



# DRUCHII HERALD

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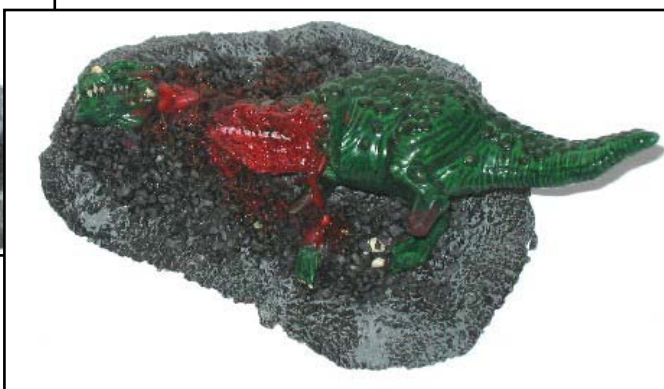
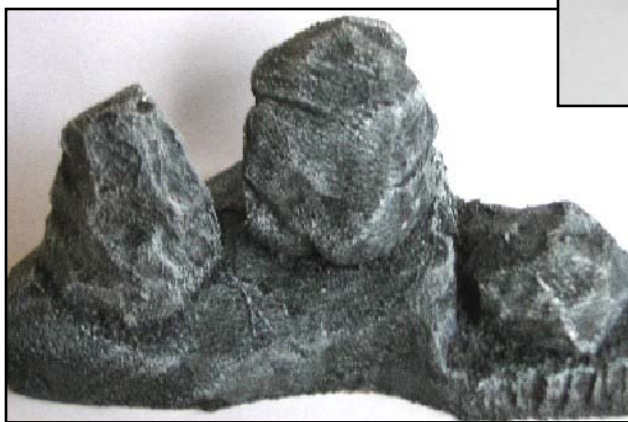
*Kala provides some insight on the new direction of this magazine and wants you to help make it happen.*

Hi, good to "see" you all so soon again! Sorry for that little delay over there, but I gather from your responses that it was worth the wait. Thanks for the kind words about our little e-zine!

Well then, its been a long time, and since then I have finally been able to finish my corsairs (that was some many months ago), do some little terrain projects and start working on gaming table extensions with integrated terrain. On to the pictures!



These corsairs have to be my best-looking unit ever (though they look better in real life, mind you). I just love how the sea dragon cloaks look and the black armour and purple cloth work very well with each other and the cloaks. I think I am going to have to repaint my warriors a bit...



The story of my corsairs is not a very exciting one though. Z'Gahn (my general) had been sent on a mission to Ulthuan and had witnessed the power of a fleet of corsairs. If Z'Gahn wanted to build himself a reputation he had to have a fleet, too. He managed to get a regiment of corsairs under his command – nobody knows how but if his Druchii heritage is anything to go by, it might have something to do with threats, money and murders – and upon returning to his lands he immediately ordered the small dock to be enlarged and set out to buy himself a pair of ships. They were bound to make up for their costs soon...

Next are the small terrain pieces. I did not want any nice, green hedges; thorn bushes seemed a good idea. So I took those standard green hedges and cut of the flock/sponge-like stuff (or whatever you call it), which left me with the perfect plastic skeleton of it.

The dead thingy on that heap of rocks was a Cold One. It came out of the factory with parts missing, so I thought why not make a lot of small terrain pieces depicting the events on the battlefield? Dead stuff, cannonballs, arrows and bolts stuck in the ground, etc. It would make the battlefield and the battle that more dynamic and realistic. This is the first of them. I also wanted to write an article about terrain markers, which might help you remember stuff like stupidity, frenzy, and special effects, but unfortunately Games Workshop had to publish such an article ahead of me.

You will get the gaming tables from me another time, when they are (hopefully) finished because I still need to tell you what articles you can expect this month!

In this edition, we have a good look at Malekith including Tactica and a Battle Report, an overview of the Cult of Slaanesh, a look at a new Cabal of Pleasure and a look Darkprincess' army.

Dig in!

Z'Gahn

#### An Administrative Message

Hey all. We're back, and with a spiffy new name too thanks to the contributions of many who suggested new names and who voted for their favorite. Everyone has no doubt noticed that we've been away for a good long time and in fact, many of the articles in this edition were scheduled to appear in May but due to various technical glitches were never able to be published - until now!

Our little publication has also undergone over the last while a lot of restructuring which has had various consequences of which the most notable is we are now slightly smaller publication. And that's fine because honestly, we thought we were packing a bit too much into the old Monthly anyways and it was for that reason that there were deadline issues. So, now we're turning over a new leaf and have a new focus. If you'd like to help out with an initiative or think you are leader material, drop me a line and show me what you got. We're always looking for new people and new ideas.

A big change that many of you may not be aware of are the changes in management. Since our last publication, a new magazine has emerged which contains articles from all three elven races and is called the Sigil. It was largely created as a new avenue for this publication, but plans changed a bit. Our two magazines are not, however, in competition, but rather quite the opposite. What we hope to accomplish is a combine publication which will see the Sigil import the content we provide here to their magazine and so we can reach an even greater number of readers from even more websites.

And that is where Z'Gahn has gone. He now works for the Sigil as their Druchii representative. Always moving on to bigger and better things. I have no doubt that he'll drop by with an article every now and again though. Our new coordinator is General Kala who has done an excellent job in bringing this publication to light. Without you, we'd still be mucking around in the dark. And thanks to all the other initiative workers who sprung back to life after the break and made all of this possible. We hope you will all continue to do the good work you do and continue to bring us more issues of this excellent magazine.

Vorchild



## Malekith

### The Witch King of Naggaroth

There is no greater warlord upon the earth than Malekith, the Witch-King of Naggaroth. He leads the Druchii in their endless crusade against the Asur, the usurpers of the Druchii homeland. None can match his might in battle, his cunning as a general, or his skill with the Dark Art. He is a god among Elves.

All Elves of true blood will see from these tales that there is none so fit to lead us as Malekith. He is the greatest of us, the benefactor of all those who deserve the name of Elf. Without him, our people would crumble. He is the rock and the foundation of all Elven society. He is heir of Aenarion, the true king of all elf-kind. All shall hail his name or perish.

### Intrigue

*By Volton*

If the thought of Naggaroth causes fear in cultures across the world, then the city of Naggarond most definitely causes terror. In this black city dwell some of the most ruthless, deceitful, depraved minds in the world. At any given time, the Court of the Witch King holds many of these individuals, all with their own hidden agendas and lust for power.

All nobles, highborns, and other royalty stand. They peer down from the elevated positions to see the massive, rune-embellished doors swing open. There is no question in any Druchii's mind of who this is. An armoured figure strides toward the other end of the room. He looks vastly different from the others in the court, most of the nobility simply wearing khaitan. As he moves across the smooth marble floor, all eyes follow him. Some hate him and some love him, but all respect him as a leader and a warrior. Finally, he reaches his bone-covered throne. Upon taking his seat, blood begins to flow from the dais; it is the only

noise in the gargantuan chamber. Two banners on either side of him unfurl from the ceiling, both proclaiming that he is the true ruler of all Elven kingdoms. Silence is destroyed with the booming trumpet of a musician. After a longwinded note, he lowers the instrument from his lips.

"All hail Lord Malekith!" says the musician. All the nobility bow and take their seats. The Witch King is silent. He gazes out of his perpetually armoured helm at hundreds of prying eyes, over his left pauldron to see his mother, Morathi. Over his other shoulder is Hellebron. The former blows him a loving kiss. Both are clad in the sheerest of cloth and most revealing of armour. Hellebron simply gives a respectful nod.

"Loyal servants, it has come to my attention that there is treason within our ranks, possibly in this very court", Malekith starts. The court stirs. "As all of you surely know, the rule that no sorcerers, other than myself, can exist is evinced by the prophecy

that appoints me as leader of this great nation. From many sources, I have gained knowledge of Druchii becoming wholly seduced by the ruinous powers of Chaos." Morathi inadvertently fidgets in her seat. "Come forward now, sorcerers, and your death will be quick at the hands of my personal draich master." A gold-armoured executioner steps forward, holding a massive, black blade. The court looks dispassionately at the executioner, masking all fear or guilt with politic. A single figure stands. He is wearing a deep violet khaitan, which emphasized his extremely pale complexion, even for Druchii standards.

"All I, for one, has ever done is serve you, my Lord. Why must you make such strong allegations against us?" asks the elf. Malekith's iron gaze turns to him, along with all other eyes, his audacity stunning everyone into silence.

"Dralachen of Clar Karond," murmurs the Witch King. "Come before me." Dralachen moves gracefully down to his requested position, maintaining his composure. He meets Malekith's gaze, a stare that would freeze lesser creatures in trepidation. "Your impudence is astounding. I can see through your facade of being the most loyal, making yourself a prime suspect." The draich master moved forward. Malekith motioned for him to stay put. "I can handle this myself." Malekith held up his armoured gauntlet, a violet energy growing within it. "If you are loyal, you will go to the place of your loyal forefathers. If not, you will die horribly. Either way, Kharaidon will have your soul." The dhar burst from Malekith's hand directly toward Dralachen. The noble threw his head back in a laugh and waved his hand, dissipating the doombolt. He turned his head to Malekith, revealing his pitch black eyes and an abnormally wide grin. In that instant, the Witch King knew he was dealing with an agent of Slaanesh.

"Step down, Lord, as the Witch King and you will not be defamed as a sham and weakling", taunted Dralachen. A black, ethereal whip formed in his long-fingered hand. The rest of the court was riveted by the new developments and the possibility of death.

"Do your worst," responded Malekith. The whip lashed out, but, with incredible quickness, the Witch King seized the incorporeal weapon. Dralachen tugged, but Malekith stood firm. "Go, Anchan-Rogar!" ordered the King. A wave of energy went back down the whip, hit Dralachen, and knocked him back to the ground. A small, dark cloud returned to Malekith. Upon receiving it, there seemed to have occurred an almost tangible revitalization of the Witch King.

Returning to his feet, Dralachen wiped at trickle of blood originating from his temple. Infuriated, the noble bellowed, "Die!" A pink flame erupted from his hand, but the Witch King seemed to absorb the magic fire. The noble looked incredulous at the ease of the dispel.

"Good bye, Dralachen of Clar Karond," said Malekith. He raised his arm straight up and unclenched his fist. Suddenly, a swirling, black maelstrom opened above the court, a portal to the infernal regions. "Take him, Arnzipal," ordered the Witch King. The maelstrom grew, causing banners and khaitan to billow in the massive hall. Dralachen pointed at Malekith, chanting the lore of Slaanesh. It was of no use. The court was in awe. The sorcerer was lifted off the ground and disappeared into the black void, his death screams echoing from that realm to this one. Malekith returned to his throne and his mother stroked his neck, a treat for a task well done. The court returned to its dead silence that it had when Malekith entered.

"Anyone have anything else to say?" asked Malekith. No sound permeated the perfect quiet. "Good. Court is adjourned."



## Troubled Waters

*By Shadowlance*

The cold sea air pierced even Malekith's thick armour, sending a brief shiver down his spine. Seraphon, too, grew uncomfortable in the chill sea air, and began puffing out poisoned fumes from his nostrils in irritation. The tips of his wings were beginning to freeze, and fact that their increasing altitude was most certainly not helping, and he would suffer this cold no longer.

"Patience my pet, patience..." hissed Malekith, sensing his mounts unhappiness. "We must clear the mist, and then we shall see what lie beyond its watery veil."

Mere seconds later, Seraphon and his mighty rider emerged from the mist's chilling grasp, and flew in the direction of Ulthuan, his army's destination. Much to Malekith's surprise, he found the mist to be of no natural origin. In a pocket free from the obscuring wall sailed a host of asuryan ships, with a wizened mage at the fore of the lead vessel, casting ever more mist to hide his weakling naval force.

"Well, what have we here?" muttered Malekith to himself. "It would seem that the Phoenix King has sent to us a welcoming party. What say we express our appreciation?"

With that, Malekith conjured a bolt of the purest darkness, and hurled it at the lead ship. As the vessel exploded in a million splinters, the old mage conjuring the mist flew down into the deep waters, screaming a prayer to Asuryan all the way. With the mage's death, the mist immediately dissipated, leaving the unprepared and shaken Asur exposed to the might of the Druchii war fleet.

"Elves of true blood!" cried Malekith at the top of his lungs. "The usurpers of our homeland are upon us! Sink their ships, and send their cowardly souls to the depths of the sea!"

Hearing their lord's command, the druchii warships closed in upon their ancestral foes. Mighty as the asur ships may have been,

they were no match for the Druchii, and the false sons of Ulthuan were hastily outmanoeuvred. Their deck crews were cut down by the scything wrath of reaper bolt throwers.

The Asur however, were not beaten yet. From the bowls of their ships came great hosts of Lothorn sea guard and rangers; skilled warriors who expertly boarded the warships of their foes. The tide soon seemed to turn, as the Asur mariners expertly cut down their erstwhile brethren. This, Malekith would not allow. He swooped down upon the unwitting Asur, hacking at them with his mighty weapons while Seraphon snapped their masts like twigs and grabbed mariners in his claws, only to drop them into the water once he cleared the deck. A dozen times did he do this, until finally there was not a single Asur ship left seaworthy.

Pleased with his apparent victory, Malekith prepared to reward his great dragon for a task well done, just as he appeared. Riding a great, golden-feathered bird, came a mighty Storm Weaver, his eyes alight in a mystical blue, and his hands crackling with magical energy.

"Traitorous king of the fallen kin!" he bellowed. "You doom is at hand! Have you anything to say before I sink your fell ships and send you from this life?!"

"Foolish Asur!" replied the witch king. "It is you who shall be sent from this world, not I. For I am the mightiest warrior, and most powerful sorcerer who walks the earth, and my mount is the greatest beast in all the kingdoms of the world. Compared to me you are as an ant duelling with a god, and your continued survival would be best served by turning now and making best speed towards your stolen homeland."

"Your arrogance shall be your undoing." was the mage's only reply. For his attention was now to the great sea below him. Reciting an ancient incantation, the mage released a bolt of light from his hand, which barrelled

down into the unseen depths of the water.

"Your weakling conjurations will not avail you! You shall die this day!" cried the witch king, kicking at Seraphon's sides. Given all the instruction he needed, Seraphon made for the mage. In a futile attempt to save his own life, the mage drew a shining blade, and made to swing it at Seraphon, but mighty Malekith stole the blade from his grasp. Seeing that his life was soon to end, the mage began a spell, but was interrupted by Seraphon's jaw ripping him from his mount and piercing his abdomen. Upon finishing the consuming of the Asur, Seraphon flew by again and ate the mighty eagle he had ridden upon.

This however, was not the end of Malekith's inconveniences this day. Looking down, he saw that the mage's conjuration was perhaps not so weak after all. A mighty merwyrm had been summoned from the deep, and was attacking the Druchii ships. Growing impatient with this battle, Malekith swooped down upon the aquatic annoyance, and Seraphon wrenched its head from its body, swallowing it whole.

Satisfied that he had won the day, Malekith steered his now replete steed in the direction of Ulthuan, and ordered that the warships to the same. This small sea battle was done, their home, stolen from them all those many centuries ago, awaited their attentions.

## Sport

*By General Kala*

The morning sky and sea were both grey. A light mist sapped the rich green color from the forest that grew on the slopes and ridges that lead down to the shores of Chrace. Even the gleaming white of the watchtower seemed dull today as Commander Ydrael slouched over the crenellations. His eyelids drooped as he fought off the drowsy boredom.

He turned to see one of his elves approaching with a yawn. "Sir, another group of Shades has been spotted".

Ydrael rolled his eyes. "Another group. By Isha's breath, they seem to get more inept every year." For thirty six years he had commanded this watchtower. For thirty six years the only activity was the periodic small squad of Druchii Shades scouting the same trail in a futile attempt to get to the same pass. They never seemed to learn when they were killed or repulsed. Their general was clearly an idiot.

But today an idea struck Ydrael. His men were bored and restless. He was bored and restless. When the one who spotted the interlopers asked "Shall we dispatch them with archers as usual?", Ydrael was quick to reply. "No. I think not. Today, Amraek, we

will hunt them by hand. I could use some sport. What say you?"

Amraek smiled. "I will gather the others. This should be enjoyable."

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The afternoon was as grey as the morning. But forty Asur in white robes and silver armor stood out brightly against the loam and the scrub trees. All were smiling, laughing and sharing stories about the hunt and the fights. A dozen Druchii lay dead at their feet and none of them had suffered worse than a light wound. It was by far the most excitement that the garrison of the remote watchtower had seen in memory.

A deep groaning noise silenced the laughter, followed by a sound like thunder. The daylight seemed to be sucked into a black void at the feet of the Ellyrian Reavers. The riders screamed as they were pulled with it into oblivion. More black holes in reality appeared among the others as they scattered for cover. A shadow crossed the group, then another and another. The beating of black wings and the cries of Dark Pegasus heralded the approach of the Sorceresses on the wing. Six of them hurled

seething amethyst bolts into the elves exposed on the hillside. Asur archers drew bows, only to be singled out as unmoving targets. The few arrows that flew never found their mark and fell into the sea.

Ydrael managed to find the only safe spot behind an escarpment. He could only watch in agony as his troops were wiped out. What a fool he had been! Now he contemplated his path back to the tower. Not only was it the only safe haven for miles, but if the watchtower signal fire wasn't lit then none would ever know of this. All of Ulthuan could be in peril. He swallowed his humiliation and set his mind to his mission.

As he lay back to catch his breath, his eyes caught the silhouettes of two black dragons perched on the high ridge. One was the largest specimen he had ever seen of any dragon. Riders on the backs of the monsters watched the mayhem and leaned to speak to one another. He cast a prayer skyward and prepared to make his run.

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The Druchii Highborn smiled a malicious grin. On the slope beneath them an Asur soldier screamed from the attention of a Sorceress toying with him. His dragon snorted and clenched its talons on the rock ledge, hungered by the smell of blood.

"They will be wiped out soon, my Liege. Shall I return to the Black Ark and order our warriors to make a beachhead?"

The Circlet of Iron pulsed as the other rider slowly turned his crowned helm. There was a pause while his glowing eyes cast a piercing gaze at the Highborn. When the words came the voice echoed in his mind. "Do not presume to second guess my plans, Lord Valach. This is but one move in a larger game."

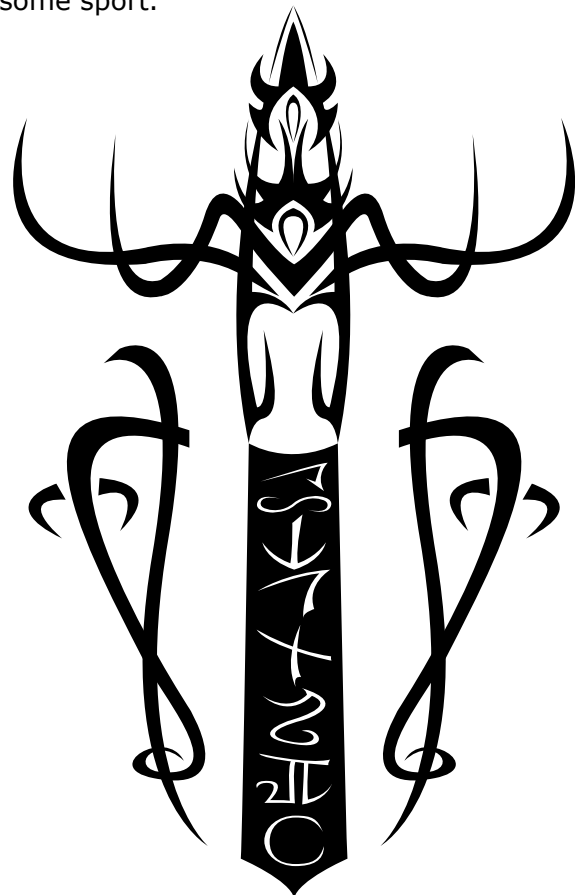
There was another pause as Valach lowered his head. He silently thanked Khaine that His Majesty hadn't taken offense at his presumption as the voice of power spoke to him again. "You will hand select a regiment of your most loyal warriors to come ashore and don the arms and armor of the Asur

garrison. Have them douse the signal pyre and scatter the fuel. Once weekly they are to send a report to the Asur command that another group of Shades has been thwarted or killed. Thus shall they await further orders, which may be years in coming."

The voice of the King became thoughtful after the order was given. Lord Valach could almost picture a wry smile beneath the eternal darkness of the helmet. "One can always count on two things about Asur in this life, Valach - arrogance and lack of vision. I have fed them Shades for nearly four decades. Now they choke on stronger meat."

The Sorceresses signaled completion of their mission to the two dragon riders and spurred their winged steeds to climb back up to the cloud cover. As they did, Valach spotted a lone elf creeping along the tree line. "Majesty, what of that one? He is an officer if I am not mistaken. Shall I call the coven back?"

"No, I will take him myself." he said as he spurred Seraphon into flight. "I could use some sport."



# Malekith

## Using the King in Battle

*By Vorchild*

The Witch King, lord of Naggaroth, is at once one of the most daunting and most unimpressive special characters in the game. Many of those who are unimpressed with him, however, are under the influence of a variety of misconceptions about how he should be played and how he can properly be dealt with. Many people do not realize that Malekith is the absolute personification of the Druchii race not only in terms of his background and character, but also in terms of his rules. The Druchii, as a playable race in Warhammer, are often thought of as fast, magically inclined, powerful on the charge, able to harass with ease, and, as all elves, are vulnerable to magic and missiles. Malekith is all of those things.

Malekith is extremely fast, as are all lords on dragons. With the ability to fly all over the battlefield, turn for free when necessary, and move quite quickly on foot with or without the dragon, he fits the role of the fast character perfectly, as is only to be expected of a flying monster. He is also most certainly magically inclined being the level four wizard that he is. His magical prowess is more than a little daunting as, combined with his greater movement capabilities, he can make the absolute most out of the Dark Lore, which he is forced to use. He is also quite powerful on the charge, as should be fairly obvious for a lord on a dragon. With a total potential of nine strength six attacks with an additional attack that destroys magical weapons or armour and a potent weapon skill, almost any combat is shifted in his favour. Combined with his movement capabilities and his magic, Malekith also has his dragon's breath weapon and terror causing capabilities, which makes him the perfect means to harass the enemy. Moreover, a flank charge he sets up is no idle threat and with his power on the charge he can almost easily win those combats and run his opponents into the ground – those that are left at any rate. Those abilities make him perfect at harassing not only a single powerful unit,

harassing not only a single powerful unit, but also most of an enemy army all on his own. The magic alone is fairly daunting, and the breath weapon can do some rather interesting amounts of damage and against many armies, causing terror is quite the potent advantage.

Malekith, as he possesses the advantages of the Druchii race in all their glory, also possesses the disadvantages of his race in all their gory horror. He is extremely vulnerable to magic, as one brief look at his special rules will indicate. One good roll from a magic missile even has the potential to slay this most powerful of characters. On the other hand, he is also surprisingly vulnerable to missiles, though it may not seem so considering how most missiles will not be magical, and thus will not hurt the Witch King. However, that is simply not the case when considering the consequences and the risks involved. It will rarely ever come to pass that anyone will fail so many 2+ ward saves for the Witch King, but the dragon, tough as it is, is very vulnerable to missiles. Most armies can employ a certain degree of missile fire in the form of bolt throwers or canons, or other such nasty devices that are designed to bring large monsters to heel. A good unit of hand gunners can even make a fairly direct impact on the scaly hide of the great wyrm. If Malekith loses Seraphon, however, his effectiveness is greatly reduced and his vulnerability is greatly increased. If he loses his dragon, even a burst from magic missile, like Chillwind, will more than likely send him to his grave.

Possibly the biggest misconception with regards to the Witch King is that he is not worth his points. That is simply not true. He may not make back his points, but that is hardly necessary unless you expect him to not be around at the end of the game. If he's not around at the end, well, you've already lost. He can, however, allow your other units much greater ease in making

back their own points, all the while making some of his own in the process. The problem is that Malekith has an almost absurd cost to put into play, but the costing is actually quite fair. Consider for example that you break him up into three characters – a Highborn on dragon, and two Sorceresses. The cost for these characters as compared to Malekith is pretty much the same, and Malekith has the advantage of his ward save and a great variety of spells from the lore of Dark Magic. Still, putting him into play is always a risky venture.

Thus, it seems that keeping him alive is the top priority. But, at the same time, he must be made useful. After all, what's the point of a special character if all you're going to do is have him hide in the background. The first thing to remember about the Witch King is his main vulnerabilities – artillery that can kill the dragon, and magic missile and other missiles that count as being magical.

About the only thing that can effectively have a good shot at killing the dragon is a cannon ball, and even a single cannon shot will have some serious difficulties in actually killing the dragon considering that it has 6 wounds and effectively has a 5+ ward save due to Malekith (who, even if he did fail his ward save, would still only take one wound from the thing). Bolt throwers, a close second in how dangerous they can be, are also less of a threat to a dragon than other monsters as they will only wound on a 4+, and still the dragon has its effective 5+ ward save. However, the threats cannot simply be ignored, especially when they are more numerous in the opposing army.

The threats can be neutralized in the standard way by using harpies, shades, and DR to get there quick and to remove them. The witch king too, can aid the fight. By casting spells like Dominion, Word of Pain, Black Horror, and getting lucky with a result from Chillwind, he can effectively negate a round of shooting against him, and that should be all the time needed to remove any of those threats from artillery.

With the artillery threat effectively neutralized (on paper at least), we can now turn to

the threats of magic, which are much more deadly as they can both kill the dragon and kill Malekith. Malekith himself can deal with a good bunch of the magic threats as he is a 4th level wizard and as such will generate dispel dice. Also, it's good to keep in mind that there are only certain spells that will do a great deal of damage to the Lord of Naggaroth and they are the magic missiles. Given that spell generation is normally random, there is no certainty that any magic missiles will be generated, and even if they are, there is no guarantee that they will be cast or that they will be in range, or that they will be in line of sight. Also, given that you will always know which spells each enemy wizard has and where that wizard is on the table, the advantage for survival resides with Malekith. It would be pretty stupid after all, if you knew a mage had a couple magic missile to cast at the Witch King, to set him up on that side of the table.

If it so happens that the enemy is going heavy on the magic, there are still a number of ways to help negate the effects, notwithstanding the effective 3+ armour save Malekith has from being mounted on the dragon. Mages are quit possibly easier to kill than a unit champion, and are worth way more points too, and the ramifications of the elimination will be felt quite a bit more severely. Obviously, it is imperative to target the most dangerous wizards first – the ones with the more dangerous spells. Enemy wizards can be silenced quite effectively by using dominion if Malekith can roll the spell and manage to cast it. They are also silenced very effectively if they are removed from play.

Possibly the most direct way to remove a mage from play is to charge a unit of dark riders or harpies into the front of the unit and direct the maximum number of attacks on the wizard. Another way is to make use of the awesome power of a dragon and hit a unit in the flank or rear and break and run it down. Yet another way is to again use the dragon, but this time, make use of the breath weapon to cause panic, and terror to make the unit run in fear from the almighty Witch King.

A cunning opponent, however, will see these ploys coming, and will normally send the mage out of the unit before the storm comes crashing down on him. This is, of course, no excuse not to destroy the unit while you're there. At this point, the mage can become much more dangerous even though it is now much easier to hunt down and eliminate. More dangerous because now he has a 360 degree line of sight, and easier to eliminate because now he doesn't need to be killed in combat, but can also be broken or shot at or targeted by magic.

All that being said, Malekith MUST remain active at every possible moment if he is to be made as effective as he can be. To make him more active, one must realize that, like much of the Druchii army that he controls, he is a more powerful support unit than a combat unit. But what a support unit! With the massive move, terror causing abilities, extreme power on the charge and even being charged, combine with the dragon's breath weapon and all the awesome powers of dark magic, Malekith can be an army unto himself!



The skull illustrated above was by far the finest draconian specimen we were able to observe before the expedition met with utter disaster. Unlike its kin, it appears to spew corrosive venom rather than the combustible mixture that other dragons exhale on their unfortunate victims. However, the skull itself was lost. Regrettably, Herr Drenschel met his demise at the hands of the crazed elf-women while trying to retrieve it. His loss will be mourned along with all the others, who no doubt have met a horrible end after being captured.

It is rumored that the king of these brutal elves rides into battle upon the largest and most powerful of these terrifying beasts. If so, woe betide any enemy that he encounter. The scale of this skull above attests that the size of the monster exceed that of our entire ship. If this was barely a hatchling, then the father or killed out by the fangs.

# Battle Report

*By Vorchild*

My army:

Malekith, the Witch King of Naggaroth

5 Dark Riders with Repeater Crossbows and a Musician

5 Dark Riders with Repeater Crossbows and a Musician

5 Dark Riders with Repeater Crossbows and a Musician

6 Harpies

5 Cold One Knights with a Dread Knight

5 Cold One Knights with a Dread Knight

5 Shades

2 Reaper Bolt Throwers

The Lay of the Land:

From the Dark Elf perspective the battlefield was rather devoid of terrain with a small hill on the right flank and a large one on the left; each ensuring that the chaos army would inevitably charge down the centre. Beyond the small hill, the only other obstacle was a small wooded area.

The Chaos Army:

Lord of Chaos Undivided

Exalted Daemon of Undivided

Chaos Sorcerer of Undivided

7 Chosen Chaos Knights of Undivided

5 Hounds of Chaos

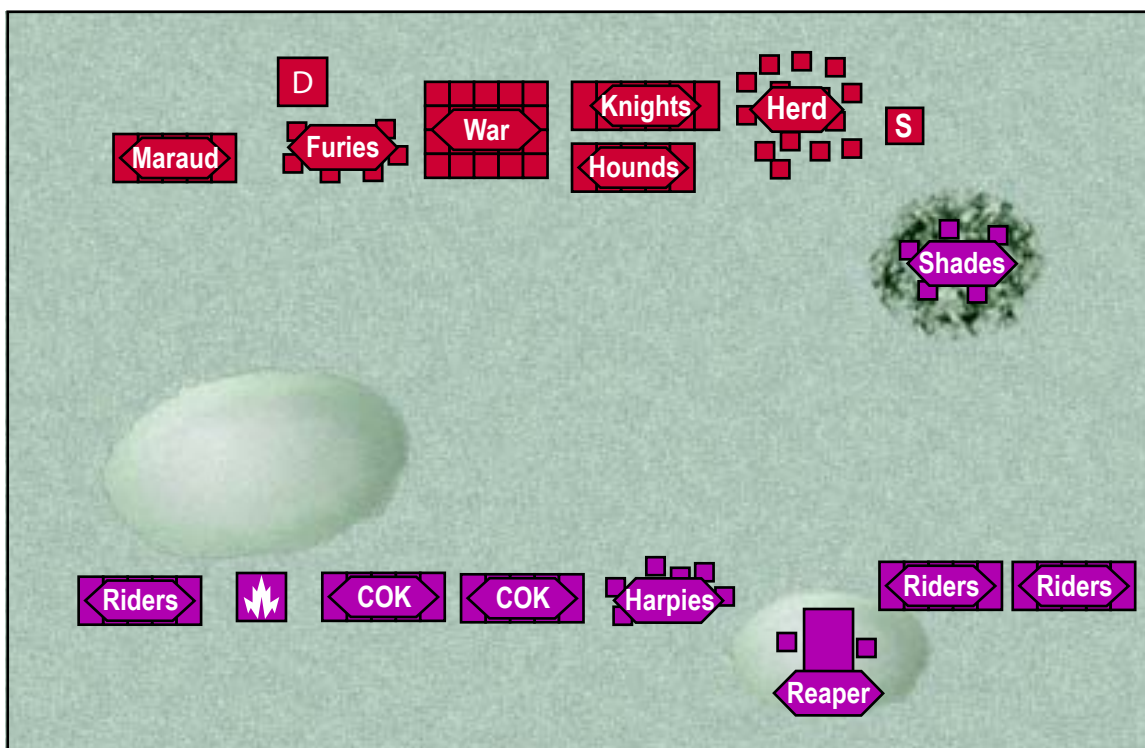
19 Chaos Warriors of Undivided

5 Marauder Horsemen

Beast Herd of Undivided

6 furies

Fiend of Slaanesh



*The Setup*

### The Deployment:

From the Druchii perspective, the Dark Riders of Malekith, his faithful Hunters, deployed mostly in front of the smaller hill on the right in the event that they would be needed to circle around the hill and the woods and enter the battle in the rear of the chaos army, throwing it completely into disarray. The other unit deployed with Malekith himself behind the large hill on the left. The Cold One Knights obediently took the centre with the Bolt Throwers as the harpies settle down nearby ready to do battle once again.

The Chaos army, which was of a similar size, deployed from left to right the Marauder Horsemen, the Furies, the Chaos Warriors, the Chosen Knights behind the Hounds, the Beast Herd and the Spawn, with the Chaos Lord Joining the Chosen Knights, the Chaos Sorcerer joining the Warriors, and the Exalted Daemon taking his place directly behind the furies.

### The Battle:

Every so often, there comes a time when it simply becomes too unbearable to endure the continual failures of subordinates and to go our on your own and vent your impatience for a while. It is also a time when the Witch King can bathe in the blood of any who would stand in his way and show to the whole of Naggaroth that he is still in absolute control over the lives of all Druchii. It is a time when examples can be made of those few enemies that remain on the Dark Continent.

It was at one of those times that the almighty Malekith found himself astride his dragon Seraphon watching the approach of a small band of chaos followers as they attempted to creep past the northern sentries and find rich plunder in the lands of the Dark Elves. The enemy host was not large, but neither was the Witch King's, and so to engage this foe on even terms would, of course be disadvantageous. However, all life in the world knows the awesome powers of the Lord of the Druchii and how he would not ever go on the prowl without an entire army to do his bidding. They would never suspect that his force would be so small and

agile. Instead, they would think that this host was but the vanguard of a much larger host, and that knowledge would cause them to lose heart. The second wave could be anywhere... even behind them...

Of course, it would all be a ruse, but the servants of Chaos were simple creatures; superstitious and easily lulled into a false sense of panic. If the bluff is big enough, even the strongest of opponents will think twice about the chances for victory. But the ruse strayed from his mind then, as it became time to prepare for battle.

He had fought dozens of battles, and won almost as many victories on a variety of continents. He had little to fear of this small band that qualified as little more than brigands in his sovereign lands. They would be crushed, and swiftly so. To that end, he began to deploy his troops in a pass between two hills, leaving the forested side to his enemies so as to enable his own force a greater freedom of movement. The majority of the Dark Riders he sent to the far right, but kept some to support him on the left as he hid himself out of sight behind the larger of the two hills. His knights were placed in two small patrol formations out in the open along with the pair of Reaper Bolt Throwers that had been previously stationed as a sort of garrison in the pass. The harpies, also residents of the area, took up positions nearby and squawked noisily as the enemy approached.

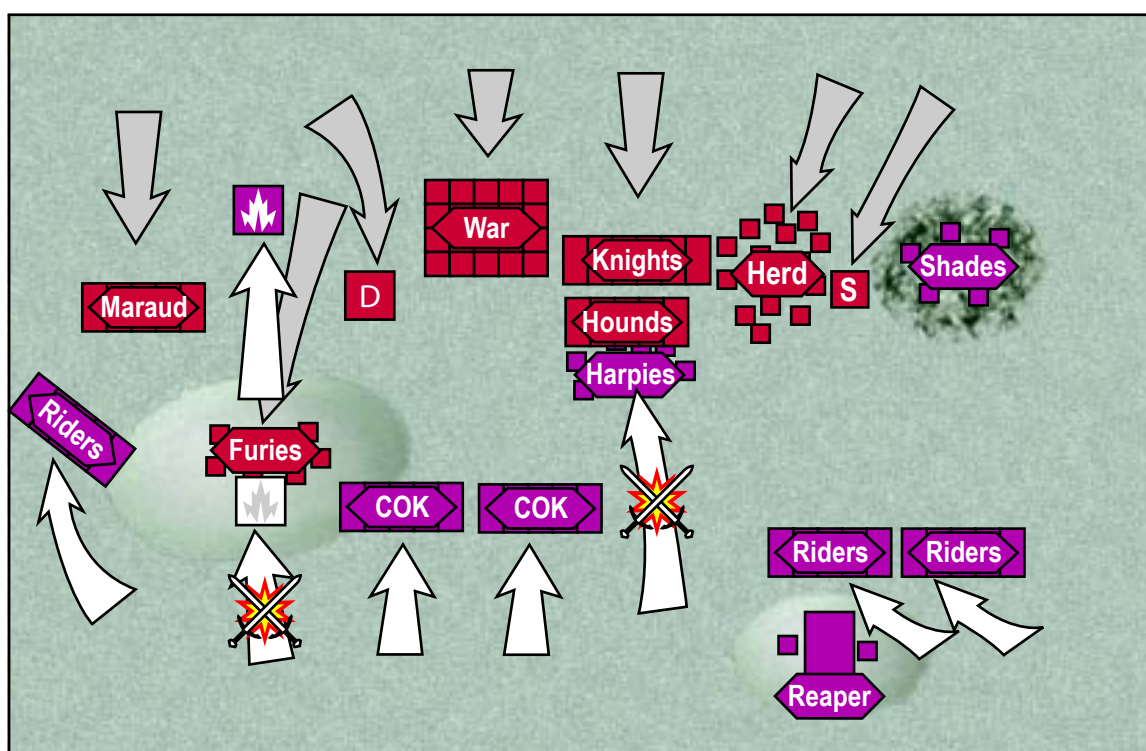
They came out of the distant trees with a roar of sound as they hope to spook what they thought to be just another small patrol in the area attempting to bar their way if only for a moment before fleeing before them. Not so today. This day, the Druchii were offering to do battle with them, and it was not an opportunity they would deny themselves of. Accordingly, they deployed themselves on the left side of the pass so as to stay further out of range of the Druchii artillery. The Marauder Horsemen to the far left while the Chosen Knights, screened by some hounds, placed themselves along side the Chaos Warriors in the centre. A Beast Herd took the right flank along with a spawn of Slaanesh.

The battle plan was simple – let them come. Once one of their units saw Malekith and Seraphon, they would be completely committed to the battle and the trap would be sprung as the Witch King would charge out from concealment and tear them apart with dark magic from the rear. If the enemy turned to attempt to deal with the Witch King, that would be the signal for the rest of the battle force to advance and claim victory. If not, well, the followers of the Dark Gods would fall even deeper into the Druchii trap. The knights would charge, and the battle would be won on the points of elven lances.

Unsurprisingly, it was the enemy that made the first move. After much bellowing to overcome their apparent cowardice, the entire raiding party moved forward. From the cries of war, Malekith could tell they had summoned an Exalted Daemon to aid them in their fight, and that the Daemon had brought with him a small band of furies. The Daemon could become a problem, especially as Malekith could feel it gathering its magic energies to cast spells. Though its attempts failed, it was far from spent. And spells would be the least of his concerns, as the

daemon would undoubtedly be carrying some sort of weapon of evil magic fused with the malice of the Dark Gods. The Witch King wondered idly if the Daemon had as yet felt his presence, but the thought strayed from his mind as he sensed another presence attempting to focus the winds of magic into a powerful spell. And once again, the winds favoured the Druchii and the Sorcerer was unsuccessful.

All of a sudden, the furies crested the hill as they soared through the air, screeching as they saw their enemy. The time had come. The trap that had been laid so carefully had at last been sprung by the witless daemons. With a slight urging to Seraphon and a faint and evil smile, the Witch King of Naggaroth charged into glorious battle with the aerial daemons. Before the inevitable crash into his foes, Malekith dared a glance at the rest of his army. The plan was largely successful. The Riders on his left had moved up slightly with him in order to help keep him safe and the knights were holding their ground, waiting patiently for the enemy to approach and so far enjoying the show from atop their powerful lizards. The shades, which had been secretly deployed in the woods,



*Turn 1 - His Majesty has already punched through the enemy lines.*

peeked out of hiding and started to take careful aim at the invaders. Only the harpies refused to obey and instead surged forth at the War Hounds.

Even with the distraction of finding those beasts with wings were far too unruly, the Witch King was nevertheless able to weave the winds of magic around him as he plunged into his enemies. He could feel the power of the winds build up inside of him, as he had felt hundreds of times before. As before, he concentrated those powers in his mind and brought them forth to display the full powers of Druchii wizardry. With a gesture from his gauntleted hand, a blizzard of darkness surged forth and engulfed two Horsemen and one of the Warriors as they screamed in horror as Arnizipal claimed their souls. The remaining souls, however, were not swayed to flee and save their lives and foolishly stood their ground.

A trap being sprung, however, doesn't have the same impact without a volley of cross-bow bolts floating through the air and raining death down upon the unsuspecting. As planned, the Druchii let loose a dozen large bolts and 40 smaller ones at their enemies. However, the eagerness for battle seemed to cause their normally steady hands to waver as not a single shot managed to cause any damage to the enemy host. Nevertheless, it gave them a small showing of the many possibilities for pain that existed should they come any closer.

And with that last thought, Malekith crashed into the small daemons and with his mighty Hand of Khaine, ripped two of them to pieces. Even as their coruscating drops of flesh fell to the ground below, Seraphon caught another in his mighty jaws, and a fourth was slain with a whip from his tail as he sent it crashing violently into the rocky summit below. The rest, their daemoniac magic's failing, fled into the æther from which they were spawned and abandoned the mortals to their fate as the Witch King soared over the rest of the way over the hill to find himself behind the enemy lines.

The harpies, however, were slightly less successful and only managed to sink their claws into two of the vile hounds of the uncivilized marauder people. Consequently,

two of their own number also fell to the sharp teeth of their adversaries. It was good that they'd finally be rid of them. They had become more of a nuisance than any help in the battle. But Malekith was greatly surprised when the frantic winged creatures rallied around their fallen and screamed their defiance at their attackers. More importantly than the fact that they were holding up the hounds was how they had effectively pinned the Chosen Knights behind them! He could not have planned it better himself.

In response to the trap, the Chaos forces coalesced into a more or less tight knit force as the Warriors moved up to match line with the Chosen Knights attempting to untangle themselves from the mess their Hounds had put them in. The Horsemen wisely moved away from the Witch King and go to help their bestial brethren as they too moved forward to match ranks with the Knights. The spawn, however, moved towards the shades, figuring them to be the closest tasty morsel.

All the while, the Daemon was restless and moved around the Witch King, seeking to avoid his wrath and instead focusing on his support – the Dark Riders. Gathering its energies, this time it succeeded in conjuring up a burning head that it launched at its quarry. Fearing more powerful magic to come, and more importantly to come his way, Malekith saved his strength only to see the inept sorcerer once again fail to call the winds of magic to do his bidding.

The harpies, however, were finally pushed back as a third member of their cadre fell to the Hounds, but not before they tore the throat from another of the hounds. But, seeing as the hounds would not pursue and sensing imminent repercussions, they continued their flight to safer ground.

Following the initial assault and disruption, the time had come to take advantage of the trap and finish off his opponents. With that thought in mind, Malekith urged Seraphon once again into flight and landed right behind the Chosen Knights. Facing the Chaos Lord who led this rabble in a fair fight would be silly. Enemies are much easier to defeat while they are running before you

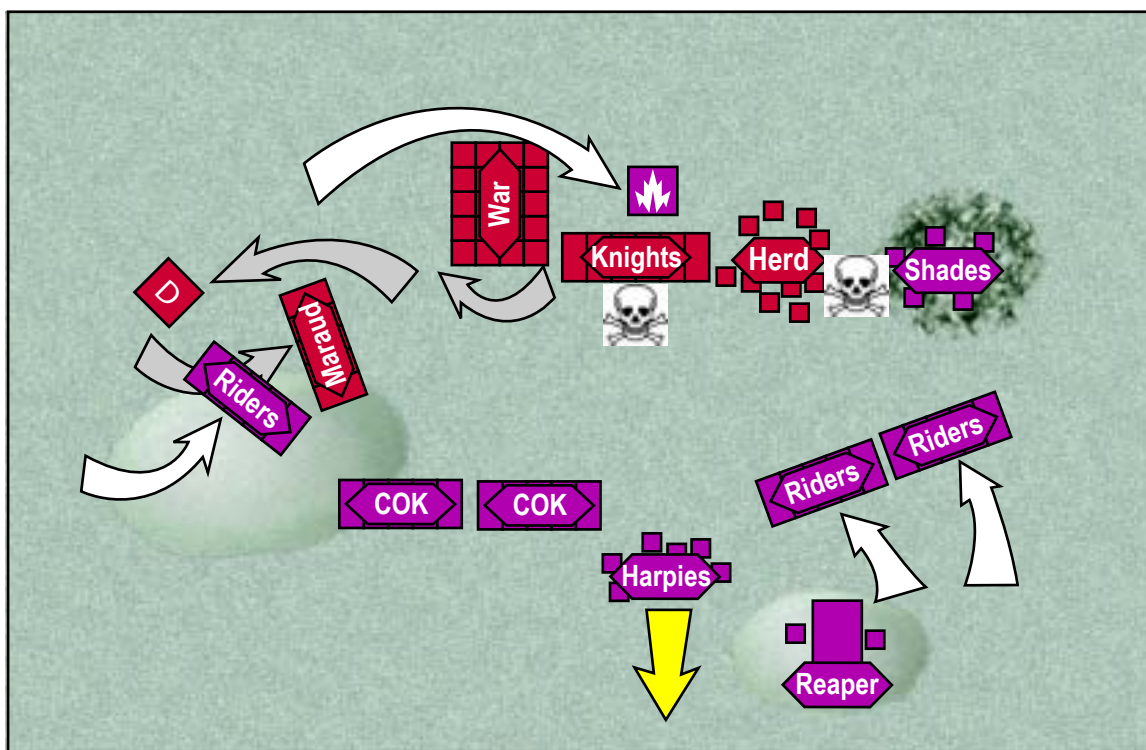
with thoughts only to save their lives rather than to end yours. Seeing their lord no longer needed their assistance and seeing that they had a Daemon to deal with, the supporting Dark Riders moved out of its way while the other Riders on the opposite flank make a clear path for the Reapers to shoot at the ever vexing spawn.

Having landed behind the forces of Chaos, the Witch King once again gathered the dark energies around him and whispered the sacred incantations he had long ago committed to memory. As he felt the irresistible power rising up inside him, he called out to the daemon-crawler Anchan-Rogar and watched as the magic entity swept away from him towards the Herd and smiled as he saw their champion fall lifeless as the unseen force snatched away his soul along side of two of his larger comrades and six of the smaller ones. And the Witch King then grinned wickedly as he felt their strength well inside of him, filling him up with the life they would never live. But it was not over yet. As the rest of the Beastmen pondered why their comrades had fallen, Malekith once again gathered the power of the Winds and this time, he stretched out his hand and

unleashed a bolt of black lightning upon the Chosen Knights of Chaos, engulfing them in utter darkness as the aura of doom surrounded them and plucked at their very souls. But they were undaunted and worse, unscathed.

Snarling and cursing at the ineffectiveness of his magic, the Witch King gave the command for Seraphon to unleash his own weapon – the black and putrid cloud of death that was to consume two of the Hounds before dissipating into the atmosphere. But it would not be the end, for the rest of the army had prepared another volley and unleashed it upon the enemy with utter fury. The last Hound fell to the point of Druchii bolts, as did the wretched spawn of Slaanesh. The Beastmen also lost one of their number and one of the Horsemen topple out of his saddle with a bolt to the chest.

But it appeared that the defiance of the Druchii merely angered the Chaos Lord, who was absolutely undaunted by the awesome odds facing him. With a great war cry he and his fellow knights plunged forth to do battle with one squadron of the

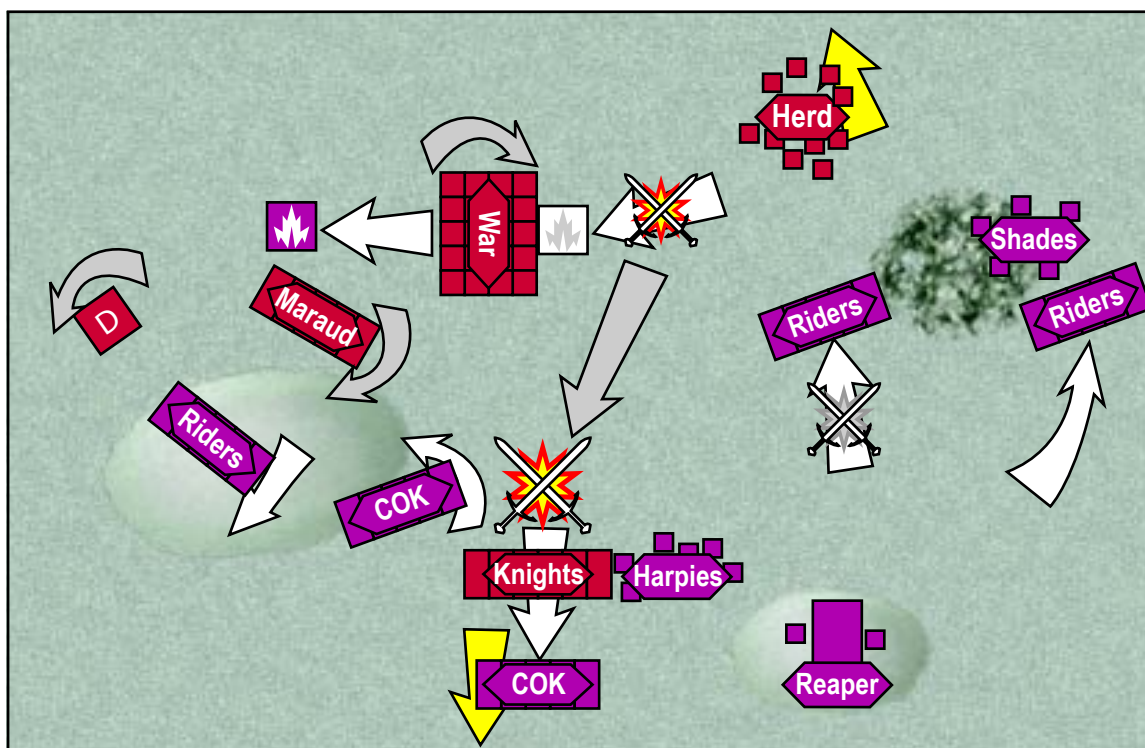


Turn 2 - The forces of Chaos attempt to regroup, but the Druchii have control of the field.

Finally managing to control the magic at his command, the Chaos Sorcerer let loose a powerful fireball at the other unit Knights and sent one to a smoldering grave as his armour cooked him alive. He would not be the last of the Druchii to fall this day. Surprisingly, when the Knights of Chaos seemed as though they would reach the Cold One Knights, the Dread Knight Champion issued a challenge. Not wanting to appear foolish in front of what remained of his army, the Chaos Lord accepted, and with his great Runesword, he attacked the elven knight. After a fierce battle, the elf was finally slain, but such was his valour that none of the other knights were harmed as they fought far too fiercely for any sword made of Chaos steel to be able to strike them down. Nevertheless, they then saw an opportunity to drag the only real threat away from the rest of the battle, and valiantly, they turned from their attackers and fled, with the Chaos Lord in hot pursuit.

The Witch King smiled then, a cold vicious smile. With that contingent of Chosen Knights safely away from the battle, the rest of the Druchii war host could focus its attentions on what remained of their foes. Seeing victory was at hand, the Witch King urged Seraphon to bellow forth a cry of war so loud as to be heard all through the northern mountains. And with that cry, the Druchii charged. The thundering of elven steeds could be felt deep in the ground as the Dark Riders plunged towards the Beastmen. Seeing the battle had gone ill and that the Riders were still far off, the Beastmen fled, causing the charge to fail to reach them. But, they were fleeing away, and that counted for something. It would only be a matter of time before they would be caught and slaughtered. Meanwhile, the dragon plunged forward into the Chaos Warriors. So close was Seraphon that he did not even bother to fly, but rather snaked his way to their backs and snapped at their heels as the previously fleeing unit of Cold One Knights made good on their plan and turned to face the Chaos Lord and his retinue.

While the harpies rallied back to the fight and the Shades halted their flight through



*Turn 3 - Malekith breaks the Warriors of Chaos and cuts them down.*

the woods, the Witch King once again summoned the dark powers to aid him. This time, however, something went wrong. The dark powers would not obey him and the winds of magic tore at his mind. He desperately tried to maintain hold of the spell, but to no avail as it collapsed around him. Worse, the powers had taken their toll on his mind. It would be some time before he would be able to summon the Black Horror to do his bidding once again.

Undaunted by that small setback, Malekith turned his attention to the battle at hand where he had come face to face with the Chaos Sorcerer. This newest victory would be just what he needed to quench his thirst for more blood and to get his mind off of the terrible pain that plagued him ever since his spell had gone awry. So, with his fell voice he issued a deadly challenge to the Sorcerer. But his tone was perhaps too harsh, for the Sorcerer chose instead to refuse and hid in the back ranks away from the terror that would have his soul before nightfall. So infused with rage at this latest outrage was the Witch King that he lashed out with supreme ferocity at the warriors who dared to oppose him, slaying no less than four of them before Seraphon had finished swallowing his first. So frightened were the so-called dread warriors of Chaos that they then took flight from this terror that had unleashed itself upon them. But it was already too late. The Witch King would not so easily let his prey slip from his grasp. They would all die, either by his hand, or by the savage claws of the great wyrm that hungered for their flesh.

But the Chaos Lord was oblivious to his army's destruction as he thundered once again into the Druchii Knights, who once again stood their ground, hoping to continue distracting the bloodthirsty followers of the Dark Gods. Similarly, the Horsemen didn't seem to wish to give up and save themselves as they charged the nearby Dark Riders. Laughing at the absurdity of being charged, the Riders flee well out of reach, leaving the Horsemen in their dust. Even the Beastmen seemed to regain lost heart and rallied to their banner, even without their champion, and turned back towards the Druchii host, ready to accept their grisly fate.

The Daemon had been trying vehemently to chase down the cohorts of the Witch King with no success. Thus it resorted to attempting assassination of the King with magic. But no matter how hard it tried, it simply could not get past the magic defences that Malekith had constructed around his subjects. He would not allow it to be broken by something as uncivilized as an Exalted Daemon of Chaos Undivided.

But the inactivity of the Daemon could do nothing to help stem the onslaught of the Chosen of Chaos and the Lord who was their leader. Without their champion, the Druchii knights were so much less of a unit. This time, they would aid the Witch King with their lives. And so they did as no less than three of them were chopped mercilessly from atop their great lizards by the blades forged in the Chaos Wastes. The last, hoping to do whatever he could took flight and lured the massively powerful Knights of Chaos further away from his liege and the rest of the army but was nevertheless cut down by the Chaos Lord as he attempted to escape. It was a worthy sacrifice, and not one that would go forgotten.

Seeing their comrades in arms destroyed by the savage butchery for which the enemy was famous, the second squadron of Cold One Knights spurred their mounts forward into a thundering charge against the Marauder Horsemen just as the Dark Riders dove forward towards the Beast Herd. But while the Herd stayed its ground, bellowing defiance at the charging elves, the Horsemen didn't like the look of their odds and fled away from the rather disappointed Knights who cursed them for their cowardice before halting short of their goal.

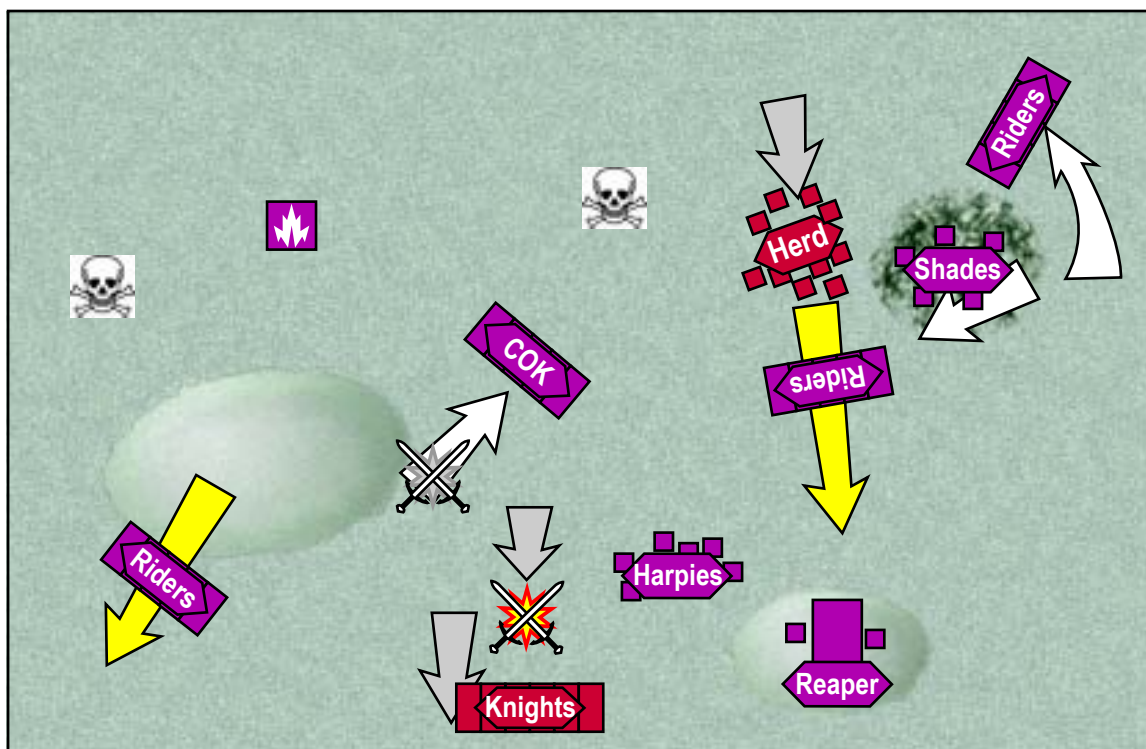
But there was still the matter of the Daemon to deal with, and the Witch King decided he ought to deal with it. To that end, he prodded his Black Dragon towards his prey. If he could not bring it to fight him, he would either obliterate it with magic or at the very least force it out of hiding and into the sights of the keen eyed elves operating the war machines to the rear. The Daemon disgustingly reared its head at the sight of the King of the Elves riding on his Dragon towards him, and screeched its

defiance in the black tongue on the daemon world. With a snarl of contempt, Malekith summoned the Winds of Magic to his aid, and called forth once again the power of Kharaidon and unleashed a bolt of black energy at the Daemon. Unable to avoid the power of the Witch King, it was hit with the full power of the spell and its body was consumed by the magic until, saturated with the powers of the Druchii Sorcerer, its hold on the mortal realm was shattered and it exploded back into the netherworld from which it was spawned.

But the Druchii were too busy yet to cheer on the glory of their King. And there were still enemies afoot. The crew of the Reapers then took aim at the fleeing Horsemen and, with a massive hail of barbed and wickedly sharpened bolts, let loose their fury and impaled mercilessly the cowardly humans who would not stand to the Druchii attack. Their blood would forever now stain the pass and serve as a warning to all those who entered the Land of Chill; grave peril await them should they cross paths with the Druchii.

But, unfortunately, it looked as though the Riders were having troubles with the Beastmen. After the charge, it looked to the Witch King that only one of the smaller ones had been slain, his body lying lifeless on the cold ground of northern Naggaroth, and the Riders looked terribly hard pressed. The Beastmen then surged back and pulled two from their steeds, bludgeoning them to death as the remaining riders took flight with the Herd in hot pursuit.

So confident were the forces of Chaos then, even after so brutally having been defeated already, did the Herd turn towards the remaining Cold One Knights. Completely forgetting their other prey, they looked hungrily towards the great lizards and their elven riders and sounded the charge. But as the horn sounded for them to go, yet another sound made them stay. The Cold Ones had at last spoken. With a massive and terrifying roar, the great and powerful lizards bellowed out to their would be attackers and, so fearful did they then seem that the strength of the Beastmen wavered and finally collapsed as they tried to hide themselves in fear, with their bosses all the



*Turn 4 - The Daemon is banished back to hell, leaving Chaos with little to fight with.*

while urging them onwards and then finally trying to stop them from fleeing in fright.

With the opportunity now before them, the Knights chose once again to surge forward and charge them Beastmen. So filled with confidence were they that the Chaos Beastmen knew they had no chance of standing to this foe, and so, they fled away once again. However, they did not take notice of the Shades who had previously been hiding in the nearby woods and who had also come charging towards them. Only too late did they see this second enemy, but by that time, the Druchii were upon them and their knives sank deep into the flesh of their enemies as they ran. Once done, only the Chosen Knights remained on the field of battle.

Without any further delays, Malekith now ordered all of his troops to converge on their last remaining enemy. Though they might resist a volley of two, the Druchii bolts would eventually prevail and they would soon all end up either as slaves to be sacrificed on the Altars of Khaine or merely memories of those who had fought in the pass that day. But the first volley only yielded one fallen Knight. However, seeing as the day had grown long and night would soon set in, the Witch King ordered the charge. And with the cry of a dragon, the Druchii host thundered forward into destiny.

As he neared, the Witch King saw the Chaos Lord step forward to challenge him. In the grip of absolute rage, he accepted and diverted Seraphon right into the path of his enemy. As the Dark Riders crashed into the flank of the knights, Malekith slammed into the Chaos Lord. The puny servant of Chaos tried to fend off his attacks with an enchanted sword, but Destroyer, Malekith's favoured weapon, quickly turned it to ash in his hands and left him wide open for attack. But the armour of the devout follower of Chaos was strong and while the Hand of Khaine was able to easily rip through it, the teeth of the dragon were not so strong.

It seemed like all of their armour was invincible as not a single Knight other than their General was harmed during the attack, and three Riders had fallen. The others, not

wishing to stay turned and fled, but the Witch King had business to finish first. But night was now upon them and in the shadows the Lord of Chaos summoned the powers of his masters to help him and fled into the night along with the last of his retinue. No matter though, these were the Witch King's lands, and he knew them well. He would rest for the night and his small army would recover. But on the morn, he would take to the skies once again to finish what had been started. He now wished greatly to see how this Lord of Chaos would beg on his knees not to be used to abate the growing appetite of the dragon, Seraphon.

#### Druchii Victories:

3 Tables quarter  
1 captured standard  
Chaos Lord reduce below half strength  
Exalted Daemon destroyed  
Chaos Sorcerer destroyed  
Marauder Horsemen destroyed  
Hounds of Chaos destroyed  
Chaos furies destroyed  
Chaos Warriors destroyed  
Beast Hear destroyed  
Spawn of Slaanesh destroyed

#### Chaos Victories

1st Squadron Cold One Knights destroyed  
2 units of Dark Riders reduce below half strength

#### Result

The Druchii MASSACRED the force of Chaos.



# Me and My Army darkprincess

By Auric Stormcloud

Darkprincess, leader of both the Cult of Pleasure imitative and Team Slaanesh, currently owns an army of Cult of Slaanesh numbering around 2,500 points. However, she says that she tends to play games of 2,000 points. She started her dark elves over two years ago. Before the official Cult of Slaanesh list was released, however, she had created her own home-grown list. She says,

"The trouble is, at that time [when she started], dark elves only worshipped Khaine, and the thought of an army of Slaaneshi Druchii was anathema to many players. However, I've never been one to take much notice of what other people tell me, so I went ahead and developed a Slaaneshi version of the Dark Elf army list, along with a couple of special characters and I started to write fluff for them, which is how I got involved with the rather appropriately-named Cult of Pleasure initiative on druchii.net. Since my gaming group is just a few friends for whom the fluff and the fun carries more weight than the actual rules, I played this unofficial army for a long time until Games Workshop nixed my idea and published the official Cult of Slaanesh list for the Storm of Chaos. Finally my army (which was not significantly different to the published one) was fully legal."



*RXBs illustrate the girly-painting technique.*



*First, the RBTs. This pic also shows some of my Devoted in the background.*

She currently owns:

- Devoted converted from Witch Elves
- Twelve Crossbowmen
- Twelve Daemonettes
- Six Mounted Daemonettes
- One Anointed on a Steed of Slaanesh
- One Keeper of Secrets
- Two Reaper Bolt Throwers
- Lonicera

Tactically, her army is based more on magic and general defensiveness. She takes three sorceresses in a normal game, one of which is Lonicera. She tends to use the Lore of Slaanesh, Dark Magic, and Shadow Magic in her games. Also, she tries to outshoot her opponent, which she says can be effective, as "in a recent game against Skaven, I was able to take out a Screaming Bell in the first turn". However, her army tends to be weak in close combat, and relies on getting the charge with her Devoted.

She chose her army based on fluff, her mantra being "fluff first, game second". It is highly fluffy, and has been explored in previous Monthlies with the exploits of Lonicera.



*The Brides of Morathi (It says so on the banner)*

As she was the creator of the characters Loniceria and Elora (who is based off of darkprincess' friend Cynthia), darkprincess' army is centred on Loniceria and the Cult if Slaanesh. She says,

"The army has a very overt Slaaneshi feel, and this is reflected not only in the models, but also in much of the iconography and the banners. For example, both Devoted units have banners bearing Drukhkh-Eltharinn sigils saying "Khyrkhan Belalakh" (Pleasure is the Path to Glory - the battle cry of my army), and Slaanesh symbols are present throughout the army, including a few tattoos on various parts of my devotees' bodies. Even the movement trays have Slaaneshi symbolism - I printed out chaos icons and other Slaaneshi imagery, some from various sources on the internet, and some drawn by myself, onto sheets of photo paper which I then glued into the trays. I continually went back to Shadowspite's excellent Druchii language guide for reference on much of these things. Banners and logos are so much better when they actually say something, rather than simply carrying a few random symbols."

Interestingly enough, her army is an all female army. She accomplishes this by painting them "girly", giving them lipstick and nail polish. Thus, even supposedly male models can be female, further enhanced by the slightly androgynous appearance of elves.

Her colour scheme is similar to the standard army of Naggaroth, as she uses liche purple highlighted with liche purple/skull white for robes. Her armour is boltgun metal overall, though some areas of armour are dry brushed with burnished gold. There is an occasional use of other purples, such as warlock purple for her crossbowmen.

She converted a fair amount of her troops, especially characters. Her Anointed was made using a model from Wargames Foundry, though most of the parts came from the mounted Slaanesh Lord, as well as a Cold One Knight lance and Arsanil the Dragonlord's shield. She also plans on converting furies in the style of Lion of Flanders.

In the future, she has a quite a few plans. She is generally finished with other armies, as she already has 1,200 points of High Elves and her, "infamous naked hippy-chick wood elves", but has contemplated doing a Lahmian-themed Vampire Counts army. She is planning to get Mengil Manhide's Manflayers to represent shades. Also, she intends on painting and modelling small skirmish sized forces representing the main cabals of the Cult of Pleasure.

She is quite delighted with her army, believing that dark elves have some of the best models of Game-Workshop's line and the greatest fluff, and would never, ever replace it. After all, "Since I had a playable Cult of Pleasure army long before GW had their official one, I see this as my army."

# Know Thy Enemy

## Cult of Slaanesh

By Drakken

In the continuation of the Know Thy Enemy series, it has come full circle. Military Philosophy says you can't truly know thy enemy until you know thy self, and that's where we've come to. The outsiders and rebels, the founders and forgotten...the Cult of Pleasure, the Elves of Slaanesh. The Original Dark Elves, the outcasts of society returned with an alternate list, with new toys, new friends, and a whole new bag of tricks. That's what we'll cover here, for its time for:

### Know Thy Self: The Cult of Slaanesh

First thing to prepare yourself for are the completely new units, Devoted of Slaanesh and the Anointed. First we cover the mandatory infantry, Devoted, who you are automatically going to see at least one unit of, and any discussion of Devoted starts with Soporific Musk. Basically, it means once they get into combat, Devoted will grind things out better than any Elf unit in 6th Edition, as most troops will have a hard time hitting them, they go before most anything, and will throw a large volume of attacks out. Throw in the automatic Mark, meaning breaking without combat is impossible, and you're left with limited options for their destruction: magic and shooting.

Both are solid options, though shooting might be better due to the likelihood of magic being harder to get off, especially considering the lack of armour. Combine a few good rounds of shooting with march blocking, and you should be able to reduce the unit to a small enough size where combat resolution can send them packing. And since they are elves with little in the way of protection aside from their skins, its normally best even then to use a unit that has lots of attacks like corsairs, or better yet, witches. So to start things off, we've got a nasty new mainline infantry unit, what



a nice place to start, especially when joined by the new character, the Anointed. A five thousand year old elf that sold his soul to Slaanesh for power, and has spent all the time since the Sundering wandering the Chaos Wastes to experience sensation, he has the profile and abilities nearly on par with a Daemon Prince on a 20mm base.

Given access to magic items, daemonic gifts, and new Anointed only gifts, a built in ward save and Chaos Armor, and he can wreck havoc on whatever he feels like, and take a pair of magic levels just to make it more interesting. Still, several combos have come to the forefront as common and cost effective, including the simple but effective Quickenig Blood and great weapon, though the Venom Blade has gotten a lot of talk there as well, but either way, high strength and always strike first is always a good thing (or a bad thing when your on the reciving end of it).

Soporific musk also sees a lot of use when not placed in Devoted units, ensuring he goes first and hits on 3s, and a Steed of Slaanesh or Chaos steed seems to be the most common mounts. In any case, your talking about a character whose damage potential is somewhere just between a Chaos Lord and a Blood Dragon Count, so being cautious is advisable. Being Immune to Psychology means methods of negating him are a bit more limited as well, though magic is once again a prime option, since the Ward save counts as Daemonic, meaning it doesn't work versus magic or magic weapons (makes Lifetaker a solid option as well, though the Anointed is likely to have a fairly good Armor save). If the Anointed is placed on a steed of slaanesh, however, options for shooting it down open up a bit given that he can be picked out of any unit with RBT fire. Once his mount is gone, his versatility will be decreased and it will be easier to control.

In the end, if he's on his own, combat resolution should still be your best bet, though I wouldn't suggest sending an Elf hero thinking he could accomplish it. The best bet is normally to take on the unit he's with and try to break it by hitting it wherever the Anointed isn't. The good news is, if you see such a tooled Anointed, likely the army is small, as his point cost can easily soar through the roof into a quarter of your army range. In either case, remember that while scary, he can't kill units solo, and he's not the general, just costs more than 2 of them.

Now, these new units can act in tandem with some of the fastest and most powerful daemons from the Chaos lists as well as unbreakable spawn and cheap marauder fodder, not to mention the other elven units. The combination has the potential to be rather devastating, especially combined with the most hated lore of Slaanesh. For all the details on the lore of Slaanesh and the Slaanesh units, please refer to Know Thy Enemy: Slaanesh.

The first and most important thing to do when facing a Cult of Slaanesh army is find out what is marked Slaanesh, and what isn't. While Devoted, and all the daemons and chaos units are, all the Elven units

instead have the option. This will make a big difference in playing style of the list, not to mention make target prioritizing easier. This makes a huge difference, as Elven units unable to flee tend to be either already marked for sacrifice in exchange for positioning, or set-up to be fairly solid (...for Elves anyway). For example, shooting at Marked units isn't nearly as useful, since panic is no longer an option, and knowing that they can't flee makes baiting traps a bit easier to spot.

Another point along the same lines is to determine what your opponent is using to generate his punch. In a Cult of Slaanesh army, quite a bit of the attack power is easy to hide, or keep subtle until it is too late. Unless you can figure out what your opponent plans to use to do his damage, you're in for a long fight. In quite a few armies, this really just comes down to Devoted and a heavily tooled Anointed, or just relying on magic to see smaller weaker troops through. In others, it could be a few ranked units scattered about, trying to sneak their damage potential around, relying on combat resolution and help from Slaanesh magic. In either case, it doesn't hurt to spend a moment during deployment to think over this. Once you discover this, its time to figure out what's necessary to deny them the chance to do this.

Now that we've taken care of the pre-battle stuff, its time to start discussing the battle plan and its implementation. We start with the obvious weakness to exploit; the loss of leadership. While this has been partially offset by a variable percentage of the army being immune to psychology, it's still a weakness that can be exploited. When you win combat, those lost points can hurt, and when you consider that the general being a toughness 3 unarmored woman is mandatory, it gets even better. Hunting that general is a very worthwhile endeavour, as her save will be lacking (if it exists at all), she's the general, and quite possible a lynchpin to the brutal magic phase. Either way, by picking on units not Immune or winning combat resolution, or even by their choice of units suffering from Stupidity, this can be a weak point to exploit.

Taking advantage of the leadership issue can be made even easier with the next point of vulnerability; the fact that even by Elven standards these Cultists lack armour. Devoted are armour-less and mandatory, marauders and spears have the same armour option, shades can have light, spawns none, and Dark Riders are well protected...for fast cavalry (meaning not very). This leaves just expensive Chaos Warriors and Knights, and stupidity suffering Cold One Knights as well protected, and all 3 compete for slots with other valuable elements. This means a little shooting can go a long way, especially the multi-shot volume of fire form, as it is almost universally toughness 3. Repeater Crossbow Warriors will be a good investment, and Dark Riders become even more so, since the slot hit means Dark Riders are competing with elites for slots.

This also brings up the last point, that of slot selection. Even more so than a standard Dak Elf list, the slots are special literally, as in that section are the ever-important fast cavalry (both varieties), the elite warriors, and your flying unit. This means that its very likely, between expensive characters, your best support troops all coming from the same slot with your base heavy Calvary and infantry, you'll likely often see less core, or just generally small armies, either of which is a simple weak point to abuse. So, we've covered a lot of basic stuff, let's put it all together. Here are several examples of lists, along with a brief guideline of suggestions where to attack.



First up, the right Extreme:

Sorceress

Level 2, Mark of Slaanesh, General

Aspiring Champion

Extra Hand Weapon, Book of Secrets

Sorceress

Mark of Slaanesh, Level 2, Dispel Scroll

Sorceress

Mark of Slaanesh, Level 2, Darkstar Coak

11 Chaos Warriors

Shields, Full Command, Banner of Wrath

5 Dark Riders

Repeater Crossbows, Musician

5 Dark Riders

Repeater Crossbows, Musician

6 Furies

12 Devoted of Slaanesh

Full Com., Speed of Slaanesh, War Banner

6 Shades

Light Armor

18 Dark Elf Warriors

Shields, Full Command

12 Marauders

Shields, Light Armor, Musician

12 Dark Elf Warriors

Repeater Crossbows, Musician

12 Dark Elf Warriors

Shields, Musician

So, as you can see, this list has the minimum amount of Marks, instead concentrating on offensive troops and overwhelming magic. With 10 power dice, it can manage a rather harsh magic phase, and 10 units means it has sacrificed too much to get troops to take advantage of it. This army does still have weak points to attack however, in addition to the weak points that become inherent in the list. Starting with the fact outside of 3 small units, it lacks mobility severely, with nothing but ranked infantry, two of which move 4". This means that flanking becomes a very possible option, and this start to take advantage of leadership. A few panic checks forced in key places, a few ugly combats as far as combat resolution goes, and you put yourself in a solid position. So, basically, concentrate on a flank and you shooting, and make you mage hunt, and you have a solid game plan.



### Second Verse, Extreme Right:

#### Anointed

2nd Level Mage, Lance, Shield, Steed of Slaanesh

#### Level 2 Sorceress

Dark Magic, Darkstar Cloak, Dispel Scroll

#### Level 2 Sorceress

Slaanesh Magic, 2 Dispel Scrolls

#### 12 Devoted

Standard, Musician, Mistress with Speed of Slaanesh

#### 12 Devoted

Standard, Musician, Mistress with Speed of Slaanesh

#### 12 Dark Elf Warriors

Mark Of Slaanesh, Repeater Crossbows and Shields

#### 12 Daemonettes

#### 6 Mounted Daemonettes

#### 6 Furies

#### 2 Repeater Bolt Throwers

Fluffy to the extent of that being more important than game play. This army will likely have a more relaxed player, and therefore the game will be about fun. Everything marked, multiples of 6, lots of magic, no chaos mortals, and quite a few daemons, meaning it's fairly mobile and its magic phase will hurt. Thankfully, nothing can flee, meaning it's easy to force the army into bad spots, and none of it has a lot of survivability once things start to break. Patience, forcing bad situations, and remembering to push the limits and take advantage of those bad situations, along with concentration of fire and firepower.

### Third Example, somewhere in the middle

#### High Sorceress

Mark of Slaanesh, Level 4, Darkstar Cloak, Dispel Scroll, Seal of Ghroind

#### Noble

Chaos Armor, Shield, Lance, Mark of Slaanesh, Steed of Slaanesh

#### 12 Devoted

Full Command, Speed of Slaanesh, Soul Shadows Standard

#### 12 Marauders

Shield, Musician, Champ

#### 12 Daemonettes

#### 20 Dark Elf Warriors

Shields, Musician, Standard Bearer, Mark of Slaanesh

#### 12 Dark Elf Warriors

Shields, Repeaters, Musician

#### 12 Dark Elf Warriors

Shields, Musician

#### 6 Dark Riders

Banner, Musician

#### 6 Dark Riders

RBX, Musician

#### 6 Mounted Daemonettes

### Fiend of Slaanesh

As one would expect, it's much closer to balanced than either of the other lists. Enough magic to have a solid phase, enough shooting to worry flankers, enough marked troops to limit the impact of psychology, and a couple of simple tricks. The Devoted and large spears are the key combat units, and much of the list is designed to ensure their successful use, meaning forcing misuse of those 2 units can beat the list. This means that careful application of concentrated force is needed, as the support elements are key, and removal all but guarantees at least a draw. The spawn, Dark Riders, and Mounted Daemonettes all draw highest priority, as once they're gone, you can remove the Noble who's the glue between those units and the infantry, and this will expose those 2 main blocks to destruction, and provide you a victory. 3 of those 4 units are very vulnerable to shooting and magic, and a hard hit to them will remove them, while the spawn will prove a bit harder, a good volume of strength 3 can still kill it fairly easily.

1000 pts of Cult of Slaanesh:

Sorceress

Mark Of Slaanesh, General, level 2. Wand of Kharaidon Steed of Slaanesh

Sorceress

level 2, Scroll, Darkstar Cloak, Dark Steed

Noble

Mark Of Slaanesh, Steed of Slaanesh, Chaos Armour, shield, great weapon

10 Devoted

Mistress with Speed of Slaanesh

5 Shades

5 Mounted Daemonettes

1 Fiend of Slaanesh

7 power dice, 1 bound item and 4 dispel dice

Its fast, can hit hard, and is difficult to catch. Magic is its ally and it is strong. However, with over half its points in characters, the army is obviously quite small and has only the minimum core. What you can expect from this army is that it will go for your shooting first in order to neutralise it and make better use of its movement capabilities. The spawn will also likely go straight for any magic users you may have in order to make that phase much more effective. But given that your army will outnumber that one about 2 to 1, it can be dealt with. The problem is the speed, as you will only get one turn of shooting normally. Your repeater crossbows will still help greatly, but a good solid infantry unit to use in this case would be a unit of 12 repeater crossbow elves with full command. With 2 ranks, standard, and hopefully outnumber, not to mention all the shots they can get, it will be a tough nut for this kind of an army to crack. If you don't want the shooting, units of 12 warriors with spears can be just as effective. The primary target has to be the mounted daemonettes though, and your opponent will know this and will use the noble as bait. On his own, that noble can

take on any small units you send his way, up to and including small units of Cold One Knights. Be careful and if you can, tie him up in combat as he won't be able to flee. Get your combat resolution by attacking the steed.

You also must get rid of the Sorceresses as quickly as possible, but it's not totally necessary if it cannot be managed immediately. Without an army they can hardly do enough damage to win. Harpies can do wonder here though, both in being able to help destroy the devoted and to chase down the unmarked sorceress who will have to be on her own - though she will be quite mobile - just not mobile enough.

So there you go, a few examples to prove what I'm not off my rocker (well, not too much anyway). Just keep the limits of what you can do in mind, know your enemies weak points, and fight hard. Just remember to keep your heart and mind on the right track...it's not unheard of for a good Dark Elven general to slip to the pinker side of things...



# The Cabals of Pleasure

## Bel'Kheriour

*By Darkprincess*

Far to the north, immersed in the bitter cold of perpetual ice and snow, stands the dark citadel of Ghrond. While following a similar design as other Druchii cities, Ghrond is far smaller but no less forbidding. It is perched atop a grim mountain peak, approachable only by a winding road through a narrow pass that makes its way up to the imposing city gates. Long the spiritual home of Khaine worship in Naggaroth, Ghrond is the location of the true Cauldron of Blood and the original Temple of Khaine itself. The crone-witch Hellebron rules this fortress city with a rod of iron and none would dare to oppose her.

None but a small and relatively obscure sect of the Cult of Pleasure. In this, the second article in the Cabals of Pleasure series, I'm going to look closely at this sect and see how allowing themselves to blend into the society of Khaine-worshippers while still preserving their Slaaneshi identity has enabled them to survive in this most unforgiving of places.

### **The History of the Bel'Kheriour**

Formed more recently than the other cabals that make up the bulk of the Cult of Pleasure forces, the Bel'Kheriour are even more obscure than the Sam'aan, which I looked at in the first article of this series.

Ghrond was already well established as the heartland of the Khainists long before a small group of Witch Elves, having grown weary of the endless but somewhat uninteresting blood sacrifices offered up to Khaine in the temple, began to explore the more pleasurable aspects of the slaughter. Over time their numbers grew, though the practice of gaining such pleasures from their murderous practices was frowned upon because it opened their hearts and minds to Slaanesh who has the ability to creep slowly into one's soul, taking control before the conscious mind becomes aware of it.

And so it was that they began to tread the dangerous and forbidden path of the Prince of Pleasure. For centuries they were still unaware that the Cult of Pleasure itself was still a powerful force. Hellebron along with her hag queens had always promoted the idea that the Cult had long been erased from Druchii society but this was of course little more than wishful propaganda on their part. In time, news began to filter out of the other cities that the Cult was still very much active in Naggaroth and, although Hellebron dismissed such tales out of hand, this gave great encouragement to the newly formed group of cultists despite the fact that communication between themselves and the other sects would still not be possible for a very long time.

Because of this lack of communication, the only knowledge passed between Slaaneshi cults in the great cities was in the form of rumours and half-truth, impossible to either confirm or deny. Thus the various cabals continued to worship the Dark Prince in their own ways over the millennia since the formation of the Druchii state. This is why all the major cabals differ in their methods and rituals having developed their practices in relative seclusion and isolation.

None more so than the Bel'Kheriour. For a time no more than a handful of disillusioned Khainists who chose to embark on a new path, they eventually found an identity for themselves basing their worshipful practices around those of Khaine so that they might not be too obtrusive among the hard core of the Temple of Khaine's ruthless witches.

Later they were joined by others but even today their numbers are virtually insignificant compared to the enormous Cult of Pleasure armies that can be called upon to fight for such cities as Naggarond and Karond Kar. Nobody can say what their numbers may be but it is probably a mere three thousand or less.

Obviously any worshipper of Slaanesh in the city of Khaine can expect no mercy were he or she to be discovered and so the Bel'Kheriour cabal has always been the most secretive and paranoid of the cabals. They will not accept a new member easily and the initiate must pass a number of tests of devotion before he or she will be invited to even the smallest of meetings.

The Bel'Kheriour is structured around a number of sub-groups in which only the highest leaders are aware of the existence of the others in order to preserve the cabal as a whole should they be discovered. Bel'Kheriour cultists would gladly die before revealing anything of their sects to the Khainist Hags.

As a direct result of this secrecy, the cultists would never fight as part of a large regiment but are much more suited to small-scale skirmishing and clandestine operations. They are among the stealthiest of warriors and many of their numbers live as Shades among the frozen mountains surrounding Ghroind. They are excellent scouts and as of today have a number of honourable victories to their credit, not least of which was a bravely fought mission to recover some magical items during the glorious Albion campaign. These days Bel'Kheriour cultists are most often called upon to serve Slaanesh in a military capacity as elite forces engaged in highly secret assignments, often striking deep into the heart of the enemy territory. For this kind of action they are especially well suited.

### **Rituals & Practices**

If one word had to be chosen to sum up everything about the Bel'Kheriour cabal, it would be "blood". Every Bel'Kheriour activity revolves around blood in some way or another. This is primarily a result of them having to fit in with the dominant Khainist sensibilities of their environment and has led them to practice the most astonishingly bloodthirsty rituals seen in any group of Slaanesh worshippers. In fact the name of the cabal is contracted from "Belak Kherith Oriour", meaning "The Path of the Blooded Kiss".

Their ritual sacrifices invariably involve the spilling of blood. This might be done on an altar in which case it is usual practice to cut either the throat or wrists of the sacrifice and drain the blood into a large chalice from which the priestesses will drink during the rituals.

Many of their rituals appear somewhat vampiric in nature and it is true that the practices of the Lahmian Sisterhood might not seem out of place among the Bel'Kheriour. The flow of fresh blood is a requirement in all aspects of the life of these cultists and sacrifices often take place in the context of massed orgies in communal baths where the water runs crimson as the victims bleed to death during the depraved festivities.

### **Colours & Iconography**

White and red representing flesh and blood are common in their rituals but on the battlefield they tend to wear dark colours as befits their Shade tactics, always an integral part of the army in which they are fighting. They are rarely seen carrying a standard, as this would make them rather more conspicuous than they prefer to be, although they do have a sacred banner bearing an icon representing the Cauldron of Blood and part of the Slaanesh rune. Most of their imagery is very much in the Khainist form as Ghroind is no place for people to openly declare their allegiance to Slaanesh.

As a result, they are the most Khainist cabal in terms of their appearance and practices although unlike the Sam'aan of Clar Karond the Bel'Kheriour loyalty to the Dark Prince is without question among those who know of their existence.

### **Dramatis Personae**

Little is known about the secretive leaders of the Bel'Kheriour but a few names are known to a few of the most high-ranking sorceresses of the Cult of Pleasure.

### *Veallac Agrian, Bloodshade*

Many Shades have exhibited great courage and ingenuity over the millennia but Veallac has become something of a legend as a result of his exploits in the Albion campaign. Still young and most likely with many great victories ahead of him many believe that he will one day rise to become a great Champion of Slaanesh.

### *Areurl'elia Vaelkathi, Mistress of Slaanesh*

Probably the most powerful and experienced of all the Bel'Kheriour Devoted. Areurl'elia, like most Mistresses, is a priestess and is often called upon to conduct some of the most important rituals in the calendar of the Bel'Kheriour and has lost count of the number of sacrificial victims that she has sent into the arms of Slaanesh over the years. Areurl'elia is young, a mere 214 years old, yet her reputation is that of a much older priestess. Never one to shy away from the more carnal aspects of the worship of Slaanesh she has had a great many lovers many of them being her victims. She inspires devotion and allegiance but has a long history of murdering those who get too close to her.

Areurl'elia has a sweetness and manner that belies her lethal cold heart for in reality the only one she truly loves is Slaanesh and all the others are no more than a means to an end - her lifelong pursuit of pleasure.

### *Khariel Daknyah, High Sorceress*

Arrogant and confident as one would expect of someone able to channel the Winds of Magic Khariel has risen very rapidly through the ranks and is now a level 3 high sorceress. Her ambition knows no limits and she regards herself as a future leader of the Cult of Pleasure seeing herself as the replacement for Hellebron once she has been removed from her position of power in Ghrond. Khariel has good intelligence contacts within the Temple of Khaine, allowing her to gain a significant advantage on numerous occasions.

### **Conclusion**

While all Druchii regardless of their religious affiliations have a tendency towards blood sacrifice the cultists of the Bel'Kheriour have raised the practice to decadent heights almost beyond imagining. Equally as bloodthirsty as their Khainist enemies both on and off the battlefield they blend in with the Khaine-worshipping population of Ghrond and are deadly infiltrators. On the battlefield they are much more likely to operate as Shades than to form a cohesive infantry unit and are ideally suited to special operations behind enemy lines.

And so I was brought into a large six-walled chamber, at the centre of which was a circular pool, like a small bath, into which the blood of the sacrifices would flow. Arranged around this pool were six tables, constructed at an angle, and with a channel that allowed the blood of the victims that were manacled to them, to flow without impediment into the central pool. The priestess had cut the wrists of the carefully bathed and perfumed sacrifices and during the bloodletting ritual, the attending cultists pleased the victims as their life drained away, and two cultists bathed and frolicked in the scarlet pool. Despite the dark images before my eyes, I could not look away as one of the struggling victims began to relax as the life essence began to fade, and actually died with a contented smile upon his face. During the final moments of his life, a priestess had taken her ritual dagger, and swiftly sliced open his chest and cutting out the heart, holding it above her and allowing the blood that remained within it to drip onto her lips. She would squeeze the last drops from each victim's hearts before the ritual was completed, while anointing the other cultists with the sacrificial blood.

Soon, I too will most certainly die upon one of these tables, but now I will not fear death so greatly, for I know that there are a multitude of worse deaths for a warrior, and this way lacks the horror that I have seen consume many of my fallen comrades.

Hermann Krigeroff, Loyal servant of Sigmar

# The Future of Games Workshop

## An Essay on Models Which Cannot Improve

By Dyne

I eagerly started reading the new White Dwarf, (UK, 298) when this caught my eye.

"The models are now at such a point of excellence, that we need not update them every time round. We used to be in a position that when a new version of the game came out, we would have to do absolutely everything again."

This got me thinking. Our own Dark Elf models, for example. I think we have all looked at those great examples in admiration, but I have never looked at them as possibly the last Druchii models. Presumably, there will be a point where the excellent sculptors will simply not be able to do any better, but this simple quote leads me to believe that this saturation point is not far away. 'What's your point?' you might be asking. Well, let me start from the beginning. I am about to guide you through the future.

Right, ok. Let us say we have reached this 'saturation point' – models will no longer get any better, so Games Workshop worries. Yes, these models are still available, but there will come a time when people will have all the models they want. While these people will still enjoy painting their models, and using them on the tabletop, this is not good to the company. While their product line is still being used, they are not making the same money from it.

At this point, the company could make a few rash decisions to regain some profit. Their main profit makers, the models, are selling less and less. Because of this, they rush to produce things in a brash attempt to regain some lost money. They might release some new unit types completely for several armies, or even create some entirely new armies. To those used to the heights of the Dark Elf models these new additions will be, quite frankly, insulting. Dark elves find themselves with a vast catalogue of sub-standard lord and hero models, or a new

unit of "assassins in training". Rushed models accompanied by under-tested rules will be common. As this travesty takes place, GW's spotless reputation is blemished. Their user base drops, and as such so does the thing they wanted – money.

But hey, GW is not just a bunch of money-making fiends (maybe I should leave that one alone). Perhaps a more likely outcome is that they branch out their realms, and create a completely new game entirely. This could be based on a new blockbuster film, or indeed based on their current range, a real-life/current day game, for example, with navies, air forces, even terrorist armies. Equally, this would not necessarily be in the same mould as their current 'mainstream' games, for this could be in the shape of a board game, for example. Maybe a simpler game, similar to the Lord of the Rings game. They might even cut out the modelling aspect, and have pre-painted models.

When asked about this poignant subject, Druchii.net representative Lord Kherith looks positively: "Models are already released with a frequency too great to keep up with, so if they slowed down, I would not mind." He also notes that new customers into the hobby might make up lost profit. "New people will still come to play this game, so models will still be sold." However, he still agrees that models will not be profit will not be of the same periodicity. Lord Kherith suggests that perhaps Games Workshop could sell their rights permanently to a game designer. Even this would not guarantee money though, as the company first mainstream outing, Fire Warrior, proved to be a flop.

Rork suggests that boxed sets will be reproduced with new 'grubbinz'. Cult of Slaanesh Dark Elf frames, god-specific Chaos, and more chapter-specific Space Marine boxes. Triggering my White Dwarf locator (I have a photographic memory) I searched through

my vast collection and found this in WD294 (UK). Gavin Thorpe had this to say of the new(ish) chaos warriors;

"After that, we'll be turning our attention to the command sprues , looking at each god in turn."

Rork also reminds us of the vampire counts last release: "When the 6th edition Vampire Counts came out, the range was good enough that it needed very little updating for this edition." Perhaps Games Workshop will just renew the codexes/army books, with only a few new models every time.

We must too remember the armies confirmed to come out still- like the third book in the Hunter series for 40k (Alien Hunters), and the probable Cathy and Nippon, from the Badlands that were mapped in the "Old World" map that the company recently

released. However, there are only so many corners of the land that you can find armies in surely? Perhaps this is not true of 40k. Like the Tau, I believe they are free to introduce many more armies for those vast galaxies.

Arguably, the most likely case is that they produce a few new armies now and then, have new boxes with extra stuff, and a few sets that could previously only be used if you were willing to convert. Who knows, Forge World might become even more entwined with the main ranges, and have rules for some of the better models included in codexes, and army books. We must also consider when this saturation point will come. Next year? Five years down the line? Maybe more. Whatever happens, I for one hope Games Workshop continue to trade for a long time more.



# Credits

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# An Afterward

## Regarding the Present and Future of This Publication

*By General Kala*

I have recently been given the distinct honor of being asked to head up this new evolution of the Druchii.net Monthly. After the great crash of summer 2005 (following on the heels of the great crash of winter 2004), Druchii.net was in the doldrums and the Monthly was languishing. In my opinion, this magazine is the flagship of Druchii.net and only one had been produced in 2005.

Z'Gahn and Nagathi have moved on to work on the combined Asur, Asrai and Druchii magazine. The Sigil is shaping up to be a magnificent magazine in its own rights. It will include some Dark Elf content that will be developed here in our own initiatives. But many of our die-hard faithful still wanted a Druchii.net-centered magazine. Thus we are pleased to be offering you this labor of love - our own magazine dedicated exclusively to those loyal to the true king.

We are going to be taking the magazine in some new directions. For a start, it will be a smaller magazine. You will note that the magazines cap out around 35 pages. The 60-70 page monster editions were putting huge pressure on the staff to get produced. They were also a bitch to digest all the information in one sitting. This time we aren't setting the bar so high and I think that you will find it is an improvement.

We're also going to be trying out some consistent themes for each issue. My goal is for one issue will meld seamlessly into the next. This issue hasn't quite made the transformation, but the subtle change will be apparent in future issues. The editorial that once introduced the issue will be replaced by a prologue that also carries the a theme from one issue to another.

Another great idea that we are going to try to develop is more content for games like Mordheim and Warhammer Fantasy Role Playing. In short, we want the magazine to showcase every aspect of life as a Dark Elf.

But the most obvious and probably the most contentious change is the name of the magazine. Allow me the opportunity to explain.

First and most obviously, having a monthly deadline built into the title of the magazine puts an undue burden on the volunteer magazine staff. I want to reduce the pressure on the monthly crew. If there is a shortage of people to work on the project (say around the ends of semesters or the holidays), then we hold off until everyone can get back to their projects. If there is a sudden surge of good material then we produce an issue as often as we like.

Secondly, I thought it was appropriate to match the changes that we have to face. The magazine has to evolve radically if it is going to succeed with a much leaner staff. We'll need a fresh start and a blank slate rather than building on the bones of the old magazines (whose legacy I will freely admit that we can't currently live up to). Leaving the old name behind will help contributors move on and leave the monthly in revered peace.

When I was handed this project I was told that one of the original concepts behind the monthly was to display the talents of the **members** of Druchii.net. The Initiatives exist to facilitate this. We sincerely want you all to be involved. Make no mistake, we are running this magazine on a skeleton crew right now. We welcome new initiative members and freelance projects both.

So contact myself or the initiative leaders if you want to be a part of this endeavor. Don't hesitate to display your skill, creativity, experience or just plain enthusiasm towards our mutual admiration for the sinister beauty of the Druchii.

May your blade stay wet,  
Kala