was a bit stringy, and he looked like he was their next choice before they started to eat the bigger Gnoblars.

Finally that wooden door that kept them in the ship's hold opened and the Gnoblars saw daylight after two weeks. Their eyes had adjusted to the dark so when the light came in many of them got momentarily blinded for about two minutes. The Ogres thought that they needed a run around before getting back in their 'pen'. The Gnoblars swarmed out, apart from the ones that were blinded. This ship held all of the Gnoblars that were a part of the fleet so it soon became overrun with their own cargo. Soon the Ogres started to round up the Gnoblars often throwing them back through the door, bellowing threats of what was to happen too them if they tried to come back out, those that refused ran up to the crows nest. However, they were shot down by the captain's pistol.

Grubbi soon found himself back under the deck of the ship.

Soon the Gnoblars started to band together to avoid being eaten.

Grubbi was band less; instead he tried to band all the Gnoblars together so they could escape. They said it was pointless as they had already tried to punch down the door. Yet Grubbi persisted, but to no avail. Soon he started hiring himself out to bands when they were going to attack another band. After another 'run around' on the decks life in the dark became even harsher. Grubbi still went around to the bands asking for unity, some agreed but only if they wouldn't get attacked any more. Grubbi couldn't promise that but he said they wouldn't get attacked anyway. Grubbi became more renown among the bands, after another week he had gained enough of a force to attempt to break down the door. Firstly they used a Gnoblar as a battering ram against the door. However the Gnoblars skull broke and the door had even taken a scratch. Then Grubbi noticed some barrels in the corner. He noticed something shiny behind them.

It looked like a flail.

Grubbi grabbed it and ran towards the door swinging the flail wildly. A mighty 'crack' followed. Gnoblars swarmed over the doors taking out pieces of wood where the hole had been made. Before long a hole big enough to fit a Gnoblar emerged and a swarm of Gnoblars poured through the doors to get revenge on their masters.

Gnoblars swarmed over the ladder and up onto the decks of the ship. Grubbi swung his flail and pointed his flail towards the oblivious captain. A horde of Gnoblars followed him towards the Ogre resting next to the helm. The Gnoblars clambered over him biting at his legs and arms. He roared in pain whilst shooting at the Gnoblars with his pistol. Other Ogres came out of their cabins to see what the racket was. The Gnoblars continued to bite

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at the fat and old Ogre. Soon the Ogre was reduced to bones by the swarm of killer Gnoblar. The Gnoblar turned around to find their next prey, however, five Ogres wielding giant blades stood before them.

The Gnoblar knew they had no chance so they surrendered ready to face death. However, the ship passed a small tropical island as the Ogres lined the Gnoblar ready to be culled. One Ogre thought it would be funny if they left the Gnoblar on the island to starve. The other Ogres started to laugh at the idea. They kicked the Gnoblar off ship and watched them frantically swim towards the tropical island. The Ogres started to throw big wooden objects at the Gnoblar for more of a laugh. Grubbi grabbed one of the planks that the Ogres threw after he had started to struggle to swim. Other Gnoblar copied his idea relived that they didn't have to swim any more. The Ogres grew even more furious that they weren't drowning. One Ogre fired a cannon ball at a Gnoblar to the right of Grubbi. More cannon balls flew towards the Gnoblar as they desperately swam towards the island.

Then Grubbi felt sand under his feet and threw the plank aside as he tried to sprint to dry land.

When he reached the dry sand he darted into the undergrowth hoping it would protect him from the cannon balls. Then the cannon balls silenced. The Gnoblar emerged out of the undergrowth to see the Ogres raising their fists at them as their boat sailed away. Grubbi turned around to see all the Gnoblar bickering and blaming over whose fault it was who got them here. Grubbi had more important matters, he was starving. He looked at a tree to see a fruit at the top of the tree. The tree was very thin and it had no branches stretching out of it. He started to climb it by wrapping himself around it and wriggling up.

When he reached the top he knocked the hard fruit off the top. He watched one fall onto a Gnoblar's head, knocking him out.

He tried to bite the fruit but to no avail. Then he tried to crack it open on a rock, he watched as a white liquid crawled out. He licked it, he wanted more. The other Gnoblar saw him and tried to steal his. He showed them how to get their own.

Soon the Gnoblar started to respect Grubbi. They decided to make him their leader so one day they could get their revenge on the Ogres. Soon the beach side 'town' flourished, they had huts made of sticks and leaves. There had only been an occasional bicker but nothing that had been as bad as it was on the ship. Soon Grubbi mustered a group of Gnoblar to explore the unknown parts of the island, not knowing what they'll find or if they'll come back.

Grubbi's crusade left at the brink of dusk to avoid any wondering beasts. However, Grubbi still felt shivers down

his spine. The last thing he wanted was his head being sliced off by a huge talon.

As they ventured in deeper into the jungle to more Gnoblar fled from the mysterious noises. Strange lights started to emerge for deeper in the jungle. But curious about the island he led those that still had their nerves deeper into the forest.

At around midnight his band came across a monster about 30 Gnoblar long and 15 high. Grubbi sighed in relief as he discovered it was sleeping. He led his band safely around the beast avoiding any stick that could make sharp noises. Most of his warband were safely away from the beast; however one Gnoblar had not yet discovered the beast, he had been held back by his weak bladder and ran furiously at the band whilst picking his noise as he tried to catch up. As he was running he tripped over a loose stick and crashed into the beast. It slowly woke and raised its head towards Grubbi's band. The Gnoblar tried to run back into the jungle however, the beast quickly turned its head in the direction of the fleeing Gnoblar. Grubbi couldn't really see the features of the beast in the night but he saw its huge teeth cutting through the Gnoblar chest. Then came a defining roar as the feral monster turned towards Grubbi, still eating the remains of the Gnoblar. He tapped his dice bag hoping for luck. Another roar came from deeper in the forest however the beast didn't seem to mind. Grubbi picked a rock from the ground and throw it at the monster's head. The monster stood confused, contemplating whether that was a taunt or an attack. Grubbi's fellow Gnoblar copied his actions at picked up anything they could find and threw it at the fiend. The monster still stood there unharmed by the rocks. The monster made a dive for the Gnoblar whilst swiping its huge bloodstained talons. Grubbi made a quick leap into the dense jungle, some other Gnoblar were lucky enough to have enough time to do the same.

However, some stood there in terror and were cut to pieces by teeth and claws. Grubbi thought the beast would be having a feast tonight. Another roar came for behind Grubbi, however it wasn't the monsters.

Grubbi heard running feet from behind him and then another roar. Grubbi turned in horror as he saw a cave beast, something familiar to his time back with the ogres. Grubbi didn't have time to move, the next thing he knew he was stuck between the cave beast's horns and he was heading straight for the monster. Grubbi was prepared to die however, at the last second the cave beast skidded aside. Grubbi seized this moment and leaped onto the cave beast's back. Grubbi had no idea how to ride it but it looked like it had a rivalry with the monster so it might kill it. The cave beast charged at the monster with its horns lowered. The monster met the charge with its iron hard tail. The cave beast shrugged of the wound and struck its horns up. One of the horns cut through the monster's mouth, it cried out in pain. It was

about to swing its tail around into the cave beast's head when a swarm of Gnoblar ran over the beast, sticking anything pointy into its thick hide. The cave beast still with its horn in the Gnoblar over ran monster's jaw quickly pulled is horn out and struck it back in at its wind pipe. The monster then fell to the ground with a 'thud', crushing quiet a few Gnoblars. Grubbi was quiet surprised with what happened next. He dismounted the cave beast and expected it to run away however it stood there with its horns lowered. The cave beast tapped Grubbi's dice bag with its horn and then raised its head. Grubbi mounted the cave beast again, and then muttered 'buddy' into its ear. The cave beast almost nodded in reply. Grubbi was scared; this wasn't the cave beasts he was use to. The cave beasts he knew wanted to kill him, but this one wanted to help him. He was liking this island the more he was here. He raised a long stick off the ground and strapped a piece of the beast's flesh to it with some vine. He then strapped the pole on the back of the cave beast. All the Gnoblars looked up at him.

"Gather the meat, we shall bring home a feast then we'll explore deeper in the jungle," Grubbi shouted.

And with that the remaining Gnoblars started to cut meat off the beasts with whatever sharp knives or even sharp rocks they had.

With months of food and their bellies satisfied Grubbi called another muster of Gnoblars. This time more Gnoblars came to the call, as those that fought the beasts were respected by the other Gnoblars, who were in awe of their many stories about fighting the monster from the forest.

Grubbi was, as always, riding Buddy, so he could see what was going on.

They left at dawn this time trying to avoid other monsters, if there were any more of them.

After they had been travelling for quite a while Grubbi decided to give the Gnoblars a break. Grubbi opened up his sack of beast's meat and tucked into the charred flesh. After the other Gnoblars had finished chasing each other with pointy sticks he decided he should probably

round them up again and plunge deeper into the unknown of the forests.

Around Midnight they became wearier and didn't want to face another beast.

Buddy let out a roar increasing the scared Gnoblar's confidence. Grubbi saw a light much deeper in the forest and nudged Buddy towards it. Grubbi saw that his tribe was getting extremely tired and he felt a drizzle of rain. He decided to let his men set up camp and rest before they followed to light again. It was almost dawn before all of the Gnoblars had found their 'comfy spots' so they had to deal with the morning sun. Grubbi had drifted off to sleep well before dawn. He woke up at around noon as the burning sun broke through the thick leaves everyone but he and Buddy were asleep. He saw a bright light in font him, at first he thought his eyes were playing tricks on him. But after he shook his head and waited awhile he noticed it was no trick. He nudged Buddy towards to mysterious light before removing his flail from his back. He didn't take any chances and quickly swiped at the light. There was a high pitched scream that only Grubbi could hear as none of the Gnoblars woke up from their dreamy sleeps. He looked at where the light stood and saw a coin on the ground. Grubbi felt something lucky about it, but he would worry about it later. He put the coin in his pocket and then made Buddy knock a tree down to wake all the Gnoblars up. They all woke up in a furry of screams. They finally calmed down.

Grubbi pointed in the direction of were the light was last night, and they ventured deeper into the jungle.



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The Fall of the Lone Rider

By: Ironlord

She was his partner, his soul mate, his lone companion on the windy steeps. Wind tugged at his hair as he jumped back on the horse and scanned the area around him, these were dark times in the North, Kislev itself might be under threat and it was up too outriders like him to make sure the lands were safe. The winter was slowly melting away, the snow fading into water, bringing the bears out of hibernation and allowing the monsters passage from the North.

Gently tapping his boots into the side of his chestnut coloured horse, he took off, following the winding path along the side of the river at a steady pace, the iron horse shoes crunching melting snow beneath them as they steered away from the swelling river.

It came from the mountains in the east, where the river ran too the doors off an old Dwarven hold named Karak Vlag, it had once been a pure river, as fresh as the new morning's dew, now it was tainted and poisonous. No one had checked upon Karak Vlag in many winters and it seemed that the strong and noble dwarves had fallen too some horrible monster from within or outside their walls. As usual they had been too proud to ask for help.

Not that Kislev could have given any.

They had suffered at the hands of Glorbel the Putrid, a foul warrior from the Chaos Wastes, not three years before, his presence had turned the very soil into slush, destroying crops and live stock. They were recovering from his invasion, but it was taking time, time that Karak Vlag didn't have any more. But how long was it before the next invasion, the next holy war between Chaos and the City of Kislev.

In the city they spoke of a Bloody Moon that could be seen from inside the city walls, a clear warning that the Lord of Bloodshed and Battle would be fast approaching. Merchants and Travellers were quick to leave after word of this vision had spread. But those native to Kislev were not so quick to flee. The Bear had stared down many Wolves before and would not simply bow to one covered in blood.

Taking in the view from his new perch higher in the mountains he could see for leagues in many directions, it would take him more than a day to ride from here to any one of the mountain passes that he had to check on. But it would be a day that he could enjoy, travelling in the North was dangerous. But the beauty of the land in bloom was unmatched anywhere in the world. But it was not a beauty that many could comprehend, you had to love Kislev to love everything that came with it.

He had permitted himself a short break in a cave, after checking it was clear of any creatures, but then he was off again, driving his horse faster and faster into the ever melting snow. Back on the flat lands he had a wide view

of the world. Yet he was too focused on the land in front of him. His world was changed into a tunnel vision between his horse's flattened ears.

He couldn't believe how fast he was going.

He couldn't believe the pain crushing his sides.

He couldn't believe that he was on the ground in the cold cold snow.

A numbness spread throughout him. One of shock and the other of the freezing cold that now drained his left side as he lay dumbfounded in the snow.

The scream of his horse brought him back to reality and as he looked up he saw a large creature, covered in white hair, its face buried into the neck of his beloved horse.

Drawing his sword he screamed and charged the creature, intent on taking its head in vengeance.

The creature lifted its now blood soaked face and roared at him like a lion from the Southlands. Its face was dominated by a single eye that seemed jet black but shone brightly when it was hit by the sun.

Its mouth was surprisingly small, but with no lips its teeth seemed to constantly snarl at him. A large black tongue slipped between the teeth and tasted the air.

From the fur sprouted two horns, one malicious and curving, the other little more than a nub on the side of its head.

As he was still charging through the knee high snow, the creature leapt over the fallen horse and thundered towards him with murderous pace. Realising he was out done and surely to be destroyed by the creature he did the one thing that he knew no creature would expect. When they were just ten feet from one another he dove for the ground, rolled and thrust his sword up into the air and the momentum of the creature carried it over the blade, slicing up the side of the creature's stomach. It yelped and rolled over in the snow. Holding its guts as they spilled out of the wound.

It took most of his strength to stand as the snow ripped the energy out of his body.

But he managed to get his feet under him and raise his sword to face the creature, he held it at arms length, pointing it at the creature's eye. Then he realised that his shirt had been ripped across the forearm, with a scratch across the length of the rip. It was only a small cut, but it burned like acid.

He scanned the creature and noticed a spike on the inside of its leg which had been hidden by fur but was now red with blood his blood. The creature advanced again, more warily this time, using one hand to hold its wound as the other swung at him, he saw the sharp

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talons that now passed mere inches before his eyes or sparked against his sword. This was a deadly foe even when wounded.

He ducked under the latest swing and tried a quick stab, aiming for the chest of the creature, hoping too hit the heart of this beast and finish the fight. This snow was killing him faster than the creature.

The blade went through the skin with ease and seemed to slice straight through a bladder of some kind. As the blade went in, liquid squirted out, firing along the length of the blade to burn his hand. It was a pale green fluid that dripped and splashed like water and sizzled on contact.

The beast threw itself up the sword, hoping to get closer, but the sword went too deep, cutting down the creature as it began to melt with the acid that squirted everywhere.

Suddenly he dropped too the ground, his own fall masked by the crump of his enemy in the snow.

He felt the sizzling on his face, it was not the sizzle of meat on the pan, but a more sickly feeling, as if he was decaying whilst still alive.

Suddenly his nerves were on fire, his every muscle twitching as the acid took effect on his body. His eyes flashed white and black as he blinked into the sun.

For a while he just lay there, staring blindly into the sky before he felt his spirit fade with the light and he never woke again.

The Fall of the Lone Rider is a Kislevite tale told too warn children of Kislev never to wander into the lands surrounding their city alone. Scholars note that although details may change, the fate of the rider is always the same, but he or she is never named, to ensure that everyone empathises with the rider and understands the dangers of the tundra.



the BELL-OWER

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Gor-Rok - The Great White Lizard, The Scarred One

(A Warhammer Fantasy model kit bash) By: Mike Jacobs aka txMaddog (40k Radio)

I just recently returned to Warhammer Fantasy after a long absence and decided to play Lizardmen as one of my armies (Dwarfs being the other one).

I was reading the Lizardmen Army book and the story of Gor-Rok just made me say 'Wow! This is one Bad Arse Lizard! I want him in my army!' but Games Workshop does not make a model for him, so I decided to make my own.

This is a very simple kit bash with readily available parts.

Models used:

Lizardmen Temple Guard from the plastic box set
40k Chaos Space Marine Vehicle spikey bits sprue
one extra 20mm square base



I wanted Gor-Rok to stand a bit above the rank and file Saurus so I added a 20mm square base to give him a little more height. It took a little work to get the fit right but wasn't too much trouble.

The weapon is the Champions weapon from the Temple Guard box, I just added the ball on the end from one of the other pieces to make it more distinct.

I wanted a really unique and impressive shield for him as it figures so much in his story. The shield is made of two (2) of the spikey plates you find on the 40k Chaos Space

Marine Vehicle bits sprue glued together. I used the arm from the Musician in the Temple Guard box for his shield arm.



That's all there is to building the model. A simple kit bash that will allow you to add a cool character to your Lizardmen army.

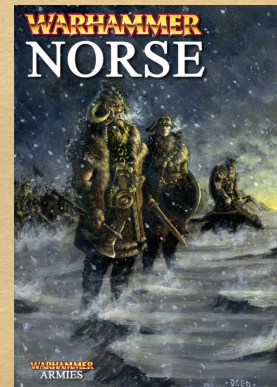
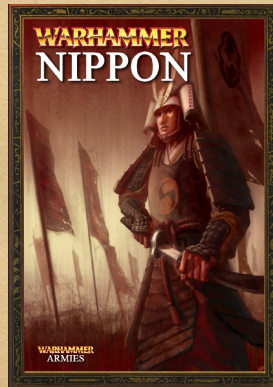
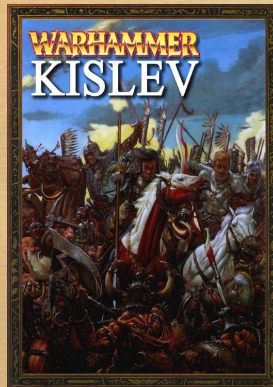
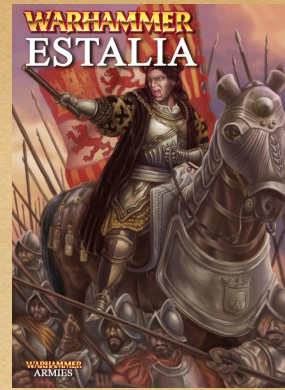
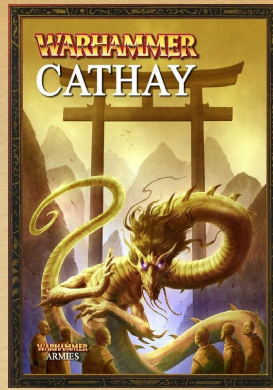
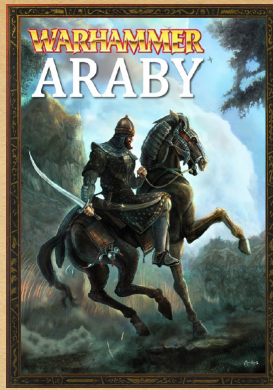
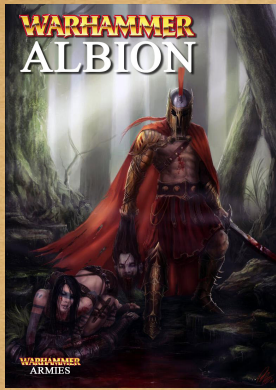
Bit Box

See what nice pieces you can make with a few spare bits and imagination. I've seen many awesome pieces on the gaming tables that were made by simple conversions as well as fully sculpted works. Personally I'm not a sculptor but I have done some small conversions in a few of my armies.

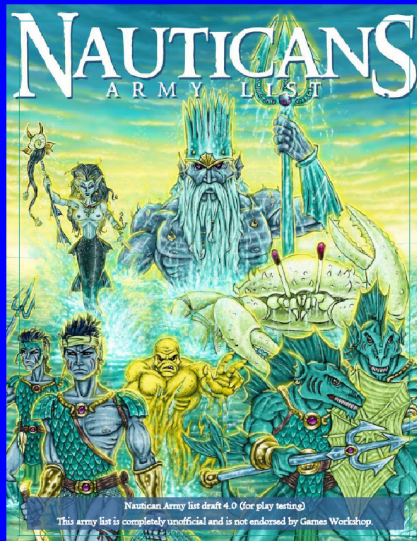
Always save the spare bits from all your armies no matter the system. You never know when you can use them in unexpected ways.

Bilbo

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Commentary

Fantasy Battles

OK since it's release you have read my views on 8th Edition Warhammer so I will not rehash them here. What today's commentary is about having choices in Fantasy war gaming.

Warhammer Fantasy

First you have the 800 pound guerilla from [Games Workshop](#) Warhammer Fantasy Battles. If you are reading this you already know about Warhammer and it doesn't need elaboration. I've been playing Warhammer Fantasy since 6th edition. I've seen many players become disenchanted with Warhammer in the past few years because of overpowered army books and changes in main rule book and raising of prices during a world financial crisis.

Armies of Arcana

Next up is [Armies of Arcana](#). Arcana is a world at constant war. They describe the game as follows.

To play differently from the standard rule sets that were around. To try and recreate as much as possible the real to life actions found on a battlefield so that the outcomes of his games were more realistic and logical. To keep the focus on strategy and retaining a real need for tactical skill. To ensure that the player was the General of his army and played the opposing General, rather than the system playing itself. To design a points allocation formula that ensured a high level of balance between every army and creature in the system, to encourage diversity and choice, not artificial limitations and restrictions. To include historical, ancient and medieval armies within the framework of a fantasy construct to allow a genuine cross-over between fantasy and historical army lists and miniatures.

The views of the Commentators are theirs alone and now of the rest of the writers and artists of The Doom Seeker.

If you wish to comment on the game of Warhammer or about the articles in this issue send them to thedoomseeker@hotmail.com for consideration of publication.

All of these seem noble goals. I haven't been able to play this game because of not having gaming tables other than the local GW store or friends willing to lay out money without at least seeing it played.

Kings of War

The newest entrant in the field is from [Mantic Games](#) and being written by former GW writer Alessio Cavatore. The Game is called Kings of War and is currently being Beta tested.

I've read the rules and they are OK but not great, but since it's in Beta there could be changes. The main issue I have is that they are only supporting the 3 armies that Mantic produces at this time, I would have loved to see more races supported to get people with armies playing it and inputting comments into the Beta test of the game.

Now I've been joking for over a year about creating a fantasy war game that would allow people not wanting to but new armies yearly to be competitive or use many makers models in games. I even emailed Mantic before they hired Alessio to see if they were going to create a game and was told they had no plans at the time.

I have several main core ideas I would like to incorporate to make the game easier to understand while keeping the tactical challenge. None of the he who throws the most dice wins here.

What I'm thinking is, Movement be MAX movement of model), Armour increases defence of model (no armour saves), Limiting Magic, Limiting Monsters and War Machines and balancing the game that an Elite army and a Horde army and a Balanced army would be equal in the game.

I would like to hear our readers thoughts about what they would want in a war game or do you like all of the current games out there. Please send me an email me at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com with your thoughts.



Other Realms

Forum Sites for Warhammer Players

Any Forum or Podcast wishing to be added to our list please contact us at TheDoomSeeker@hotmail.com

Beasts Of Chaos

Herdstone

s2.invisionfree.com/herdstone/

Brettonnia

The Round Table of Brettonnia

www.roundtable-brettonnia.org/

Chaos Dwarfs

Chaos Dwarfs Online

www.chaos-dwarfs.com

Daemons of Chaos

The Daemonic Legion

www.thedaemoniclegion.com/

Dark Elf

Druchii Net

www.druchii.net/

Dogs Of War

Dogs of War Online

www.dogsofwaronline.com

Dwarfs

Bugman's Brewery

www.bugmansbrewery.com/

New Slayer Brotherhood

<http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/>

Empire

Warhammer Empire

www.warhammer-empire.com/

Gnoblar

The Gnoblar Tower

http://z6.invisionfree.com/The_Gnoblar_Tower/

High Elf

Ulthuan Land of the Asur

www.ulthuan.net/forum/portal.php

Lizardmen

The Pyramid Vault

www.pyramidvault.net/forum/

Ogre Kingdom

Ogre Stronghold

www.ogrestronghold.com/main/index.php

Orcs & Goblins

Da Warpath

www.s3.invisionfree.com/Orc_Goblin_Warpath/

Skaven

Under Empire

www.underempire.net

Tomb Kings (Khemri)

Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum

www.tomb-kings.net

Vampire Counts

Carpe Noctem

www.vampirecounts.net

The Blood Keep

www.s4.invisionfree.com/The_Blood_Keep/

Warriors of Chaos

Chamber of the Everchosen

www.s4.invisionfree.com/cotec/index.php

Wood Elf

Asrai.Org

www.asrai.org/

Warhammer General Forums

Bell of Lost Souls

<http://www.lounge.belloflostsouls.net/index.php>

Dakka Dakka

www.dakkadakka.com/core/

Ravenging Hordes

<http://games.groups.yahoo.com/group/RavengingHordes/>

Warhammer Alliance

www.warhammeralliance.com/

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

<http://battlereporter.freeforums.org/portal.php>

Warhammer Forum

<http://warhammer.org.uk/phpBB/index.php>

Warhammer Realm

http://www.warvault.net/warhammer_realm/index.php

Warseer

www.warseer.com

Podcasts

Bad Dice

<http://baddice.co.uk/>

Garagehammer

<http://garagehammer.net/>

Heelanhammer

<http://heelanhammer.com/>

Podhammer

<http://podhammer.net/>

Pointhammered

<http://www.pointhammered.com/>

Waaaghcast

<http://www.waaaghcast.net/>

THE DOOM SEEKER

The webzine for players who believe in
playing the game for fun.



New Slayer Brotherhood

<http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/>

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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NEXT ISSUE

*Cathay
Dogs of War*

