

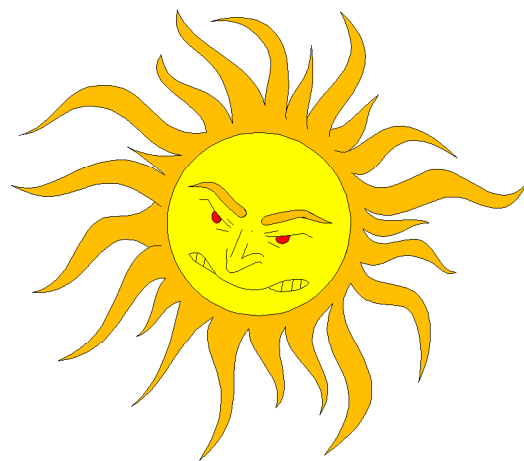
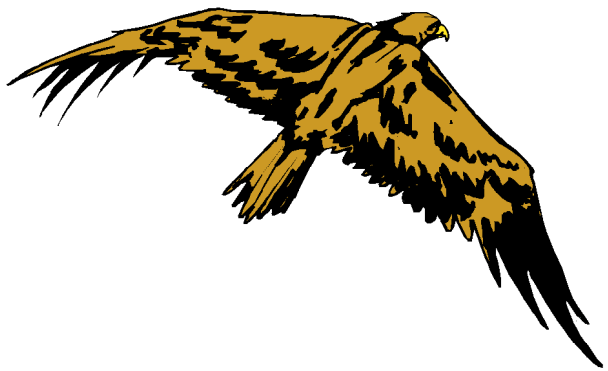
The Doom Seeker

Issue 3 - Spring 2010



Create an Infantry Unit
How To Scenarios
(The Art of War)
Mousekiller is Back
(And he brought Dwarfs)
Slayers Around the World
(Rolf's World Tour)
Firewolf Saga
(March into the Flatlands)





Ravening Hordes

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Armies that time has forgotten.**

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The Doom Seeker

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CARPE NOCTEM

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From the desk of Bilbo Baggins

Welcome to issue three of The Doom Seeker.

I guess you are already thinking, what is crotchety old Bilbo going to rant about this time. Well I'm going to try and not to go off on a tangent, new years resolution.

My opinion is now well known about how I feel about how some people play the game of Warhammer and how it changed from how I started. I think part of the problem is the mentality of some players that have to win instead of having fun in a challenging back and forth struggle between evenly matched armies. Now Games Workshop could have tried to make the game harder to make unbalanced lists, but the mentality of people to find advantages is also part of the problem.

Now GW is a miniatures company that uses their games to sell the models. They have to make a profit for their investors, that is why their hobby specialist are pushing the newest armies to all who enter into their domain. I'm in an area that the independent hobby shops do not sell GW products, mainly due to low support from GW, so I have to go their store to play a game and get models. They sometimes try and get me to buy the new armies, but I remind them I'm broke and already have 4 armies to play. There may be some of the staff members who don't like my choices of armies but they haven't said anything to my face about it.

Would I like GW to continue supporting armies they allowed a few years ago but stopped, like the SOC and Lustria books as well as Dogs of War and Cult of Ulric, of course. I think it was short sighted of them to stop allowing them in tournaments. But since GW seems to have stopped sponsoring Grand Tournaments we may end up like other countries that have only Independent tournaments that still allow armies that GW tournaments have kept out. In Australia one of the top Warhammer players in the country plays the Dogs of War an army that hasn't been updated since 2002. If he was in America playing GW GT's he would have been forced to abandon his beloved army.

Now I'm a member of many forums and I know there are people out there are as disappointed in the way the game has gone in the past few years. I know some have even gotten the PDFs of the Ravening Hordes book that GW had for download on their site when 6th edition came out. They want to try and play for fun with lists that they believe were fair to all armies.

The problem I believe in the game lies partially to GW wanting to sell more models and partially that they don't seem to have a coherent overall plan for all the books ahead of time so that all the units are pointed fairly over all the books. I know the problems of creating an army

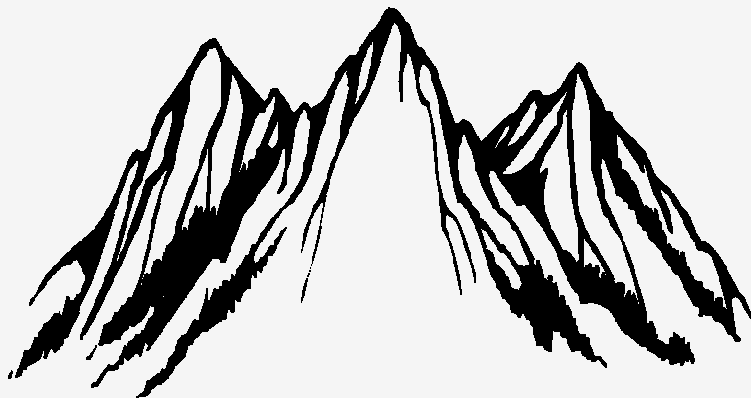
book that is balanced since I've been working on a book for the Dogs of War for the past several months. The balancing act of how well everything works together but not so powerful to make it that nobody will play against it is the problem. Play testing has helped us improve the army and we are still hoping that we can get the independent tournaments accept the book. I know that GW tournaments will never accept it since we are not GW game design employees.

The funny thing is that GW does seem to have they ability to make new armies for a game system balanced for one of their games. Lord of the Rings, the original game not the War of the Ring variant, has had several new books and you can build fair lists that are competitive with the ones in the main rule book. They seem to came up with a standard for pointing the models depending on stats and equipment and haven't messed with it, using it for all supplements that have come out since. They don't seem to do that very well with Warhammer Fantasy.

Now GW is rumoured to be working on 8th Edition of Warhammer. Now imagine if they kept 6th edition and used the money they spent on updating the army books to the new edition on creating new armies (and updating the ones they skipped) instead. Updating miniatures for the existing armies and new models for new armies creating balanced armies and keeping older players who are getting fed up as well as acquiring new players. Now maybe I'm a little bit of a pessimist but I don't think releasing a new rule book will fix the problems that are located squarely in the army books.

Bilbo Baggins

PS: You may have noticed that we have added a third forum to our supporting list. We are now the webzine for Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter and we thank their administrator Sigmar for his support.



Deckhands for Hire!



Dogs of War Online

Cry havoc and let slip the Dogs of War!

Slayer Journal

How To Scenarios: The Art of War; Stories and a Bit More War

by Ironlord

Have you ever put down your dice and picked up a book?

Yeah?

Those things are good aren't they.

Anyone who loves turning pages suddenly feels the urge to find a story in anything and Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000 and the Lord of the Rings Strategy Battle Game are no exception to this rule of addiction. Thank fully the opportunities and set ups for a great story are easy to see, all you need is a single hook, a small spark that can start a fire, to get you going. Once you have this spark then its hard, if not impossible, to loose it.

So maybe the best way of getting a little story time in between painting binges is to make a scenario, a story based battle, because lets face it, although its fun to knock about a table full of goblins, it can get a little weary eventually, especially if you have the makings of a great fantasy epic swirling around in your mind.

So you want to make a scenario, good for you, but do you know how?

It can be a strange and tiresome process if you don't know what's going on. So what you need is some kind of strange, Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine to help you figure out how to make a scenario. If only you had such a creature.

Fanfare Music

Never fear the Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine is here!

OK, I'm done referring to myself as the Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine, or am I? But that doesn't mean that I wont be the Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine that will try to help you make a scenario.

So we need to get the fundamentals of the scenario.

The Narrative

Why are the armies fighting?

Sure there are some easy ways of doing this that mean you don't really have to think, (do you need a reason for a dwarf to slam an axe into the face of a goblin), but sometimes its a little harder to justify a 2000 point bloodbath.

So lets see what we can come up with shall we. Sometimes its easier too understand a madman when you see what he scrawls on the wall as he talks.

A chaos warlord brings his horde into the deserts of Khemri to plunder the tombs of the Liches for ancient artifacts and magic to help him conquer the world.

Looking to settle an ancient grudge between his clan and a human family who are lords of a city, a dwarf lord takes too the field with his personal guard to challenge the manling too single combat to end the grudge.

As darkness falls a group of dark elves strike against a caravan of mercenaries, intent on taking their chests full of gold back too their black ships.

A horde of gibbering daemons rampage in the darkness beneath the surface of the world. As they draw closer too a mighty column of warpstone an army of Skaven try to frantically defend their source of power.

That's all the motivation I need to move onto stage 2.

Objectives

Part of a scenario is having alternative endings too a standard Warhammer game.

So lets take examples from the above list.

The chaos player must control the entrance to a set number of tombs (determined before the game), while the tomb kingdoms army has to drive off the attackers and kill the one who lead the attack against their territory.

The game ends when either the dwarf or the human general are dead. If either general can charge the other's unit then s/he must do so and challenge the enemy general to single combat. When either general lies dead on the ground then the match is over and the victory points are worked out as per usual.

Special counters representing the chests of gold are placed across the battle board, each counter is guarded by a unit of infantry. The dark elf unit must come into physical contact with the counter in order to obtain it, the unit must then return to it's deployment zone to score an additional 500 victory points. The game ends after 6 turns or when all the counters have been obtained by the dark elves.

The daemons have too destroy the warpstone tower to break the spirit of the Skaven Until they do so the Skaven are allowed too recycle their core and special units.

When the warpstone tower loses half of its wounds the Skaven player can only recycle his core choices. The Skaven player wins by destroying the daemon horde.

As you can see a scenario allows you to have an alternative ending, it's the opportunity for a more tactical player to win, rather than who has the best list (although the right list will help) or who has the biggest block of cheese.

It is also a great opportunity for fluff. The grudge example is perfect for those of us who like a good story. How did the grudge start? who did it? has anyone else tried to cleanse this wronging? Who wins out and what does it mean for those left behind?

All of those are great examples of how to make a story that centres around a scenario, exactly how a normal story centres itself around events.

Using the above list the next thing to consider is.

Set Up

The Tomb King's player can deploy anywhere within 18 inches of a tomb or tomb entrance while the chaos player can choose any table edge to deploy from.

Both armies deploy at opposite sides of the table.

The mercenaries army deploys beside its caravan with a unit designated to guarding each of the chests. The dark elves deploy evenly from two opposite table edges as they do a pincer attack.

The daemonic hordes deploy in a square area (8*12 inches) while the Skaven randomly deploy from any table edge they want. Roll a D6 for each unit, the unit arrives on a roll of (turn 2) 5+ (turn 3) 4+ (turn 4) 3+ (turn 5) 2+ (turn 6) instantly arrive.

Special Rules

In the heat of battle, various things can affect even the lowliest warrior. So there are some special rules you may want to apply to the scenario your making. Lets return to the list once again.

When the Chaos army's general is killed, every unit takes a leadership check, unless in combat, or must fall back towards their table edge. The tomb king's army can re-roll one of any leadership test they may have to take for whatever reason. The player can decide after the first roll.

The Dwarven unit guarding the army general is immune to psychology for the whole game. As is the unit guarding the empire general. However the general must remain with this unit for the entire game and cannot leave that unit unless it is destroyed. If a general is not with his unit then the unit is not immune to psychology, but the general retains his special rule.

The mercenary unit guarding the treasure is immune to psychology and fearless. The dark elves automatically get the first turn.

Skaven are immune to psychology until the warpstone column is at half its hit points. The Skaven are then immune to fear. When the column is at a quarter of its hit points the Skaven use normal psychology and are affected from the start of the turn after the column is at a quarter hit points.

Those are my four principles for creating a scenario, they seem generic, but what that means is that it covers everything. Try and think of something in a scenario and then look at the basic 4 principles. I'm guessing whatever you thought of fits in the basic 4 principles. Remember that simplicity is important, if you overcomplicate things then you won't enjoy making it and are less likely to enjoy playing the scenario.

The best of scenarios will combine all 4 of these principles, letting the narrative flow through the objectives, set ups and special rules to link them all together.

So let's see if things are really as simple as they seem shall we? What if the Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine was to make his own scenario and give you a look at what the finished product looks like?

The Defence of Lord Hulbrict's Tower.

A Scenario for Warhammer Fantasy Battles by A Daemoniacally-powered-gaming-slash-writing-slash-creative-ideas-machine called Ironlord.

Narrative

On the borders of a small Empire Sub State are a series of guard towers, built by the men of the empire under the guidance of dwarven stone smiths. These towers are strong and tall, affording the defenders a great view over all those who would threaten their people and an easily defended position from which they can rain death down upon their enemies. A constant garrison is maintained at all times by the Arch Lector, who is eager to maintain his borders in the face of ever encroaching darkness from mankind's many enemies.

As Grand Commander of the Towers, the duty of maintaining and defending these towers falls too Lord Hulbrict, a close friend of the Arch Lector and one of his personal advisers.

But beneath the surface of the earth the Skaven care not for the ranks and law of men. The only rule is that of the tyrant who is strong enough to enforce his own will upon his subjects. One such tyrant is known throughout the warpstone littered corridors as Yeh'nip the Golden Toothed.

THE DOOM SEEKER - ISSUE III

Yeh'nip has brought his Gold Tooth clan to the surface to settle an old score with Lord Hulbrict, who took his left hand in a fight five years ago when Yeh'nip was last on the surface. He intends to take as many of the towers as he can, drawing out the human and forcing him to fight, where Yeh'nip has made "great plans" (yes yes) to ensure that Hulbrict will die. And once the meddling human is gone Yeh'nip can start his warpath into the heart of the empire.

Objectives

-Lord Hulbrict's forces have simply to drive off the Skaven, they know that a nearby town of almost a thousand people would be the first to fall if the Skaven can break the line here and start a bloody campaign into the empire. Victory will be accomplished when the Skaven army is destroyed or fleeing. Because of his important station in the empire, Lord Hulbrict must be kept alive.

-Yeh'nip's Golden Tooth Tribe have more specific goals. They have to capture the tower and kill Lord Hulbrict to achieve victory. When these conditions are met the game ends at the end of the turn with victory going to the Skaven

Set Up

The tower must be placed on the table first, it should be placed at least 12 inches away from any table edges (preferably on a hill for logical reasons such as improved field of vision). Lord Hulbrict's forces can select between 250-500 points worth of their army to deploy within the tower or within 2 inches of the tower. These forces represent the garrison of the tower and must survive the full onslaught of the Skaven to allow their forces to arrive as back up.

Once the tower's defenders have been chosen then the rest arrive as reinforcements in the following order.

1st turn of Reinforcements: Mounted Units (including monstrous mounts and fliers)

2nd turn of Reinforcements: Infantry wearing light or no armour.

3rd turn of reinforcements: Infantry Wearing heavy armour.

Reinforcements begin arriving on the turn that the tower door is broken open or when $\frac{1}{2}$ of the tower defenders die. The staggered approach of the arrival represents the nearby forces rallying to drive off the attackers. Randomly select the table edge the units arrive from using the following table.

- 1- Skaven Player Chooses
- 2- North
- 3- South
- 4- East
- 5- West
- 6- Empire Player Chooses

It is important to determine the north, south, east and west edges of the board before the battle starts.

Because of Yeh'nip's Grand Plans a single unit (maximum cost 300 points) is deployed using the following special rules. Everyone else deploys as normal from a table edge.

Grand Plans

A single unit (300 points maximum) is withheld from normal deployment. The Skaven player then makes a note of a point on the table. The unit is hidden there in a series of underground tunnels that he dug before the battle. (this point cannot be within 6 inches of the tower) Only after Lord Hulbrict arrives on the battle field can the unit be deployed. However there is a chance that the unit will either forget or get their signals wrong. So when the Skaven player wants to deploy the unit he must roll a 4+ using a single D6.

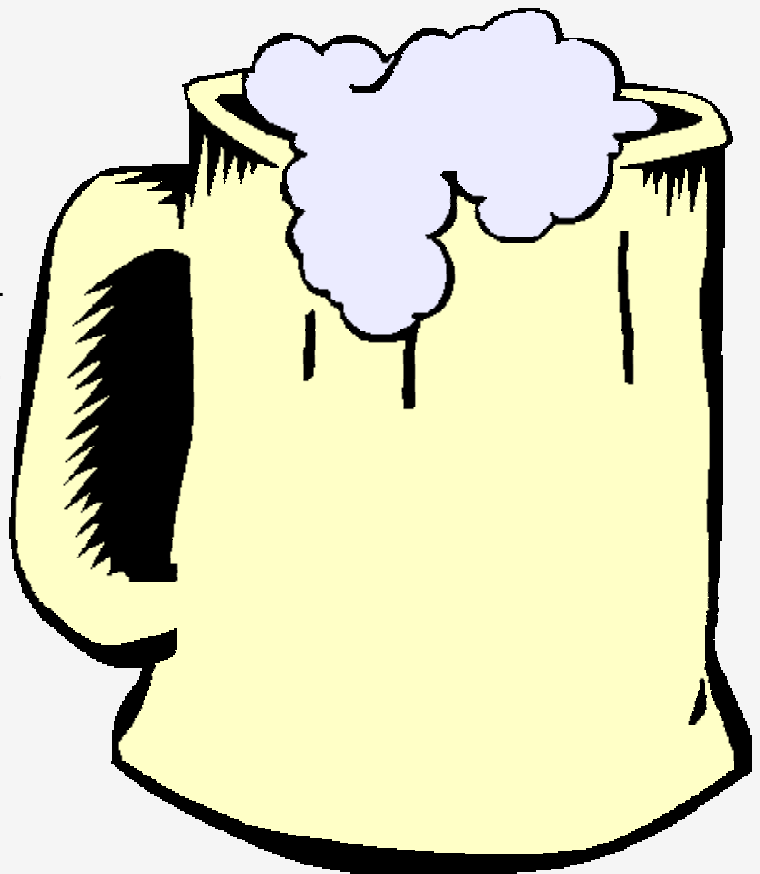
Special Rules

Yeh'nip's anger is so great that its infectious, any unit he is with counts as having furious charge.

Lord Hulbrict confers the immune to psychology rules to his unit. The tower defenders are fearless.

So there we have it, the defence of Lord Hulbrict's tower, a scenario that was written in less than an hour and that would be more than ready to play (providing that you have the models and a table). What works in this scenario is that it is so simple you can actually take the armies out and replace them with another army and it will work (buy you may want to change the fluff a bit).

So there you have it, my guide to making a scenario.





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

**Open discussion on all
Warhammer Armies**

Home of the Nautican Army Book

Create an Infantry Unit

By Bilbo Baggins and M4cRI113n

Last issue we dealt with creating a unique hero for your games of Warhammer this issue we are going to go with creating a unique infantry unit for your army.

Now you are going, there are plenty of infantry units in the game including Regiments of Renown. This is true, but there are times you want something different. Maybe you want to see a unit of Frenzied Hobgoblins in the game or Monks from Cathay. This article is to help you create a fun unit for your armies.

First you have come up with which race you are going to use as the base of your unit, remember that some of these choices have special rules in their appropriate army books.

The choices are as follows, they have no armour, except Saurus who have scaly skin (light armour) and only a hand weapon, and follow the rules of their race. Any half points will be rounded up after the unit is created.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Beastman Gors	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6	5	
Beastman Ungors	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	2	
Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	6	
Elves	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	6	
Gnoblar	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	1	
Goblins	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	1.5	
Halflings	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	3	
Hobgoblins	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	2	
Humans	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	3	
Orcs	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	4	
Saurus	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	8	10	
Skaven	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	3	
Skeletons	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3	6	
Skinks	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	3	
Zombies	4	1	0	2	2	1	1	1	2	4	

Well I think I'm going to do a Dwarf Unit, I think They will be the Pirates. I'll think call the unit Sea Dogs. Starting point level is 6.

Now lets have some fun, first the armour. Do you go no armour or the Super Heavy Plate or Chaos style armour. Add a shield or even Sea Dragon Cloaks.

Armour

Light Armour	1 pt
Heavy Armour	2 pts
Super Heavy Armour (Plate or Chaos style)	3 pts
Shields	1 pt
Sea Dragon Cloaks	2 pts

Now since I choose Dwarfs they have to have armour, but Heavy and Super Heavy (Dwarf Gromril) Armour seems out of place on the seas. Even Light Armour is dangerous on the High Seas. So do they go "naked"? I think they are pirates and would be better with no armour but I'll put an option for Sea Dragon Cloaks in case I want to play them differently later.

Now you have to choose the close combat weapons your unit will come standard with (and options for later).

Close Combat Weapons

Additional Hand Weapon	2 pts
Flail	1 pt
Halberd	1 pt
Morning Star	1 pt
Spear	1 pt
Great weapon	2 pts
Cathayan Longsword	2 pts
Ironfist	3 pts
Pike	3 pts

Since I like options I'll let them choose the Great Weapon and Cathayan Longsword.

Now the stuff I love, missile weapons. You can choose not to take any but I feel the Sea Dogs would at least have one or two as options.

Missile Weapons

Slings	1 pt
Sharp stuff	1 pt
Short bow	1 pt
Throwing knives (stars)	1 pt
Throwing spear (javelin)	1.5 pts
Throwing axes	2 pts
Bow	2 pts
Longbow	3 pts
Blunderbuss	4 pts
Blowpipe	4 pts
Crossbow	4 pts
Repeater Crossbow	5 pts
Handgun	5 pts
Pistols	5 pts
Dwarf Handgun	6 pts
Brace of Pistols	6 pts

Looking at the list I think that Crossbow, and Dwarf Handgun would be good fit, I was tempted to do add the Blunderbuss but that is more Chaos Dwarf and not for this unit. But I'm giving them the Throwing Axes as standard Equipment and upgrade to a Crossbow or Dwarf Handgun. That will have them at 8 points per model. Since it's a swap here instead of a full points upgrade it'll be a difference in points upgrade because of the difference in the points. So instead of 4-6 points for the upgrades it'll be 2-4 points.

Now you think you are done but there are other fun things that you can so to the unit to make them unique and not just a typical unit. The things I gave them so far and it would be a Core unit in a Dwarf Army. If intended to use in an army of a different race then you have to up their rarity level and have to call it a Special unit. You have to think about what choice slot the unit will take before going further on.

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If you start choosing Special Abilities from the list that aren't standard for the army you are making the unit for you will have to drop from the Core choice slot. The rarity level will increase with each choice you make. So what abilities do I want to give the Sea Dogs?

Special Abilities

Magical weapons	1 pt
Strength (+1/+2)	2/3 pts
Toughness (+1/+2)	2/3 pts
Initiative (+1/+2)	0.5/1 pt
Attacks (Per extra attack)	3 pts
Blessed (6+/5+ Ward Save)	1.5/3 pts
Leadership (+1/+2/+3)	1/2/3 pts
Weapon Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Ballistic Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Hatred	1 pt
Immune to Fear	1 pt
Immune to Panic	1 pt
Immune to Psychology	2 pts
Re-roll Psychology	1 pt
Killing Blow	1 pt
Stubborn	2 pts
Frenzied	1 pt
Conscripts or Slaves (Doesn't cause panic in other units)	0.5 pt
Poisoned weapons (per weapon)	2 pts
+1 Movement	1 pt
Armour Piercing (per weapon)	1 pt
Skirmish	1 pt
Skirmish (armed with missile weapons)	2 pts
Scouts	1 pt
-1 to hit in combat	1.5 pts
Cause Fear	3 pts
Woodsmen (no movement penalty for forests)	1 pt
Always Strikes First	2 pts

Though I'm tempted to give them Immune to Psychology and higher Strength I'm thinking Skirmish (I know skirmishing Dwarfs), a 6+ Ward Save (Blessed) and +1 to their Ballistic Skill. That adds 4.5 points per model, we are up to 12.5 points per model.

Adding up the Rarity of the unit it goes like this 1-2 Rarity would make them Special Choice and 3 or more you are talking Rare Choice. Since this Dogs of War unit has 4 on the rarity scale they'll firmly be a Rare choice.

Now to Unit Size. The chart below is the current standard for infantry units in Warhammer. Since this definitely an Elite unit I'll have it at 5+.

Unit Size

- 10+ Basic Units
- 5+ Elite Units

Now the question on the Command group is how to use this shooting Elite unit? Do I want the champion to have an extra attack in combat or the better Ballistic Skill for his shooting. I've upped the BS of the unit already so I think I'll go with the extra attack in case I can get them in position to Flank Charge. Using the chart I can see that if the base cost of the model in a unit is 13 (12.5 rounded up) points then the Command is 12 for Champion, 12 for Standard and 6 for Musician.

Command Group

Unit costs (basic) - Command upgrade cost (Champion (Up BS), Champion (Up Attacks), Standard, Musician)

Points	+1 BS	+1 A	Banner	Musician
1-5	4	8	8	4
6-10	5	10	10	5
11-15	6	12	12	6
16-20	7	14	14	7
21-25	8	16	16	8
26-30	9	18	18	9
31+	10	20	20	10

Now to put the Sea Dogs together.

The Sea Dogs

The Sea Dogs are rough and ready sailors that do trading, and occasional hire themselves out as mercenaries with the Merchant Families armies of Tilea, as well as Araby and occasionally as far away as Cathay. They are unusual for Dwarfs because they spread out across an area when preparing to fight. They claim, and it hasn't been disproved, prevents others from sneaking up on them and giving better view of their targets.

Sea Dogs 13 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sea Dog	3	4	4	3	4	1	2	1	9
Old Dog	3	4	4	3	4	1	2	2	9

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand Weapon, Throwing Axes

Special Rules

Skirmish

Tough as Leather: They are hard to kill off and have a 6+ Ward Save.

Options

Close Combat Weapons (Choose One)

Great Weapon	2 pts
Cathayan Longsword	2 pts

Armour

Sea Dragon Cloaks	2 pts
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Ranged Weapons

May exchange Throwing axes for one of the following:

Crossbow	2 pts
Dwarf Handgun	4 pts

I hope this helps you in trying to have more fun in your games of Warhammer Fantasy by adding interesting units into your games. This should get you to a playable unit but after playing it a few times you find it's too weak or strong you can adjust the points appropriately. Adding them to different scenarios, why always play pitched battles (see page 248 of the Big Red Book ¹) will add to the complexity of the gaming experience. This could also help you become a better general of your army in the process, and who wouldn't be a better general.

1 - Big Red Book or BRB refers to the Main Warhammer Fantasy Rulebook.



THE DOOM SEEKER - ISSUE III

Races of Warhammer

	M	W	S	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Beastman Gors	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6	5
Beastman Ungors	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	2
Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	6
Elves	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	6
Gnoblar	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	1
Goblins	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	1.5
Halflings	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	3
Hobgoblins	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	2
Humans	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	3
Orcs	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	4
Saurus	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	8	10
Skaven	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	5	3
Skeletons	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3	6
Skinks	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	3

Armour

Light Armour	1 pt
Heavy Armour	2 pts
Super Heavy Armour (Plate or Chaos style)	3 pts
Shields	1 pt
Sea Dragon Cloaks	2 pts

Close Combat Weapons

Additional Hand Weapon	2 pts
Flail	1 pt
Halberd	1 pt
Morning Star	1 pt
Spear	1 pt
Great weapon	2 pts
Cathayan Longsword	2 pts
Ironfist	3 pts
Pike	3 pts

Missile Weapons

Slings	1 pt
Sharp stuff	1 pt
Short bow	1 pt
Throwing knives (stars)	1 pt
Throwing spear (javelin)	1.5 pts
Throwing axes	2 pts
Bow	2 pts
Longbow	3 pts
Blunderbuss	4 pts
Blowpipe	4 pts
Crossbow	4 pts
Repeater Crossbow	5 pts
Handgun	5 pts
Pistols	5 pts
Dwarf Handgun	6 pts
Brace of Pistols	6 pts

Unit Size

10+ Basic Units
5+ Elite Units

Special Abilities

Magical weapons	1 pt
Strength (+1/+2)	2/3 pts
Toughness (+1/+2)	2/3 pts
Initiative (+1/+2)	0.5/1 pt
Attacks (Per extra attack)	3 pts
Blessed (6+/5+ Ward Save)	1.5/3 pts
Leadership (+1/+2/+3)	1/2/3 pts
Weapon Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Ballistic Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Hatred	1 pt
Immune to Fear	1 pt
Immune to Panic	1 pt
Immune to Psychology	2 pts
Re-roll Psychology	1 pt
Killing Blow	1 pt
Stubborn	2 pts
Frenzied	1 pt
Conscripts or Slaves	0.5 pt
Poisoned weapons (per weapon)	2 pts
+1 Movement	1 pt
Armour Piercing (per weapon)	1 pt
Skirmish	1 pt
Skirmish (armed with missile weapons)	2 pts
Scouts	1 pt
-1 to hit in combat	1.5 pts
Cause Fear	3 pts
Woodsmen (no movement penalty for forests)	1 pt
Always Strikes First	2 pts

Command Group

Unit costs (basic) - Command upgrade cost
(Champion (Up BS), Champion (Up Attacks),
Standard, Musician)

Points	+1 BS	+1 A	Banner	Musician
1-5	4	8	8	4
6-10	5	10	10	5
11-15	6	12	12	6
16-20	7	14	14	7
21-25	8	16	16	8
26-30	9	18	18	9
31>	10	20	20	10

**Power
Armies**

THE NEW SLAYER BROTHERHOOD

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**The forum for the
Dwarf Slayer
in everyone**

Unofficial Regiments Of Renown

This is where we will put unofficial rules for some fun Regiments of Renown created by the readers and staff of TDS for use in fun games, and for the amusement the units can be in games.

Merradoc Longbottom and the Knights of the Moot

By: Bilbo Baggins

Merradoc grew up in the empire and always admired the way the Knights were respected by the citizenry. He tried several times to join one of the Knightly Orders just to be rejected. While traveling around with his cooking supplies on his stout little pony he came across a horrible battle. He wasn't sure what to do but when he saw an Orc stealing the armor off a fallen knight he steeled his resolve and charged forward swinging his Heavy Iron Skillet. The Orc was shocked to see this Halfling charging him he wasn't ready for the smash of the Skillet onto his head. The Orc fell dead on the spot and Merradoc decided to do something rash, he then started charging the closest Orcs killing them while they were stunned from the sight of him. When the tide of the battle turned the Orcs ran and started telling of a small daemon that attacked them with no mercy. The Knights came up to him and were so impressed they convinced a Dwarf armorer in their employ to supply him with armor that would fit him and his pony. Upon returning to the Moot he was laughed at by some but the rumours of the battle had already reached the headquarters of all the Knightly Orders and they were very impressed with him. Merradoc used the notoriety to obtain training for himself and other Halflings who also aspired to be Knights. The leaders of the Moot saw the benefit of such a regiment that they paid for the training and ponies for the Knights.

For Hire: Merradoc and the Knights of the Moot can be hired as a Special Unit in Dogs of War armies. They can be hired as a Rare unit in other Warhammer armies except Bretonnians, Daemons of Chaos, Orcs and Goblins, and Undead.

Points: Merradoc Longbottom and 4 Knights with Chef's Standard and Horn Blower for a total of 170 points. This is the minimum size regiment you can hire. The size of the regiment may be increased at a cost of 14 points per knight.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Merradoc Longbottom	4	3	4	2	(3)	2	2	4	2	9
Halfling Knight	4	2	4	2	(3)	2	1	4	1	8
Pony	6(5)	2	-	3	3	1	3	1	5	

Unit Size: 5-20

Equipment:

Merradoc: Light Armor, Pots and Pans, Shield, Long Handled Heavy Iron Skillet.

Knights: Pots and Pans, Shield, Long Handled Heavy Iron Skillet, Barded Pony, Chef's Banner

Special Rules:

Barded Ponies: The weight of the Armor reduces their movement from 6 to 5

Long Handled Heavy Iron Skillets: Halfling have used these skillets for generations, they require two hands to wield and give a +1 to the users strength (+2 on the Charge)

Pots and Pans: Halflings are noted for their love of food and go nowhere without their favourite pots and pans carrying them on their person. Adds +2 to their Armor Save.

Magic Items:

Chef's Banner: Adds additional +2 to Combat Resolution (for a total of +3).

Henrick Tuffle and his Dawg Riders

By: Bilbo Baggins

Henrick Tuffle was a proficient rider of ponies when his neighbour started breeding a larger guard dog called Dawgs. Henrick help in the raising of the dawgs and they inherently trusted him. When an Orc raiding party entered the Moot he wasn't near his trusty pony but was tending the dawgs. He knew he and his bow were needed to combat the threat so he grabbed a bow and quiver, mounted the largest dawg and guided him in the direction of need. The dawg trusted him that he did as asked. Henrick arrived quickly and practically flew to the back side of the oncoming units and let loose a hail of bow fire. The enemy was stunned that they were being attacked in the rear they turned to see who was there but Henrick and the dawg had already moved and was shooting them from their flanks. The Orcs were spooked by this sorcery that their line broken and ran. The Halflings that saw him all wanted to see this new breed of dog. His neighbour was happy because it opened a new use for his dawgs.

For Hire: Henrick Tuffle and his Dawg Riders can be hired as a Special Unit in Dogs of War armies. They can be hired as a Rare unit in other Warhammer armies except Bretonnians, Daemons of Chaos, Orcs and Goblins, and Undead.

Points: Henrick Tuffle and 5 Dawg Riders with Standard and Horn Blower for a total of 135 points. This is the minimum size regiment you can hire. The size of the regiment may be increased at a cost of 15 points per Dawg Rider.

	M	W	S	B	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Henrick Tuffle	4	2	5	2	2	2	4	2	9	
Riders	4	2	4	2	2	1	4	1	8	
Dawg	9	3	-	3	3	1	3	1	5	

Unit Size: 6-30

Equipment: Hand weapons, Bows

Special Rules: **Fast Cavalry**

Tales of Karak Kadrin

Savagery Born

By Warhammerman

Garthen looked to the carnage on the battle-field. The wounded cried out begging for death or a warm bed. Only one of those was possible and since the Priests of Valaya feared to go retrieve the wounded it would be a death on the cold ground. Garthen grimaced at the prospect of dying alone on the ground, never again able to fight for hearth and hold.

It was an honourless death. A death fit only for greenskins. However, it wasn't just greenskins laying on the field dying. It was dwarfs, good warriors that they could not afford to lose. But, they were already lost to Ghazul's Gate where they would most likely be denied access to the Halls of Ancestors.

Garthen muttered a prayer to Valaya that it would not happen to him.

He looked to the ground where already great chunks of his hair and beard were lying on the ground. He lifted the bottle of pig-grease to his head and despite the smell poured it on. He stood there in the cold away from his once fellow kin. They watched him from a distance as he shed his armour and let his iron-gloves fall to the hard ground.

The wind chilled his muscled body, however he did not shiver. It was a sign of weakness and as a slayer he would not be shown weak. Orange dye dripped from his spiked hair and beard staining the ground orange. Soon it would be stained with the black blood of the greenskins, he thought smiling.

With his task finished he turned back to the camp muttering a slayer oath to Grimnir.

Garthen felt naked without his armor on. In truth he was half naked, with only his goat-skinned trousers keeping the bite of the cold out. His axe glinted in the moonlight, it was naked too, just begging to be covered in a thick layer of blood. It would be soon, Garthen thought grimly. His honour would be restored and Grimnir would forgive him.

"How are you, Garthen?" Burri, a young warrior asked, striding up beside him.

"Eager for redemption," Garthen replied looking upon the warrior.

It was odd looking upon the beardless. Garthen had looked the same minutes ago with his armor and shield. They even had the same heraldry, both hailing from the

Kazut Clan. A clan that Garthen had dishonoured with his rash acts.

Burri was a young dwarf, his black beard not even reaching his belt. His armor was too large for him and rattled whenever he walked. A massive helm covered his blackened hair and it was likely the thick hair underneath it that kept it from falling down. Burri was only fifty winters old and he had barely had any practice with an axe or shield before the battle began. It was his first and Garthen hoped that it would not be his last.

Such beardedlings were the future of the clan and Garthen hoped they would not end up like him. Garthen was a disgrace, barely a hundred and fifty winters old and his life was going to be cut short by his oaths and failures. It was the only way he could make up for his mistakes.

"The Kazut Clan stands with you no matter what, Garthen," Burri said smiling.

"I am no longer a Kazut Clansman, Burri," Garthen replied grimly.

"The Council have not abandoned you. You are a great warrior and it was not your fault that Kargaz died," Burri replied.

Garthen winced at the mention of Kargaz. The dwarf that had taught him so much. The dwarf that had believed in him and allowed him in the legendary Kazut Hearth Guard. The dwarf that had been killed by the hands of a greenskin. Garthen snarled defiance at his cowardice and incompetence. He had let him die.

"Then why am I a slayer," Garthen snarled walking away.

The dwarf camp was a small city of tents crowded below the twin hills that had ensured the greenskins would not raid them. Even at such late hours the dwarf engineers and sentries were atop the darkened hills ready to fire at the first presence of the enemy.

They would not come, High Captain Kungrid thought. He was outside of his massive goat-skinned tent that marked him as a general. Minutes ago to hammer-wielding dwarfs had stood guard. Kungrid had dismissed them, telling them to get some rest. They would need it for the battle tomorrow. It would be everything or nothing.

For three months they had assaulted the greenskins trying to reclaim the entrance to Undrak, one of the few mines left around Karak Kadrin since the Storm of Chaos. It was one of the wealthy ones too, having had a

population of nearly a thousand dwarfs. All of that had changed since the Orcs came slaughtering the defenders and taking nearly half of the mine for themselves.

Now only a couple hundred dwarfs lay inside the mine huddled together living under constant siege. Kungrid had been sent to relieve them and recolonize the mine. So far it had been tough with heavy casualties on both sides.

Everything that had happened so far would only look like skirmishes compared to the bloodbath that would come tomorrow. It would be a bloody battle, one that Kungrid intended to win. He wanted an end to this Grungni-forsaken campaign. He wanted to see every single greenskin in the Orc warlord's horde dead on the cold plains tomorrow.

Kungrid had lost tons of good dwarfs to the cursed greenskins. Thane Kargaz of the Kazut Clan had died on the field earlier. Kargaz was a great warrior and general to his Kazut Clan. Without him it would be difficult to win, but Kungrid wasn't relying on just strategy any more.

He was relying more on the sheer savagery of the few slayers left in his army. They had joined his army over the past few days replenishing the ranks and making them a fierce army again. No matter how much the warriors hated them he valued them and wanted even more. It was thanks to their savagery and brutal recklessness that the Orcs had lost nearly fifteen trolls and a single giant, winning the dwarfs a few solid victories.

Kungrid prayed the same would happen tomorrow.

Garthen was huddled close to the fire. Already he was regretting the lack of clothing slayers wore. His muscled stomach was turned red from the bite of the harsh winds. Five more slayers were crowded around the fire with him their beards a bright orange like his. Their Mohawks were spiked in different ways and they looked insane. To add to the appearance they had tattoos across their body honouring Grimnir and several oaths made over the years.

The oldest was a slayer with a great orange beard that nearly touched the ground. White hairs were already appearing in his Mohawk and fiery orange beard. The old timer was probably too busy to dye it again and most likely expected he wouldn't live long enough for it all to turn white.

"I saw you with the warriors this morning when the battle started. Why have you taken this dark oath?" One of the slayers asked his eyes focused on the bloodied axe he was cleaning.

"I let Kargaz down upon the field of battle. My mistakes doomed him to his fate," Garthen replied trying not to make contact with the veteran slayers.

"Your raw. A mere troll-slayer by my standard," the elder slayer said.

"I don't plan on going any farther. Tomorrow will be my last battle," Garthen replied.

"I said the same thing. But, after fifty years I am still alive," the elder replied with a harsh face.

"It will be my last. I will be the first to step in Undrak and fight whatever evils they keep down their. I will die a glorious death," Garthen answered confidently.

"I hope so for your sake, lad. It is not easy being a slayer. Especially one that survives year after year leading young troll slayers into battle. I've watched a hundred of my closest friends die over the years. It is a pain watching them die and fulfilling their oaths to Grimnir, while mine remains unfilled," the elder slayer replied darkly.

"I am used to pain," Garthen replied casting a look upon the many scars across his physique. Being a Hearth Guard was dangerous.

"Not the pain of a slayer you're not," the elder replied smiling.

"I will not sit up all night to hear this. I need to prepare for the coming battle," Garthen snarled.

With that he stood up and walked away.

Few dwarfs slept that night, each one eager for the bloodshed to come. It was to be the end of campaign and the end of a grudge lasting nearly four months. From the noise of things the greenskins in the rival camp were not sleeping at either. A plethora of noises could be heard from arguments to discussions of mangled foes. It could drive a man insane, but all it did was make the dwarfs mutter a couple oaths and even record a couple grudges.

Garthen laid on the cold ground underneath the guard-post for sentries and war machines. To any onlookers he looked unmoving and in a deep sleep. But, it was the exact opposite.

He was thinking of tomorrow and how it would play out. The day that he would die. He thought it was odd, wanting to die so soon and so early. He would never return back to the great halls of Karak Kadrin. He would never see his mother and father ever again. But, this was the only way he could repay them after already shaming them once. He couldn't just leave a slayer oath, he had to do this.

He thought of his Brunhilda, the dwarf woman he had hoped to marry some day. The dwarf woman he had loved. It would never happen, he would never hold her again. If she knew the truth she wouldn't want to see him again, he thought grimly.

For the rest of the night he lay, unmoving and thinking of his grim life and how it had gone down hill so quickly. Garthen greatly wanted death. This time he craved it. No! This time he needed it.

Garthen was up at the crack of dawn. He hadn't even bothered to go to sleep. Garthen was eager and he wanted to die as quickly as possible bringing as many of the foul greenskins with him as he could. Garthen was cold, however he had gotten used to being semi-naked during the darkened night. The chill of the morning still bit deep and he hoped it would not hamper him.

The camp was already being dismantled. Everyone already knew they'd take the mine or die trying. The air smelled of hastily cooked sausage and old stone-bread. They had lived off the hard and lumpy biscuits since the campaign began. They tasted like rock, but built up muscle so every dwarf needed a good lot of them.

The last ale casks had already been brought out and carefully rationed amongst the warriors. Not a single drop of ale had been consumed since the start of the second month. It was hell for the more dependant dwarfs, but this time they had a little bit in them and they were expected to fight ten times better.

The warriors were already dividing into their regiments. The Longbeards sat in their small elite units grumbling to themselves about how long they had been here and how sad it was that the beardlings hadn't broken them yet.

The engineers had been setting up their artillery since last night and now they were joined by three great regiments of Thunderers and two regiments of quarrelers. Four great bolt throwers were in the middle of them shining and surrounded by a stubborn looking crew. They were flanked by two great cannons inscribed with runes of vengeance and runes of duty. In the centre of all this was the premiere weapon of all this. The organ gun was wheeled around and surrounded by an honour guard of engineers. With such a contraption it was insured that the crews would fight until the end to protect their machines.

It was a mighty throng, but greatly depleted since the campaign had begun. They once had many more warriors and even a stone-thrower, however they had been lost to the cursed fanatics of the night goblins. Garthen grimaced of the lack of warriors from Clan Kazut and knew that it was his fault. They had been slaughtered thanks to him.

In the centre of the throng were the heaviest hitters they had. High Captain Kungrid was in the centre of his personal honour guard of Ironbreakers. Such was the worth of the mine that King Ungrim had sent forth a great number of Ironbreakers. They had been used well since then. On their flank were the oldest of the Longbeards

adorned in golden armour and wearing fierce war-masks that depicted them as snarled visages of Grimnir. They wielded great two handed axes with such ferocity that no Orc could stand against them.

But, on the far right were the vicious warriors that Garthen had recently joined. The slayers were a wild pack, most adorned in pelts of animals or wearing barbaric capes. The more civilized ones wore goat-skinned trousers, but the wild of them all didn't wear clothes at all. Their was only about thirty of them in total, each one wielding dual axes or a vicious great-axe. They were a sea of orange and Garthen knew they would not be halted until every one of them was killed.

Garthen confidently strode over beside them. His axe was shining and thirsting for blood. Unlike the other slayers Garthen remained confident only muttering the occasional oath to Grimnir.

The other slayers were literally in a frenzy trying to outdo each other in the oaths they made. They promised to kill trolls, Orcs, and hundreds of goblins. One particularly fat slayer swore he would kill fourteen trolls by himself.

Garthen stood in the midst of the rabble lot trying not to bump into any of them. He shined his axe with his thumb praying that the battle would come quickly.

"Perhaps your not as raw as I thought, lad," a familiar voice said.

Garthen turned around. Half annoyed, but half eager to talk rather than sit and listen to war-cries for the next hour. It was the older slayer he had talked to last night. He didn't look much different save for the axes strewn about his belt.

"It is a fine day to die," Garthen said stoically.

"Aye lad, but it won't be for you," the elder slayer replied.

"If Grimnir wills it I will have a glorious death today," Garthen said.

"And if he doesn't you'll end up like me, which is likely, since I've seen you with an axe," the elder replied smiling.

"Slayers don't parry and slayers don't wear armour. We fight until we are hacked apart and brought down by sheer numbers," Garthen said.

"Yes, but if you fight hard enough you won't be brought down," the elder answered.

Garthen snarled and prepared to answer, but he was interrupted by the sound of war-horns. He looked gripping his axe even tighter. The Orcs had arrived with their ramshackle army ready for war. They numbered over two thousand and deep in his heart Garthen knew they couldn't kill them all.

"Keep your axe sharp," the elder said disappearing into the orange crowd.

The Orc army was massive. Crude banners were raised high into the air with the bodies of dwarfs hanging from them. It made Garthen sick to his stomach and angry beyond belief.

But, that was just the start of it. The largest and ugliest of the Orcs strode forward amongst the army. They wielded crude looking axes that were made out of some cheap metal. They would not even compare to the craftsmanship of the dwarfs, but they looked bloodthirsty non-the-less.

Kungrid stepped forward marshalling the dwarf host into action. The warriors took place at the front of the line forming a rock hard battle-line. Garthen watched as the Longbeards took up positions on the flanks prepared to hold them no matter what.

"FOR GRIMNIR! FOR DEATH!" The slayers chanted taking up battle-positions next to the Ironbreakers.

On the other side of the Ironbreakers were the remaining Hearth Guard of Clan Kazut led by Captain Morgrim. It was a rock hard centre that the greenskins would have difficulty breaking. A centre that would not be broken.

They were iron. They were Dwarfs.

Garthen watched the Orc host with anticipation eager for the bloodshed to begin. The Orcs were a ramshackle lot wearing leather scraps for armor, rusted chainmail, and occasionally nothing at all. Their weapons weren't much better. Rocks, massive swords, crude looking axes, clubs, and even the occasional looted dwarf axe were all part of the army.

They were gathered into ramshackled regiments as well, each lead by the largest Orcs wielding the best weaponry. Barely any sign of heavy armor was seen only worn by the bosses and black Orcs in front of the army.

Garthen quickly went through a mental run-down of how the battle would be. The Orcs were ugly bastards that'd be reckless and cut down easy. Skill, firepower, and discipline was one the side of the dwarfs and they were only lacking numbers.

Hundreds of Orcs were beside of the black Orcs in the front. It would be a heavy wave, the way Orcs always fought throwing the strongest of their warriors headlong into the fight. No trolls, giants, or squigs accompanied them this time. It was only Orcs and the largest goblins in the entire army.

The Orcs cried out their crude war-cries in their guttural language. They charged headlong across the barren field. It was literally a flat plain, only with a handful of hills on either side. Luckily only the dwarf hills were home to artillery with the crude machines of the Orcs destroyed during the first days of the campaign.

"KHAZUK!" Kungrid yelled.

The ancestral war-cry of the dwarfs was soon taken up by others down the line until it was the only thing heard. Shields closed to form a shield wall against the flimsy black arrows fired from the oncoming goblin archers.

The slayers remained unfaltering despite the arrows falling around them.

"OPEN FIRE!" The engineers cried out.

The Thunderers answered their commander with a volley from their handguns. The solid rifles were of dwarven make and design. They were designed to kill and not to fail. Not a single one faltered, they had been made well by the smiths of Karak Kadrin.

The savage tide of Orcs were met by one of the few things they could understand. A volley of hard iron. They were cut down in massive droves. Bullets cut through hard green flesh and shattered bones. The ancestral enemies of the dwarfs were cast down to the ground, broken and no longer threats to the Karaz Ankor.

The dwarf gunners were small in number, but their aim was true and a single volley dropped dozens of Orcs. Still the greenskins came forth trampling over the dead and dying on the hard ground.

Already it was softening under the blood being spilt. It was only the start ...

Thinking the volley of death was over the Orcs quickened their pace eager to close with their foe. The quarrelers sent off a volley with their crossbows. The steel bolts cut down a good number of Orcs, but the occasional one shrugged off the wounds sustained and continued forward. The Orc horde would not be slowed by crossbows and handguns. It would take much more than that.

Fortunately the dwarfs had much more to spare. The bolt throwers and cannons opened fire their aim deadly accurate. The massive spears fired by the bolt throwers would not stopped cutting down any Orcs in its way. Cannonballs smacked into the ground carried by the impact into more Orcs. The rune-inscribed war-machines did their work well killing dozens in a single volley.

The greenskin horde still charged nearly upon the dwarf battle-line. They would not stop until the urge of bloodlust was gone and every single dwarf lying on the field dead. Likewise, the dwarfs would do the very same. It would be a battle that only end when every enemy was dead.

"FOR GRIMNIR!" The slayers cried out.

A tide of orange hair and muscle met the Orcs head-on. Tattoo covered dwarfs cut through the Orcs like scythes through wheat. Rune inscribed axes cut through crude, leather armour with ease. Blood was sprayed into the air due to such ferocity. Dwarfs were mauled beyond

recognition and Orcs were butchered by axes. Neither slayer nor Orc would stop fighting until they were literally hacked to pieces.

"Uzkul urk!" Garthen snarled his rune-axe a blur.

He was moving faster than he had ever. He could never move that fast with his armour, he knew, quickly cutting down the large and cumbersome Orcs attacking him. He shrugged their crude spears and swords away with simple swipes to the side. Foes crumbled under his axe and he was invincible. None dare challenge him, none dared face him. The Orcs were fleeing from such savagery, the dwarf berserkers driving them away. Thunderers and quarrelers gunned them down without a second thought.

It was a death that only fitted a greenskin. A death that their entire race deserved.

Garthen fell back from the battle for a moment seeing how it was going. Kungrid's Ironbreakers were smashing apart every Orc that stood before them. With hammer and axe they drove the Orcs away. The entire line of dwarfs were fighting well. Only the beardlings and warriors were slowly being pushed back by the fierce green horde. Such weak places were where the greenskins pushed hardest and in the greatest numbers.

Garthen could already see their folly. They had spread themselves to thin and their few veterans were to far apart to make a difference. Only the solid centre of Heath Guard, Ironbreakers, and slayers were standing strong against the Orcs and if the warriors were broke through they would be surrounded.

Garthen smiled, bringing his axe down onto the skull of an unfortunate Orc, it would be a glorious death.

Garthen ducked under a fierce swipe from a scruffy looking Orc. His face darkened and pierced with ear-rings. Garthen brought his axe upward hearing a satisfying crack as his axe cut through the Orc's deformed skull. He was bathed in blood, the smelly life-blood getting into his beard.

He spat on the ground and took his anger out on the Orcs. The slayers were an unstoppable hurricane cutting through the Orc ranks with ease. With nothing but leather armor the Orcs stood little chance against the steel blades of the dwarfs.

The simple success of the slayers would not win the battle however.

Already the right flank of the dwarven army was crumbling under the sustained assault by the Orcs. Beardling after beardling fell to the savage Orcs. The Longbeards grunted trying to save the army from being cut in half and being separated. No matter how good the Longbeards where they could not cut through the thick

wall of greenskins keeping them from the desperate warriors.

"BY GRIMNIR'S AXE DO NOT FALTER! DO NOT STOP UNTIL THEY ARE ALL DEAD!" Kungrid bellowed smashing through Orcs with his massive rune-hammer.

Ironbreakers followed in behind him muttering oaths and battle-cries. None would stand before them. The Hearth Guard cut a swathe of destruction to the weedier and sneakier greenskins trying to surround the Ironbreakers. But, it was hopeless. Wave after wave of greenskins slammed against the gromril wall of dwarfs.

"KHAZUT!" Garthen screamed hurling himself into the endless tide of Orcs.

They would not be stopped. He hacked and slashed receiving cuts he could no longer feel. Pain was already becoming a part of him. It was almost as necessary as breathing. Garthen was slowly falling, he could feel it. His arm ached, he could no longer feel it. It fell from his hand and he fell to the cold hard ground. Blood was oozing out of a vicious gash received on his stomach.

The world around him was a blur. Bodies were falling all over. Garthen rose his head, wanting to stand and fight once more. But, he had not the energy. He watched as the last of the slayers around him were butchered. Dozens of Orcs fell to each dwarf, however it was not enough. Garthen was drenched in blood that was not his.

It was the blood of his comrades and the blood of his oath. He would die on the ground, not fighting a vicious monster, not dying to a worthy foe. No, he didn't deserve such things.

He roared defiance against the greenskins around him hoping one would come over and finish him. Death was the only way. But, it was not to be. His eyes closed with the last sight of friends falling and allies being slaughtered.

Garthen raised his head. The sun was high in the sky and carrion were already landing upon the dead. Hundreds of Orcs and dwarfs littered the ground. The battle had ended some time ago judging by the casualties.

Garthen stepped up every breath a pain. His ribs were grinding and he knew he had sustained heavy damage. The deep gash across his stomach was gone, sealed by the dried black blood of the greenskins.

Garthen spat on the bastards. Deep in the distance he could hear cries of victories. Somehow Kungrid had managed to win a major victory. Orc corpses were as far as the eye could see. But, surrounded in the sea of green were many a dead dwarf. They were honourable deaths at least, sacrifices for a dwarven victory.

THE DOOM SEEKER - ISSUE III

Garthen envied them. Their would be no rest for him, he snarled walking across the line of corpses. With every step his heart hardened with the recognition of fallen friends. Dozens of slayers were lying around their bodies butchered beyond recognition. If it wasn't for the rune-axes strewn around their body and the massive orange Mohawks he would've mistaken them for dead monsters from another realm.

His face contorted into rage as he realized the elder slayer was one of the dead dwarfs. Nearly six black Orcs were gathered around him, their throats slit by well place axe swings. But, it was not enough to stop them all. A great spear impaled him to the ground. A dozen other vicious wounds covered the elder's skin to the point where it was crimson.

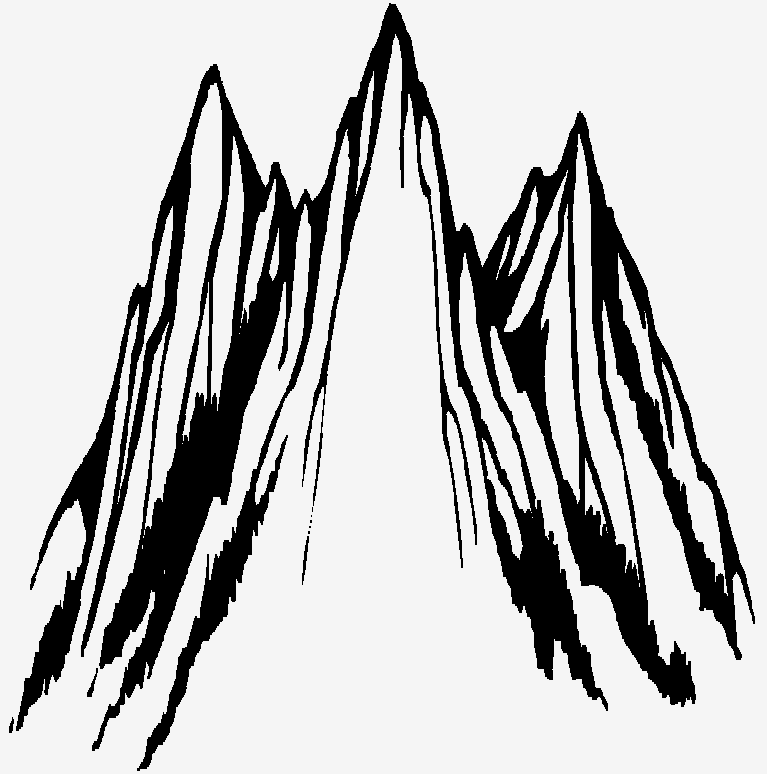
Garthen felt both rage and happiness at the fulfilling of at least one oath.

He would do the same and take as many of the foes of Grimnir as he could. He smiled taking up his axe and the elder's fallen one. their were two rusted chains thrown across the black Orc corpses.

Garthen smiled grimly, knowing what he must do. Using Orc blood to form the Doomseeker Sign on his forehead he began to wrap the chains around his axes. With yet a new path laid out for him he walked away from the victorious dwarfs and their camp into the silent mountains where only beasts would be his company.

Perhaps he would find his death within the mountains. If Grimnir and Grungni favoured him he would, but if not he would be cursed to wonder the mountains forever killing and slaying in the name of the Ancestor Gods.

Such was the way of a Doomseeker.



**the
BELOWER**

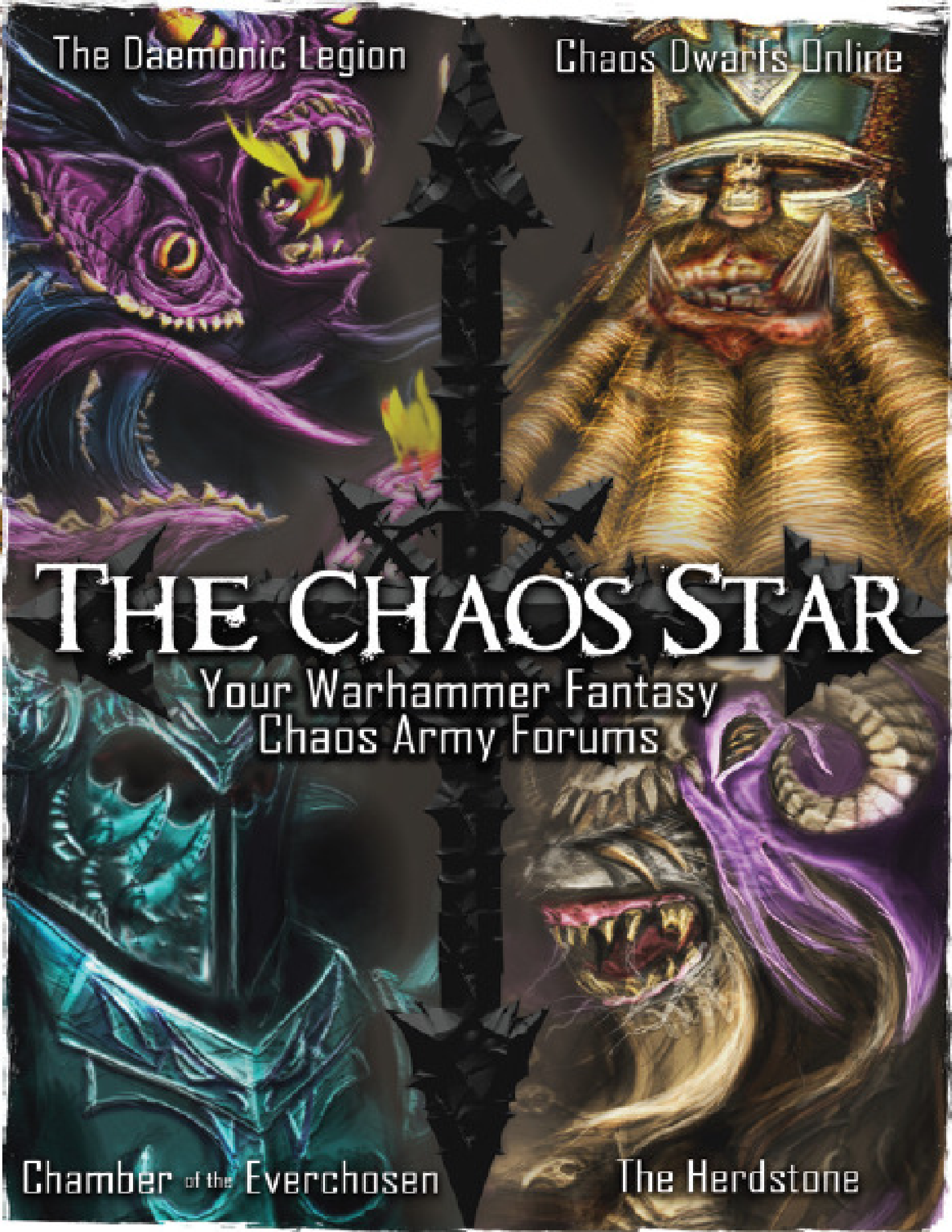
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A collage of Warhammer Fantasy Chaos Army units. In the top left is a purple dragon-like creature with yellow eyes and a flame on its tongue. In the top right is a large, golden, horned Chaos Dwarf. In the bottom left is a teal, armored Chaos Knight. In the bottom right is a purple Chaos Beast with a large, curved horn. A central black spiky cross divides the collage.

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Please submit images of your Slayers at different locations throughout the world. Please submit you photos and stories to submissionstds@hotmail.com with the subject Slayers World.

Rolf's World Tour

By Enakan

After the Iraqi tour Rolf had to make his way home by way of Kuwait, so there are a few travel pictures yet there. To fly south we had to fly north, (no, that's not some poem or saying by Confucius!), we had to rejoin our comrades in TQ before flying south. On arrival a large metal bird attempted to eat us, Rolf whacked it HARD and it collapsed into pieces.



We then made it to Kuwait in a friendlier big bird which left us off in the middle of nowhere.



If not for Rolf's iron constitution we would've been toast, we barely made it to a nice cool oasis.



From there we barely made it back to the transit point so we could fly out a day later. We were plenty tired of all that "moondust" we kicked up on the trek back!



Now on friendly bird we ran into a nasty Dryad to slay.



Next up the Old World.



Expression in Runes

Welcome to Expression in Runes where we put the best images of readers units, armies and single characters, and armies. We may be Slayers here but we will accept images of all armies

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Mousekiller's Dwarven Army

Yes, Mousekiller is back again with another of his armies, this time his Dwarfs.

Kalar Stonefist who is the leader of a small dwarven outpost at the base of the gray mountains, has been ordered by the King of Karak Norn to send an expedition to Karak Azul to seek the assistance of Thorek Ironbrow, the most famous Dwarven Runesmith in history. Kalar Stonefist, and the Stonefist clan, who were once some of the greatest stone masons in the dwarven realms, were sent into exile by Thorgrim Grudgebearer (the Dwarven High King of Karaz a Karak) for failing to breach the defenses of an Orc Stronghold in Death Pass. The plan was simple, the stonefists were to tunnel below the stronghold and place explosives, which would be ignited as the main Dwarf Force assaulted the walls. Kalar at the time was extremely fond of drinking, and instead of lighting the fuse to the explosives, he lit a fuse that led back to a pile of explosives sitting in the camp. Needless to say, the assault failed, and hundreds of dwarves lost their lives that day. Kalar was held accountable, and his entire clan was exiled from the worlds edge mountains. Kalar made his way to the Gray Mountains with his remaining clan, and the King of Karak Norn allowed him to create a settlement on the outskirts of his territory. Since that time, many of the Stonefist Clan have lost the skills they were once so proud of, and have instead become seasoned warriors against the local night goblin incursions.

He assigns his eldest son and heir to the clan, Karal Stonefist, to the expedition and gives him 20 of the clans best warriors. And so, our story begins.

KARAL STONEFIST, DWARF THANE, ELDEST SON OF KALAR STONEFIST



Karal Stonefist



Mousekiller's Dwarf Army (500 Points)

Kalar, knowing that this request from the King of Karak Norn could help put his clan back in some semblance of good graces with the High King, accepts this task gladly.

Karal Stonefist, the eldest son of the King of the Stonefist Clan Kalar Stonefist. Karal, a mere 108 years old, has been given a critical mission by his father, Kalar. He was tasked to travel to Karak Norn, retrieve a package from the king of Karak Norn, then proceed to travel to Karak Azul to present the package to Thorek Ironbrow for examination. A simple box inscribed with one glowing rune. Along with this the King of Karak Norn also gave him sent with him 10 of his best warriors, from his own personal guard (The Gryphons Talons), and a letter that he was told to present to each King that he came across on his way to Karak Azul, but oathsworn not to read himself.

BHALGUR'S SUREFIRES - DWARF QUARRELLERS



Bhalgur's Surefires

Bhalgur Surefire, another dwarf of a young age, being born the same year as Karal Stonefist, has quickly become one of the best and most reliable hunters of the Stonefist Clan. Not having a "proper" fighting force, Karal asked Bhalgur to gather his best hunters together to form a fine crossbow regiment. Bhalgur did this, and within a matter of hours the Surefires were ready for this grand adventure.

DREGAR'S TREESTOMPERS - DWARF WARRIORS



Dregar's Treestompers

Every dwarf of the Stonefist clan, no matter his station, is required to have a profession and to be a warrior. In times of war the Stonefist clan calls its levies together into loose groups of individuals. In this case, the tree



Dregar's Treestompers

cutters of the Stonefist clan have banded together under the leadership of Dregar Treestump when they heard of the expedition of Karal. Sharpening their blades for the journey, this group is anxious to prove its worth in battle.

THE GRYPHON'S CLAW - DWARF LONGBEARDS



The Gryphon's Claw

The Gryphon's Claw is an elite guild within Karak Norn that comprises some of the mightiest warriors within the hold, all of whom are oathsworn to the King of Karak Norn himself and would gladly give their lives in his service. The King has granted this small contingent to protect Karal on his quest, knowing what few other Dwarfs know, that the outcome of this mission could very well be the end for what remains of the Dwarven Empire.

Hopefully Mousekiller will grace us with his other armies in the future.

Ravening Hordes

Armies That GW Have Forgotten
(But We Still Love)

Images and Stories of the armies that players still love but GW seems to have forgotten about. Images and artwork must be in JPEG (.jpg), GIF (.gif) or Bitmap (.tif and .bmp). All Stories and Battle Reports must be submitted in MS Word (.doc) or Text (.txt) formats, Battle Reports should include images of the battle. Submissions can be sent to SubmissionsTDS@hotmail.com

Firewolf Saga: March into the Flatlands

by Ironlord

Our march through the plains has been successful, we have taken the halls of two of the human's cities, slaughtered their children in the streets and burned their crops as they withered in the field. Once more they flee from us as cattle before a wolf, but we pursue them into their hovels and holes, taking their children as slaves and killing their men folk with our sharp axes. Few of our warriors have fallen and I hope that we can claim this land for our kind by the time these snows melt away and reveal our foothold on the surface world.

Hurloh, now known by the title of Grand Manslayer, smashed the door of the human hovel down with his axe, the snarling wolf design eating the heavy wooden door in great gulps. Inside a woman screamed and a man begged for them to go away.

But Hurloh's blood was up.

Sacking a human city had proven an addictive feeling to the Firewolf noble, there was a rush to it like no other that he had experienced in his moderate life time. Humans were such strange creatures. Some would fight until their last breath had left their lungs, while others hid in their homes, hoping for the storm to pass by their house. But Hurloh would shatter the glass and break down the door to reach them.

His own people were too predictable, humans provided a form of entertainment.

He stormed into the house, footsteps like thunder as his suit of golden armour clanked with every footstep he took into the room. His eyes glinting like maddened starlight in the flickering fire that warmed the room. At the top of the stairs a crude wooden table had been turned over as a barricade, while a gray haired man stood at the top of the stairs with a wooden spear jabbing the air in front of the barricade as he waited for Hurloh to leave.

Through the door came another set of footsteps, an echo of his own, as one of the jailors appeared with a length of chain covered in shackles. Jangling them he pointed too the man as he offered the man his options.

"A life time of slavery, servitude to my master's kin, to be sold as currency at his whim, or you will die here, your body left to rot in this house."

The old man was torn between the glint of the steel shackles and the maddening glint in Hurloh's eyes.

Sitting triumphant atop his throned litter Hurloh was afforded a great view of his army's progress from atop

the hill, watching the horde of slaves fall into gap between the trees and the mountains he marveled at the white moon light bathing his dirty, stinking forces. Madness had swept through the goblins who had been taken a few weeks before in the first battle of his campaign. The weight of the shackles weighed heavily on their often chaotic and free minds and warped their ideas and thoughts until they were little more than bright lights and loud noises, turning the already unstable green skins into maddened beasts.

Of the thousands of slaves Hurloh's guardians had already killed over a hundred goblins to prevent their madness spreading. Hurloh's only plan to combat the madness was to keep pushing into the snow and wind and try to reach the next town which was just a few miles over the next horizon. By tomorrow evening they would have the city besieged, the rams would smash down their weak wooden gates.

Deep within the swirling mass of slaves Hurloh could see a dozen or more solid rocks, they were the battering rams he had ordered to be constructed to break down the walls of men. Each was crewed by two score slaves who would push, pull and swing the ram to get at the men, women and children inside the walls.

And that was all Hurloh needed to worry about, the slaves, he knew that every one of his warriors was loyal, for now, their bellies full, brutal steel armour thick enough to protect them from the weakling men and axes wet with enemy blood. It was enough to content them through the marches. Each of the towns was no more than two night's march away from one another and the humans had made dirt roads across the land. Although they were now easily three feet below the snow, the clearance of land made their passage much easier, the entire army was marching ten abreast and with room for a dwarf to move.

Hurloh the Manslayer passed by Ugrah's warriors without a backward wave or a sideways glance despite their ceremonial cheers, but Ugrah gave it no thought, the nobility of their people had always been aloof and mysterious too the point of arrogance. It was bred into them because of the class system of their people. Ugrah was no more than dirt to Hurloh, despite his scars and many notched axe. But for every one of Ugrah's superiors there were a hundred more creatures that would never reach his own heights of success. That knowledge made him feel a little better as he continued

the march into the snow and against the wind that tugged at his black beard as they marched forward into the human lands.

Beside him Jori'ack and Gomeyth were discussing their previous battle.

"... An I told yeh he was dead but yeh took yer axe to his head anyway!" The gray bearded banner carrier grumbled.

"I bow to your wisdom Jori'ack, but yersel' was almost killed by a child wi' a bread knife that same day." Gomeyth laughed, slapping the snow from Jori'ack's broad shoulders and shaking the banner of the eternal warrior that represented Ugrah's shock troop squad. They were larger than most of their kin and their banner made them part of the clan's history, filling them with pride and strength when they saw it on the field. It showed a broad, bearded warrior his face cast in shadow from the light of a wolf's mane that had caught fire as it howled at the moon.

"Careful horn blower," Jori'ack grumbled again, in perfect time for a trooper to fall on his face with a white flecked arrow jutting from his neck beside the quarrelling pair.

Recognising the threat from the now looming woods on his flank Ugrah bellowed for the shields to come up. The entire brigade, over five hundred battle armoured dwarven warriors, sworn too Hurloh the manslayer, stopped as one to confront the threat of the mysterious archer. Who had taken another two victims with a shot too the eye and mouth respectively. The downed warrior who had been shot in the mouth gurgled a bit before his brothers took him out of the way.

A few of the younger warriors broke ranks and began running towards the forest, axes raised and shouting out curses. One was struck down by a searing arrow soaked in blue fire as the other three fearlessly charged into the forest. There was another flurry of sparks before the arrows stopped and there was the sound of a sword being drawn, that Ugrah heard from at least twenty feet away, and the screams of dwarven warriors as they were torn to pieces by the monsters in the forest.

A battered and bleeding warrior crawled from between two trees, one arm holding him up, the other reaching out for help towards his uncaring brothers. Suddenly he fell over with a large arrow wedged perfectly between the blades of his shoulders.

Hurloh had summoned Ugrah to his side minutes after the incident at the forest edge.

"This cannot be allowed to happen again," He rumbled, "Fully half of my fighting force is yet to pass through this valley, rumours of what happened are spreading like a plague, I need the problem dealt with at the source. You and your warriors were the only ones to hold firm when

the arrows flew, your control and discipline is essential for your next task."

Ugrah dropped to his left knee, his right hand crossing his chest to slap his chest plate of serrated steel plate in salute, "What do you command?"

"You will find those who have attacked my army and take their heads as payment for their trespass upon my property!"

Those few humans who were strong enough to run were given too Ugrah as a gift to help him hunt down the strange creatures who had attacked them the other day. Tired and desperate they staggered into the woods in search of their prey, armed with whatever they could find, many clutched rocks and sticks as they ventured beneath the bows of the trees.

There was very little light making it between the branches and many stumbled on the thick knot of roots that were covered in the crisp white snow. Following with his own warriors Ugrah stalked into the clearing where the attacks had come from, he kicked the fallen corpse of a warrior and sighed as the snow that was collecting on the body fell off.

Such a waste by such a fool.

Hefting his heavy axe the looked for a set of tracks in the snow but could find none, the ground had been soiled by the presence of the slaves. Cursing he sent his warriors out, each one was to take three slaves and search for any clues as to where the cowardly attackers had gone.

He suspected that dawn would come before their answers.

Dawn came with arrows and bloodshed as they found their answers deeper inside the forest. Ugrah was just in time to watch as two of his warriors were dispatched by the lightning efficiency of the warrior. It was a cursed Elven creature, slender, pale and tall with a long flowing mantle of fiery orange hair. In his hand he held a long slender blade, soaked in the blood of the fallen soldiers and slaves.

Pale red blood soaked the snow as Ugrah advanced on the elf, axe up high above his head and shield protecting his body. The elf turned to regard him with a sneer and launched forward, feet almost to light too dent the snow.

Swinging the sword the elf swung for the axe arm, trying to take the limb with it's wicked blade, but Ugrah brought the hand down and raised the shield. A horrifying screech filled the air as the sword shaved a chunk of metal from the shield. Rather than rely on his shield defensively, Ugrah pushed forward with all his might to attack the elf, trying to knock it from it's feet and get an easy kill.

Chortling, the elf rolled up his shield and over his back to land gently on the ground behind him. Falling forward, Ugrah did his best too perform a forward roll. He would

have been cut down all too easily if a sudden rush of slaves had not distracted the elf.

But with a sudden flurry of swordplay the slaves were dead and the ground soaked in much more blood. But Ugrah was back on his feet and could see several more of his warriors entering the clearing from different angles. They hefted their weapons and advanced, trying to encircle the elf in a wall of black steel.

But it was not to be as the elf sprinted forward, feigned an attack to the right and spun left around a confused warrior who fell for the trick without even thinking. As the elf spun it pulled free a gleaming dagger from its belt and savagely stabbed the warrior in the side. Without a cry the warrior simply slipped off of the blade and fell too the ground, a spreading pool of blood coming from the perfect puncture in his side.

The group changed and circled around too the elf as it stood ground. Waiting for them to advance.

Shield raised the obliged, Ugrah left just enough room for too see over the shield. It was a good call. He saw the slight flick of the wrist that sent the dagger flying into the face of the only one of his warriors without a helmet on. There was a sickening squelch as the knife landed in the warrior's eye and he dropped too the ground, screaming and clutching for the knife. Falling on his face he only managed to push the knife further in.

Closing ranks the remaining ten charged straight at the elf with their weapons eager, forming a wall of black steel and fury.

The elf tried to leap free but was clipped by a heavy swatting shield that struck his shin and sending tumbling. His leaf pattern armour crunching in the snow as he tried to roll free. An ambitious dwarf tried to hack him down with his heavy axe but got the blade stuck in a thick knot of roots. As he wrestled with the blade his brothers charged the elf once again. They were wearing him down gradually, for all his grace none could match the endurance of Ugrah's people. His pale skin was coated with a thin layer of sweat and his breathing was a little heavier than before as he dodged between the chopping axes and slamming hammers.

But he rolled with the combat, it was as if he was dancing in the moment. His movements seemed to flow into one as he parried an axe, redirected it and made it collide with another weapon, all the while jumping to avoid a low swing.

Ugrah weighed in with a heavy downward blow that the elf twisted to avoid, he wandered straight into a solid shield but used it to bounce back into Ugrah's face with his sword trying to flip the axe from Ugrah's hand. They clashed, getting to within an inch of each other's face as Ugrah was surprised by the strength of the much thinner

elf. Its arms were of corded muscle as strong as the steel in its gaze.

But then it was gone, fighting off the dwarven warriors on another front, long enough to allow it to escape before it could be hemmed in. All the while its movements were a flowing dance as it sent a weapon flying away into the snow before flipping backwards to escape the iron grip of the ring. As it moved backwards the young warrior with his weapon stuck in the roots, prized his axe free and shouted out in joy just before the Elven blade cleaved down the centre of his head.

He slopped down too the ground, a look of surprise on the two halves of his face.

When the elf landed and had finished flipping and dancing it spread out its arms, blade in one hand and challenged the eight remaining dwarves too combat with a mocking smile. His pale skin was spattered with blood that dripped freely from his blade as well as small chunks of bone and brain from his last kill. He wore silver armour and a white cloak, with his pale skin and platinum blonde hair he seemed to be the very embodiment of winter in this forest.

With a shout Ugrah led a charge against the strange phantom, just as there was an explosion of movement behind the elf. From a bloodstained pile of bodies leapt a small woman, her eyes mad and her arms spread wide. She leapt straight at the elf without a sound and managed to catch it off guard. Wrapping his arms around the creature she held it close, trying with all her might to strangle it, to vent her anger and get revenge for the others that had been killed. Although her attempts to strangle the elf were futile, she bought Ugrah enough time too cross the distance between the them and slam his axe into the chest of the elf, buckling the silver leaf armour and causing a fountain of blood too erupt from its chest.

The entwined woman and elf fell too the ground, the elf bucking as its lifeblood pumped out from the wound in its chest. The warriors simply watched as the elf bled to death and the woman tried to claw at its face even after it was dead. Tiring of the nuisance Ugrah prised free his axe and turned it on the woman. Slamming her in the face with the brutal blade he silenced her infernal screaming and turned too the Elven corpse.

Hurlo had told him to take the head of those who had trespassed upon him.

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Fan Made Army Lists

By: Bilbo Baggins

If you have noticed we are supporters on having fun with the game of Warhammer. Making scenarios, creating special characters and units and going all out and making complete fan lists.

The first issue of The Doom Seeker had a list to create an old Back of the book army lists that were in the Warhammer army books back in 6th edition. It combined elements of the Slayer Army from Storm of Chaos with the Army of Karak Kadrin from the back of the 6th edition Dwarf army book.

Now we had in the issue ads for fan-made army lists, The Pirates of Sartosa that I created as a present for the Pirate Queen (Kera Foehunter who is on a few boards on the web) and Araby that has been written by M4cR1ll3n. There are other lists that fans have made up by fans to fill areas that have been ignored by Games Workshop because there isn't enough profit to be made by releasing books for these races or regions.

Now the list vary in quality of production and in execution and balance of the army. Some that I have come across have been for Halflings (everybody should love the Halflings), Norse and Norse Mountain Clans, Fimir (YES, the most Politically Incorrect race of ever), Orc Pirates, and Nauticans.

Now out of the fan-made lists the one most respected has been the Dwarfs of Chaos (the Indy GT Chaos Dwarfs) that has been accepted for use in tournaments in the US (and maybe elsewhere.) I believe it was one of the most tested lists out there before final release, and it shows. It's not an overpowering list but good balance of troops.

There is Dogs of War army list in play testing, Yes I'm one of the crazies working on it, that is hoping to gain support. The intent is to have it accepted by the Indy GT community when it's finally released. It's already had 2 rounds of play testing and will son go into 3rd round of testing. I would love to see more people try out the book and give feedback, the more feedback the better the final result.

Now I know there are many ideas for fan lists floating around, Kislev, Cathay, Ind, and Nippon for the Humans and possibly bringing back races that haven't been seen since 3rd Edition Warhammer. Gnomes, Zoats, Half-Orcs, and Sea Elves could be fun to try (I can envision M4c yelling Noooooo as I type this) to create. Maybe have armies using myths of people that haven't been exploited by GW yet. I've heard that there is somebody thinking of making a race of insects for Warhammer.

There are a few ways for fans to make lists. First is just to use the stats and points of units of one army and play it as a count as army. Second is to take units out of several

different books to make the list. Third is to create totally new units and work out the points cost for them. The third is satisfying and time consuming. With the exception of making a count as army you will have to play test the list against many armies to determine the balance of the army and make sure it's fun to play and to play against. Arranging to play the army against a friend and after the game switch armies and play again. Going against the army you created will help you figure out if it's fun to play against. If it only massacres other armies than you should tone it down but changing unit slots and point levels. After doing the work on the list them go and convert some models to fit the theme.

If you really want to have fun with your friends then create a fan list, and maybe have them do so also. The uniqueness of the armies you can create and play can give you a satisfaction that others whom only build armies to win can never achieve.

After the Dogs of War army book is completed I'll take some time and create another fan list, I've been thinking Witch Hunters or Border Princes even Ice Warriors.

Issue 2 of the Doom Seeker had it you can create special characters and that can be used to create generic characters, This issue has how to create infantry units and in future issues there will be Cavalry and War Machine and a possibility monsters.

So have a go have a go at making a fan list for use in Warhammer Fantasy. You won't regret it.

PS: If you do publish a Fan Made Army List on the net, let us know at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com because we are thinking of putting links to these list in future issues of The Doom Seeker.

THE DOOM SEEKER

Have you created a Fan Made Army List?

Would you like to share it with others?

Please submit links to us at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com and we'll ad it to our list that we will be publishing in a future issue.

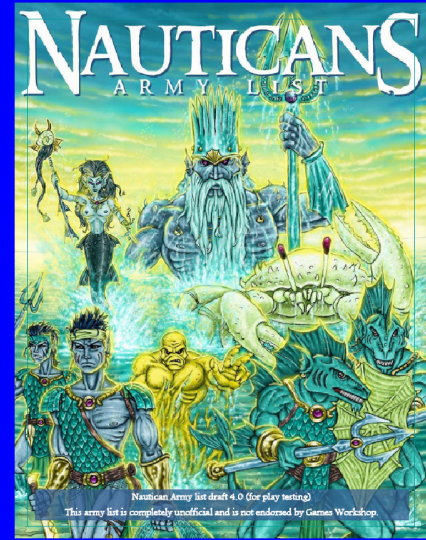
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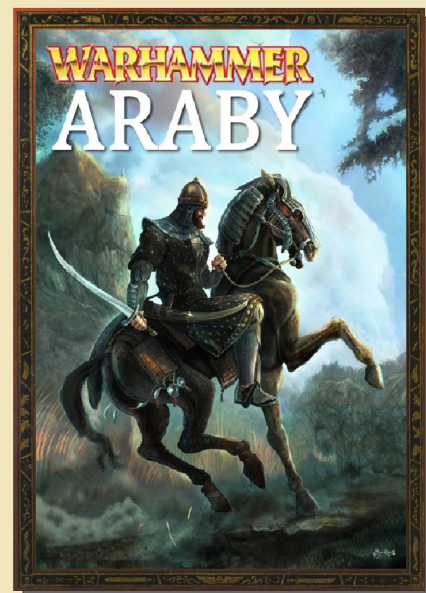


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Making Tales of the Board

By Ironlord

OK so that image up there doesn't make much sense because we don't have a section called "Tales of the Board" but if we did then you sir (or madam) would be finding yourselves in hysterics.

But since it doesn't seem like we have a battle report this issue I would fill you in with a brief guide on how to make a battle table from scratch without handing over a wad of cash to pay for specialist doodads and shiny things to help you make it. So here it is people, the thing you've never been waiting for, its how to build your own battle board!

First things first.

Organise!

Running around gluing things to other things will only get you so far (it may even get you a little further with the police but a jail cell IS NOT the end goal here.) So you need to take 5 minutes and think things through, draw some diagrams, doodle in your mind or use a computer drawing tool to plan it out electronically. Then run through your plans and mime them out (hold on a minute and ill explain that) to give you a more realistic idea of what is going to happen.

For example I had originally planned to do a 8' by 4' table that was divided into 2' by 1' sections that were interchangeable. On paper it was perfect. But when I mimed out the actions (keep holding) I found that it would be far to much work for a very complicated and almost impractical board.

Its also good to draw out your plans on the table, this will help with your miming later on so remember to be realistic and make sure you can see everything that you draw.

So miming it out is basically an extension of the planning stage. When you mime you visualise playing a game on the board, imagine moving units, adding terrain and fighting multi unit combats. When you visualise this you can see the spacing of the board, is it too small? Can you fit more on the table? Should things be moved around?

The important thing when miming is to be as realistic as possible. We would all love a 10 inch tall waterfall landing into a forest clearing with Elven magic stones, but chances are you may just have a river flowing down a hill side into a lake or something similar. Imagine what will be on the table. Not what you want on the table.

Next things next.

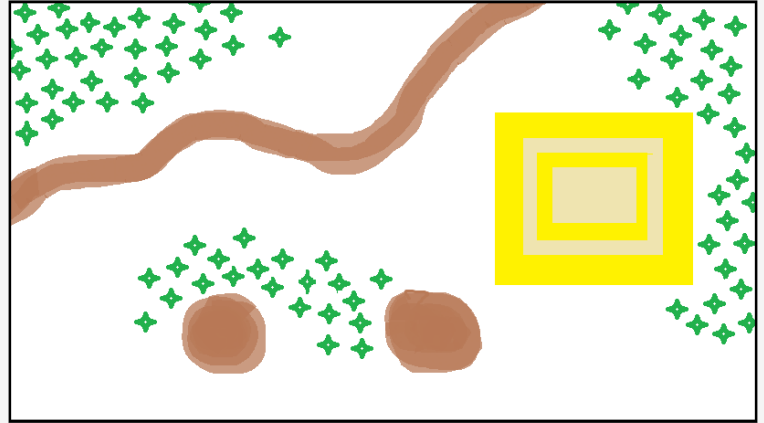
Construct!

Pull out the power tools and start cutting/grinding/melting/ gluing all your stuff together, every part of your plan is going to be put on your board, the hills will be raised, rivers will be textured and painted. This is obviously the stage that requires the most resources to help you construct the board. This includes the texture for the board.

The water effect for any water.

Things to raise or lower the height of the board.

Construction includes everything between the planning and the next stage.



Map 1: The original design is almost completely covered in trees after the creator read about the density of the rain forest.

Painting!

What colours you choose should probably be chosen in the planning stage, mostly because you are going to look rather foolish if you get too the painting stage, having constructed a swamp board with mud path textures, pools of fetid stinking water and realistic swamp plants, only to discover that your painting it gray because you really want a cities of death style board.

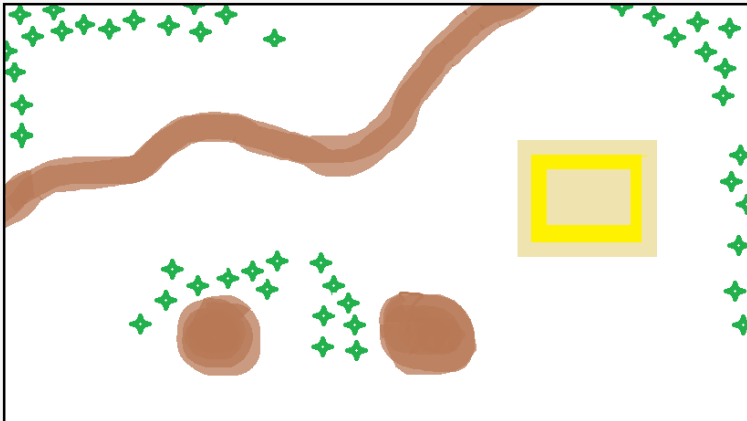
This makes painting a seal of approval or the final stage.

So you need to be sure of EVERYTHING before you begin painting, unless your willing to spend a large amount of time and or money repairing and re-doing the board.

If the board is especially large you may need to buy your paint in large tubs (several litres may be needed), and you may need a few layers of paint as well.

Using a large brush is almost vital for painting, it allows you to get the job done in a short period of time and spreads paint out evenly over a larger area than, say, using small brushes, ensuring consistency in the board's paint job. If you need to use a smaller brush for features like water/cliff faces/ruins then use one, but using a larger brush for at least the first couple of layers of paint is the easiest way to do it.

Now that you have the basic principles of construction for a battle board, you need to master another part of the process, one that is as vitally important and can require more effort too do than the other stages combined.



Map 2: Because most of the armies that the creator plays he has had to make space for ranked units to move in. So he has had to remove a large number of trees and take the bottom level from the temple. This opens up the other side of the river to play on and adds a new challenge.

Motivation

Sometimes things get on top of you, the boss asks you to do a few more hours, you have to increase your physical training for an upcoming sporting event or you just get bogged down in the day to day minutia of life. Sadly the hobby is one of the things which can (and sometimes must) sit on the back burner of life's stove for a while in order for you too get life back to normal.

Sometimes this happens in the most inappropriate times, like during a hobby project, so here are some motivational tips to get your Warhammer battle board back on track.

Rather than spend a solid six hours working on a board, do the work in six one hour slots, or twelve half hour slots, this way the work seems like less of a long grind through the work, but rather a series of bite size chunks of hobby goodness.

Set a finish time for your project, get it ready for a large game or tournament, maybe a showcase battle or display. You will find yourself pushing harder and faster too meet the time line you set for yourself.

Challenge someone, say you have a friend who is starting Warhammer and the two of you are going to play regularly. Your army is ready to go, but your friend is just starting and has only a few models. You challenge each other, throwing down the gauntlet like so; "I bet you cant paint a 1500 point army in four weeks!" To which he replies, "Yeah well I bet you cant get the battle board ready to go for our first game in four weeks!"

And if you are really struggling for motivation, why don't you combine all three options.

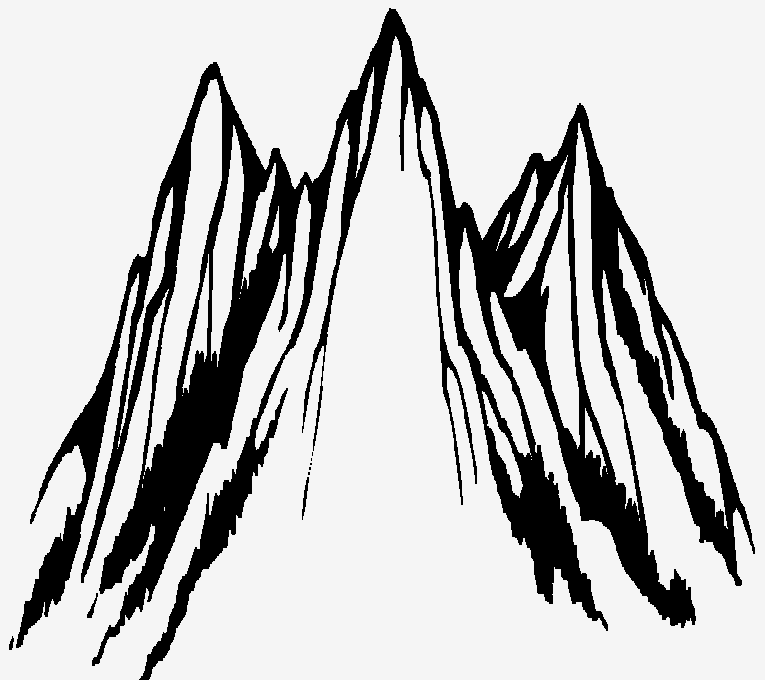
So you throw down a mega-sized, jewel encrusted gauntlet like so; "So you and I are going to have a massive 4000 per side point battle where a vampire count invades the beast men infested forests in the north of the empire. Our armies are ready, but our swamp board isn't right for the battle. I challenge you to make half of the board in time for the game on the XXth of the month!"

Motivation is all about challenge, if you go through the same thing day in day out, you aren't challenged and will soon become unmotivated, loose interest and get bored. But if you push yourself you will be motivated to complete that challenge and will find that your motivation spreads over all of the aspects of your life.

The only downside is that you need to keep pushing yourself again and again, moving forward every time towards a grander goal. So the only downside is progress.

This guide to making a battle board is by no means definitive and there are plenty of guides by other people who cover other things that I haven't mentioned in the article, like framing your board to make sure that the material at the edges doesn't chip off, or how to mount a battle board on legs so that it can be free standing. Instead of putting in these guides I've focused on what my own personal experience has taught me, things like maintaining focus, planning your outlook and making it practical.

In fact that's what I would like to think I have accomplished with this. Practicality by keeping it simple and easy to accomplish. No one likes too fell that they have bitten off more than they can chew. So keeping it simple can give you that warm fuzzy feeling (and if that doesn't work just smile as you wipe your enemy's knight unit from the face of your brand new shiny battle board.)



The Word of Hashut



The ezine for Chaos Dwarf Generals - www.chaos-dwarfs.com

Giant Rampage

by Ironlord

Ok guys I managed too get a game in and the man of the hour was the giant who I took as a rare choice in my army in the 2250 point game I was playing against my brother's dwarves which included a good chunk of my own dwarven army to help boost up the points for him.

Here are the defining moments of the giant's work, brought too you in picture.



A brave group of dwarven crossbowmen defend a tower against the advancing undead, despite a few members of their group being taken down by the vampire's dark magic. The giant breaks down the door of the tower and undead storm inside. Using the vampire's spells the zombies tie up the unit of crossbowmen and end their reign of terror on the battlefield just in time for the 6th turn.



Crossing the table the giant spots a group of dwarven slayers and charges at the mad dwarves, bounding over the distance with its greater movement too begin combat. After a few turns of fairly even combat that took wounds/ models from both sides (how he forced the Troll Slayer down his pants I will never know) I decided too send in the Varghulf to finish the job and help wrap up that flank for me so I could push on with my plans for global domination.



So turn 6 was fast approaching and the giant was on it's last legs. It had been blessed with a brief respite from the dwarven cannon fire after my opponent focused on the infantry that steadily advanced on the main dwarven line and the ever tricky Varghulf that seemed to be unstoppable. But the fight with the slayers had taken its toll and in a bold move rushed his Dwarf General out too take on the monster with the help of a nearby Runesmith who had practically failed too do anything about the onslaught of necromancy magic.

Together the two brought down the giant, but sadly it was too little too late as the giant turned the tide of battle and made enough of a mess of everything to allow me too win the game.

How I did it.

Against a decent opponent its rare to get a decent giant rampage. The big lugging monster takes a lot of flak from any army. However my army set up was a tough one to fight. All but one of my vampires was set up to spam cast raising spells and the main core blocks were packed with zombies. Flood the table with over 80 zombies and watch any opponent whir the thoughts in his head to try and figure out a way to beat it.

So how do you fight two blocks of 40 zombies who are constantly being re raised and bolstered with dark magic? Zombies who could be weapon skill 7 (thanks to a magical hat) and who wont be running. ever!

Simple, you stop them from touching you with as much fire power as possible.

So this took a lot of flak from my giant and Varghulf, allowing them to close the gap and get fighting as soon as possible. My other vampire was lucky enough to roll the Gaze of Nagash spell for vampire counts magic and use that to weaken up the targets for my giant. With a whole lot of luck he was able too take down a few slayers before the giant got too them.

By weakening up your targets (even with a single salvo) you increase your chances of success in the combat that follows. A giant is a tough creature, but he isn't invincible, especially against slayers.

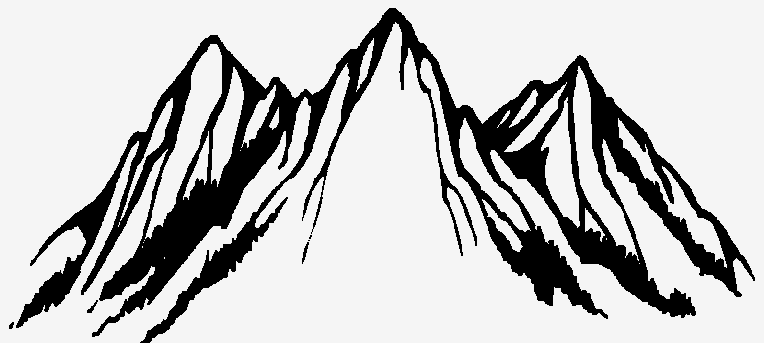
So to summarise on how to get a decent giant rampage on the go:

- Get the giant there, provide a distraction or screen the giant with another unit (but remember he is a large target) and use terrain to cover the giant's advance and keep him hidden from shooting.

- Weaken the point of impact with a spell or using your own shooting. Taking down a few guys can help too tip the balance later on.

- Keep the enemy away from the giant while it does it's work, if the giant gets swamped it will be chopped down without getting to make an impact on the game. Try to hit with as many units as possible at the same time to confuse the enemy and push him back. When you do this, your giant will tip the balance of the fight and knock the enemy onto it's back with a well placed punch too the jaw.

Or it may scream and ball.



Question To Our Readers

How many Warhammer armies do you own and play?

Bilbo Baggins: I currently have 4 Warhammer armies (Empire, Dwarfs, Chaos Dwarfs and Slayer Army of Karak Kadrin) and of those I play the Chaos Dwarfs and Slayers regularly.

Rockgollem: I quit WHF (Warhammer Fantasy) right now, but being a crazy man I am, I have a small Tomb Kings army, an Orcs and Goblin army, Collection of Dark Elves, which can be made into an army but wouldn't really be effective, and scattered collection of WoC.

Kera Foehunter: Well I own Dwarfs, Orc and Goblins, Ogres, Chaos Dwarf Pirates and some other pirate groups but I have not finished them yet.

Goth: I play with Bretonnians and I have a force at 3000+ points and I also have some few Wood elf models I am painting for fun.

Guardian_A: I play quite a few armies, and I like to mix things up a bit by rotating them pretty regular. Also, since I am the only person I know who plays locally, I end up providing the army for my opponent in all of my games, so having a variety to choose from leaves me with a lot more willing opponents. Most often, I will create 2-4 army lists then let my opponent choose which ones we will be playing with. Bretonnia +3,000 pts, Chaos Dwarfs +3,000 pts, Dogs of War +2,000, Dwarfs +10,000 pts, -Slayers 1,500, Empire +12,000, -Kislev 1,000 pts, High Elves 750 pts, Lizardmen +10,000, Orcs & Goblins +10,000, -Red Goblins +3,000, Ogre Kingdoms +10,000. Vampire Counts +7,000, Wood Elves +4,000. I am considering starting a Daemons of Chaos army, but its more likely I'll go with Warriors of Chaos for now since I plan to use a lot of the left over bitz from that army to help convert models for my Chaos Dwarf army.

Smack: I have roughly 3000 points of High Elves. Currently started an Imperial Guard army for 40k, and will pick up Beasts in February depending on the changes. After that, who knows. I'm thinking of a Tzeentch.

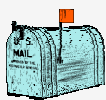
Thepowner238: I have 2250 pts of Dwarves, all painted. And about 700 pts of Orcs & Goblins, only the characters are painted. I plan on getting more soon.

Enakan: You should ask too how many folks have collecting dust! What I have been playing over the last year, Chaos Mortals, Beastmen, Wood Elves, Daemons, Dark Elves, Greenskins, Dwarfs, DOW, Lizzies.

Ironlord: I play 2 armies (but the new Beastmen are tempting) Dwarves and Vampires, both are generally slow moving, take a lot of hits and don't really care about psychology. Both have a very simple style of play, but are both completely different, yet I don't think I've chosen armies that will help me win a grand tournament despite the efficiency of both armies. Every time I play dwarves I miss my magic and every time I play Vampires I miss having competent soldiers. But I find ways to make do with both armies.

Next Issue's Question: Do you play in tournaments or for fun?

Send you responses to thedoomseeker@hotmail.com.

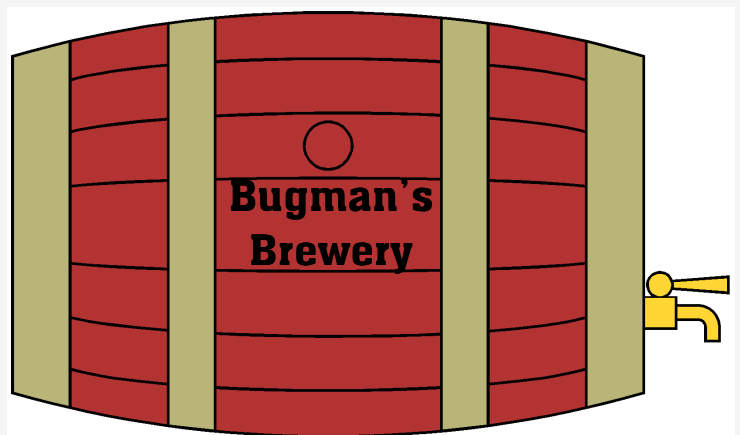


Letters to Karak Kadrin

Do you have any questions for our staff?
Do you disagree with Bilbo's comments?
Do you have ideas for future articles?
Do you think our writers are nuts?
Do you want to know why Bilbo regularly plays both the Slayer Army of Karak Kadrin and Chaos Dwarfs (aren't they polar opposites)?
Do you want to know why he hates playing armies designed not to lose?

Tell us about it and send us comments at:
thedoomseeker@hotmail.com.

While we're waiting for your emails we'll occupy ourselves with some of Bugman's Finest.



Other Realms

Forum Sites for Warhammer Players

Any forum wishing to be added to our list must 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.z4.invisionfree.com/Khemri/

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/

General Warhammer Forums

Bell of Lost Souls

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

Ravenging Hordes

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

Warhammer Alliance

www.warhammeralliance.com/

Dakka Dakka

www.dakkadakka.com/core/

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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

Warhammer Forum

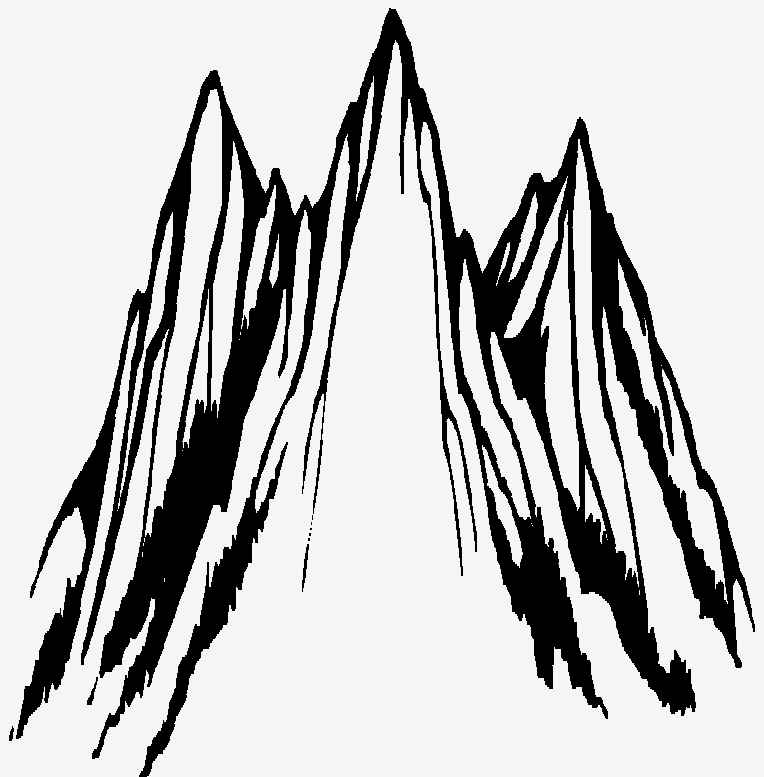
<http://warhammer.org.uk/phpBB/index.php>

Warhammer Realm

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

Warseer

www.warseer.com



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

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

Current and back issues available at:
<http://issuu.com/thedoomseeker/docs>

NEXT ISSUE

Create an Cavalry Unit
Tactics for Beginners

