

IRRESISTIBLE *force*

Issue 1 - February 2003

Bi-Monthly Warhammer E-zine



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Editor: Andrew Galea
Contributors: Andrew Bishop, Mike Allen, Evan Ferris, Chris Townley, Matt Lubbock, Andrew Galea

IF Logo Artwork: Darren Whittam

IF Online:
<http://www.irresistibleforce.net>

editor@irresistibleforce.net

Editorial



Welcome to the first edition of Irresistible Force, an e-zine dedicated to Warhammer! There are many talented people in our hobby, including painters, modelers, gamers and writers. They all have the one thing in common, and that is they enjoy playing table top miniature war games. Irresistible Force is a collection of works from the players and enthusiasts of Warhammer from around Australia and New Zealand.

I am very excited (and honoured) to present the first issue to you, and hope that we can keep the momentum going and together release an issue every second month. The continued success of Irresistible Force relies on the support of the Warhammer community (you!), so if any of the articles in this issue inspire you to put pen to paper (or finger to keyboard) then get to it and send in those articles!

The feature article of this issue is Andrew “Bish” Bishop’s amazing Warhammer Fantasy Nurgle army. We also have an article by Matt Lubbock describing his adventures at DogCon and a fiction article by tournament regular Evan Ferris.

Information on writing guidelines, the e-zine and content of future articles can be found at <http://www.irresistibleforce.net>. The e-zine itself (including past issues) can be downloaded from there as well.

Please, if you have any feedback (positive or negative) please do not hesitate to send it in to: editor@irresistibleforce.net. Alternatively, I regularly attend warhammer tournaments in Sydney so if you want to chat about ideas for future issues then come up to me and have a chat. I will be the dude playing Dwarfs, Greenskins, Vampire Counts or Dark Elves!

I hope you enjoy the first issue of Irresistible Force, something that I hope to build on in future months (and years) to a respectable publication we can all enjoy together.

Cheers,

Andrew Galea
 Editor



Spot Itchy!

To celebrate the launch if Irresistible Force, we would like to announce the “Spot Itchy!” competition. Itchy Nads is a Forest Goblin Shaman of no ill-repute that consistently confounds the laws of mathematics and probability. His legend extends the length and breadth of the land telling tales of his exploits on (and off) the battle field.

Each issue, our design team will insert Itchy into the magazine somewhere. Your job is to find him and let us know! This issue we have made it easy for you (he is to the left!) but next issue we will not be as kind...

The OZGamers Guide to Good Sportsmanship

By Chris “Big Show” Townley

Playing in a tournament can be a fantastic experience where you get to play a group of new people, hopefully make a few new friends and get to check out some great looking armies. It can however, be daunting for the novice competitor who finds themselves surrounded by groups of strangers discussing rules, army lists and previous games. By the end of the event though if everything has gone well you will have hopefully won some games, with a bit of luck not lost too many and had a great time.

Ensuring that you have the best time possible is as much your responsibility as it is anyone else's, but there is also a good deal of importance paid to making sure you give your opponents a great gaming experience. Likewise you should expect that your opponents are there to give you an equally great time. In order to help and encourage new tournament players to come along and enjoy their next tournament experience a little more, a group of people from the OZGamers (<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/OZgamers/>) email discussion list took an opportunity to discuss what has made tournaments more enjoyable for them.

These few suggestions that follow may just help you and your fellow competitors enjoy the next tournament a little more, just remember they are only suggestions and in some tournaments there may be rules or restrictions that over-rule some of these.

The Pre-game and Warm-Up Experience

They say most battles are won or lost before a shot is fired, and in a tournament your enjoyment can be greatly increased by getting a few items of business out of the way before a single die is rolled.

The first thing you should do when you arrive at your table, before anything else, is greet your opponent. This does not have to be anything more than “Hi, I am Chris from Auckland and I am playing Bretonnians” but it's nice to have a name to go with the face. Next its good to run through the terrain on the table, sit down and look at each piece of terrain and decide what effect it has. Is that hill nothing more than an easy rolling climb or are the sides almost vertical and therefore difficult ground? Some people like to use buildings as defensive structures and some like to just consider them impassible. It's up to you how the terrain will work, but it's best to work out the details before any troops are deployed.



Following this is deployment and explaining your army. Not everyone is lucky enough to have a copy of every army book. Similarly, not everyone can remember every magic item. Most people will take time to swap army lists and spend a few minutes reading and asking questions – “What does this item do? How does this unit work? What is the difference between a pike and a hand weapon?” Some items are very tricky and understanding how they work can stop mistakes later on in the game.

Another suggestion is that if you have access to a photocopier then provide a copy of your list to your opponent, along with any special rules that you are using. For example, items from the Albion / Armageddon Campaign or your Lores of Magic. It is a lot more rewarding to win through good general ship rather than spending hours looking over your army list trying to find the perfect secret combo of troops and items. Needless to say, having copies of all the appropriate rules for your army is also mandatory. You should have a copy of the rules, your army list, dice, templates, White Dwarf articles (if they are being used) and anything you think you will need.

The last part of the warm up period is to wish your opponent good luck and shake hands; a challenging loss is a lot better than winning solely because half of your opponent's army decided to flee off the table in turn one.

When the Dice Fly and the Troops Move

The first thing to remember is that we are playing a game, a great game, but still a game. During the game the dice will not always go your way, units may flee at the wrong moment or fail to hit a barn door at twenty paces and so on, but that is part of the fun.

The most important thing during the game is perhaps the most obvious, don't cheat! It can be very easy to take advantage of someone who does not know the rules as well as you do, especially in the latter rounds of a competition when you might be in with a chance to get a good final placing. Mistakes happen, and rules can be forgotten, but cheating is a sure fire way of getting yourself a bad reputation.

If you believe someone is cheating then quietly alert the tournament organisers so they can check it out and perhaps have a word with the person. At the same time be forgiving of those people who forget a rule or maybe interpret it differently from you. Discuss it, read the section in the rules a couple of times and if all else fails ask the players next to you, roll a dice, or call over an umpire. Just remember, we can all read the same rule and come up with different interpretations, find a compromise and get on with the game.

Equally don't be afraid to ask to see your opponent's army book if you don't understand what is going on, and don't get angry if someone asks you. Maybe your opponent's regular playing partners play differently, or maybe you have misread a rule. It's no crime and everyone has done it at least once.

At the same time tell your opponent what you are doing that's special to your army, like units that can march even when enemy are near, and show them the book if necessary. This also works for dice throws, don't just grab some dice and begin rolling and at the end of it announce that you have passed all your leadership tests.

Go through the units one by one, announce what you need to get and roll. Dice etiquette can also be quite important; generally there will be a flank of the table that is empty so that is a good place to roll the dice so they are not crashing into figures. The exception to this rule is scatter dice – always try and roll these as close to the template or figure as possible to make it easier to work out where it is going. During the magic phase grab the dice you generate and keep them separate and in plain view of your opponent.

It's also important to remember that these games involve a lot of compromises. Sometimes what looks clear to you may not be clear to another player, like whether a unit can charge another because it's 0.01mm out. Sometimes you can roll off for it; other times your opponent maybe generous and give you a "gimme". There is nothing more ungracious then not returning that generosity if a similarly arguable situation arises later in the game.

Also it's a nice courtesy to let your opponent make the calls on things that affect his troops, like where a template has landed and how many figures it has hit, and the same applies when it's your troops being pummeled. As long as you are both fair about it the game will flow a lot smoother.

The final point is during a tournament is that time becomes a critical factor.

Most games only have two to three hours to play out including setting up, discussing lists, playing the game and packing up. Make sure that you spend your time wisely. Bring movement trays to help you move your units, especially if you have a large army. Plan ahead whilst your opponent is having his turn, where are you going to move, what are you going to shoot at and so on. Finally you should know your army list and rules reasonably well so you do not have to look everything up all the time. Likewise don't stretch out your turns and try to "play for time". This is a good way to annoy your opponent and it will hurt your reputation as a player, better to loose graciously that try to stretch out a draw that you did not deserve.

When the Figure Cases Come Out, and the Figures Leave the Table

Once the game has been played there still remain a number of important steps to resolve and it's easy to make even the worst loss a positive experience to learn from just by following a few simple steps.

Firstly, working out who has won at the end of the game is not an easy task, so many points to calculate, who won banners, who holds which table quarter and so on. To make this part of the game a lot easier have a copy of your army list with each unit and character listed. Next to them have the half points and full points of said units/characters, and leave a spot in case the units banner is captured. Then at the end of the game all you need to do is work your way down the list, circling the points your opponent scored and then quickly tallying them up. Add in special conditions such as table quarters or deployment zones and you're finished.

Take some time to sit down and discuss the game when you are finished. Cover any unresolved issues that occurred during the game. Compliment your opponent if they played well, positive re-enforcement leads to more positive behavior.



What a good looking man! – Ed

Finally spend a few minutes looking at the sportsmanship points (if the tournament has a sportsmanship component) and reflect on the game. Nobody wins all the time, so don't be a bad sport and mark your opponent down just because he or she won. It is important to spend a few moments looking at the guidelines that the organisers have given you. Don't hand out high scores just because you can, but consider each game fairly and mark it appropriately.

However don't be afraid to give someone a low score if they were "beardy", "cheesy", or were not a nice person to play. If you are really concerned have a chat to the umpires, maybe you caught your opponent on a bad day, or maybe others have complained about their attitude.

Playing in a tournament is a serious investment of time and money, don't let other people make it a bad experience for you, and don't make it a bad experience for others. Play some games, have some fun and remember it's not whether you win or lose; it's whether or not you pass your panic tests!

Happy Gaming!



Mike Allen is a well respected and popular member of the war gaming community. Residing in Adelaide, he often makes the journey to Sydney and Melbourne for the larger events.

Mike is also an avid gamer and recently achieved a fantastic 5th position overall at DogCon; the biggest and strongest Warhammer tournament in Australia.

"Remain in Play" is a regular column that Mike will use to impart his infinite wisdom upon us all!

The editor in his wisdom (?) has asked me to contribute some thoughts to the first edition of IF. He may live to regret this!

I've been thinking recently about the future of Warhammer Fantasy Battle. What got me thinking about it was realising that there are only 4 or 5 army books to go and I've heard virtually nothing about the next edition of Warhammer.

Remain in Play

Warhammer Opinion Column by Mike Allen

This is a little strange based on the history of the game when rumours and insider information started to flow with 18 months or so of each version's release.

When the sixth edition was in planning I contacted Tuomas Pirenen and suggested that I and others in Australia might be involved in the development and play testing of the new rules. He seemed keen but got over ruled from "above".

I got the feeling that was happening a bit at the time and might have reflected somewhat on his decision about 12 months later to leave Games Workshop: who knows? When you consider some of the quality issues with the rules and the large number of updates and amendments since, perhaps a wider audience would have helped!

I often think of GW as the Microsoft of the gaming world. There are many similarities with the software giant both good and bad.



One thing Microsoft learned, that GW seems to have ignored, is there are lots of people out there who'll help you for free. In the early nineties Microsoft would guard their new products right up to release, then weather a storm of outraged customers as the bugs were found in the product. Now they have extensive beta programs where serious customers can try the products and assist in getting them into a decent state BEFORE they are sold.

This has helped the company in many ways and improved its profile, particularly with major customers.

Unfortunately GW doesn't appear to respect or value its experienced customers. Sure there is an "elite", almost totally in the UK, that get to play test new games or rules, but that is it. If seventh edition is still someway off I believe GW could do worse than throw it open to experienced gamers world wide, firstly for ideas and then for play testing. I noticed that the Fanatic part of GW has recently done this with the next version of Epic 40K. This is a positive sign; let's hope we can get the same for WFB. I'd suggest that everyone email GW Oz and UK and (politely) request that the play testing of the seventh edition of WFB be widened to the Warhammer community: who knows, like Microsoft, they might even listen.

The other thing WFB reminds me of is the evolution of Ancients war gaming. In the 70s and 80s the Society of Ancients and War Games Rules 3000 BC to 1420 AD dominated war gaming. At the time I was playing 5th edition and then the 6th came out, which much like WFB 6th seemed to fix most of the problems people had with the earlier rule sets.

Then came 7th edition and people didn't like it. Instead of building on the 6th version of the rules the writers went for a far more abstract form of game and people left ancient war gaming in droves, including me.

However the good news was after a few years in the wilderness Phil Barker came up with DBA and DBM, which is arguably the strongest historical war gaming set of rules worldwide. So that got me thinking, will GW go this way with 7th edition WFB and take the risk of losing its support? Will they move closer to the Warmaster rule set, which is quite similar to the concepts in DBA/DBM?

Who knows? All I hope is that whatever they intend they respect the knowledge and ability of the Warhammer community and involve them directly in the future of the game. Oh, and it would be good if they could stick with the current army books this time!

May your miscasts be kind!

Mike



DogCon Results

DogCon 2, the biggest Warhammer tournament held in Australia with over 80 competitors, was held at North Sydney on the Australia Day long weekend.

Over three days of fun gaming, friendly banter and the odd beer the following generals emerged victorious:

1st Overall: Don Riddick

(Khorne Daemons)

2nd Overall: Charles Black
(Chaos Warriors)

3rd Overall: Bill Edwards
(Tzeentch Warriors)

Best Army: Andrew Bishop
(Nurgle Daemons)

Best Sport: Jason Bury
(Dwarfs)

Best Painted: Ming Chang
(Necrarch Vampires)

Best General: Peter Loft
(Khorne Warriors)

Ugliest Player: Charles Black

Cheesiest Army: Mark Brown

Here is a table of the numbers for each army and their average overall score:

Army	#	Avg.
Brettonia	2	207
Dogs of War	2	206
Beastmen	1	198
Vamp. Count	15	195
Skaven	5	190
Dwarfs	4	190
Orcs/Goblins	4	187
Chaos	21	185
Chaos Dwarf	1	182
High Elves	6	181
Empire	9	179
Lizardmen	2	174
Dark Elves	7	165
Wood Elves	3	144

“The Plague Lord Cometh!”

Building a Nurgle Army

By

Andrew “Bish” Bishop

“Byshe the Putrid sniffed the chill northern air with distaste. It was still too clean for his liking, despite the acrid smoke of the funeral pyres that hung over the battlefield. That would soon all change though, he thought. The dead would soon be stacked high in the fields and towns of the old world. The onslaught of the greatest of all Chaos Gods, Nurgle the Lord of Pestilence, was gaining impetus daily.

On this day, the army of the Elector Count of Nordland had withdrawn after suffering heavy losses in battle that afternoon. The daemonic legions of Byshe had descended upon the province in a wave of filth, driving sickened, infected and terrified peasants before them, spreading Nurgle’s gifts. Despite the fierce onslaught of his Maggotkin, Byshe had been grudgingly impressed by the resolve of the Nordlanders - men hardened by periodic onslaughts from the Chaos Wastes.

Nothing, however, had prepared them for the sickening stench and rotting foulness of the Nurglite daemon horde. The appearance of its leader from the obscuring cloud of flies had been particularly terrifying. He had moved with remarkable speed considering his mass – a tower of obese and festering fly-blown rotten flesh. Unknown to the Nordlanders; they faced one of the most fearsome of Nurgle’s servants, Byshe the Putrid - a ‘Great Unclean One’, Avatar of the Plague god himself.

Byshe had ripped into the Empire ranks, plucking heads from shoulders with the ease of plucking grapes, vomiting forth a stream of indescribable foulness that dissolved men and machines into a stinking vapour.

That had been this afternoon. Now the field was silent.

The enemy had fled, refusing Nurgle’s blessing. Soon the horde would start towards the south again. Byshe smirked to himself, his cracked and pestilent lips curling back over rotting teeth, and thought:

“So easily they run, yet to no avail. The ravages of pestilence, disease and death come to all eventually. Why do they not embrace the gifts of the plague lord now? ... for whatever doesn’t kill you makes you stronger.”

At that moment, Byshe was immensely strong, for Nurgle’s gifts to him had been many. He sniffed again and then motioned the Maggotkin forward. The unready Empire awaited ...”



The Plaguwind of Byshe the Putrid

Introduction

I have been a fan of Chaos for quite a few years now, since building my first Chaos army in 1995. After all, the struggle of the races of the Old World against Chaos is one of the strongest and most distinctive themes in the Warhammer background. So when the newest incarnation of the Chaos army book, *Hordes of Chaos*, came out I was inspired once again to revisit my love of the chaotic powers.

In this article, my aim is to demonstrate how one gamer (me!) went about planning and constructing a Chaos daemon army. Hopefully the process may provide some insight and even better some inspiration to others to build a Chaos daemon army too.

Deciding on an Army!

One of the first things to consider when putting together a Chaos army for WFB is which of the four great Chaos powers to follow. *Hordes of Chaos* also gives the option of following 'Chaos Undivided', but this wasn't for me – after all, you've got to declare your allegiance to one of the dark powers if you're playing chaos!

When I first started playing Chaos I chose Nurgle as the Chaos power my army would follow. At that time there were very few Nurgle armies around, which meant my army would be relatively unique. This situation has changed now, as many players have realised the character that a Nurgle army can offer. I've stuck with Nurgle since then as my chaos army of choice.

My Chaos army up until now would have been considered a chaos 'warrior' army under *Hordes of Chaos*.

I decided to try something different though, and thought it would be fun and challenging to try and create an all-daemon army. Since the 'splitting' of the chaos lists in WFB 5th edition a few years back, daemons have probably been considered the weakest and least balanced of the Chaos lists.

With the advent of the new book, they were rumoured to be even more 'challenging' to play. The introduction of new daemon instability rules and the lack of command groups for their regiments make daemon armies very fragile. Since daemons are very high points cost troops, the armies are also very small in relation to almost all others (especially my last army!) and therefore even more challenging. Fortunately though, they are still ferocious in combat!

So I decided I had to do it, and of course the choice of Chaos power for my daemon army was a foregone conclusion – it had to be Nurgle!

Army Composition

Having decided to collect the army, I went through the process of putting together an initial army list. I wanted the army to be fun to play with and against, and also to be competitive in both tournament and friendly games.

When looking at the composition of an army, I normally start with the core. With my daemons, it was no different. Core troops are those that will normally bear the brunt of the fighting, so to me they are the most important element of the army. The core of the army would have to be Plaguebearers. These are the standard Nurgle daemon troop type, and are suitably foul but resilient. I also wanted some Nurglings in the

army, as these are very characterful for Nurgle. Since they are daemonish skirmishing swarms, they can be very useful on the battlefield too! I took a small unit of four stands of Nurglings, and made up the rest of my line troops with five relatively small units of Plaguebearers.

I now had my next important decision – that of deciding my glorious leader. As the general, I decided that the best leader for my daemon horde would be "Byshe the Putrid" himself, in the form of a Great Unclean One. He comes in at a hefty points bill (600 pts), but he is very 'in character', has some great attributes, scares opponents half to death and also allowed me to model a suitable 'centre-piece' for the army. Besides, I decided that if I needed points elsewhere, I could always downgrade him later to a Daemon Prince.

The army at this stage was a little too unbalanced for my liking, with only one character and two troop types, so I reconsidered it a bit. Unfortunately there were no other Nurgle Daemon types, and I wanted to maintain an 'all-Nurgle-daemon' theme. Then I looked at the new Chaos undivided daemon type – Chaos Furies. As Daemonish skirmishing fliers, they would add a great deal of tactical flexibility to my slow, all-infantry daemon force. Since they are 'chaos undivided' (and therefore not followers of a rival god), I reasoned that I could also plausibly stretch my theme to include them in my order of battle. They just had to be made to appear suitably 'Nurglesque' when I modelled them. I therefore went with a small unit of these guys too. To round out the army and include another modelling opportunity, I included a 'Beast of Nurgle' Chaos Spawn.

Here was the list as it stood thus far: The Plague-Wind of Byshe the Putrid (1979pts)

Troop Type	Points	Category
Byshe the Putrid (Great Unclean One)	600	Character
Nurgle's Rotters (16 Plaguebearers)	256	Core
The Plague Bringers (12 Plaguebearers)	192	Core
The Pox Spreaders (12 Plaguebearers)	192	Core
The Maggotkin (12 Plaguebearers)	192	Core
The Anthrax Boys (12 Plaguebearers)	192	Core
Children of the Unclean One (4 Nurglings)	160	Core
The Dengue Flies (8 Chaos Furies)	120	Core
The Slimy Beast (Beast of Nurgle Spawn)	75	Rare

Tactics

This gave me an army that I was fairly happy with. My five units of plaguebearers gave me core infantry troops that could dish out a bit of damage and take a bit of punishment too. Their 'cloud of flies' makes them -1 to hit in hand-to-hand, and combined with their toughness of 4, they are fairly resilient. I opted for a larger number of small units rather than fewer large units in order to have some tactical flexibility and hopefully use some of the units in flanking and supporting roles. I knew their combat resolution would suffer with no unit standards or champions, but that was a weakness of the army I'd have to learn to live with.

The 'auxiliary' units' role is to try and give some support to the Plaguebearers. The Nurglings and Spawn would be used to entangle enemy units for a while, hopefully making them susceptible to charges by Plaguebearer units. They could also be used to protect my flanks in some circumstances. The Furies would add much needed speed and flexibility to my slow infantry force.

They could act as a rapid reserve where needed, or alternatively could go after weak missile units or war machine crews, which could really punish my army otherwise.

The furies are pretty fragile, so targets for them would need to be pretty easy to kill, and would have to be picked with great care.

Finally the big guy himself, Byshe the Putrid (the Great Unclean One) adds the needed magical support for the army, provides an excellent centrepiece for modelling and is also quite good in hand to hand combat. With 6 attacks at WS8 and S6, he is able to dish out some serious damage to the enemies of Nurgle. The combination of high weapon skill, the 'cloud of flies' (-1 to hit) and a whopping 10 wounds (!) means that he is pretty hard to kill. Additionally he has the Stream of Corruption: a strength 3 breath attack, but with a -2 armour save. This can come in handy in some circumstances (eg. against knights). His major drawback on the other hand is his extremely slow movement compared to all the other greater daemons (which all fly). His move of 4 inches per turn means I will have to work very hard just to get him into combat and stop his opponents from avoiding him.

I'll take this opportunity to discuss the Nurgle spells from the Chaos magic lists briefly. The spells have some great names and really help to get into the Nurgle frame of mind.

I love announcing to my opponent that he is to be smitten with 'poxes', 'buboes', 'boils' or something of the kind! Like many of the spell decks, Nurgle magic is fairly good against some armies and basically hopeless against others. I've been able to use it to mixed effect so far. The spells are all fairly low strength and relatively short range, but most 'remain in play'. In combination, a couple of the spells that reduce toughness and cause toughness checks can be used to good effect against characters over several turns. There are also a couple of others that reduce the stats of enemy units and halve movement, which can both be useful in the right circumstances.

The main offensive spells are the "boils" and "pestilence", which both have the major advantage of ignoring armour saves. I've found them to be excellent against low-toughness but expensive heavily-armoured troop types. Bretonnian or Empire knights, High Elf Silverhelms, and Dark Elf Cold One Riders get torn apart by these spells. The pestilence also has the advantage that it will stay on a unit until dispelled, whilst still allowing it to be recast on another unit, or another spell to be cast. In effect, it's a spell that remains in play, but is not classified as a "remains in play" spell.(!)

Modelling the Army

I always like my armies to look distinctive and unique, and modelling and painting them is really my favourite part of the Warhammer hobby. For this army, I decided I wanted to have a go at scratch-building my own Great Unclean One, and thought I'd also try to scratch build the rest of the army. I nearly got there too! I didn't actually buy any specific Nurgle miniatures for this army, except for the nurglings, which were the old type that I had lying around from my previous Chaos army. My Great Unclean One is scratch built from "green stuff", and all the Plaguebearers and Furies are made from scratch from various plastic kits, which I'll discuss below.

When approaching the modelling and sculpting of the Great Unclean One, I wanted him to convey the sense of absolutely awesome mass that you see in all the GW artwork they appear in. Great Unclean Ones are meant to be huge, and the commercially available one simply does not look big enough to me, or have the particular character that I wanted my greater daemon to have. I wanted him to be a very large, hugely obese daemon with a menacing look, but still something that could be referred to by his followers as "papa Nurgle" (as they often are in stories). The photos below show the various stages in his construction.



Fig 1: The initial stages of constructing the Great Unclean One



Fig 2: Modelling tools and "Kneadatite" (green stuff) epoxy putty

To save on using an absolutely enormous amount of green stuff, the innards of Byshe started with a Styrofoam ball. Around this, the basic shape was progressively built up with green stuff. Once the basic shape and anatomy was done, it was a matter of adding the detail and trickier bits like the face, hands, horns and surface detail. I am pretty pleased with the way he turned out. He certainly looks to me to be a suitable size for a Great Unclean One, standing about as tall as other greater daemon models and other large monsters like dragons, but on top of this he is hugely bulky, making him look impressively bigger.



Fig 3: The final stage of sculpting the beast.



Fig 4: The completed Great Unclean One!

I wasn't totally happy with the look of the new GW plaguebearers either, so thought I'd give it a go at making my own out of the multitude of plastic kits that GW have available these days. I love these detailed and versatile kits, which are now the basis of any army I make. I also had a huge collection of various leftover boxes of regiment kits and bits from others that I wanted to try and use.



Here are some preliminary sketches of what I hoped to achieve with the multi-part plastic kits. Detailing the equipment and basic look of the Plaguebearers.

So after some preliminary rough sketches (very rough – I can't draw to save myself!), that's what I did – put together lots of bits from plastic kits and lots more green stuff. The Plaguebearers are built from a liberal amount of green stuff, plus components from various kits. From the feet up these were: Skaven feet, WH40k Kroot legs, Zombie and Skeleton torsos, Skaven and Goblin arms and weapons, and Orc heads. These eclectic bits from different kits were glued together and a lot of greenstuff added to the joins and also used to further shape the body and head.



Fig 5: Some of the Plaguebearers prior to painting

The Plaguebearer heads were the trickiest bit of remodelling required. First the orc eyes were filled in, and the distinctive single eye and horn of the Plaguebearer were sculpted on. The jaw-line and mouth was then modified and a larger nose built. After this cosmetic surgery, I had a Plaguebearer I was happy with and it was just a matter of repeating it 64 times, until I had enough figures for my units.



Fig 6: Some of the completed and painted Plaguebearers (and Byshe the Putrid!)

At the time of starting my army, I'd seen no pictures of the yet-to-be-released chaos Furies, so I had a clean slate to work with as far as my imagination went. All I knew about furies from Hordes of Chaos was that they were to be skirmishing fliers. After a bit of thought, I decided to model them to fit into my Nurgle theme by modelling them as giant insectoid creatures resembling flies and mosquitos. What better to spread Nurgle's plagues, after all?

I made the torsos from plastic Tyranid kits from WH40k, and added a large insect abdomen made of green stuff around the existing tail. The Tyranid bodies already looked suitably insect-like with their six multi-jointed legs. The heads were added using green stuff modelled to look like fly and mosquito heads. For the wings, I hunted around various toy shops until I found a suitably sized pack of kids' plastic insects (about \$3 a pack I think). These had great transparent plastic wings that I could cut off and stick onto my furies. The gaps were once again filled with green stuff and I had a unit of furies that Nurgle would be happy to have in his service.

The Spawn was also scratch built from green stuff, plastic arms and other bits I had in my 'bits box'. Once again, I tried to stick with a diseased and insectoid theme to fit it in with other elements of the army.



Fig 7: The Chaos Spawn / Beast of Nurgle prior to painting

The Nurglings were simply the standard old-style nurglings, rebased so that they were jam-packed onto their bases to convey the impression of a real swarm of the little blighters.

When painting the army, I decided not to go with the 'standard' Nurgle colour scheme of greenish shades. Instead, I went for pallid flesh, beige, grey and brown tones to make the daemons look sickly and diseased.

Overall, I am happy with how my Nurgle daemon army has turned out. Since I made the miniatures myself, I am also confident in the knowledge that I now have a unique and individual looking army.

Further Army Development

Since first compiling the army list and building the army, I've played quite a few games. My results have been pretty good considering all-daemon armies are widely thought to be fairly weak. I did want to expand the army though to include some different combinations. Specifically, I wanted to add some options to the army that I could use to provide tactical variations. With the Dogcon2 tournament coming up in late January, I had a good opportunity to include some other stuff in the army. Dogcon at this stage is the only major tournament using a rule for optional 'detachments' that allow you to vary your army slightly to face various opponents. This was a good chance to have a couple of tactical options depending on which opponent I am facing.

The first of my new additions to the army is the inclusion of a Nurgle Exalted Daemon. This guy is an option for use when I need to increase the level of magic casting or protection of my army, or any time a terror-causing flier might be useful. He's also useful for smaller games than 2000pts where a lord-level character is not available, meaning he can then lead my force. I've given him spell casting level two, the 'stream of corruption' and 'diabolic splendour' daemoniac gifts. This makes him useful for harassing the enemy by flying around, using his breath attacks and magic to disrupt and slow them down (and occasionally cause the odd terror test!). Since my Great Unclean One is at the obese and bloated end of the spectrum of Nurgle's diseases, I decided that my Exalted daemon would be on the opposite, emaciated end of the spectrum. I therefore sculpted him as a tall skinny model with huge insectoid wings and a plague flail to keep with my Nurgle theme.



Fig 8: Progress photos of the Exalted Daemon of Nurgle prior to painting

Anyway, we'll see how he goes on the battlefield.

I hope you've enjoyed reading about the creation of my army as much as I enjoyed creating it. Until next time: may the plague god smile upon you all, your limbs atrophy and drop off, your lymph glands swell to the size of basketballs, and may all your poxes be pestilent!

"Bish"



Andrew Bishop or "Bish" as he is known to most gamers has been playing Warhammer Fantasy Battles since 1988 (3rd edition) and has collected a number of armies over the years. He is a regular tournament goer, where he represents his club, The Dogs of War Warhammer Club. The Nurgle army of Byshe the Putrid is his latest Warhammer project.

The History and Origins of Louis d'Montforte, Scourge of Brettonia

By Evan Ferris

In the year 2432 IC, the wife of the Duke d'Montforte gave birth to a pair of healthy twin boys. There was rejoicing throughout the province that the ageing Duke finally had an heir and everyone was content.

Years passed.

Philippe was born minutes ahead of his brother Louis, and thus was the heir. Although twins, the brothers were not alike and over the years they diverged even more. Philippe was blond and fair spoken, and as heir apparent he spent many hours studying statecraft. He was also his mother's favourite, who encouraged on him a love of art and music. He was also tall, well built and a natural warrior. Louis, on the other hand, was as dark as his brother was fair. He spent his time hunting with his father and men-at-arms. He also spent many hours on the practice ground each day, working hard at becoming a great warrior. Although Philippe only rarely visited the practice yards, the two brothers were equally matched in strength and skill in the knightly arts.

Eventually the age of the old Duke confined him to bed, and after a year he died. All were saddened, but the castle needed a new Knight to defend it. Many of the youths of the castle and the nearby village answered the call for Knight-Errants, and Philippe and Louis were at the forefront. The errand of knighthood was to be set by Elysabet, the fairest lady in the Duchy, and one of the Duchess d'Montforte's ladies in waiting. She was a young lady of minor nobility, of an age with Philippe and Louis. As Philippe had spent a lot of time in the castle,

the two had grown quite close and had deep feelings for each other. However, tradition dictated that she must marry whoever fulfilled the errand of knighthood, no matter her feelings for Philippe. Louis had never seen her before she appeared on the balcony of the castle to pronounce the errand, yet at once he was struck by her incredible beauty.

The errand was to slay a ferocious beast that had been devouring peasants in the nearby Forest of Woe. The beast was reported to be 12 feet high, with the body of a man and the head of a massive bull. The knights rode out that morning determined to slay the beast or die in the process. A week went by until 5 of the knight-errants, with Philippe and Louis among them, were able to track the beast to its lair. It lived in a cave atop a rocky mountaintop, and the knights left their horses at the bottom and started the arduous trek to the top. Cautiously they entered the cave with drawn swords, but they never expected the sheer size and agility of the beast. It was on them in an instant, and had crushed two knights with its fearsome club before the rest could react. Louis sliced its arm, but the monster turned and struck him a glancing blow that sent him out of the fight. Bertrand, a commoner from the village, attempted a great overhead swing, but it was blocked on the creature's club. In return the monster struck a huge sideways blow that sent Bertrand flying back until he hit the opposite wall of the cave. This mighty swing unbalanced the monster, and Philippe stepped up and sunk his blade up to the hilt in the monster's stomach. Philippe ran to help

Bertrand as the monster fell to the floor, wheezing and with blood pouring out of its bestial mouth. As Bertrand was dying in the arms of Philippe, Louis who had regained his feet came over to the beast and decapitated it with one massive stroke.

Now when they got back to the castle Philippe claimed the hand of Elysabet, saying he had killed the monster. But then Louis stepped up and announced that it was his blow that had killed it, and demanded the hand of the maiden. There was an argument where neither side wished to back down. Therefore it was decided that there would be a joust with the winner gaining not only the hand of fair Elysabet, but the entire duchy of Montforte as well. As the two brothers lined up at each end of the lists, there was not a single person sure of the outcome. For the two brothers, on the few times they had practiced against each other, were so alike in skill that no one could pick between them. This had always rankled with Louis, who had spent hours at the practice field, whereas Philippe didn't bother. So as they charged there was hatred in Louis that was to be his undoing. Louis was focusing so intently on his brother that he neglected to set his own defences properly, so on the first pass a glancing blow from Philippe knocked him out of his saddle. Here fate dealt him a cruel blow, for when he fell his leg was caught in the stirrup and broken leaving him unable to continue.

Philippe and Elysabet were married and were happy. But for Louis there was nothing. It was determined that the joint killing of the Minotaur made both brothers full Knights, so as soon

as his leg was healed Louis set off on the Grail quest. He had decided to fulfil the quest and show his brother who the better warrior was. But although he ranged far and wide, killing monsters and fighting evil, he could not find the Grail.

Again, years passed.

Elysabet bore Philippe an heir, and he felt able to seek out the grail himself. It was less than a year before he saw the Lady, and drank from her enchanted chalice. When Louis heard this he was plunged into despair. He began to have no heed for his own life, and would wade alone into an army of evil creatures. He fought his way through the entire bodyguard of the Orc Warlord Grubzik and killed the massive creature in combat. He single handedly defended the village of Brionaux against a whole beastman warband. Mighty was he and many his triumphs, but the Grail remained as elusive as ever.

It was during this period that Louis met with Pieter von Drak, a wandering mage from the Empire. They agreed to band together to better fight evil and for safety. However at this time Louis cared little for his own safety, as if he wanted the Grail or death and didn't care which. They were huddled at their campfire one evening and Louis was ranting.

'I am the greatest warrior on earth! Why does the Lady share the grail with these other weak knights when I have sought her for 10 years and have seen her not!'

'You are not the greatest warrior on earth.' Pieter said calmly. There was a silence as Louis turned slowly to face him. *'How can you say that! I have faced countless monsters, overcome numerous champions of darkness and have yet to find a foe that can withstand my*

blade.'

'The greatest foes do not come to you. You must seek them out in their lairs. The greatest of all warriors are the dread race of vampires.'

A chill settled over the fire at that comment. All men knew of vampires, but most believed them merely superstition. Pieter talked about them to Louis, describing their incredible strength and speed. Louis became inflamed to meet one of these creatures of darkness and test his mettle against them. Once again the pair set off, but this time with a specific purpose. They rode the breadth of the land, seeking rumours of the location of one of these fiends. All the time Pieter kept telling Louis about how vampires were once normal men, and how anyone could become a vampire by receiving a vampire "kiss". Finally they found a lead. In a remote village the peasants tremblingly told of a nightmare creature that abducted people from the village. These people were later found in the woods, drained of all their blood. The knight and the mage set off in to the wood, searching for the vampire's lair. After several hours of searching they came across an old crypt, partially ruined and covered in moss. A massive boulder, far too heavy for a man to budge blocked the entrance. Louis wished to carry on, but Pieter insisted that they stop and wait for nightfall.

Sure enough when the sun set the boulder was smoothly rolled aside, and a man emerged. However the ease with which he moved the massive stone proclaimed him to be the vampire. Louis boldly stepped out into the clearing, proclaiming a challenge.

'Stand and fight, creature of darkness, for I defy you in the name of the Lady'.

The vampire slowly turned to look at Louis. He was of average height and did not look to be physically stronger. However the way he bore the weight of his jet-black plate armour, and the effortless way he hefted his massive broadsword revealed a deceptive strength.

'Begone mortal,' the creature sneered *'for a mere human cannot defeat a lord of Undeath'*

'The Lady willing I will prove that on your body' Louis replied, as their swords came together with a steely ring.

Back and forth the two warriors struggled, human courage and tenacity pitted against supernatural strength and agility. For although the vampire was young, his strength was still far greater than that of a human. However Louis fought with the total conviction of someone who believes in what they are doing, and the recklessness of someone who has nothing to lose. Blows flickered thick and fast, and each inflicted many cuts on the other. But the end when it came was shockingly sudden. A backhand swing from Louis was not blocked by the vampire, and bit deeply into the vampires exposed neck. The vampire reeled back, dropping sword and shield, before slumping limply to the ground.

Dizzy with the rush of victory, Louis looked at the mighty warrior dying feebly at his feet. All the talk about how men became vampires thundered through his mind. Although he had proved himself the better, the vampire had been more powerful than any mortal Louis had ever encountered. That strength and speed was now his for the taking. He wanted to use the increased power of vampirism to further help him in

his quest against evil, and to find the Grail.

He thought that his own fighting prowess, enhanced with the supernatural energy of a vampire would make him the greatest warrior alive. Louis stood over his defeated foe and in that second he made a decision that would damn him for eternity. He bent down to the vampire's neck and drank.

All of the powers of the vampire that he had imagined were now his, but there was something that he hadn't counted on.

The Thirst.

The following night once he regained consciousness; he felt the raging desire for blood inside him. Pieter, who had carried him into the crypt and out of the sun after he had collapsed, advised him that he craved the blood of living men. But Louis would not kill an innocent, but instead drank the blood of a cow instead. And so, for a while everything remained the same. They would still travel the county fighting evil creatures, and Louis would kill animals rather than his fellow man. But the corrupting energies of Undeath inside him were too strong. At the village of Goronious, Louis cleared the woods of the bandit Markus and his gang of outlaws. But rather than killing them or turning them over to the authorities, he thought *'They are going to die for their crimes anyway'* and drained them of their blood instead. So although he still would not hurt an innocent, he began to have no qualms about drinking the blood of the corrupt and the outlawed. It was not long after that when he began to believe that if he saved a whole village from evil, what harm was there in taking one? After all if it were not for him they all would be dead, so was he not

entitled to one? Before long all vestiges of his former humanity had been washed away, and he began to see humans as merely cattle. Pieter had remained his companion through all this, and had agreed with his justification at each step of the way. He now began to give Louis some instruction in the arts of magic, and teaching him to control the winds of dark magic that were now visible to the vampire.

After Louis believed that he had finally mastered all aspects of his vampiric powers, he resolved to return to Montforte and confront his brother once and for all. He looked forward with a savage anticipation to finally showing his brother which of them was the greater. He arrived at the castle on a stormy night. He strode imperiously through the gates and grabbed the nearest footman.

'Where is my brother?' But the footman seemed not to know what he was talking about and was paralysed with fear at this demonic apparition. *'Where is Philippe d'Montforte?'* The footman finally managed to tremble out an answer *'He..he is in the grail chapel, M..my lord'*

Louis strode through the corridors to the chapel. It was empty. He slowly walked up the isle, looking around in puzzlement. When he reached the alter he stopped and let out a cry of despair that was heard throughout the castle. For to an immortal vampire, time means nothing. They do not age like men, and time will not kill them. The sun never rises, and nights of killing blur into each other. But mortal men are fragile and only alive for a short period of time. Louis had been mastering his vampire nature for 40 years, and Philippe's bones had long since been interred in the grail chapel. Time had forever deprived him of his revenge. In a rage he reanimated

his brother's bones and struck them down again and again. But he knew it was pointless, and eventually let them collapse on the floor. Ashen, he realised that the reason for his becoming a vampire was gone. Despair turned to anger, as he went out to seek his revenge on other mortals.

A smile touched the aged lips of the necromancer Pieter von Drack, as he listened to Louis' rampage in the castle. It appeared that he was slaughtering every living inhabitant. Oh well, he thought, more bodies to reanimate. With all the corpses from the castle graveyard and the fresh bodies from the castle it will be easy to raise an army. It will not be hard to persuade Louis to carry his revenge through to all mortals, and lead the army. Why bother with the risks of becoming a vampire, when you can simply create and then control one? Yes, everything was working out just as he had planned....



DogCon 2 – Tournament Report



By Matt Lubbock



It has been twelve months since my last foray into competitive Warhammer, and that was at the inaugural DOGCON tournament in 2002. As always the preparations before hand had been somewhat rushed, with figures for my Khorne Daemon army being painted the day before and rule books and army lists being scooped up from all corners of the house. I left from Melbourne to Sydney accompanied by Andrew Bishop, arriving on the Friday afternoon. As usual I had forgotten something, normally it is either army lists or movement trays, but with these safely tucked away I followed my personal tradition by leaving my cap and sunglasses on the plane.

We met up with Mike Allen, picked up the hire car and headed over to the venue to see if we could help with the setup and get directions from Lachlan McWirther on how to get to his grand mothers house. We arrived to find that the setup was complete, and got down to the serious business of having a few beers in the awesome venue for the tournament. How can you go past beer on tap, air conditioning and both the tennis and the Super Bowl being played in the background over the course of the weekend? We managed to reacquaint ourselves with some of the guys from previous tourneys who also came early to help pitch in, and also to meet some of the new faces on the tournament scene. Much to my delight this included two American players who would also be staying at Casa de Lockjaw, Bill Edwards and Don Riddick. We spent a few hours moving terrain and jawing off about the bush fires and who may or may not make it the next day.

We got home in darkness and then proceeded to talk about a wide range of subjects until the very early hours of the night. I would be sharing a room with Don and he warned me that there were some birds that had woken him early that morning. Having lived in Canberra for a couple of years I didn't think any bird could get me up any more.

Day 1

WRONG!!! At 5 am exactly a small chorus of Kookaburras started up. They continued singing for at least 30 minutes and there was no way I was sleeping through their rendition of AC/DC's Thunderstruck, so I eventually just got up to go out onto the balcony to see if I could kill all of them without anyone noticing. It was then that I noticed that Betty's (Lachy's grandma's) house overlooked the harbour. This was further hammered into my dim brain by the fact that the sun was rising and the view just looked spectacular. I ended up going upstairs making a coffee and admiring the view, something I ended up doing for the rest of the tourney.



When everyone was finally up we made our way into the venue to find that it was already packed. There is something about the first day of a tourney that really gets me fired up. The pent up anticipation, meeting old friends and seeing all the armies that people have spent so long on all out on display. Having forty tables out with people swarming the hall was just great. And then to top things off Ben "the Chunky Dwarf" goes past beer in hand telling me that the bar was already open. What a weekend was in store.



For the first time at DOGCON, grudge matches had been allowed, meaning that if you wanted to challenge an opponent you could organise to have your first round played between the two of you. So it was that I was challenged by a good friend and former 40K player, Damien Robinson. Damien had his eye firmly on a little personal prize that I had previously announced, that whoever killed my Bloodthirster in the quickest time in both turns and minutes, would get to take my old miniature home with them. It ended up being Damo, who's heroic free company passed soo many leadership tests that they were deemed to be unbreakable after about the fourth turn. Can't wait for the rematch!



One of the next surprises of the tourney came when we found that the bistro this year was supplying excellent food, so we all tucked in heartily after having only a meagre breakfast. After lunch I found that my next opponent was also a convert of Khorne, Alex Strit, with his warrior army. This would be one of those classic frenzy on frenzy battles that would be decided through the use of expendable units to draw charges. It was over so quickly that we even had time to swap armies and have a go from both ends. Alex was a delight to play and really took both games in a great spirit that I heard he continued to have throughout the tourney. I look forward to playing him again, when I can only hope my dice will be as kind.



No that is NOT George Michael – Ed

Feeling a tad weary at the end of the first day I was devastated to hear that I would be playing one of the Ferris brothers, Evan, who was fielding a Greenskin Horde. It seems that I have never won a game against either brother, they just seem to have my measure, and this game would be no different. I started the game in a kind of daze and woke up to find my army deployed with no sense of a plan. This can be a big mistake against a good player, and proved to be fatal against Evan. A good fun game with my personal highlights being the death of the Big Guy in turn 3 (soo close) and the squashing of Evan's Level 4 Shaman by Gork's Warpath. Greenskin irony, got to love it ☺

With the tourney games over for the day, the next instalment after dinner was to be the playing of the Tasman and Pacific Cups. These have been a great introduction by Lachy and Charles Black over the last year, with the Tasman Cup being a traditionally Australian relic,

and the Pacific Cup being retained mostly by the yanks. The Tasman cup was played by Jason Bury (Morgrim) and Andrew Bishop for Australia and Reid Pittans and Michael King (Baldric) for NZ. Due to a string of poor dice rolls and some very blatant cheating (only kidding) by the New Zealanders the Australians lost. There is an enquiry underway and we hope to find who is responsible!

On the table next door Mark Brown and Jeff Galea would represent the Aussies and Bill Edwards and Don Riddick were representing the United States. After a very tense and exciting game, much heightened by the ongoing sarcasm of Don, it was found that the game was a draw. Lachy immediately announced that a rematch would be fought during the Brisbane GT.



Whilst all these games were being fought I managed to get in a friendly against one of the Kiwis, Alex Phoon. We had a great game that was interspersed by heckling from multiple spectators and looked to be going towards a victory for the High Elves. But having a Bloodthirster in your camp can often be helpful, and he managed to drag it back to a draw for me. I can't wait to play the NZ GT, and hopefully be one of the players who wrests the Tasman Cup back to its owners.

Day 2

After the late night caused by watching both the Tasman and Pacific Cups being played out, the kookaburras were determined that I continue to get no sleep, waking both myself and Don Riddick up around 5 am. So another fantastic dawn over the harbour was witnessed by yours truly who once again felt blessed to be able to both play all weekend and stay at such a magnificent house (Thanks Betty).



After breakfast of coffee and cigarettes for some, we loaded everyone once again into the two cars and

headed to the venue. I had drawn the other half of the fearsome Ferris Brothers, and Evan was egging his brother Ken on to deliver the knock out blow. Ken's Von Carstein army was well painted and well themed. We had a see-sawing game that was heading for a draw. In the final turn Ken had the opportunity to kill the Bloodthirster, but would have to gamble with his generals unit to do so. Finding discretion the better part of valour, he chose to sacrifice his thrall for a minor loss rather than have a large victory go either way. We played out the combat between the two generals after the game, and the dice agreed with Ken, telling the story of a broken vampire and a Bloodthirster triumphant. Finally I have beaten a Ferris brother and that hoodoo may now be put to rest.



After wandering the tables I sat down to have a chat to Mark Brown about the painting of his awesome Chaos Dragon and his Khorne Warrior army. As we were sitting there the next round was read out, and low and behold who should I play but one of the best generals I have ever faced ... Mark Brown!!! The game was tense from start to finish, with every inch being scanned and judged. With both sides being frenzied the ability to go first allowed me to lure Mark into a trap for his dragon mounted Chaos Lord, and with him gone I just had to ensure that I didn't fall into the same traps that Mark had set to win. This was a great tactical game that was played in a great spirit.

With the tennis on in the background I found some space to stretch the bones out and was soon joined by Morgrim in a 30 minute cat nap between games. We were both woken by the sounds of Lachy announcing the next game, I was hoping that it could be quick so I could get some much needed rest!!



Well so much for hoping for a quick game. Mike Allen had been doing very well with his Lahmian

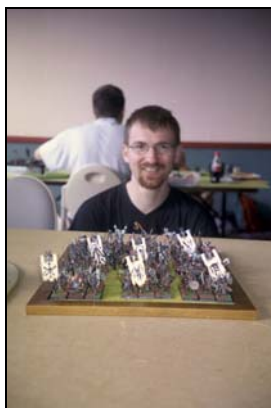
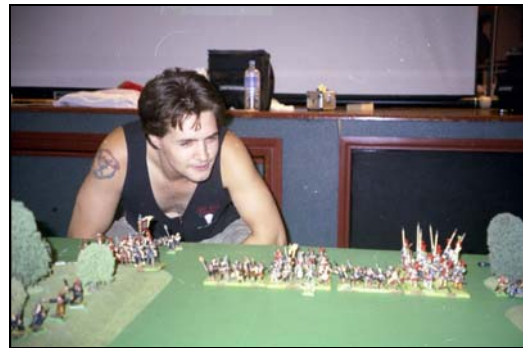
themed Von Cartsein army (which eventually got my best army vote) and he had a couple of tricks up his sleeve to try to bring down the big guy. This turned out to be the longest game I have ever played at a tournament, going for three and a half hours (I am usually one of the first finished) and including one of the largest swirling melees I have seen (pictured above). Mike made me think about every move I made intensely, and this really stretched me to the limit. I still think that Mike lost this game more so than I won it, with around 35 armour saves in a row failed and miserable luck with hitting and wounding (continuing a tournament trend for Mike, who is also known as the curser of dice). One other highlight of the game that accentuated this fact was my repeated passing of 5+ ward saves after Mike says, “Don’t worry you’ll pass it”. Nine times in a row!!! When Mike’s dice finally stop assassinating him, he will clean up a tourney ☺

Well the final game was finished for the day, and thoroughly exhausted I was looking forward to an early night. I wandered over to a table where all the lads had gathered, expecting them to be waiting for me to drive them home, but no, the trophies had yet to be assembled and painted and we were going to do it tonight. With the invaluable help of Peter Loft, we set to work. Slaneesh was not looking favourably on us however, and the new Lord figure on snake-like beast would just not come together. A task that most of us judged would be over by around 10 pm ended up going until 3 am in the morning. I begged off early (2 am) to try and get some sleep before the final rounds.

Day 3

Well another early rise after the painting effort of the night before saw me walking groggily into the hall for an anticipated game against Chris Townley, aka The Big Show after a breakfast that included home baked muffins (How good was that woman towards all of those crazy gamers!!). I had thought up some interesting tactics, but was disappointed to find him already deployed, and not against me. Due to the unfortunate withdrawal of Keith Williamson (who was doing really well coming into the third day) the draw had been redone. So it was that I found that Steve Jones’ Empire Army was to be my next challenge.

Unfortunately for me, Steve was showing no sign of weariness and proceeded to decimate my army with an awesome display of range guessing (only missing a target with a guess range weapon once in the game). This was also to be the last time that the mighty Bloodthirster was to fall in the tourney, this time to a couple of well aimed cannonballs.



This was to be my last game for the weekend, a very relaxed one against Michael King, aka Baldric. We both knew by that stage that regardless of the outcome neither of us would be amongst the place getters, so we spent just as much time talking about what we had been up to over the last year as we did playing the game. One of the true highlights came in the second turn after Baldric had placed the last of his ambushing herds on the table. We looked across the terrain and it did truly look as if it was the last stand at the Alamo, so we stopped for fifteen minutes and just took photos. A great game that I can’t wait to replay, hopefully in New Zealand, if I can manage to get across for the GT later in the year.



All the winners assembled, and the end to another great weekend of Warhammer. As is usual for me I arrived home to a lot of hugs and kisses from Leigh, my girlfriend, and a lot of feigned indifference from Alex my cat. It had been a really good time, catching up with people that I hadn't seen in twelve months and meeting new friends that I am hoping to see at the Sydney GT. I had also accomplished all my goals, winning more games that I lost and getting some votes in the beauty pageant (I am still in shock considering the high standard of armies at this years DOGCON), so I will be planning to do even better next year, who knows, it may even be me standing in this photo at some stage ☺



Until Next Time...

I hope you enjoyed the first issue of Irresistible Force. I must put out a huge THANK YOU to all the contributors. Most importantly Andrew Bishop and Mike Allen for not only their contributions but also for their support, advice and help along the way.

I would also like to thank my fellow members of the Greyhawk warhammer club. Having the opportunity to play regular games with a bunch of great guys is what the hobby of Warhammer is all about.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my first foray in to the world of e-zines and am looking forward to the next issue already. I hope you are as well.

Cheers,
Andrew Galea