

The Doom Seeker

Issue 5 - Autumn 2010



Garagehammer
Araby Army Book
Firewolf Saga (Final Chapter?)
Black Wolves Still Live
The Essentials For 8th Edition!



The Doom Seeker

FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE WARHAMMER SHOULD BE FUN.

The New Slayer Brotherhood

<http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/index.php?>

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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

Ravening Hordes

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

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Images and artwork must be in JPEG (.jpg), GIF (.gif) or Bitmap (.tif and .bmp). All Articles, Stories and Battle Reports must be submitted in MS Word (.doc) or Text (.txt) formats. Articles and Battle Reports should include images clearly marked of where they would be in the article. Submissions can be sent to SubmissionsTDS@hotmail.com. Deadline for submissions to be considered for the next issue of The Doom Seeker is 20 October 2010.

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Deckhands for Hire!



Dogs of War Online

Cry havob and let slip the Dogs of War!



From the desk of Bilbo Baggins

Well it's that time again for the release of a new issue of The Doom Seeker. This is the first issue of our second year and we are covering the big news in the Warhammer World, the release of a new edition of Warhammer Fantasy. Games Workshop has deemed it necessary to revamp Warhammer, whether you agree or not, and change up the way the game is played.

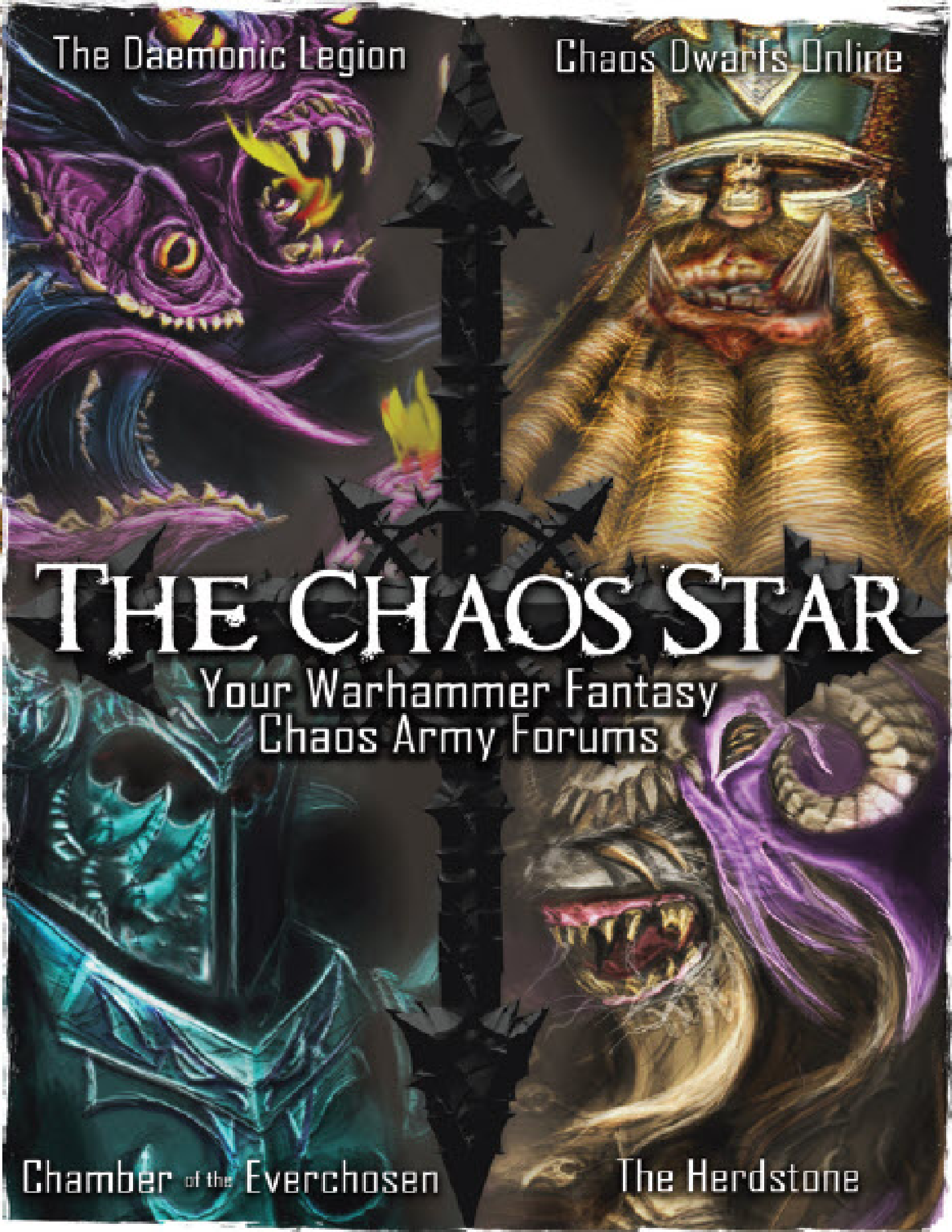
Now there are people who say that I only see the negative in changes, some may say that I'm a conspiracy theorist. True I do like looking at alternative reasons behind events and actions of companies and even governments. I joke that just because I think there is someone out to get me doesn't mean there isn't. Some may think I'm just a grumpy person who is using TDS as a soapbox to force his ideas on us. That isn't true, I just want people to have multiple viewpoints before making decisions.

We do have one prevailing viewpoint at TDS and that is that the game should always be played for fun. With that we are offering articles on the 8th edition of Warhammer Fantasy.

Now Ironlord has become addicted to podcasts, I'm always being told about what Podhammer is saying. Now he has found a new podcast called Garagehammer and they share viewpoint as The Doom Seeker that the game should be played for fun. He has interviewed the hosts David Witek and Christopher Barnette for this issue. We suggest that you give them a listen, I'm listening to them while putting this issue together.

We want to hear from you about your thoughts about 8th edition of Warhammer Fantasy, please email me at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com with your thoughts and comments on the new release.

Bilbo Baggins

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

The Daemonic Legion

Chaos Dwarfs Online

THE CHAOS STAR

Your Warhammer Fantasy
Chaos Army Forums

Chamber of the Everchosen

The Herdstone

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Slayer Journal

THE NEW RADIO (PODCASTS)

By: Ironlord

As the internet becomes more advanced it gives rise to new solutions to old problems.

Podcasts answer an old problem for a new age, "How do you get information out too a wide spread audience, in a medium that everyone can understand?"

Podcasting is the next evolution of radio, which itself revolves around the oldest form of communication known to man. Humans have been talking as long as they have been thinking, because it is the simplest way to communicate our thoughts and ideas to another person (without using psychic powers).

But who do you trust with your precious time? With the average gaming podcast running between an hour all the way up too two hours, you might not have the time too find the right podcast for you, but fear not, for I've done some of the legwork for you and searched through Itunes for the best of the warhammer podcasts.

Need a Podcast to get you into 8th edition? Need a podcast to really break the rules down? Need a podcast to get the most out of your game?

Then Jeff Carroll has got you covered with the original warhammer podcast, PODHAMMER!

Focusing on the war gamers from Newcastle Australia, they look at our beloved fantasy battle game with the critical eye of the tournament gamer and try to get the most out of every model to get that elusive win!

Drawing on a range of experience from dozens of top flight gamers from across Australia, Podhammer aims to give you the most out of your game.

Podhammer offers forums for their fans to discuss the show and warhammer in general and inner circle membership for those fans who want even more Podhammer!



List of Podcasts



ALTERNATE PODCAST LISTENING OPTIONS

You can listen to the podcasts on their respected sites but you can also download many from iTunes. This way you can play them back at your convenience not needing to be online for you to listen to it.

Remember to give the podcasts a good rating on iTunes to help spread the word.

Billbo

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GARAGEHAMMER

By Ironlord

Garagehammer has been running for 6 episodes now and the hosts David Witek and Christopher Barnette are getting to grips with being behind the microphones. I myself became a listener after hearing them on the Podhammer live marathon show for the 8th edition launch and a fan about ten minutes after I hit play on episode 1.

After getting in contact with them and sponsoring an episode (check out episode 5 to hear The Doom Seeker getting plugged like a bathtub) I got chatting with Mr Witek and asked if they would answer a few questions for you guys too read. So enjoy this interview with the garage gaming duo of Garagehammer, David Witek and Christopher Barnette



The Podcast

What made you guys choose to do a podcast instead of some other type of media, like a blog?

Christopher: I thought that it would more easily reach our audience. That, and I thought that David and I have a good rapport, and between us, we could more easily express our enthusiasm and love for the game via podcasting than by trying to blog it all out.

David: Personally, I'm just not much of a "sit in front of the computer and read" type. I never did much on forums, I don't even have a Kindle because I like the feel of paper in my hands when I read. So a blog was just never my thing. I know why people write them, and I do read them if I know there's something there I want to read, but I just never had a desire to write one. Also, I just figured, "Who would read it?" Whereas, I'm very comfortable in front of a microphone and think the show is just more accessible as an audio download. People might see the show on iTunes and just give it a try just like I do when I'm browsing for something new. It's free and they don't even have to invest their time in it. You don't have to read it or focus on it. You can just put it on while you're doing all the other things that demand your attention during the day.

For the readers of The Doom Seeker who haven't heard your show before, why did you guys start?

C: Well, I've been playing Warhammer since 1995, so I've got quite a lot of enthusiasm for (and practice with) the subject. David introduced me to Podhammer, the original Warhammer podcast, and I was utterly fascinated. I loved being able to sit and listen to conversations about armies and tactics... I'm constantly thinking this way when I plan an army, or just look through an army book. It dawned on me that David and I have had any number of these sorts of conversations between games in the past, that they were relevant and interesting to other players, and I became focused on the idea doing our own broadcast. I approached David with the idea that we needed to do a show together... and that's all it took.

D: Initially I thought Christopher was crazy. I didn't think anyone would care what we thought, but the more I listened to other podcasts, the more I realized that the dynamic between the two of us was entertaining, and there just wasn't a show focusing on non-tournament hobby enthusiasts. I'll explain more in the "casual/tourney/hardcore" question.

If you could invite anyone onto the show, who would it be and why?

C: Jervis Johnson, maybe? He DID invent Blood Bowl, after all.

D: Gotta agree with Christopher on that, especially since Jeff already got Alessio.

Your forums have been open for about two weeks now, how do you like being part of a larger community than your local hobby group?

C: Funny you asked this. I'm jumping from these questions to the forum, back and forth. I really, really like meeting new people, and the Garagehammer forum is really fortunate in that we've got a great bunch of folks who have joined up. Every conversation I've had on it has been a good one. So, how do I like being part of a larger community? I love it.

D: Hell, I'm just amazed that people are signing up. I know that some people get tired of "theoryhammer," but when I'm not painting, modelling, playing, or listening to someone else's podcast, I'm thinking about my next army. Every person who joins is one more person with whom I can discuss Warhammer. It's cooler than I ever imagined.

If you show had one uniting mascot, of any kind, what would it be?

C: Uniting mascot? I think that's Harrison!

D: Ok, even though I agree with that now that I read Christopher's answer, I don't think Harrison will like being

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referred to as a mascot. Therefore, I gotta pick Snorri. It's always been my favourite Dwarf name and, even though I just started that "Master Engineer & Snorri" thing for the show on a whim because I thought we needed a real intro, he's kind of become a character on the show all his own, which is funny, since you never hear him or his side of the conversation. You just hear the Master Engineer.

Your Gaming History

Your show emphasizes the more casual side of the game, what does "Casual" mean to you guys? What sets you aside from the "Tournament" gamers or "Hardcore" gamers?

C: Well... I DO like to compete, I just want to have fun first. I suppose casual, to me, means keeping it all in perspective. We've all got money stress, or work stress, or school stress... Warhammer is supposed to be a cure for that. Nobody, to my knowledge, gets rich winning a Warhammer tourney, it's all for bragging rights. Warhammer won't even get you properly kissed (quite the contrary, sadly). Therefore, there is simply no reason for folks to get worked up over it. There might not actually BE any difference between myself and a "hardcore" gamer - I just want to make sure that I'm the kind of player that people want to spend time with AFTER the game.

D: To me casual means that it's not high on my priority list. I mean, I LOVE Warhammer. It's my number one hobby and I do spend most if not all of my free time playing or working on it or talking about it. However, my family and my career have to be first. With three children all under the age of ten, and all their activities (which must take precedence over my own) I just don't even have time to get to my local friendly gaming establishment for a game. Most of the games between Christopher and I start just a short time before the local places are closing. So I just never really get the "rabid community gamer" experience. I hear other show host talking about going to one or two weekend tournaments per month and I just think how I'd have been that guy if I'd started this back when I was about 22. But that was 16 years ago and that's no longer an option. I don't think poorly of anyone who does that, in fact I sometimes get a bit jealous. That's kind of what casual gaming is to me and why it's important to keep that as a part of our show's focus. I love listening to the passion, knowledge, and dedication of hosts for whom Warhammer is their life, and I hope that our show can appeal to them as well. But that's just not my life, nor is it Christopher's. That's why we do our show 99% clean and kid friendly. We want to make sure there is something for the veterans, but also for the people out there like us, be they people who can only game after all the other stuff is done, or the guys who are trying to share their love of the game with their kids.

The fact of the matter is, I do consider myself a hardcore gamer. I love gaming: Board games, role playing games,

video games. If I'm not working, I'm gaming. The reason Warhammer became my number one game is because of the multifaceted aspect of it. It's a complete hobby. I can express my creative side in my modelling and painting. I can appease my love of reading with the incredible amount of fluff. I just don't have that much time for tournaments. It's hard to take an entire weekend off from real life.

What is the biggest or longest game you have ever played in?

C: Biggest/longest: same game. It was 8000 points per side, 4 armies per side. I fielded my Chaos Dwarfs, 6th edition, using the Ravening Hordes, and was given 2000 points, the same as the rest of my team. We played on the floor of an apartment, and started around 10 am, and at midnight, we called it quits. Too many witches spoil the brew, they say... and in this case, it fits. There were FAR too many generals all trying to get their movement done, then the magic phase became a fiasco EVERY SINGLE TURN. My side also had Vampire Counts, Orcs & Goblins, and 6th edition Chaos, mostly Warriors and Knights. All I remember about their side was the 4 BILLION shots a turn they had, elves and more elves. I'd play a game like that again, but maybe not with so many players... and not so many drinks.

D: 3K. My Wood Elves v. Brad's Vampire Counts. I got taken behind the wood shed and thrashed. (Boring. I know. But I've only been playing for 3 years.) Ask me about my time playing Vampire: The Masquerade... 3 years twice a week on that first campaign. That was awesome.

Do you ever use house rules in your games and if so, what is your favourite?

C: Almost never. Honestly, I prefer a straight-up match.

D: The only one I can think of is no "special" characters unless we know about it ahead of time. This really only relates to our friend Brad, who always takes Mannfred and/or Vlad, and Harrison who LOVES taking Teclis or Alith Anar or any of the named High Elves.

How did you play 7th edition and how will you play 8th edition?

C: That depends upon the army. In 7th edition, I played my Bretonnians and Dark Elves "hyper"-aggressively, attempting to win all combats on the charge. With Chaos Dwarfs, I'd try to get stuck in whenever I could, and use artillery and magic to force my opponent into running into combat before they're ready, and corral opponents with the surprising manoeuvrability of the Great Taurus or the Bull Centaurs.

8th has changed the field, certainly. Dark Elves are just as aggressive, but less likely to walk away without a very bloody nose, so all units have to be larger to absorb the casualties. Spears, Witch Elves, and Corsairs seem like a better choice than they used to be. Spearmen in horde formation have been AMAZING in every game, so far,



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and Cold Ones with the Battle Standard Bearer make them reliable, and therefore fieldable. Black Guard aren't the omnipresent unit they used to be, and despite what anyone else says, I'm not convinced that one Hydra would get it's points back in 8th... With nowhere to hide, it's a 175 point pincushion.

Bretonnians are in hard place. Although I won with them in my first foray into 8th, they cannot do the overwhelming impact like they could in 7th... the opponent is still swinging back. Steadfast is the undoing of the Bretonnian lance, so I want to get multiple units into every charge, with at least one multi-rank unit in the flanks to disrupt Steadfast. It's harder than it used to be, but the magic is better, the trebuchet is better (comparatively), and we still out-pace just about everything else. Oh, and yeah... I have to take more peasants. Lots and lots. I just had to buy ANOTHER box of 'em. Sheesh.

The Chaos Dwarfs are MOSTLY in a position to profit from the rules changes. Core Chaos Dwarfs are expensive, very much so, so the idea of hitting a percentage point requirement instead of a unit requirement actually saves me a lot of points. Furthermore, while I still have access to cool artillery, which I shall most certainly field (and no more partial hits!), it's very possible for my evil little men to charge into combat quickly, now. The biggest change is my fear of fielding the Great Taurus... there's simply nowhere to hide.

D: Man, I play Dwarfs. Much like the Dwarfs themselves, there is little change. I used to turtle up, but now with the Hand Weapon/Shield bonus changing to the 6+ Parry save, and attacks going purely on Initiative, I started taking Great Weapons a lot more.

Also, I'm starting to play my Ogres more. Before I only really bought them because I wanted to build and paint them. Now, they're a viable choice to play with.

What is the single best moment of gaming you have ever had?

C: Hard question... they're all really good. What stands out most of all for me was a huuuuge Blood Bowl league when I was working for a game store, and I decided to play Halflings on a lark... and ended up in the playoffs. I didn't win, of course, but at that moment, I earned much glory and respect... not to mention, I "patented" my special halfling play involving two treemen, called "the Hobbit Hole"...

D: For me, any time I beat the Dark Elves is awesome, but that's just because they are such a strong all-around army.

If I have to pick one, it would be the first time I played my Dwarfs against the VC. I remember going first, shooting the heck out of them, and then watching them all get brought back. Then they moved, and then magically moved a bunch more. They were all over me right away

and I just felt like I'd lost the game before close combat ever happened. Then, when we finally engaged, I had some great rolls, he had a few bad rolls, and of course, I wouldn't break. Next thing you know it's turn 4 and my opponent throws in the towel. That was awesome because I FELT beaten at the end of turn one, so the win was just that much sweeter.

The Rulebook

The new rulebook is undeniably beautiful, but what is your favourite piece of artwork in the Warhammer 8th rulebook? (A page number would be nice...)

C: Although I'm not a Skaven player, the art on page 254. The renditions of the Skaven armoury are utterly fascinating.

D: I find myself going back to the High Elf concept art on 204-5. They just seem so much tougher in their art then you tend to think of them. Also, the battle between the Dwarfs and Orcs on 238-9 is wonderful, but I'm biased there since I love both of those armies.

What was the biggest change in the 8th edition rulebook for you?

C: There are almost too many to list. The single biggest? Hmm... The army composition changes, going back to percentages. It fundamentally changes every list I build, let alone every army, from characters on down. It generally increases your options, yet lowers the number of generals on dragons. Ask me again tomorrow and I'll answer "Initiative now determines who attacks first."

D: I'd say it was the shift in strategy that came from all the other changes: More units included in combat, bigger combat, nowhere to hide on the board, insane terrain, specialty terrain. Strategy has gone from how to line up and execute the perfect charge, to dealing with all the randomness of battle. The best generals now must not only have a plan, but also be able to adapt that plan on the fly when elements beyond your control start changing everything.

At the Painting Table

Would you rather see a well converted army without paint or an "out of the box" army painted well?

C: Please understand, my claim to fame comes in the rules and tactical department, not really the painting. I'm a gamer, but only an occasional hobbyist. I'm a good painter, but the world's slowest. To answer your question, I'd rather see the army painted.

D: This is truly six of one and half a dozen of the other. Cool conversions are awesome. I dabble in it, but not to the extent I've seen others do it, and I'm always impressed by the creativity. However, I love to look at the pictures in White Dwarf battle reports, with impressively painted armies facing off on beautifully crafted terrain. In fact, I have to lean toward the painted army because

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that's what I want to have at home. I want to create scenes like those in the battle reports.

What is your favourite painting technique, highlighting, inking, washing, dry brushing or something else?

C: That's actually very easy for me to answer. When I do bunker down to the painting table, my absolute favourite thing to do is focus intently on ONE model at a time, and attempt to breathe life into it, so to speak. I'm far, far away from a Golden Daemon painter, so don't expect crazy miracles or anything, but I can produce a quality miniature when I try. My favourite technique is freehand work, painting details on flat areas. I suppose after that it would be washing, as a painting "accident" effectively taught me how to paint. I was painting a titan for the old Epic game, and trying to paint it bleached bone and black, but of course it looked flat and two-dimensional. My brush knocked over a pot of black paint all over my little Reaver Titan, and it was ruined, so I thought. I dunked it in my water jar, not knowing what else to do, and most of the black faded away. When I took the model out of the water, all the watered down black pulled every little detail on that model to the surface, and *ta-dahhhh* I learned how a wash improves the model.

D: I don't have a favourite, honestly. I just love to try everything and anything. I'm actually into dipping right now, since I'm making tons of Goblins and Clan rats. It's just such a time saver. Of course, I'll spend a week on a character model trying anything I can think of. For me, there is no perfect or favourite. I love anything that helps me to create a better looking model. I may never win a Golden Daemon, but I will keep trying to improve and get as close to that as I can. I'd say I'm way more into this side of the hobby than Christopher. He paints if he has to. I love doing it.

What inspires you to paint?

C: Playing a match is the best inspiration. I'll walk away from a really satisfying game, and I start daydreaming about how a particular unit performed above my hopes, and it'll get me motivated to start choosing a colour scheme. After that, I'd say the quality of a miniature inspires me. If I like the way something looks, I'll want to get some colour on it. The Dark Elf Cold One Knights, the new plastic ones, are an example of models that made me freak out... I can't wait until those spiteful little fellers are done.

D: For myself, it's just knowing what is ultimately possible. I teach Humanities at my High School, so I cover countless art styles every year. I find inspiration in all of it. For me, I look at the models and think of what can be. I look at that yearly Citadel Catalogue and think, "I'm going to keep trying until mine look like this."

The Fantasy in the Fantasy Battle Game

If you could come up with any Warhammer related idea, be it a unit, a piece of terrain, a battle and know that it would happen (possibly by magic) what would it be?

C: It would be the official return of my beloved Chaos Dwarfs, hands down. They have a back story as engaging and rich as nearly any other race; a defined place, both physical and role-related, within the Warhammer World; and a fascinating military force just BEGGING to be brought into 8th edition specifications.

D: I'd make a Kislev or Araby army book. A complete one. Not just one to supplement and add on to the Empire or the Dogs of War. They are too interesting to be relegated to the fiction/fluff or to simple support of another army.

You have your favourite army set out in front of you, you are facing off against a rules lawyer who just wont quit with the nagging and whining, you can hit him with anything you want, no repercussions, what goes in the soccer sock that your going to sock it too him with?

C: Ha! These days, I've got access to the 8th Edition tome. I'll just brain the lummoX with the book, for the sweet joy of turning the rules against him.

D: A ghost fence. Ok, seriously. I'd have to say a giant sock of crap. Literal crap. If you're going to be crappy on the inside and suck the fun out of every bit of the game, then you can have some crap on the outside as well, to mark you for what you are.

The Most Stupid Question of All Time

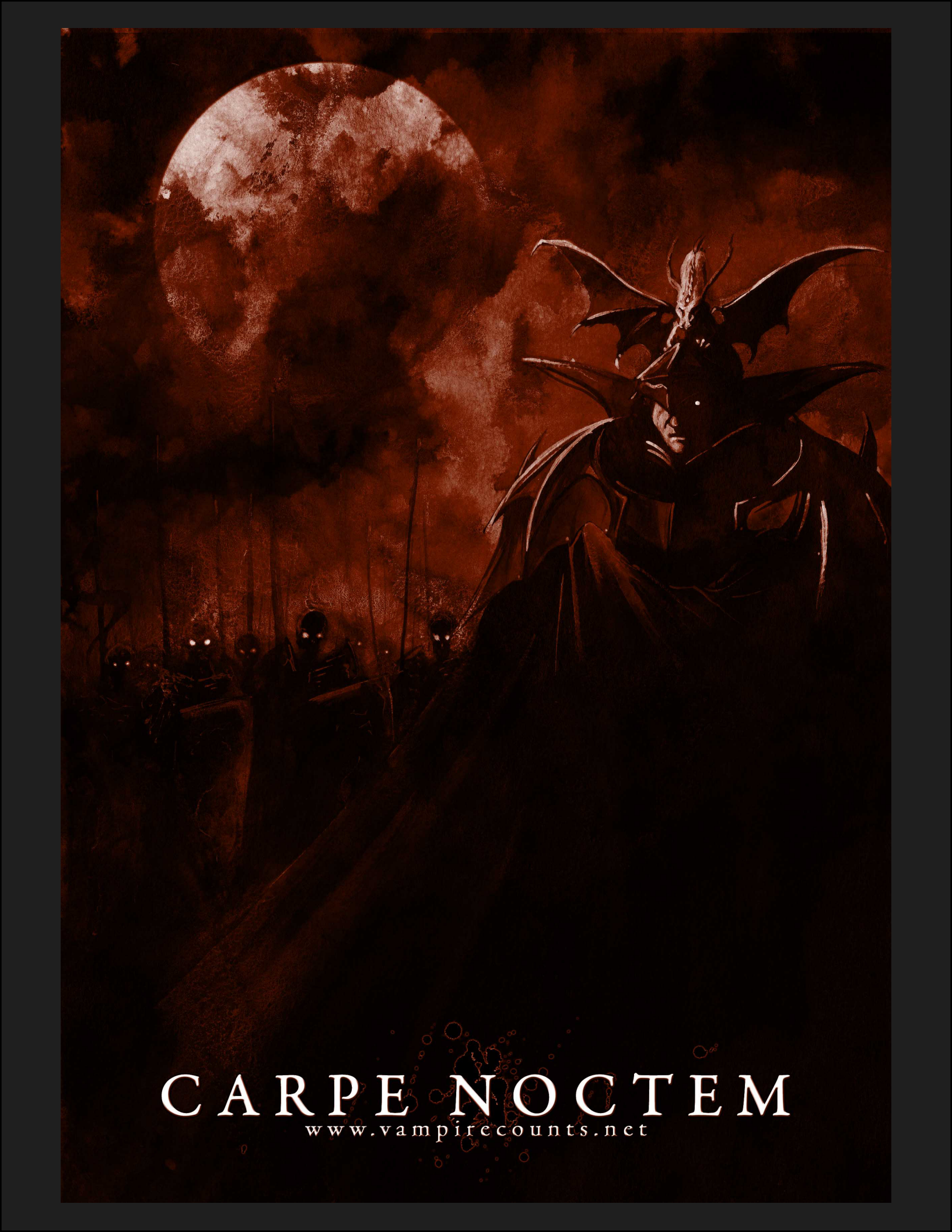
If you could have the perfect marshmallow of any size, what size would it be?

C: The smaller the better, friend. I don't like marshmallows. I'm currently on a flavoured-liquorice kick... the "Australian" kind, which has suddenly appeared in certain stores in my area.

D: Strange that you would ask. We were just at the store and found these marshmallows that are about 3" tall and 2.5" wide. One will cover the entire graham cracker and chocolate piece for a smore. The kids and I have been eating them as if they were a cure for every human ailment.

Thanks for your time answering these questions from the Doom Seeker, we hope too talk to you guys again soon and we remain big fans of Garagehammer.





CARPE NOCTEM

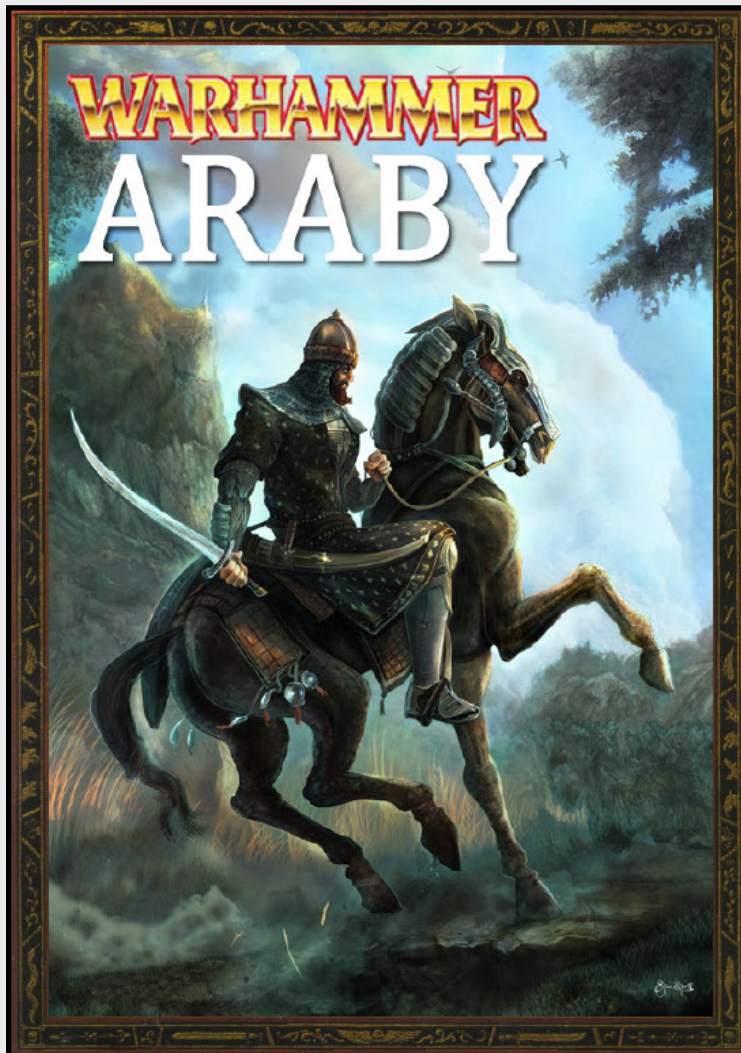
www.vampirecounts.net

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WARHAMMER ARMIES: ARABY

By: Bilbo Baggins

Today we are having a friendly discussion with M4cR1I13n about one of his projects for Warhammer, the Araby army. He is know for his ability to give the points values of models and units and help me out several times when I was creating regiments for contests and the Pirates of Sartosa army book. I'm glad he is my friend.



What made you decide to make an army book for Araby?

That was so long ago I can't really remember any more. It was maybe in 2006 or so, when I just figured doing some lists for fun based on some places mentioned in the fluff that didn't exist rules-wise. The decision to make a real army book out of it though was probably sometime last year around the release of the Dwarves of Chaos book, which I took as a great source of inspiration for making fan-made books.

Where did you get the inspiration for the heroes and units?

Originally, Age of Empires II. Araby started with Mamelukes, Janissaries and War Elephants, and then I added characters to that. Back then it was just a word doc of a few pages, but when I started the project for real I drew inspiration from other fan-made Araby lists, Medieval II – Total War, Araby from Warmaster and the other official sources GW put out on Araby.

Did you create new fluff or reinterpret fluff from other sources?

Both. Due to the scarcity of official fluff on Araby, I had to look for alternative sources. A lot of the background is based on material from D&D, written in the 80's. Quite a bit of historical sources were also used.

Was there items you were trying to stay away from while creating the book?

With Araby, nothing in particular springs to mind. The army is based on the Arabic Caliphates with a tint of the Ottoman Empire, coupled with influences from Thousand and One Nights. I tried to stay to known archetypes as much as possible, as that would make it easier for anyone reading it to connect better to the book. I did keep it separate from the Egyptian influences that several fan-made lists seem to put into Araby, there's Tomb Kings for that stuff.

When did you start playing Warhammer?

That would have been in 2005, as soon as I finished my Lord of the Rings diorama. I simply felt I wasn't done with the hobby and wanted to try and do a medieval army for display, hence I started Bretonnians. I guess that would have in some part influenced the way I write lists as well, as I am always trying to base them a lot on their historical counterparts.

How many Army Books are you currently working on?

Well, only one book at a time really, although I am constantly updating my older books and have gathered material for the rest. All in all, 9 Army books and 1 Compendium.



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Where did you find the models or did you sculpt them yourself?

A lot of suppliers, primarily Black Tree Design (although their delivery times are horrible), Perry Miniatures, Reaper Miniatures, Old Glory Miniatures and so forth. Very few actual GW models were actually used.



Your friends seem to think you don't sleep because you have created several army books recently, do you have a life?

Of course I don't, what kind of question is that!? ;)

To let people know the real you of course.

How does this army play compared to the other armies you have played in Warhammer?

Play-testing had proved surprisingly balanced so far, nothing really over the top in my games so far. It will of course be quite a while until I would call the army finished.

What are the main features of the army you wish to let our readers know about?

The army has the special rule called Holy War, which means that for one turn of your choice, the whole army becomes frenzied, meaning your shock troops are even more deadly. For Characters you have your basic fighters and wizards, coupled with a few unique ones. You can field a Sultan which works as a supportive character from the army, giving your units different kinds of boosts. Then you have the Hashishin Assassin, similar to the Assassins of the Skaven and Dark Elves. Lastly, you can field Genies in different forms, which are part of the Sorcerer's model. These offer both magic boosts as well as combat prowess. Be careful to protect you wizards though, because if they die, so does the Genie.

In the army you have your basic warriors that you can field in big units, which are then upgradable with Imams to give them Hatred, and Dibbukim that can dish out a huge number of attacks by themselves. Then you have your basic bowmen, skirmishers, and fast cavalry. A few

of the more interesting units in the core section are the Naffatun that throw fire bombs, and the Camel Riders with their hit-and-run attacks, making them excellent harassers.

In the special section, you find the Sultan's Guard who can carve through most opponents with their great weapons. And should they lose combat, they always have Stubborn to fall back on. Your basic tar pit unit, essentially. You also have access to Janissaries, elite infantry with option for handguns, With BS4, these guys can dish out a lot of damage from range, and are also very reliable in most situations due to their Discipline rule. The special units also include the Mamelukes, heavy cavalry with Hatred. Boosted with the Sultan and Holy War, these guys hit like a wall of bricks. Araby also have scouts in the form of Hashishin, battlefield assassins that specialize in close combat. Rounding of the special section is the Flying Carpets that serves to take out war machines and being a general nuisance. Their Carpet Bombing furthers helps with this.

In the Rare section you can find the War Elephants, similar to Stegadons, but a lot more unreliable. None-the-less, they make excellent shock units. There are also Onagers that fire flaming oil on their opponents, causing auto-panic. Sandwraiths also make an appearance here, causing Terror and being Ethereal, these things can cause havoc in the enemy battle lines and make excellent flank anchors. Lastly, you can find the Bladedancers, which are demi-characters with lots of attacks and various special abilities. Although frail, the amount of damage they can put out if attacking the right enemy is not to be underestimated.

The army is played in a similar way of Dark Elves/Wood Elves, combined with the big infantry units of the Empire. In order to make a successful army, you would have to use a lot of mobility to get to the enemies flanks and use bows to harass them from afar. Araby's infantry doesn't pack that much of a punch on their own, and will likely need a lot of support from other specialized units. That said, if you can get your troops to support each other, your enemies are in for a hard time.



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Why should a person consider starting an Araby army?

Depends entirely up to your interest in the army. If you like Arabic mythology and culture, or an army that requires balance to work properly, then I would say starting an Araby army might be a good idea.

How long did it take you to balance the points to make it fair?

One minute per unit, pretty much. Having all the army books helps a lot when cross-checking points costs, and has been quite accurate so far. Of course I sometimes do slip-ups or miss to see some way it could be abused, but that is all fixed as I go along with play-testing.

Will you doing any changes for 8th edition?

Already updated., and can be downloaded [here](#).

What is your next project?

Currently working on Warhammer Armies – Dogs of War, a collaborative forum project (you should know!). Then I am aiming to begin with Estalia, based on the Conquistadors and the Inquisition.

Will you please come back and tell us of another of your army books for the next issue.

Will do, that would be Kislev for all the bear-loving vodka-drinkers then!

ON THE PAINTING TABLE

Deep within the man cave lurks an altar of unspeakable power, the altar and it's contents are capable of ensnaring a man's soul for hours at a time. Upon it are created items of rare beauty and horrible creatures to be unleashed upon the free peoples of this world!

It is the Altar of Katarr Voll, or in the human tongue... THE PAINTING TABLE!

Welcome too the painting table, a chance for gamers like you and me to show off our painting and converting skills. If you want to show of something special, email the images or upload it too www.photobucket.com and then send us a link @ submissionstds@hotmail.com with the title "Its on my Painting Table!"

If its good for any number of reasons (or the only thing in the inbox) we will show it too all of our readers and give you the chance to show off and brag. Be it your latest model or a project you sculpting to be a show piece of your army, we just need a few words about what the models are and any tips you have on doing whatever it is that you've done and then it will be immortalised here in The Doom Seeker!



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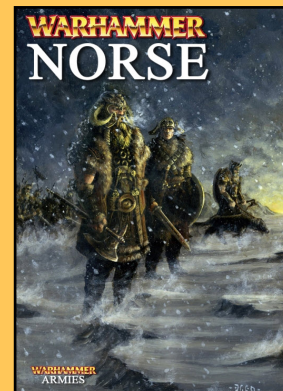
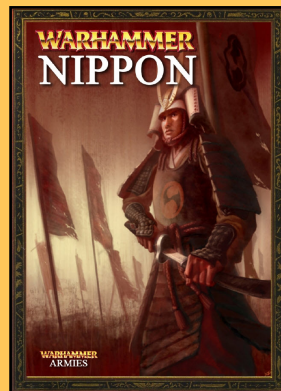
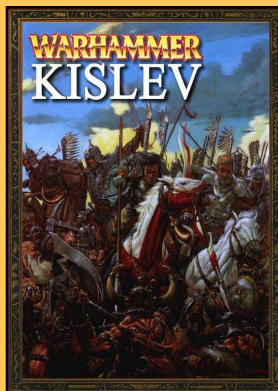
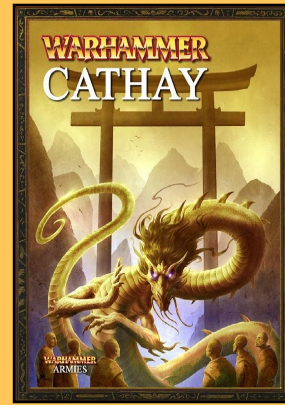
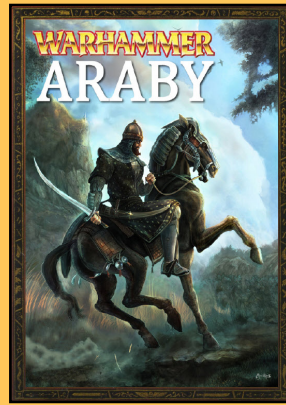
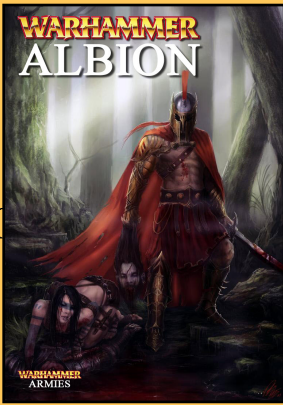
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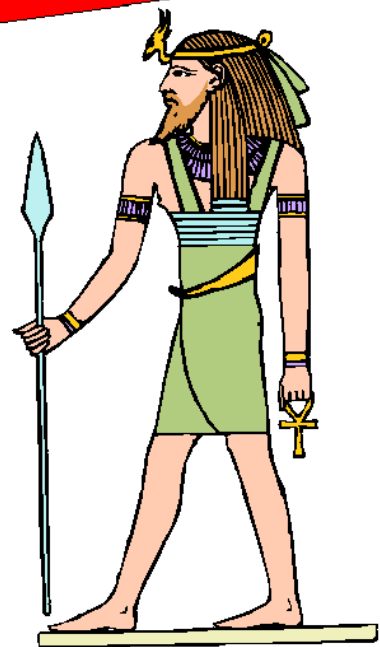
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Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum
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Still the site for all that is Khemri on the Web.



The Doom Seeker - Issue V

THE ESSENTIALS FOR 8TH EDITION!

By Ironlord

Every army book released in any game system is naturally followed (or pre-empted by) a wash of new models and things you can use in the new army, 8th Edition's release is just like that... but waaaaay bigger. The wash of items that are "essential for 8th edition" is almost biblical with everything from dancing bears to magic cards being released.

But among the flood of miscellaneous bric-a-brac there are some things you should keep your eyes wide open for. Join me, won't you dear reader, as I take a look at the must have and must avoid of 8th edition releases?

Standard Warhammer Rulebook:

Price: £45 (\$75.00 US - 60,00 € Euros)

Value: Essential

Reason: Well you need the rulebook to play with the rules don't you? Unless of course you want to wait until September...

Collectors Edition Warhammer Rulebook:

Price: £75 (\$123.50 - 97,50 €)

Value: Non-Essential (probably not even practical)

Reason: This is (as is suggested by the title) a collector's piece, something for the magpies who like shiny things that have to be wrapped in plastic after the first time they read it (with rubber gloves on of course, we wouldn't want your mortal scummy hands touching the precious now would we). If you are a gamer you will want to steer clear of this because it will be damaged as you carry it from battle to battle. The clasp is a cool idea though...

Gamers Edition Warhammer Rulebook:

Price: £75 (\$123.50 - 97,50 €)

Value: Non-Essential (but rather practical in a way)

Reason: If the Collector's edition is yin then this is a bag o' yang. The Collector's Edition is just a book, but a rather shiny one at that, while Gamers Edition is the book with gaming extras, but it's not shiny. It even comes with a bag with enough space for your rule book, army book and the bucket of extras they throw at you. I will be reviewing each of these extras in turn so to get my full view of this kit, just look at the following:

Template Set

Counters

Dice

The only thing that isn't available is the bag so I guess this is the place to talk about that. Although it looks thick enough to not rip under the titanic weight of the big red rulebook, I have to wonder if it's safe to put that much weight onto one shoulder, because it is single strap that bad boy could really dig in and cause some damage. I'm not lying when I say I have friends who have needed physical therapy because they were carrying around a large weight that pulled down only one shoulder...

Template Set:

Price: £5 (\$8.25 - 6,50 €)

Value: No where near essential.

Reason: Don't you have some of these lying around? Surely you must have at least one set of templates lying around? Does the shiny stuff really attract you that much?

Enough mock questions, time for a serious review.

Don't buy these, why?

Because ironically for things that look like they could double as ninja weapons, there isn't a point too these things. The designs (as with everything else in Warhammer) seem very empire specific, which is a real shame if you aren't an empire player (like me) or you aren't into the fluff/style of the world at all (like me). It was a good trick to hide the smaller template inside the larger template but if that justifies a £5 purchase for you then you need someone else to keep a hold of your wallet for you...

Warhammer Counter Set:

Price: £8 (\$13.25 - 10.50 €)

Value: Could be useful, but it depends who you are (see below).

Reason: I don't think that counters are necessary for hard core gamers, for me part of the challenge of being a general is remembering who is doing what, with what and to who, and because of that, using counters feels sort of like cheating a little bit. And if you are playing in tournaments or in a competitive group, it may be that they don't want you using counters.

But for the non-hard core (or the super hard core as I will explain in a moment) these counters could be useful. Especially if this is your first foray into the Warhammer world and things seem to be rather confusing. One of my problems when I started was combat resolution because I was coming from 40k where combat resolution was just a fancy word for counting corpses, in the world of Warhammer there is a little more to consider, so the combat resolution counter is a good idea and seems to be well executed, despite its empire theme.

The charge arc indicator seems handy and could solve some arguments.

Now I mentioned that the super hard core may find this useful, here is why.

Say you have been gaming for about 6 hours, your 100% accurate re-enactment of the Siege of Nuln by the Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch has hit a break point, its time for pizza and a refreshment of you and your guests choice (that is assuming that your not playing your 100% accurate re-enactment of the Siege of Nuln by the Goblin Warlord Grom the Paunch by yourself). But there is still

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those combats going on in the left flank! What ever shall you do while you scoff pepperoni and cheese on a soft dough base?

Throw down some counters to represent the information and bob is definitely your uncle.

It should be pointed out however that these could all be replaced by pieces of paper... but the people in marketing don't want me to tell you that.

Warhammer Skull Dice:

Price: £7 (\$11.50)

Value: Non-Essential, but nice.

Reason: You should have buckets of dice sitting around somewhere, so you don't really need to have these do you? What about if you are starting out and need some dice? Don't bother with these, there are only 8 in the bag and if you will probably loose some before you know it (that applies to everyone by the way). But if you must have them they are pretty, they are functioning dice and they have skulls on them (and what is Warhammer without skulls eh?)

Battle Magic Cards:

Price: £6 (\$9.90 - 7,75 €)

Value: Useful

Reason: I suck at magic, yet I play Vampire Counts, Beastmen and High Elves, so I spent more time looking around books than a librarian in the hopes of finding out what that spell does, you know that spell? that one you use all the time, what was it called again? Something about burning someone right?

See the problem people like me have. I think these cards are a great way of combating that problem. Because of the new rules regarding picking your lore of magic before the battle, you can bring your deck of cards out before you roll and pick out the spell cards you need as you roll the spells for your wizard. Once you have your spells you can simply put the rest away in your pocket or somewhere and keep the rest out, reminding you of the spells you have to play. The cards are beautiful and contain a small piece of artwork to break up the rather wordy description and effect section.

It also means you don't have to bring out the big rule book every five minutes to check your magic. £6 to prevent serious back problems seems kind of worth it...

Battle Magic Cards: Beastmen

Price: £3 (\$4.95 - 3,90 €)

Value: Less essential than the full Battle Magic Cards set, but still useful.

Reason: Well first of all as a beast man you shouldn't be handing out cash for cards when you can just skin someone and write your magic lore on their skin... But if you want to play civilised then it seems like a steep price for just the one lore when you get all 8 lores of magic for just £6.

But it's your choice really.

Engineers Ranging Set

Price: £18 (\$29.75 - 22,50 €)

Value: Pointless (please slap yourself if you were thinking about it)

Reason: It seems that some engineer named Alby Tassledhair (see what I did there) decided it would be a good idea to make precise measuring instruments for use in engineering. A few copies of the original designs still survive and could be bought for the right price of £18. (Wait did GW just try and use fluff to sell me a gaming accessory? I ain't that much of a fluff bunny!)

This set is perfect if you want to be laughed at by someone over the table with a 50p measuring tape from the supermarket/building supply store that does the exact same thing as this what you have but for only 1/36th of the price.

Collector's Edition Models

As I have never lusted over any Collector's Edition model (except maybe the invisible Frodo from the Lord of the Rings set but that doesn't count because it is invisible and there for epic!) I have a slightly jaded opinion of these models. These are exactly as they say on the tin, collector's pieces, I think your best chance of finding a use for these is in a Dogs of War army or an Empire army.

But my favourite pick of the bunch has to be the fat merchant, mostly because he wouldn't look out of place in Assassin's Creed 2 (one of my favourite games), and he is one of the few people in the empire who can pull off that stupid feather in the cap look they all have, but also because he would make a great Dungeons and Dragons character. I am almost tempted to start trying out bad voices to great people with so I can role play as him when the party enter the shopping district...

Its a shame his scribe looks like a psychopath.

Thank you for taking the time to read this article, if you follow my advice and only buy what you need rather than just going nuts, you will save at least £173 (\$276.00 - 208,00 €) by buying only the things marked as "useful" or "essential" instead of everything.

The simple fact of the matter is that these are easy to sell one off items that can rake in a lot of cash from unwary customers. Hopefully by reading this you will save yourself from making a mistake. If you are an experienced player you will probably find you have this stuff lying around anyway and you don't need it and if you are just starting out you can find this stuff for better value, you just have too look for it.

TRUE LINE OF SIGHT

By: Ironlord

One of the most major rule changes for 8th edition of Warhammer is the change of sight rules from the original scheme to what is called "true line of sight". Because I am the only one involved in this project who plays Warhammer 40,000 (which also uses true line of sight) I have been asked to explain the new system for those of you with no experience with it.

TLOS focuses on "model eye view", which means getting down to model height and looking as if you are the model, what you see, he sees. If a hedge row blocks the view of swordsmen, then you can't see them, although you, from your omnipotent perch above the battlefield, can.

But under the same rules, if you can see the head of the swordsmen poking above the hedge, you can see and shoot at them.

A hedge or a wall is a simple way of looking at this, but where the TLOS rules become a bit more complex (and controversial) is regarding area terrain, like forests or ruins.

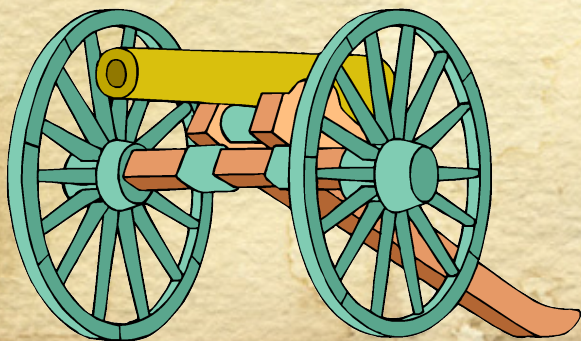
Previously, a block of area terrain could block the view of anything behind it and most of what was inside the terrain. Now the physical model of the terrain determines what can and cannot be seen.

So for example, a unit of dwarven crossbowmen can shoot at an advancing unit of chaos warriors through a thin forest, if you, the player, can trace a line through the forest between the crossbowmen and the warriors. However you have to trace the line for each crossbowman too see if they can shoot. Take a look at these pictures which will explain what I mean.

From a birds eye view you can trace a line between the Dwarven crossbowmen and the Gor unit.

From model eye view you can see the Gors between the trees.

True line of sight is a much simpler way of dealing with targeting for the Warhammer world, it will make ranged combat a lot easier and faster. Giving you more time to enjoy the other aspects of the game. Learning how to use this rule will give you a great advantage, making the most of this new rule will prove the difference between victory and defeat for countless generals.



I feel that there something lurking on the other side



Is there really something lurking no the other side?



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TERRAIN

By: Ironlord

New rules mean new effects on everything and 8th edition has been described as a complete re-boot of the system, rather than a tweak. So the next few weeks will be an interesting time for war gamers as we try too re-establish our understanding of the game and it's inner workings.

One of the biggest rule changes is the change from our previous line of sight to what is called "True Line of Sight" a system that has been used in Warhammer 40k for a few years and is proving to be a hit in the shooting dominated universe of the Imperium. However in our game it presents a different set of challenges which must be over come. True line of sight means that the actual dimensions of a piece of terrain matter.

Take for example, the woodland area. In the previous edition this was classified as Area Terrain, and could only be shot into and out of from certain distances. If a unit moved into contact or moved through the area even slightly, it would suffer from a movement penalty.

However under new rules if your models can see through the woods, you can shoot through them as well. This is a MASSIVE change too the rules that will probably be greeted by uproar (armies with lots of expensive cavalry), cheers (armies with lots of shooting) and mild grumbling (but everyone just ignores the Dwarves anyway).

But whichever camp you fall into you will undoubtedly want to make the most of these new rules and learn how to use them to your advantage. The best way to learn is to do something. But what to test out? My answer: Everything. You want too experience everything the new edition has too throw at you before you are overtaken by the flurry of new information and rules that will come from the launch of 8th edition.

You should really start making terrain as soon as possible, trying out different materials and techniques to make the most of what you can do and what you can create. Learning new techniques and skills in the hobby is always exciting and will keep you motivated to make new terrain as you experiment.

Although I won't plug any specific company for this article, I will say that games workshop have some variation on most of the things I am about to suggest that you try to build. But you should feel free too make your own if you have the skills and time.

-A hill: It blocks up line of sight and creates elevated positions for your troops to fight on/fire from.

-A woodland area: Partially blocking line of sight, changes movement speeds, provides light cover and is a great way to learn the new line of sight rules.

-A building: It doesn't have to be big and it doesn't have to be pretty but a building will make a great centre piece for any board and give the battle a sense of realism, not

every titanic clash takes place on an open field you know. A building will block line of sight and show you how unit interact with buildings as a different class of terrain. Multiple levels of the building will also bring a new aspect of too the game, similar too the hill.

-A ruin: A ruin does all the job that a woodland area does but it does it slightly different. It provides partial blockage, changes movement speeds, provides a more solid form of cover and will teach you how to use the Line of Sight rules. But a ruin can also bring in various positives from the building as well. Because the ruin can be any size, it could also be multi level, bringing in elevated positions for ranged weapons that at the same time expose your units to enemy fire but still offer a degree of cover.

Four pieces of terrain that will teach you some of the most important parts of the game in this newest edition. How you make them up to you, but remember that your army will be using them, breaking them down, rampaging through them or chopping the enemy to pieces on them. And you should try to make them as durable as possible.

Simplicity is the key, there is no need at this stage for the models to be delicate works of art, especially since you may end up changing the piece of terrain to suit your needs. Say for example that you need to cover more space in a woodland area, because your cavalry keep getting shot through the woods they are trying to take cover behind, the bushes block the true line of sight through the woods. If you carefully hand craft and paint the roots of each tree in the area then putting some bushes into the mix will ruin your hard work. Don't be afraid to skip a few stages just to get them on the table.

At this stage they are simply learning devices, built only to teach you and your friends how to play Warhammer and remember that perfection is pointless if you can't use it on the board.

Once you have found what works for you and your army you can revisit the pieces you have made and add in details to give them a sense of character and belonging on the tabletop. I hope this article has helped you prepare (or even think about preparing) for 8th edition and you enjoy making yourself some new terrain to game on.



FIREWOLF SAGA: THE BATTLE OF DEAD CANYON

By: Ironlord

Oscar had been permitted into the libraries of the city, it was a great honour, one only afforded to him after he had paid several bags of gold too the right people. In this pirate city, anything could be bought, especially knowledge and information. But he had not come here to find the every day activities of a sleazy lord or drug addled nobleman, instead he was trying to find the apparently forgotten history of the Firewolf Clan. His interest piqued after the battle standard of the dwarves had been delivered to his father at court not ten days before. Such an ill omen could not be ignored and Olgar had tasked his first born with the tracking of this clan and their history.

His search had led him here, to a small pirate port, where an old friend handed him a leather bound book, it's cow hide cover cracking from age and it's metal clasps rusted from the salty sea air. With gentle fingers and a wary hand Oscar cracked open the ancient tome and began to read the first reference of the Firewolf Clan that he could find.

With unholy fire flaring in their eyes, the evil dwarves of the Firewolf Clan ploughed through the snows of winter without a word of argument against their dominating king, Hurlooh, whose title of Grand Manslayer was becoming more and more relevant. It was a name whispered in gloomy taverns and dark, loveless streets in the manling towns. Hundreds of dead slaves lay naked, blue with cold and dead at the side of their marching route, hardly a handful of the greenskin slaves Hurlooh had left his clan with were still alive, but the manling slaves made perfectly good meat shields and it was more entertaining to watch them fight too the death.

Amongst the worthless men were the traitors, Hurlooh's reign had not been without incident and he had forced twelve rebellious dwarves into slavery, stripping them of their armour and shaving their beards, marking them as the lowest of the low in dwarven society. They were even refused a weapon to fight with, if they wanted a worthy end, they would have to make it from nothing.

He had returned too his throne and was still being carried by his trusted honour guard, their strong arms lifting him into the icy winds and blustering snow storms. But Hurlooh would not yield to the elements, he had come to conquer this place.

All of it.

Cerick knelt before the crown bearer Ramall and accepted the helm of the Griffin Knight, the heavy weight

of the physical helmet, matching the weight of it's responsibility. He was bidden to rise and he did so, careful not to trip over his cloak as he turned to face his charges. It would have been all too easy for him to confuse them for subjects, he realised that he was not in command of them but instead he was their protector.

Their saviour?

He then knelt on one knee and bowed his head too the gathered crowd, mentally cursing the fool who came up with such a ceremony. This was all time he could be using too marshal his forces for his counter attack on the Firewolves. Every moment counted to Cerick and every other human in the Seven Towns of the Plains. He needed every advantage he had to win this war, but every moment lost here in the halls of their fore father's lost him several advantages.

By his reckoning the Dwarven Horde would be here in just 2 weeks. The only way that they could possibly gain another week was if they decided to take a detour into one of the nearby cities and sack it. This would be a terrible loss for the Seven Towns but one that they could recover from if they won the war here and now.

Ugrah's banner bearer Jori'ack gave a savage kick too a slave who had stumbled in the snow, he kept his firm grip on the banner as he sent the small manling child sprawling into a snow dune. The child cried out as he went flying, but the noise was drowned out by the laughter of all the Firewolves who saw it. They marched on uncaring as the child's body slumped, his head stuck in the snow dune. His body began to shiver as his chest stopped heaving it's last breaths. His family had died ages ago, he had managed to hide during the last town assault, hiding beneath a flight of stairs in an abandoned house. He had tried to cover himself with the body of an elderly woman, but he had been found after a hell hound had begun gnawing on the woman's leg and the handler had followed the monstrous wolf.

The child had never truly lived but somehow it felt good to die here in the snow, a slow gentle fading, instead of the burning pain of death by the sword. As he was accepted by the snow, his body began to cool, his blackened eye, swollen by the mailed fist of a Dwarf, was eased now, the flesh cooling and shrinking, allowing his eye to open enough for him too see for the first time in what felt like eternity. His other eyelids had jammed shut at the moment of impact with the snow. But now his other eye began too see, he was greeted by a pure white light.

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Hurloh never believed that he could grow bored of war, but as he sat upon his moving throne he felt a pang of boredom echo in his mind. It was not a comfortable feeling.

"Cronma!" He bellowed, his voice battering back the wind too carry his voice to one of his attendants.

Immediately a small but nimble dwarf, his head bald and scarred, appeared before his master and knelt in supplication, as he had been taught to do, as he addressed The Great Manslayer.

"Yes my king, what do you demand of me?"

"I would have you bring me some sport, not something in the slaves, but something new, something from the manlings smaller towns," He looked around and pointed to the barely visible house on a hill almost two miles away, "Bring some entertainment to me Cronma before sun set or do not return at all and be forever cursed."

"Of course Great Manslayer," He grovelled, "I shall shackle it and return it at once too you."

With that he made to leave until Hurloh made one last demand, "And take Ugrah."

"Ugrah'Val'Krechen!" Came a gruff shout, he turned to see an old white bearded elder, bedecked in golden, runic armour marching towards him, "You are to join me in gathering Slaves for the High Lord Hurloh."

If Lord Hurloh's name had not been mentioned, Ugrah would have muttered and mumbled, but now that Hurloh had granted him favour once before, he would have to be wary, his actions would be under scrutiny now, something that no one wanted in their society.

He was handed a shackled chain and told to follow.

Tholous had moved too the Plains to farm, he had been a city merchant in another life a thousand miles from here, leaving his life on a whim after his wife died and was blown north by the wind. He had learned many things along the way to getting here, like the value of life upon the road, how to defend himself from the marauding Orc tribes and how to hunt if you ran out of food.

Somehow along the way he had learned to grow crops and had settled in his corner of the world for ten years, taking a new wife named Ellaina and raising two small children, whom he had given the names of Tholous Jr and Aliso.

But now Tholous was bound and gagged upon the floor, watching his children being shackled together and dragged from the house into the freezing snow. He had been a fool too assume that he could simply sit out the invasion. His friends had warmed him that he should retreat too the safe and secure walls of the city and join the militia, his family would be kept safe and he would get the chance to defend them from this great evil. Now he was beaten, bleeding and had no chance of defending himself, let alone his family. A wash of foul breath rolled

over him, the hot foetid smell taking up residence in his nostrils as the dwarf laughed in his face.

His breath was like a mixture of Ale, half cooked meat and a sulphuric furnace.

It made Tholous gag and cough as they dragged him out into the snow. A thick armed warrior dragged him behind, the cold smooth flagstones of his hut changed too the stones and gravel of his path. The sharp edges tore his shirt to ribbons and did worse to his back. He cried out as the soothing sting of the snow touched his bleeding back.

Hurloh was pleased when Cronma returned with not one but four new play things from the little farm house. They had also brought back a trio of cows, which were greeted with cheers by the warriors of the clan. Fresh food was a luxury on the march and getting some would always provide a morale boost too the foot slogging soldiers. A morale boost they would need to get them through the snows. There was a long way to go between here and the Griffin Palace, at least that's what his victims had told him. Their need for entertainment, sustenance and a good fight would grow and grow until they became uncontrollable.

As the Griffin Knight, Cerick was offered the finest things that a man off the plains could want, wine, women and money poured upon him like the rain, but he was forced too ignore such temptation (and in some cases bribery) in order to prepare for the coming attack. One of his scouts had killed a Dwarven Soldier and taken the time to drag the corpse through the snow. Cerick had given the man one of the many women he had been promised by the various lord seeking his favour. Cerick had taken the corpse into his study room and began studying it with morbid fascination.

He had hired a surgeon, for the extortionate price of ten gold an hour, too assist him in the study of the creature that was plaguing his lands. The surgeon had opened up the body and after ten hours of poking and prodding, had determined that the creature was in fact very similar too a human, but shorter, denser and more robust. The liver in this specimen was failing slowly he mentioned, but that was probably due too the several dozen years of drinking the creature had endured in his homeland. With a crooked needle the dwarf was stitched back up and re armoured.

So Cerick brought in two of the finest fighting minds in the city, one was a master archer, a woman who had been known too shoot apples from the tops of passing carts from several streets away, to feed the scampering children who played in the market place. She examined the corpse and armour with the curiosity that betrayed her young mind. She would lean in, prodding and poking at the corpse with her strong yet slender fingers, out of habit she would use two fingers to prod the body, as if she could not stop her index and middle fingers from moving together as they would when firing a bow. In contrast too her was the most professional soldier known

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in the land, his battered chest plate of armour was finely trimmed in gold that he polished every day before breakfast, lunch and the evening meal. His neatly trimmed hair and moustache were black, but tinged grey at the edges. Although he took great care in his appearance he could do nothing to hide the large, ragged scar that ran the width of his forehead. He admired the armour and physique of the enemy from a few feet away, a scowl crinkling his forehead and his scar. Only once did he touch the corpse and that was to move the head from side to side, taking great care too look at the neck of the armour.

"How exactly did your scout kill this one?" He asked, his attention turning to Cerick.

Cerick looked up from his map of the city and recalled the man's story, "He told me he had crept over a blind of snow and attacked it from behind. He slit the neck of the first one, using his dagger, but it made noise as it fell and this one turned and rushed him. They brawled in the snow, then he beat the dwarf over the head with a rock until it would no longer breathe."

"I would not think a man could kill one such creature in such a fashion," Tollard muttered, returning his view to the corpse.

"He was lucky, praise Sigmar," Cerick answered, although he knew Tollard did not care for his answer, "He swears that the rock had a patch of moss upon it that looked like a twin tailed comet, but I think the cold had gotten to him."

Alleya walked up, her steps graceful and light, and lifted the arm of the warrior, observing the chain mail beneath the black plates, Tollard twitched his nose at the stench coming from the warrior's pits but Alleya had no such hesitation. Born on the streets, no doubt she had smelled worse.

"Are they all like this?" She asked, tapping the shield and axe that the Dwarf had in his hands, Cerick had had them attached, to give them a more realistic vision of the warriors they faced.

"Some have axes, some have hammers or cutlasses, scimitars, spears or larger weapons," Tollard shrugged, "Different quality depending on who it is, I think each one has to bring his own weaponry, it is not so uncommon in invasions..."

"What of shields?" Alleya queried, changing her view now to see the depth of the shield, she was already concerned about the breadth of the shield, because the dwarves were a short people, it covered most of their bodies, making hitting their weak points hard.

"Again, it varies, some have a weapon and shield, some have two weapons and some carry weapons too big to wield with shields."

She cursed softly, then remembered her place and apologised to Cerick, who dismissed it out of hand.

"I need you to speak freely," He said, "If such language is a consequence, then I will permit it."

Tollard leapt at the opportunity to express his opinion, lacing it with sarcasm too vent his frustration, "Well then I would say that we are in the deepest of sewers, good knight, and up to our necks in it, with no ability to swim."

Feebly Cerick nodded and took his head in his hand, "Luck saw one man survive against two of these Firewolves, will Sigmar bless two thousand to stand against their five thousand?"

Twitching an eyebrow, Tollard blustered, "Two thousand! You told me we had three thousand!"

Shaking his head, he explained, "Last night, a detachment of guards fled through the gate they were supposed to protect, when people saw that the gates were open, they fled in droves too, risking the snows against this hell we face here..."

Tollard cursed loudly, cupping his head in his hands and muttering in exasperation at the ceiling.

Alleya visibly saddened at the news, her shoulders sagging and a glint leaving her eye. She loved the city and every one who called it home as she did, to hear of a thousand people fleeing the city on a whim to face almost certain death rather than defend their homes was tragic.

"If we have two thousand people willing to fight, only a third of them soldiers might I add, then we cannot defend this city."

Tollard's admission shook the room as if it had been hit by a cannon ball.

There was a stunned silence that held until Cerick challenged him, "Have you lost all faith?"

"No," Tollard stumbled, rather taken a back by his own admission, "I know that we can defeat this foe, but not here, the walls are too large, we were stretched thin with three thousand, two thousand would be a fatal mistake that would cost us everything."

"Then what?" Alleya asked, her voice quivering slightly, she rarely showed weakness to anyone and the quiver told Cerick everything. Tollard had already told all he needed too to get Cerick thinking.

"We take a gamble, throw our dice before they throw theirs," he said, tossing aside a map of the city and pulling out a map of the nearby land...

Taking the heavy axe too the head of the petulant farm boy had been the most entertaining thing that Ugrah had done in days. He had grown tired of marching blindly into the swirling snow and wind. He was not that kind of soldier, he was quick, intelligent and capable. He was the warrior that you trusted with a mission, with an objective. He had been trusted with such missions before and was currently trusted with an important mission.

He had been tasked today with clearing out a small barn that had been isolated by the snows. There were no houses for at least two miles in either direction, just a

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lone solitary barn. Hurloh had believed it too be a half way house, a refuge point. Something that couldn't be allowed to stand. He was right, inside had been a clustered trio of human litters, young men and women braving the snows in the hope of escaping. They were to be taken alive. Hurloh had given Ugrah and Cronma ten sets of shackles and chains.

But there were fifteen humans nested here.

Those who showed resistance now would try to resist them in the slave marches, possibly causing trouble, rousing the other slaves, turning them to revolt. Not that they would be able to do much in their un-breaking shackles. But killing five farmers with sticks now meant not having to slaughter a thousand slaves later. A trade off that Ugrah liked.

Five headless corpses lay on the floor and Ugrah's new axe was drenched with blood. His warriors were now in the barn, stomping the ground and raising a hellish clamour with their armour and throats to terrify the cowering humans.

Ugrah raised his axe and signalled a charge, loving the look of terror in their eyes as fifty warriors charged across the short distance, weapons glistening in the patches of light that pierced the decomposing roof, before pulling to a stop no more than a foot from their prey and laughing at their terrified screams.

"Take them!" Ugrah ordered. Laughing heartily as he walked back too the entrance of the barn where Cronma stood impatient, his hands laden with chains.

"That was too much of a risk Krechen!" He scolded, "What if one of your men had gotten loose, broken your command, slaughtered them like a wolf among sheep?"

"Then you would have all rights to take him in chains too King Hurloh," He said, before making to leave past the grumbling Cronma.

Suddenly he was called back by a noise, he heard a woman, a human obviously, screaming for her father, worried that some young warrior had taken to beating the man, he pushed through the press of warriors and saw an older man, his hair greying at the roots and his skin sagging like slack leather, flopping around on the ground, caught in some kind of seizure.

The woman screamed at him, tears streaming down her face as several others tried to avert their gaze.

"Who is responsible for this?" Ugrah bellowed, his voice shaking the small barn and reducing the screaming woman to sobbing in the corner with her guarding dwarves. "Who has denied The Grand Manslayer his prize?"

"No one," They said.

He stomped over to a young man and grabbed him by the cheeks, he began speaking in the common man tongue, his speech broken and poorly structured, "What happened to the man elder?"

The youth began to cry so Ugrah punched him and asked him again.

"His heart has finally given..." he wailed.

"Given?"

"Father had a weak heart, it is a problem, the heart is finally giving, he is dying!" The young manling kept weeping and sobbing so Ugrah abandoned him and ordered his warriors to put on the shackles.

"It seems your joke has cost our King his prize, who do you offer as apology, who will take that man's place?" Cronma sneered, feeling vindicated.

"I will not apologise for the weakness of men." Ugrah snapped.

Hurloh's personal command were now becoming complacent, they were too eager for a grand slaughter, but the Griffon Palace was still many miles away, they had still to traverse a canyon or risk getting lost in a massive forest. The trees refused to grow in the canyon for some reason, making it the quickest path through the forest. The latest group of slaves had told him that they had fled for over a week to get to this barn, fleeing from one farmyard to another, hiding in ditches as the world around them turned into their vision of hell.

Now they faced a new vision of hell as they joined the ranks of slaves who marched towards the Griffon Palace along the roads. Never before had an army walked so unchallenged across their lands. Now they were part of that grand army, this grand invasion and colonisation by the Firewolf clan.

The culture shock was immense, they had went from fleeing people, to oppressed automatons, forced to march day and night across lands they had worked so hard to flee. And among the worst sort of company. The slaves were fed only once every three days, anything else was luck. Occasionally a dwarf would throw in a few scraps of meat and laugh at the scrap that inevitably ensued.

But the biggest shock was a horrific case of cannibalism.

During a cold snap there was a young man freezing on the ground, his heart stopped without anyone noticing and he had crashed into the ground without a sound. Because of a minor scuffle with the guards earlier, the dwarves had withheld their paltry food and the people were starving of hunger. A small pack of men appeared and took his corpse, their eyes filled with an evil glint, dragging it away to some foreign corner of the slave camp. No one heard of the young man again and those who saw the men with the evil eyes swore that their faces were streaked with blood and a new hunger had crept into their eyes.

"We cannot march out into the snows!" Shouted Georoth the Captain of the North Gate, "Hundreds of our people have died in the cold, taking our armies to join them would leave our city to be torn apart by these daemons!"

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Cerick called for silence, trying desperately to explain his plan, "If we fight here, we die here with the city, our inevitable loss here would be the annihilation of Seven Towns. But if we go too the Dead Tree Canyon and stand there, we can halt their advance with a solid wall of shields and spears. We are too spread out in the Griffon palace, our own walls would be our undoing."

"BLASPHEMY!"

For the fifth time in half an hour, the hall of the Griffon Knight exploded in uproar. This time a few fists were flying, but the palace guard were quick enough to prevent it from becoming a brawl. Once the shouting match had settled, Cerick spoke again, he had to walk a fine line, he had to let their anger flow constructively but he had to maintain his control over the various lords of Seven Towns.

"I will march too the Dead Tree Canyon and make my stand with the Griffon's Sons, our most famous guardians of honour and justice, these knights are sworn me, as your knights are sworn to you. Now I am asking you to be sworn to me. As Lords of Seven Towns it is your duty too defend your people. I ask you to do your duty as I do mine in defending the Dead Tree Canyon. Defending that cursed stretch of land will defend our beautiful city without risking it entirely. If we stand here, it would be too easy to loose everything." Cerick's conviction was total, he would stand and he would fall in Dead Tree Canyon, but he was unsure how many of his brothers would stand with him.

The forest of dead trees was a familiar sight too Hurloh, the volcanoes and toxins of their homeland would taint the trees and burn the leaves of the surface world, turning them too ash on the ground. It felt like they had brought a little bit of home with them on the invasion.

Also the charcoal grey provided a nice break from the constant blanket of white that had descended upon the land. It was pleasing.

He took a deep breath of the clean air and signalled for his horde to advance. He watched the slaves go first, a group of young men leading. He had had a group of people studying these men, they had begun feeding upon the other slaves, a transgression that he had allowed to pass because of a curiosity. So little had happened on the march through the snow that this little experiment had made for some entertainment on the way too the Griffon palace.

Ugrah's battalion of fifty warriors had been ordered too move through the right flank forest of the canyon. Hurloh's experience had taught him that an enemy would flank an attacking force, Ugrah's recent favour had granted him the task of securing the right flank of the canyon and keep the forest free of any flanking forces. From this vantage point he could see down the fifty feet of sheer rock too the snow covered canyon below. The snow was thin here, the canyon had been sheltered by

the woods and by itself, giving the valley floor only a few inches of snow. With the dwarves lower centre of gravity and heavier weight, they would find it easier to stand and fight in the snow than the humans.

From certain angles, Ugrah could see patches of ice on the valley floor, ice could change the battle for men and even for armies. But he was not too worry about the battle below, his place was here, to protect the flank of the army. He ordered his warriors into the woods, personally forcing a few in between the trunks to get them moving. These woods, although stripped of leaves and life, were still oppressive in a way that many of the dwarves found uncomfortable. They were used to living underground for decades at a time, but it was not the weight of the forest, but rather the feeling of being watched.

Taking out the largest of their axes they headed towards the other side of the forest, eyes searching the trees, branches and shadows for any movement. As they made their way through the forest more than a few of them jumped swinging into darkness only to kill a rodent or the worryingly thin air.

Chills running down his spine Ugrah approached the cliff edge and peered over the end again. The sides were steeper here, unlike the entrances too the valley, a fall from here would kill any warrior.

Ugrah had a plan in mind, something to help the Firewolves win a battle here, should it occur, he planned to rig several of the trees on this side, so that they would fall and crush the enemy if they came into the valley. But they would need to travel too the other side of the forest. Their feet crunched on the patchy snow, or made dull thumping noises as they clipped the roots of trees, the thump was generally followed by a grumbling or cursing. Ugrah had too punch in the face the one warrior who stumbled and fell, his metal armour crashing as he landed.

They pushed on through the woods, their eyes twitching back and forward, looking for any kind of threat.

Ugrah had never seen a forest this size before, it's scale confusing and perplexing him as he pushed through too the other side of the woods. They arrived as the sun began to set on the horizon, it's orange light illuminating the snow and giving it a warm feeling. Ugrah could see the Griffon Palace on the Horizon but he was more focused on the stream of warriors that pored out of it.

He spotted flapping banners being tugged by the cold winter wind. They were coming out too meet them and Ugrah didn't have long to implement his plans. He would only have time to rig one side of the valley and even then they would have to work fast.

"Get moving with the rope!" He bellowed, sending his war band into a frenzy of activity.

Three days of setting up traps and defensive positions in the woods took it's toll on them, they were not engineers,

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but warriors. It was an honour to scout out the valley, but setting up the traps to keep them safe was becoming tedious. They had tied over a hundred knots to create a collapsing wall of trees that would destroy anything below them. Throughout the forest they had dug pits with sharpened sticks to capture and kill anything foolish enough to stumble into them. Along a path they had created defensive points, should the enemy try to engage them, through which they could fall back, leapfrogging from position to position, taking down as many enemies as they could. Many of the positions were simply wooden logs piled on top of one another to create a wall they could defend.

Ugrah picked up the heavy crossbow he had been sent.

The weapons and another twenty warriors had been sent when he had sent word of his plan to hold the flank back too Hurlo, they had come with a note that read:

"This is a sign of faith in your plan, do not misplace my faith or I will misplace your head."

Hurlo's trademark simplicity never failed to miss the point, Ugrah knew that Hurlo meant every word. The crossbows were passed around, with each warrior given a pouch full of bolts. Now with seventy warriors under his command, Ugrah felt the power of command. Ecstasy rushed through his veins, fogging his mind and taking his breath away as he considered the possibilities. He had risen too a level of personal power that surpassed even his half witted father. He lamented killing the white bearded old fool all those years ago, wishing instead that he had kept him alive so that he could see the power that he now held.

Gomeyth's loud horn awoke Ugrah from his slumber, in a second he leapt too his feet, with an axe at the ready and looked around. The air was filled with whizzing arrows, the flew like hornets until they hit a tree with a thump. Ugrah grabbed his shield and ducked his body behind a tree. He could feel each hits from the arrows and cursed his luck. It had been foolish of him to take a nap so close too the enemy. But why hadn't the guards noticed a group of archers entering the woods?

He looked too his left too see Gomeyth wrenching an arrow from his own shield before he sounded the rallying call from his horn. Every warrior was hiding behind a tree now, risking quick glances at the enemy. Ugrah watched a rock sail by his face, lobbed by a warrior who was pinned down behind a fallen tree. There was a shout of surprise from a human archer, but there was no relenting in the flow of arrows. Jori'ack was pushing up under fire though, sprinting from tree to tree, changing directions and diving too keep the archers guessing which was he was going. Eventually he made it too within two trees of Ugrah and was ready too keep going.

"How did this happen Ugrah?" He asked, as grumpy as a poked bear being roused from hibernation.

"I don't know Jori'ack, they have killed the guards without us hearing it, we need to get in close and chop them into pieces!"

The warriors around him cheered in approval, the sound shaking the branches of the trees.

"Form up a shield wall!" Ugrah shouted, before stepping out between two trees, his massive shield covering his body from the arrows. Some dented the shield and deflected, flying randomly into the forest or lying shattered on the floor, but one went through the shield, the deadly tip held in check only by the wing's of the arrow snagging on the shield. Ugrah snapped the shaft in two and tossed the tip aside as his warriors rallied around him.

The first row formed a shield wall, the large circular shields covering them as they advanced. Others went too the side, using their shields to cover the flanks of the front row as the archers tried to outflank them and attack from the side. Others waited with their shields, catching arrows as they randomly flew over into the remaining twenty or so warriors who were loading their crossbows to retaliate. Jori'ack ordered them to fire and suddenly the punching power of the crossbow was unleashed upon the humans in the forest. The bolts clipped off of the trees, sending bark and sap flying, or hit humans where they sent flesh and blood flying with ease. Ugrah got a good look at the humans for the first time, they were lithe creatures, not like the city people they had been fighting before.

These were hunters and gatherers, natives of the forests. Now wonder they had managed too get so close too the camp without making a sound.

Those with the shields fought hard to maintain the shield wall, but it was a hard thing to do, the wall had to be both fluid enough to move around the trees, but solid enough to protect the crossbowmen behind them. Ugrah heard a scream come from one of the crossbow shooters. Turning he saw that it was one of the new comers, Wilhelm was it?

If they didn't close with them fast they would be a dozen or more Wilhelms lying dead upon the ground.

"FASTER!" He bellowed, "ALL WARRIORS TO WEAPONS!"

A last volley of crossbows were fired at the archers, taking down a half dozen of them and almost nailing them too the ash grey trees. The archers were rattled by the attack and struggled to rally in time to attack the warriors back.

With a sudden burst of speed Ugrah brought his warriors crashing into the archers, most died quickly with their bows in their hands, caught unaware by the sudden sprint. The dwarves made quick work of these archers, chopping and smashing them with their hand weapons. There came a rallying cry, a shout by a female warrior of the archers. She led them from the front, taking her

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sword too the neck of a nearby clansman. Those around her drew swords as well and tried to fight off the warriors, they were skilled, possibly the equal of the dwarves, their style of fighting was so different that it was hard to tell who would win. But the Firewolves were stronger, tougher and better armoured.

Ugrah blocked a downward swing from a blonde haired archer and countered with his boot into the man's crotch. Doubled over, the human was helpless too defend against the large axe head that split his back open.

Suddenly the human's leader darted in too the fight, her sword slithering and striking like a serpent from beneath the surface. The blade was razor sharp and clattered off of the black armour quickly, this woman was a skilled sword fighter, capable of bringing rapid strikes upon her foes. Sparks flew from his armour as he swung back, trying to land a connecting blow on her. But she was almost too quick for him to even see. She would dart out of the way, hiding herself from him using his helmet. Ugrah had to decide if his tunnel vision was worth the protection it offered.

There were so many people fighting in such a close space that it was a miracle he had the time and space to duel with the archer. He was struggling to see the woman, cursing and grumbling he began to lash out, using the broad swipes of his axe too attack her, or where he thought she might be. But every time his axe whistled through air and nothing else. He saw her dart too his left and slammed her with his shield, finally connecting with the woman and sending her tumbling through the trees. Ugrah used this time too rip off his helmet, which he threw at a nearby archer. The man was stunned when it hit him in the side of the head and almost fell down. A large axe soon cracked his head open. But Ugrah was too busy focusing on the female who had chipped his armour and dented his pride. He would not be bested by some mere human.

Now he could see her as she stumbled back onto her feet.

Foolhardy he charged forward, eager for vengeance, his feet stamping on the roots as he closed the distance, but this one was up on her feet faster than he anticipated. She ran forward to meet him, stabbing her sword for his gut, but catching only his shield. When Ugrah swung his axe to take her head he felt a sting in his arm. There was a white flash of agony in his arm, as he realised she had left a dagger in his arm. Fearing there might be poison, he shoved with all his strength, breaking their deadlock and buying him time to brush away the dagger in his arm.

She gave him a sneering smile, her lips spreading across her face as she considered herself the victor, and if indeed this had been a fight between humans, she would have won with her poisoned dagger, but she was fighting a dwarf, their constitution was tougher than that of any human, making them as hard as the stones.

In his youth, Ugrah had been exposed to many poisons and toxins, in the hope that it would make him stronger, he had grown accustomed to many other poisons because of rivalries and grudges between the Val'Kershens and any number of other clans. The poison simply fazed him for a moment, but with a growl he dismissed it and charged forward again, taking human by surprise.

She waved her arms around in circles, trying to block every attack, hoping to catch and deflect the sharpened axe head before it came too close to her tanned skin. And she did well, her thin sword blade working hard, often bending but never breaking as it fought off the brutal axe.

But her weakness was the shield, she had no way to catch the shield's bash and no weapon to deflect the shield with. Ugrah pressed this advantage, constantly battering her with the shield, putting her on the off foot, then swinging in high or low with the axe, making it awkward for her. Eventually she began taking steps back, a telling sign, before calling for a retreat.

"DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!" Ugrah shouted, barrelling after the ten or so retreating scouts.

Suddenly his foe disappeared beneath the surface of the earth, tumbling into one of the pits. Her screams were like sweet music to Ugrah, who decided to watch his foe writhe in anguish as his warriors cut down her friends with axes and crossbows.

She squirmed, violently, still trying to resist, she had fallen badly, twisting in mid air to land facing the cold blue sky that had broken out between the sheets of grey cloud. Blood pooled in her mouth, she gargled it as she tried to breathe. But it would do her no good.

The spikes had went through her intestines, pierced her stomach, impaled one of her hands and ripped through her left leg. Sadly she had not been impaled through the head, but a stake had taken her right ear off, leaving a ragged stump where the ear had been ripped off by gravity.

She spat her own blood up into the air, most of it landing on herself, before she groaned in agony, her body shattered, but her mind still flooded with panic from the flight. She probably didn't even realise what had happened to her. But soon the shock would fade and she would realise her doom.

Jori'ack returned with a crossbow in his hands, a smirk on his face and a childish glint in his eye, "No one got clear of the woods Ugrah, the crossbows made sure of that!"

He looked down into the pit, seeing the young woman impaled on the spikes.

Ugrah took the crossbow from him and walked around the other side of the pit, the crossbow pre-loaded, casually he pointed the crossbow at the woman, one hand holding the weapon, the other still holding his shield. With one hand he raised the crossbow and shot it

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into the woman's face. Just before he fired he could see that the woman had realised her position. The shock had faded and left her in agony just a half second before the skull had been split open by the bolt.

"What'cha waste a bolt on her for sir?" Asked a grunt warrior in the background.

"Because she would have started screaming, boy, given away our position and more importantly, I want to get a sleep before the rest of the manlings show up, set a watch of ten and the rest of us will close our eyes for a moment." With that he stomped off to his resting place and settled in between the rock hard roots, hoping this time that he wouldn't be disturbed.

Cerick was getting worried, he hadn't heard from Alleya and her company of archers and scouts. He wondered if it was wrong to send a group of street thieves and pick pockets into a forest with a group of actual foresters as scouts. Now they were approaching the canyon and the dead forest, with no word from Alleya. He couldn't be sure if the position was secure. He knew that he needed to dominate the forests surrounding the canyon. Now he was pacing back and forward in his tent, much too the alarm of his council, pondering what to do.

"Perhaps she has run off master, she is after all a street thug, bound by no morality or oath, perhaps her courage has wavered and she has fled."

"No, she would not flee, she came here to defend her city and would never back down from this fight, let alone flee..." Cerick looked at the forest. It was haunting in the moonlight, the branches twisting to unholy shapes. He had hoped to secure the left flank before sending a battalion of his spear men into the right flank's forest. The steeper sides of the left flank would allow him a greater advantage, making any force upon the slopes untouchable from the canyon below.

Uttering a small curse he turned to one of his cavalry commanders.

"Send a rider, tonight, with orders to return immediately so we can deal with this problem tonight."

With that the commander left, taking his attendant with him, finding his fastest horses.

"I will need a group of warriors to take the flank if Alleya has failed..." He realised that he had said it. Alleya had failed. He had known it for a few hours now, but something in him had wanted to deny it. He didn't want too loose a single battle in this war. But he had. And it had cost him his scouts and a friend. He had actually met Alleya a few years ago, she had saved him when he had been attacked by five street thugs, when out of nowhere she had swooped in to save the day with her rapier and a dagger clutched between her teeth.

Battered and bruised later that night they had laughed that she was a street pirate and she had offered Cerick a warm bed for the night, but as a married man, he had refused, but kept her as a friend for years. They would

send letters to one another. Cerick vowing to repay her for her kindness the next time he was in the city and Alleya saying she would ride out to the outer towns to enjoy the quiet away from the bustle of the city.

Cerick had had the opportunity to repay his friend, but he had only repaid her with a death at the hands of a horrific foe.

"Does anyone volunteer to take the western forest?" He muttered, realising he had left his commanders in his silence.

"I will take the forest my lord and return the Lady Alleya back to us, where she belongs." Cerick turned to see Tollard standing forward, his helmet carried beneath one arm and his other hand across his chest in salute.

"I will see this duty done."

Ugrah cursed his own short sighted sleep schedule as he awoke in the middle of the night, he took a swig of the ice cold water he kept in the canteen beside his resting place. The chill rattled his teeth as he stood up and gazed around. The quiet in the camp was total, except for the warrior who had chosen to relieve himself in the night, his bald head acting as a mirror to reflect the moonlight that filtered through the gnarled branches of the trees. Too awake to sleep again, Ugrah went to inspect the guards on the edge of the forest, worried about another stealth attack coming through.

Or maybe he was worried about other things.

The next day or two could determine a lot about his future.

It was not simply about survival, he had goals to accomplish and the next few days would either make them possible, or doom him and his goals to failure.

He never went anywhere without his weapon and shield now and even slept in his own armour as a measure of protection. Especially now that he was in the invasion.

The shield was badly battered now, having withstood the trials of the past few weeks, the wolf's head and the flames were badly chipped and scraped, but soon it would all be over.

Hurlo had to admire the strength of the humans as a people, they had come out to the valley to fight him here, rather than directly risk their city. It was a big gamble, but an admirable one. With a wave to his herald he ordered his army to be ready, the slaves were brought to the front in their shackles. Most were beaten and kicked forward, but Hurlo noticed that his pet project of cannibals were all too eager to get to the front.

Meanwhile rank upon rank of human soldiers marched into the valley, many cowering behind their shields as they tried to seal up the valley with their bodies. He had sent word to the commander Ugrah that a special horn blast would signal the time for him to loose the trees and crush the enemy. Hiding beneath the branches on

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the other side were the blood beasts, ready to pounce on anything that entered the woods. Hurloah was expecting every possible cheap trick, mostly because he was trying to play them himself. The seventeen functioning blood beasts would hold that flank without any worries. Hurloah was assured that Ugrah was capable of holding his right flank with the seventy warriors and the defences he had set in place. Never the less Hurloah had tasked Cronma with a flank vanguard, Cronma's personal guard of spear wielding dwarves were standing ready too march into the forest or the canyon at his declaration.

But right now he was focused on the battle in front of him. Silvan had slumbered in his woods for decades. As it had died, he had died, his spirit dwindling into the centre of his being, knotted away into the central mass, the inner core of his body. But his life was still there in some way. Now it had grown restless. Sensing abominations stamping on it's roots and clawing at it's bark. And now he would make them pay.

Tollard's battalion split off from the main army and advanced steadily up hill with their spears pointed towards the forest. Tollard called a halt just ten feet from the forest, his hands clenching around the leather strap of the shield as he drew out his scimitar like sword.

"Men!" He shouted, "We will march into the forest, take back every foot of land that was taken by these devil dwarves and throw their corpses off of the cliffs to crush our enemies below!"

With a great cheer the men began to advance with Tollard's signal, but a stinging wave of crossbow bolts hit back into them as they advanced, the aim of the hidden dwarves was true and they avoided the soldier's shields, aiming instead for their heads or exposed limbs.

Terrified, the first line of spear men huddled together, with their shields up and their heads ducked. Tollard himself was nervous, but wouldn't show his fear at of these daemons, he had to lead by example, ignore the churning stomach, ignore the sweat on his cold brow and ignore the stinging pain of his freshly bolt torn ear.

Cerick ordered his men forward with the blast of a hundred horns, battalions of men stomping forward, crushing the snow beneath their feet and pushing forward as one, spears shining bright, pennants snapping in the wind and hope in their hearts. Their enemies were advancing slowly, as if they were uneasy on entering the valley.

Despite the reputed horrors of the invasion and the butchery of these Evil Dwarves, Cerick had no fear in facing them, they were his enemy, they were the ones that he had to fight in order to win and survive. But it was the humans, his kinsmen, that the dwarves had taken hostage, that he feared fighting upon the field of battle. He had given instruction for his men too try and take the chained humans with them, get them back through the lines and back to freedom. He had even held back a

group of axemen to break their shackles and allow them a greater degree of freedom as they ran for home.

But would the soldiers care for innocents in the heat of battle? And who was truly innocent? And who was he to judge?

Hurloah signalled the legions forward with a wave of his mighty axe and battle horns blasted into the sky. They had started late, drawing the humans into the valley first to allow Ugrah's plan to come to fruition before they reached the brutal melee. Shamans and priests of the various clans were whipping the warriors into a murderous frenzy, while the slave keepers were prodding their charges forward, even though some needed no provoking. With a wave of his hand, Hurloah gave the signal too his herald, by his calculations the humans were in the perfect place for the wooden axe to fall.

Ugrah heard the fluctuating note of Hurloah's herald and signalled twenty of the warriors to remove the ropes holding the trees in place. Raising his hand he prepared to signal the trap when he heard the trampling of feet. Turing he saw a battalion of spear men advancing into the woods under the bellowing commands of their leader. Turning back too the trappers he yelled "Cut them loose!"

Tollard heard the creaking and groaning from deeper within the forest as he took his first steps on the roots, suddenly there was a hellish noise.

The cheer of thousands of the evil dwarves.

The shock of hundreds of their fellow warriors.

The crashing sound of a score of trees falling down a cliff.

Crying out in anger he ran headlong into the woods, sword leading between the trees, his tear soaked eyes searching for the monsters that had done this to his people. He found one of them reloading his crossbow. Had they fired a volley? He didn't remember. He didn't hear the screaming of his spear men. He didn't hear anything over the thunder of blood in his own ears.

His stabbed his sword into the face of the crossbow wielding dwarf, dropping the warrior too the ground before he barrelled on into the forest.

Silvan strained to tear himself from the earth, his roots pulling back through the cursed earth. His legs, so used too resting in mud, were hard pressed to take their first steps in over three centuries. He creaked and he groaned as he made his way through the trees, either picking his own path through the dead woods, or using his natural affinity with the trees to allow himself passage.

He spotted the first of the mechanical abominations clambering up one of his brother trees, it's sharp metal claws ripping and tearing at the bark of a tree. Silvan's rage flooded through his body as he lurched forward with speed that not even he knew he had and grabbed the thing. It was three times the size of a man, but he was three times larger than it. Grabbing it with one hand he

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crushed it's body, feeling the weak metal buckle beneath his strength. He drew in the air through his barky skin and forced the air back out through the bark, the vibrations creating a roar that shook the forest.

On his left the forest collapsed, crushing his soldiers, on his right the forest roared in anger. And now an immovable foe was closing in on him, fearless and confident of it's victory. Now Cerick could see why. They had cut off a part of his left flank from the main army. The trees had been stopped, their momentum stolen by the bodies they had crushed. Those in front of the trees were now engaged with the enemy, having run forward to avoid the falling trees. They had disregarded Cerick's orders and fought off the humans as if they were enemies. He had half a mind to abandon them as punishment, but then he would be no better than the dwarves.

"FORWARD!" he cried, "CLOSE UP THE RANKS!"

Thousands of his guards, spearmen, swordsmen, militia, peasants and axemen ran forward trying desperately to close ranks with those trapped in front of the trees. Then a strange thing happened. For the first time they had engaged their genocidal enemies in a fight. But the enemy was buffered by the human slaves they had taken. Some tried too fight the slaves and some of the slaves fought back, their fingers clawing at the armoured warriors who were trying to save them. Some groups tried too get through the lines to safety and the soldiers pushed them through, eager to do their job.

Sidestepping the spear of a human, Ugrah brought his axe down on the creature's face, cleaving it in two before he battered another spear out of the way. In the trees the spear wielding humans had trouble ranking up to use their spears too the best effect. With the trees blocking them they couldn't form a solid formation and were being swiftly torn apart, the superior training, strength and armour of the Firewolves proving too much for the humans.

Ugrah took great joy in the butchery, seeking out the stranded humans and making them suffer greatly before blessing them with an axe too the skull. He fought his way away and back too the cliff without ever having to look for a foe. Several of the humans had given up on using the spears in the forest and fought with their cheap iron swords and knives. He had even left and man disembowelled on the roots when he tried to club a Firewolf warrior over the head with a rock.

He found one of his newest warriors clinging to a tree, holding his arm.

"What is wrong with you?" He asked, glaring at the warrior.

"The human slashed my arm," The warrior grunted, "It bleeds like a stuck pig."

"You are pathetic." Ugrah growled, his anger rising because such a weak warrior had been placed in his

command. The warrior tried to stand up but Ugrah battered him with his shield before delivering a well placed kick too the chest that sent the warrior flying off the cliff side. Turning back too the brawling fight he bellowed, "NO FEAR, NO WEAKNESS AND NO SURRENDER!"

With that he charged back over the tree roots to rejoin the fight, teaming up with his fellow warriors to tip the balance of single fights that could turn the battle beneath the trees.

Hurloh watched the world fall into chaos and smiled, to his right, the battle in the woods raged, he caught fleeting sights of his warriors giving battle too the humans. Occasionally a body would fall over the edge, providing an entertaining high point too the drum of battle before him. However on the left the forest seemed to shake and move, but was wrapped in shadow. Metallic screams and earthly roars shook the forest.

Before him was a broiling mass of chaos, as he forced humans to fight each other and the Firewolf Clan. He felt like a god, he had control of chaos. Even though he could easily win this fight, he was eager for a more crushing victory and ordered his reserves forward. His throne carriers lurched forward and he grinned wildly, now was the time for glory, now was the time for blood and the great sacrifice to the dark gods that would bring him too glory.

Cerick was losing faith in the fight, his own men were losing their desperate struggle and dying before the horde of Dwarves. Jumping upon his horse he used his height advantage too direct the battle, ordering his spear men into the fight. There was a roar of agony and the scream of metal as a large tree like creature smashed out of the forest, the creature was covered in the mechanical monsters that the dwarves had brought with them.

The monsters fell too the ground, crushing yet more of Cerick's army. In the carnage that ensued the Dwarven warriors swarmed all over the large tree like monster as it began thrashing on the ground. Together the mechanical monsters and the Firewolf Clan tore the tree man to pieces.

He had lost an ally he never knew he had, coming one step closer too defeat. He summoned an aid and gave him a note, detailing that the city should be evacuated, that the people should flee, knowing that their warriors were buying them the time they needed.

Every life would be sold dearly.

Hurloh laughed as three of the Bloodbeasts split from the sprawling mess from the forest and leapt into the ranks of the humans. Inexperienced with fighting such a foe, the humans were caught of guard and began falling back from the aggressive creatures. Hurloh himself was closing in on the enemy, even though he was moving rather slow, like a ponderous comet he was closing for

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his impact. Eager for battle he lifted himself up from the throne and stood on the platform loosening his arms by swinging his axes and shouting insults at the humans.

"Your doom approaches human scum!" He yelled, pointing at a human in the massed ranks, noting the ridiculous plumage in his helmet, "Fight me manling! I will take your skull as a drinking cup and devour your heart!"

With that he leapt over the battle lines, his axe flashing down, chopping the human in half, cracking open the helmet of the warrior and slicing through the armour as if it wasn't there. Seeing his brutality the humans around him began to back away, but were being pressed forward by their own friends.

"FORWARD!" Hurlloh bellowed, swinging his axe wildly he slashed into the enemy, laughing with every step forward. His presence had inspired the warriors around him. He created a wedge, driving deeply into the humans ranks with his golden axe leading the way in a flurry of blood.

Cerick was dismayed at the scene before him, he couldn't win the battle here, but he still needed to buy his people time.

"Send a battalion into the left flank to re-enforce Tollard, we need to take that forest, we can stand there and fight there, buy our people time while we harass the foe!"

Ugrah personally finished the last remaining human in the forest, decapitating the man with a single blow across the neck. He held the severed head, its face twisted in a horrible, screaming death mask too the crowd of warriors, the forest shook with a cheer as they realised their victory.

"FIREWOLVES!" He shouted, "Make ready the defences, the work is not done yet!"

Turning he watched as an even larger group of humans, armed with every weapon in their arsenal, halberds, swords, shields, two handed weapons swords and axes.

Smiling Ugrah pulled out his axe and raised the bearded head of his last foe too the air, suddenly a Bloodbeast bounded up over the ridge too stand ready for beside the Firewolves. Its claws still as razor sharp as before as its mechanical jaw worked, opening and closing with bone snapping speed.

Looris was tired and scared as he marched up the hill too the forest, his battered iron sword clutched tightly in his hand. He could feel his shield shake as he tried to steady his nerves. Then suddenly there was a roar from the forest. A guttural thing, daemonic and metallic as it shredded the last of his nerves. It was as if some new terror awaited within the trees.

"Men you will not falter!" Boomed his captain.

Looris believed the man, believed in every one of his scars, every notch on his sword and every greying hair on his head. And so he marched forward, with every one of his companions behind him.

A thickly accented Dwarven cackle took his belief away as a bearded head flew from between the trees, landing with unerring accuracy to bounce to his feet, the eyes staring in terror at the him, as if the head had seen into the gates too the abyss.

What new terror waited beneath the withered branches?



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BLACK WOLVES STILL LIVE.

By: James Daniel Darr Author of Path of Vampiric Verse

The hour is late in the night but I find myself unable to sleep after the visit I had tonight. But that is of no matter for I must write what I have learned. I am getting ahead of myself I believe, for safety reasons I must only refer to myself as the scholar. For if the priesthood of Sigmar knew I was seeking the truth my life would be over. Long have I studied the tomes of times long past, seeking the truth of if the vampires of Sylvania are still a threat to the Empire. Tonight I have learned more of the truth than I shall ever wish to know. From a source that was unexpected, for he witnessed most of this first hand.

I returned home after a long journey seeking the solace of my home, as I entered it I knew that was not to be. A chill like nothing I ever felt went through my body, fear gripping me as I felt my legs go weak. At the same time I noticed him sitting in my favorite chair, eyes glowing red and I knew what was before me. He was a vampire, a creature of murder and violence, yet I was drawn to him, almost unnaturally so, my curiosity getting the better of me. So I took one fearful step forward knowing it might be my very last. Then I closed the door behind me locking it out of habit, knowing that I was already at this creatures mercy.

It was then that he broke his cold silence, "It is good that you do not fear me more than is sensible." I only stared at him, wanting to ask him "why he was here?" But unable to find the words that would allow me too. He only smiled and I saw his pointed teeth. A shiver ran up my back as I pulled out the stool from my writing desk to sit, compelled by his blood coloured eyes.

"Good," He smiled, those fangs freezing me too my stool, "I have heard of your studies, and you seem to seek knowledge more then destruction.."

I was honestly shocked, here all along I was thinking, that doom was upon my door. But instead it seems he brings me the greatest of my desires.

Knowledge.

I swallowed hard, for fear still gripped me, then I attempted to speak. "What knowledge, and what is the price?" He seemed to smile as if I had said something in jest, but then silence fell upon the room. For long moments it was not disturbed with me too afraid to speak another word. When he spoke I jumped for I was not expecting it after such a lengthy silence.

"You wish to know the price of what I am about to tell you then. Are you sure that you can pay it.?" With that question he held up his hand to silence me. "No need to answer, lets just say the price is a favor; one that you shall grant me without question." After those words, fear struck me as if a hammer blow had landed from Sigmar himself. "As for knowledge, I have the answers to all you seek. I am even willing to answer many of your questions." "Who are you?" I blurted it without even thinking, his eyes flashed a dangerous look. And I again swallowed hard, sure that my doom was only moments away.

"I am the one who sits before you now, past names are of no importance. For over the years I have had so many, even a few I could not remember now. But I can tell you what I once was, yet that will not give you mine name. I was the last Grand Master of the Order of the Black Wolves."

I was dumbfounded, as never did I even dream to meet one of the Order of the Black Wolves, let alone the Grand master. Even though he was now a vampire it was still a honor to meet a man once so noble.

"I see that you are clearly impressed. But that is who I once was, now I am only the creature before you. I am full of remorse for my past deeds, strange, for I never thought that a vampire could feel such things, but time has proven me wrong. To answer the question you will eventually want to know, I choose to become this. I choose it for power, and because I believed with Him as an ally we could set to right the crumbling of the empire."

"By Him, you mean VI..." But before I could finish the name he cut me off, with fierce anger flaring in those glowing red eyes again.

"We never say his name, we his reborn children. For even now we feel his presence, as if he isn't dead and gone, only, in the next room. That was his power over us, that we could not do anything against him. I never meant to betray the empire which I loved so much, but my choices led me to that end. I knew each of them and even served them as a general, for my experience when I was mortal far exceeded each of them even in their unlife. But that leads me to what I wish to ask of you in return for all the knowledge I can grant you. I feel remorse for destroying my order, as such I have carried three things through the age's.

As he spoke he arose and reached behind my chair pulling free a old large tome. "This is the record of my order, kept and written by the grand masters. A history of our battles and a list of names of all who served valiantly with the Order. And it has the names of traitors and those removed from the order. Before you ask, yes it is a complete telling of it all, for I wrote the last pages myself after our final battle." He stopped and looked at the book for a moment as if recalling the memories long ago written into it's pages. Then he handed me the book and looked into my eyes. His red eyes burning into my very soul, leaving me with little doubt that I must do what he asks next.

"Use this to restore the Order's glory, for they deserve to rest in peace and honor for what they attempted to do. With the marks in the book none will doubt its authenticity, Nor will the emperor or even Sigmar himself banish from thought the heroic deeds of the order. My dishonor can not be changed but my order's reputation can be restored. " Then he let go of the book, allowing me its full weight, and it was heavy as I held it too me, as if but a babe.

In my excitement, the tasks of previous days paled in importance to the tome now cradled in my grasp. I stood and hurried to my desk, which was always covered in myriad scrolls and tomes and assorted scraps of parchment. I flung my arm out, hurriedly clearing the offending debris from the desktop, then tenderly laid the tome down. I could not pull my eyes away from the leather, which was the hue of a raven's feather. My fingers lovingly caressed the covers, wondering at the beauty of such a volume. So absorbed was in in my worship of the priceless book, I did not notice the approach of my guest.

In his arms, there laid a folded bundle of cloth. He held it as if the most priceless of treasures. On his face I could see an almost human look of longing as he gazed down at the dark bundle in his arms. His voice was softer, more reverent as he held his treasure out for my inspection. "I was there when this banner fell in the final battle. Alas, I was not there alongside the ones who had once been my brethren, but against them. However, after the carnage, I did recover this treasure, for I could not bear to see it rot away into oblivion."

As I took the bundle, it unfolded, revealing what had once been a pristine wolf paw emblazoned on a field of the blackest night. Now, however, the ebony had faded to a dull gray, and the perfect outline of white had blurred. For but a moment I thought I smelled

the earth the banner had fallen to, I could hear the screams of the dying and the defiant shouts of the brave warriors. For a moment, I could see the carnage unfolding around me. And then the moment passed, and I was left clutching the blood stained tattered remains of a once proud banner. With the utmost reverence, I refolded the flag and laid it next to the leather bound tome.

As I returned my gaze to my nocturnal visitor, I stepped away in fear, for he was holding aloft a mighty ax. He gave a glare of disdain for my showing of weakness, his lip curling back to reveal the sharpened edges of his teeth. He eased the ax to the floor, resting the haft of the weapon by his feet. The face of the ax was dulled with age, but the devastating beauty of the blade remained yet still. He did not look at me again, but studied the face of the ax. Again, a deathly stillness fell over the room, no sounds to dispel the tomb like silence of the room.

"This very ax is the one carried by Sir Phillipe Gaston on the day of his mighty victory. It was passed on from Grand Master to Grand Master of the Order. It is also the very same one I carried on the day I slaughtered those who had once been my brethren. I have carried it for so long..."

His voice trailed away, and then his piercing gaze turned on me, and a shiver ran through my very marrow. "I have no use for it." His voice was brusque as he spoke now. "I expect this favour of you in return for the knowledge I will impart on you this night. And now I voice it. You will return this ax and the banner to those who have descended from the loins of Gaston. You will swear to do this upon the oath of the Order, the very same oath my initiates swore."

I could only nod as I took the revered ax into my grasp. I swallowed as I felt the weight of it both physically and in my own soul. I turned my gaze to him and spoke the sacred vow in a voice that did not quiver with an unseemly emotion as fear, but quivered with the pride that filled my spirit. "I do not fear death, only dishonor."

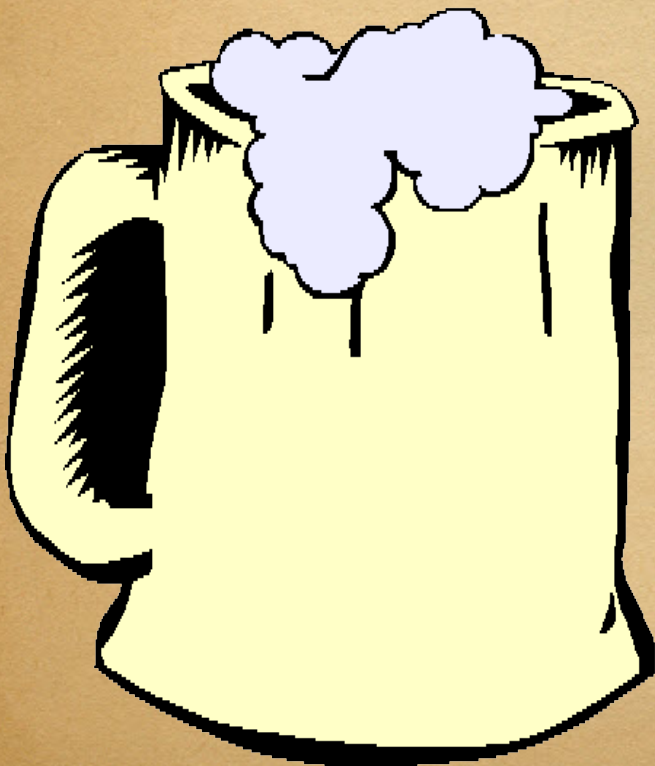
Quicker than the stroke of lightning in a stormy mid-summer sky, his hand had wrapped around my neck, lifting my mortal body off the floor. His voice was a thunderous growl as he glared at me, I swore that his very face shifted before my eyes, changing from a once beautiful face to a bestial mask. He shook me to emphasize the importance of his words. "If you fail to complete the task I have set for you,

scholar, I will return to you. You will regret your mother ever having given birth to your thrice damned soul."

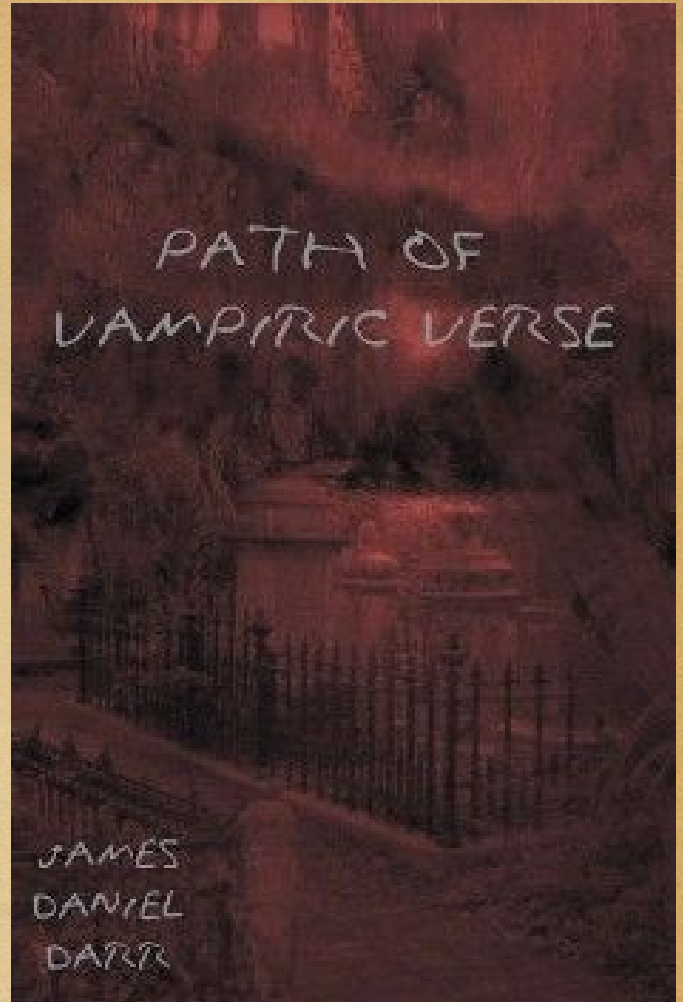
I could only manage an indignant squeal as an unfamiliar warmth spread through my body, running down my legs. He gave me a disgusted look, dropping my body to the ground in an undignified manner. The pungent smell of urine filled my nose as I gazed up at him in a fearful daze. I flinched as he leaned down, his ember-like eyes blazing. "Do you understand me?"

I nodded. He lifted me back to my feet, his eyes, now set within his beautiful face, burned into me, searing my soul.

"Here is the knowledge I came to impart upon you. The vampire wars are not over. Even now my lord is calling me back to lead as the general for his legions once again. He has decreed we shall march once again on those who have claimed our lands, those who believe they have the right to claim our heritage. Stirland is damned, to stand as an example for those who feel they shall stand supreme. For we are the living dead; we bide our time to return to our full glory. Whether it is from dust, from the ashes of our bodies, or as a wraith stalking the night, we shall return, and we shall wreak our vengeance on your foolish mortal companions. The vampire lords are not as dead as the fools once believed, and even now they gather their strength to return to the mortal world. Be thou warned!"



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From Amazon.com, "James Daniel Darr delves into the shadowy world of vampires and explores the tortured soul within the feared monster of myth and legend. The spirits of midnight are brought to life through intense feelings of isolation, dark hungers, longing, passion, sensuality, nocturnal lust...and yes, even love."

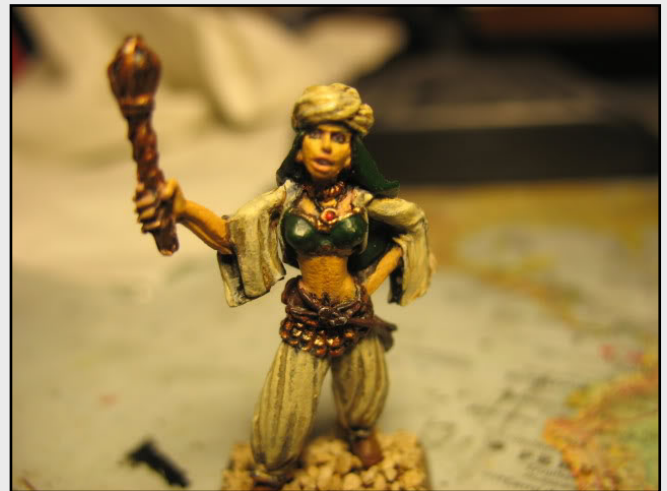
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MAKING TERRAIN

By: Steam

I just wanted to do this article for beginners so they wouldn't make the same mistakes as I did when I first started making terrain.

So I will present here my 'rules' (and pictures) of how to you make your terrain so that you and your friends would like to use it on the gaming table.

RULE 1 - LARGER ISN'T ALWAYS BETTER

The biggest mistake of almost all beginners is that they want a cool terrain on the table. But remember cool isn't always cool. First try to imagine how the terrain will look on the table.

If you want to do a terrain like a forest or a hill you should be make some space for you models because you will definitely put your models on such terrain. But if you want to make an impossible terrain you should not make it very big.

When I started my first piece of terrain was this (Image 1)

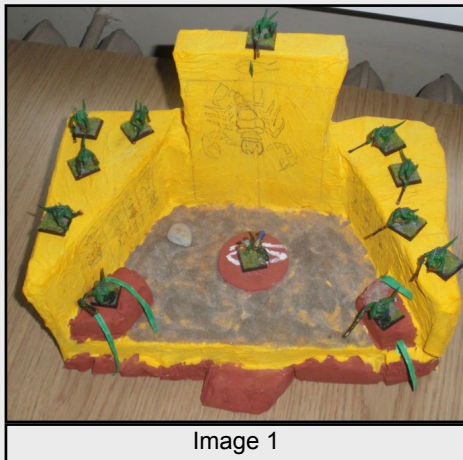


Image 1

The problem is that when you play a fantasy game you cant put a big block of models on it and you cant see what did your opponent put behind this (lets say) altar. And it's very big (I mean really big). Its nice for 40k games but not for fantasy. Also you can se that it's badly done, no high

lights, the sand is awful but it is still a terrain.

RULE 2 - USE GOOD BASE MATERIALS

You should always use good materials. If you don't know the name of a good material I will tell you, it's installation foam (blue or pink).The pink looks the same but pink in colour. (Image 2) You can get it in any building supply store. You can also use card board, but I wouldn't recommend it. Since you can do more with the foam rather then with card board. The Styrofoam



Image 2

(the white stuff) is a bad thing to use since when you will cut it, it will fall in tiny little pieces and after you will have hard time picking them up from the floor.

Also remember that you don't want to use spray paint on any foam, it will melt. If you want to use aerosol spray on foam you have to coat the foam with a thick primer or a mixture of PVA (White) glue and water.

Once I decided to do a hill from foam and card board, and this is how it turned out (Image 3).

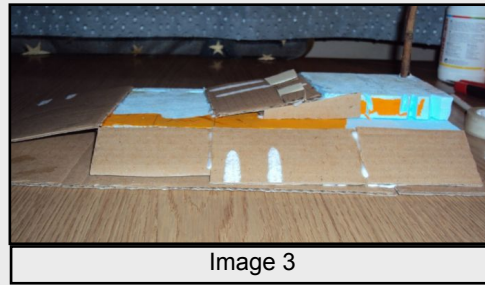


Image 3

So card board isn't the best material. (But it's good if you are making a 40k cities of death terrain set). You will also need a hobby knife and a big bottle of PVA glue.

The hobby knife is the best think a modeller can use. It cuts well and you can switch the old blade for I new one with no problem! Please Note: the installation foam will dull knife blades very quickly.

As I said you will need PVA Glue, super glues are too expensive and overkill for terrain projects and can melt certain types of foam.

RULE 3 - PROPER CONSTRUCTION LOCATION

Before you start you need to be sure that you have a nice place with a window where you can build your terrain, and some space where you will be storing your terrain. When you are painting or gluing something you can breath in alot of chemicals in to your body (which is bad) so you will definitely need a window so all the chemicals will disperse. Ventilation is a good thing and all you need to do is crack open a window.

When you will be painting or gluing something you will breathe all this crap in to your body (which is bad) so you will definitely need a window so all this crap will just float away. Ventilation is a good thing.



Image 4

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RULE 4 - FINISH IT OFF

Always try to get your terrain done! Paint it! Dry brush it and put some sand or grass on it.

Here is a little step by step impassible terrain.

Step 1: Make a hill. (Image 5)



Image 5

Step 2: Paint in in a base colour. (Image 6)



Image 6

Step 3: Dry brush the highlights

Step 4: Put on some sand and/or static grass. (Image 7)



Image 7

Step 5: Finish it off with little things like brush and trees. (Image 8)



Image 8

If you want to add snow to your terrain, don't use GW snow. I have found that the best way is to use a normal baking powder for it. Just use mixed white PVA glue and water (50% water - 50% glue), apply it on the place where you want to and after add the snow there. You can also replace half the water with white paint to help the snows appearance as pure baking power will turn yellow with time, so you may need too re-paint the snow with white paint too keep it looking pure.

For sand, I normally take sand from beach, but I honestly recommend buying it from a building store, it will be cleaner.

For painting terrain don't use expensive paints, like those that GW sells, or good brushes. Try using paints like poster paints or acrylics, art paints are available at craft stores and for brushes get the cheap ones from the discount bins at craft stores.

FOR MORE ON TERRAIN

If you are really interested in great scenic layouts and terrains take a look at Model Railroading magazines. I've always been impressed with the detail model railroaders put into their layouts.

There are a few companies (like my favourite Woodland Scenics) that make products for enhancing the look of your terrain projects. They range from seasonal trees, brush, landscapes and water features. They are available in a wider variety and larger quantities than available at your local Games Workshop store and usually at lower prices.

Billie

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Movement Trays

By: Ironlord

The new rules of Warhammer seem to have an emphasis on larger units rather than monsters and elite strike forces and one of the most essential pieces of kits for making your units larger (besides getting more models) is a larger set of movement trays. If you aren't using your own special bases, GW have a range of their own movement trays.

You have 3 options that we will look at in detail.

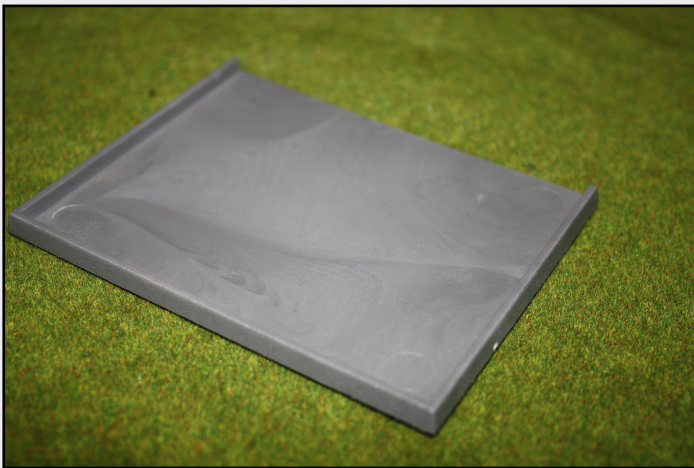
Standard Movement Trays:

The original movement trays come in 2 simple designs, suited for the 20mm bases used by most infantry. Each tray consists of a flat horizontal base and three vertical pieces of trim that prevent the models from sliding off the tray. They come in two sizes, or rather two depths, the smaller depth holds 10 20mm bases with 10mm of spare room at the back, this allows you to add a third rank if without needing to go up too the bigger tray.

The bigger tray can hold 20 20mm bases at a tight fit. The models are in a 4x5 formation, perfect for a 4 ranked unit of core infantry.

Both trays come pre assembled from solid plastic and ready to go, but you may want to spray them first, or paint the rim. It is possible to texture the rim to fit with the theme of your army.

You can also cut them with a stanley/hobby knife to add two of them together to form a larger base, turning 2 10 man trays into a single 20 man tray, or even a 40 man tray.



Textured Movement Trays:

These were released during the Lustria expansion, to give players the feel of their armies being ankle deep in mud as they sought out ancient Lizardmen gold. Their popularity meant that they stayed in production. Because I wasn't playing Warhammer at the time, I never bought them and I rarely texture my army bases so this kit has always passed me by. However these bases can look

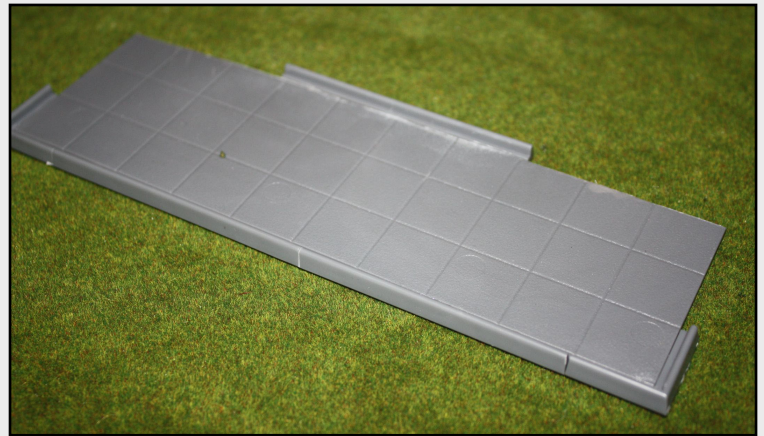
great if you take the time to texture them with grass and even pieces of spares like broken plastic weapons. Each set has 4 trays with all 4 sides being textured, each tray is capable of holding 25 20mm models (5x5) or 16 25mm models(4x4).

Because the trays are textured they are harder too cut up to create larger trays. But if these trays are the correct size for you then you may find that these trays do most of the hard work for you.

Modular Movement Trays:

The newest edition too the basing family and is possibly going to be the most successful in 8th edition. New rules encourage using different unit sizes and formations which can change or reform from turn to turn. Sticking with the above two, more conventional, trays is possible, but you could be lacking in variety and tactical advantage. The modular movement trays let you build your own movement trays from two sheets of plastic. Each tray can provide trays for up too 100 20mm bases or 64 25mm bases and provide you with the pieces too create a large variety of movement trays. For example you can make a "lance" formation for Bretonnians or a wide fronted unit for ranged groups.

For all of these benefits there is a simple down side, these movement trays need to be constructed first. The main problem with this is cutting up the flat part of the trays using either a hobby knife or a saw. You have to be extremely careful while doing this so as not to cut open your own fingers or doing yourself a serious injury.



Movement trays are now an important part of every army, they will determine a unit's structure and therefore, what it is capable of on the battlefield. Knowing which basing sets are right for you can be crucial too the point where your army's success can be determined in some way by the availability and use of movement trays. Making sure you have what you need is important. So do your research and make the right choice for your army in 8th edition.



VISION OF CHAOS

By: Ironlord

Warhammer could almost be realistic if it wasn't for all that fantasy.

While you can try really hard too make your army as realistic as possible, you only need a few touches to make your Warhammer Fantasy Battles Army into something from a dream.

With the new rules, Warhammer has been re-mastered and the Warhammer world has been changed as well, the land flooded with magic that warps the very mountains themselves!

Magic comes from chaos in the Warhammer world, where rips between the real world and the Chaos occur, magic pours out into the world (generally followed by a daemonic incursion). The magical energy physically manifests itself and become visible to even mortal eyes. But how does such an anomaly manifest itself? And how do we represent it in the hobby?

Although chaos can take any form, that is after all its main power, I chose too think that the raw energy being released would look similar too a star, or a cluster of stars as seen from afar. My reasoning is that a star is (in a simple fashion) a cluster of chemical energy that gives off light by burning releasing the chemical energy. And although Astrophysicists are now lining up to put out a hit on me for such a simple explanation of an infinitely complicated structure, I think that this definition will suit me fine for this article.

But having a star (of any size) appear randomly on a planet is not only borderline impossible, but it is almost certain to destroy the planet if it ever did happen. So how do we explain the power of chaos using that description of a star?

The answer is that we fall back upon the oldest of fantasy explanations "A wizard did it!"

Or more too the point, "Magic did it!"

Replacing the words "Chemical Energy" with "Magical Energy" and with a bit of rewording we can explain a chaos rift like so, "A flow of magical energy that gives off light by releasing the magical energy into the world."

To use a more topical reference/metaphor, imagine chaos or magical energy is the oil beneath the Gulf of Mexico, although it is possible to access it, it is for the most part blocked from the rest of the world. The oil is normally being transferred too the main world safely by pipes (i.e. wizards/sorcerers/daemons) where it is used too the benefit of people or world powers by various means. However the current broken pipe in the gulf of Mexico represents a rip between the world of chaos and the regular world, where oil (possibly the best metaphor for dark magic ever if you think about it...) spills out of it's world and into the real world, where it saturates the real world, damaging it and corrupting it until it destroys it.

So now we have the image of this random, spreading and twisting entity, coming out of it's own world and erupting into ours. But how do we show this on the battle board?

Well I'm going back too the stars, if you are reading this, you probably have access too the internet, so go, open up your browser and go to a search engine like Google Now type in something to do with stars.

Stumped for some words?

Try these:

"Space, Nebula, Star, Stars, Super-nova, Space Telescope Images"

Take your time and look through some of these, some of them are faked, some are real and some of them are a hybrid of the two. But they have one thing in common. These are beautiful images. Honestly I am thankful just to exist in a time where I can see images like this.

Some of these images are enough too make me pack in Wargaming and try my hand at painting...

But now we have a chance to meld wargaming and painting together.

Find an image of a star that you like, pick any one. I chose a picture from a children's astronomy website, so you don't have to be picky. If you aren't skilled with a paint brush, choose a simple image, because we are going to try and replicate this image in some way.

Stage 1: Constructing a Portal.

This is where you get the greatest amount of freedom in this project.

Create a portal of some kind, a door through which the chaos can enter into this world. It can be as simple as a hole in the ground or as complex as a chaos gate. Just make sure that you have a flat surface, that doesn't absorb paint, that you can paint onto. For example I used thin plasti-card (sheet styrene), sprayed black and it is what I recommend for this project.

Stage 2: Creating the Chaos.

This is where you get the greatest amount of fun in this project.

With your image found, you will now attempt too transfer it onto your surface, take free reign here, you can manipulate the image you have chosen, focusing on a single square inch of the picture or expanding out to bring more into the image.

The end goal here is to capture the essence of chaos on a two dimensional, flat piece of card. Remember that you are trying too capture the image of a chaos rift from afar, it hasn't yet come into contact with the world, but instead we are seeing it from a great distance.

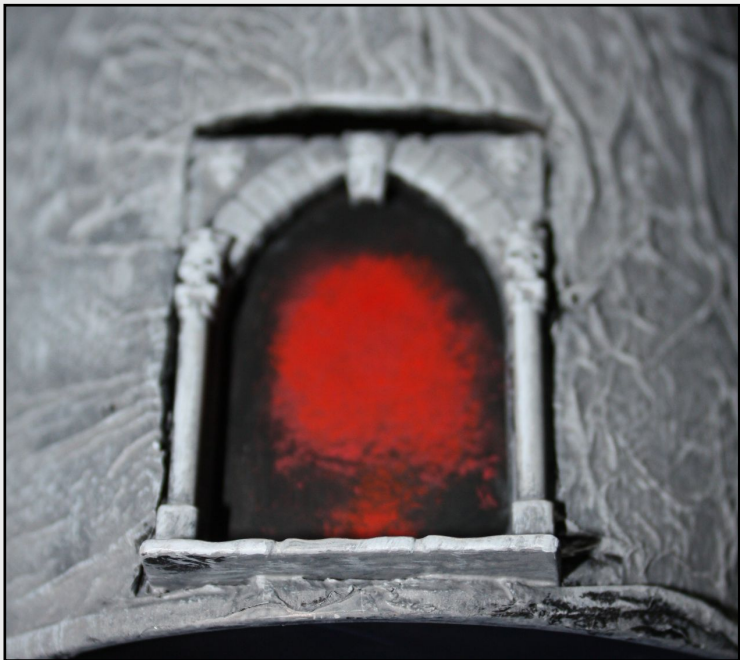
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I will show you my progress, starting from the black emptiness of space and layering up through the shifting colours too get my final image, which by the way looks very little like the image I pulled from my Google search.

Imagine you are taking the image before you and slicing it in to layers, layers of colour, similar to how you would paint a model, you paint on the base coat, a dark colour...



Then highlight up through similar tones...



Adding sharp edges with more extreme highlights...



Bringing in secondary or tertiary colours to add variety too the image...



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Highlighting them...



Adding details like pinpricks of light throughout the image, other stars that are further off and only just visible. The image should build naturally, one easy way to do this is to do it fast, using small thin layers of paint to apply multiple layers in quick succession. From the start I was using similar amounts of paint too dry brushing, dabbing away 90% of the paint on my brush and using the ten percent of paint quickly before going up to another lighter colour.

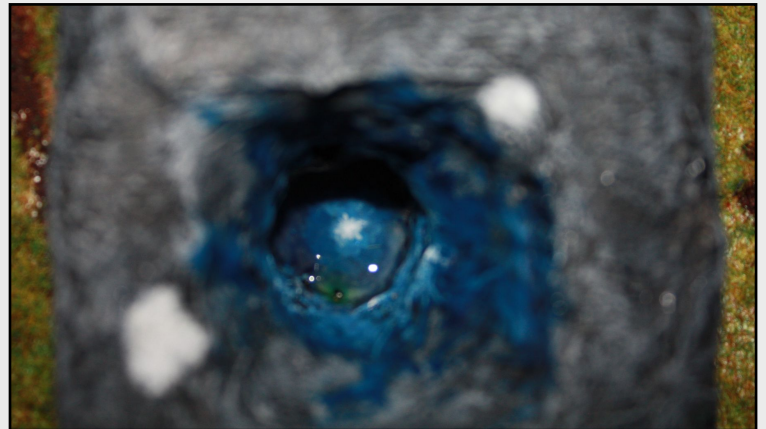


This way the image unfolds before your eyes, while giving you the control to change the image as it happens. You don't have to be incredibly skilled to pull off such a simple effect, I myself have only done two of these images and frankly I think they look fantastic!

Something as unique as this will add an edge to any piece, giving it an otherworldly appearance. And how better too convince your fellow players that they really are sacking the tower of a celestial mage than by filling his windows from the inside with a hand crafted image of the stars themselves?



Croal Von'Tilth: *"You pesky kids should have stayed off the grass!"*



The Great Pit: *I came too the pit in the monolith and taking a deep breath peered over the edge, looking down I thought that I would gaze unto the centre of the earth, but instead I found myself looking into another place, where a single light shone in blue and white, the perfect flame, it's influence bathing the world in shades of blue that would rival the mastery of any painter.*

Commentary

If you have any questions for our staff please send them to thedoomseeker@hotmail.com. They can be about Rules for GW games, why we play the game or why Bilbo plays both Slayers and Chaos Dwarfs and hates playing armies designed not to lose. While we're waiting for your emails we'll occupy ourselves with some of Bugman's Finest.

FIRST THOUGHTS ON 8TH EDITION

For those who have been stuck in a cave with no Wi-Fi access GW has deemed it needed to replace the Warhammer style that we have been playing since the start of 6th edition (way back in 2000) and revamp it. Out with standard charge rates, now you have to roll 2D6 plus movement for charge distance. I'm not sure of having Dwarfs have an effective charge rate of 10 inches. Out with chargers getting to attack first in combat, now everything is by initiative order. Out is killing off the front rank so your opponent can't attack back, not the guys in the back step up and fight.

As of me writing this I still haven't played a game under 8th edition rules. Reading all the changes it looked like GW made changes just for change sake, and of course to sell new models.

I have read the rules and also read under the FAQ released under 3 weeks from the release of the book. I'm still trying to figure out a good reason for the changes. I'm not saying the changes are good, bad or indifferent, that is for the players to ultimately decide, but it looks like they changed to fix issues in army books that could have been avoided if they properly tested the books before the release.

Now I can tell you things I do and don't like about the new version.

For the Do Like:

1. Back to percentages for army builds. I've played Lord of the Rings and building by percentages made sense in the balance of the armies.
2. Two ranks of shooting, I couldn't figure out why in Fantasy they couldn't fire over the shoulders of the models in front of them in the first place.
3. Scenarios, yes about time they added more scenarios in the book.

But the Down Side

1. Pre-measuring Distances, Warhammer is supposed to be challenging, allowing to pre-measure ranges is against all that is holy in Warhammer.
2. War Machines, Removing the guessing makes them even deadly than previous editions. Add that there are no

partials any more and they can wipe out more than ever before.

3. Breath Weapons, This is one of the most confusing to me. Creatures with breath weapons can use them only once a game. This, to me at least, is a total W.T.F. idea, does the Dragons and Bull Taurus just forget how to breath fire? Did their internal pilot lights go out. Please explain the logic to me GW.

Again it seems that GW didn't do the proper amount of testing and proof reading before they printed up the book for release. I get the fact that it's hard to put out a several hundred page rule book but if you are a gaming company that relies on the rule book to sell the models in their range than you would think that there would be slightly higher quality control.

If you play against the High Elves read the rules properly about Always Strike First, it says on Page 66, "if the models Initiative is Equal to or Higher than his enemy's, he can re-roll failed misses when striking in close combat." Now I read this in the literal way, it says Failed Misses, what is a failed miss but a hit. Hey mister High Elf Player please pick up all those hits and roll them again. <Evil Grin> I'm sure this was not the intent of the game developers but if it was thank you from this Chaos Dwarf and Slayer players heart.

I'm hoping to get a game in soon to see if my initial fears, this is the end of Warhammer Fantasy so GW can only sell Space Marines for evermore, were even warranted.

Now this issue we have included articles about the new version of Warhammer Fantasy and I want to know your thoughts on it. Do you think it's the greatest version yet or do you think this is a mistake on par with 4th edition 40k or do you think this is the last nail in the coffin on Fantasy. Please send your comments to me at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com with a way to contact you. We may include your thoughts in a future issue of TDS.

Bilbo Baggins - Editor-in-Chief



Letters to Karak Kadrin Question To Our Readers

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)?

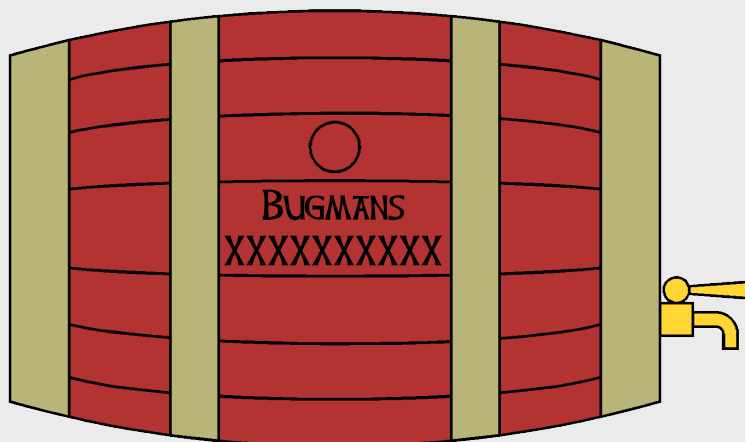
Do you wonder about Ironlord's choices of armies?

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.



What has been your most memorable moment in a game?

Steam: When me and my friend played 7th edition Lizardmen vs. Daemons of Tzeentch. His army was very powerful in magic and we played 3 games, I always lost but on 3 game he had bad roles on his magic, while he was angry trying to cast magic with his greater daemon he didn't see me coming from the forest with my skinks with low pipes. When his daemon died hi was so angry that he almost smashed it at the wall. Latter on we where having a great time drinking bear and just telling jokes.

Bilbo Baggins: My most memorable moment was a 6th edition match between my Empire and a Vampire Count army at 2000 points. Turn one and the VC went first, my opponent moved his general and other magic caster (they were not in units) to try and do some damage, but his magic failed him. Unfortunately for him he wasn't paying attention to my Warmachines when he moved. My beloved Great Cannons (I call them sniper cannons or uber-hochland long rifles) called distance on his general and through great guess work and dice roll I hit the General on the head and the bounce went the full 10 inches into his second caster. Of course I killed both on my turn one. We continued to play watching his army crumble so he could gain some experience. Of course one of the people watching was a friend who plays VC and we were explaining what he should do next game.

Next Issues Question:

What do you think of the changes to Warhammer Fantasy in 8th Edition?



Other Realms

Forum Sites for Warhammer Players

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

Beasts Of Chaos

Herdstone

s2.invisionfree.com/herdstone/

Brettonnia

The Round Table of Brettonnia

www.roundtable-brettonnia.org/

Chaos Dwarfs

Chaos Dwarfs Online

www.chaos-dwarfs.com

Daemons of Chaos

The Daemonic Legion

www.thedaemoniclegion.com/

Dark Elf

Druchii Net

www.druchii.net/

Dogs Of War

Dogs of War Online

www.dogsofwaronline.com

Dwarfs

Bugman's Brewery

www.bugmansbrewery.com/

New Slayer Brotherhood

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

Empire

Warhammer Empire

www.warhammer-empire.com/

Gnoblar

The Gnoblar Tower

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

High Elf

Ulthuan Land of the Asur

www.ulthuan.net/forum/portal.php

Lizardmen

The Pyramid Vault

www.pyramidvault.net/forum/

Ogre Kingdom

Ogre Stronghold

www.ogrestronghold.com/main/index.php

Orcs & Goblins

Da Warpath

www.s3.invisionfree.com/Orc__Goblin_Warpath/

Skaven

Under Empire

www.underempire.net

Tomb Kings (Khemri)

Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum

www.tomb-kings.net

Vampire Counts

Carpe Noctem

www.vampirecounts.net

The Blood Keep

www.s4.invisionfree.com/The_Blood_Keep/

Warriors of Chaos

Chamber of the Everchosen

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

Wood Elf

Asrai.Org

www.asrai.org/

Warhammer General Forums

Bell of Lost Souls

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

Dakka Dakka

www.dakkadakka.com/core/

Garagehammer

<http://garagehammer.net/>

Newhammer

<http://newhammer.freeforums.org/>

Ravening Hordes

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

Warhammer Alliance

www.warhammeralliance.com/

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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

Warhammer Forum

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

Warhammer Realm

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

Warseer

www.warseer.com

Podcasts

Bad Dice

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

Garagehammer

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

Heelanhammer

<http://heelanhammer.com/>

Podhammer

<http://podhammer.net/>

Pointhammered

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

Waaaghcast

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

THE DOOM SEEKER

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



New Slayer Brotherhood

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

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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

NEXT ISSUE

MORE ABOUT 8TH EDITION
KISLEV ARMY BOOK

