

The Doom Seeker

ISSUE 4 - SUMMER 2010



TACTICS FOR BEGINNERS
CREATE A CAVALRY UNIT
BLOOD ON THE HIGH SEAS
LOOK SNORRI
FIREWOLF SAGA CONTINUES

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Editor-in-Chief: Bilbo Baggins

Story Editor: Ironlord

Artwork: Hazkar

Writers: M4cR1I13n, Son of Khaine, Godless-Mimicry,

Mighted Strumbrow, Ironlord, Bilbo Baggins

Photos: Godless-Mimicry, Guardian_A

Title Graphics and The Doom Seeker Logo: Bilbo Baggins

Submissions: SubmissionsTDS@hotmail.com

Letters to Editor: TheDoomSeeker@hotmail.com

Cover art by: Hazkar

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

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From the desk of Bilbo Baggins

I know... you are expecting me to rant about some injustice or problems with balancing in the game. Well I'm going to fool you and talk about The Doom Seeker e-zine and it's history instead.

Many fan e-zines seem to have trouble making it past an issue or two and we have made it to issue number four!

This triumph comes from an e-zine started as a suggestion (actually the urging) on The New Slayer Brotherhood by Kera Foehunter, and to this point it has been a lot of work!

I want to thank Kera for the headaches she has caused me and send her a bill for the Ibuprofen I need for the continual headaches since!

Has it been easy? No, it hasn't! Finding people to write articles, submit artwork, and proofread in a timely matter is difficult and it doesn't make it any easier if the issue is released late or when you have a person in charge that takes it as a personal affront. You can imagine the stress levels I have experienced as both my father and grandfather worked for a local newspaper many years ago and I have tried to match their levels of excellency!

When we started TDS, there was really only four people that put out the first two issues. Grimstonefire, Ironlord, Hazkar and myself. We were able to put out the first issue in only a few weeks from deciding to produce the e-zine.

The first issue was nearly ready in a few weeks but I put the release date back because I was helping out my friends at Dogs of

War Online at the same time with their e-zine "Gold and Glory". I didn't want the two publications coming out too close to each other. I now realize that it is difficult to work on two e-zines simultaneously because you always need to make sure that there is some time for resting between release dates. If you look at G&G #2 and TDS you will see the similarities, including the listing of sites dedicated to particular Warhammer armies.

From the start I made an executive decision to broaden the appeal of the e-zine. The original discussion about the content of TDS was done on The New Slayer Brotherhoods forum to try and promote the site. I realized that Slayers may be a little limited for a quarterly e-zine, so I brought in Ravening Hordes (The Yahoo Forum) to expand out our issues.

We decided that TDS will always have stories of Dwarfs and of other Warhammer races as well as create special characters and units to use in fun games with your Friends. We have also produced a series of articles on how to create units and characters for your games.

The most stress I ever experienced came from Issue two. It wasn't well known that the cover was completed only 30 minutes before the scheduled release! I had been

pushing the contributors for their art and submissions before that time, but to no avail.

During the production of Issue three we added a new staff writer, Warhammerman, and added another forum to our supporters. This was "Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter". This decision had the effect of adding more writers for TDS. Unfortunately their submissions came in too late for that issue.

We have Son of Khaine and Godless-Mimicry from WFBR writing for us now, and this brings us to our fourth and largest issue!

Because of the increase in the amount of writers, I promoted Ironlord to Story Editor. He has been working with our writers making their stories meet the standards we have set for ourselves.

Have there been problems? Yes of course there Have! We still haven't received any letters to the editor and we had problems getting entries from a painting contest we had. But these problems are minor and hopefully we will start to receive letters for future issues.

The biggest problem was the unexpected and untimely failure of my laptop, which I referred to as "The Beast" because of it's size and weight. Only one month out of warranty and the video card fails. This is typical of my life. Just when you need something to go right, everything goes horribly wrong!

Because of this problem, I had to put an older laptop back in service so that I could put out this publication. I will fix or replace "The Beast" when I can obtain the needed funds. Now if I can just guess the correct Lottery Numbers... <Grin>

So what does the future bring us? Games Workshop has deemed it time to release a new version of the Warhammer Fantasy Rules in July of 2010!

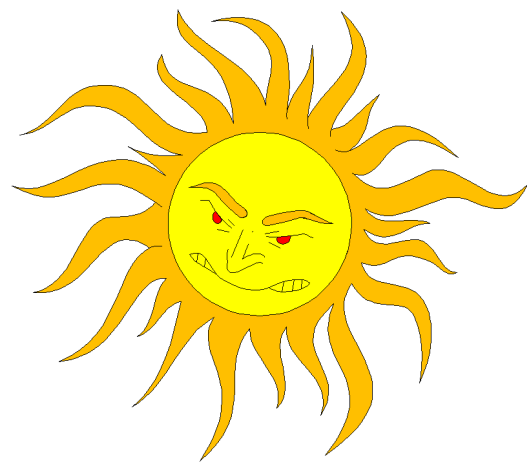
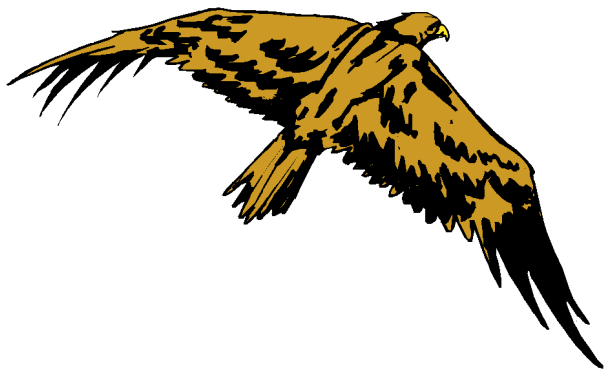
Will this release fix the problems they themselves created in the current army books or will it be the straw the breaks the camels back and finally have people leave the game or look for alternatives? Only time will tell for sure.

As for this e-zine, we plan on going through the book and give you our observations about changes and what they mean to the game in future issues. We would also like to hear from you and let us know how we are doing. Your stories, submissions, photographs and artwork mean so much to this e-zine's survival. Let us all put in the extra effort to make issue #5 even better than this one!

Thankfully,

Bilbo Baggins.

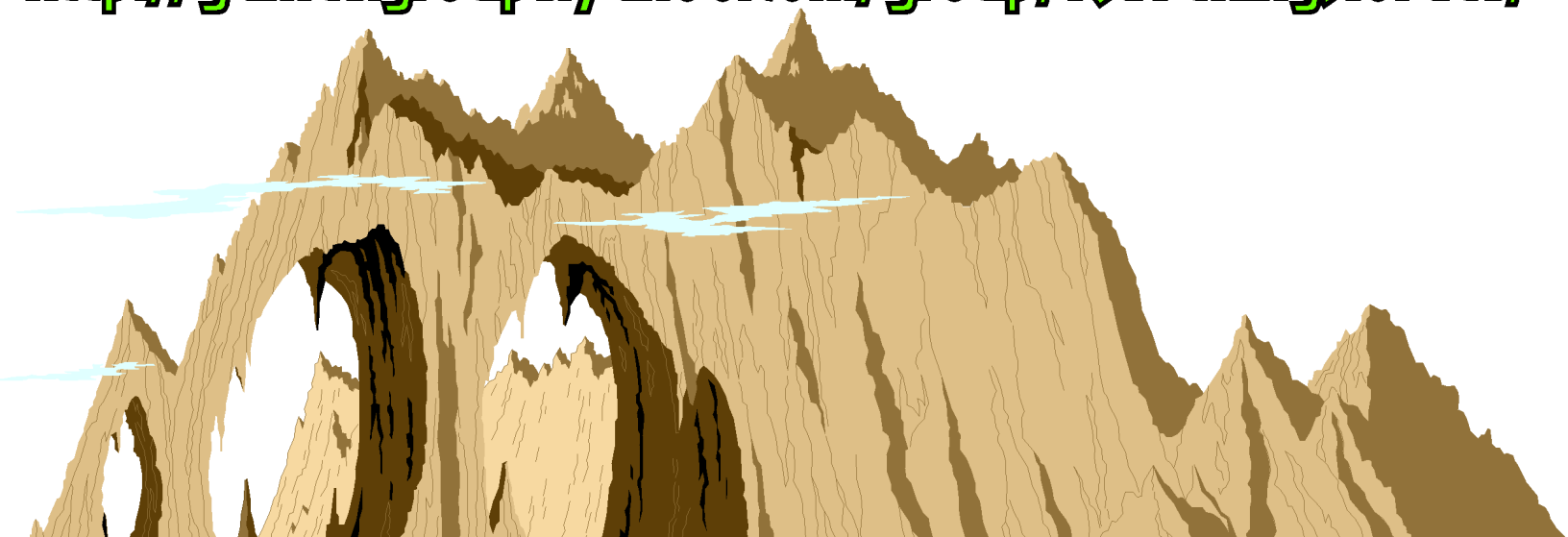
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Slayer Journal

Tactics for Beginners

By Ironlord

No general has ever gotten anywhere without remembering the basics.

No great general has ever gotten anywhere without learning how to apply them.

Thankfully the first of these can be taught to you, but sadly the second one is best learned from experience on the table top. So in this edition of the Doom Seeker, your truly has been tasked with showing you a few simple tactics and formations to help you on your way (hopefully not to doom but instead) to victory.

Hammer and Anvil

This is the tactic that I have been using for the longest, I've been using it since I started with The Lord of the Rings Strategy Battle Game, and that I've had the most success with. Why does it work? Because it's simple and doesn't require a bucket load of resources to pull off.

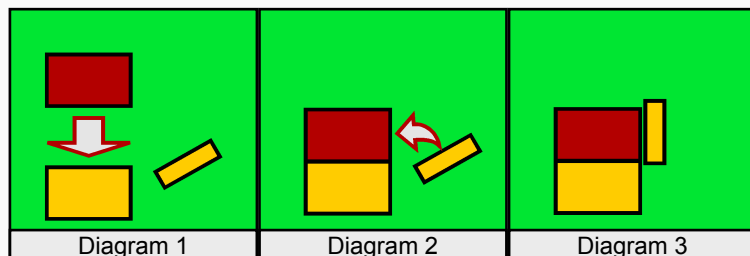
Now obviously the tactic requires two pieces.

The Anvil: A solid block of models (preferably infantry) to absorb the charge (Diagram 1), this unit shouldn't be focusing on attacking back (but attacks back will help break the charge) but simply absorbing and holding the charge. Although a basic core choice can fulfil this role, and will cost less points if it somehow backfires, a truly solid anvil can be found in most army's special choices.

Using my own army as an example, Vampire Counts, an anvil could be made from zombies, these cheap troops won't run if they are beaten, they can also be brought back using necromancy if they die. And they will die because they lack anything in close combat and can be chopped to pieces or at least out fought by any fighting unit in a living army.

However if it was to use grave guard, I get the same abilities, i.e. they won't run away from the fight and can be healed by necromancy. But each individual is more survivable with an armour save of at least 5+ (4+ with a shield which I would suggest for this kind of tactic) and the effects of any magical banners you take with the unit (which you should be doing with special choices anyway).

It all comes down to how many points you are willing to spend on a unit that is intentionally going to take a big hit.



The Hammer: Once the anvil has taken a big hit and holds firm, the hammer HAS TO SWING IN ON THE NEXT TURN (Diagrams 2 and 3). One of the key principles of the hammer and anvil is timing, waiting for the right moment to deploy the hammer. Part of this is the hammer's positioning. You should keep it close to the anvil, at most the length of a full charge and on the flank of the anvil unit. The hammer should also be turned to face at a 45 degree angle, meaning that when the target unit crashes into the anvil, the hammer can see it and charge, rather than wasting a turn turning to use the line of sight rules. Your hammer should pack a brutal punch and if it is one of your key strategies for the battle you are fighting should be worth the presence of a combat heavy hero. It is also worth noting that the faster the hammer moves, the better. A faster hammer is more of a threat as it has a larger charge range. Meaning it can engage the enemy when it chooses too. Also if the hammer is mounted it will have a better chance of catching a fleeing enemy if it can chase them down.

Returning to the example of Vampire Counts, the hammer could be made from a fast moving cavalry unit, either black knights or blood knights. Dire wolves lack the punching power to be a hammer and I personally think that Blood Knights lack the control because of their special rules to hold back long enough to be a hammer. So I will use the Black Knights as the example hammer. Taking 6 of them with full command plus a hero level vampire equipped with a magical sword (even the sword of battle for +1 attack) will give the knight's an extra bit

of punching power too help break the target with a counter charge.

Getting the Knights into the target at the earliest opportunity AFTER they have hit the anvil is key. It allows you to steal back the initiative and play the combat out on your own rules.

Once the hammer and anvil is set and swung it all falls down too the dice gods to save the day for you. But by maximising the damage of the hammer (using lances and mounts) you improve your chances of success.

March Blocking:

For some people this is just a rule in the movement phase of the Warhammer rule book, but too a good general it is an advantage waiting to happen. Warhammer (more than any other game) can be won or lost in the movement phase. March blocking refers too when a unit comes within eight inches of an enemy unit. When this occurs the enemy unit cannot march because it is too nervous and worried to perform a marching move. Even a single unit loosing 3+ inches of movement can stagger an enemy line and leave gaps in the enemy lines if the problem is allowed to persist.

A march block is best set up using a unit of either fast cavalry or a flying unit (flying units and monsters). Each other these units have the same basic principles, the unit uses terrain, cover or a flank too get around the side of, or the back of the enemy line as soon as possible. They then either charge into the flank or rear of an enemy to support another unit's charge, Use ranged weapons on the enemy (i.e. bows / dragons breath) or simply remain where they are and use the march blocking rules to harass the enemy. (Diagram 4)

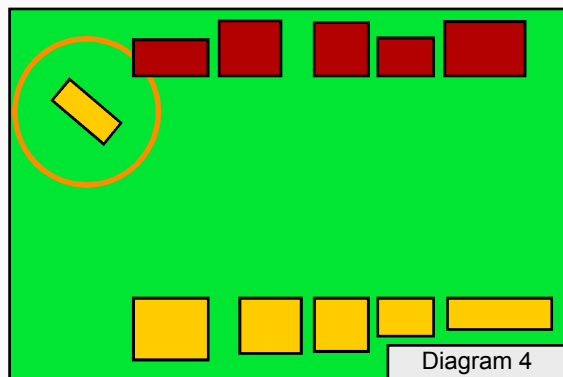


Diagram 4

One of the most famous examples of march blockers is Harpies. A unit of 5 of these flying creatures is just 55 points. Although they are useless in close combat they make excellent march

blockers as a flying unit, because they are so hard to hit with ranged fire and are so cheap, once behind the enemy lines they could be used to hunt war-machine crew or to march block (maybe even both). This allows the controlling general to seriously alter the enemies plan of attack and gain control of the board. Using the harpies to hunt down war-machine crew also removes the war-machines from play, reducing the amount of fire your main army receives and meaning that more of your soldiers reach the enemy lines.

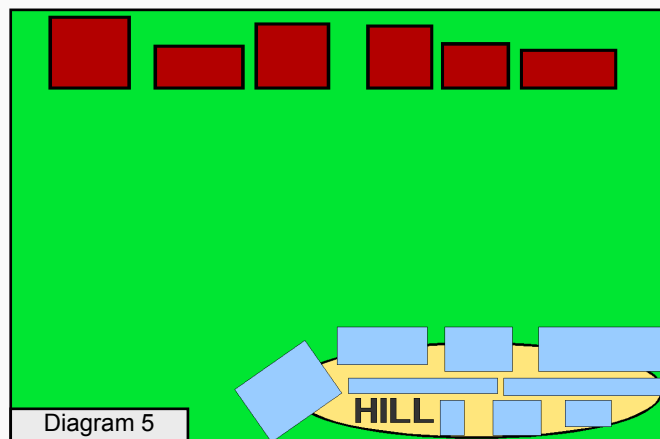


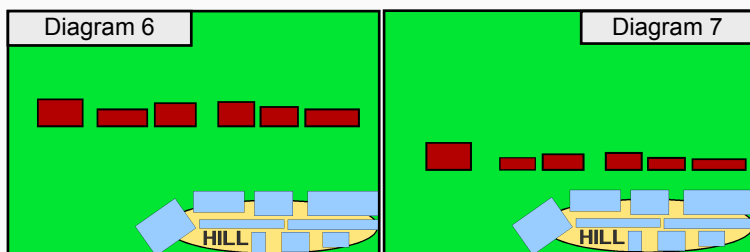
Diagram 5

Castling Up:

This one wont win you any friends and doesn't look very heroic, but for some people, its all they can do to hope for a win, a dwarf army is famous for this for two reasons, they are tough enough to be a castle and two they can be bothered moving out to fight the enemy because of their slow movement (Diagram 5).

Thankfully the dwarven army is well suited too this kind of tactic, its hard to find a dwarven army that doesn't have some kind of cannon or war machine and castling up allows those war machines to fire for the maximum amount of turns as the enemy marches towards you. But in order for a castle to truly be as efficient as possible you need to maximise your shooting power with more shots at a lower strength, to cut down the enemy troops running at you and making sure that as many as possible can shoot every turn. One way too do this is make your shooting units as wide as possible as only the front rank of a shooting unit can fire (unless at a large target like a giant or dragon). Another way to do this is to raise your shooting units above the rest of the army by putting them on a hill or in a building so that they can see over the troops defending them (Diagram 6-7).

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Castling up requires a serious commitment, in a two thousand point game it would be advisable to spend about 750-1250 points on shooting units if you know that you are going to castle up. The remaining points are spent on a solid group of warriors who will hold the line and allow the ranged units to do their work. Large blocks of core slots or any remaining special slots can be allocated too this role. You also need to include a high leadership character (preferably several) spread through out these troops to hold the line steady and provide a solid rock to break the enemy charge. Equipping these characters is essential too the plans success, they are not offensive characters, but defensive ones, they are the essence of the wall defending the ranged shooters. Giving them good suits of armour and items that either improve their survivability or keep the wall together is important. A good example of this is a battle standard bearer. His banner adds +2 to combat resolution and can have a magical effect that will benefit the unit he is in.

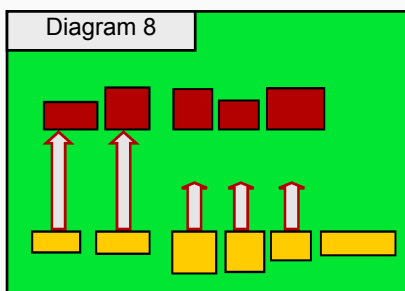
Strong Flank

A sweeping cavalry charge is both cinematic and devastating.

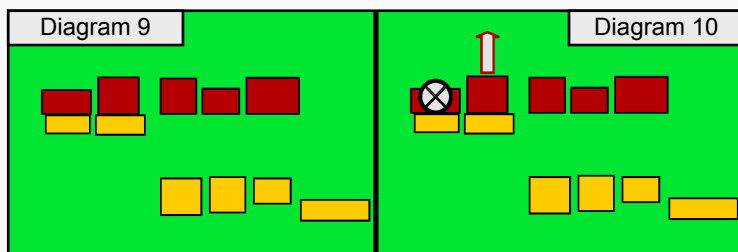
It follows a simple idea, over whelming force applied in a concentrated area in a short time period.

This can be accomplished in Warhammer by using a flanking force too take out the enemy's flank in a devastating charge. You need to either use overwhelming numbers or a highly elite strike force. A monster can also be used to overwhelm an enemy (Diagram 8).

Using a single unit can result in the unit being overwhelmed and crushed by the enemy and relies on the initial impact being as damaging as possible (which means rolling 6s as often as possible).



Using a large number of units can result in a points drain elsewhere, which will probably mean that you loose some of your fighting power elsewhere. (Diagrams 9 and 10)



The trick is to find the sweep spot, the point where cost meets probability of success.

A few hundred points should be able to secure a flank depending on how it is spent. Using a Hero level character will increase your points costs but adds a lot of punch to your charge when you put him on a horse and put him in a mounted unit with lances. To ensure the heavy hitting unit gets too the target you could use a cheaper unit to form a cover screen. If this unit survives it can be used to supplement the attack and add a few attacks. This should cost you under 500 points and will ensure a devastating charge that could easily deal with a unit. The only thing stopping this kind of charge is a large ranked unit or a suitably large rare choice.

A unit of seven black knights including a vampire hero (equipped with sword of battle for +1 attack) is screened by a unit of dire wolves as they advance up a flank into an empire free company of twenty archers. The dire wolves absorb the arrow shots from the archers. This gives the black knights and vampire the chance to charge them with their lances, breaking the unit on the charge.

After this they are on the flank of the enemy force and can act as march blockers or charge the flank of large units already in combat to help win the combat, alternatively they can hunt down war machines, killing the crew members too prevent them from firing.

So there it is, my very crude guide to tactics, they can be game winners for you and game looser if you don't spot them and counter them fast enough. Keep an eye out for them. Falling victim too a Strong Flank or a March Blocking manoeuvre can cost you in points and even a game if it isn't dealt with.

I hope this gives you a basic understanding of tactics that you can build on to help you conquer the Warhammer world.



Deckhands for Hire!



Dogs of War Online

Cry havob and let slip the Dogs of War!

Create a Cavalry Unit

By Bilbo Baggins with M4cR1II3n

OK, in the last two issues we have demonstrated how to create a Special Character and How to Create an Infantry unit. Today we are going for faster moving troops, Cavalry. From the annoying speed of Fast Cavalry to the pure hitting of Heavy Cavalry these units all have their places in the armies of Warhammer.

There are some things you have to remember when creating the unit. There are certain things that will make a unit rarer than just the equipment, but also the mounts you choose for races would make the unit rarer. If you choose a mount that normally isn't used by the race would add +1 to rarity. If causes fear or has frenzy add +1 to rarity. If the mount is not normally used by any race (Examples: Bears, Unicorns) then add + 1 to rarity. If the mount flies you must add +2 to rarity.

Plus 1 or 2 to Rarity would make the unit classify as Special and plus 3 and above would make it rare. If you go over 5 rarity then you should have the unit take at least a Rare and Special or Double Rare.

The first things to choose would be Race of the unit and their Mounts. Now do I do the unit everyone expects from me or something totally off the wall, of course what people expect.

Dwarfs on Bears. Dwarfs starting points are 6 points (remember no armour and only a hand weapon on the Dwarfs) and the Bears are 25 points each. That's 31 points a model without armour. But for a unit right off the bat will be a rare choice in the army it should be good and expensive.

Now for the weapon choices, looking through the list there are some interesting choices like Flails and Lances, but for me I think the only real choice would be a weapon known originally for use by the Knights of the White Wolf. The Cavalry Hammer, I'll just have to give it a slightly better name when the unit is completed. That's 2 points more per model so 33 points a model.

Of course people will wonder if I'm going to give them missile weapons. Actually no, it would be too over the top even for a unit created by me.

Now for the Armour, do I go Light and make this unit a Medium Cavalry unit or Heavy Armour or Super Heavy Armour? What do you think, Super Heavy of course, Gromril Armour would be the only choice for a Dwarf Cavalry unit. They can afford the bears and the training they can afford the best armour. I guess

I could make Heavy Armour standard and Gromril as an upgrade for them. So +3 points for the Heavy Armour and additional point for the Gromril. No I'm not going to add barding to the Bears because I feel they might look silly. So 36 points (37 with Gromril) per model so far.

For the optional extra abilities we could really go to town. Extra attacks (nah, they aren't Blood Knights), Upping Leadership (come on they are Dwarfs and already Leadership 9), or Blessed (Wards Saves) would be fun but overkill I think I'll only go with one ability. Magical Weapons, for the one point it won't break the unit and will allow you to attack any ethereal units that may come your way. So now we are up to 37 or 38 points depending on the armour choice.

Now the unit size. Since I'm planning on these models being a cavalry unit not a monster unit and mounted on 25x50 mm bases I think it should be 5+ for the unit size. If I decide to go with 40x40 or 50x50 bases then I would think of making it 3+ for the unit size.

Command will be a tough choice for some because of the high points cost per model a champion and Standard are 20 points each and the musician is another 10 points. I think if you pay for a standard for an elite unit like this one will be it should be allowed to be Magical, or in this case Runic. So 50 points of Runes, but no Master Runes because I feel they should only be used for characters and units in the current Dwarf army book.

A few minutes of thinking it out and now we have the base of a unit of Dwarf Bear Cavalry. I'm thinking that they should be allowed not just the Dwarf army but also in Kislev Allies and even the Empire as a Rare Choice. Of course most of you are thinking, Bilbo you are totally insane, Dwarfs don't ride mounts and where would they get Bears. Well I've been thinking about that. There are enclaves of Dwarfs outside the Mountain holds in the World Edge Mountains. There has been fluff about Dwarfs living in The Empire and even Tilea as weapon smiths and merchants. I believe that some would be in the Northern states of the Empire and even into Kislev. Dwarfs are a conservative race, but some Dwarf Kings would consider using mounts if they had access to them.

Now let's see how the unit finally looks.



Dwarf Bear Riders

Dwarf settlements in the Northern Empire and Kislev over the years have been capturing and keeping bears to protect their goods for trade. A few of the more adventurous Dwarfs even started riding them figuring to enter in riding contests. They found the bears were sturdy mounts and would occasionally scare some of the less experienced horsemen but couldn't compete with the expert riders and knights of the Empire and Kislev. But during a Beastmen incursion the Dwarfs found that the added speed and ferocity of the bear cavalry provided shock value to their forces. Sometimes scaring the opponents away without having to engage them.

0-1 Dwarf Bear Riders

37 points per model

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dwarfs	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9
Bears	7	4	-	5	-	-	3	2	6

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Heavy Armour, Runic Hammers, Hand Weapon

Special Rules

Fear

Frenzy

Runic Hammers - +1 Strength (+2 Strength on Charge) and all attacks with weapon count as magical.

Options

Armour

Upgrade to Gromril Armour 1 pt

Command

Upgrade one Dwarf to Veteran 20 pts

Upgrade one Dwarf to Standard Bearer 20 pts

Upgrade one Dwarf to Musician 10 pts

the BELL-OWER

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Races

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

Mounts

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Points
Bears (Fear/Frenzy)	7	4	-	5	-	-	3	2	6	25
Boars	7	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	3	8
Camels	8	4	-	4	-	-	3	1	6	10
Chaos Steeds	8	3	-	4	-	-	3	1	5	9
Cold Ones (Fear/Stupidity +2 AS)	7	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	3	8
Daemoniac Mount (Fear)	8	4	-	5	-	-	3	2	8	15
Elven Steeds	9	3	-	3	-	-	4	1	5	9
Giant Spiders (Ignores difficult terrain)	7	3	-	3	-	-	4	1	2	9
Great Eagles (Fly)	2	5	-	4	-	-	4	2	8	25
Pegasus (Fly)	8	3	-	4	-	-	4	2	7	25
Skeletal Steeds (Fear)	8	2	-	3	-	-	2	1	4	8
Steed of Slaanesh (Fear/poisoned)	10	3	-	3	-	-	5	1	7	15
Terradons (Fly)	2	3	-	4	-	-	2	1	3	15
Tuskors	7	3	-	3	-	-	2	1	5	8
Unicorns (+2 S on Charge/horn)	8	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	5	9
Warhawks (Fly)	1	4	-	4	-	-	5	1	5	20
War Horse	8	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	5	7
Wolves	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	3	8

Optional Close Combat Weapons (Up to One):

Flails	1 pt
Halberds	1 pts
Morning stars	1 pt
Spears	1 pts
Cathayan Longswords	3 pts
Ironfists	3 pts
Pistols	3 pts BS3, 4 pts BS4 (+2 pts brace)
Great weapons	1 pts
Lances	2 pts
Cavalry Hammers	2 pts (+1 Strength, +2 on Charge)

Optional Missile Weapons (Up to One):

Short bows	2 pts with BS3, 3 pts with BS4
Bows	3 pts with BS3, 4 pts with BS4
Longbows	4 pts with BS3, 5 pts with BS4
Crossbows	5 pts with BS3, 6 pts with BS4
Repeater crossbows	6 pts with BS3, 7 pts with BS4
Handguns	5 pts with BS3, 6 pts with BS4
Throwing knives/stars	1 pts with BS3, 2 pts with BS4
Throwing spears/ javelins	2 pts with BS3, 3 pts with BS4
Throwing axes	2 pts with BS3, 3 pts with BS4

Optional Armour:

Light Armour	1 pt
Shields	1 pt
Sea Dragon cloaks	2 pts
Heavy Armour	3 pts
Super Heavy Armour (Example: Plate and Chaos)	4 pts
Barding for steeds (Medium and Heavy Cavalry Only)	2 pts

Optional Miscellaneous Equipment:

Nets	2 pts WS3 or less, 3 pts WS4 and up*
*up to a quarter of the unit may carry nets	

Optional Special Abilities (Each gives +1 Rarity):

Magical weapons	1 pt
Strength (+1/+2)	3/5 pts
Toughness (+1/+2)	3/5 pts
Initiative (+1/+2)	0.5/1 pt
Attacks (Per extra attack)	4 pts
Blessed (6+/5+ Ward Save)	3/6 pts
Leadership (+1/+2/+3)	1/2/3 pts
Weapon Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Ballistic Skill (+1/+2)	1/2 pts
Hatred	2 pt
Immune to Fear	2 pt
Immune to Panic	1 pt
Immune to Psychology	2 pts
Re-roll Psychology	1 pt
Killing Blow	1 pt
Stubborn	2 pts
Frenzied	1 pt
Conscripts or Slaves (Doesn't cause panic in other units)	0.5 pt
Poisoned weapons (per weapon)	2 pts
+1 Movement	1 pt
Armour Piercing (per weapon)	1 pt
+1 to hit in combat	3 pts
Cause Fear	4 pts
Always Strikes First	3 pts

Command Group

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

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



Cairn Crackers

By: Ironlord

It's not very often that we find something to do a combo article about at The Doom Seeker, but just a few days ago I went back to the roots of my hobby and found something so delightfully simple that it inspired it. Back when I was a lad (quit groaning I won't ramble) I could never find half of the hobby supplies that I "needed" to have, I also didn't have the Internet back then so I couldn't find it on there either. So I did what humans do best and adapted. The varying results of my ideas cluttered my gaming table for years before I actually got any good at anything hobby related. Simple walls made of rocks glued to other rocks formed ragged defensive lines as Orcs and Elves chopped lumps out of each other as Saruman watched from his perch on a hill that was once a bowl. And because I don't own a pair of rosy tinted spectacles I can say that those battlefields were terrible and went, deservedly, into the bin.

But now that I have the skills and most of the resources I need to go back and revisit some of my earlier conquests.

One of my classic pieces was a large area cardboard with pilfered rocks, seasoned to taste with flock.

Just a few months after it was made it was swiftly thrown into the bin, its cardboard base warped by the glue, too ugly to be of any use. I don't remember what replaced that piece, to be honest I don't even know if I did swap it out for a newer better model, but I still remember it as a failure.

Naturally I want to be known for my successes rather than my failures, so I returned to the rock piles recently after realizing that I had a perfect collection of rocks to remake the rock pile, but this time I was determined to do it better.

Anyone who knows me or has read my stuff here or on forums knows that I have a tendency to cram as much narrative into as much as possible. Maybe it's my love of reading and writing books or my time as a Dungeon Master, but I found myself looking for narrative for a rock pile.

Thankfully my nation's history came to the rescue. In ancient Scotland, when no one knew about proper corpse disposal, when someone died they could be covered in rocks as a kind of burial. Anyone who loved or knew the deceased was invited to place a rock as a way of saying goodbye to the dead.

Alternatively before a great battle each man would bring a stone and place it in a great pile in the army's camp, when the battle was done anyone who was still alive picked up a rock and took it away, meaning that any stones left could be used to tally up the numbers of dead men lost in battle without picking through a corpse strewn battlefield. These would be known as a Cairn.

A cairn had many other uses, but I thought that its relationship with death would be something I could play on.

So with an idea in mind I started constructing a few. One of the main problems I had before was that my bases would warp and ruin it before it even got down onto the table. So now I needed a solid base for my cairns.

The only answer was a 40mm base.

Yes I am telling you to go buy some round bases! (but only a few before anyone gets any ideas)



This would help to pick it out on the battlefield and make sure that it is incorruptible, even by PVA glue.

The planning stage is very simple, simply made a body sized puddle of PVA glue, I used an empire foot soldier to make sure the scale was about right. (Image One)

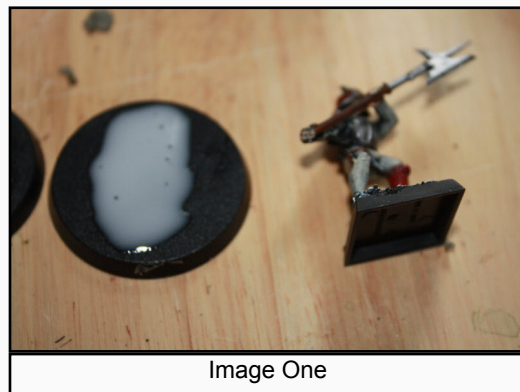


Image One

You then cover the glue in rocks. Gravel and sand is simply too small, but rocks or small chips of bark will easily be the right size. Allow this to dry before the next step. (Image 2)



Left: Image 2, Right: Image 3

You then make a second layer by painting a thick layer of PVA glue onto the top of the first layer of rocks. Then put on the second layer of rocks and allow it to dry before the next step. (Images 3 and 4)

Painting the rocks is simple but you want to make the rocks look similar too the theme of your board. My Beastmen army has a few gray rocks on it, so I am painting my rocks too look similar.

You can simply spray the rocks black using a can of spray paint to act as a base coat, however I found that painting a watered down black over the rocks is a lot faster and more efficient. (Image 5)

Then season the base to either an army or a battle board using flock, static grass, sand or any other type of basing material that you are using.

Now if only there was a use for these Cairns... like a scenario!

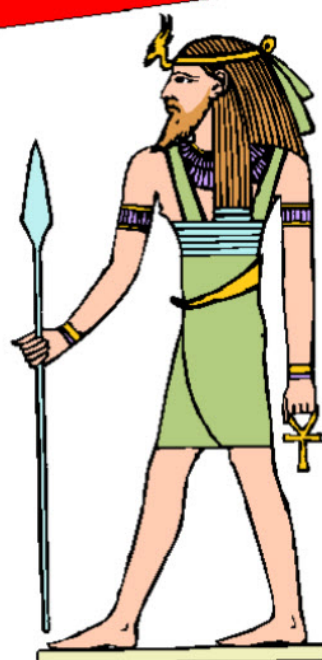


Centre: Image 4, Bottom: Image 5

Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum

www.tomb-kings.net

New Admin, New Domain
Still the site for all that is Khemri on the Web.



The Cairn Crackers.

We Buried him out there, with his family, as he wanted it too be before he left to join the crusade. With his prized armour and shield still intact we covered him with the stones and bid farewell too both him and his legacy.

The Cairn Crackers is a battle fought between two forces of 1750 points each.

Regardless of the forces fighting the battle they both want to control the Cairns for their own means, one side may wish to take the armour for their Lord while the other may wish to preserve the memory of the fallen warrior buried in the cairn. It is also possible that both sides want too scavenge the corpses but it makes no difference to game play.

However no one knows the location of the body and the only way to be sure is to control all 4 Cairns, or as many as is feasible to increase the chance of having the right body.

The game is played on a typical six foot by four foot board and lasts for 6 turns.

Terrain is randomly placed by either player or a third party if one is available and can cover no more than a quarter of the board, this represents the battle taking place on a wide open field rather than in a woodland or a city.

The Cairns are split evenly between the players, then placed one after the other by alternating players. The Cairns are then scattered using a scatter dice and a D6. No cairns can be within nine inches of another cairn or within twelve inches of a table edge. If, for whatever reason, a cairn is within nine inches of another cairn or within twelve inches of a table edge it must be moved until it is no longer within nine inches of another cairn or within twelve inches of a table edge.

Roll for picking which side to deploy on and set up as normal, following the rules for a standard pitched battle.

The objective is to gain control of the Cairns by having a unit of at least unit strength five within six inches of the Cairn, measuring from the centre of the cairn. Your opponent can contest a cairn by moving a unit of at least unit strength five within six inches of a cairn. If a Cairn is contested at the end of turn 6 it is controlled by whichever side has the largest unit total within 6 inches of the Cairn.

Units locked in combat can still contest a cairn.

For Example: *Beastmen and Ogres are fighting the Cairn Crackers scenario, at the end of turn six the Beastmen control two of the four Cairns, the Ogre's control one cairn and the fourth cairn is contested by a unit of three Ogre bulls (unit strength 9), a unit of fifteen Gnoblers (unit strength 15) and an ogre hunter with no sabretooths (unit strength 3). The Beastmen have a unit of twelve Gors (unit strength 12), a unit eight Gors with an attached Wargor (unit strength 9) a unit of 5 Ungor raiders (unit strength 5). The eight Gors with Wargor are fighting the three ogre bulls.*

The Ogres have a total of 27 unit strength points, however the Ogre Hunter is only unit strength 3, meaning that he cannot contest the Cairn and that the Ogres only have 24 unit strength points contesting the cairn compared too the Beastmen's 26 unit strength points. Because the Beastmen have more valid units, they control the cairn and win the game three to one.

Playing Cairn Crackers in a Campaign.

The winner of the game gets to make a free selection from his war gear list for a single hero or lord choice in any of his or her armies, up too 50 points. This fifty points of war gear is free and does not count towards his or her magic item selection. The selection can only be for armour (including shields). If this hero is killed in a battle then the equipment cannot be given to any other character, it is effectively lost for the rest of the campaign.

Other Realms

Do you want to know more about your army, or of an army you are thinking about starting?

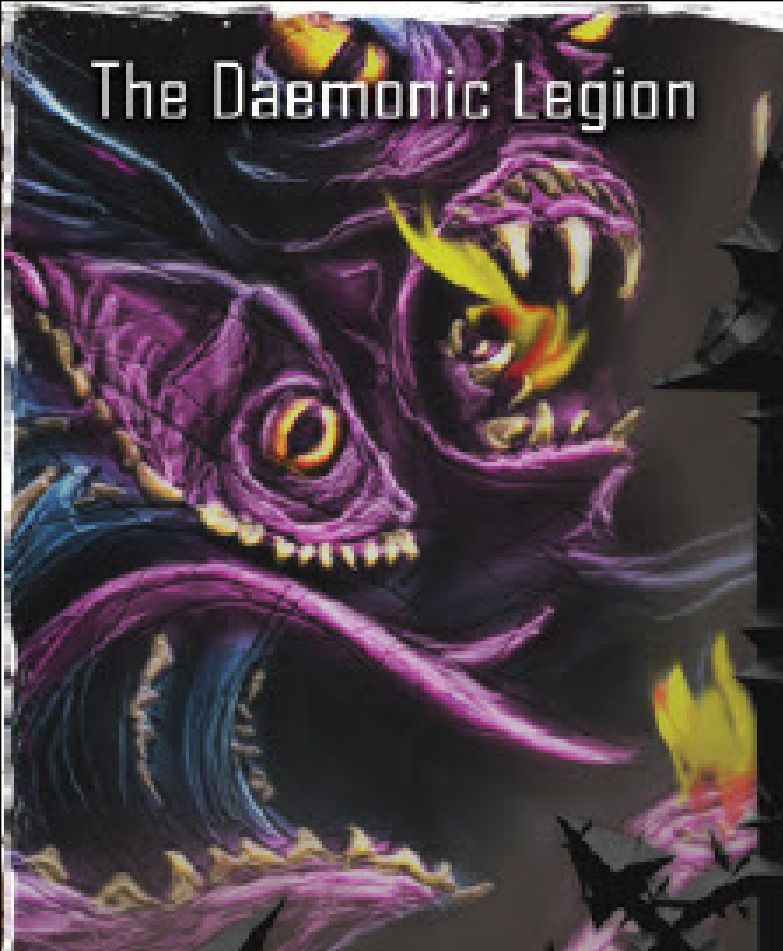
Try visiting the forums for your particular army for the following reasons.

Learn more about tactics against different opponents.

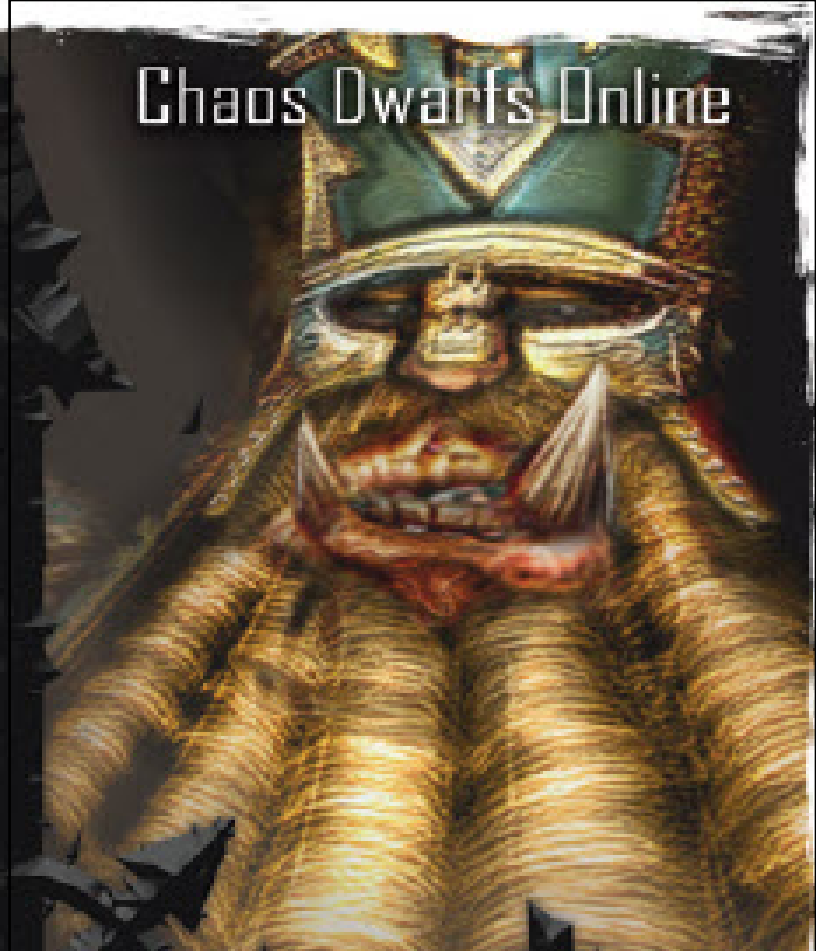
See some well painted and converted armies.

Meet new friends from around the world.

There is a list of Army Forums on Page 50 of this issue.



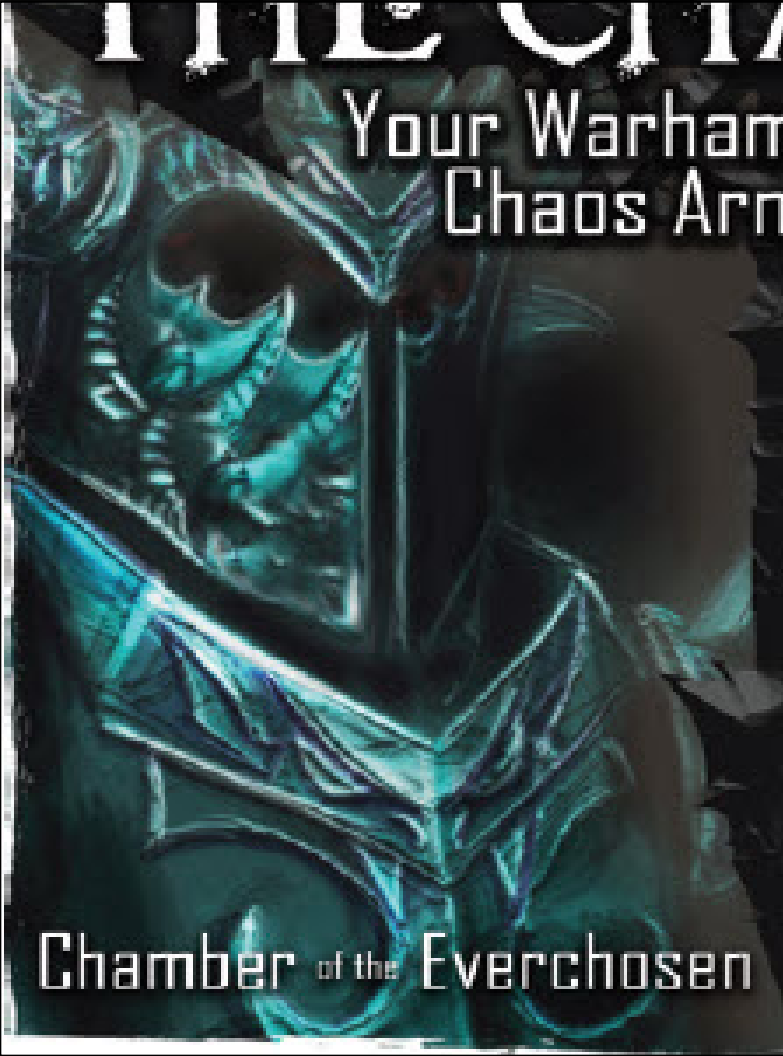
The Daemonic Legion



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The Herdstone

Tales of Karak Kadrin

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Blood on the High Seas

by: Mighted Strumbrow

The wind screamed across the stern castle of the small ship, heavy with icy spray that added to the rime already covering the ropes and gunwales. There was nothing to be seen beyond the confines of the ship but the icy storm.

Magri, the first mate of the small, unnamed ship held the main wheel steady in the heavy, rolling sea. The massive muscles of his arms straining with the effort of keeping the ship from spinning like a cork. There was nothing to see or steer by and so he looked over to his captain, his queen, Kera.

Magri himself was a great and powerful slayer, he had felled all manner of beasts across the old world, and could have been a champion of the slayers in his own right, but he had chosen to follow the Slayer Queen instead, and he wondered if the rest of the crew, like him, held a secret place in their heart for her that they knew would never be filled.

Watching her he saw that her face, like his, was being lashed by the ice filled water as it crashed over the bow, at least he had his beard to keep his face warm though and she had to brace her small frame against the howling wind, but still she stood, her hands gripping the deck rail and peered out into the dark, searching for her doom.

Perhaps it was out there, for somewhere in these icy waters was a Druchii corsair that had been plaguing shipping for months, its black sails bringing terror to any who saw it. But not the crew of this ship though. For this ship was commanded by Kera and her Slayer Pirates and tonight, in this storm, the Druchii hunters had become the hunted.

Which was why, with all their lanterns lit, the slayer ship wallowed along in the storm, trying its best to look like a fat, lost merchantman so as to lure the corsairs in.

The storm raged on, the wind robbing the lookouts of any chance to hear another ship coming, and the night and spume filled wind robbing them of any chance to see a ship closing in, especially a black Druchii corsair that was running without lights.

Kera blinked, the hoar frost on her eyebrows was heavy, and as she shifted her cloak, chunks of

frozen sea water fell away. Her spiked stripe of hair bent over under the weight of ice that had formed on it. She rested her hands on the haft of her axes, and shouted an order.

"STAND TO!"

Her loud voice barely carried to the main deck, but her pirate crew began to prepare their weapons, unwrapping the oiled rags from about their pieces, loosening their blades in the scabbards and clapping the warmth back into their hands.

Something was coming out of the night. Kera knew this as well she knew her own name. That niggling sensation she got behind her eyes that had warned her so many times of an enemies approach was there again now.

The slender black shape of the corsair's ship loomed out of the night without a shout of warning from the lookouts it crashed alongside the small slayer ship with a terrible grinding of wood and metal, no one paid heed to the cries of alarm from those unfortunates to be knocked overboard, there would be nothing that could be done to save them anyway.

Within moments of the impact the wooden deck of the small ship were splintered by huge bolts crashing through them, chains attached to secure the small ship to the corsair. Kera smiled. The trap was sprung.

An instant later the first corsairs landed nimbly on deck, their swords glinting in the lantern light, their faces hidden by their fearsome masks, but in the darkness the Dawi could see perfectly well, and they could easily see the look of surprise on the raider's faces as they saw not scared, human sailors, but angry dwarven pirates armed to the teeth.

Not even the sound of the wind and rain could blot out the ragged volley of pistol fire as the first dozen of the corsairs were slain. But more followed, jumping onto the deck of the dwarven ship as slayers rushed to meet them, axes, hammers, chains and even gun stones being hurled about as their blood lust rose.

But Kera's plan was deeper than that and she blew a signal on her whistle. From their hiding place in

her cabin below came her hand picked slayer pirates, festooned with pistols, blades and bombs they began to swarm up the chains and onto the deck of the corsair ship with their Pirate Queen at their head.

Kera pulled herself off the chains and over the rails of the corsair ship, the icy wind whipping her hair and cloak about her as she drew sword and pistol, on the deck about her was commotion, the Druchii who had been preparing to take slaves and booty were now preparing to defend themselves.

As more of her pirate brothers swarmed over the ship's rail she levelled her pistol and shot the nearest Druchii in the face, sending his frail, pale skinned and dark armoured form sprawling backwards, splattering his closest crew mates with brain and bone.

The Druchii recovered themselves as the harsh shouting of their own captain lashed them into action and they began to advance on the small knot of slayers. Kera hurled her spent pistol at the next nearest corsair, the blow sending him sprawling as she drew another weapon, and as one the slayers discharged their shot at almost point blank range, the thick smoke briefly obscured their vision as fresh pistols were drawn but as the storm blew it away the corsairs hurled themselves into the slayers.

The wicked, curved swords of the corsairs were swift and accurate, but the slayers were well seasoned and resolute, and their axes sharp and well struck. Blood spilled freely from both sides onto the deck of the corsair ship and froze together, making the battle even more treacherous but slowly the slayers pushed the corsairs back, all the while Kera trying to fight her way towards the Druchii captain.

She fixed her eyes on his eldritch form and she paid little heed to where her blade or bullets struck, knowing only that with each pace she took another of the foul dark elf corsairs fell dead. Behind her Magri leaped from left to right, hewing down any Druchii that tried to flank Kera as she forged forward, knowing that if she were to fall in combat it must only be to a suitable opponent.

Magri glanced up to where the corsair captain stood, and saw the almond eyes of the dark elf go wide for a moment when he saw Kera and the rest of the slayer pirates hacking his crew to pieces as they inexorably advanced towards him. The captain grimaced and moved to the top of the stairs down to the main deck where he produced a small hand held crossbow from under his cloak and took aim at Kera.

Shouting a warning as the Druchii shot, Magri knew Kera would never react in time, lost in the bloodletting immediately around her and so he shot his hand out in a vain attempt to catch the bolt. There was a searing pain as the bolt hit his hand, skewering threw it and lodging half way through it, making him drop one of his axes in pain. As he looked at the bolt he saw the tell tale sign on the tip of an oily residue. Poison.

Magri slumped to his knees; as he stared dumbly at the veins in his arms he could see them swelling thick and black as if filled with the ink of a squid. With the spreading darkness came a burning fire from inside his veins, as if dragon's breath flooded his capillaries and scorched his arteries. The pain warped his vision, blurring the edges as he fell to the ice cold deck where he watched his pirate Queen staring into the leering face of the Corsair captain...

Pirates of Sartosa



Unofficial Warhammer Army Book

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The Runic Raven of Borek.

By: Ironlord

Borek's failure's demanded this sacrifice and he could think of no better place to atone for his failures as a warrior and as a cousin than the fractured halls that had once belonged to his family. With sorrow in his eyes he glanced at the Runic Raven, his family crest for over a thousand years, it's right wing swept down his chest, the tip of the furthest feather just reaching his heart. How could he fall so far? But he had hope now that he knew his ancestors were watching over him as he made his final stand against the vermin rat men that had infested their once great hall. His axe was already covered with their dark blood and dripped onto the flagstones of the floor. But he couldn't hear a thing over the sound of the thundering water that poured through the cracks in the masonry.

Although his ear's filled with the droning bass of falling water Borek's mind was filled with a different sound, he heard the screams of his dying bearding cousin, he heard himself taking the oath of the slayer, the clunk as his ceremonial armour hit the ground, the rasp of the razor as he shaved his head, the blaring war horns of his people as they had charged in to reclaim Karak Khallin from the Skaven and his promise to King Khallin to hold off as many of the Skaven as he could.

This cave, which was once the great feasting hall of his father, was the only known way through the western side of Karak Khallin and the only known way for the Skaven to reach the western flank of the advancing dwarf army. There were more than a hundred rooms that were attached too the feasting hall, each one could be filled with the jibbering Skaven that he despised so much.

Piercing his ears was the demented call of the rat men.

They were swarming through the hallways and clattering with their claws on the stone floor, their shrieking reached a it zenith as they burst in through the doorway of the hall, a large Rat Ogre bursting through the door, shattering the stone with it's body as it's lesser siblings swarmed around it, they leapt for Borek, the smaller vermin covering the ground faster as they became a rushing wave of death. Tiny rats bounded between the feet of their larger cousins. The slaving masses rushed forward, but Borek leapt forward, his twin axes flashing in the

darkness, their sharp edges cleaving through the rats, big and small.

The bodies of the rat men were so corrupted that their blood melted the stone that Borek stood on, sizzling the granite at a touch as he chopped their limbs and cut their bodies on his doomed charge. These were simply vermin, rats and nothing more, some were the size of hunting dogs, whippet thin and ravenous. Their slaving jaws tried to bite down on him, but he battered them aside on mass or cleaved them with his axes.

"FATHER FORGIVE ME!" He cried, splitting the face of a rat man, the first true foe that he had fought in the hall, his spear dropped away too the ground as Borek trampled over him to get at the main swarm of the true rat men. He shattered the club of an attacking skaven with his axe, the brittle wood snapping and splintering against the might of Borek's steel, he threw his head forward cracking the Skaven's nose with his forehead and sending the creature sprawling to be eaten by it's kin. He spun, his arms extended with his axes slashing through the multitude of out stretched limbs and biting fangs.

He stopped spinning, facing forward towards the door the skaven continued to run through, a sudden wave of armoured skaven rushed through the door towards him, the sheer number of small rats pushed him back, he was forced to ride the wave of vermin back into the halls. They lifted him from his feet and dragged him towards the pools. He felt the jaggig of a thousand tiny claws across his body. He gagged as a rat tried to force its way down his throat, worried that biting it would wash acid down his throat he tried to spit it out and keep his mouth shut as he fought to find his feet.

Bourne by the tide of rats he wriggled and squirmed until his elbow hit the floor, squashing a rat to reach the solid flagstones. Now he knew which way was up and down.

Turning he ignored the stinging bites and scratches of the rats as he managed to spin around, he felt his gnarled hands touch the flagstones at the same time as his knees and he pushed himself upwards, spraying rats everywhere he rose, roaring like a lion as he leapt too his feet.

But then he was moving again thrown by a blow too the back by an armoured Skaven that drove him into

the pool of a waterfall. Under the surface his mouth filled with water, his mohawk flopped to stick to his bald head and the shred of cloth that remained of his trousers began to weigh him down as they were soaked with water. The skaven was right up in his face, its claw's scratching and ripping at his chest and shoulders with its dirty nails. Borek wanted to scream in pain but he had no air to scream with.

But the Skaven would not relent in its attack, it snapped its head forward and bit Borek's nose.

Pulling free he watched the water before his eyes cloud with his own red blood as his feet hit the bottom of the shallow pool, with his legs beneath him he pushed up with his straining legs, propelling himself and the Skaven up towards the surface, eight feet away.

They broke the surface gasping for air, the squeal of the rat man a counter point too the grunting, spluttering of the dwarf. Their tactic's changed as well, the Skaven simply tried to paw Borek away as they tried to breathe. But Borek knew that all he had to do was kill.

He wrapped his hands around the creature's neck and began to throttle it, squeezing with all of his might, he enjoyed seeing the eyes of the Skaven popping from its rat like skull. He forced the creature under water to speed its departure.

He felt the wriggling and crawling slow to a stop and he leapt out of the pool onto the slippery rocks. His bare feet scrabbled for purchase as he picked himself up. A primitive spear was thrown his way, he avoided the spear, letting it bounce off of the cave wall. Stooping he picked up the jagged edged weapon, it felt dirty in his hands, not just because of the layer of grime upon its shaft of the brittle feel of the wood, but because it was the weapon of the enemy. There was a burning sensation in his right shoulder, real or imagined it didn't matter, he had angered the runic eagle and felt its displeasure course through his veins.

He turned, leaping from the rocks back into the horde of rats and their masters, stabbing with the spear and driving towards his axes, he could feel them, calling out to him as they lay there on the ground. He sliced the jagged blade across the belly of a beast, disembowelling it as it fell too the floor. His bare feet kicked up dozens of scurrying beasts as he moved closer too the axes, he felt them calling to him from just a few feet away. He was about to reach out and grab the weapons as he drew closer, but stopped, his mind drawn to another call, a

deeper more resonating hum that seemed to reverberate through the stones beneath his feet.

Turning too the door he saw the hulking figure of a rat Ogre appear, its left hand had been cut off and replaced with a crude metal spike, but its right hand was wrapped firmly around an ornate axe, the butterfly wings of which were intricately festooned with runes and swirling patterns that seemed move on the blade as it was swung.

The spirits in the halls around him called out to the axe, his father's own axe, wishing for the honour of the family to be restored with the blade returned to dwarven hands, especially if that meant ripping it from Skaven paws.

Infuriated at the sight of such a creature carrying his father's axe, Borek leapt forward, scooping up his own comparatively plain axe and a bucket full of little rats as he went. The rats dropped away, revealing the wicked axe as he barged forward, shoulder barging a Skaven warrior into a pool as he passed. The Rat Ogre saw his coming through its one good eye and roared in challenge, clattering its spike arm off of the stone floor and raising the axe up high, as if holding it out of reach for the slayer.

"ANCESTORS GUIDE MY AXE!" He cried as he launched himself at the rat ogre, his axe leading, aiming towards the left leg of the Rat Ogre. If the beast wanted to hold his axe up high, then he would simply cut it down to his size.

He moved faster than the dim witted creature could catch, aiming for the side with the missing eye, vile puss dripped from the rotted socket and plopped onto the floor between its feet as Borek narrowly avoided the cold steel on the rat ogre's arm, he could feel the chill of the metal pass mere inches behind his back as he brought his axe down on the left leg of the Rat Ogre.

There was a sickening slice as the axe head sliced cleanly through the flesh and cracked the thick bones supporting the creature. Borek landed on both feet and threw himself forward with the momentum, using the embedded axe as a pivoting point and flipping himself over the leg in a tight tuck that landed him on his back on the other side of the Rat Ogre as it tried to slip and tumble on its wounded leg.

Just a moment ago, waves of chilling steel had rolled over Borek's back, but he would give anything for that now that his back roared with fiery pain. Quickly he picked himself up, realising that he had in fact landed on a Skaven warrior, crushing the beast

beneath his bulk as he landed. But the creature was wearing serrated armour coated in filth and disease. The waves of pain and fire were swiftly followed by a feeling of nausea that Borek fought hard to repress as he focused on the Rat Ogre, which had turned to face him now, it's massive weight almost breaking the badly wounded leg.

It swung the axe, forcing Borek to duck under the blow, directly where he was supposed to go, he realised, as he tried to force himself closer too the ground he felt an eruption of pain spread from his shoulder. He turned too see the metal spike ripping through the tattooed skin of his shoulder and back, destroying the ancient family design that had been passed down from generation to generation. He watched in terror as the Runic Raven was destroyed by the Rat Ogre.

He let out a scream, one of anger and animal rage, pain and loss.

His left hand wrapped around the handle of his axe, now down on the floor, his right arm was almost useless, the muscles flopping and spasmodic in pain.

Knuckles white he raised the weapon as the Rat Ogre made too chop at him with his father's axe again, but Borek stepped forward, his short stature taking him out of the murderous ark of the swing, bringing his own axe forward at just the right angle to intercept the monster's arm at the weakest point, the wrist.

There was a jarring impact as the axe hit the flesh and for a moment Borek thought that the strike wasn't enough too cut through the arm of the Rat Ogre. But the hand flew free in a spurt of blood, the axe spinning with it. The creature howled with pain, unable to stop the blood pumping through it's stump. It flailed the stabbing arm in frustration and turned to charge Borek as he rolled too the ground, pain and poison flooding his system in equal measure. But as it turned it put pressure on it's wounded leg, the battered bone shattering beneath it's bulk as the leg gave way. Leaving the creature stunned on the floor, but still alive.

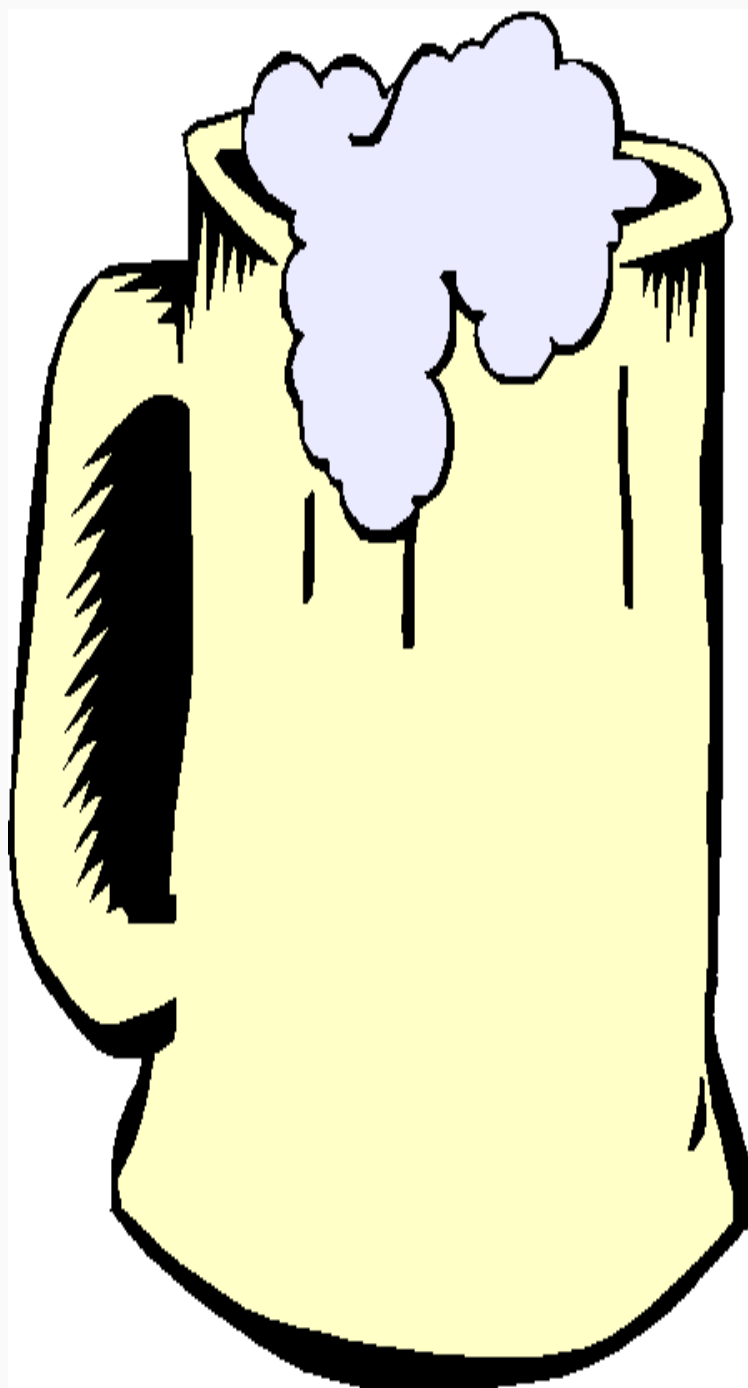
Borek tumbled when he fell and watched the Rat Ogre fall with glee, it's severed hand lay beside him, still clutching his father's axe. Prying the two finger and thumb from the ancestral weapon he ignored the scurrying vermin that had leapt on him, ignoring their bites and scratched into his wounded shoulder.

Grunting he managed to place his right hand on the handle of the axe, as it touched he felt a rush of life

flow through his veins, he smiled at the mewling rat ogre as it tried to push itself towards him, it one good leg pushing it forward as it tried to use it's stump to move it along. The metal spike on it's hand waved in front of it slicing through the vermin that caked the floor as they sensed the final confrontation was close.

Borek stamped down on the metal spike, trapping it with his bare foot too the ground as he raised his axe above his head.

"COUSIN GUIDE MY AXE!" he pleaded as the axe swung down, heading straight between the creature's eyes





Expression in Runes

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

To submit your images send them as an JPEG (.jpg), GIF (.gif) or Bitmap (.tif, .bmp) in an email attachment (limit of 10 megs of images and files please) to submissionsTDS@hotmail.com. Please supply a description of your models. All submissions must be your own and by sending them you give us permission to use them in the Doom Seeker.

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter's Hammerers of the Month Armies.

Here are some of the armies of winners of the Hammerer of the Month on WFBR. These are the armies as they play them or in Guardian_A's case as he and his friends he's trying to get in the hobby play. This page is Godless Mimicry's armies, next page is Guardian_A's Many armies.



Godless Mimicry's Beasts of Chaos



Godless-Mimicry's Dark Elves



Godless-Mimicry's Warriors of Chaos



Godless-Mimicry's Lizardmen

The Doom Seeker - Issue IV



Left to Right: Guardian_A's Bretonnians, Ogres, Lizardmen



Top to Bottom: Guardian_A's Wood Elves, Vampire Counts, Chaos Dwarfs and High Elves



Top to Bottom: Guardian_A's Dwarfs, Empire and Terrain



Converting Beastmen Characters

By: Godless Mimicry

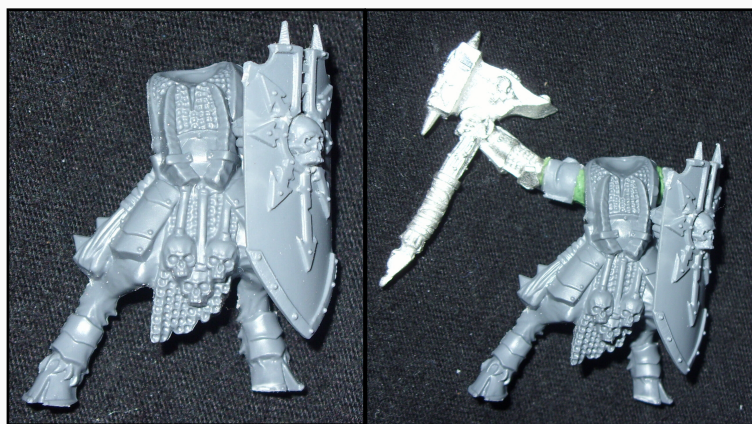
Beastmen are one of the most terrifying threats to men in the Old World. Leading such animalistic raiding parties are the Beastmen's generals, their Beastlords and Wargors. To celebrate the recent release of the new Beastmen army book, we will focus this installment on creating plastic Beastmen characters to lead your forces to battle.

1. Step one of all conversions is to decide on a look and assemble your pieces. The example shown (Figure 1) uses the body, head, and horns of a Bestigor, while using the arms and shields from a Chaos Knight. A Chaos character weapon has been thrown in straight out of the bits box for style, but a regular Chaos Knight weapon will look just as fearsome. Be sure to shave off all mold lines and sprue residue from your bits for a clean fit.



Figure 1

2. Begin by assembling the shield and shield arm as the positioning of the shield is a good base for judging the pose the character will take on. (Figure 2)



Left: Figure 2 - Right: Figure 3

3. After the glue for the shield has dried, attached the weapon arm in a suitable pose. This would be a good time to fill in any gaps around the arms also as the head may get in the way later. (Figure 3)

4. For the final step, attach the horns to the Beastlord's head and glue the head onto the shoulders continuing your intended pose. (Figure 4)



Figure 4

Now, with four easy steps and approximately €2 worth of bits, you have a fearsome Beastlord ready to lead your pillaging hordes to torment the world of men. All your Beastlord needs is a lick of paint (Figure 5) and basing and he is battle ready.



Figure 5

So with a little planning and bits you probably have laying around, or you can swap with your friends, you can put a unique model on the table for your next game.

The Word of Hashut



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

Ravening Hordes

Armies That GW Have Forgotten
(But We Still Love)

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

Hooves in the Night

By: Ironlord

The clacking had driven most of the men inside the inn to despair, they snivelled and cried in the dark corners, shying away from the warm fire that crackled in the hearth. Above the hearthstone was a set of antlers, older than generations of the inn owners family, many of whom were still alive in this inn. Two stories tall and made from solid stone it was one of the few buildings that had survived the bombardment from the massive rocks lobbed by the giants outside the town.

Everyone had seen the huge stones land with crushing force, cracking stone, shattering timber and squashing the frail bodies of the human defenders. The walls had held against the stones, their ancient magic made by the Dwarven stone masons hundreds of years ago, holding firm when the houses of men crumbled to dust. But the gates had not been as strong.

Those on the walls had spotted a massive Minotaur, easily as tall as a giant and with four mighty arms, each as thick as a man. It's passing had been hailed by the mutant men with cheers and shouts, this had continued for days before the beast had run flat out, it's arms clutching a strange set of massive axes that it flailed wildly, sending the milling hordes at it's feet into a frenzy as they surged like a wave towards the gate.

It had been over since then.

Several days of street to street fighting had followed. A brutal grinding war that had turned the streets red with blood and left hundreds more dead from both sides. But now the fight was almost over.

"All over but the crying and the dying." One man wailed, clutching his head in his hands as he sobbed. He was missing several fingers on his right hand, fingers bitten off by one of the smaller beasts, called Ungors, when he was fighting to keep his family safe. Now they were gone and he had been in this poisonous melancholy since he had gotten here.

"Well manling, are yeh goin' tae do all that lyin' on yer arse?" Grumbled Barrek, a Dwarven warrior, a free wheeling and hard dealing mercenary from the mountains. He and a group of mercenary soldiers

had stopped into town, causing all types of madness in the town for a few days before the beasts arrived. The town guard had been about to throw them out when the forest had stirred and belched forward the stinking horde, trapping them inside with the rest of them.

A force of their lesser beasts had taken up position too the south, blocking their only escape route with their chariots and bow fire to prevent any break through by the once eager cavalry of the House of Vallen, the only true military force in the town aside from the guard. Too their credit the rag tag militia had done well too keep the flee bitten horde away. But now it was simply a waiting game for the small pockets of resistance left in the buildings and towers scattered throughout the city.

But the clacking of hooves, the bellowing of beasts and the stench of death was creeping ever closer, slipping in beneath the barricaded door and getting into the noses and throats of those still inside. The beast men were too busy tearing down the temples and palaces of man too care about the thirty survivors trapped in the Gray Horns inn.

In fact it seemed like the only one who cared for the contents of the doomed inn was Captain Meralindus, veteran swordsman, trusted fighting brother and stalwart friend to every one of his companions in his mercenary company. With quiet foot falls he made his way down the wooden stair case, his lithe frame blocking only some of the view up the stairs.

"Our chance is soon friends, they seem to be heading west in the city, towards the House of Vallen if I'm not mistaken."

A few people bobbed their heads up and down, either confirming the captain's suspicions or eager to be so close too the end of their misery.

"Times have been hard people, I know that, our first attempt to break free was a disaster that no one could have for seen, but I promise you that we will be free of this city by the next night fall." With a beaming smile he headed back up stairs to talk too his archers, who kept a close eye on the streets outside with an arrow ready in their hands. They had

said, in the beginning, that it was hard too see the cobbles of the street with so much fur blocking their view.

And that was the problem, there were just too many of them.

Every noise was theirs.

Every smell was theirs.

Every inch of the city was theirs.

Every pound of flesh they had once known was theirs.

Night time fell and the beasts seemed to slumber for the first time in weeks, their heavy snoring became a thunder that almost shook the few walls left standing loose. They all secretly thanked the dwarven stone masons as they filed out into the street, clutching whatever weapons they could find and carrying all they could manage as they dropped down out of the window of the Gray Horns and off into the dark city.

Meralindus shuddered slightly as his foot sunk into the leavings of a beast man, his perfect boots stained from the touch of the foul substance. But he ignored his temptation too vent his anger on any number of beastly creatures that were close by and focused on making it through this street before he could take a breather.

The leather of the shoes made it all too easy for him to move through the sprawled Gors as he made his way towards the tanners at the end of the street, however he felt shivers race up his spine every time he heard the clink-clump clink-clump of Barrek's iron shod feet. He loved the dwarf dearly, admired his fighting skill and tenacity and his proud heart. But sometimes the foolish short bearded "noble" simply refused too see the benefits of stealth over strength.

Barrek sometimes hinted at having a noble blood line, but Meralindus had long ago thrown any such ideas away when he saw how foolish Barrek often was. His bull headed attitude would be as much of a problem as the thousands of Gors that Meralindus was sharing his air with.

A harpy fluttered up above, cradling a severed leg as it flew.

The sight was enough to make many men vomit in disgust as Meralindus waved his group on in silence. Counting the number of people he took with him he was glad that there were no children. He loved the little ones, truly he did, he planned to raise a swarm of them himself because their innocence and cheer was refreshing in these dark times, but while trying

to get free of a city they would become too much of a burden.

His archers provided both front and rear cover for the thin column and Meralindus waited in a building's dark alcove for the line too pass, including a grumbling Barrek, until he could speak too those archers he had left at the rear. They were young, but far from inexperienced and watched for every twitch and movement. Bows trained on the furry forms in the moonlight.

With nothing new to consider Meralindus moved forward, taking a place in the front ¼ of his marching column, behind his front soldiers but before the civilians, the older men, the younger men and the women.

Honestly he was amazed that they had gotten this far. His own exhaustion was setting in, his eyes heavy, movements slow and sometimes not even of his own accord. He felt his right knee dip slightly, almost enough to make him clip a ribcage that had been picked clean by the Gors and left to bleach in the sunlight. Steadying himself he moved on before anyone could ask any foolish questions of him.

They needed to keep moving.

Moving onwards towards the sewers near the old smithy.

Barrek's noise was a benchmark for their journey, when Barrek was the loudest thing they heard, they were slightly more relaxed than when he beaten back by a series of whoops, drunken bellows and the clacking of hooves on the cobble.

They were forced to use the back alleys and side streets, where once rogues waited with gleaming, eager eyes, there were only bloated vermin like rats and a well fed city fox. On one such journey into the heart of darkness they heard a clacking noise approaching. Caged in on every side by rows of houses because they were in the lower, slum like area of town they had scattered into a trio of alleyways. Hiding anywhere they could find, behind or in piles of rubbish, behind broken carts that awaited repairs and in the deepest shadows.

The clacking was made my two of the Gors, who carried a torch with them, spreading the revealing light with them where ever they went as they swigged heartily from a great jug of ale.

Praising the gods for his luck Meralindus gathered the group as they set off into the darkness once again. Hoping that the two they had seen were just wanderers and not a patrol.

The streets had changed a lot since the invasion, piles of broken stonework lay across the main streets, blocking their path as they moved through the moonlit streets. But gradually they wound their way towards the Smithy following the back streets until they could go no further.

Looking around for any possible way out Meralindus spotted a crude rope ladder leading up too a series of rooftops that would take them most of the way there. Running over too the ladder he looked at the ground and spotted a mess of hoof prints around the ladder.

Sighing he looked around.

There were two other routes but both were filled with rubble and they couldn't afford to waste time and go back the way they had come. Cursing he signalled for the three men in his group with bows to move forward and begin climbing the ladder.

Elim hid behind a stacked chimney as he scanned the rooftops with his keen eyes.

He spotted glinting steel from arrows and armour worn by the small Ungors that were scattered across the slate roofing of the town.

Beside him Tohm and Bram were picking out their own targets and pointed them out to one another so that not a single shot would be wasted. They needed to move fast and hit hard to clear an area for their fleeing comrades down below, they had heard the clattering of footsteps beneath them on their way up and were very aware of the precious time they were loosing as they sat here.

Grasping an arrow from the quiver Elim took aim as Tohm and Bram mimicked him with their own arrows.

Exhaling he let the shot fly at an Ungor not fifteen feet away as it passed by another chimney. The creature took the arrow in the face and dropped without too much noise, slumping onto the ground and sliding down to catch on the chimney. Keeping his eyes peeled Elim noticed that two other Ungors were missing from the horizon.

Leap frogging forward they picked out new targets and dropped them without a second thought or glance. Making expert kills with little noise or fuss in the moonlight. All was going well as the first few civilians reached the rooftops, probably pushed up by Meralindus and Barrek, instinct moving them to cower beneath the chimneys.

Suddenly misfortune struck as Thom lined up a shot and let it sail beautifully at a creature that was bent

over the edge and looking into the streets below. As the arrow flew one of the mean spirited Ungors ran over and gave the creature a swift kick on the matted fur that covered it's back side. The first creature fell forward tumbling too the ground a few stories below. But the arrow flew on, striking the kicker as he tried to regain his balance on the roof. The Ungor was pitched forward, arrow lodged deep in his back, as he too fell too the ground to land with a great clatter on the stone cobbles below.

Cursing, the trio began a barrage of missile fire, swiftly joined by a few of the civilians who they had been protecting who scavenged bows from the dead Ungors that were littered across the roof tops. Although they cleared the roof in a brutally fast display of archery they had made a lot of noise. One of the older men who had picked up a bow was bleeding badly from a wound in his shoulder and wailing loudly at the pain.

Meralindus marvelled at the rooftop, bathed in moonlight it was like a drunken dance party had suddenly finished as the revelers dropped from exhaustion and opiates. Strangest of all was the cluster off people who held down an old man and stuffed an impromptu gag made from a rag into his mouth to shut him up.

He ordered Barrek too chop down the rope ladder to buy them some time and the dwarf set about the thick knots with his wickedly sharp axe and abandon. Making his way over too the gaggle of worried people he pulled Elim aside.

"What in the hells happened up here Elim my good man?" He said through gritted teeth, "Half the town is descending upon your little party up here!"

"Sorry sir I. One of the things fell off the roof and Thom's arrow hit another one off as well."

Cursing Meralindus looked for a way down, admitting only to himself that it had been rather foolish of him too take his group up the ladder without knowing a way down the other side.

Crouched low he ran too the other side of the roof, careful not to disturb the arrow punctured dead.

He almost tripped in a gap made by a missing slate but picked himself up with what little grace he had left as he neared the edge. There was a series of slightly stepped buildings that dropped down too the streets again, but the streets were occupied by a rag tag group of Gors who had come too see what had made all the noise. Cursing he looked else where, spotting another group of houses over the street. Thankfully the gap was almost covered by the

slanting roofing and the jump was maybe a little over two or three feet. He and his men would easily cover the gap, but they would have to be careful with the civilians he now felt as an ever increasing burden.

Returning he found a few of them had taken the bows and arrows from the dead Ungors and were trying to help move the injured old man. He groaned and moaned as he was lifted and Meralindus shot him a look of cold steel, "If you slow us down I will leave you here, we must escape this city and I will not have my men beaten to death by these monsters and eaten because you would not keep up. Do you understand?"

Together they crossed the gap, many of the more able helping over the others, Thom even straddled the gap with his long legs and guided others over even though many people saw the tiles start to strain and wobble when Barrek's heavy frame was on the edge of the roof. Thankfully it held long enough to allow them passage, away from the eyes of the Beastmen bellow. They found themselves moving through the balconies of several homes, avoiding going inside and trapping themselves, instead going from balcony to balcony to reach the end of the street. It was exhausting work as they were forced too help each other over, some times lifting those to injured or old to make the gaps or jumps.

Meralindus pushed a head, taking Elim with him to help pick out a clear route ahead. At the end of the row of balconies they came too a brick wall, Meralindus boosted Elim up onto the room to spot a way ahead. He came back down a few moments later, his face still pondering as he reported back too Meralindus.

"The gap is too large to jump, but we have a clear run down an alley just below us."

Now they broke into runs, sprinting from cover to cover down the alleyway as they neared salvation. The crowd was beginning to disperse into the town but was staying away from the alleyway. Thanking the gods for his luck Meralindus lead the group until he heard a crashing noise and the clatter of hooves on cobblestones.

Terrified many of the group scampered into houses, one lady leapt through a broken window into a house to avoid the chariot as it came clattering around the corner, pulled by a great slaving pig, it's back as broad as most of the alley. Covered in a thin film of sweat it snorted down the alley, tossing it's head in excitement at the smell of fresh prey. It pulled a ramshackle chariot, on top of which stood a

battle armoured Gor, his horns wide and curled and with a heavy axe in his hand.

Meralindus was ducked below a low wall and peered out too see Barrek standing firm in the alley. He shouted for the dwarf to get out of the way as the arrows flew in, sinking deep into the boar's flesh. Irritated the mutated pig simply picked up speed as it hurtled towards the still stationary warrior.

Screeching as it drew close the pig like monster ducked it's head, bringing its massive tusks into line to simply impale the dwarf on the charge. More arrows thudded into it's body, driving the beast to new levels of rage. But it was too late to stop the charge.

Meralindus watched as Barrek launched himself forward, taking two steps, left then right, pushing upwards with all his might in his right foot to launch upwards, knowing that the boar's momentum would move the chariot forward enough for him to reach the platform itself. He soared up, shield in one hand, blocking most of his body, hand axe in the other, raised high and ready for the impact.

The bulky dwarf smashed straight into the larger Gor, axe coming down on the creature's head and sending blood everywhere. Their tangled bodies dragged the smaller Gor too the ground with them in a pile of fur, muscle and anger that thrashed on the ground as the pig pulled cart smashed into the stone wall at the end of the alley.

The small Gor emerged from the tangle, mouth soaked in blood from Barrek's ripped open throat, soon he was down again, two arrows in his chest as the others gathered around the dead dwarven warrior.

They couldn't grieve for the fallen dwarf, if they did the beasts would be upon them and his sacrifice would be for nothing. Meralindus wouldn't let that happen to the memory of his old friend. He was one of the few old friends that Meralindus had left, now he lay dead in the street, like so many of his old comrades and warrior bonded brothers, war was an ugly business, no matter how much you were paid for the job.

Taking to the front he took them around the corner he was leading them the way he had lead any number of men over his career, but now it felt like he was dragging them. Many of the civilians were just to shaken too move, the sight of the massive Boar had shaken them, they were simple city people, they had never seen such violence given form. They

knew nothing of the world outside their safe walls, of the horror of the old world.

For a brief moment Meralindus wondered if it would be best to leave them here.

No, he declared to himself, life was always better than death.

The smithy was so close, the battered sign lay swinging on one loose metal hoop, its off kilter form moved lazily in the wind, it made no sound, its movements lubricated by the blood of those killed here. It wasn't an intentional effect, but so many soldiers and beasts had died here, fighting to get into the smithy, with all his weapons and armour, that the blood stained the walls, spurts of arterial blood were easily up too ten feet on the wall and a layer of bodies was outside.

A few severed heads had been stuck on pikes around a tree that had been grown in a square garden not ten feet away from the front door, the eyes would have watched them as they approached, but they had been put out.

Meralindus approached the door too the smithy, which was closed but badly battered, he paid no attention too the carpet of corpses he walked over to test the door, ignoring the crunch of human bones as he stepped on shattered rib cages and busted skulls.

With a single hand he tested the door, his other hand at his side, hovering over his loose and ready sword, he realised he hadn't used it since they had left the Gray Horns inn little over an hour ago. He felt a hunger growing in himself to use the blade, to feel the rush of the fight.

Maybe he was too eager.

Maybe he was too tired.

Maybe he was too out of focus from the death of Barrek.

But he hadn't noticed the half eaten state of the corpses, the bite marks and the trail of blood too the door that lead inside. Elim noticed it only to late, the windows crashed outwards as he shouted.

The first creature leapt straight for the archers, bounding on all fours out of the window, ignoring the shards of painted glass that jagged into it's feet and face as it sped towards them, dagger like teeth glaring and thick matted fur snapping in the wind.

The next came through with more of a crash than it's partner, the elegance replaced by a sheer brute force that almost caught Meralindus off balance. Standing almost up too his chest, the creature could

best be described as a hound, but a mutant off shoot of a noble's hunting dog, its frame was wide and overly muscled, it's jaw over sized, as if it didn't belong on the head of a dog, but rather that of a large bear and Meralindus could tell that there was something that was ultimately evil about this hound.

He drew his blade just in time to block a blow from the creature, his steel sword sparking from the claws of the creature. He was caught in shock.

"Sparks?" he said aloud, not caring who heard.

Sparks came form the clash of steel on steel, or steel on rock, what in the name of the gods was he fighting?

While Meralindus's men were fighting for their lives against the two hounds they failed to realise the appearance of three more from the alley across the street, they had been drawn by the noise of the glass shattering and investigated with their curious snouts sniffing and strange tongues flicking in the air, tasting the new scents.

They loved human flesh, loved it more than any other in the world, it was just right, not tough and chewy like the flesh of the little people, not stringy and thin like the wood people. But just right. Plentiful and tender.

Especially in the women folk.

And they could smell women folk.

Licking their lips they pelted through the streets and alley ways, coming too a halt just in the mouth of the alleyway as they savoured the sight of their panicking prey.

Elim had shot one of the hounds in the shoulder with an arrow, but it seemed to ignore the arrow and barrel onwards too close the gap before they could fire again. The three hunters seemed to drop their bows in unison and draw out their long knives. Each blade was almost a foot in length as well as a solid wooden handle. With these blades they set about the hound as it came into range. Elim ducked too the side and stabbed the blade into the side of the beast, the same way he would take down a charging wolf in the wild, using his strength too hold the blade in place and trusting the slick edge of the blade and the hound's momentum to cause the maximum damage.

The blade struck true and tore a massive wound in the side of the beast, a fatal wound but it took down one of the other hunters, Tohm, in a death grip. As they landed the hound let out a howl and spurted massive spines all over it's body, impaling the hunter

in several places as the spines punctured through the thin clothing he wore, ripping up his insides in so many places his organs turned to paste.

Elim was almost sick at the sight of his friend being murdered so brutally.

But the scream of one of the women was enough to get his attention sharply focused on the three other hounds as they walked out of the alleyway behind them.

Meralindus duelled with the bear like hound, exchanging flourishes of sparking blows and parries as they circled around one another beneath the swinging sign of the smithy.

He felt his perfect scimitar bend in the core of the blade as the creature brought it's strength down, it had been aiming for his head but he was quick enough to deflect the attack. Although the blade was buckling it was still holding, but he wondered for how much longer and knew he would have to attack soon, kill the beast and get the fleeing civilians to safety. He went on an offensive, aware that his this clothing was starting to shred on contact with the creature's razor sharp claws and that several tiny cuts were appearing on his torso where he hadn't quite dodged fast enough.

He dodged away from the sweeping left too right claw swipe and followed in with an upper cutting slice of his own. The creature tried to block with a downward swipe but the blade found a niche between the scales around his talons and sliced deep into the creature's paw and burst out in a gush of gore and ripped tendons.

Yelping the creature backed off before deploying a barrage of his own spines and charged forward, avoiding putting any weight on it's injured paw. Terrified Meralindus threw himself too the side, taking a spine stab in his leg for his trouble. Crying out in pain he scrambled to pick himself up from the ground, ignoring the shooting pain in his leg and the wave of nausea that coursed through his veins.

He wanted to vomit his very soul out of his body.

The spine covered hound was turning again and Meralindus turned too see the other three coming out of the alleyway. It was almost enough to make him despair, but he was more worried about the creature, bristling with spines and hatred as it turned towards him and charged again.

Too tired to run he simply held his sword out ahead of him arms locked and eyes steady on the charging hound.

Elim began firing as quickly as he could at the trio of hounds and was delighted when he stuck one of them in the head dropping the fell creature too the ground where a foul green acid seeped from it's open mouth and began melting the cobblestone road beneath the spreading pool.

The remaining two ignored the panicked archer and his brother and set upon the weaker civilians. They tore into them like wolves among sheep, their mighty jaws cracking bones and helping their razor sharp teeth to rip the flesh from their arms and legs as they tried in vain to fight them off.

But they would never win, not even with their numerical advantage, the hounds were too vicious and the poor people were forced to fight with only their bare hands, one of the older men was clubbing a hound over the head using a rock he had found as it ripped off his other arm, the one shielding his face, before it finished him off.

Captain Meralindus lay slumped of the floor beside the smithy stuck too the wall by the tusks of a massive hound, the tip of his sword sticking out of the back of the creature's skull, his face caught in a strange stupor. He began firing again, picking his shots as the hounds danced around, leaping between prey and tearing meat. He hit their sides, the largest areas, their thick muscled legs.

But it was no use, they were seized by blood lust.

Suddenly it was seized by blood lust, there was only one of them in the crowd of people and Elim turned too see where the other one had went. Suddenly there was a roar and a scream as the last hound tore into Bram. Cursing Elim began to draw his knife again but suddenly heard the clacking of many hooves on the cobbled stone streets.

He looked around and caught the flickering shadows of the advancing hordes.

Ignoring the cries for help he saw a clear opening towards the smithy and the sewers inside, a path of order through the maelstrom and chaos. He took the option, running past the dying civilians he had sworn to protect, only glancing at the still impaled body of his friend and boss. Meralindus didn't seem to mind, he had always been a "survival of the fittest" type of person anyway.

A'ruck Bloodtooth lead his pack of sworn warriors through the streets, their horns blasting in the night time, banner snapping in the wind, they had heard the sounds of screaming and rallied together to hunt it down. Strange things had happened tonight. If

A'ruck found out what had happened then he would become a true figure of power in the herd.

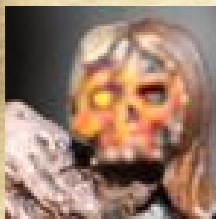
His pale white fur was enough to get him noticed, bringing a score of humans to sacrifice would be enough to catapult him into a place of power within the grand horde. They found a blood bath outside the smithy, a pack of hounds among the ripped limbs of dozens of humans. Grabbing the sounding horn he blasted it like a trumpet to scare off the hounds who retreated into the alleyway, dragging legs and limbs to nibble on in the dark.

Nodding too a trio of still moving bodies he send a group of his warriors to take them away, bound in ropes, as he looked through the wreckage of the fight, pointing out survivors to his warriors as they took them away. He came across the body of a man, covered in battle scars and wearing fine clothes over lapped with leather armour. He was impaled my a great hound, his body stuck too the wall by the tusks of the hound. His own sword was buried too the hilt in the creature's skull. The human stirred, his head twitching upwards to look A'ruck in the eyes.

A'ruck twitched a smile, his crooked teeth were yellow and stained with blood, licking his lips with his flat tongue he hefted his mace high and swung it with a sickening yet satisfactory crunch.

Twitterocalypse

Twitterocalypse is an idea of mine that I have had for a while, a game of Warhammer 40k Apocalypse with live updates through twitter so that you can share the experience. The first trial run took place almost a month ago with relative success, however this time I hope to add to the experience with pictures linked through the twitter posts.

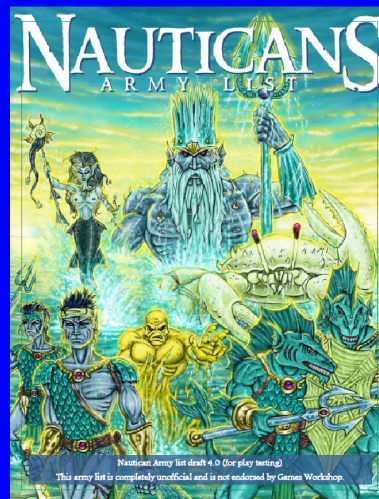


If you want to join in the game, simply sign up for a Twitter account for free and follow my account. The account name you are looking for is ironlordthemad.

All of the relevant tweets will have the tag #twitterocalypse, allowing you to click the tag and see all of the recent tweets with the tag #twitterocalypse. Although the army lists have yet to be confirmed the Iron Warriors are out to continue their bloody rampage across the galaxy, but will the Ultramarines be able to stop them this time, aided by the Salamanders?

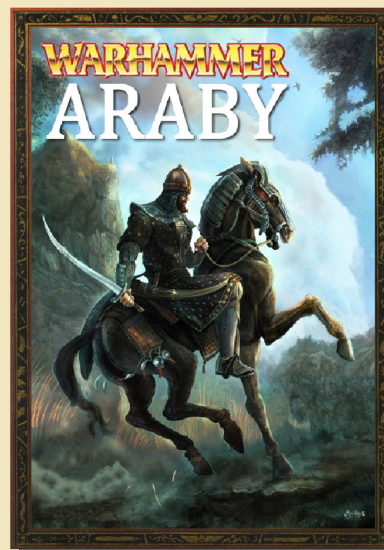
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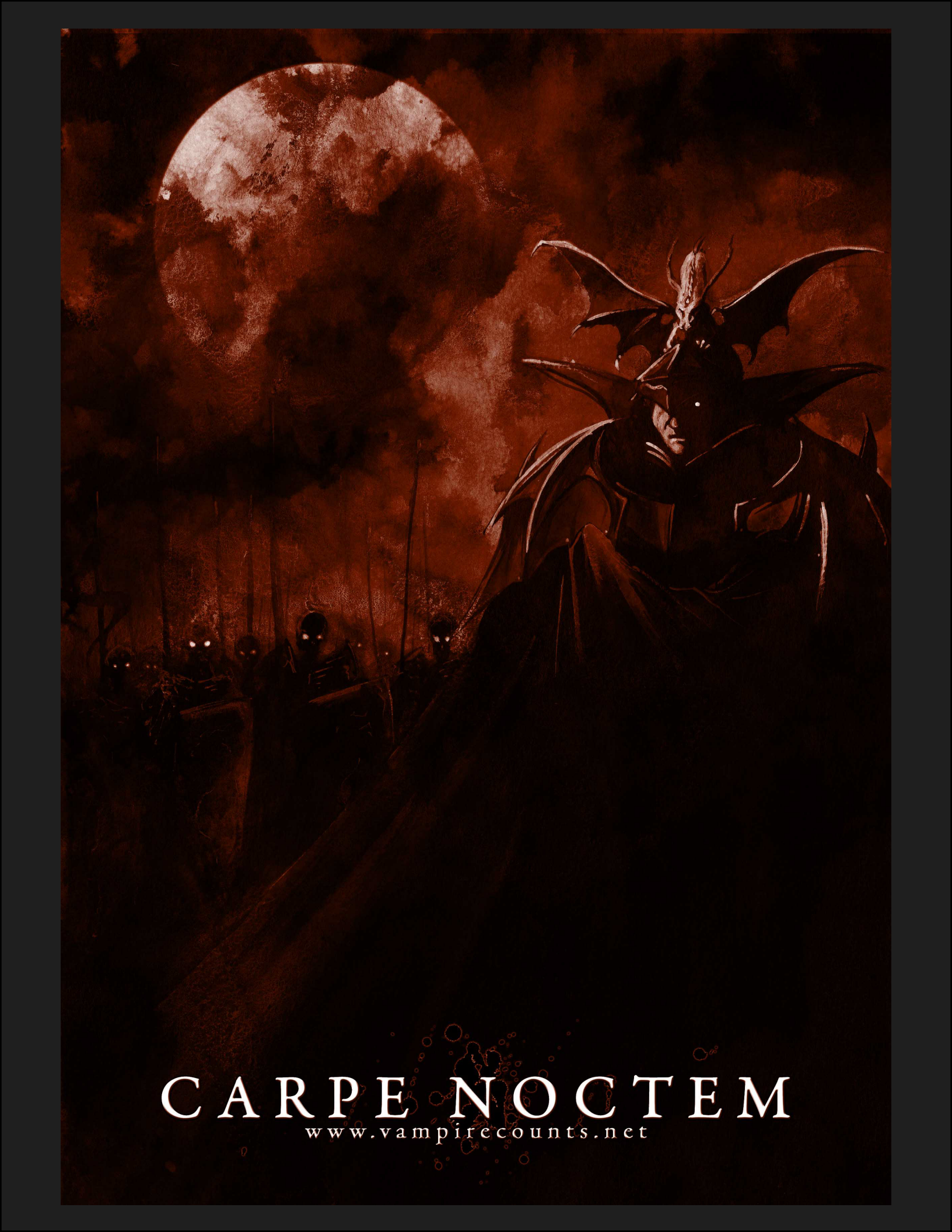
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CARPE NOCTEM

www.vampirecounts.net

Forest of Death

By: Son of Khaine

All that lay beneath the canopy of the forest was death, hundreds of body stretched underneath the trees.

Mangled bodies filled with arrows and smashed with axes and clubs, a figure walked through the corpses, hunched over and covered with a large gray cloak covered in dirt and grime, curling horns encircling his large fur covered head, he had a hunched, crippled gait, his way led by a large staff, covered in runes that glowed yellow in the semi darkness of the forest

The figure moved slower, picking his way through the large roots and bodies that lay across the forest floor, stopping next to the body of an Elf, the body covered in the flowing scripture of one of the chosen spell weavers of Athel Loren, he drew a short blade from the folds of his cloak, its blade nicked and rusted, and slid it down the sternum of the Elf, splaying the ribs aside he dug through the creatures organs before finding what he had been looking for, lifting it high above him he muttered a quick prayer to the Gods, before swallowing the Elf's heart, the power of the being coursing through his veins, the beast felt himself become more powerful, his eyes began to glow yellow with hellish power.

Noises came from a clearing ahead of the Beast, hurrying forward he came across a clearing where the battle had raged fiercest, in the centre of the clearing, a huge stone lay, glowing with a pale green sickly light, the rock made of a chunk of the rarest of stones, Warpstone.

On top of the rock lay two bodies, both of them broken, one was kin too the shaman, his horns protruding from his head, one pair went straight back while another pair curled beneath his jaw like a ram's. His body was covered in broken arrow shafts and thin slashes from a delicate sword. A huge axe lay in one hand, part of it's blade smashed into his opponent's stomach, the elf lay atop the glowing rock his body almost ripped in two by the axe blade but he held on with both hands too his sword, a precious bow was shattered at his side.

As the Shaman approached closer to the rock he saw a large Beastman approaching him, the Shaman spat a hunk of phlegm next to him in disgust of the creature approaching, Bruglor, chosen champion of the Beastlord, leader of the Herd's Besitgors, the greatest warriors of the Herd.

As Bruglor approached the Shaman, his appearance would have been frightening to one less then a Great Shaman, was covered in red warpaint made from blood, his body bulging muscles, his prominent set of horns tipped in brass, a collar hung from his neck, made of brass and covered in crude runes to his chosen god, Khorne lord of rage and battle.

Bruglor stopped before the Shaman, his eyes never leaving the Shaman's. The Shaman stared back defiantly, Bruglor broke eye contact a second before the Shaman, before speaking in his guttural tongue, "Great Shaman, Mordrak and his Centigors are hunting the prey through the forest, he will bring back many foe-skulls for the Herd, Bathiglor has bean slain by the foe leader, the Herd will follow me into the Prey land to continue the Hunt. You may accompany the Herd if you choose to."

As Bruglor turned his back and walked away, the Shaman moved quickly towards a group of Gors, stripping Elven bodies of anything that could be used.

The apparent leader of the group was a large Gor, Marked by the gods, his skin a pale white, his eyes red, he had been found in the forest, inside of a basket made by the man-fiends, he had been Marked for destiny, but showed a lack of magical ability, and so had been raised by the Shaman as a warrior.

As the Shaman approached the creature moved forward towards his adoptive father, lowering his huge horned skull as he approached, his white hair plastered down on his body in places from the blood of his enemies, his white hide marked him as a tribal leader or shaman drawing the enemy to he and his small retinue of Gors, all strong creatures, their bodies and faces painted white to show who they followed, Morlarg the White.

Morlarg rose from his bow, his eyes bright red as dusk approached, the sun would soon leave the from the sight, as the twin moons rose, their glaring sight searching the planet's face.

The Shaman spoke in a low almost whisper to Morlarg "your time comes, gather your herd and follow me." As he turned to go, Morlarg motioned for his warriors to follow him, his eyes commanding them more then a voice could ever.

As the Shaman and Morlarg approached the clearing of the forest, they noticed Gors feasting on

the tender insides of the elves, throwing the empty shells upon an ever growing pyre of flesh and shattered spears, the flames just begin to lash across the bodies, the fat sizzling off the bodies the smell bringing many of the Herd's members to clearing, where they now watched the advance of Morlarg's retinue, covered in a mix of white warpaint and blood, their shields covered in scalps, their weapons sharp and coated in blood

Bruglor had risen from his seat on the large glowing rock, his face showing utter hatred towards the Shaman. "What is this!" he bellowed at the Shaman, his eyes blazing in fury his hands clenching his axe around its shaft tightly.

The Shaman answered in short grunts "I bring a challenger for power of the Herd, Morlarg the White." At this Morlarg stepped forth, beating his twin axes against his chest, his maw open, bellowing.

Bruglor stepped down off his rock, stripping off his chain-mail hauberk, and gathering his great axe in his hands, he roared his defiance at the underling before charging him with the axe held high over his head, Intending to kill the smaller Gor in a series of brutal smashes.

Morlarg guessed his enemy's intentions and quickly moved forward before darting quickly to the left to avoid the first huge swing by Bruglor, as his opponent's blade swung by him, Morlarg moved quickly, one of his axes slashing into his opponent's forearm, before quickly dancing back out of range of the huge axe.

Bruglor roared, his voice full of anger at his enemy, his forearm was bleeding from the deep slice, blood dripping down his hand to drip to the ground, Bruglor lifted the forearm to his mouth and sucked blood from the wound, it seemed to strengthen him, he lifted his axe up close to his body, daring Morlarg to come close.

Morlarg would not be baited close to the brute, flicking the axe in his left hand out, throwing the blade towards Bruglor he was rewarded as the weapon stuck him in the leg above his knee, the blade deep in the flesh, but Bruglor shook the pain off almost instantly and charged Morlarg, who was recovering from throwing the axe was open to the huge blow Bruglor delivered with the flat of his axe, smashing into the side of Morlarg's face, crushing it and snapping one of his horns off, which flew into the crowd of Gors surrounding the fight, their chanting driving Bruglor on as he stood over the prone figure of Morlarg, a smile creeping across his

face as he lifted the axe high above his head, to deliver the killing blow.

But the blow never came, something strange was happening to Morlarg, he was rising from the ground for a stream of ash was entering Morlarg's mouth, Bruglor's eyes followed the stream of ash to the crowd, where the Shaman was blowing into one end of the horn, the horn burning on the other end and flowing into Morlarg's mouth.

Morlarg stood, his body changed, muscles bulging and bones snapping and rearranging themselves within his body, the pain felt as if his body was on fire, his mouth opened as a terrible roar of pain burst from his bloodied lips.

As he stood his body was sprouting bones jutting from his back, his hands mutating into large bony masses, huge spines breaking through the mass where his fingers had once been, where his right hand had been was now a large spur of bone, its edge gleaming the colour of the moons above them.

As he stood he felt a growing desire to kill, a desire fed by the sight of a stunned and defenceless enemy before him, rushing forward he raked the huge blade of his right arm across Bruglor's belly three times, the blade cutting through Bruglor's abdomen and belly, blood and guts pouring from the wound.

As he finished tearing apart the previous enemies body, he glanced at his hands, the blood covering them receded, it seemed to be soaking into the bone itself.

As Morlarg gazed upon his hands, Bruglor meekly attempted to push his guts back inside him, but the moment he moved, the beast that had once been known as Morlarg the White began feasting upon his body, tearing great hunks of meat from the still moving corpse, the beast snapped open Bruglor's ribcage and began devouring the hearty meat inside it.

While this was happening the Shaman stood upon the huge glowing rock, before announcing to the gathered crowd of Gors and Ungors "When the beast has finished leave it here, he is of no use to this Herd now. Grab your weapons for we take the hunt to the Prey's lands."

Firewolf Saga: Defenders of the Plains

by Ironlord

For the thousands of people living in the Seven Towns of the Plains, things had escalated far too fast for them to comprehend properly and in their confusion, they had turned to rumour and speculation to explain the disappearance of loved ones and the death of over a hundred of their finest warriors in their own town. But all that speculation and rumour could give them was more despair, as tales spread of an army of daemons marauding on the plains, uncaring, unfeeling and unthinking monsters who would wipe the race of man from the face of the world and leave ashes in their wake.

From atop wooden boxes men screamed at their audience, saying that now was the ending of the world, the final moments of mankind and that they should all be praying to Sigmar, rather than wasting the last few days of their lives as cattle.

As the panic spread, so did the fanaticism.

Self flagellation rituals were performed in the streets, the guardsmen on duty forced to listen too the horrifying cries of men, women and children who beat themselves with sticks or whipped themselves into a frenzy, crying out for the saviour of mankind.

For the twenty two remaining men who were the true power of the Plains, things had escalated far too fast for their liking and in their anger they turned to talk of war and vengeance in the hall of their seat of power, the regional capitol of Tummlin. All of their talk was observed by a white griffin painted on a black field.

"We cannot sit idly here in our homes while our people are slaughtered like cattle!" Bellowed Jeurgal Prochvar, the Lord of the sleepy town of Low Water. He was well within his rights to be angry, his town would be next if the enemy followed the predicted path. A thin layer of sweat was beading on his bald forehead as the debate became rather heated and not for the first time.

"But we cannot rush to fight these things or the plains will be soaked in our blood as well as the snow," Countered Ramall, the oldest of the men assembled, he himself was only forty seven summers old, but he looked a hundred, with his bushy beard and eyebrows that framed his craggy face. His look was not helped by his choice of clothing, with his luxurious purple robes on he appeared to be an old mage, despite his personal abhorrence of magic. "We cannot simply march out

into the snow and hope for the best against an army we have not seen or heard of in over a week."

"But we cannot wait here for the solution too this problem to fall into our laps, we must fight these creatures!" Jeurgal protested again, he was becoming repetitive and aggravated, something that would cause problems quickly if it wasn't dealt with.

Cerrick emerged from his chair to stand with the rest of the twenty two, he still had his scars from his first encounter with the dwarves from the north and was the only man in the room who had actually seen them. He had had a hard time explaining to the public that the things slaughtering them were not daemons, but were in fact a clan of dwarves from the mountains and an even harder time explaining that they could in fact be killed.

He raised his still bandaged hand to call for silence, his current popularity ensured that he got what he wanted.

"You are both right, we cannot wait to be slaughtered, but we cannot simply march out into battle against these Dwarves, we need time to rally our forces together and strike as one."

Most of the gathered noblemen were in agreement, but a small contingent were still consumed with anger too simply wait, all three were from Low Water and a deep burning anger smouldered in their eyes. Anger that negated any argument or logic employed by the others.

Ramall pulled free a tube from the depths of his voluminous robes and gently pried the top loose. With his long fingers he delicately pulled a scroll free from the tube. He placed the tube on a nearby table and unrolled the scroll.

"In times of great pain for the people, in famine and war, great decisions must be made by those with the power to implement them. It falls upon their shoulders too choose for all others. In the times of greatest peril and danger. When even the might of Tummlin seems to be in danger, these men must make the greatest decision. They must choose to forgo their desire for power and wealth and band together in the name of people, too work as one in the name of survival.

And then they must make a sacrifice, putting one of their own above all others to obey his commands

and carry out his will. He must lead his people too freedom or die in the attempt.

He shall be the Griffin Knight.

A man without equal in times of great need.

Warrior.

Leader.

Saviour."

With a wave of his hand Hurloh ordered his slaves to wipe away the remains of the battered woman, her attacker, covered in blood and weeping, was taken away as well, her purpose served and her master entertained. All around his tent there was an exchange of money, gems and curses as pleasure moved to business.

Standing from his throne Hurloh Manslayer, Leader of the Firewolves, addressed his subservient officers in his deep gravel like tone, "Firewolves!" He cried, the responding howls from his officers sounding in perfect harmony, "It is time for us to make our attack upon the manlings, another town is just over the horizon, we can march into their town and take their lands, kill their soldiers and be seated around their fires for the cold night!"

A great cheer rose up from the surrounding officers, one that swiftly became a howl as they lusted for combat.

"I SHOULD LEAD THIS FIGHT AGAINST THESE DAEMON DWARVES, NOT SOME OLD HAGGARD BASTARD WITH A CANE UP HIS"

"ENOUGH!" Shouted Celric, silencing the argument between all three of the title chasers who had been at one another's throats since Ramall had announced the idea of making a Griffin knight.

"We are wasting out time fighting over this title, the scroll said that we must abandon our ambition too choose the Griffin Knight," He scanned the faces, some flushed with anger, some with fear, others with boredom. He could hardly blame them, they were wasting time here.

"Can we please simply focus on rallying our soldiers at the moment, then we can focus on the title of Griffin Knight."

"You can keep your title!" Screamed Jeurgal Prochvar as he marched out of the room, two of his fellow lords of Low Water following swiftly behind him, "Choke on the feathers of your precious Griffin!"

Ugrah handed the severed head of The Woodland Phantom too Hurloh the Manslayer, who appraised the head with a keen eye, peering into the glossy,

dead eyes of the elven ambusher, he held the head by it's hair, stroking his own face with his free hand as he considered the very angled face of the elf.

"Congratulations Ugrah, you have proven to be a resourceful aide to me," He said at length before tossing the head to one of his attendants, "I shall reward such obedience, I have a number of warriors who require a leader such as yourself, a full fifty four warriors will be under your command in the next battle. Do not make me regret my decision, or I will take more than your honour and titles, Commander."

This was not Jeurgal's first winter and he was riding hard to ensure it would not be his last one. He was flanked by a guard of horsemen who had accompanied him, Lokir and Braggor too Tummlin for the council meeting. Now they were heading back along the roads at break neck pace, their blood thundering in their ears, straining to be heard over the noise of the rushing winter wind. The road was covered with loose rocks and very man feared being tossed from his horse into the wild woods on either side.

They were so focused on the ground they failed too see the arrow launching from the bow of a strange creature beneath the bows of the trees. All that they could see was the corpse of Braggor falling onto the road, his face a mask of pain as he hit the ground, his hand clutching his guts as his guts tried too force their way out of the wound, grating against the penetrating arrow. Jeurgal's paranoid mind heard the drawing of a dozen more bow strings, he urged his brothers on and preyed that the woodland creatures would be swift with Braggor.

Hurloh's advance through the country side was swift and brutal, he cleaned out the houses of isolated farmers, trapped by the cold winter, often by himself, seeking the rush of adrenaline as he tortured his victims, hacking them limb from limb with great strokes of his axe.

Searching for a natural high between the opiates and the thrill of true battle.

All the while marching columns of advancing warriors ploughed through the snows too reach the next town on their maps. It was a peaceful place apparently, only a thousand people lived there at most... they were kin too the hundreds of humans in the possession of Hurloh Manslayer and those in the army doubted that they would fight in their Lord's name. So a change of tactics were required.

The mechanical monstrosities known as "The Blood Beasts" were brought in from the flanks of the army and the shamen spoke too them in silence, communicating too their magically fuelled brains what they had to do. As the word of Hurloh was passed onto them, they understood completely and bounded off into the driving snow towards the next town on the map.

Jeurgal overlooked the three training fields, two of which were full to capacity with the towns folk, taking their basic lessons, the third was converted into an archery range, women and young boys were trying their best to hit the targets at the end of the 50ft range. He sighed as he realised that they were trying, but failing. But no one on the fields would slow, no one on the fields would falter in their dedication to survival. They knew that an army was descending upon them, that they were trapped by the cold winter and that they would die if they did not fight against the invaders.

And so they gave that spear jab one last try, pulled back the string one last time and took one more punch in combat training.

The walls of Low Water stood defiantly upright, as if they challenged Hurloh to bring them down. He cradled his axe, savouring the thought of breaking down the flimsy wood with his own two hands. As he imagined the splinters in his stubby fingers he gripped his axe handle tighter.

"My lord, are things all right with you?" Asked one of his attendants, their face mask covering their curiosity and concern.

"Their wall still stands! Bring it down!" He barked through his gritted teeth, he hadn't even realised that his face had become such an ugly grimace.

Ugrah and his men had set about a large tree with their solid axes almost ten minutes ago, but still it remained upright. Determined to change that, Ugrah grabbed a large, two handed battle axe and stomped over too the tree. His brow thick with sweat and head aching from the twitching irritation that seemed to surround him every time he entered this tiny forest. He wondered if he had been cursed by the Woodland Phantom when he had taken the creature's head as a trophy?

Shouting a great curse from the old tongue of his kin he swung the axe in a murderous ark and head the tree start to creak and groan, like the sounds of a wounded man on the field. He hit it again and again until finally he heard a crack and the tree came down with a crash onto the snowy ground.

"Now find me some wheels!" He ordered as his team of fifty warriors began to get the new battering ram going.

Hurloh smiled as the human slaves he had captured were marched forward, their backs prodded by the spears of his slave drivers. They were pushed forward towards the walls of the city, their wails of torment made Hurloh happy. Sweeter still were the cries as the humans on the walls of the city were forced too fire into the ranks of their shackled kin in the hopes of hitting one of the crew carrying the battering rams. Ugrah was leading his own group, they used their shields to cover each other as they pushed forward. Arrows bounced and clanked off of their armour as they advanced through the waves of slaves, singing their dark praises too the gods in their guttural tongue as their arms bunched and strained against the massive weight.

Naturally Ugrah was three warriors from the front of the ram, leading by example but keeping himself protected from the rain of arrows. He had considered going first on the ram but knew he had made the right decision as he stepped over the corpse of Haggarith, the warrior who had been so proud to take the first position on the ram. Now they approached a gentle slope that would lead them straight too the walls. They picked up speed with each step. The guttural singing became a roar of anger and pain as they launched the ram downhill. It was a one hit weapon, if it failed to break down the human walls, they would have a hard time removing the ram and getting it too roll again with sufficient force. It was roughly a full head above Ugrah's helm and weighed almost as much as every warrior who fought with him combined.

They roared down the slight slope towards the walls, bracing for the impact that they hoped would carry them through the walls and into the fleshy humans.

Hurloh watched with eager eyes as the battering rams moved ever closer too the city walls, he noted with pleasure that the ram made from oak wood was now charging straight towards the wooden palisade, a group of riled up Hobgoblins following in it's wake. They were running full pelt towards the wall now, spears waving in anticipation. Of all the slaves the hobgoblins seemed the most eager to fight and die, maybe it was their green skin heritage that made them so blood thirsty, even if Ugrah's warriors rolled through the wall straight into the humans, the hobgoblins would be the first into the charge.

There was a sickening crack that sounded almost like a boom as the ram connected, time slowed for the Manslayer as he watched the wall buckle, hold for a moment and then break. He could pick out the screams of the men and women on the wall as it fell away, their terror at being unseated from their firing position was beautiful. It was a cry of surprise, mixed with a wail of doom as they hurtled towards the ground below them.

Ugrah laughed as an archer bounced off of the ram and landed beside him as the ram suddenly came to a halt. Pulling free his axe he slammed it into the man's chest and revelled in the blood before realising that some of his men were getting swept up in a charge of hobgoblins.

"Hold!" he shouted in his dark tongue, ensuring that only his warriors understood while the hobgoblins ran forward and gave them a distraction.

"Metal Wall!"

As one the warriors formed a wall of solid steel with their shields, covering every angle, they were no more than fifteen wide, one warrior with his shield too the front, one behind and one up above. The last shields slammed into place just as the rhythmic plinking of arrows began. Sadly they were using circular shields and once in a while arrows slid through, but struck the quality armour worn by every warrior in the Firewolves clan.

"Into the city!" Ugrah cried, his warriors advancing on the converging militia just as the last of the hobgoblins was cut down by the archers on the walls. The slow but unyielding dwarven warriors were pushing forward, Ugrah moving them by peering through the spaces between shields, always careful of arrows and sling shots coming through the little patch of light he could see through. By some miracle Jori'ack had managed too fit Ugrah's banner out of the top of the shield wall, the image of the black wolf with the fiery mane on a blood red field snapped on the breeze as the wall moved forward. Beside Ugrah stood Gomeyth his hand eagerly wrapped around the brass horn. He wanted to signal the charge, but they were still to far away, if they charged now, the archers could get them and without the help of the shield wall they might lose a few more warriors before they were in the fight.

Fifteen feet.

Human soldiers were piling into the square they had broken into.

Ten feet.

Arrows pinged as several windows on the surrounding houses were occupied by archers.

Five feet.

The blast of the horn was deafening as it signalled the charge. They had come close enough to scrape their shields on the spears of the humans, but the charge broke none the less, they batted the spears up in the air as they had been taught too do when facing a spear wall. And powered forward to fast for the humans to react.

Carnage ensued as the dwarven warriors began to brutally slaughter the humans, their fury unleashed upon the poorly armoured and armed militia. Their screams were ear piercing but nothing would stop them now that they had started their dark work. Ugrah's axe split the face of a terrified man as he battered a younger man in the face with his shield. The professionalism of his warriors showed through. These humans were desperate and straining to fight off these born and bred warriors, but too no avail. Three decades of training and a life of fighting would not be stopped by the panicked stabbing of these amateurs.

A man, blood streaked and battered, leapt out at him with a shining metal dagger. He saw the glint of the dagger and raised his shield to block the frenzied attacks. The man actually landed on his shield and Ugrah grunted as he threw the man aside to be dealt with by a swift hammer blow too the head.

A rolling tin drum signalled a retreat for the militia, Ugrah suspected that it was just a cooking pot rather than a metal drum. Another blast of Gomeyth's horn signalled the warrior's pursuit of the humans as they retreated through their hovels. Sounds of battle filled their ears, a constant din highlighted by the screams of humans and blasts of war horns.

As they advanced, Ugrah's warriors were joined by one of the blood beasts, the gigantic machines of the Firewolf clan were perfectly capable of tearing down buildings that the humans tried to hide in. They made their own noise as their metal claws ripped open the stones and wood that the houses were made off.

It was glorious violence in the streets as they ran red with blood and pieces of bodies. Most of them human. Ugrah had only lost a half dozen of his own warriors in the fighting, their armour was holding up against the weapons of humans. As they advanced down a decimated street, flanked by a blood beast, they spotted a column of running humans with crossbows and picked up their own pace. Just as

they were at full speed, their blood pumping and minds on fire with images of the glorious slaughter to come, a horse drawn cart appeared around the corner, following the crossbowmen down the street. Mounted on the cart was a primitive weapon that looked suspiciously like a larger version of the crossbow. Crewed by a couple of youths and an older veteran warrior it spotted their group and they yelled, stopping the cart in the middle of the road.

Ugrah realised that they were firing the weapon and ordered his warriors into a side street, he had seen the devastating power of such weapons before and knew that his compressed warriors would be an easy target and easier kills.

But the blood beast knew no fear and charged straight ahead. Only to be hit straight on by the massive four foot bolt that was launched by the weapon straight into its chest. Ugrah emerged after he heard the clatter of hooves to find the creature half way between them and where the cart had been. Its chest had been ripped clean open by the bolt, which was now in the cobble stone road almost fifteen feet away, revealing the broken and shattered remains of the mechanical heart which had kept this beast going.

Rather than gaze into the maddening array of gears and levers, Ugrah ordered his warriors onwards, now more than ever he was a little more aware of the cunning of the humans and their urgency to survive.

Hurlo's personal guard lead the counter charge into the massed ranks of the green knights who were harassing his warriors. They were bogged down in a group of hobgoblins and fighting to hold back their greater numbers as their lances snapped in the maelstrom of battle. Grabbing the nearest horseman by the weak chain armour he pulled him down from his steed and stomped on the man's face with his heavy boot. He felt the face give way before he abandoned it to chase a more choice meat. Shouting his challenge he stormed through the battle, absent mindedly hacking at a kicking horse, it screamed as its leg simply fell away, its rider hitting the ground as it tried to stand on a leg that didn't exist any more. The terrified rider was clobbered to death as Hurlo's Manslayer of the Firewolves clan sought out his next victim.

Argut flew from second story window into the swirling battle below, he was crushed and torn apart as Ugrah turned to the assembled men and women in the burning room.

"ANSWER!" he shouted, using his rough grasp of the human tongue.

"We know nothing!" Cried a woman.

He stepped forward, grasping a young woman by the hair as he dragged her towards the window, her family tried to stop him but they were battered back down by the wall of shields his warriors had made. Without a second thought Ugrah threw the girl out of the window as her family began sobbing and weeping.

"ANSWER!" Ugrah demanded.

"All right!" Screamed a human woman, her eyes streamed with tears as she pleaded, just as she looked like she was going to answer a timber in the house cracked, half of the roof caving in behind them, she screamed and began sobbing again.

Stomping over to the woman he punched her square in the face before picking her face up off the ground and shouting the word "ANSWER!"

"No..." she sobbed, "I can't..."

Behind him Jori'ack pulled free a dagger and offered it to him. Taking it in his stubby fingers Ugrah waved the dagger in her face and snarled at her, "How do I get in the big house!"

Slopping through the sickly green water was not Ugrah's idea of a glorious attack, or even an honourable one, but he had been told by Lord Hurlo, the Manslayer, to seize the Big House at the top of the hill and plant the flag of the Firewolves on the highest spire of the house.

It was a great tactical move, one that would crush the spirit of the defenders and take away their hope, if the Firewolves could be in their greatest building, where else could they be?

But the thunder of battle just a few feet above them was a great distraction from their noisy trespass into the heart of the city. Blood trickled down into the sewers through grates, thick like evil crème and slightly luminous in the thin beams of daylight that stabbed into the dark sewers. They were making good time, battle had once rolled along with them, but now the sounds of battle were far behind them as they trudged through the slop that humans left in the wake of their cultivation of the world. A few of the younger warriors vomited in to the slush as a chunk of a man's body floated down the stream.

It often surprised Ugrah that his warriors could be so blood thirsty and battle ready, but when such a violent image was put before them, out of context, it

could make them baulk and vomit like little beardlings on their first ale night.

They arrived, soaked in waste too the waist, beneath the mighty house of Low Water, no one knew if they were in fact beneath the house, but somehow they knew, the ground above seemed to groan under the weight of the humans' majesty. Several pipes dripped into the main sewage run way that they occupied, but there was a more telling flight of steps that lead into the sewers.

Strangely a wooden construct, like a ship but smaller and with no sail, was beside these steps, tethered by a rope too the masonry of the stairs.

Ugrah pulled aside Jori'ack and Gomeyth as they stood on the stairs, their warrior kin standing in the sludge below.

"Jori'ack will take the banner too the highest tower, taking ten of my warriors with him to ensure his mission is accomplished. Do you still have Lord Hurloh's special banner?"

The gruff veteran nodded, a smirk twitching his thick beard.

"Gomeyth and I shall drawn any fighting away from you, his horn will draw them from their hiding holes," Ugrah checked his helmet and the strapping on his shield, "Chose your ten Jori'ack and then fight well."

Ugrah's axe split the housemaid's head in half before she got a word out, just the way he had wanted it, casually he flicked the axe and her corpse too the side, shaking off a few drops of blood on the richly coloured and soft carpet he was walking down. Even through his metal boots he could feel the quality of the work all the way down the hallway. The hallway opened up too a greeting room, where the stairs leading up wards met the maze of hallways and the door too the outside. It was a grand room. Great banners hung from the balconies that overlooked the entrance, many of them depicting a red Griffon on a green field. It was a design that he had noted around the town.

Gomeyth's lips were pursed over the brass horn, but Ugrah silenced him and pointed too the banners, "Bring those down here and close the doors."

A group of five warriors descended on each banner as the others prepared the area. The banners flopped too the ground and the warriors returned carrying torches. Ugrah grabbed one of the torches and a banner, laying it along the width of the door before setting fire to it, the other banner was tossed in the fire as it spread. Thick smoke filled the air as

the banners burned, blocking the doors as the brass horn blast resonated throughout the halls of the mansion.

A solid ring of steel formed in the middle of the mansion's hall, as the blasting horn sounded again. Ugrah stood in the centre, looking over the shoulders of his warriors into the depths of the halls, he looked for signs of any warriors in the halls, mostly he saw fleeting shadows of women and children who had hidden in the mansion, thinking it safe. But now that they had invaded no where was safe. A group of warriors were clattering against the door outside, a small number, who were clearly unaware that the door had been barricaded on the inside, locked with a bar of solid oak.

Smoke was drifting too the ceiling, like water falling upwards, and pooled in the ceiling, blocking the mural of a man standing over the corpse of a fallen greenskin from sight as the smoke searched for a way out.

The horn blasts didn't seem to have the affect that Ugrah was hoping for and he was growing irritable, he longed for a fight, he had spent too long trudging through the sewers for this to be so uneventful. His muscles ached from a hard day's fighting, but he needed just one more scrap before he could rest for the day.

"FIGHT!" He bellowed, timing his challenge against the sound of the horn, "FIGHT ME MANLINGS!"

Tobar was a ten year veteran of wars on the plains, his record was as shining as his armour, which he polished daily after sharpening his halberd. His scraggly beard wagged slightly as he ordered the women and children to follow the his secret lover Amanada out of the kitchen and into the streets, he knew that the sewers had been taken by these invaders and that they had little chance of survival out in the streets. But he wanted to give them a chance by giving them time.

So he rallied the house guard, fifty men personally responsible for the safety of every man woman and child who stepped into the mansion of Lord Jeurgal Prochvar.

"FORWARD MEN!" He cried, marching himself down the stairs at the front of the column, "Move like an eagle and fight like a lion!"

The mock roar of the Mansion Guardians filled the entrance like the smoke from the fire as they sighted the ring of evil dwarven warriors who had invaded their town. Hatred boiled in their veins as they began running down the stairs.

Ugrah smiled wickedly as they descended down the stairs, he had taken a few precautions as he waited, just in case he was outnumbered, he wanted to fight today, but he didn't want to die, he had so much more to do.

Men were running down both sets of stairs to reach them, their clatter covering the noises of creaking wooden stairs that were missing several nails. A great cheer went up from the dwarves as a particularly rotund soldier stumbled and fell straight through the stairs. He was wedged half way down, stuck in the stairs as his brother warriors fell over around him and stumbled down the stairs. On the other stairs, several wooden planks gave way, dropping two of the soldiers into the crawl space and cutting off the rest. Only twenty halberd wielding warriors reached the floor.

Knowing that he was doomed, Tobar said a final farewell too Amanada and charged with his warriors. The ferocious charge caught Ugrah off guard, but he ran forward never the less with his warriors, breaking the once defensive ring and charging to take the initiative back. The heavy axe heads of the halberds were well made and Ugrah watched in terror as the warrior beside him was mortally wounded as the axe head slammed through his chest plate and left him gurgling for air on the floor.

Tobar's spear head stabbed through Ugrah's shield, piercing through the other side and jamming the warriors. A brief tug of war ensued, Tobar trying too regain his weapon, Ugrah trying to get too the human.

Tobar strained hard on the handle, closing his eyes and praying to Sigmar to give him strength, he was greatly relieved too find himself flying backwards, he opened his eyes to see Ugrah chasing after him as he fell and panicked as he noticed the head of his Halberd was missing. He cried out in terror as he saw Ugrah's axe head flying towards his own.

Jori'ack's journey too the top of the tower had been uneventful, they had passed a few screaming people on the way there, they were silent now, silent and bloody in the hallways and staircases of the mansion. They had even crossed an ageing woman who had thrown herself out of a high window rather than face their invasion into the mansion. Pointing at a door he ordered his warriors to break it down, they were near the top of one of the spires and closing on the roof. Only a few more rooms before they could plant the flag of the Firewolves.

A sudden rush of warriors broke the door from it's sturdy hinges and they ran inside, ready to fight anything inside. But all they found was corpses. Inside was a young woman, her wrists slit wide open, her blood covering the sheets. Hanging beside their bed was a man, dressed in his finest clothes, his dull eyes sweeping with them as he swung with the inertia of his suicide. His bald head shone in the fading orange sunlight.

"Clear this tower!" Jori'ack ordered, unfurling the banner and extending the mechanical banner pole he had been given before the assault on the mansion. The banner was beautiful to his eyes, a perfect design, a fusion of art and history. So many warriors has fought with this banner above them, it would be an honour upon this small town too see it in the fading sunlight.

"It is clear Jori'ack." Shouted a warrior.

Smiling too the corpses he marched out of the room and onto the windy tower top where a red griffin stood rampant on a snapping green field. With glee he took his axe too the banner pole, sending it tumbling down into the smoke and ruin below. Attaching his own banner to the mechanical pole he stabbed the pole into the brick work of the mansion. And a wolf howled over Low Water.

It is with great regret that I inform the readers of The Doom Seeker that the Firewolf Saga will be ending in the next edition in just a few short months. But never fear! A saga is a great story and all great stories end with a bang. So rest assured that I will be giving my favourite clan of Chaos Dwarf Warriors a fond farewell.

I really have enjoyed this tale of a chaos dwarf invasion, enjoying the scale of their ambition and the grit of every blood soaked fight. So I know that I have had fun writing it, but have you enjoyed reading it?

Send us some feedback telling us what you liked and what you disliked, more importantly send us some feed back with the truth. I know that I and our esteemed mister Bilbo will enjoy reading your comments to help us improve the doom seeker's story section and the doom seeker over all.

I am also interested on any questions you have regarding the Firewolves Saga?

Where did the image of a flaming wolf come from? (hint fire is cool and so are wolves)

Why did the series start with such an emphasis on the blood beasts and change too Ugrah and his warriors?

Why did I senselessly slaughter an elf halfway through the series?

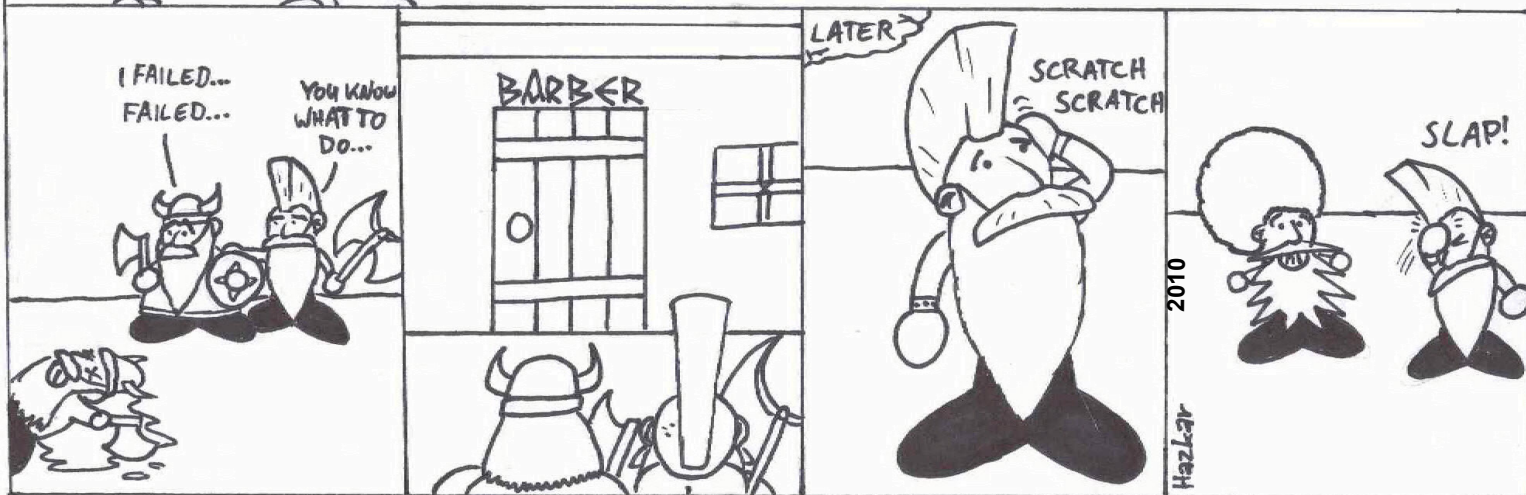
To accompany the final instalment of the Firewolf Saga I will include a Q & A section answering any questions you have on Hurluh's grand invasion. Send any questions you want answered to: submissionstds@hotmail.co.uk

with the email heading "Beard Scratchers for Ironlord."



Fun and Games

LOOK
SNORRI...



WORD SEARCH: Warhammer Fantasy

S E L A H O O C N G M T F A D M A I I S K U Y
Y N N W E I K S C S A K W A R S E A G U A R D
S R T O K S G S O R C S A N D G O B L I N S I
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C M S E R G O E T H H B S R O O M N D U B A B
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R K C I R L U O A N R C S G T S G S N A A R L
E S I G M A R R G I E A D S S O W F I A R R G
A A E L I T I H M R R V W A A O S R L A A O G
N B R E T O N N I A I S A S E I F A F N U E R
L M I T T U I P U N A F R K B M R W L L S R R
L E P S D R M S E O O T F O S K O D A D G S N
E I M Y B A R A C S N X S O F N S N H R T G A
L R E A V E L S I K R N O N N A C M S R T G B

Araby
Beastmen
Bolt Thrower
Bretonnia
Bull Rhinox
Cannon
Cathay
Chaos Dwarfs
Chariot
Daemons
Dark Elves
Dogs of War
Dwarfs
Empire
Fanatics
Fantasy
Gnoblers
Griffon
Grimnir
Halflings
High Elves
Hippogriff
Hobgoblins
Humans
Karak Kadrin
Khorne
Kislev

Knights
Lammasu
Lustria
Night Goblins
Ogres
Orcs and Goblins
Saraus
Sartosa
Sea Guard
Sigmar
Skaven
Skinks
Slayers
Spider Riders
Star Dragon
Taraus
The Doom Seeker
The Moot
Tilea
Tomb Kings
Trolls
Ulric
Vampire Counts
Warhammer
Warriors of Chaos
Wood Elves
Zombies

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter



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

**Open discussion on all
Warhammer Armies**

Home of the Nautican Army Book

Wahammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

Winners for the Quarter



We have interviewed the winners of WFBR's Hammerers for the month since the last issue was released. It is a monthly award for the most valued forum poster of the previous month. When we say valued, that might include the person who is the most helpful with rules, the most insightful in tactics, the funniest, the friendliest, or the most active.

Hammer for the Month of November and December 2009

Noble Korhedron

The Doom Seeker: What is your real name?

Noble Korhedron: Robert T

TDS: Where are you from?

NK: Ireland

TDS: How old are you?

NK: 24 - birthday is 28 November.

TDS: How did you come by you alias?

NK: Remember the Dark Shadows campaign?

TDS: No, I started playing after that campaign ended.

NK: The first site I ever joined was www.druchii.net so I stole the name of Matt Hutson's Dark Elf Noble from the campaign reports in WD 260-261 where Phil Kelly played through the entire Albion campaign booklet!!

TDS: What originally drew you into War Gaming?

NK: Getting an old (2nd Ed.) Ork warbuggy as a

present one year - 3rd Ed. was out by this time though.

TDS: How long have you been playing?

NK: 4 years or so. I was mainly inactive for the last 3 years or so but played pretty actively for 18 months or so before that.

TDS: Which is your favourite War Game?

NK: Warhammer Fantasy. 40K is all move-shoot-fight - no real tactics to speak of other than don't show your tanks rear armour to guns and don't charge Marines with Guard.

TDS: How many different armies do you own? Which army, or armies, do you play most and is your favourite?

NK: Quite a few different armies. For Warhammer I have Empire - my favourite - O&G and Dwarfs. For Warhammer 40K I have "Codex" Marines, Orks and Demonhunters.

TDS: Do you have any other Hobbies?

NK: Reading, video gaming, angling.

TDS: Do you play tournaments, fun games or are you a modeller? If you play regularly where do you play?

NK: A mixture of both. I have a doubles tournament coming up this Saturday (14 February 2010).

TDS: What are your plans for war gaming in the future?

NK: Finish painting my current Empire stuff, finish painting my O&G army and finish assembling my Dwarfs. Then possibly a return to 40K - I'll have to see what they do with the rules between now and then.



Hammer for the Month of January 2010

Guardian_A

The Doom Seeker: What is your name?

Guardian_A: Matthew Woodard, but my friends call me "D"

TDS: Where are you from?

GA: South Dakota, USA

TDS: How old are you?

GA: 32

TDS: How did you come by you alias?

GA: That's actually a two part question. Guardian came from a lady friend about 15 years ago when I showed up to visit her just in time to keep some really bad things from happening to her. The A was the first initial of my daughters first name.

TDS: What originally drew you into War Gaming?

GA: I was playing chess by the time I was 6. After that, I started playing Risk and Axis & Allies shortly after that. Miniatures war gaming was a natural next step.

TDS: How long have you been involved in the hobby?

GA: I've been playing and collecting Warhammer Fantasy for about 1 1/2 years now.

TDS: Which is your favourite War Game?

GA: Warhammer Fantasy

TDS: How many different armies do you own? Which army, or armies, do you play most and is your favourite?

GA: You don't ask for much do you? Since I live in the middle of nowhere and I don't know anyone else in the area who collects the game, I've felt the need to provide several different armies to give potential opponents several options.

Bretonnians +3,000 pts

Chaos Dwarfs +3000

Dogs of War +1,000

Dwarfs +8,000

-Slayers +2,000

Empire +10,000

-Kislev +1,000

High Elves +750

Lizardmen +8,000

Ogre Kingdoms +5,000

Orcs & Goblins +10,000

Vampire Counts +3,000

Wood Elves +3,000

TDS: Do you have any other Hobbies?

GA: In no particular order;

Miniatures games: Warhammer Fantasy, Star Wars Miniatures, Mechwarrior

Role Playing games: Classic World of Darkness, WEG Star Wars, Mechwarrior, Warhammer Fantasy Reading & Video Games

TDS: Do you play tournaments, fun games or are you a modeller? Where do you normally play and how often do you play?

GA: I live in the middle of nowhere, as a result, I cant really get to the tournament thing. Mostly I play for fun and for the modeling. I almost always play at home, and only get to play 3-4 small games most weeks.

TDS: What are your plans for war gaming in the future?

GA: In the foreseeable future, I'd like to flesh out some of my smaller armies. Also, by the end of the year, I'd like to add either Daemons of Chaos or Warriors of Chaos to my list of armies.



Hammer for the Month of February 2010

The Engineer

The Doom Seeker: What is your name? (You can give first name and last initial if you don't want your full name known.)

The Engineer: Nick

TDS: Where are you from?

TE: I am from sunny England, I live about 40 minutes north-west of Birmingham

TDS: How old are you?

TE: I'm a sprightly 30 years old

TDS: What originally drew you into War Gaming?

TE: We used to play a lot of family board games when I was a kid. One of the most memorable of these was Space Crusade, for those too young to remember it it was a game similar in many respects to Space Hulk. There were three Space Marine players and an Alien player, you had to complete different missions against the Aliens and you never knew what you were going to be facing. Each Marine Chapter had options for weapons load-outs as well as war gear. You faced anything from Orks and Androids (early Necrons) right up to Genestealers and Chaos Dreadnaughts.

From there I progressed to mainstream GW products when 40k Second Edition launched. I love the worlds you get to visit while you play. I'd say that it is this side of things that drew me in, being able to almost live movie/book style moments up close and personal with you affecting the outcome.

TDS: How did you come by you alias?

TE: When I came to the forums I was asking for advice on what army I should grab for Fantasy, I was thinking about either the Empire or the Dwarves. I moved my Daemons from 40k into Warhammer and currently have a lot of Skaven still on their sprues so I ended up with neither of the armies. I am fickle like that when it comes to force selection.

TDS: How long have you been involved in the hobby?

TE: I started properly at 12 when my dad took me into a GW store and I came out with a metal Space Marine Captain. My dad then annoyed me by painting it himself. It came with a metal backpack and cloak though so I robbed that and painted it myself.

TDS: Which is your favourite War Game?

TE: This is really a toughie for me as there are plenty of games that I play and each of them is good for a certain kind of fix. I recently got to play my first game of Malifaux over the weekend and I think that's an awesome game I'm going to have a lot of fun with. Overall I prefer skirmish style games rather than ones with sprawling armies so I'd probably say Warmachine/Hordes from Privateer Press, but I do love all the ones I get to play regularly.

TDS: How many different armies do you own?

Which army, or armies, do you play most and is your favourite?

TE: I have two for Warhammer Fantasy; Daemons of Chaos and Skaven (although the Skaven are in the process of being built)

Warhammer 40,000: Orks and Space Wolves

Warmachine: Retribution of Scyrah

Malifaux: Arcanists (Cult of December) and Guild (Ortega Crew)

Firestorm Armada: Dindrenzi Federation

Uncharted Seas: Bone Griffons and Imperial Navy

My most played will be my 40K Orks as they are just brutal and good fun to play. I do like my Elves in Warmachine though too. I'm not a person with huge numbers of armies though so they are all technically my favourite.

TDS: Do you have any other Hobbies?

TE: I have a Drum Kit that I'd love to get out more often but all the stuff chucked in our spare room (mostly war gaming gear) prohibits that really due to space. I also spend time on my PC gaming there as well as watching anime and movies.

TDS: What are your plans for war gaming in the future?

TE: Play more often and enjoy the games I've got. I have a compulsive habit of buying rule books as I love the backgrounds and universes they bring to life. However, at this time in life I need to settle down some more and let my long-suffering wife find places in the house that aren't covered with little toy soldiers. There are a huge number of systems out there but I think I need to try and stay satisfied with what I have for now.

Hammer for the Month of February 2010

Godless Mimicry

The Doom Seeker: What is your name?

Godless-Mimicry: Jay McKeown

TDS: Where are you from?

G-M: The Not-So-Sunny South West of Ireland

TDS: What originally drew you into War Gaming?

G-M: Lord of the Rings! Plain and simple. When the original game came out back in '01 it immediately caught my eye and I picked it up, being a big fan of the book. Wasn't long after that I also got my first Bretonnian army.

TDS: How did you come by you alias?

G-M: It's a lyric from a Machine Head song.

TDS: How long have you been involved in the hobby?

G-M: Just over 9 yrs now.

TDS: Which is your favourite War Game?

G-M: WHFB by a mile. Much more atmosphere and ambition, not to mention tactics and superior models compared to Warhammer Junior, I mean 40k

TDS: How many different armies do you own?

Which army, or armies, do you play most and is your favourite?

G-M: Warriors of Chaos, Dark Elves, Lizardmen, Wood Elves, and Slaaneshi Eldar. I recently started a Beastmen army though it is only warband size right now, and have the beginnings of an Empire force from quite some time ago. I tend to play with my Chaos the most as it comes the most naturally to me, being the oldest of my current armies. Plus I try to stay away from the Dark Cheese.

TDS: Do you have any other Hobbies?

G-M: Quite. I enjoy writing, reading, cooking, exercising, travelling, have and Xbox, Wii, and DS also. I am also an amateur (such a terrible word) film-maker and musician.

TDS: Do you play tournaments, fun games or are you a modeller? Where do you normally play and how often do you play?

G-M: All of the above. I model until it annoys me, play my friendly games as much as I can, and attend as many tournaments as I see worth the effort. I try to play regularly to keep in shape, but there are few players in this area so getting a variety of games can be tough.



TDS: What are your plans for war gaming in the future?

G-M: To win and have fun!

You can read Godless-Mimicry's article on converting a Beastman model in this issue.

Question To Our Readers

Do you play in tournaments or for fun?

Guardian_A: Just for fun. We might put a lot of time and effort into the "Perfect" army list when getting ready to play, but once the game gets started, its all about the fun of matching wits against a friend.

Godless-Mimicry: Both

Riceeman: Just for fun, and even then scarcely. It's no fun when it's hard to get to your nearest GW, let alone a Tournament.

Bilbo Baggins: While I have played in and had fun games at tournaments in the past, I only play fun games anymore.

Kera Foehunter: I Play on a local level, I'm not a hardball player i play for the fun and to see old friends I played in a tournament once i did not like it! The people were rude and very argumentative!

Mighted Strumbrow: Always for fun, the moment someone plays against me like they mean it, I finish the game off as soon as possible.

Spinningpond: Well i always play for fun It has been 6 or 7 years since i went to a proper tournament. Its been over a year that i played at a local level, but maybe this summer if work gets slow.

Steve Slayer: Yes

Kyderdog: Fun

Next Issues Question:

What has been your most memorable event in a game?

Did the Gnoblers win combat against Chaos Chosen Knights? Did the Dwarfs run down a Dragon? Did you kill two Vamps with a single Cannon shot? Tell us about it. Send your answers to this question to us at thedoomseeker@hotmail.com.

Other Realms

Forum Sites for Warhammer Players

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

Beasts Of Chaos

Herdstone

s2.invisionfree.com/herdstone/

Brettonnia

The Round Table of Brettonnia

www.roundtable-brettonnia.org/

Chaos Dwarfs

Chaos Dwarfs Online

www.chaos-dwarfs.com

Daemons of Chaos

The Daemonic Legion

www.thedaemoniclegion.com/

Dark Elf

Druchii Net

www.druchii.net/

Dogs Of War

Dogs of War Online

www.dogsofwaronline.com

Dwarfs

Bugman's Brewery

www.bugmansbrewery.com/

New Slayer Brotherhood

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

Empire

Warhammer Empire

www.warhammer-empire.com/

Gnoblar

The Gnoblar Tower

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

High Elf

Ulthuan Land of the Asur

www.ulthuan.net/forum/portal.php

Lizardmen

The Pyramid Vault

www.pyramidvault.net/forum/

Ogre Kingdom

Ogre Stronghold

www.ogrestronghold.com/main/index.php

Orcs & Goblins

Da Warpath

www.s3.invisionfree.com/Orc_Goblin_Warpath/

Skaven

Under Empire

www.underempire.net

Tomb Kings (Khemri)

Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum

www.tomb-kings.net

Vampire Counts

Carpe Noctem

www.vampirecounts.net

The Blood Keep

www.s4.invisionfree.com/The_Blood_Keep/

Warriors of Chaos

Chamber of the Everchosen

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

Wood Elf

Asrai.Org

www.asrai.org/

Warhammer General Forums

Bell of Lost Souls

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

Dakka Dakka

www.dakkadakka.com/core/

Ravening Hordes

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

Warhammer Alliance

www.warhammeralliance.com/

Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter

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

Warhammer Forum

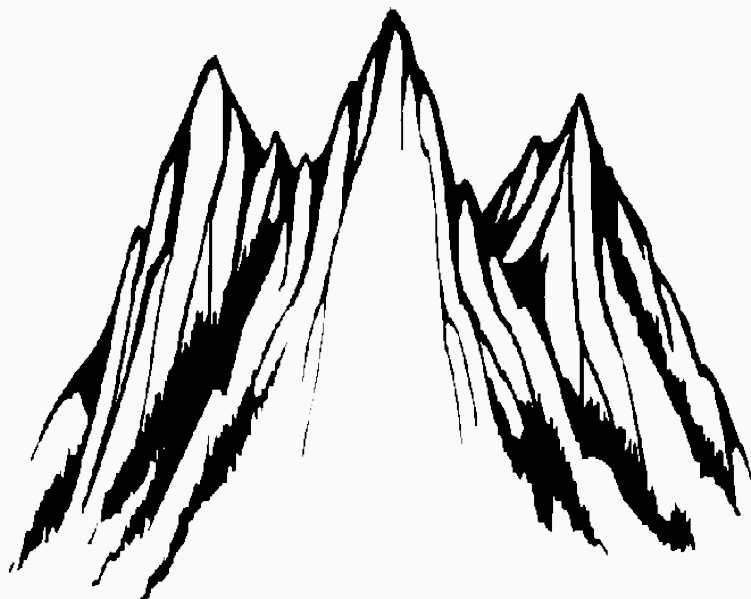
<http://warhammer.org.uk/phpBB/index.php>

Warhammer Realm

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

Warseer

www.warseer.com



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

New Slayer Brotherhood
<http://z8.invisionfree.com/SlayerBrotherhood/>
Warhammer Fantasy Battle Reporter
<http://battlereporter.freeforums.org/portal.php>

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

NEXT ISSUE

Firewolf Saga: The Final Chapter?
GW Releases Warhammer 8

