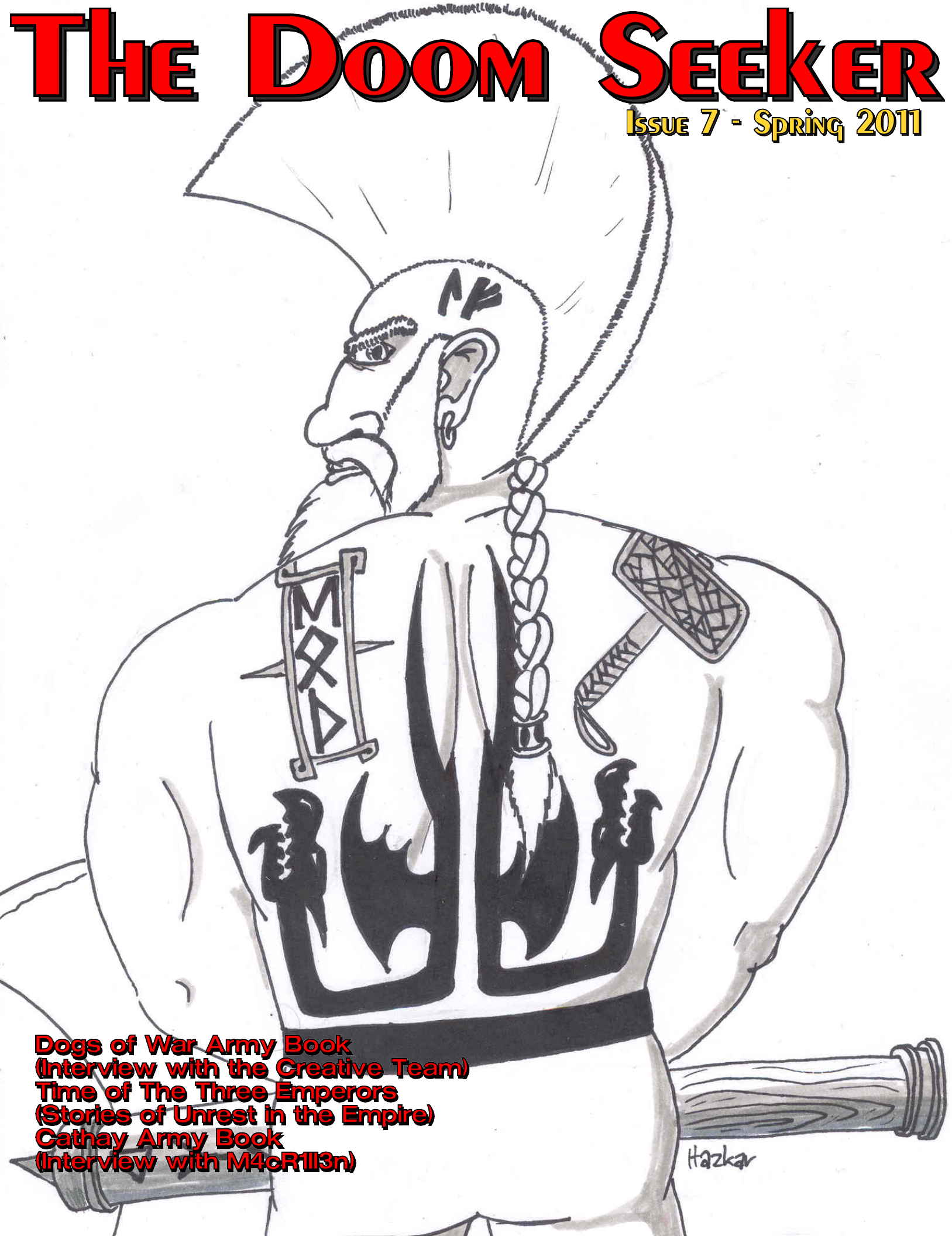


The Doom Seeker

Issue 7 - Spring 2011



Dogs of War Army Book
(Interview with the Creative Team)
Time of The Three Emperors
(Stories of Unrest in the Empire)
Cathay Army Book
(Interview with M4cR1ll3n)

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) 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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Deckhands for Hire!



Dogs of War Online

Cry havob and let slip the Dogs of War!



From the desk of Bilbo Baggins

Welcome to another issue of TDS. We have worked hard putting this issue together and we have some interesting articles and stories in it.

First up is the interview with members of the creative Group that put out the new army book for the army GW always seems to ignore, the Dogs of War. This book was a long time in creation but now they have released the final version for the fans of Mercenaries based in Tilea. We talked with Mathias Eliasson, Bill J. Wilson and Mathew Weiss, and Damian Caulfield about long road of creating the book.

We also have another interview with Mathias (M4cR1II3n) about his Army Book for the land of Cathay.

Our friend Steam is back with two articles First on creating stands of trees for terrain and the second is his assembly the High Elf on Griffin from the Island of Blood starter set.

Now Ironlord had an ambitious plan for a stand alone project called The Three Emperors, but unfortunately he had trouble getting it completed for when we wanted it done. So these stories from the period of strife in the Empire has been included in this issue.

Two members of the New Slayer Brotherhood, Anti Santa and Tarrakk Blackhand, have consented to allow us to publish photos of some of their painted models in this issue. Anti Santa is showing off his Wood Elves and Tarrakk has actually submitted photos of Dwarf Slayers for this issue.

Bilbo



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

The Daemonic Legion

Chaos Dwarfs Online

THE CHAOS STAR

Your Warhammer Fantasy
Chaos Army Forums

Chamber of the Everchosen

The Herdstone

Slayer Journal

Articles of the current state of the game of warhammer. Fan made lists, tips on playing the game, interesting finds, and ways to change up the normal game play against friends.

Warhammer Armies: Dogs of War (a Fan-Made Army Book)

By: Bilbo Baggins

We are talking with the writers of the new fan made Dogs of War Army Book Mathias Eliasson, Bill J. Wilson and Mathew Weiss, and Damian Caulfield who assisted in it's creation. It has been a long time in the works and after three play tests it has finally been released in it's final incarnation.

TDS: Hello gentlemen, thank you for being interviewed for TDS.

Mathias: We had a choice to say no? Darn...

Damian: Cheers, glad to be able to give a bit of an insight into this whole process and the personalities behind the book.

TDS: Why did you undertake this task of creating an army book for the Dogs of War?

ME: Having long had a thing for making homemade rules (although this was before making my own army books) having a chance to work on a whole set of rules for my favourite army was one I couldn't pass on. So I simply joined in with ideas at first, and became more involved as time went.

Mathew: I joined because I had some ideas about a few of the Regiments of Renown when they were originally being developed publicly, and it went from there as I got more involved in the project.

Bill: I joined because I felt that GW was just leaving another group of players hanging with armies that rules that hadn't been updated since early 6th edition.

DC: The DoW are a new army for me and I found out about the book as I was having my first set of games with them, it just immensely added to the flavour of the army I had always wanted to start. I jumped on board with less DoW experience than the others but still just as much drive and passion as the rest to see them updated.

TDS: How difficult was it to get this book created?

BJW: There were several people leading the project and some people started and then dropped out. It wasn't easy. Differences of opinion on how the army

should be updated did cause friction among the members.

ME: Phew, a lot work had to be put into it. A problem when working on a project of this scale is that you have to discuss and compromise about everything, which takes a lot more time than doing things by yourself. On the other hand, it gives you more input ideas and will likely be a more balanced finished product overall, which is great. Fortunately, agreeing has become easier with time, and most discussions can be finished with not too much hassle these days.

MW: Pretty much what Bill said. Everyone has their own ideas on how certain units should act or perform, and it's sometimes hard to come to an agreement.

DC: I have only been aboard for a year now and in that time there have been a few conflicts of opinion but nothing too major. It can be tough to get group consensus for a change to be made since everyone has their own vision of what is balanced/complicated/fluffy etc...

TDS: Fluff-wise Pikes are considered a huge part of the Dogs of War army but many haven't used them in their armies. How hard was it to get them as a valuable part of the army again.

ME: The pikes are definitely one of the most discussed things in the group. The problem with pikes were initially that they were too expensive, but also largely ineffective. We tried with numerous ways to improve them, but eventually decided to go back to their original state, but with a price reduction. Of course, there is still some issues with pricing, but we are getting there!

MW: I think it was harder in 7th edition, when you could take minimum core and ignore Pikes if you so chose to. It's hard to make human-statted infantry a valuable part of the army. So the process of getting Pikes to where they are today, was a long and frustrating process. It's somewhat funny that in the end, we wound up back with the original Pike rules with just a few modifications.

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DC: Easily the most debated and talked about unit in the book. So many ideas were thrown around that we ended up having to take a break for awhile and start fresh, we ended up going back to basics and hope people will use them. A Captain with the drillmaster ability adds to their flexibility greatly.

TDS: Why did you just stay with the current Special Characters instead of creating new ones?

ME: Simply because there were already enough of official special characters in the old Dogs of War book, and we didn't see much point in adding more. It also wouldn't feel right next to the iconic ones.

MW: When you start adding in your own personal characters and the like, not immediately based on any existing background, the book starts to feel more like a 'fandex' rather than the goal of making it feel like an official army.

DC: We will likely be releasing additions to the book over the next few years to add more units and characters to the list so that's when we will look at adding in some home brewed Special Characters, our book already has more than some of the GW produced books.

TDS: Matthias you have created several army books how hard was it working with a group on this project?

ME: It was both better and worse. It was a lot more time consuming seeing as practically every little detail had to be discussed before decisions could be made, and you can't always expect to get your idea through. On the other hand, you get a lot of ideas from other people that you might not have otherwise thought of, and are less likely to put a big lump of cheese in there.

TDS: Has there been any hard feelings with the people who dropped out of the project mid way?

ME: Hey, it's their choice, and as with most projects of this scale, I'm actually surprised we got this far. Of course in some of the cases it would have been nice to know why/if someone has decided to drop out, rather than just disappearing without a word. Makes it a lot easier not having to wait for that person to give their input...

BJW: Well I didn't have problems with people dropping out, real life does get in the way. But there were a few problems with egos needing to be sorted out throughout the creation process.

TDS: Which of the new units are your favourites?

BJW: Personally I like the Espringals, but I'm known for my love of war machines.

MW: There aren't that many new units in the book, but I like the Merchant Prince. He has a cool special rule.

DC: I like the paychest upgrade for the Paymaster. Although I might just be a lil bit biased as it was initially my idea.

ME: Can't say I have a clear favourite there, they were all added to give the army a little more versatility (hah!) and to make room for some units that people might have in their army but no rules for. Others were added from a fluff point of view.

TDS: Was there something you regret leaving out of the book?

DC: It was a lil bit of a shame that we had to remove Orcs as a special choice but the RoR unit of the Armoured Orcs is always there should you have the desire to include some Greenskins.

ME: Not really, DoW has a huge number of units to choose from, and can pick from practically every section, which is their main strength after all. Any more units wouldn't really add anything (other than chariots, which really wouldn't fit).

MW: Nothing really. I think we've got a nice selection of units, plus a few new ones. I don't think the book really needs anything more.

TDS: Other than Mathias has any of you created or think about creating a fan army book before?

BJW: Well I created a book for the Pirates of Sartosa.

ME: Well yes I have! Oh wait, I am Mathias...

DC: Before joining I had thought about trying it before, seeing how much work is involved that has swiftly changed to a big no unless I have a team working with me.

TDS: Before creating the book did you play the army or did you use them as mercenaries in other armies?

DC: I mentioned earlier that DoW is a new army for me but years ago (5th edition maybe) I had used the Birdmen and Asarnil in my High Elf army as part of a massive flying assault force, but apart from that not too much.

MW: I only started collecting Dogs of War around the same time as work on the book started getting moving.

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BJW: Mercenaries, I use Halflings in my Empire army and Human and Halflings in my Dwarf army. The Empire always had a unit of Halfling archers, mainly Lumpin Croop's fighting Cocks. The Dwarfs defend an inn have Halfling archers and Hot Pot (chefs) as well as Braganza's Besiegers (wait staff) in it.

ME: I had quite recently started playing Dogs of War when the project began, but what experience I had gotten with them clearly suggested that they needed work to be competitive. And seeing as GW wouldn't do it.

TDS: What armies do you play other than the Dogs of War?

MW: I started Warhammer with the Lizardmen. I also have a very small army of Empire and Ogre Kingdoms, but most recently have been collecting Beastmen.

ME: Let's see... Bretonnia, Empire, Dark Elves, Araby, Imperial Guard, the beginnings of both Cathay and Kislev, and some remnants of Orcs & Goblins, High Elves, Vampire Counts and Space Marines, as well as another 4000 points Lord of the Rings. I ran out of space, so had to sell some armies... but I'm practically cured now, honest!

DC: My main army would be Ogres, I currently hold the "Best Ogre General" icon for New Zealand on www.rankingshq.com and I also have a rather decent sized High Elf army which was my first army.

BJW: My main armies are the Slayer Army of Karak Kadrin from the Storm of Chaos book and the Chaos Dwarfs From the old Ravening Hordes lists. My first Warhammer army was the Empire, which I still have, and I have a Dwarf army also.

TDS: Do you think this book will be accepted by the Indy tournaments or just for people playing fun games?

ME: It have heard it has been excepted into some tournaments in Europe actually, which is great. It is really meant for casual games though, as that is where it will likely gain most acceptance.

MW: I hope so. I don't really feel inclined to pull out my Dogs of War in tournaments anymore, as I feel without a breath of fresh air, people are just starting to forget them since they are now a few editions old.

DC: I have almost no doubt it will be, I have already been in touch with some of the usual TO's here in NZ and they are very open to trialling it out once it has reached its final version.

TDS: How would you build the army for an all comers game at say 2500 points?

DC: Combined arms all the way, the beauty of the DoW army is in its variety, even without the RoR you can build an army with a strong focus on either magic/combat/shooting but that's not my style, I like to be able to compete in each phase without needing to dominate one of them to win. The must haves for my 2500 list would include a Merchant Prince, Wizard Lord, 3x Espringals, 2x 30 pikes, 2x 12 Crossbows, 2x 5 Fast Cav and the rest as the mood takes me.

ME: That's the problem with Dogs of War, you have so many choices I can never decide what to include, I want everything! I'll have to get back to you on that...

TDS: How would you use those units in battle?

ME: Whenever playing Dogs of War, I try to make a defensive-objective based army. That is, hold out against the enemy as long as possible and take any objectives that will help we win. Then I do try to get in the occasional game winning flank charge as well...

DC: The beauty of combined arms is you play to your opponents weakness, if you can out shoot them you play defensively, if they are a gun line you get up in their faces etc...

TDS: In you words why do you love the Dogs of War army?

ME: They are underdogs, they have so much versatility that you cannot get bored with them, and they got that fabulous Tilean Plate Armour...

MW: Probably for the same reasons GW don't like it. I enjoy the fact you can collect a bit of everything in the army. It means I won't get bored painting it, because if I start finding painting one type of unit boring, I can swap to another.

DC: Its all in the variety and ways in which you can theme your list, my army has a strong Araby and Norse theme to it so I think of it as an expedition into the great desert that has gotten lost and hired locals to help get them home.

TDS: Thank you for talking to us today.

ME: Sure no problem, now I'm off to bother someone else!

DC: Its been my pleasure and my advice to anyone looking to write a fan made army book....find yourself a team, do not do it alone!



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Making Trees

By: Steam

Hi, it's me Steam again. Today I'll try to explain how to make trees for miniature battles. Many people make the trees using wire and clay, but I use the most ordinary branches. You will need:

1: Cardboard and branches from the trees. (I recommend taking them apple trees, so they have structure look like real wood)



2: White PVA glue



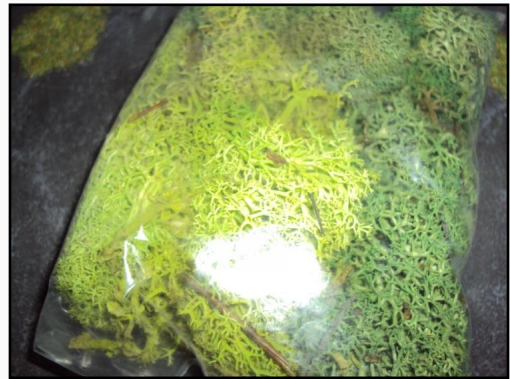
3: Black and the white paint



4: Grass or snow. Use your preferred flocks/basing materials, I am using Citadel Snow and Static Grass.



Also, get creative and diversify your tree bases. use polystyrene to create a stone, as I do, but be careful not to spray it with aerosol paints as the chemicals in the spray will dissolve the polystyrene.



Cut out a cardboard shape that you like. Do not cut in a square since the base will warp after sanding and painting it, use a small, round shape that is harder to warp, try not to make thin parts as they bend easily. Then glue the branches using PVA. Be careful since at first the trees will fall off, wait until the glue is dry. Use something to prop them up and hold them in place.

Alternatively, use something to hold them in place at the base rather than balancing them. A small blob of green stuff or modelling putty at the base can hold the tree as it dries in to place. Make sure to create a solid join between the twig and the base using the green stuff. If you have time you can use the green stuff on the base to sculpt roots to make the trees more realistic.

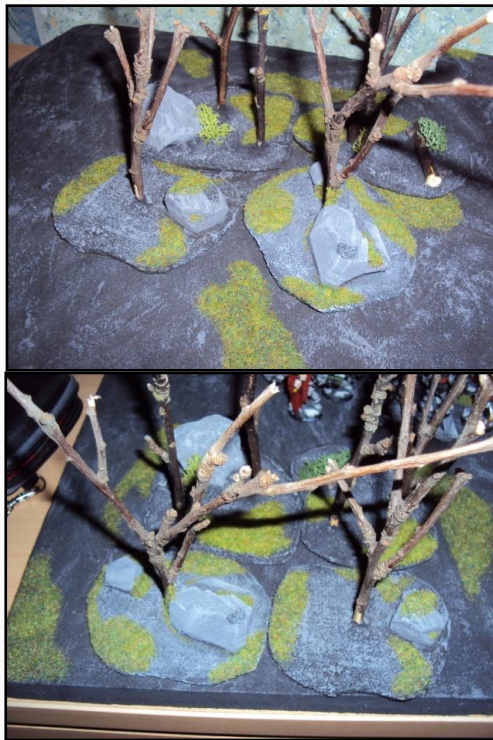
And as you can see I added a rock to create a little bit of detail but you can flavour yours' to taste.

Once the sand is dry, paint the base colour.

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Once this layer of paint is dry, paint the terrain with colours to match your board, I use a grey rock colour with green static grass.



As soon as it is fully dry place it on your gaming table and start using it in games.



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Warhammer Armies: Cathay

Interview with M4cR1I13n by Bilbo Baggins.

Hello readers, this issue we have brought M4cR1I13n back to talk about his Cathay Army book. We'll look into the thoughts that made it go from a spark of an idea to a full fledged army book.

Welcome back my friend.

A pleasure as always. Now, I do believe I was promised cheese cake?

Not that I remember, but maybe next time you are in town you'll get a slice. I know that Cathay is the equivalent of China in our world, how much of their history inspired you in creating this army book?

To quite a certain extent, as one would assume. All units in the list are based on historical troops or mythological creatures from China, as well as the source material given by GW.

How hard was it creating this book?

Cathay is a prickly area when it comes to making rules for them, mainly because people have their own interpretations of them. Some think they should be almost solely based on historical China, whereas some think they should be a lot more fantasized in a similar vain to movies like "Hero", Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon" and so forth, whereas a few others seem to think Cathay should include Ninjas and Samurai (heresy!). My main concern was to get a good mix of the first two, with basic troops that you would find in a historical army and specialised troops which are more based on the fantasy archetype, without going overboard. Most attempts at Cathay lists tend to land in either of those camps, which usually results in over-the-top armies or rather dull armies that would make more sense in WAB.

How did you come up with the Heroes/Lords you included in the army?

Lords and Heroes are pretty standard humans, with the Warlord being based on the Chinese Warlord of the Medieval Ages, the Wu Jen being based on D&D characters, and the Strategist being based on famous tacticians such as Sun Tzu, Jia Xun and Zhuge Liang. The Strategist probably stands out the most, having a supporting role that is not related to either combat or magic.

Can you give us an idea on the special characters you created for this army?

The Celestial Dragon Emperor should be pretty self-explanatory, seeing as he's been mentioned many

times in the GW fluff, although not exactly what he is. Zhao Fei is based on the famous general Zhao Yun from the era of the Three Kingdoms in China, the Monkey King is based... well the Monkey King, from Journey to the West. Finally, Broken Sword was based on Jet Li's character from "Hero".

You have Six Core units, 7 Special units and 4 Rare units in the book. Was it your intention to have more Special/Rare choices than Core or were you using the same proportions of current army books?

Didn't think too much of it really, except to keep it manageable. Some units were originally intended to be in other sections, but ended up where they are to avoid "over flooding". The Dwarf army book did come to mind when deciding this, so I suppose you can say I used it as a template.

One of my favourite units are the Terracotta Warriors, I feel they are similar to the Undead with the way you made them as constructs. Did you think of doing that when you started the book or did they evolve that way?

The Terracotta Soldiers actually had fluff I found in a Mordheim campaign. I liked it, so I decided to stick with it. Otherwise I would have gone along the route of the Terracotta Soldiers from "the Mummy: Tomb of the Dragon Emperor".

Can you explain the influence of the mount called the Kirin?

The Kirin is based on... well, the Kirin! It's basically the Chinese version of the Unicorn. It's rather prevalent in Chinese mythology, as well as Magic the Gathering.

I do like the idea of the Dragon Cannon having explosive ammunition. The Fire Arrow sounds like an imitation of the Empire Helblaster and the Stormhurler Ballista a random multi-shot Repeater Bolt Thrower. How did you make them similar or different from War Machines currently used in Warhammer?

Well as you said, the Dragon Cannon has explosive ammo, making it a mix of a cannon and a stone thrower essentially. The Fire Arrow is based on the Korean Hwacha and works like a mix of Helblaster and Helstorm. The Stormhurler is simply a cheaper version of the Elven bolt throwers with the multi shot

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option only, and with less BS of course! Inspired by the Emperor's army from the movie "Hero".

I noticed you created two magic lores for this army, Ying and Yang, as well as allowing your wizards use of the lore Fire, Metal and Heavens. How did you envision players using magic in the army?

Can't really say that in 8th edition, but the two lores are essentially meant to be each others opposites. Where one has a spell that boost your troops, the other has a spell that lessens the enemy's, or where a missile causes many low Strength hits, the other lore causes only a few high Strength hits and so on. Seeing as you have to choose both lores on each wizard though, it is a little risky to take as you cannot be sure to get the exact spell you want, but you to gain an extra one as well as the possibility to be very versatile.

How would you like to see players manage their forces, which units, how many of those units and what size should those units be in small games (1000 points or less) and of 2000 and 3000 point games?

Whoa, that's a pretty big question! Depends on how you want to play, the army was designed around balance, but if you really want to get the most out of it, I'd recommend a steady core of spearmen and

Chu Ko Nu's, backed up by the hard hitters in the special section and lots of support from the rare section. That way, you essentially have the shooting of the Empire, but with a lot more close combat prowess in your elites, similar to High Elves.

Have you received feedback of anyone using this army in games and how has it been received?

Cathay has actually been pretty quiet on the playing front, although it was rather well received with less negative criticism than usual. I haven't gotten around to play it myself yet either, but I'll get there eventually.

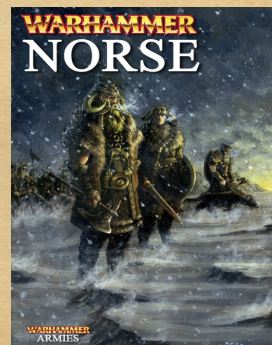
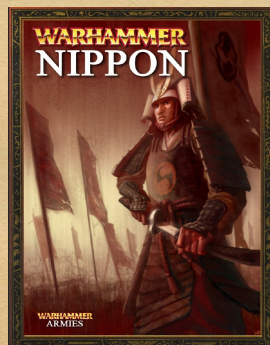
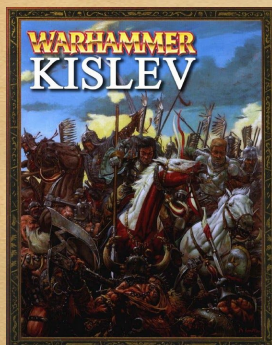
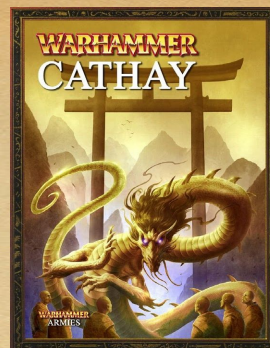
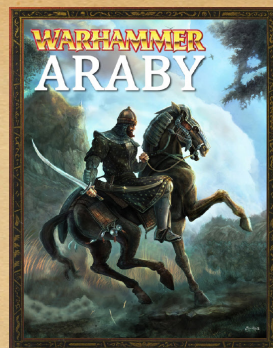
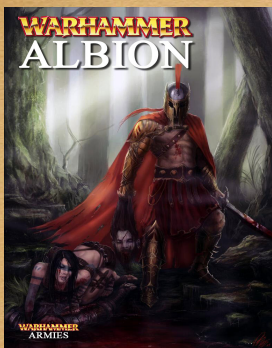
What models would you suggest for people trying to create this army? I'm not expecting that all models would have to be sculpted of kit-bashed by the players.

For Cathay Models, I strongly suggest Old Glory for your Core Troops, then you also have Perry Miniatures, the Assault Group, Hell Dorado and Reaper Miniatures for the Fantasy creatures. There are a lot more manufacturers, but I can't remember all of them.

Thank you for your time, will you come back to discuss another of your army books soon?

That I will do, I guess Nippon's next in line, eh?
Sounds like a plan, talk to you next issue.

M4cR1113n's Warhammer Fantasy Army Books - Download Them Today.



The Word of Hashut



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

Tall Tales



Stories of the Warhammer World.

If you want to see your story in our publication please send your fan fiction submissions to submissionstds@hotmail.com. All Stories must be submitted in MS Word (.doc), OpenOffice (.odt) or Text (.txt) formats.

States of the Empire During the Age of Three Emperors.

By: Ironlord

Middenland typically supported the Ottilian Emperors after the Cult of Ulric backed Ottilia's claim too the throne, Middenheim and soon the rest of Middenland followed with their support which lasted for most of the Age until Count Siegfried of Middenland proclaimed that he would claim the throne and began the line of Claimants known as the Wolf Emperors almost 400 years after the initial outbreak of war.

Hochland's strong tradition of hunting and worship of the god Taal led too them siding with their Brothers in the Cult of Ulric and subsequently the Ottilian Emperors.

Nordland was initially involved in the peace process that could have brought the Age to an end after just a few battles. The count of Nordland played host too Stirland and Talabecland for peace talks that broke down after a severe Demonic Incursion that resulted in the slaughter of thousands on both sides.

Ostland was typically a Sigmarite state and so backed the Elected Emperors as opposed too the Ottilian Emperors. As the forces of Chaos realised the disarray caused by the Age of Three Emperors they began to probe the Empires defences. With Ostland being on the front line of Defence, the hardy northern warriors of Ostland were unable to be as active in the warfare and politics of the Age as they fought off attacks by Chaos Warlords.

Reikland's forces were primarily led by Ludwig during the Age of Three Emperors as the war broke out. Over the course of the Age they supported the Sigmarite Elected Emperors to Oppose the Ottilians. Reikland's claimants were known as the Pretenders and were constantly trying to Claim the Throne throughout the age.

Stirland's count being elected Emperor was the initial outrage that caused the Age of Three Emperors to begin, as Countess Ottilia accused him of cheating and declared herself Empress. Outraged Stirland marshaled an army and marched to face her in battle. After a series of battles for the throne, most of which Stirland lost, they were called to peace

talks in Nordland where talks broke down after a demonic attack that each faction blamed on the other.

Talabecland was one of the primary instigators of the Age of Three Emperors when the countess Ottilia proclaimed herself to be Empress. As such the state was at the heart of the civil war, fighting against Middenland and Reikland and any who would not stand with them. From then on the descendants of Ottilia were known as the Ottilian Emperors, who directly opposed the Elected Emperors in the fight for the throne.

Wissenland, Averland are two of the Empire States that were often ignored in the Age of Three Emperors as their leaders never made any noticeable attempts for control of the Empire. However as Sigmarite states they will have supported the Elected Emperors on principle. Wissenland's cannons from Nuln will have been instrumental in the wars fought at the time, providing the best quality of weapons and operators to help turn the tide of battle.

Marienburg was only a City State but still produced a claimant for the Throne, in the later part of the Age, however when the Claimant (an under age girl) won the throne by election, the Grand Theogenist denounced her election, believing that the counts had been bribed, ending the line of Claimants officially, but Marienburg maintained their claim and passed it down through the generations this line of claimants was known as the Wolf Emperors. The claim reached Helmar, a young man who would ultimately use the Runefang to kill Konrad Von Karstein in the Vampire Wars. After this point though, Marienburg would remove all claims from the throne.

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Stirland's Dark Heart

By: Ironlord

"You are nothing more than Pofro's lapdog!" Screamed the woman as Tirth marched the boy too the wagon.

"And you are Pofro's servants, you owe him your lives and it is time that you started paying." Tirth pushed the young man into the back of the wagon and turned too the woman, "This hamlet has been lacking in it's support to Pofro's claim too the Throne. Would you rather have the wolf lovers in charge?"

Tirth whipped the horses forward and felt the wagon jolt forward and the wheels turning beneath him. Rolling along the road was the easiest part of his job. He felt safe on the road towards the castle. Fifteen men flanked him on either side as they rumbled along the last few miles too Pofro's castle in the centre of the flat lands. It was a towering fortress in the heart of Stirland, a beacon of hope when enemy's approached. But it was approachable from any side by friend and foe alike.

How many times had he stood upon the battlements gazing down upon hordes of the enemy?

Too many.

But Pofro had promised to change all that. All he had too do was take Stirland under his heel and the rest of the Empire would see that he was the chosen of Sigmar and put him into his rightful place as the Emperor.

Pofro watched from the top of the highest spire as one of his captains brought in his next group of recruits. Each day he gained maybe another six or seven men. His army would soon be strong enough to conquer the whore Gertrude and her forces in the Moors. She had take command of the half sized fools in the swamp and was trying to stop Pofro's rise to power, claiming to be in contact with the spirit of Sigmar himself.

He would need to march before the summer solstice if he wanted to win his campaign and return home in time for winter and be on schedule with his plan.

But how many more could he recruit before he had to go.

It was time to get the ball moving.

Gertrude gathered the townsfolk of Silverstump together at the fallen tree that gave their little marshland town it's name. She stood easily two feet

taller than any of their people and her long auburn hair tumbled just into reach of their stubby fingers.

She had to be gentle with this people if she wanted to win them over to her side in the coming battles for Stirland. Threats would never work against the hardy, yet pudgy, small people of the swamp.

"Dearest friends, I come to you with a warning of dire times that lie ahead, the spirit of Sigmar himself has shown me that Lord Pofro has come for your people, seeking to conquer you as he would all of Stirland so that he can be named Sigmar's successor too the Throne of the Empire."

An old halfling stepped forward, his wispy beard greying with his age, "Why would Pofro come here? We folk take little care for your politics and have even less influence on them."

"He sees you as a threat, good sir, in his lust for power, he has become mad and seeks too bring all to his heel, believing that it is the right way too govern those whom he considers 'his' people."

"What proof have you of this?" Asked the grey beard, who had appointed himself the speaker of the group, "How do we know that you aren't here to take us against Pofro, you wouldn't be the first to try..."

"Others have come here seeking aid against Pofro?" Porfo turned to see the stretching lines of his armies. He envisioned the future, where his armies would stretch for miles and he would lead them against the injustice and corruption in the world from atop the Griffon he would claim from the Imperial Zoo.

In Spring, men run and train in green fields,
until grass is crushed to brown dead muck,
In Summer, men duck and hide behind shields,
until bodies are crushed to red bleeding muck,
In Autumn, men labour without tire,
to feed the family and pay tithes to sires,
In Winter, men sob and weep by fires,
Lamenting loss and dead desires.

-Fitole Stephanos Third Bard of the Imperial Court.

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Turning he trotted his horse along the lines to cheers along the line. His soldiers believed in him and he would repay their loyalty in this campaign.

He was heading west too the marshlands to try and get the halfling people to join his cause. They were little more than a bump in his campaign, but one he would prefer not to travel over.

The marshes were surrounded by a ring of trees, half a mile thick at the thinnest point it would be a hard journey. The trees here were old and knotted. Intertwined over the ages to create a barrier as solid as any wall. It was a labyrinth that could be stepped over, but one slip and a man's ankle would sprain and twist, taking him out of the fight. He wondered if he should risk his men by bringing through the woods or leave most of them behind too make his appointment with the little folk with just a small group of trusted warriors.

When Tuol's horse broke its ankle on the twisted roots, they sent back the rest of the horses too the main army as he slid the sword into the neck artery of the gelded stallion.

The waters were up too Porfo's shins, soaking through his boots and socks to numb his feet as he waded through, jumping from island to island as their eyes scanned the murky waters for signs of a threat, where would it come from?

Trees loomed overhead, made strong by the rich minerals of the water and the fresh air of the marshes, but it could be hiding some threat from above. The wide ring of warriors Porfo had brought with him were making sure that nothing slipped through from the water, but he didn't think that the trees were a part of the swamp itself.

Cursing his lack of archers he moved onward, following the beacon of thin trails of smoke coming from deeper within the marsh.

It had started with a gentle chirruping just on the edge of earshot, but now, it was a damning noise that somehow was quick and sharp enough to pierce his mind, but also echoed with the voices of friends and loved ones, past and present, who mocked him as if he had failed in every task.

He felt the urge to scream, to run splashing through the still shin deep water and find the creature and tear it limb from limb.

What worried him was that no one else seemed to be affected by it, they just moved on, trudging through yet more water as the thin smoke drew closer.

The chirrup began to echo in his mind, rattling his brain until he was nothing more than an animal, his baser instincts wanting too cut, burn and kill the blasted swamp cricket.

Drawing a small knife he stopped and listened, his ring of bodyguards doing the same, their eyes scanning for a threat that they didn't know was there.

The knife suddenly flew, within feet of his own man's head the knife thudded into the wood of a tree, pinning a small creature too the bark. It was such a gentle thing that the knife nearly cut it in two. A small creature, half man, half dragonfly, his tiny arm cut off as the knife pinned him too the tree. He was fading fast and paling with each second. By the time Porfo got too him he had slumped over, dead against the tree.

Taking the knife he pulled it free and let the little creature splash into the water before he turned, happy to be free of the noise.

The crowd that greeted Porfo was sparse at best various Halflings from various walks of life greeted him at the eastern edge of the town. They really were Halflings, even the tallest stood no higher than Porfo's chest.

They didn't seem happy to see him, but neither did they seem angry, they simply observed and nodded politely as Porfo and his men pulled themselves from the water, not moving to help.

"You have travelled far, Porfo, to speak with us." Spoke and old white beard, he had his hands on his old walking stick and leant on it heavily. Not wishing to exert himself after what could have been his sixth meal of the day.

"And I..." He strained to lift his left leg out of the bog and saw the tangle of weeds wrapped around his shin, "And I aim to go further to claim what is rightfully mine."

"Then you have come to far for nothing, for we will not help you become the Lord of Stirland or Lord of the Empire."

Pofro was taken aback and scanned the crowd, but they wore that same face of childish smiles, dulled with the harsh reality of their existence. They seemed disappointed.

"You came so far, but in your anger you killed a creature of pure heart because it annoyed you. This was our test too you and you could not control yourself. How can we support one so violent and filled with rage?"

Stunned silence turned to pure rage as Porfo took up his sword and charged at the halfling.

From behind one of the small houses leapt a woman with a glowing orb atop a finely crafted stick. The light burst free from the staff and hit Porfo straight in the face. He was flipped straight back from the landing, hammered through his personal guards and landed in the water.

Steam rose from where he landed as a score of archers appeared from the surrounding area as if from nowhere and cut the guards down. Soon the swamp was covered in bodies, bleeding from where the green and yellow arrows punctured their flesh.

The witch turned back to the Halflings and smiled, "Thank you for your assistance in this, although my Lord has had quarrel with you he is pleased too see that you are not above dealing with him or his family."

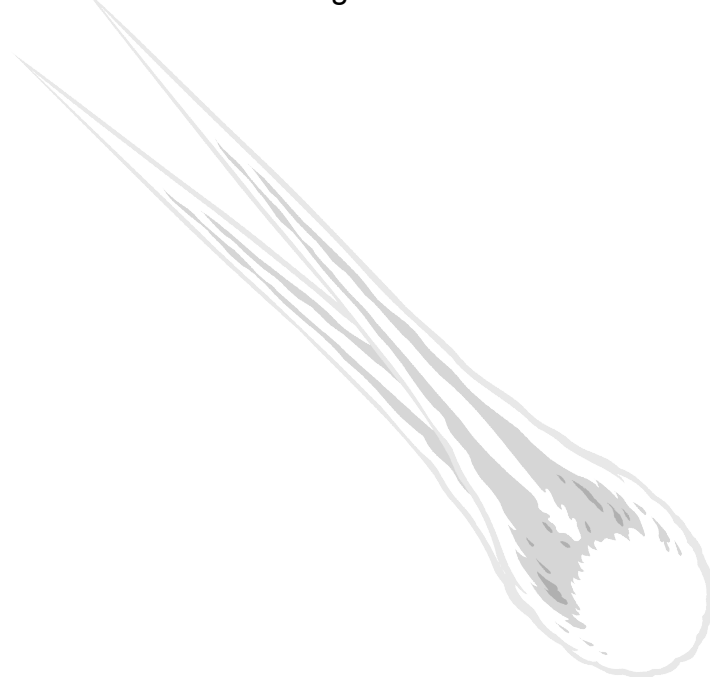
"Our half of this deal is done, but what of yours?" Asked the grey beard.

From a pouch at her side the witch produced a strange shaped bottle, it was wider at its base than it should have been and was more like an orb with a neck than a typical bottle.

"The finest of Wurtbad's vintages, brought as per your request, in twenty bottles."

The archers all stepped forward and placed identical bottles upon the ground before the Halflings. Everyone of them could see the glint of lust in the little people's eyes as the bottles came into view.

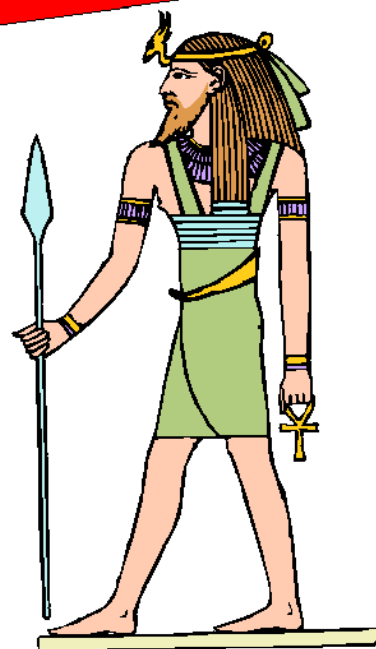
"Anderssen sends his regards as well as the wine."



Tomb Kings of Khemri Forum

www.tomb-kings.net

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



Doom Seeker Assassin

By: Joe Hadfield

The Grand hall was unnaturally dark; the only illumination was a ghastly green light in the middle of the room. In the centre of the light a black figure knelt, its rubbery tail swept side to side. Thirteen pillars surrounded the figure, and on each of them sat creature. Their wizened features were dimly illuminated. The rumble machinery echoed through the room, making the room feel even vaster.

"You know why you are here," growled one of the Thirteen on the pillars.

"Of course most omniscient overseers," stated the figure in the centre trying not to be overwhelmed by the spectacle before him.

"Then there is no reason to delay," another spoke.

"All is prepared I trust," a third stated.

"Yes-yes most legendary of lords," the figure answered.

"Good-good," mused a forth to no one in particular.

"Now-now I must go, much to do." The figure bowed, pressing his snout to the cold stone floor. "By glory of Clan Eshin, you have what you desire soon most cunning of councils."

"Go," the Thirteen demanded in unison.

"Quick-quick, hush-hush," urged Nartik as he and other black swathed Skaven bounded through the under-tunnels. 12 other assassins accompanied Nartik on this most key mission, given by the council themselves. Yes-yes thought Nartik, an honour. But what if he failed... Surely they'd punish him with the 'Pox' or worse... No, Nartik shook these thoughts from his head. He wouldn't fail, he can't fail. The dank tunnel echoed with the sound of dripping water, as a pungent aroma rose from the black-green water running in between the walkways. While the tunnel was completely devoid of light, it was as clear as day to the well trained elite of Clan Eshin. Behind Nartik, Kratch and Slreek hefted the Grind-thing crafted by Clan Skyre. Skyre had offered the thing to the council to 'aid' this task; they said it would make breaking into the Breeder-palace easier. But Nartik knew that if the elite of Clan Eshin failed, which they wouldn't, it would be the fault of this infernal contraption. Nartik became aware of an odd smell, the familiar scent of the under-empire had left him and it was replaced by the odour of unfamiliarity. This unnerved Nartik, but he forced himself not to show it. At the front of the pack Ritchin

had stopped and was sniffing the air, twitching frantically. Fool-thing to show fear thought a sneering Nartik; the sneer was soon wiped of as Ritchin pointed up.

"Here-here," he whispered. The assassins stopped and sniffed the air; Nartik now recognised the smell of the sweet-spice that the foolish man-things thought would stop a plague. How unfair it was that the glorious Skaven had not captured the pathetic Empire, because of incompetent leaders. Nartik was lost in thought as Kratch and Slreek moved the Grind-thing into position and activated it...

Gunter yawned struggling to stay conscious, the night before had not been kind to him nor his companions. Perhaps celebrating the birth of his nephew by drinking from sunset to rise, had not been his best idea. The dull aching in his head had not been helped by the dressing down from the Emperor's adviser, a brute by the name of Markus 'Brown-Nose' Weissner. Gunter slumped against the wall pulling his helmet off; he ran his fingers through his hair and nursed his head.

"It's going to be a long night" he sighed. Gunter became aware of a burnt smell that perforated the usual spiced and sweet scent of the palace; he dismissed it as a ruined meal. But it kept getting stronger. Suddenly there was a searing pain on the back of Gunter's head, he leapt away from the wall and saw a green pulse getting larger were he had been resting. Without warning a strange device burst through the wall leaving a gaping hole, filling the corridor with an eerie green light. Gunter inspected the tunnel further, it seemed like it travelled all the way down to the irrigation systems.

"Who's down there" Gunter shouted down the hole, no reply. Poking his head down, he saw a flash of silver and then no more.

Nartik skittered up the hole and reached a red decorated room filled with valuables of untold worth, the rug he was now crouched on was the pelt of a Kislevite Great Bear. Warily he retrieved his thrown star from in between the eyes of the brown-furred man-thing who now lay motionless; red-blood spilled from his head and stained the fine rug a bright crimson. The beckoned for the others and one by one they sprung up scanning the area for threats, all was clear.

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"Go-go make plan-success," Shik breathed as he bounded down the hall. The others followed closely behind; Slreek retrieved the grind-thing and sprinted after them. Nartik sneered, fool-things he thought, Nartik knew where to find the Man-thing. He ran the opposite way, towards the smell of food because all man-things are attracted to food. As he'd been told. Nartik stopped running and put his back to the wall; leaning round the corner he saw the backs of two armoured man-things. Silently, he unsheathed two blades and ran towards them. He jumped in between the two and slashed outwards. Continuing his run he glanced back in time to see their headless bodies jerk and spasm before collapsing, blood spilled into a puddle on the alabaster floor. Affording him a smirk, Nartik darted down the hall. The smell of the food was much closer now; his black fur tingled in anticipation. Here-here the man-thing will be mine Nartik thought, he then heard voices from around the corner. Quickly Nartik jumped behind an ornate box with tomes on it, not a moment too soon as a pair of guard-man-things turned the corner. Nartik leapt from behind the box and plunged a blade into the neck of one of the guards. Then he turned pulling the blade out and swung it at the other guard, but it managed to put its sword in the way in time. As Nartik sprung back the guard swung its down sword in a heavy arc, a clumsy move. Nartik rolled out of the way and connected the guards face with a taloned paw. The guard staggered back roaring obscenities, wiping his now bloodied face. Nartik took the chance and thrust the blade in its chest. The guard corpse fell with a thud and Nartik revelled in his handy work, when he noticed a man-thing pup standing stunned in the hallway. It was dressed in an odd fashion, like the man-thing nobles. Nartik glared at the pup, which proceeded to flee while screaming. Naturally that noise was silenced with a star thrown into the back of its head. Close-close the breed-thing will die thought Nartik. As he turned the corner he saw an open door which displayed a room with large table and chairs all around it, sticking to the shadows cast by candlelight Nartik crept in. A grey-furred man-thing was sat at the head of the table, this was the breeder! Nartik had been told that the larger the man-thing the more powerful it was, and this man-thing was certainly powerful. The breeder was gorging himself on a plate of meat; it clearly had a strong black-hunger. Cautiously Nartik slunk behind the Breeder so as not to...

"My Lord there's... what in Sigmar's name is that?" A guard had stumbled into the room and was pointing at Nartik. Curses, thought Nartik as the Breeder turned around eyes bulging.

"Kill it!" The breeder screamed. "Now, you oaf!" At that the guard charged at Nartik, sword raised. No not like this, thought Nartik. The guard-thing tried to stab at Nartik, but he dodged with ease. Slashing back Nartik caught the guard's arm, who recoiled screaming in pain. Nartik went to deliver the killing blow, but pain erupted in the back of his head. Timber flew past his field of vision as he fell to the ground.

"Hah, that'll teach you!" Nartik's hearing was muffled, he saw the breeder holding the remains of a chair. "You'll rue the day you crossed Markus Jakob Weisser, you damned rat!" Nartik had almost shaken off the effects, his hearing returned. Weisser, that wasn't the name he was given. This wasn't the breeder! Or he'd been given the wrong name, had Shik betrayed him? It was possible but... Nartik rolled out of the path of the falling blade, stirring from his thoughts.

"You damned fool, kill it!" Weisser wailed. Nartik got to his paws as the guard swung its blade at Nartik's neck, he darted to retrieve his swords missing the blow by a whisker. He squealed as the Weisser man-thing stood on his tail, Nartik turned and scratched at thing's leg. Weisser pulled it away leaving Nartik free to reclaim his weapons; he turned to face the on rushing guard. Nartik deflected the hasty jab and dodged the following slash; he retaliated by jumping and swinging both swords at the head of the guard. Holding his sword above his head the guard parried, forcing Nartik back. The guard then lunged at Nartik's throat, but Nartik block with one of his blades and stabbed with the other. He found the guards soft belly and dragged the blade across spilling the contents. Kicking him to the ground Nartik turned to Weisser who cowered in a corner, its face full of fear. Nartik approached him, sneering.

"No please... I... you can't do this," Weisser snivelled. "I... I have money... don't kill me please; it will be worth your while." Nartik cocked his head to the side, this whining man was entertaining. Nartik shuffled closer, chittering.

"Please, spare me," the pathetic thing moaned while nursing his bloodied leg. Nartik grabbed the things head, gripping its mouth shut.

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"Foolish man-thing," Nartik squeaked as he slid his blade across Weisser's fat neck. Nartik stood straight sniffing the air trying to find his fellow assassins; they couldn't have killed the Breeder-thing yet. Catching a scent Nartik sprinted down the many corridors, as he bounded past the many ornaments he noticed the lack of guards. Maybe the others have dealt with them. No, that means they'll take all the glory! Nartik quickened enthused with panic.

Kratch beheaded another before tuning to fend of a guard wielding a halberd, as it swung its weapon down Kratch cut through the wood removing the blade. Stunned the guard backed away which allowed Kratch to leap up and stab him in the eye. All around Kratch and his 'companions' were dead or dying bodies of man-things who thought they could challenge Clan Eshin's elite. They had only lost four of their number, well five if you counted Nartik who abandoned the mission. The council would certainly hear of that. They had found where the Breeder-thing was hiding and Slreek and Throk were preparing the Grind-thing to break down the wall. The mission would be a success and Kratch would take all the glory, as the others would surely suffer an accident. The Grind-thing whirred into life and the room was bathed in a sickly green light, Slreek and Throk pushed against the door and it began to cut a hole in the door. From the other side of the door there was a cry of anguish Kratch leapt to it, the drill had gone through the door, the barricade and a guard's chest. Slreek and Throk dropped the smoking Grind-thing and jumped through the hole in the door, the sound of combat rang out. Kratch stepped back and let the others through, no point in wearing myself out he thought. As the last assassin jumped through the Grind-thing started bubbling and smoking profusely, Kratch was alarmed and bounded down the hall. As a green-tinged explosion erupted from where the Grind-thing had been, throwing Kratch against the wall and singeing his fur. After a while Kratch looked at the devastation. Tatters of Skaven and Man-things lay about the place. Weapons were discarded, stumps of legs were scattered and cauterised chunks of skin were strewn all over the floor. Two man-things staggered out the room, with their clothes blackened and cut in several places from the resulting shrapnel. Clearly they hid at the back while the others fought. Curse Clan Skyre thrice, thought Kratch. They've ruined, no sabotaged the mission. Both the man-things were approaching Kratch; one

was in the guard uniform. The other was dressed in fine, now ruined, silks and a delicate rapier in his hand. That was him! The breeder was here, Kratch struggled to his paws. He unsheathed his weapon in time to block a strike from the guard man-thing, Kratch then slashed at the guards legs. The guard fell to his knees and Kratch severed his head. Blood spurted from the wound and the body remained upright, jerking each time blood left it. Kratch leapt at the Breeder raining blows in quick succession, but the Breeder was a skilled dualist and matched Kratch's speed. This isn't possible, thought Kratch. I am Clan Eshin's finest, how does a human match up to me. The Breeder loosed a flurry of blows and Kratch tried to block or dodge them but he slashed at Kratch's leg severing the tendons. He squealed in pain and the breeder seized his chance and jabbed the rapier at Kratch's throat, Kratch tried to dodge but it caught his shoulder pinning him to the wall.

"I am Emperor Mandred known as 'the rat slayer' and you will not let my people suffer, Skaven filth!" The man-thing roared at Kratch, unsheathing a dagger the breeder sliced into Kratch's chest where his heart was. Kratch's last sight was Nartik, that damned sneer on his lips!

Nartik stalked the Breeder and drew the knife dripping with poison from his pouch, as he did so the Breeder turned and stared at him with contempt.

"Sigmar damn you!" Bellowed the Breeder. "Damn you and your kin!" Nartik threw the blade, as it spun through the air drops of the poison splattered the wall. Smoke rose from the drops as they corroded the wall. It hit the Breeder in the sternum, with a dull thud. The skin around it bubbled and oozed off, revealing bone and bare muscle. The Breeder coughed as the poison seeped into its organs.

"Damn you," it repeated and within a few seconds the Breeder was dead. Nartik just sneered.

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The Tale of Tobin and Faul

By: Ironlord

In many a tavern the tale of Tobbin and Faul is told too entertain everyone who listens, it tells the tale of two men who, upon returning from the far off lands, found the Empire in ruin in the time of three Emperors and managed to make a profit from their trinkets they had found in the far off lands.

Each version is different, changing from one bard too the next and even from one verse too the next depending on what version is heard.

Although it has no recognisable format, reflecting the tumultuous life of a merchant at the time, most perform this story with two sets of rhymes working in two lines, too add a strange complexity too the piece, making it more of a challenge to those who want to re-write it.

A recent trend has emerged where the bards allow Tobbin and Faul to settle for a simple life, normally in the north, perhaps there is a real Tobbin and Faul, their secret piles of gold buried in the cold north. Or maybe the bards allow their stories to fade because they grow tired of it and want to story to end so that they can find a new muse.

Of all the poems and stories from the time of Three Emperors it is one of the few pieces that has an upbeat tone.

-College of Bardic Knowledge, Book of the Dark Times, Chapter 7: "Man Divided", Page 34. By Sinallus Proteul.



In a time of great strife, came striding two men, and neither with a wife, cow or even a hen.

From sun scorched lands, they claimed to hail, with dark hair, ruddy hands and an interesting tale.

There were few who would say, that for their goods, they would not pay, made of such strange new woods.

And dark ruddy granite, or sparkling gems, or fans to fan with, while wearing a dress with no hems.

They came from far Nippon, Cathay and Ind. Were they claim to be stepped on, way-layed and pinned.

By monsters so grand that before the glare of their eyes, no army could stand or hope to survive.

Yet here stood the men, in the time of great strife, with neither a hen, cow or even a wife.

Only things from far far away, things that bedazzled, and scattered the fray or left the foe frazzled, and frightened of they, who wielded the pistols from far off Cathay and with beards shaven to bristle.

For they were the master in this new age, Selling their goods faster than even they could gauge.

To nobles and princes, for their delight, ignoring the wincings and screams of quick fright.

They were there in the evening, but gone by the dawn, leaving bankers steaming and the women to fawn.

Triumphant stood the men, in the time of great strife, with neither a hen, cow or even a wife.

For they were requested, by Ladies and Lords, but never bested, by any drunkards or swords.

As they travelled the land, in search of great gold, each felt a hand, had begun to grow cold.

For in Ind there are dragons, made from the gem, while in the north they drain flagons and speak tale of them.

But for those who have seen, the gem dragons flight, their coin's not worth a bean, if they tell tails all night.

And Faul was fond of Ale and Tobbin of women, so they settled for a farmers pale and a wife in the kitchen.

In the lands too the north, they rest too this day, hoarding their worth and a few trinkets of Cathay.

Kholoc

by Ironlord

Kholoc ran straight down the path, wind chilling the sweat from his bald head as he went. The first rider approached with a rapier like sword drawn and swinging wildly, he was probably the youngest of the group, eager for a kill and loot.

He didn't see Kholoc dodging too the side until it was too late and the head of the hammer was crashing into the flank of his horse with sickening force. The ornate cross on the striking face of the hammer would later be seen imprinted into the horse's skin, such was the force of the blow.

The young rider fell off of the horse and crashed his head against a tomb stone, falling too the ground as Kholoc raced forward to see the next attacker.

This warrior was more seasoned and had brought a spear with him, with impressive ease he pulled it from a sling on his back and raised it above his head to throw it, or to strike with it from above and cause far greater damage. Kholoc was in trouble, facing a trained soldier who knew what he was doing, he decided to turn on the tips of his toes and jump behind a large tombstone and let the warrior pass without giving him a clear shot before he leapt back out and charged back after him. He was turning his horse just a few feet up the dirt path, tugging hard on the reins as he turned with the spear. He caught the full force of Kholoc's hammer blow on the circular shield and fell off of the horse which bucked wildly as it was pulled by the weight of the man pulling the reins down with him. But Kholoc couldn't waste time and rolled under the horse's legs, scrambled too his feet and put the but of his hammer into the man's face, breaking two teeth and making the man choke on the shards.

He cried out just before the solid metal head silenced him with crushing efficiency.

Four more horsemen were on the hill, three of them riding up towards the church, eager to avenge, as the last stayed behind to watch. He was older still, easily the oldest of the group, but not more than forty seasons. He carried himself well, not a noble, but a soldier, one who had made his career on moments like these.

Watching the other three advance Kholoc realised that he would let these three die if it meant that he could escape on his steed.

One tried to launch an arrow at Kholoc but it was wide by a few inches of his shoulder and clicked

What was there too this hammer?

He wondered as he slung the weapon over his right shoulder, it's head heavy and comforting as it rested behind him. It had been busy in the last few days. Crashing down doors and caving in skulls was a hard business for any weapon, let alone one as holy as Baratisha.

It was a purging flames in a time of uncertainty. Those from Kislev had been threatening the other Northern territories and the realm of Stirland had been in chaos with whispers of the undead rising from their graves again.

Kholoc had always believed in burning the bodies of the fallen and each dispatch of news from Stirland only reaffirmed his belief. Baratisha sat burning in his hands, it was still eager for justice, eager to split the skulls of the unworthy that dared to invade Reikland.

His was the holy land, a tiny bubble, nearly a mile in diameter, surrounding his chapel to Sigmar.

He gazed up at the spire of the chapel, at it's twin tailed comet, before kissing his identical medallion that sat upon his barrel chest.

It was time to give out the justice of the last true emperor.

None shall be Holy,

Save him.

None shall be whole,

Save him.

None shall be salvation,

Save him.

Kholoc's litany of Purity.

Taking life was never something that Kholoc relished, but if he was too save his people then he would sacrifice the purity of his soul to save theirs. That was his sacrifice as their leader. As he looked out of the stained glass windows at the side of the double doors he saw the families running up the hill, through the smattering of graves on either side of the path as horse riding vagabonds chased them down.

Throwing open the door he stormed forward, twin handed hammer grasped in both hands he ran from the chapel doors, his robes flowing behind him.

"Get inside and bar the doors!"

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away into the graves as he began running down the path, feeling the moist ground beneath his feet.

Like the wind it was cooling but centred him in the world and the fight that he was in.

He leapt into the air as the horse approached, swinging the hammer straight for the horse's head, instead of at the rider who was struggling with his sword and didn't grasp hold of the reins as the horse hit the ground like a sack of rocks on impact. He fell as Kholoc flew past, spinning with the weight of the weapon as he passed the tumbling rider. He landed after a full spin and kept running, confident that the archer wouldn't get back up for a while.

The next rider was swinging a ball and chain as he rode forward, cutting sideways through the graves to come at him from the side. Kholoc ducked and rolled, hiding behind the tomb of Thomas Gruimor, local blacksmith, as the horse thundered by and masonry exploded beneath the juggernaut of a weapon.

Covered in dust he rose up and searched for the fourth rider, before he saw a flash of metal out of the side of his eye.

The ball and chain came spinning towards him with lightning speed, he hadn't seen the second ball on the other end of the chain and just assumed it was single use, now the true terror of the weapon was revealed and he hit the ground hard for fear of losing his life.

The tombstone shattered and sprayed into him, the metal weapon crashed into his sides, tumbling him over in a cloud of dust as the thunder of hooves drew closer. He rolled over and felt the sting of a sword blade slice up his side, he cried out in pain and scrambled to his feet.

Sweat poured down his face as a feverish flame flickered within the sword wound, the coward had used poison on his blade like a true coward.

Grabbing his hammer he staggered back on his feet as the horse turned, the rider leering beneath his metal helm at Kholoc.

Lunging forward he wanted to claim the advantage on the horseman, if he could terrify the horse enough and put it on the back foot, it could rear and leave itself vulnerable. But the horseman had too much control, he kicked the horse onward and dashed to the side of him, laughing and waving his sword in the air in arrogant, murderous glee.

But Kholoc kept charging, weaving through the headstones where the horse was too big to go, to cut

it off and attack once again with his hammer. It was not a traditional Warhammer, it had no spike with which to pierce armour, but thankfully the marauder was not in full battle gear, but was instead just clothed in leathers and some light chain mail armour.

He closed fast and swung the hammer overhead as he jumped from a crumbled tombstone, striking the man's leg as he galloped past. He screamed in agony as he fell from the horse. The horse whined as it took some of the blow but then it simply dashed off in pain as its master lay writhing on the ground, clutching his shattered leg.

With his hammer in both hands Kholoc advanced upon the man, speaking from memory a prayer to Sigmar, "He is our guide in darkest times, shepherd of the greatest flock and protector of the chosen, for he will suffer no acid or poison of traitors and with holy fire, burn the unclean of the world."

Such was Kholoc's strength of arm and conviction that the head of hammer burst into flames, the fire spreading from the Templar's cross on the face of the hammer and engulfing the rest of the head in a pure orange flame that ignited the man's hair as the hammer drove through his skull. The rest of the body was soon on fire as Kholoc turned to find the other man advancing slowly up the path, walking his horse towards him.

"Greetings Priest," The man tipped his rather foppish hat.

Kholoc tensed, ready for another attack at any moment, was the man carrying a pistol he wondered?

He was after all a highwayman.

The priest's only reply was a curt nod of acknowledgement.

"My lord will be pleased to know that the defence of his people is being accomplished so well, by so few."

Kholoc was puzzled and shot the man a look of anger and questioning, "You brought these men to my door, threatened my people, harried them, killed them or scared them all half to death for the sake of a trial of our defences."

The young man picked the hat from his own head, inspected it and tossed the hat, which was worth more than most families saw in a year, onto the ground before he smiled and replied, "These are testing times."

The Doom Seeker - Issue VII

Talebcland Soaked in Blood.

by Ironlord

I saw the field, so soaked in blood, so red was the ground as I stepped through the mud.

On my the guts of my friends and foes I felt their stomachs squelch between my toes.

For we had committed the final sin. Fighting our brothers in a war we could not win.

Between towns and cities the battles raged and at the fires we stood dazed.

In the ruins we see a spark to rebuild, as farmers search for soil that can be tilled.

We burned the land we tried to claim and made ourselves crippled and lame.

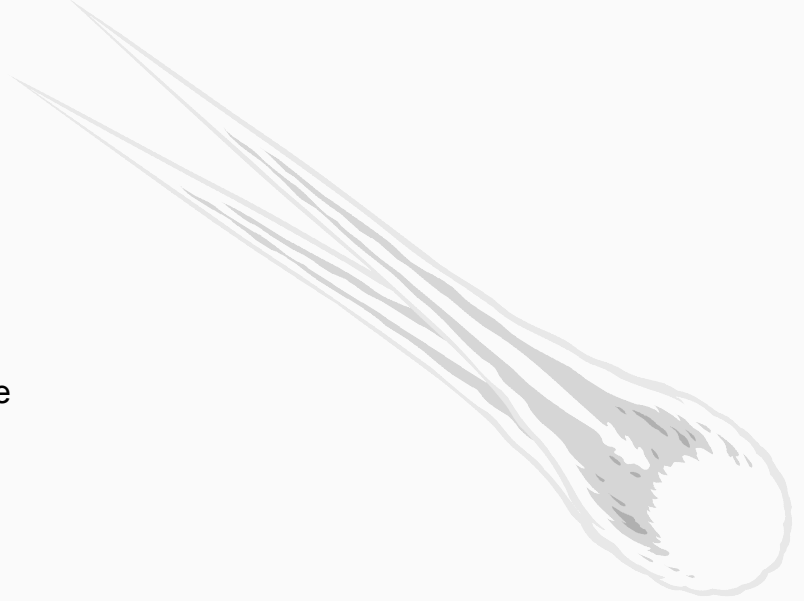
The havoc we sewed will see us dead, as our people struggle to be fed.

Why did we march with spear and lance, the people faded as we advance.

When did we forget to care for our equals, was it when we killed their priests and broke their steeples?

Will someone please sit upon the throne, so that I may stop crunching across fields of bone?

I am just a soldier who will fight for my lord, until the buckle my shield and dent my sword, but I wonder what will happen with this land, when we finish this war, so grand?



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The Doom Seeker - Issue VII

Age of the Three Emperors.

By: Tim Kenyon

The Black Plague was rife. Our citizens suffering. Then came the invasion. The stench of damp fur was everywhere, mingling with blood and sweat. The repugnant poisons the Skaven employed, carried on the winds, infected the lungs of commoner and lord.

Thousands died. Millions were struck with malady or palsy. The very spirit of the Empire Sigmar fought so hard to instil leeches from beneath by vermin.

City garrisons were overrun. Poorly maintained brigades of sword and bow that rushed to the challenge, and found wanting. Lightning and fumes from greenstone weapons cut them low.

A thick fog of smoke of gas descended on Middenheim. Toxic clouds of putrescence that ran from the Old Market back up to the Palace. No one was safe.

Endless hordes of bipedal rats charged from sewer drain and culvert. The fog covered their approach. Terrified citizens fled choking the streets with bodies. Merchants and traders gathering up their wares in a vain attempt to flee. Filth-ridden blades pierced flesh. Loose ranks of troops fled through the Old Quarter eradicating any human they saw. Beggar, thief, the prosperous, the impoverished, all fell to the streets covered in blood.

The tallest tower was ablaze. The bell-tower of the Old Quarter burned brightly through the fog. It was joined by the tower in the New Quarter, The Great Park, Mount Ulric, and The Freiberg.

Then the largest fire of them all. The Middenplatz. The beacons had been lit. The Count had heeded the call.

Runners and riders took to the streets. His outriders took to the flanks piercing skulls and fur with leaden shot. Handguns from Nuln cracked in rapid succession felling scores of the rat brigades, while arrows protruded from other corpses in the crush. The citizens began to rally. The sight of the blue clad warriors of the State filling them with hope. They turned on the invaders with weapons hewn from crate and cask, beating them senseless until all that remained was a stench ridden steaming corpse.

Then they pressed the advantage. Count Mandred petitioned the Dwarfen residents of the city for aid. They capitulated. Those that could cheered the parades of the silver clad Sons of Grungni as they

launched a flank attack on the hordes of rats, turning them back to the sewers; then pursuing them.

It was a wonderful sight to see them.

Count Mandred was inspiring. He gathered his troops, and all citizens capable of holding a weapon, and led them through the city gates. He led us himself, his Runefang swinging left and right, killing scores in his wake. His own Knights of the White Wolf surrounding him like a shield wall.

For three days and three nights we fought side by side with our lord and master. We suffered the arrows and warshot of the Skaven. We endured their vile magicks and countered with our own, setting fur and flesh aflame with great gobbets of searing holy fire. And then it was done.

Count Mandred the Skavenslayer had driven the thirst for destruction from them, driving them back to the sewers where our stunted comrades were waiting for them. He walked through the flames, and survived. Count Mandred became Emperor Mandred and the city celebrated.

Long and wise was his reign. Longer and more twisted, though, is the memory of the Horned Rat.

Long were his campaigns. Emboldened by the victory over the verminous horde, Mandred led his armies to the Northern lands. The battles he fought as a knight against the marauders from the north were long and bloody. His citizens had earned a right to be free from fear. Free from invasion or conquest. Free from conscription or enslavement.

Leading his army from the front, he spent twenty seasons prosecuting campaigns against the northmen, the ogre, and the greenskin. Great trophies were returned to the city. Pikes were adorned with the heads of our enemies as a warning to all that we would no longer be intimidated.

Middenheim was a free city. Laws were enforced swiftly, but fairly. City prefects patrolled the streets ensuring discipline was enforced. Recurring drunks were placed under house arrest until they dried out. Price gouging traders were cast from the city for a year, forced then to apply for new trade warrants. They in turn were monitored by the prefecture, they then by the ruling council - six nobles Mandred left in his stead; each one with their own area of concern.

We loved Emperor Mandred. His reign was noble and just. The city state flourished under his rule.

The Doom Seeker - Issue VII

Newcomers flocked to the gates to revel in our prosperity. Our health-houses were the envy of the Empire. Chirurgeons ministered to the sick, delivering babies ensuring they survived the trauma, and caring for them as they grew tall and strong. Apothecaries concocted salves, liquors, and potions. Engineers developed water filtration systems, giving us the cleanest water we'd ever had, and the lowest death rate on record.

We feasted long and hard each year celebrating our liberation from the Horned Rat, raising our voices in thanks to Ulric, for delivering Mandred to us.

Until the night of HerbstTagundNacht in the year of Sigmar 1152.

The fighting in the north had been hard that year. The campaigns had taken its toll on the men. The heralds announced the arrival of the Middenland regiments as they marched wearily through the north gate. The men looked older than I remembered them in any other year. They were wrapped in matted and bloodied furs. The winter winds followed them, causing the men to shiver beneath their furs. Banners seemed tattered and ragged, the colour leeched from them by the leaden skies behind. The joyful trumpets sounded hollow, tinged with melancholy.

We then saw why.

Behind the train of supply wagons, behind the adjutants and dung scoopers, behind the pages came the dead. Six great carts filled with bloodied and broken bodies, all lifeless, pulled by sweating horses tired from the load. Blood, viscera and gore smeared the carts, staining the dark wood black. Flies buzzed around them, ever hopeful of a bountiful meal.

Broken and battered our regiments stood guard over the rites of burial, as we committed the bodies of the slain to the earth and their spirits to Morr.

We combined the feasts of Ulric and Morr, the homecoming and the wake. Our stout warrior drank in silence as they remembered their fallen comrades. Musicians played up-tempo numbers fit for dancing, but no one gambolled. Jugglers and tumblers plied their trade, earning a little coin but soon finding their audiences in a less than giving mood.

A dark melancholy was settling over Middenheim. Emperor Mandred looked tired as he'd led the procession home. He was now looking haggard, his eyes sunken into his skull. He had taken himself to

an early bed. The celebrations began to tail off and the city was safely shut behind its doors before midnight.

The screams of the maidservants woke the palace. The prefecture spread the message quickly to quell rumours, though they weren't prevented.

The Emperor had been assassinated.

His throat slit, and a vile pox used to ensure it would never heal. The sheets were blood soaked, yet no trace of the killer found.

Ar-Ulric was summoned to Reikdorf, and the Council of Six took the rule of law.

For a year they ruled in kindness and mercy. Though soon men's hearts turned to greed.

The petty squabbling in the Chancellery soon spilled over into the streets. The prefecture began to receive conflicting orders. Soon enough, the ruling law became greed, then gluttony. Then followed anarchy.

Another year passed and Middenheim sank into the mire of selfishness and avarice. Our once proud ideals forgotten. We turned on each other like animals. We could not look beyond our borders as our enemies gathered. Our own troops were used to enforce order. Morale collapsed. Common decency forgotten.

The first attacks came from the twisted Chaos beasts.

Then came the Greenskin.

Then came the Ogre, and the Northmen.

And then came the rat.

For decades we fought each other for choice, equality, and fairness. For decades our only relief was to unite to battle the common foe beyond our walls. We barely clung on to our humanity.

We barely clung on to our city.

Over fifteen years since the death of our Emperor, the Elector Counts were no closer to naming a successor. The Empire was in disarray. The Dwarfs had fled back to the mountains, the Elves back across the sea. We were alone, beset on all sides by our enemies intent on capitalising on our disorder.

We were not prepared for the events of 1167. We were not prepared for the attack. We were not expecting the boom of Imperial cannon. Nor the regiments of pike and bow marching in our direction under the banner of war.

The Count of Nordland was making a play for the Imperial Crown.



Hazkar



Expression in Runes

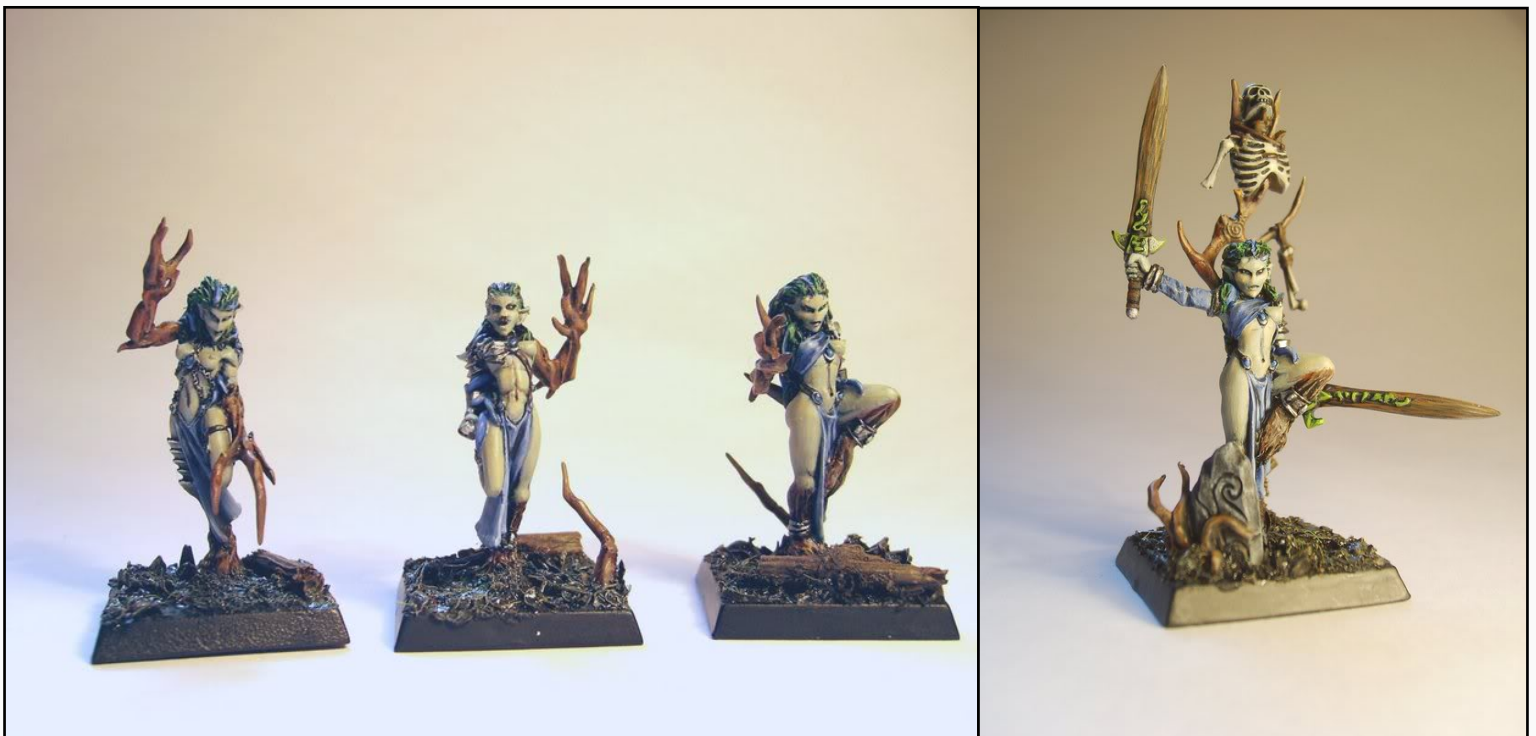
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Wood Elves by The Anti Santa



Heroes



Dryads

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More Dryads



Glade Guard (Left) and Glade Riders



Left and Center: Drycha - Right: Wild Riders

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Prince on Griffon

By: Steam

This is the model that comes in the Island of Blood box set.



1-The assembling was a little bit complicated, I spend an 1 hour trying to figure out to put the wings on. I felt so stupid when I figured out that I was trying to put them on backwards.

2- I primed the model black. Most of you will say that it would be better to spray it white, but I say that black is better since when you leave some parts unpainted they will be better seen. That entirely my own option on this part.

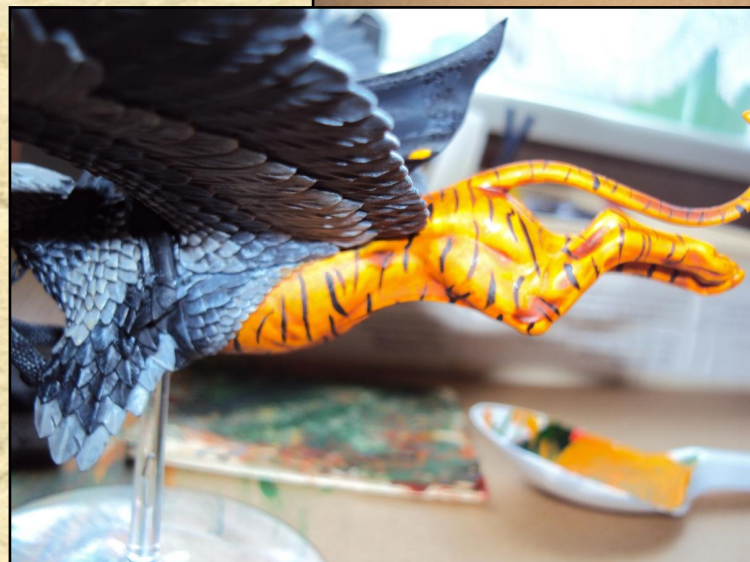
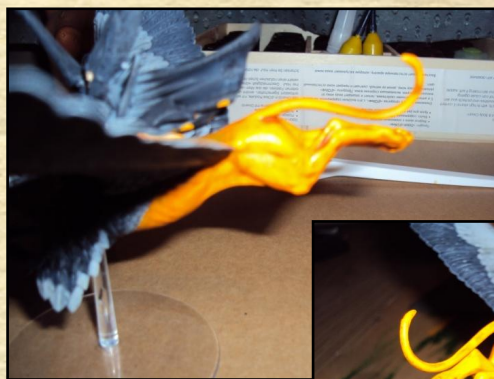


3- After the model dried I started painting the lighter feathers in Codex Gray, the darker ones with a 50-50 mix of Codex Gray and Chaos Black. After this I applied a wash of the model with Badab Black, later I dry brushed the feathers with Codex Gray. Afterthought: It might have been better to dry brush it with a mix of gray and white.

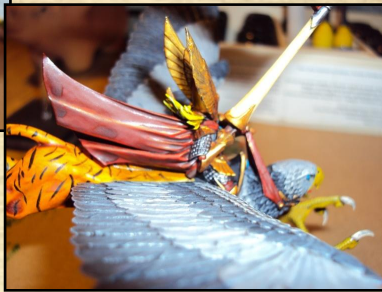
I tried when painting to not get the colour any where but on the feathers.

4-After the feathers are done I went for the body of the Griffon. I didn't want to do a boring white or

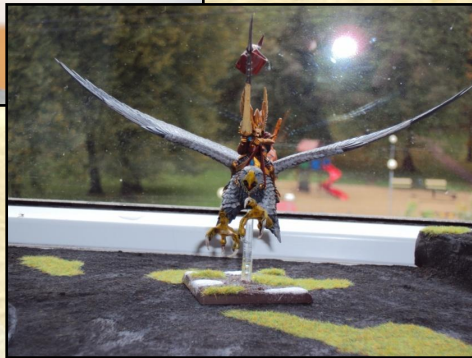
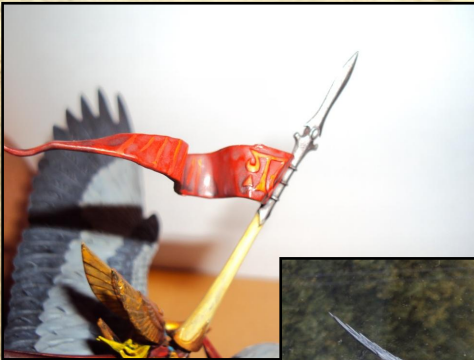
brown colour so I went for a tiger body. I mixed fiery orange with sunburst yellow, It took a long time to get the colour to a shade I wanted, which ended up being 75% of orange and 25% of yellow. After it was painted I washed the body with Gryphon Sepia, I applied a nice amount of the wash. After it dried the body needed some black tiger stripes. I painted them with pure chaos black with a ditayl brush free hand.



5-Next I worked on the details on the head and legs of the griffon. For the beak I used the normal sunburst yellow and washed with gripfone sepia. For the legs with a mix of sunburst and brown and for the legs I also use griphone sepia wash (95-5). And as for claws where painted with bleached bone and washed with devlen mud and high lighted with bleached bone after.



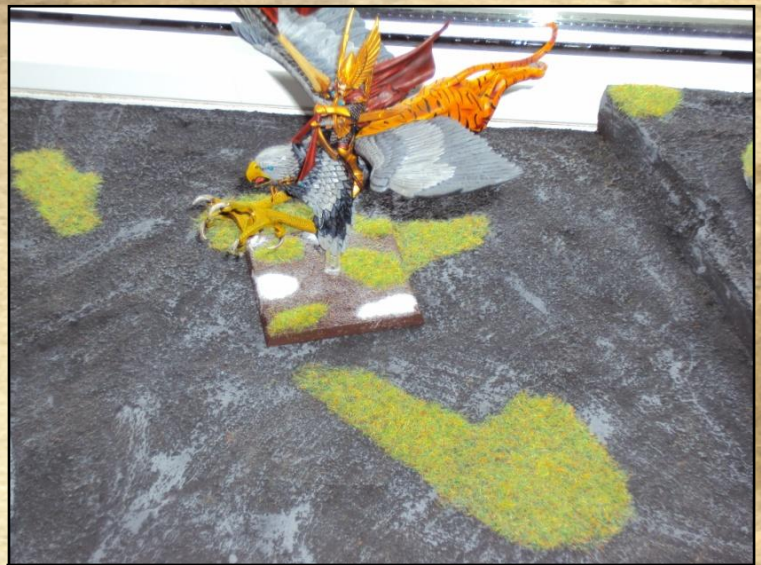
6-For the armour of rider I went with pure shining gold washed with sepia and the feathers on the helm where done with burnished gold, also washed with sepia. The face was painted with Elven flesh and washed sepia. The eyes of the rider and griffon were painted with enchanted blue. As for the red I used is a mix of blood red and chaos black (80%red-20%black) washed with baddab black and high lighted with blood red. The silver was painted with bolt gun silver, followed by bedab black and bolt gun silver again.



The hair of the rider was painted with sunburst yellow followed with black wash.

As for the spears I used a mix of bleached bone and sunburst yellow with a little bit of brown, I can't remember the percentage of the mix but I can remember that bleached bone was the main colour here. And the symbol on the spears banner was painted with blood red.

So I really love the finished model and HERE IT IS.



I hope you have enjoyed my work on the Griffon.

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Slayers by Tarrakk Blackhand



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Random Thoughts

By: Bilbo Baggins

I'm determined not to fly off the handle and write conspiracy theories about certain wargaming companies. O I'm just going to write thing that are on my mind.

It's too quiet

Is it just me or have the forums for Warhammer Armies been less active lately. It seems since the release of 8th edition of Warhammer the site have had less posts than during the time of 7th Edition.

Now is it because players are fed up with the current rules or the raising prices in a collapsing economy I'm not sure. It's seems that people that played and posted regularly have found different outlets for their wargaming needs,

I'm not going to go into one of my rants with my theories but I would like to know your thoughts on the state of the game.

Warhammer Fantasy FAQ's

The FAQ' for the Main Warhammer rulebook is now up to 1.3 (dated 6 January 2011) and some of the Army Book are now up to 1.4 (dated 22 December 2010).

It is good to see that GW has been keeping on top of questions that have come up but that could also mean they didn't test the release enough before releasing it for sale.

I do not remember this many FAQ's release this quickly during all of 7th edition of Warhammer Fantasy.

What I haven't seen in the FAQ's is what to do with the newly useless magical items, Like the Imperial Banner in the Empire Book, whose effects are now in the main rule book. You would think that they would change the item to make it usable and not a total waste of points.

Is this just an oversight? Or is it that they haven't thought of anything to change them with? Or is it that they don't care?

Gaming or Modelling

Now I know in this hobby there seem to be several types of hobbyists.

Players: People who rather play than paint their models. You know these are the ones who have either totally unpainted, or quickly painted models on the table.

Gamers: These are the players that like playing the game and take the time to put a fully painted army on the table. They might not be the best painted but they are fully painted and they take pride in that fact.

Modellers: These are the people who may not even play the game but buy and convert models to such high standards that they are works of art that you never see on the gaming tables.

Tutors: Thee are the players that are willing to help out new players in the game. They do not build killer lists and will point out weaknesses in their opponents armies and their own to help the player develop strategies that will help them in future games.

Rule Lawyers: These are the players who will look through the rules to find loopholes they can exploit. They will take a fun game and make it into a drawn out 6 turn argument if you don't agree with their interpretations of the rules.

Power Gamers: They are similar to the Rules Lawyers in that they will go over the rule and army books and create armies that they feel cannot be beaten. Some will even claim they are fun to play against. Many brag about their win/loss records and some I've found will claim if you do beat them that it was bad dice rolls not that they lost to a equal player or better strategy.

You may not fit fully into one of these categories, personally I tend to be a Gamer and a Tutor. Bit you may different and that is good. Not everybody is cut out to Tutor new players and others just want to create a new masterpiece for Golden Daemon. Personally I try and stay away from the Rule lawyers and Power Gamers but if you enjoy playing them than do so. As long as you enjoy it keep doing what you like.



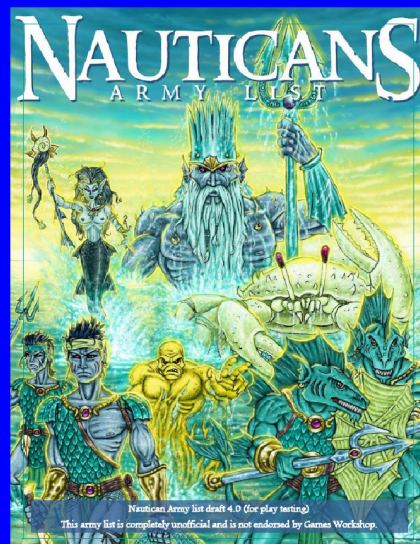
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Beasts Of Chaos

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The Round Table of Brettonnia

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Dakka Dakka

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Nippon

