



NO QUARTER

ISSUE N° 28
Jan. 2010

MAGAZINE



CYGNUS & ANVIL

MK II CYGNAR & KHADOR
FORCE BOOK PREVIEW

THERE WILL BE BLOOD

THE BUTCHER RETURNS

PRAYER & PUGILISM

THE ORDERS OF KEEPING & THE FIST

PLUS!

THE FIRST MK II BATTLE REPORT

THE TEMPLAR IN GUTS & GEARS

LYLYTH IN THE GAVYN KYLE FILES



FIGHT NIGHT MEETS FRIGHT NIGHT



Monsterpocalypse Now ushers in the next wave of Earth-shaking monsters with starter sets and boosters featuring the new factions. If you've been missing out on the end of the world as we know it, pick up *Monsterpocalypse Now* to get in on the ground floor—while we still have one!

Six new monstrous factions tear up the town in the upcoming destruction-packed *Monsterpocalypse* release, **Series 4: *Monsterpocalypse Now***!

*Series 4: *Monsterpocalypse Now** figures are fully compatible with all existing *Monsterpocalypse* figures.

Crashing into your local game store today
AVAILABLE NOW!



**INTRODUCING
SIX NEW
FACTIONS!**



ELEMENTAL
CHAMPIONS



EMPIRE OF
THE APES



SUBTERRANEAN
UPRISING



SAVAGE
SWARM



TRITONS



UBERCORP
INTERNATIONAL



On the Cover

ASSAULT KOMMANDO FLAME THROWER BY IMAGINARY FRIENDS STUDIO

THE RANKS OF THE DEADLY AND VICIOUS ASSAULT KOMMANDOS GAIN A NEW UNIT ATTACHMENT WITH THE *FORCES OF WARMACHINE: KHADOR* BOOK—THE FLAME THROWERS. PRIMARILY USED TO TAKE ON THE CYGNARANS IN THEIR TRENCHES, THESE SPECIALLY TRAINED KOMMANDOS USE FIRE TO BURN OUT THE ENEMIES OF THE MOTHERLAND.

CREDITS

Wheel of Lunch, Turn turn turn...

Once the Wheel of Faction we created for the Gamers' Journal: Staff Challenge (see page 51) served its initial purpose of determining who would play what army, it was quickly repurposed for more, uh, *practical* matters.

No longer would the eternal lunchtime debate of "Well, where do YOU want to go get lunch today?" hold sway in the office. With a simple spin of the wheel (now renamed the Wheel of Lunch), the choice of food at lunchtime is passed over to fickle fate to determine.



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Two shots below the waterline for the scallywag who pirates the pirates. Ye been warned.

FIRE IN THE HOLE

The Future is NOW

Hello, 2010! Wow, it took quite awhile for you to get here, but now we're officially in that era that once seemed so far off (at least it did when *I* was growing up). As for Privateer Press and your favorite miniatures games, we have a FULL schedule for you to enjoy. The new rules set is officially the law of the land now with the release of *WARMACHINE: Prime Mk II* out this month. After that, we start the progression of *Forces of WARMACHINE* books for you to build your armies and wage your wars. Due to YOUR battles during the Summer Rampage event this past year, Cygnar arrives first, followed by Khador, the Protectorate of Menoth, Cryx, and finally Mercenaries.

But to all you HORDES players out there—your time approaches! Once *HORDES: Primal Mk II* releases later this year, the *Forces of HORDES* books will follow. Having won against all comers last year, the mighty empire of the Skorne get their book released first, followed by Trollbloods, Legion of Everblight, Circle Orborus, and finally Minions. By this time next year, every faction from both games will have a full arsenal of warcasters, warlocks, units, and solos to bring the brunt of their wrath against their enemies!

To both celebrate and take advantage of this “reset” with the new Mk II rules, 2010 is chock full of events, tournaments, leagues, and other organized play events. If you haven't participated in an organized play event before, this is the time to head down to your friendly local game store, set your minis down, and duke it out with the competition. Whether you're a cutthroat, go-for-the-kill tournament player or prefer a more casual style of play, 2010 is sure to be something to remember.

The start of a new year is a great time to reflect on the past and look to the future. I put the call out to you, loyal *No Quarter* reader: What would you like to see in your favorite magazine? What sorts of articles do

you find the most interesting, entertaining, thought-provoking, or helpful? How can you contribute to make things better? Think you have the metal to step up and participate in a Painting Challenge (see p. 50) or prove your rules knowledge by writing tactics and strategy? Give it a shot and send your ideas, paint jobs, or article pitches to:

submissions@privateerpress.com.

Although it's been announced via the website, it's my pleasure to share some very special news regarding the magazine. Starting now, you can purchase one-year (6 issues) subscriptions to *No Quarter Magazine*! This is your chance to get everything related to WARMACHINE, HORDES, and Iron Kingdoms delivered *right to your door* every two months. Subscriptions are available at **store.privateerpress.com.**

As always,

Play Like You've Got a Pair!

Eric Cagle

—Editor-In-Chief

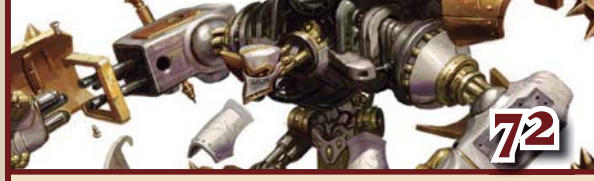
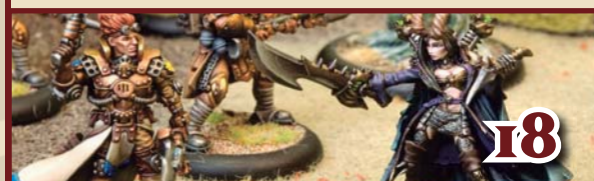


You asked for it, we deliver—to your door! *No Quarter Magazine* now available through subscription at **store.privateerpress.com!**

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BOSUN'S CALL

LETTERS



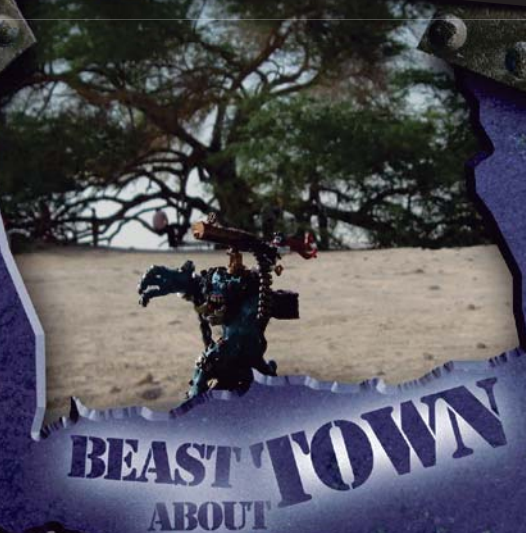
ASK PROFESSOR PENDRAKE!

Have you ever had a question about the exotic flora and fauna of the Iron Kingdoms? Now you can ask the expert himself, Professor Viktor Pendrake. Look for more "Ask Professor Pendrake" Q&As in upcoming issues of *No Quarter Magazine*.

Q: May you please tell us more about the structure of the [Cygnaran] Rangers in relation to less civilized cultures? Do they commonly befriend such people, or do they tend to rely purely on Cygnaran resources?

A: A rare opportunity to answer a question regarding my own spotty military background. I should hasten to note that I was a ranger a long time ago and the organization has changed considerably since those days. At the risk of sounding antiquated, I must remind my readers that Vinter III was on the throne when I briefly wore the uniform. While I still serve at the crown's pleasure and am willing to advise the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service in whatever capacity they may require, I am a poor source for inside information regarding life as a ranger. Rangers do not get enough praise or attention, in my opinion. They do not get paid well, and it is tough and grueling work. I must admit I chuckled at the notion of relying "purely on Cygnaran resources," as you put it. I can assure you the rangers I knew could not function if that were the case! I once heard a supply sergeant remark that he enjoyed when our unit was there since that meant bodies he did not need to account for regarding food, clothes, and ammunition. We were expected to make do. This was the old CRS, before King Leto's reforms, and things might have changed, but I suspect resourcefulness remains a ranger virtue as does a determination not to burden the supply chain any more than is necessary.

Wayne Thomason's Dire Troll Blitzter lays claim to territory around the famous Tree of Life in Bahrain—a huge 100+-year-old lone mesquite tree in the middle of well, nothing. We just hope the troll doesn't need more fiber in its diet.



Got a cool landmark in your town? Send us pictures of your 'jacks or beasts out on walkabout to
submissions@privateerpress.com
If we like 'em, we'll print 'em.

In my day it was common for rangers to make as many local contacts as possible, be they swampie, trollkin, or even bogrin. We befriended anything and everything that would help us while far from roads and towns. You never knew when you might find yourself cut off, suffering from horrible inclement weather, and in need of any shelter from the storm. We had no organized method or policy in this regard, but it made sense to seek out local guides or allies where possible. Tensions with wilderness trollkin has increased quite a bit in recent years, of course, so this may have changed. It is a lot more dangerous to be wearing the Cygnus and approaching an unknown trollkin kriel than it used to be. Fortunately rangers were often disheveled and hungry looking enough that we were not often mistaken for regular military. Unfortunately the best approach with earning the trust of trollkin is to come bearing food, which might not be easy when you are yourself lost and starving in the middle of nowhere.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

News from the Front brings you recaps and advance information about WARMACHINE and HORDES-related events from around the world. Is there a cool event taking place in your area? Tell us about it at: editor.in.chief@privateerpress.com.

SLAM AT THE RAM 2009

Slam at the Ram 2009 took place on October 11 sponsored by The Game Preserve at the Fashion Mall, with a fabulous turnout at one of the last Mk I tournaments. "As always, the folks at The Ram Brewery were generous and wonderful," says Game Preserve Manager Alex Andrews. "Second, thanks to Dave and William of Privateer Press for their help getting prize support set up for me so easily. Lastly, a very special 'Thank

you' goes to my press ganger Philip Goldstein, without whom I could not have pulled this off. It was a tremendous amount of fun. Can't wait to do it again next year."

We really appreciate the effort put out by The Game Preserve and The Ram in hosting this annual event. If you're in the area next year, stop in and get your fill of good food, good drinks, and good skull-crushing HORDES and WARMACHINE action!

SLAM AT THE RAM 2009 CHAMPIONS



CHAMPION & VANQUISHER:
Michael Welling (63 UPs)



BEST PAINTED:
Jason Watt (Skorne)



FASTEST 'CASTER KILL:
Bret H (14 min., 7 sec)



BEST SPORTSMAN:
John Jones

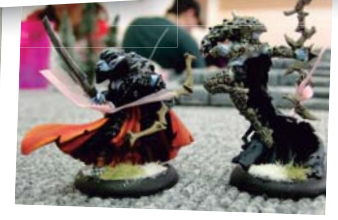
BREAST CANCER BRAWL

On Oct. 24, Boise hosted its first Breast Cancer Brawl and came out swinging. Drawing from a strong local player base, the gaming area at All About Games was filled with dozens of players who were ready to "save second base." BCB: Boise lasted five rounds over the better part of 12 hours. When play concluded, \$4,300 had been raised for the St. Luke's Mobile Mammography Coach, which provides mammograms for women in rural Idaho.

Out of the \$4,300 raised, \$1,805 came from auctioning off three donated armies—a Khador army painted by Jen Ikuta sold for \$600, a Cygnar force painted by top donor James Kater went for \$550, and a Circle army painted and donated by Lloyd Daugherty went for \$250. A Sam & the Devil Dogs sold for \$75, a Calandra went for \$50, an Eirys sold for \$40, and an Anastasia and Ashlynn sold for \$20 apiece.

Kater, the top in-game donor, spent \$590; the moment he saw the Ashlynn print donated by Matt Wilson, he said it

would be his. Tournament champion Nick Staggs donated \$210 and took home a Wilson-signed epic Denegrah print. Concept sketches donated by Chris Walton earned the event an additional \$400—his Yuri the Axe sold for \$200 as part of the silent auction, and he also donated the artwork used for the BCB: Boise T-shirts.



GET READY TO MOBILIZE!

Privateer Press is pleased to announce it has licensed the rights to create official miniatures carrying cases for its award-winning WARMACHINE and HORDES miniatures games to Battle Foam.

The Battle Foam WARMACHINE and HORDES miniatures carrying cases are scheduled to release in January 2010 to coincide with the release of *WARMACHINE: Prime Mk II*. Each case holds 161 models and is reinforced with hard plastic to form a protective shell around the figures. In addition are several pockets to hold gaming accessories as well as an interior binder clip to hold card sheets.

Battle Foam also plans to release special faction-specific foam tray sets that will include custom-cut trays to carry the more irregular models. These sets will be available in the months following the main product's release.

For more information about Battle Foam miniature carrying cases visit: www.battlefoam.com



For more information about Battle Foam miniature carrying cases visit:
www.battlefoam.com

NEW RELEASES

WARMACHINE: PRIME MKII

WARMACHINE Prime: MkII is the core rulebook for the second edition of the award-winning tabletop wargame WARMACHINE. The popular game now plays faster, easier, and more aggressively than ever before. Prime MkII includes the rules for the game, detailed profiles and game stats powerful characters, warjacks, and soldiers, histories of the nations of the Iron Kingdoms, and an instructional hobby guide that will help bring your tabletop battlefield to life.

Charge into the metal-on-metal action of WARMACHINE Mk II and brace yourself for battle like you've never experienced before!

PIP 1021 • \$29.99 (SOFTCOVER)
PIP 1022 • \$44.99 (HARDCOVER)

CYGNAR HEAVY WARJACK PLASTIC KIT - CYCLONE- DEFENDER-IRONCLAD

This box set contains three color stat cards and one multi-part heavy warjack plastic model. Included are all the components to assemble one of three heavy warjack variants: Cyclone, Defender, or Ironclad.

SCULPTORS: JEFF WILHELM &
SEAN BULLOUGH
PIP 31062 • \$34.99



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JANUARY 2010

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NEW RELEASES

JANUARY 2010



PROTECTORATE HEAVY WARJACK PLASTIC KIT - CRUSADER-TEMPLAR-VANQUISHER

This box set contains three color stat cards and one multi-part heavy warjack plastic model. Included are all the components to assemble one of three heavy warjack variants: Crusader, Templar, or Vanquisher.

SCULPTORS: SEAN BULLOUGH, BEN MISENAR & BEN SAUNDERS
PIP 32061 • \$34.99

JANUARY 2010



CYGNAR COMMANDER ADEPT NEMO - 2010

SCULPTOR: EDGAR RAMOS
PIP 31071 • \$11.99

CRYX HELLJACK PLASTIC KIT - CORRUPTOR-REAPER-SLAYER

This box set contains three color stat cards and one multi-part heavy warjack plastic model. Included are all the components to assemble one of three heavy warjack variants: Corrupter, Reaper, or Slayer.

SCULPTORS: BEN MISENAR & JOSÉ ROIG • PIP 34066 \$34.99



JANUARY 2010

NEW RELEASES



KHADOR HEAVY WARJACK PLASTIC KIT - DECIMATOR-DESTROYER-JUGGERNAUT-MARAUDER

This box set contains four color stat cards and one multi-part heavy warjack plastic model. Included are all the components to assemble one of four heavy warjack variants: Decimator, Destroyer, Juggernaut, or Marauder.

SCULPTORS: SEAN BULLOUGH, JASON HENDRICKS & BEN MISENAR • PIP 33063 • \$34.99



KOMMANDANT IRUSK – 2010

SCULPTOR: BRIAN DUGAS
PIP 33065 • \$11.99



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THE BUTCHER OF KHARDOV – 2010

SCULPTOR: BRIAN DUGAS
PIP 33072 • \$16.99



PIRATE QUEEN SKARRE – 2010

SCULPTOR: WERNER KLOCKE
PIP 34068 • \$11.99

JANUARY 2010

JANUARY 2010

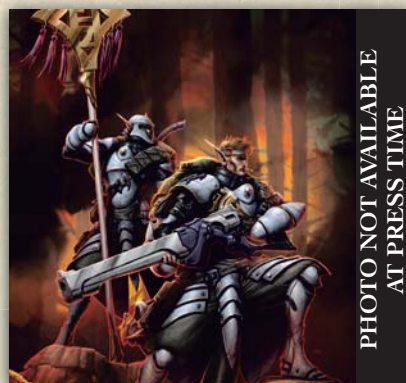
JANUARY 2010

NEW RELEASES

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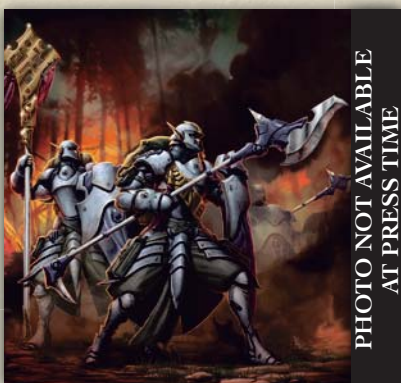
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RETRIBUTION HOUSEGUARD RIFLEMAN OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER UNIT ATTACHMENT

After decades of directing fire, these committed houseguard officers know better than anyone the pressure they can bring to bear with a few dozen rifles placed in the right place at the right time. Under such a commander riflemen stay steady in the face of incoming enemies, wait until the last moment, and therefore increase the deadly impact of every shot.

SCULPTOR: BRIAN DUGAS
PIP 35030 • \$14.99



RETRIBUTION HOUSEGUARD HALBERDIER OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER UNIT ATTACHMENT

The officers who lead halberdier companies see themselves as consummate warriors and living examples for their subordinates. These officers must forge their men into disciplined groups acting as a single concerted body. In time some few will be remembered as lasting heroes while others will die on first clash with the enemy and have their banner picked up and carried on.

SCULPTOR: BRIAN DUGAS
PIP 35029 • \$15.99



WARMACHINE Mk II – 2010 FACTION DECKS

Arm yourself for the next stage in steam-powered miniatures combat with the WARMACHINE Mk II Faction Decks. Each deck contains 90 full color, redesigned stat cards for every faction-specific model through Legends for use in WARMACHINE Prime Mk II.

PIP 91046 (CYGNAR)
PIP 91047 (PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH)
PIP 91048 (KHADOR)
PIP 91049 (CRUX)
PIP 91050 (MERCENARIES)
\$18.99



WARMACHINE AND HORDES MKII TEMPLATE SETS

This official WARMACHINE and HORDES Template Set includes a blast template, a spray template, and a measuring key. The spray template incorporates a line of sight tool for establishing a model's targetable volume under the new WARMACHINE and HORDES Mk II systems. The measuring key will quickly confirm the distances for melee, reach, and cover, and can be used to properly align an elevated spray template with the edge of the firing model's base.

PIP 91034 (WARMACHINE) \$9.99
PIP 91035 (HORDES) \$9.99



FEORA, PRIESTESS OF THE FLAME – 2010
SCULPTOR: EDGAR RAMOS
PIP 32065 \$11.99

THE HIGH RECLAIMER – 2010
SCULPTOR: EDGAR RAMOS
PIP 32069 \$14.99

NEW RELEASES

FORCES OF WARMACHINE: CYGNAR

Known as the Jewel of the Iron Kingdoms, the great nation of Cygnar is beset by enemies on all sides. Against these threats stands the elite army of the Cygnus, including battle-hardened trenchers, deadly long gunners, and the legendary Storm Knights, warriors whose weapons bristle with lightning. Armed with the most advanced mechanika in the Iron Kingdoms, the stalwart and courageous soldiers of Cygnar stand resolute against those who seek to destroy their beloved homeland.

PIP 1023 • \$34.99 (SOFTCOVER)

PIP 1024 • \$44.99 (HARDCOVER)



CYGNAR WARCASTER KARA SLOAN

Captain Kara Sloan goes to war as a one-woman rifle brigade. When focused on the destruction of her foe, every warjack she commands becomes linked to the pull of her rifle's trigger to unleash a barrage of unparalleled accuracy and power simultaneously. Armed with her custom magelock rifle, she walks into the most vicious of firefights without hesitation and always emerges the victor.

SCULPTOR: JOSÉ ROIG

PIP 31068 • \$11.99



MERCENARY RUTGER SHAW

Rutger Shaw enlisted in the Cygnaran Army as a young man and trained as a trencher, demonstrating a unique knack for marshaling warjacks as well as skill with a blade. Military service and long years of battle hardened him, even as his conscience chafed at fighting at the whim of callous officers. He opted out and turned sell-sword, spending recent years travelling the Iron Kingdoms guided by his taste for adventure and coin.

SCULPTOR: PAUL MUELLER

PIP 41075 • \$9.99



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NEW RELEASES

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KHADOR WINTER GUARD RIFLE CORPS UNIT

A number of Winter Guard conscripts have recently trained to use of rifles as part of the ongoing modernization of the Khadoran army. Those selected to join the Rifle Corps receive advanced training with their Blaustavya military rifles. When ordered by their sergeant, a Rifle Corps squad can produce such a tremendous volume of fire in a general area as to make it virtually impassable to enemy troops.

SCULPTOR: TODD HARRIS • PIP 33068 • \$49.99



KHADOR WIDOWMAKER MARKSMAN

Operating independently, Khador's senior Widowmaker marksmen move unobserved across the battlefield. The expert sharpshooters are equipped with the prized Vanar Liberator rifle. The Liberator weighs a full twenty pounds, nearly twice the weight of the standard hunting rifles issued to Widowmaker units. Capable of tearing through plate armor, Liberator rounds are as accurate as they are lethal in the hands of a Widowmaker marksman.

SCULPTOR: NICOLAS NGUYEN
PIP 33071 • \$9.99



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CRYX WARWITCH SIREN

For centuries the Orgoth tyrants used their warwitches as living implements of atrocity and mass destruction. Now, hundreds of years later, the Cryxian warwitches have become icy killers, as cold in spirit as the shadows in which they are clad. Their arcane powers have been refined over time, and the witches called sirens have learned ways to seduce their enemies into annihilation.

SCULPTOR: MICHAEL JENKINS
PIP 34075 • \$11.99



PHOTO NOT AVAILABLE
AT PRESS TIME

PROTECTORATE EXEMPLAR CINERATORS UNIT

Emboldened from the wounds inflicted by the impure, Exemplar Cinerators move ahead of their brothers in arms, the Bastions, to breach enemy ranks with flame and steel. Cinerators channel the agony of their wounds into holy rage and are armed with ancient blades and shields passed down from fallen knights through the centuries. An unquenchable flame flickers across the blades, which blaze white-hot when wielded in battle.

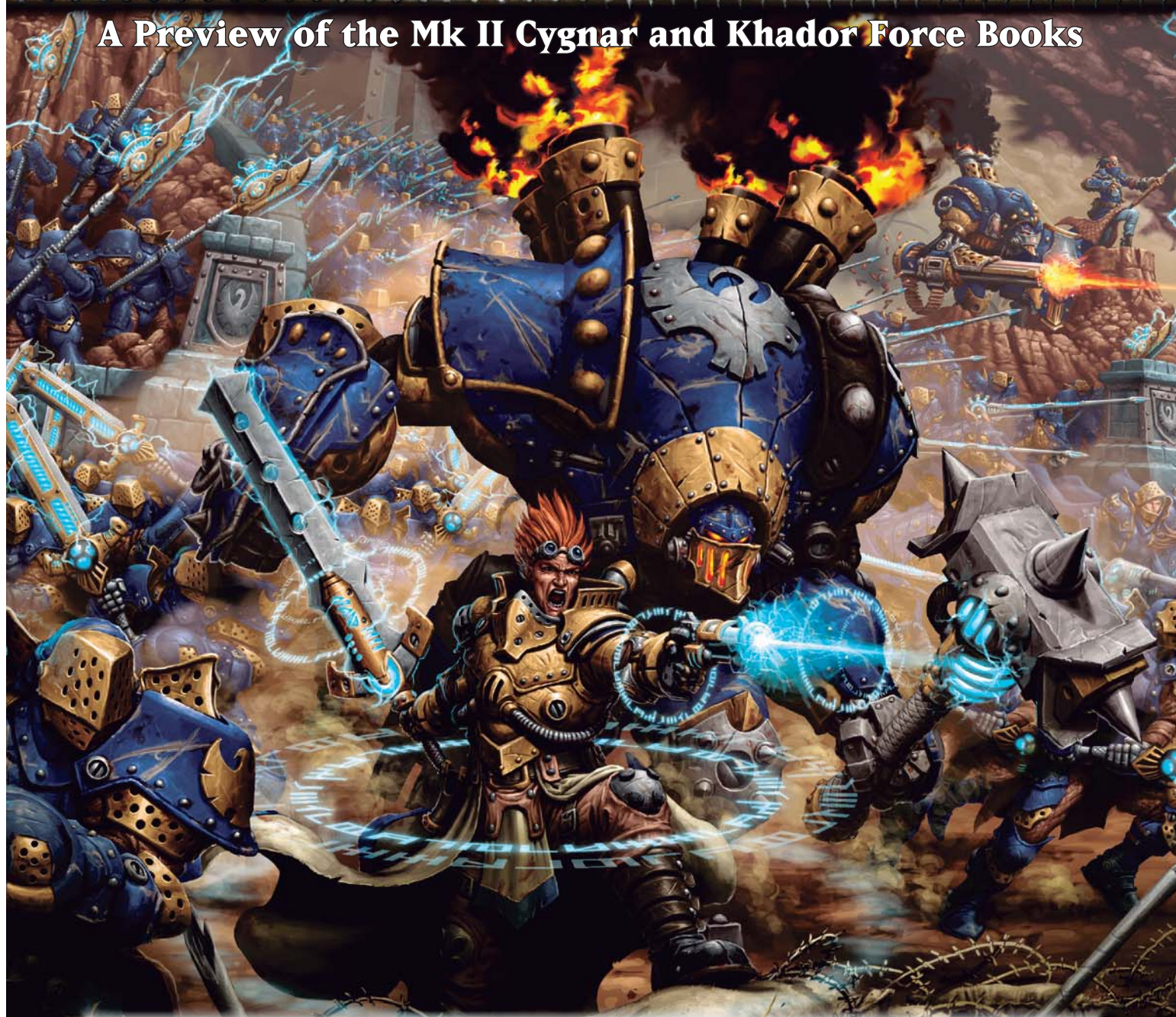
SCULPTOR: TODD HARRIS
PIP 32059 • \$44.99



CYGNUS & ANUIL



A Preview of the Mk II Cygnar and Khador Force Books



The mighty kingdoms of Cygnar and Khador possess two of the most powerful armies in all of western Immoren. The elite army of the Cygnus bears the most advanced technology available but is beset on all sides by enemies. With stalwart trenchers and a command of lightning, the soldiers of the Cygnus stand strong to repel the many threats against it. The massive army of the Khadoran Motherland marches south for the glory of their empress, crushing foes beneath the iron, steam-powered boots of Man-O-War shocktroopers or the feet of huge, imposing warjacks.

COMING SOON!

Mark your calendars because the Cygnar and Khador *Forces of WARMACHINE* books arrive on shelves this February and March! Each book contains the complete rules and profiles for all the current models for its faction, new troops including a new warcaster, in-depth look at the history and structure of its army, painting and modeling guides, and Theme Force lists and rules.

The time to muster your armies for battle has come!

By Privateer Press Staff • Art by Imaginary Friends Studio, Luke Mancini, and Andrea Uderzo

TRENCHER COMMANDOS

CYGNAR UNIT

Sergeant Bothwell's commandos crept into the woods and slit the throats of seven Widowmakers before the battle. When I asked him how they did it, he smirked and said they were "letting off steam."

—Lieutenant Alain Moorehouse, 332nd Long Gunners

LEADER & GRUNTS

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	6	7	5	13	13	9



GRENADE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
6	1	3	12



CARBINE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	—	10



TRENCH KNIFE

POW	P+S
3	9

FIELD ALLOWANCE 2

LEADER & 5 GRUNTS 6

LEADER & 9 GRUNTS 10

SMALL BASE

LEADER & GRUNTS

➤ Advance Deployment

🕵️ Stealth

Anatomical Precision –

When this model's melee damage roll fails to exceed the ARM of the living model hit, that model suffers 1 damage point.

GRENADE

Cumbersome – If this model attacks with this weapon during its activation, it cannot attack with another ranged weapon that activation. If this model attacked with another ranged weapon this

activation, it cannot attack with this weapon.

Commandos often operate behind enemy lines. Whether crawling across a no man's land to eliminate enemy sentries or appearing out of nowhere to take down units in key positions in seconds, they are adept at neutralizing advance threats. They can clear even more substantial fortifications with coordinated grenade attacks. More than one foxhole full of Winter Guard has been devastated by commandos lurking just a few feet away.

Once they have crossed the enemy line, commandos wreak deadly havoc among artillery batteries, advance command posts, and other critical positions. Often squads are tasked with specific objectives necessary to ensure the success of a larger military action. At other times a squad may spend weeks deep in enemy territory, where they disrupt supply trains, sabotage rail tracks, and generally cause hell with the enemy's logistics and morale alike. When their mission is complete they return to their trencher brothers and prepare for the next assault.

The toughest soldiers of the Cygnaran Army have always been those who serve in the Trenchers. But even among these hard-as-nails grunts there exists an elite few. Honed by years of warfare in some of the most brutal fighting in all of the Iron Kingdoms, these "best of the best" are singled out for intense special training in a variety of advanced skills, including infiltration, covert action, and knife fighting. Those who pass this grueling course earn the right to become commandos, highly specialized trenchers who are the first of Cygnar's special forces sent into harm's way.



STORMSMITH STORM TOWER

CYGNAR WEAPON CREW UNIT

The Khadorans came over the hill and the sky lit up with lightning. You couldn't even hear them screaming over the thunder.

—Private Derryl Tomson


TACTICAL TIPS

LIGHTNING GENERATOR – The lightning arcs to models with Immunity: Electricity, it just cannot damage them. Damage from Lightning Generator strikes is not considered to have come from a hit or by a melee or ranged attack.


Supported by stormsmiths skilled in calling down the powers of the heavens, knights and warjacks march to battle armed with the most advanced weaponry known to man. With so many of Cygnar's arcanists fascinated—some would even say obsessed—with the destructive capabilities of electricity, new electromechanical weapons are constantly being developed.

The storm tower is one of the most potent applications of storm technology, an outgrowth of developments made when Sebastian Nemo was perfecting Cygnar's new telegraph system. After creating the massive generator towers required for sending signals at long distance, the mechaniks of the Cygnaran Armory went on to refine these components toward developing more portable variants designed to manifest and control raw electrical energy across the battlefield.

LEADER & GRUNT


 Immunity: Electricity

STORM TOWER

 Damage Type: Electricity

Critical Disruption – On a critical hit on a warjack, it suffers Disruption. (A warjack suffering Disruption loses its focus points and cannot be allocated focus or channel spells for one round.)

Light Artillery – This weapon cannot be used to make attacks or special actions during activations this model moves. This model cannot gain the aiming bonus when attacking with this weapon and cannot charge. If this model attacks with this weapon during its activation, it cannot attack with any other weapons that activation.

Lightning Generator – When a model is hit with this weapon, lightning arcs from that model to d3 consecutive additional models. The lightning arcs to the nearest model it has not already arced to within 4" of the last model it arced to, ignoring this model. Each model the lightning arcs to suffers a POW 10 electrical damage roll .

Range Finder – While B2B with one or more Grunts in this unit, this model gains +2 to attack rolls with this weapon.

LEADER							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
4	4	5	5	13	11	7	
							
STORM TOWER							
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW				
14	1	—	14				
							
SWORD							
POW			P+S				
3			7				
							
GRUNT							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
4	4	5	5	13	11	7	
							
SWORD							
POW			P+S				
3			7				
FIELD ALLOWANCE						2	
LEADER & GRUNT						2	
LEADER LARGE BASE							
GRUNT SMALL BASE							

When activated, the tower emits a field that aggravates the atmosphere directly above. Storm clouds coalesce instantly, and lightning streaks downward, creating a circuit between the tower and the sky. The stormsmith operating the weapon aims the apparatus via a mechanical rod with which he can direct its galvanic fury. Precise timing is vital for the proper use of a storm tower, as its operator must cease the atmospheric agitation within a narrow time frame or invite his own electrocution.



MAN-O-WAR BOMBARDIERS

KHADOR UNIT

They provide all the benefits of a mobile artillery battery without requiring support to protect them. An enemy who comes too close will find that the Bombardiers are dangerous at any range.

—Kommandant Dmitri Zaitsev

LEADER & GRUNTS

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
4	9	7	5	11	16	9



GRENADE CANNON

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	3	14



CHAIN BLADE

POW	P+S
4	13

DAMAGE 8^{EA}

FIELD ALLOWANCE 1

LEADER & 2 GRUNTS 7

LEADER & 4 GRUNTS 11

MEDIUM BASE

LEADER & GRUNTS

Fearless

GRENADE CANNON

Arcing Fire – When attacking with this weapon, this model can ignore intervening models except those within 1" of the target.

CHAIN BLADE

Critical Shred – On a critical hit, after the attack is resolved this model can make one additional attack against the model hit.

TACTICAL TIPS

CRITICAL SHRED – If the model hit was destroyed by the attack, this model cannot attack it again. A model can make additional attacks only during its combat action.

scattered and shell-shocked. Finally, remaining foes are deafened by the roar of chain blades chewing through flesh and steel. Enemy troops are horrified to see the Man-O-War bombardiers tear apart even heavily armored warjacks like a pack of wolves savaging their prey.

Man-O-War bombardiers blast apart the enemy as they inexorably advance into gunfire that would easily annihilate less-armored troops. Each bombardier is armed with an enormous chain blade that is revved into motion once the Man-O-War closes with the enemy. These blades inflict grievous wounds on flesh-and-blood opponents, and their distinctive bone-rattling buzz fills the enemy with dread. Mounted above the chain blade is a powerful grenade launcher, which propels hand-loaded grenade rounds into unfriendly forces. These can be fired at acute angles to rain death on targets far behind the enemy's front line.

Along with their fellow Man-O-War soldiers, the bombardiers make up the core of Khador's heavy shock forces. They move at the slow pace of all who wear the huge steam-armor suits, but the impressive range of their grenade launchers more than compensates for their lack of speed. A line of bombardiers ponderously advances, firing their grenades like mobile artillery. By the time these metal-encased warriors reach the enemy and close in for the kill, their opponents are



ASSAULT KOMMANDO FLAME THROWER

KHADOR WEAPON ATTACHMENT

*The southerners complain our winters are too cold, so we warm their trenches for them.
It is Khadoran hospitality.*

—Assault Kommander Maksim Chzov



In the short time since the Assault Kommandos were first deployed to the no man's land between Ravensgard and Northguard, they have been embroiled in an escalating conflict that has consumed the Thornwood and penetrated Cygnar's former borders. The never-ending arms race between nations has lead the Khadoran High Kommand to embrace any weapon that may give them an advantage, no matter how inhumane.

The flamethrower issued to kommando squads, inspired after conflicts with the southern Menites, is the current production model of a weapon that has seen several generations of less effective prototypes. A huge canister strapped to the kommando's back feeds the propellant gun he carries in place of his standard carbine. Fueled by an explosive alchemical agent, the weapon produces gouts of flame that are devastating in the confined earthworks where the kommandos typically operate.

Attachment [Assault Kommando] – This attachment can be added to an Assault Kommando unit.

KOMMANDO

Immunity: Corrosion

Immunity: Fire

Alchemical Mask – This model ignores gas effects. When determining LOS or resolving attacks, this model ignores cloud effects.

Fiery Blast – When this model is disabled, center a 5" AOE on it, then remove this model from play. Models in the AOE suffer the Fire continuous effect .

FLAMETHROWER

Continuous Effect: Fire

Damage Type: Fire

KOMMANDO						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
6	6	6	5	12	14	9



FLAMETHROWER			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
SP 8	1	—	12



COMBAT SHIELD	
POW	P+S
2	8

FIELD ALLOWANCE	
1 FLAME THROWER	1
UP TO 2 ADD'L FLAME THROWERS	1EA
SMALL BASE	

As with any new weaponry, there have been several unfortunate incidents of friendly fire and fatal accidents with this gear. Nevertheless, the harsh training regimen of the Assault Kommandos has prepared them for such battlefield realities, and they do not lack for volunteers.

A few flamethrowers brought to bear in coordination can incinerate whole squads of enemy troops, killing many outright and leaving horrific and demoralizing wounds on those who survive.

The jelly-like fuel clings to flesh as it burns, causing lesions that are not only extremely painful and damaging but also slow to heal. Trenchers have come to fear these Khadoran flame guns greatly and concentrate hails of lead on those who carry them. The life of an assault kommando who wields the flamethrower may be short, but he can be sure that many of the Motherland's enemies will fall before him.





A Privateer Press Staff WARMACHINE Mk II Battle Report

BATTLE AT LOW TIDE

by Jack Coleman and William Shick • Art by Luke Mancini, Andrea Uderzo, and Chris Walton

WARMACHINE Mk II is here! After nearly a year of previews, sneak peeks, and the field test, the new iteration of your favorite game is finally available in all its printed glory. Following quickly on the heels of this release are the *Forces of WARMACHINE: Cygnar* and *Forces of WARMACHINE: Khador* books, complete with plenty of all-new models and resculpts of some of your favorite warcasters and units. Although the Khador force book is coming up next, the sheer amount of Cryx in this issue, capped off with Pat Ohta's fabulous terrain building article (see p. 42) made us think that maybe including the Nightmare Empire in this battle report was the way to go.



Stepping up to the plate are two relative newcomers: Marketing Coordinator Will Shick and Privateer Quartermaster Jack Coleman. Will immediately grabbed Cygnar for his army, thrilled at the idea of fielding the new sculpt of Stryker and Jack eyed Skarre to lead Cryx. Everything came together—new rules, new terrain, and new models.

It was time to turn the waters of low tide red with the blood of the fallen.

Scenario Rules

Gaining Ground

Whatever the cause for conflict, a battle's outcome is determined by one force's ability to overtake the position of the enemy. Whether through massive casualties, an implacable advance, or causing a foe to rout, victory is certain when the enemy's own positions are secured.

Special Rules

See map. Place nine pennies (or other small flat objects) in 12" intervals across the board's length and width to divide the board into a grid of sixteen 12" x 12" squares. The eight sections down the middle of the table are the control zones.

At the end of a player's turn, he scores control points for each control zone he controls as follows:

- 0 control points for each of the 0"–12" control zones (those touching his deployment zone)
- 1 control point for each of the 12"–24" control zones
- 2 control points for each of the 24"–36" control zones
- 3 control points for each of the 36"–48" control zones (those touching the opponent's deployment zone)

Note that control points in this scenario are compared only for claiming victory at the end of a game *round*, not at the end of each turn.

Starting on the first player's second turn, a player controls a control zone if he has one or more models in the table section while none of his opponent's models are in the table section. For a unit to control a control zone, all models in the unit still in play must be completely in the table section. Ignore wrecked or inert warjacks, wild warbeasts, and fleeing models when checking for control.

Victory Conditions

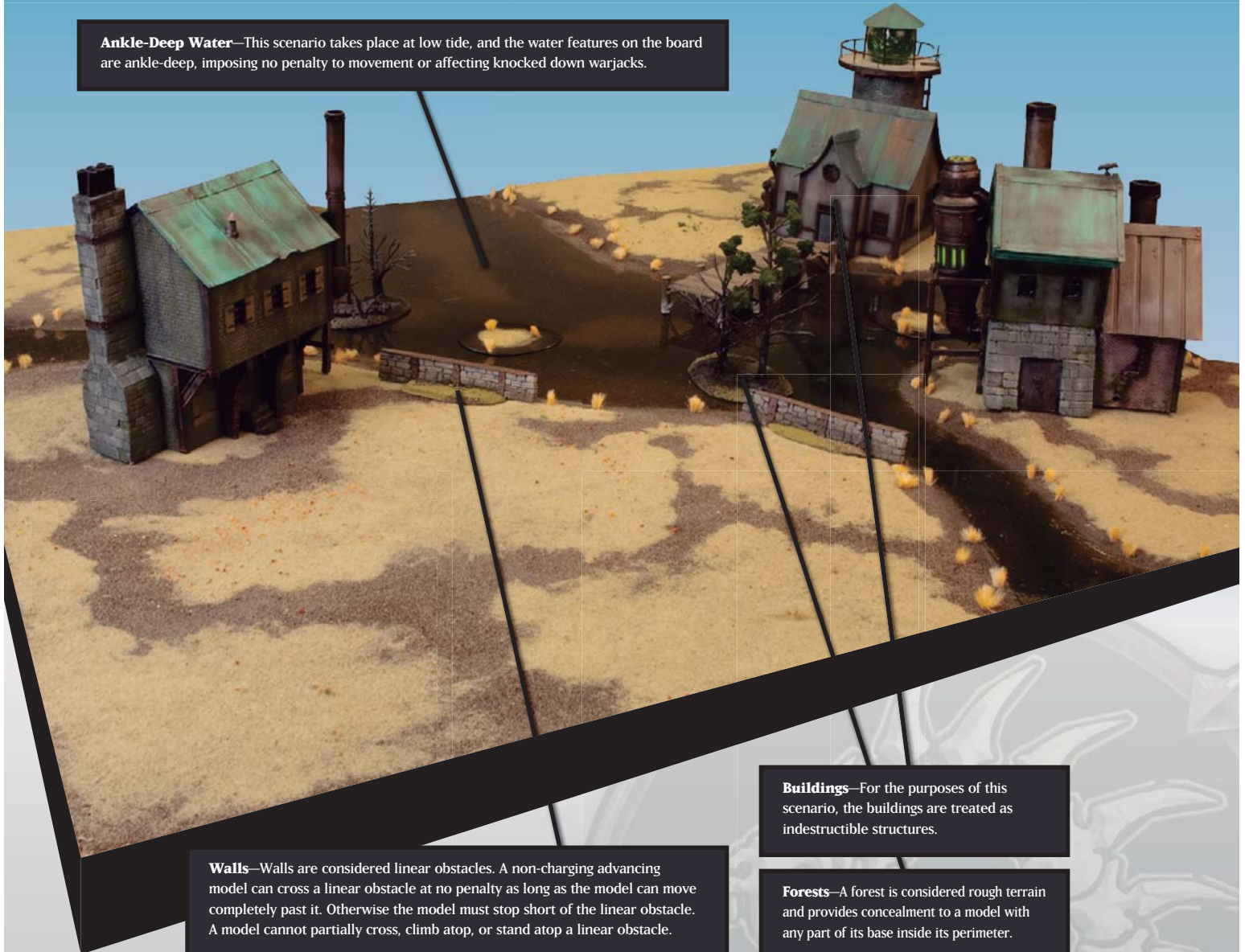
A player wins at the end of a game *round* if he has 5 or more control points *and* has more control points than his opponent. A player also wins when the last opposing warcaster is destroyed or removed from play.

If time runs out before a player has won, then the player with the most control points wins the match. If both players have the same number of control points, the player with his warcaster closest to the opposing table edge wins the match.

The Battlefield

The battle takes place on the outskirts of a small Cryxian town, perhaps one of the islands of Scharde or Garlghast. The town is built on the edge of a swamp or shallow bay and the tide has gone out, leaving wide, extremely shallow rivers of water.

Ankle-Deep Water—This scenario takes place at low tide, and the water features on the board are ankle-deep, imposing no penalty to movement or affecting knocked down warjacks.



Walls—Walls are considered linear obstacles. A non-charging advancing model can cross a linear obstacle at no penalty as long as the model can move completely past it. Otherwise the model must stop short of the linear obstacle. A model cannot partially cross, climb atop, or stand atop a linear obstacle.

Buildings—For the purposes of this scenario, the buildings are treated as indestructible structures.

Forests—A forest is considered rough terrain and provides concealment to a model with any part of its base inside its perimeter.



Check out page 42 to learn how to make Cryx buildings like the ones you see on this table!

CYGNAR-WILL











I've been a Cygnar player since the beginning, so being asked to represent the Cygnus in the first-ever Mk II battle report was a dream come true. I knew immediately that Commander Stryker was going to be my 'caster for this battle. Cygnar's boy scout brings an awesome array of tools to the table and can dish out the beatdown himself if it comes down to it. Ol' Rowdy was also a must, as the pair function perfectly together and Ol' Rowdy has some serious muscle in melee. Reading over the Gaining Ground scenario, board control was going to be pivotal. Enter the Cyclone and Trencher Chain Gun. Sure, Jack's troops might be fast, but he'd have to think twice before running them through POW 12 AOE's on his turn! I then settled on a full unit of Trencher Infantry with U.A. to hold the precious control zones—and because there isn't anything these hard-bitten troops can't do. I also grabbed a full unit of Trencher Commandos. These best of the best boast stealth, Anatomical Precision, and POW 12 grenades! A Squire to boost Stryker's control zone for the feat turn and a Lancer for the arc node completed my surgical strike force. Finally I decided to keep with the board control plan and drafted the Black 13th for their myriad offensive abilities, including Ryan's Mage Storm special attack.





Model/Unit

Points

	Cmdr. Coleman Stryker	+6 warjack pts.
	Squire	2
	Ol' Rowdy	9
	Cyclone	9
	Lancer	6
	Trencher Infantry (10)	11
	Trencher Officer & Sniper	3
	Trencher Commandos (10)	10
	Trencher Chain Gun Crew	2
	Black 13th Gun Mage Strike Team	4
Total		56



CRYX-JACK










I suppose I could make up a complex strategic rationalization for why I chose the army that I did. The truth of the matter is that Skarre is a pirate with a Great Rack—what more do you need?!? The rest of the army just fell in around her. The Satyxis and the Black Ogrun fit the pirate theme and are very dangerous on Skarre's feat turn. I took two heavy warjacks to hold control areas. After that I filled in the rest with Banes, arc nodes, and a Skarlock.



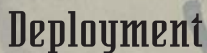


Model/Unit

Points

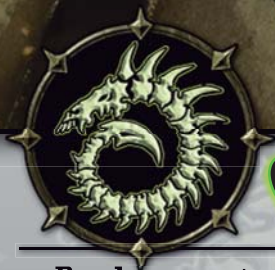
	Pirate Queen Skarre	+6 warjack points
	Seether	9
	Reaper	7
	Deathripper	4
	Defiler	5
	Satyxis Raiders (10)	8
	Satyxis Raider Sea Witch	2
	Bane Knights (6)	6
	Black Ogrun Boarding Party (5)	6
	Necrotech & Scrap Thrall	3
	Skarlock	2
	Bane Lord Tartarus	4
Total		56





Deployment

I didn't have too much to deploy this phase. Stryker, Rowdy, and the Squire went in the center with the Black 13th and Cyclone holding the left flank and the Lancer on the right. My plan was to keep Stryker in the center of my force to maximize his Invincibility feat for turn 2 or 3 while the Cyclone laid down suppressive fire to cover my force.



CRYX-JACK



Deployment

Since such a large portion of Will's army had Advance Deployment it was hard to judge what he was planning. I decided to put an arc node on each flank with the heavy warjacks and the Black Ogrun in the middle so they could go wherever they were needed. The Bane Knights went on the left flank so they could use the building and the wall for cover as they advanced.

CYGNAR—WILL

Advance Deployment

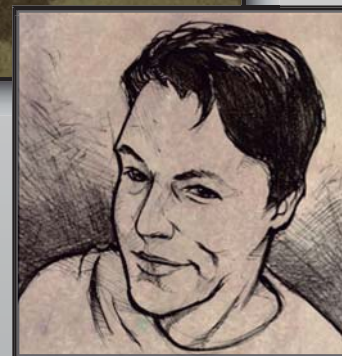
Seeing Jack's heavy flank deployment I decided to place the Trencher Infantry on the right, trusting that they could hold out against anything he threw their way. The Commandos were placed on the left. I intended to have them rush forward to capture the poorly defended control zones. If nothing else they would force Jack to split his forces or risk losing the scenario early. The Chain Gun crew also went on the left, as it provided them the best vantage to lay down cover fire and protect the Trencher Infantry from the fast-moving Satyxis Raiders.



CRYX—JACK

Advance Deployment

Looking at Will's deployment I decided to place the Satyxis on the left flank as well. My plan was to use the Satyxis, Bane Knights, and Tartarus to push through on that side of the board while holding down the right side with warjacks and a liberal application of Blood Rain.





CYGNAR—WILL

Round 1 • Turn 1

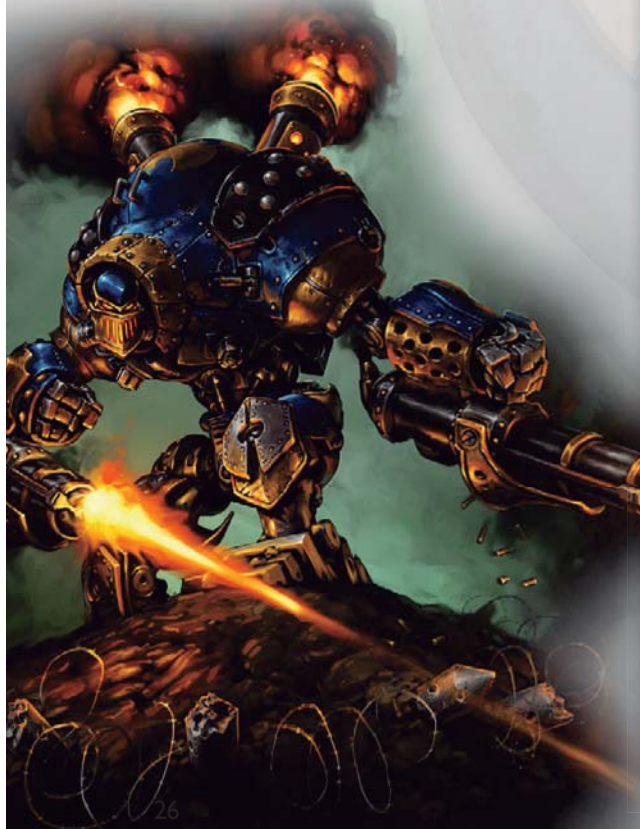
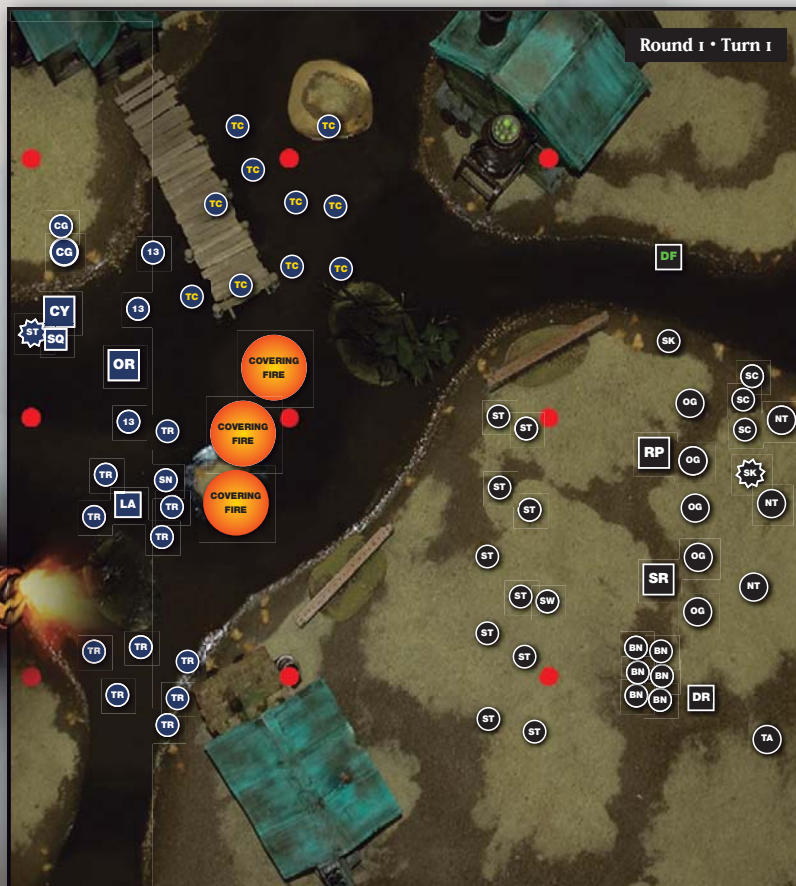
Stryker gave 1 focus to the Lancer and kept the rest for himself.

First on the ground, first in the fight, Stryker activated and cast Snipe on the Black 13th and Arcane Shield on the Trencher Infantry. I then had him move right up field to keep him in good position for his feat turn.

The Trencher Commandos took off at a run to secure the left control zones and force Jack to either reposition some of his forces or give up a lot of control points early, while the Trencher Infantry used Cautious Advance to move up and dig in. Even though most of the unit was well out of range, the unit sniper took a shot at the nearest Satyxis, but the extra defense afforded by that damned Sea Witch saw the shot miss. The Lancer then ran to get into better position for next turn.

Now for the fun part! Knowing the Satyxis could engage the Trenchers on a run, I had the Cyclone move up and drop two 3" AOE's of metal storm death in front of them. The Chain Gun crew added their own covering fire to the Cyclone, creating a nice wall of POW 12 death for Jack to run his troops through.

Last but not least I ran the rest of my forces into better position for my next turn and passed the dice over to Jack.





CRYX-JACK



Round 1 • Turn 2

Skarre allocated 1 focus to the Seether and kept the rest for herself.

I knew that if I did not get my Satyxis engaged this turn they would be in trouble, either by being knocked down and shot or by being walled off behind four templates that could reduce them to a faint, pink mist. I decided the best course of action was to run the Satyxis around the covering fire and engage as many Trenchers as possible.

The Bane Knights followed up behind the Satyxis to take cover behind the wall and prepared to charge in the following round.

The Seether ran forward while the rest of the army advanced. The Skarlock cast Blood Rain on the Commandos, but it drifted harmlessly off into the forest. Skarre cast Ritual Sacrifice on a Scrap Thrall, and I rolled a 4 on the die. Then she arced another Blood Rain into the Commandos, but again it drifted off, this time into the swamp, harming nothing.





CYGNAR—WILL



Round 2 • Turn 1

Okay, so Jack wanted to play rough. I was only too happy to oblige him.

Stryker burned an accumulator box on the Squire to get an extra focus point and then upkept both Snipe and Arcane Shield. I didn't allocate any focus to my 'jacks this turn, as Stryker needed it for Earthquake and neither Ol' Rowdy nor the Cyclone would need any for what I had planned.

First the Squire moved up to make sure Stryker would benefit from its once-per-turn magic attack reroll. Then Stryker moved into position to target the center Satyxis with Earthquake. I boosted just to make sure and felt my heart drop when the dice came up 1, 1, and 4. No worries—that's why the Squire was nipping at Coleman's heels like a robotic Chihuahua. I was holding my breath and admit I let out a whoop when the dice came up 9.

Now I had a choice: feat now and force Jack to use his feat before he was fully committed, or wait and hope I had done enough damage to wait it out 'til turn 3. In the end I decided it was better to keep Jack reacting, and Stryker popped his feat. The other benefit to using it now was that all of my army was in range to benefit (thank you robot dog!). To finish off his turn, Stryker blasted one of the downed Satyxis right between her rack.

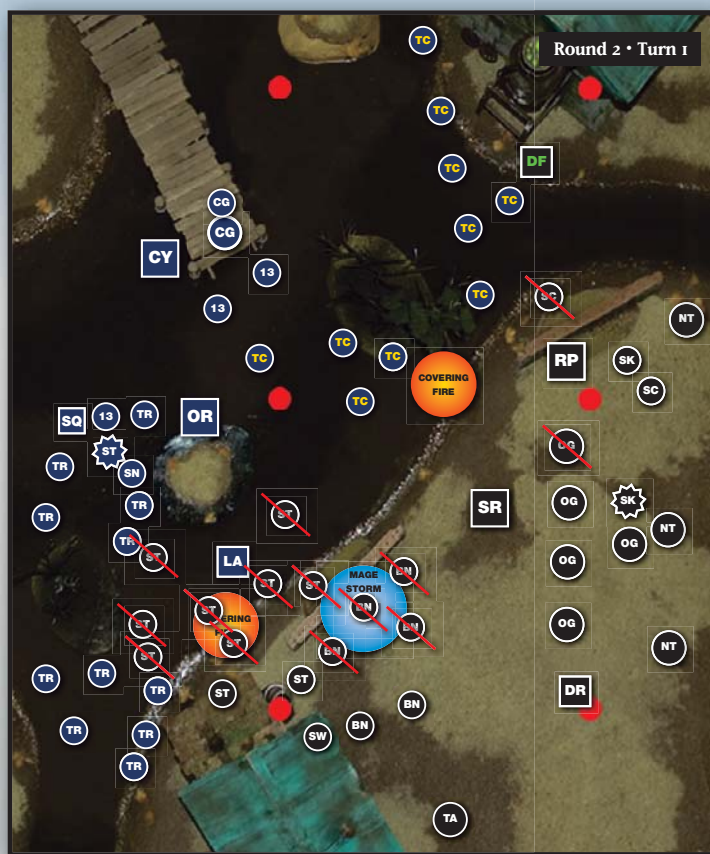
The Black 13th activated next, with Ryan dropping a mage storm on the central Bane Knight behind the wall, clearing out his two compatriots and the Satyxis that was still standing. Best of all I now had a POW 12 AOE 4 right in the way of Jack's forces! Lynch then nailed the Seether for 5 points of damage and Watts, well . . . missed.

Now it was the Trenchers' turn. Between knockdown and CRA the gravediggers managed to decimate the Satyxis, leaving only the Sea Witch and a single Raider standing, who understandably failed their command check.

On the opposite flank the Trencher Commandos seized the opportunity to take out the Skarlock and take Jack's magical potential down a peg. I knew they had little chance of hitting the blasted thing—Commandos are trained for cutting, not shooting—but with the right positioning I was able to take it out with three POW 6 blast damage rolls. Another four managed to riddle a Black Ogrun with holes, and one Commando even got a lucky hit on the Defiler that had failed to arc Blood Rain into them last turn for 2 mighty points of damage!

The Cyclone once again moved up and laid down more suppressive fire AOE's to add to Ryan's Mage Storm. The Chain Gun crew ran to get a better position for next turn, and I moved the Lancer up, hoping to bait Jack's Seether into counter charge range of Ol' Rowdy.

Now it was time to see if Jack would take it . . .





CRYX-JACK

Round 2 • Turn 2

Well, that was an unfortunate series of events. The Satyxis that Stryker hit with Earthquake was a hair's width (approximately .002" to .004") out of melee range. I'll be sure to double check that each model is engaging in future!

My goals this turn were to destroy the Lancer and keep Ol' Rowdy and Stryker from closing in on Skarre. I couldn't afford another well-placed Earthquake this game.

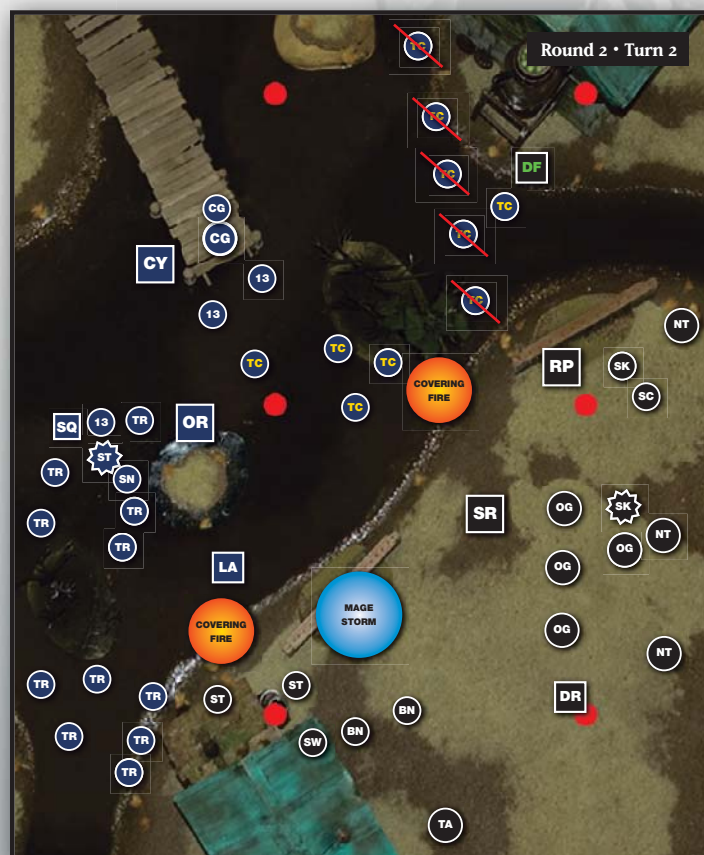
Skarre received 10 focus, then allocated 2 to the Reaper and 2 to the Seether.

The remaining Satyxis ran back toward their deployment zone and regroup.

The Reaper advanced into covering fire, taking 2 damage. Boosting the hit roll, the Reaper dragged the Lancer into base-to-base contact (avoiding the aforementioned counter charge from Ol' Rowdy), and followed up with a melee attack. The Reapers hit and boosted the damage, rolling triple 6s! This is just what I needed; with average damage rolls from the next couple of models this Lancer will be scrap metal.

Skarre activated next, invoking Blood Magic and causing 5 damage to herself (effectively negating Invincibility). She arced Blood Rain into the Commandos, killing three of them, before charging the Lancer. With a combination of Life Trader, boosting, and charge damage Skarre lay into the Lancer with four damage dice on two attacks! Unfortunately the damage on the second roll was well below average, leaving the Lancer with 7 damage remaining. The Lancer was unimpressed with her rack.

Next the Seether charged Ol' Rowdy. I knew I could not kill the ol' rust bucket, but after two boosted damage rolls Rowdy was sent flying into Stryker and Watts, killing Watts. With Rowdy and Stryker knocked down it was unlikely I would have to deal with any Earthquakes on the following turn. Not if Will was planning to get revenge on the Seether, at any rate.



The Defiler advanced and shot a Commando in the face with corrosive sludge.

Next the Black Ogrun charged, two at the Commandos and one at the Lancer. The Commandos were torn apart by the Ogrun and passed their command check. The Lancer suffered another low damage roll and remained standing.

The Bane Knights were stuck behind two AOE templates, but thanks to Ghostly they advanced through the building to chop into a fresh, meaty Trencher.

Tartarus advanced into the Mage Storm to take cover behind the wall, showing no fear thanks to the additional 5 ARM from Skarre's feat.





CYGNAR—WILL



Round 3 • Turn 1

Son of a Satyxis! (Which are ritually sacrificed at birth—read your *Monsternomicon*, kids!)

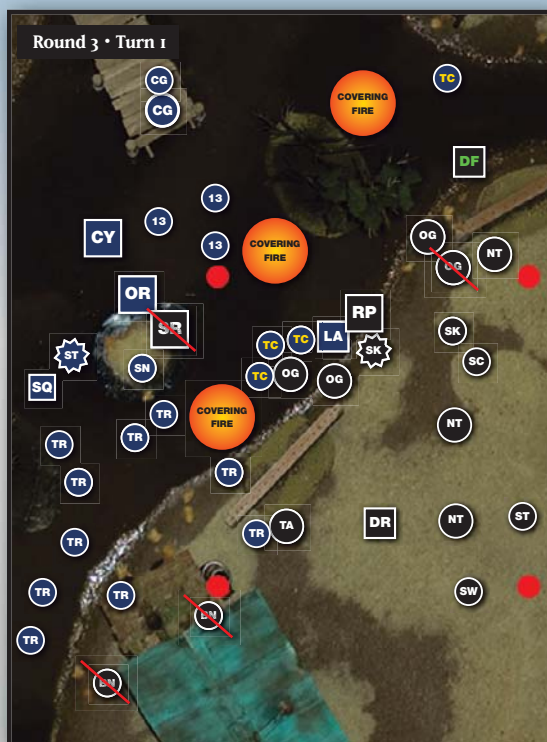
I should have been more careful with my positioning. I didn't think the Seether was in charge range of Ol' Rowdy, and to have him sent flying into Stryker just added insult to injury. Other than that, though, I had weathered the first half of Jack's feat fairly well. The Commandos had survived to deny Jack any control points, and even the Lancer had lived through Jack's trip-6 damage roll! Unfortunately, now I was left staring at a +5 ARM Cryx force.

Stryker pulled another extra focus point from the Squire and allocated 3 to Ol' Rowdy. First things first. Ol' Rowdy spent a focus point to stand up and then charged the Seether with vengeance on his cortex! Even the Seether's extra armor couldn't save it from Stryker's favorite Ironclad, and it was quickly reduced to scrap. The Lancer swung at the Reaper with its Shock Shield to fry another cortex box from the infernal machine.

The Trencher Commandos also showed their disdain for ARM 20 by running into the Black Ogrun and using Anatomical Precision to start bleeding them. With their brothers in arms leading the assault, the Trencher Infantry moved up and used CRA to take down the last two Bane Knights. The best part was the Sniper blowing up a Scrap Thrall in Skarre's face. It didn't do any damage, but it was fun!

The Black 13th took out another Black Ogrun with three Brutal Damage shots, and the Chain Gun crew and Cyclone kept up the same tune by laying down more awesome suppressive fire.

I had earned another 2 control points. Victory was close: I was bleeding Cryx dry, and Stryker was in a good position. Now I just had to hope Jack didn't have any more tricks up his sleeve.





CRYX-JACK

Round 3 • Turn 2

I knew now that there was no way for me to win this game by scenario. I was going to have to try to kill Stryker, and quickly, for any chance at victory.

Skarre held on to all her focus. This turn would be simple: use the Reaper to finish off the Lancer, and then move Skarre over to assault Stryker. Will had left him out in the open; a boosted Sacrificial Strike and some Hellfire should wipe that smile right off his face.

The Reaper activated and swung at the Lancer with its Helldiver. I needed a 6 to hit and a 7 to kill the Lancer. This should be fairly easy. I rolled the dice and incredulously saw a pair of 2s looking up at me. However, the Tusks hit and tore into the Lancer, dealing 3 points of damage. This was not what I was hoping for, but the Black Ogrun should be able to finish the job.

I activated the Black Ogrun. The first two finished off the Commandos standing in front of them. Once again I needed a 6 to hit and a 7 to kill. The Ogrun hit the Lancer without a problem . . . and deals 1 whole point of damage. That Lancer is getting on my nerves.

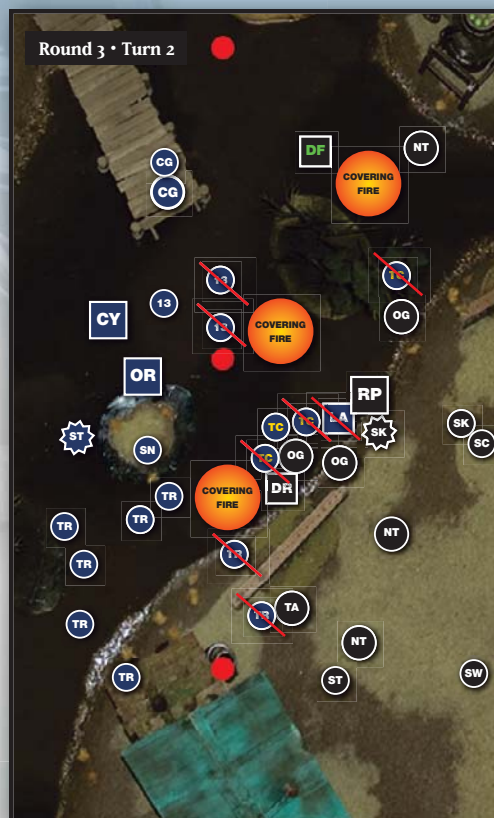
I was really hoping the Lancer would be out of the way before I had to activate Skarre. Since that did not happen, I had to rethink my plan. Having already suffered 7 points of damage on the previous turn, I did not want to risk a free strike from the Lancer. I decided the best option would be to kill the Lancer with Skarre and then take out as much of Will's firepower as possible with more Blood Rain.

The Deathripper advanced into covering fire, taking 2 points of damage. It proceeded to gore a Commando with its powerful mandibles.

The Defiler advanced toward the Chain Gun Crew.

Skarre attacked the Lancer and hits! She used Life Trader again—This damage is starting to add up!—and finally brings the resilient thing down. With the Seether and Lancer wreck markers between Skarre and Ol' Rowdy she was thankfully not within the old boy's threat range. Next she arced Blood Rain into the remaining Black 13th and again at the Chain Gun Crew, hitting and killing Lynch, Ryan, and the Chain Gun Crew.

Tartarus advanced and made a Thresher special attack, killing two Trenchers. I lamented the loss of my Bane Knights.





CYGNAR—WILL

Round 4 • Turn 1

All right, the win was in sight—now to finish the job!

Quick calculations told me Ol' Rowdy was narrowly out of charge range to Skarre, but he could manage to reach the Reaper. Stryker burned the last accumulator box and put 3 focus on Rowdy and 2 on the Cyclone.

First up was Ol' Rowdy vs. the Reaper. Even though I rolled snake eyes on his charge attack (insert ninja joke here) the three additional attacks were enough to pound the helljack into worthless scrap. The Cyclone then moved up, Metal Storm cannons whirring, and misted the two Necrotechs on the flanks. Stryker cast Arcane Shield on himself and moved to cover behind the copse of trees with his faithful Squire in tow.

Sensing victory, the Trencher Infantry let out a battle cry and assaulted Tartarus, the remaining Satyxis, and anything else they could reach. Unfortunately they failed to hit any of the Satyxis with rifle or bayonet, and, in what would spell their doom, left Tartarus standing with one wound. The lone Trencher Commando gutted the nearly dead Black Ogrun, and with that I scored 2 more control points to put me over the top. Jack's only hope now was to take down Stryker, and I felt fairly confident that between DEF 18 and ARM 18, Commander Coleman Stryker would weather the storm.





CRYX-JACK

Round 4 • Turn 2

It is unfortunate that I was unable to get Skarre away from that Lancer last turn. This turn would be my last chance, and Stryker was sitting on higher DEF and ARM than he was on round 3.

Tartarus stepped forward to clear the path for Skarre by killing four Trenchers with a Thresher special attack.

The Black Ogrun advanced toward Stryker.

Skarre advanced toward Stryker but made sure to stay within 1" of the ill-fated Ogrun. Skarre uses Sacrificial Strike, killing the Ogrun, and boosted the damage roll, dealing 9 damage to Stryker! Things were off to a good start! Following up with Hellfire, I knew I was going to need at least a 12 on the next two rolls. Those are not very good odds, but I have seen far less likely things decide a game. Skarre spent a focus to boost the attack, and the dice rolled exactly 12! (Thank goodness—some of us are not fortunate enough to get rerolls granted by a mechanical lap dog). It was down to the final roll of the game. If I could roll one more 12, I would pry victory out from under Stryker's warm, charred body. Skarre spent another focus to boost the damage, and I let the dice fly . . . for an 8.





CYGNAR—WILL

Conclusion

What a game! I must admit, after the bloodying I gave Jack on round 2 I wasn't sure he'd be able to recover. Kudos to him, though, as he kept me on my toes 'til the very end of the game. (And I do want to take a second to apologize to Rob Stoddard, who had to listen to me whoopin' and hollerin' throughout the entire game as things shifted back and forth.)

I'm hard-pressed to pick any one figure that outshined the others in my force. The Cyclone was amazing, as were both Trencher units. The new Commandos are a great addition to Cygnar's repertoire, and Ol' Rowdy lived up to his name, taking down two helljacks. Credit also has to go to Stryker, as he was able to increase the effectiveness of my entire army, letting them deliver a devastating assault on round 2 and keeping them alive through the Cryxian counter assault thanks to Arcane Shield and Invincibility.

Jack is a great player, and I can't wait to cross swords with him again!

CYGNAR IS VICTORIOUS



CRYX-JACK

Conclusion

I wish I could blame my failure on a poorly placed Satyxis or a certain Lancer that refused to die. The truth of the matter is that Will was more prepared for the battle and executed his plan with precision. So my hat goes off to you, Will—you certainly earned your victory. We will see if you can pull it off again next time!



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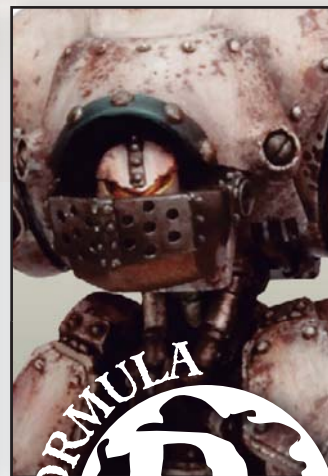
DESTROYER EXTREME



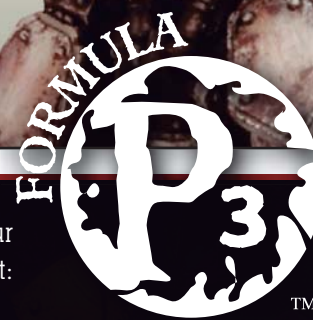
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•IRON KINGDOMS GAZETTEER•

Blackwater: Port of Scum and Villainy

By **Simon Berman** with additional material by **Andrew Lindstrom**
Map by **Christopher West** • Art by **Muttonhead** and **Brian Snoddy**

Introduction

When the sailors of the Broken Coast speak of the depravity of Cryx's corpse trade and the vicious lives of the Scharde ashore, they are really speaking of the port of Blackwater. It is here, on the mainland of Cryx itself, that those outsiders who dare come to trade with the denizens of Cryx. The port gained its name from the Scharde tongue. The area was long called "Belken," literally meaning "black water," and that name eventually was given to the city that grew at the fjord's terminus. One of the longest fjords in Cryx, it contains treacherous waters including several massive whirlpools capable of smashing even ironhulls to smithereens.

The port's name is no euphemism. The city's harbor is girded on all sides by towering basalt cliffs and sees little sunlight, and its filthy waters run deep—in some places they have never even been measured. Founded on one of the ancient city-states of the original fourteen pirate kings, Blackwater exists to facilitate trade with the mainland (much of it criminal by the standards of other governments) and to serve as a safe haven and resupply point for its raiding pirates. Most of its mortal inhabitants are largely left to eke out whatever living they can. The city itself spills into the Belken fjord, with overcrowded tenements extending from the beaches onto the waters. Pilings, floating rafts, and half-sunk ships tied together make up almost

half the city. Necrotechs openly walk the decrepit slums, culling victims for their experiments from the hopeless living. Few merchant ships that stop here leave with their crews intact.

The city's people are a desperate lot, mainly Scharde but with significant minorities of bogrin and trollkin. The majority of the population live in fear and poverty, serving at the pleasure of the gang bosses and Cryxian slave masters eyeing them as fresh meat for the gristmill of their machines. The luckiest ones head to sea as the crew of a pirate, smuggling, or merchant ship, or else find work on the bustling docks or in the bars and brothels. Those with the stomach for it hawk or porter in the



Meat Market; others spend their health tending an alchemical still or necrotite pile in the Smolders. The rest must turn to theft and violence in order to survive.

Life among the Dead

Blackwater's teeming underclasses spend their short lives slaving in the city's vast and terrifying slums. The miseries of these slums can scarcely be reckoned even by the standards of the wretchedly poor of mainland cities like Five Fingers and Khardov. Little separates the living from the mindless dead they labor alongside in Blackwater's docks and factories save their fierce will to survive. Blackwater can be likened to a great prison where every inmate is a predator competing directly for the most meager necessities of life. Most inhabitants seek protection within one of the countless gangs that plague the city. Without the defense of a gang, a mortal of Blackwater is a victim waiting to happen. Here, only the strong have what it takes to survive, and nothing can be held except at blade's point.

Shacks and hovels sprawl across the landward half of the city. Across the city's shore and its floating mass of tenements lean-tos sprout like mushrooms in the shadows of buildings, walls, and market stalls as well as against the hull of any ship docked for more than a day. The slums are so thick



with fevered lives pushing against each other that shacks are built upon shacks, and the shanties creep up the base of the high, basalt cliffs. The only path up the cliffs is an ancient and crumbling set of stone stairs carved in the earliest days of the city. Two mechanical lift systems aid in the dangerous ascent. The first is well cared for and reserved almost exclusively for important trade headed to the interior of the Cryxian mainland, such as the monthly visitations of Toruk's tax collectors. The second lift, accessible to any who can pay the toll, is maintained only sporadically and occasionally spills dozens of riders to their deaths.

Fires, plagues, and food riots sweep through the ghettos of Blackwater with the regularity of the pounding rain. Even the near-constant threat of death does little to cull their population. Living in such close proximity with death seems to push the living to hunger for life, and generation follows generation faster than in any other place in western Immoren.

Leaders arise from the squalid shanty wards to become gang lords, masters of tiny fiefdoms carved out of the slums. In Blackwater, gang lords operate as minor kings, with all who live under their dominion as their serfs. These petty tyrants are often inhuman in both body and deed. It is not uncommon for particularly unpleasant Satyxis or bloodthirsty trollkin or ogrun to achieve prominence among these nightmarish gangs. However, the sentient undead—the true rulers of Cryx—rarely intervene in the squabbles of Blackwater's citizens. Instead they treat the city as a convenient place to keep their human resources and allow the chattel to see to themselves in whatever depraved manners they choose. Some inhabitants who desire a better life join the thousands of pirate crews that sail in and out of Blackwater each year. Though their lives improve only by a matter of degrees among the ruthless crews of the Cryxian pirates, they can at least escape the total squalor of life in the city.

It was from just such a violent beginning that the current ruler of Blackwater arose. Lord Craethan Morvaen is a self-styled pirate king,

THE ADMIRALTY

Secrecy: Public (Gather Information DC 11); **Organization:** Structured; **Enforcement:** Moderate; **Size:** Gang (71 members); **Location:** Old Town; **Operations:** Extortion, Protection; **Alignment:** NE; **Cash Limit:** 5,500 gp; **Member Assets:** 700 gp (melee weapons and firearms, secondhand and mock nautical finery); **Membership Requirements:** Membership Approval (Climb), Trial by Fire (evict a troublesome compartment); **Leaders:** "Grand Admiral" Mogulakemun (male bogrin Rog4/Ftr2/Enf4), assisted by his lieutenant "Admiral" Dehra Vennig (female Scharde Ftr3/Sor5).

a man who fought his way to power with ruthless ambition and tenacious cunning. A sequence of bloody assassinations left him the most influential man in the city, and he's been ruling with a strong hand and jealous eye ever since. Morvaen cares for only his own personal aggrandizement and survival. The brutal crew of enforcers he employs are battle-hardened survivors of his gang or members of his former ships' crews. They call themselves "the Admiralty" and take every possible chance to remind their former peers of their status as the pre-eminent thugs of Blackwater.

Morvaen himself imposes only two rules upon "his" city. The tithe owed each month to Toruk's coffers is without a doubt the ultimate law, and Morvaen's continued existence is proof that he has never missed a payment. This tithe is a pittance, of course, compared to the vast wealth accumulated by the Cryxian pirate fleets. Regardless, its payment is a tradition that dates back to the pirate kings of old and now serves to remind the inhabitants of Blackwater of their true god and master. The second and lesser law prohibiting arson is a statute the city's inhabitants enforce themselves. A fire in the tenements is terrible enough, but one that spreads through the ramshackle buildings floating on the water is a

true nightmare. A large blaze can roast thousands alive, with an equal number drowning when they are caught beneath the burning, sinking debris of their hovels. To even be suspected of arson in Blackwater is to suffer an agonizing death at the hands of a crazed mob.

The Docks

The docks that spread out across the Belken fjord like so many bony fingers are the only part of the Cryxian empire that most outsiders ever witness. It is here the Nightmare Empire welcomes what trade it can from the mainland, thereby creating a safe haven for the most dangerous pirates to sail Meridius. At any time almost a fifth of the outlaws of the Broken Coast can be found taking harbor in Blackwater, having come to trade their plundered goods and spend their coin on all manner of depravity. Some disreputable (and well armed) merchant vessels take harbor here as well. All manner of exotic goods can be found in Blackwater's rotting warehouses.

Although there is little law and order in the city, Lord Morvaen keeps tighter

control over the docks than over any other portion of the city, as the tithe he must pay his masters is largely drawn from the ships that dock here. Morvaen's chief tax collector is Dockmaster Jorlis Helcraf, a man who served as quartermaster on a number of pirate vessels in his youth. Helcraf enlisted with Morvaen's men some decades since and soon proved himself both adept with numbers and ruthlessly loyal. The aging man is aided by a number of rusting mechanical prostheses as he and his thugs move from ship to ship, collecting the fees required of each ship that takes port in Blackwater. Captains that refuse to pay Morvaen's tax are typically met with a silent smirk before their ships are burned to the waterline and their crews sold into slavery or nailed through the throat to the dock pilings as a warning to others.

Despite the horrors of Blackwater, for those who pay attention, keep their wits, and don't stray too far from the docks it is not significantly more dangerous than most other ports with similar clientele. Several gangs are employed by Morvaen

to keep the docks clear of the city's worst rabble, and since the average visitor to Blackwater is no stranger to violence most go unmolested. The regular visitations of pirates have had a long influence on the city's dockside neighborhoods. Hundreds of disgusting taverns, inns, and gambling halls have accreted around the docks like barnacles on the hull of a wrecked ship. Some of these establishments are safer than others, though, as some gangs pay bribes for the right to abduct visiting sailors. After being robbed, such unfortunates are usually sold as slave labor or find their way to Blackwater's Meat Market.

The Meat Market

One of Blackwater's oldest institutions, the Meat Market is perhaps the oldest operating slave market in western Immoren. Founded by the first pirate king of Blackwater, the market was expanded when Toruk's rule was extended to all of Cryx. The arcanists and necrotechs of Cryx have an insatiable desire for fresh specimens, and the Meat Market is their favored emporium.



THE DRAGON'S FISH

Secrecy: Secret (Gather Information DC 24);

Organization: Disorganized;

Enforcement: Sporadic; **Size:** Brotherhood (37 members);

Location: The Docks/Meat

Market; Operations: Theft (including your body after they've made sure you're done with it);

Alignment: CE; **Cash Limit:** 1,500 gp; **Member Assets:** 200

gp (weapons and light armor, stolen alchemicals); **Membership Requirements:** Crime (murder of an innocent for sale in the Meat Market), Trial by Fire (track a prospective victim for a full day before leading the gang to him);

Leaders: Philomena Heskylth (female Scharde Rog7/Enf1)

Originally only live slaves were sold at the market, but enterprising butchers erected stalls on the periphery of the market square to hawk both whole corpses and the choicest bits. Most vendors specialize in either animal or human parts, although there are more than a few stands where human organs glisten beside those of dogs and cattle.

Both the stench of the market and the pushy marketing tactics of the vendors are unbearable for those unaccustomed. With few reliable means of refrigeration, most goods must be sold quickly, and the vendors are very aggressive. Undercutting is a constant, and the free market sometimes devolves into open violence. A vendor who is argumentative one day can easily become his competitor's offerings the next.

The market is the one place where the dispossessed of Blackwater rub shoulders with the true Cryxians. In addition to the undead necromancers, black ogrun and blighted trollkin are regulars at the market, sometimes shopping alongside degenerate cannibal humans. It is common enough to observe a scaled trollkin elbow-deep in a leaking wooden barrel full of human kidneys as he haggles over price and weight.

Several gangs have become specialists in supplying the vendors of the market

with goods. The Dragon's Fish in particular have an excellent reputation in the market for providing fresh parts of any specification.

The Smolders

The center of Blackwater's other main industry, the Smolders is a poorly defined area of alchemical and metallurgical factories and workshops. Hundreds of unregulated facilities and private laboratories float on this part of the city. The air is almost unbreathable there, choked as it is with coal smoke, noxious fumes, and alchemical vapors. Anyone venturing outside must tie rags across their mouth and nose and wear eye protection to filter the horrible atmosphere. Even so, this meager protection does little, and the inhabitants of the area spend much of their lives coughing up viscous sludge before succumbing to bronchial disease.

Those settled here have short lives typically ended by terrible environmental illnesses, poisoning from nightmarish pollutants, or simply suffocating to death from noxious fumes. There is work here, though, for those willing to risk it. Hundreds of miles of ducts and tubes run throughout the Smolders, either spilling by-products into the harbor or carrying fuel and other reagents among the workshops. Conveniently sized for this work, many Blackwater bogrin make a living cleaning these ducts and tunnels. Their only competition comes from children forced to do the same jobs, which the hostile bogrin don't overly mind; the occasional discovery of a child in the tunnels offers a free meal. This is not to say that the bogrin always have the upper hand, as packs of feral children have been known to tear their predators apart when given the opportunity.

Alchemical and/or blighted mutations are common among inhabitants of the factory district, and some strange creatures neither quite alive or nor wholly dead make their homes there. Some of them even live in the areas of open water between sunken factories. Occasionally, an individual standing near open water disappears in a brief second while his companions' backs are turned.

The Catacombs

The catacombs are a winding warren of tunnels and chambers carved into the cliffs over the harbor, adjacent to the city. Their origins lie in the days before the Dragonfather's arrival, when the pirate kings had them dug to inter the bodies of senior officers and valued warriors killed in their service. After the rise of Cryx and its dark industries, the catacombs were inhabited by necrotechs setting up workshops to exploit the plentiful supply of humanoid skeletal mass and the latent energies left by centuries of interment. Over time the city adapted to feed the appetites of the necrotechs who set up shop here. Their work lights shine out through holes in the cliff face, casting a baleful illumination across the harbor toward the city, and at all hours the wind carries to Blackwater the unsettling moans of the dying and the tortured screams of fiendish machinery.



The tunnels extend many twisting miles into the Cryxian interior. There are almost certainly routes to the surface far from the fjords of Blackwater. Little concerted planning went into the extension of the tunnels, with each inhabitant carrying out the construction to whatever convoluted design he desired. In places, tunnel walls and ceilings are perilously thin and prone to collapse. Rumors of old treasure hoards have prompted additional excavations, sometimes with disastrous results. Echoing the gang wars of the city below, necrotechs occasionally feud with one another over rare specimens or competing occult theories. At times, the catacombs explode with violence as this fighting reaches a critical point. Like a great hive of venomous insects gone mad, the inhabitants of the catacombs wage small but brutal wars among themselves.

Today, the catacombs are host to an unknown number of necrotechs, necrosurgeons, living necromancers, and undead servitors. Most who work in the caverns take their rest there as well, only emerging from the few tunnel mouths in Blackwater to trade at the Meat Market or deliver commissions.

Blackwater Old Town

The streets and alleyways of Blackwater's Old Town are remnants from the era of the old pirate kings, including the fortress estate rumored to have been the mortal dwelling of one of the twelve who bowed to Toruk and became the first lich lords. A small portion of the original city remains, although few of the old buildings have survived the centuries intact. The last local pirate king's fortress still stands as a decrepit, half-crumbling ruin. A variety of superstitions surround this building, and even the most depraved locals avoid it. It is not thought that any of the current lich lords make use of the structure, but many believe old wards and undead guardians were left behind along with the command that it should remain untouched.

A number of thralls in this area labor tirelessly and endlessly to maintain its streets and buildings in some nominal state of repair, although their efforts have not been entirely successful.



The fact that certain buildings have been rebuilt and reconstructed with seemingly random additions suggests that the undead at work here may not be functioning in accordance with their original instructions. In some cases one team of thralls can be seen building a wall while another group is simultaneously tearing it down.

Despite these oddities, the region is considered choice land among the Blackwater elite, and dwelling here is a sign of affluence and power. The area's position abutting the cliffs prevents easy ambush, granting protection from outside adversaries, but there is no such guarantee against internal competition; those who hold dwellings here do so as only long as they can defend themselves from being murdered by jealous peers. Lord Morvaen lives in the largest of the occupied estates, and the Admiralty meets here for various revelries. They take measures to ensure that no one remains in Old Town who does not meet with their lord's approval.

The Temple of the Dragonfather

Located beneath the catacombs on the western shore of the fjord, the massive Temple of the Dragonfather is the only building of note in all of Blackwater.

Its basalt spire, carved from the stones of the surrounding mountains, reaches almost four hundred feet into the air and is visible from any point in the city—an omnipresent reminder of the true ruler of Blackwater and all of Cryx.

The black cathedral adorned with images of Toruk is one of the largest churches dedicated to the Dragonfather in all of Cryx. The denizens of Blackwater shun the place, fearing to draw the attention of its master and his servants. The temple's great hall and hundreds of pews remain largely empty except for the handful of undead priests who spend all their time in contemplation and adoration of the Dragonfather. A few dozen thralls who carry out the mundane maintenance of the building attend these rotting priests.

The temple does host occasional visitors. Driven mad by disease, toxins, or the sheer misery of life in Blackwater some individuals grow fixated on Toruk and find themselves drawn to his glorious edifice. None are turned away, but not all are seen again. When the stale winds of the fjord blow in the right direction the blasphemous howls of these ecstasies can be heard for miles. On Toruk's dark holidays the temple is visited by hundreds of the undead, come to pray to their god in a city far from his eyes but close to his vision for all of Caen.

TERRAIN BUILDING

Creating Cryx Structures

by Pat Ohta

In *No Quarter Magazine* Issue 26, we showcased Pat Ohta's amazing Cryxian lighthouse in the Player Gallery. Looming atop a lonely outcropping of rock, the sinister lighthouse gave us the inspiration to have Pat put together a few other buildings inspired by Cryx's architectural "design." Hobby Manager Rob Hawkins came up with some sketches to guide Pat in his creation, and the results were better than we could have imagined.

The following tutorial gives you step-by-step instructions to create a generic Cryx building—a house, a workshop, an inn, or something more sinister. You can apply these methods to anything to give it a distinct Cryxian style, emphasizing rust, rot, decay, and shoddy building. Hopefully, you will be inspired to use these techniques to make your own Cryxian settlements!



What You'll Need:

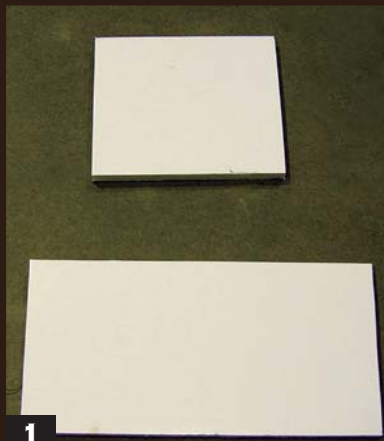
- 2-Part epoxy
- Angle & channel strips
- Bass wood
- Card
- Choir of Menoth Warpriest Scroll Case
- Depron
- EPS foam
- Foam core
- Formula P3 Super Glue
- Grind spike
- Hot glue
- I-beams
- Plastic card (plain)
- Plastic tubing
- PVC 90-degree elbow
- PVC pipe
- Sandpaper
- Textured plastic sheeting
- Toy windows & door
- Wood glue

Tools

- Foam cutter
- Formula P3 Hobby knife
- Formula P3 Modeling Putty
- Heat gun
- Hot glue gun
- Rabbet cutter
- Rivet punch
- Straight edge

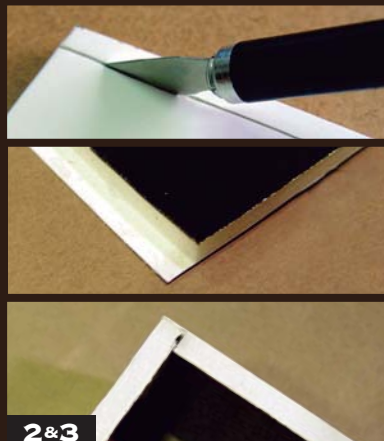


Walls



1

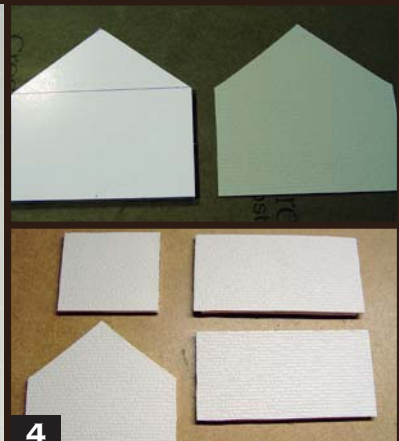
Step 1) To make the lower half of the building, cut two 3" x 6" pieces and two 3" x 3-1/2" pieces out of foam core.



2&3

Step 2) Cut two 3" x 6" pieces to form the front walls of the building's upper floor. For the sides, cut two 3" x 5" x 5" pieces. The floor will be a 5" x 6" piece.

Step 3) Use a rabbet cutter to cut a recess into the connecting sides of the foam core. (If you don't have a rabbet cutter, you can use a sharp hobby knife.)



4

Step 4) Use these pieces as templates and trace them onto a textured plastic sheet. In this example I am using Plastruct O-scale Random Cursed Stone plastic sheeting, but you can use any brick or stone texture that suites your design aesthetic. Cut these pieces out and glue them to the foam core.

Doors & Windows



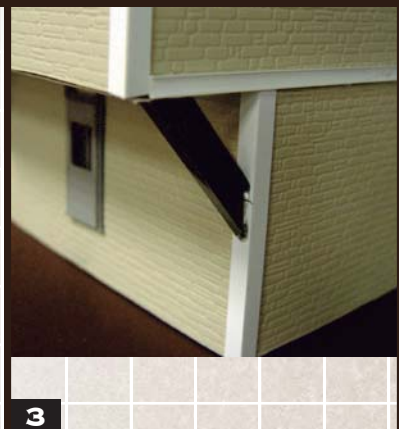
1

Step 1) Model train buildings and toys provide a good source for windows and doors. Select your door and windows, then place them on the walls and trace around them. Cut out those holes and glue the windows and door in place.



2

Step 2) Assemble all the walls using hot glue. Glue the top to the bottom floor.



3

Step 3) Cut a piece of Plastruct I-beam to make the support brace and glue it in place.



4



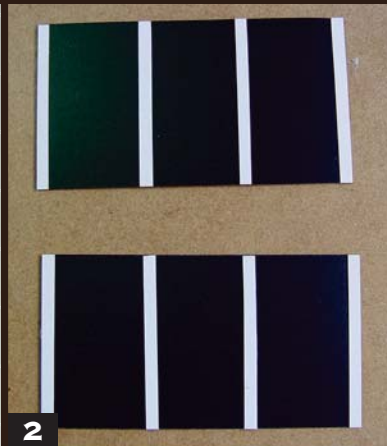
Step 4) To clean up the edges, glue 1/4" angle strips to the sides of the walls. To hide the seam between the first and second floor, cover it with 3/16" channel strips.

Roof



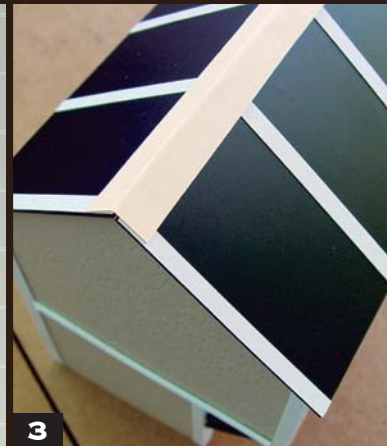
1

Step 1) This building will have a sagging copper roof. To achieve the effect, cut $1/4"$ strips of foam core and glue them to the top of the building. Space the strips so the roof can sag in the gaps.



2

Step 2) To make the roof, cut two $3-1/2"$ x $6-1/2"$ pieces from thick plastic card. To form the panel lines, cut strips from thin plastic card. Here, the pieces were cut from a "For Sale" sign.



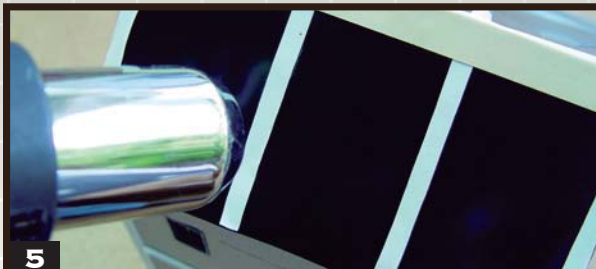
3

Step 3) Glue the roof to the building. To cover the seam between the two roof panels, cut a strip of card and glue it in place.



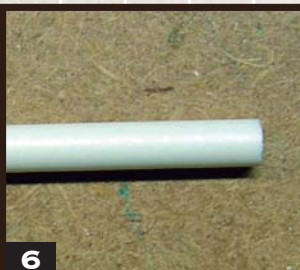
4

Step 4) If the roof doesn't sit flush with the wall, the gap can be covered by gluing a thin strip of plastic card between the two.



5

Step 5) Use a heat gun to soften the plastic roof. As the plastic softens, gently push it in to create dents and sags.



6

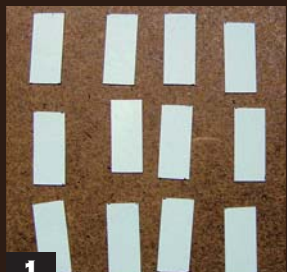
Step 6) Cut $1/4"$ plastic tubing into $1"$ lengths. Make a hood for it out of thin plastic card and glue it in place.



7

Step 7) Cut a hole into the roof and glue the vent in place. Cover the base of the tube with Formula P3 Modeling Putty.

Window Shutters



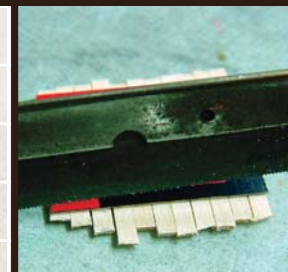
1

Step 1) To create the shutters for the windows, start by cutting the backing out of thin plastic card. The second floor shutters are $5/8"$ x $7/8"$.



2

Step 2) Glue thin strips of bass wood to the backing. Be careful not to get glue on the front of the wood, or the paint might not stick.



3

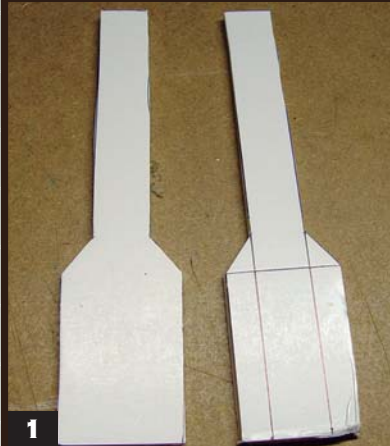
Step 3) Flip the shutter over and trim the excess wood. Glue the shutters in place.



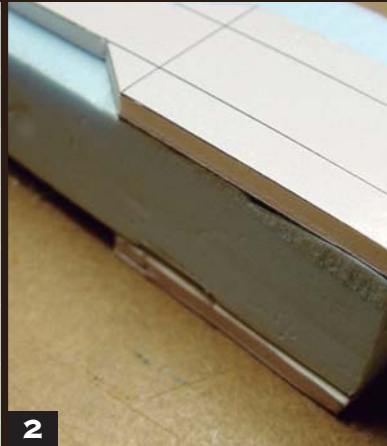
4

Step 4) Repeat these steps to create the first floor shutters, but use $1"$ x $1-1/2"$ pieces.

Chimney



1 Step 1) Draw the shape of a chimney on foam core, then cut out two of these to create your template.



2 Step 2) Sandwich a piece of EPS foam and use a foam cutter to cut away the excess.



3 Step 3) With a ballpoint pen, draw horizontal lines, then draw in each individual brick. Be sure to randomize the brick pattern. It's okay if the foam chips, because it will add to the decrepit appearance.



4&5 Step 4) Gently sand down the chimney with 320-grit sandpaper. Be sure to smooth the edges to give it a worn look.

Step 5) Cut support bands for the smokestack from thin plastic card. Apply these 1/4" strips with glue.



6 Step 6) To make the cowl, cut 1/4" plastic tubing into 1" lengths. Drill holes vertically along the tube and glue into place.

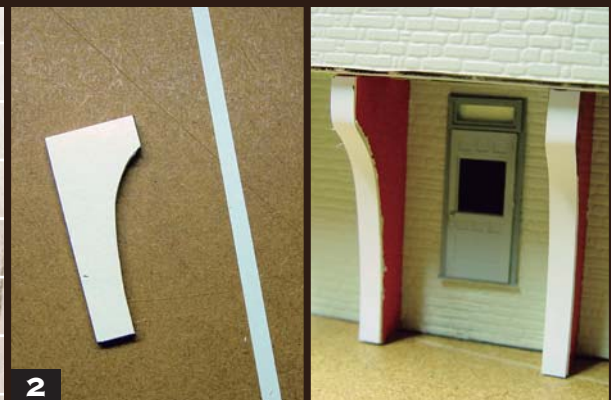


7 Step 7) Attach the chimney to the side of the building.

Building Entrance



1 Step 1) Make steps out of foam and glue into place.



2 Step 2) The columns flanking the door are created from foam core. Cut a piece 1-1/4" x 3". Cut a decorative curve into it and cover this edge with plastic card. Glue the column into place.

Lamps



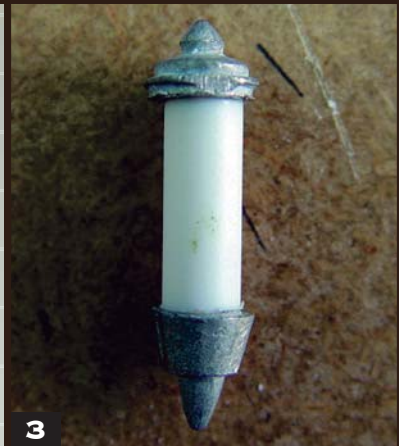
1

Step 1) To make the lamps for the building you'll need the following parts: Choir of Menoth Warpriest Scroll Case, Grind Spike, 1/4" Plastic Tubing



2

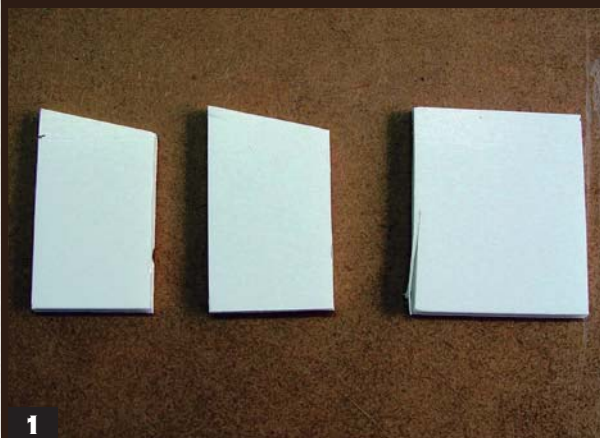
Step 2) Cut off the top of the Scroll Case and sand the bottom smooth.



3

Step 3) Sand the bottom of the Grind Spike smooth. Glue these to the plastic tube.

Shack



1

Step 1) To make the walls of the shack, cut the following pieces from foam core:
Back: 3" x 3-1/2" Sides: 3" x 2" 2-1/2" (facing front panel) Front: 2" x 3-1/2"

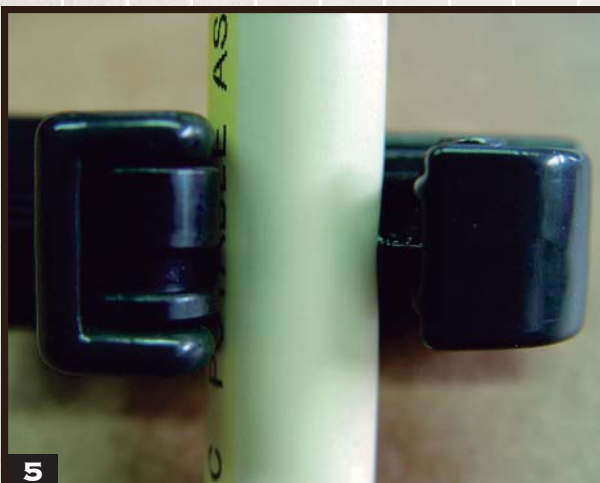


2, 3, 4

Step 2) Cut the window holes into the walls.

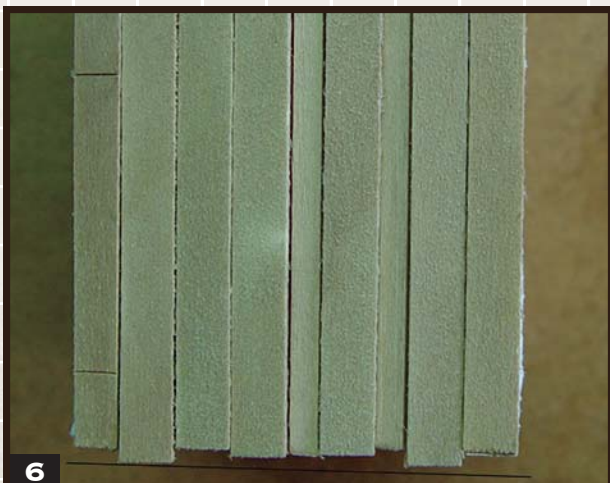
Step 3) Use a rabbet cutter to recess the edges, then assemble with hot glue.

Step 4) Cut a hole for another chimney. Glue a 1/2" PVC 90-degree elbow in the hole.



5

Step 5) To complete the chimney, use a pipe cutter to cut a piece of 1/2" PVC pipe 5-1/2" long, then glue it into the elbow. Add banding strips using thin plastic card.



6

Step 6) Make wooden planks for the shack by attaching bass wood with wood glue.



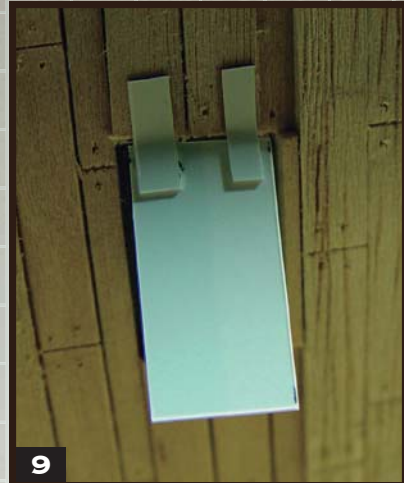
7

Step 7) Use a sharp blade to add details to the wooden plank. Alternate the lengths of wood and add nail holes.



8

Step 8) Add a roof made from thick card. Cut a vent and cover the roof with shingles. Make the shingles from stiff card and glue them on in an uneven pattern.



9

Step 9) Make flaps to cover the windows using thin plastic card.



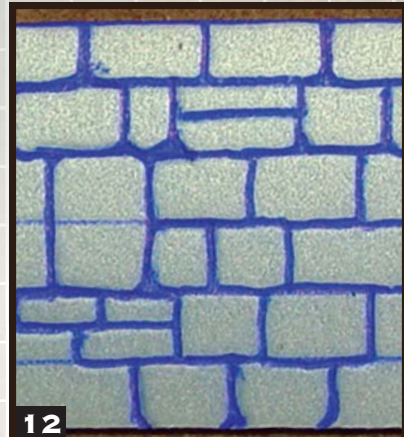
10

Step 10) To make the legs for the shack, cut two 7/8" pieces of bass wood and glue them to the bottom. Use a sharp blade to add nail holes.



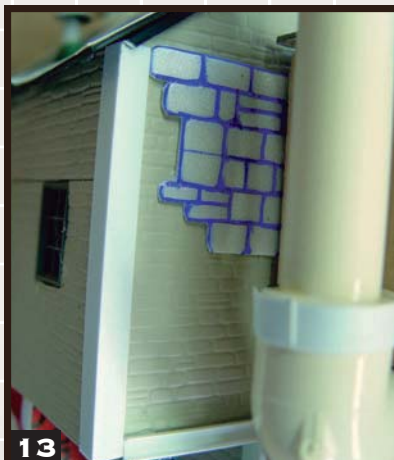
11

Step 11) Cryx buildings feature plenty of patches and no organized construction. To simulate this, add some random stone patchwork behind the shack with Depron foam sheets. Depron is a thin foam similar to that used in meat trays and fast food containers.



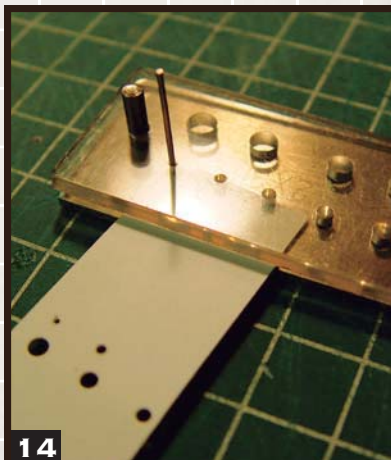
12

Step 12) Carve a random stone pattern into the Depron and glue it to the side of the building.



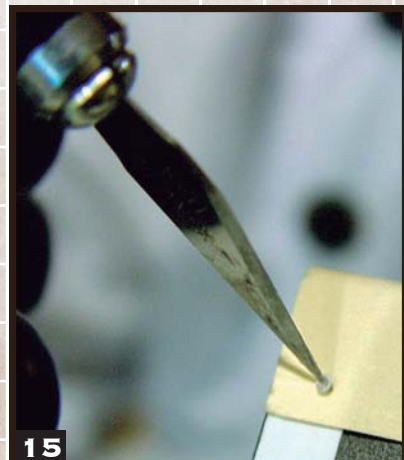
13

Step 13) Attach the shack to the building.



14

Step 14) No building in the Iron Kingdoms is complete without rivets! Make the rivets varying sizes for added realism. You can use a rotary tool or a rivet punch. Simply insert plastic card and punch out the rivets using a steel die.



15

Step 15) Apply the rivets with Formula P3 Super Glue.

MODELING & PAINTING

By Matt DiPietro, Studio Painter

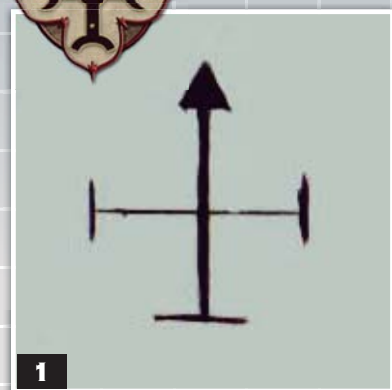
PAINTING FREEHAND WARMACHINE FACTION SYMBOLS

The prospect of painting any sort of freehand design intimidates many if not most miniatures painters. This article will attempt to demystify the process and encourage painters of varying skill levels to give freehand a try. I will describe how I paint WARMACHINE faction symbols in three steps each. First, "layout" creates a skeleton of the general shape and dimensions of the design. This is vital for making sure your design is the correct size and scale. Next, "addition" fills in areas of the skeleton to create a general shape. Lastly, "subtraction" removes pieces from the general shape to refine and finalize the design. Any time you paint freehand, try to break the task into these three steps to ease the painting of your design and create a more satisfying result.

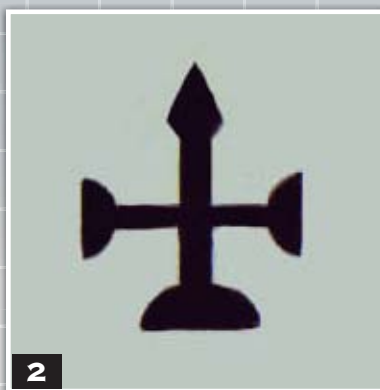


The Menofix

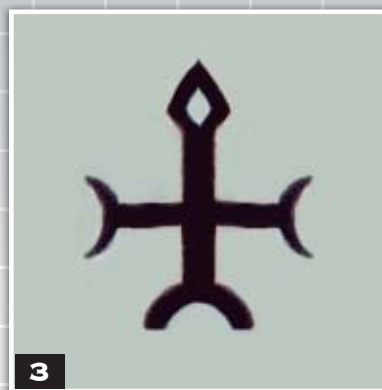
We'll start with the easiest faction symbol, the Menofix of Menoth. The Menofix is basically a cross with a simple shape attached to each arm.



Step 1) Start your Menofix by painting a symmetrical cross. The top of the cross should end in an arrowhead. Add a line to the ends of the other three branches; they should look like the letter "T" with the line at the bottom a bit wider than the left and right.



Step 2) Enlarge the lines of the cross so they appear thick and bold. Draw an arc across the three "T" shapes and fill them in to make half circles. Draw two lines down from the arrowhead to create a diamond shape.



Step 3) Using the background color, subtract a diamond shape from the head of the Menofix. Then subtract a half-circle from the bottom of the Menofix to create its bent feet. Lastly, subtract round shapes from the right and left arms to complete the half-moon shapes.



The Cygnus

The golden swan of Cygnar may seem very complex at first, but its construction is actually quite similar to that of the Menofix.



Step 1) As you did with the Menofix, start with a cross. This time, however, attach an arrow to the bottom of the cross. Next, add an arc to the ends of the right and left arms of the cross. To ensure the arcs begin and end in the spots pictured in the diagram, paint tiny dots at those points. Connect the dots with an arc similar to the one pictured.



Step 2) From the bottom of each arc, draw a curve to the end of the arrow shape. At the top of each arc, paint a curve to the center line. Then paint an "S" shape onto the top of the original cross shape. Lastly, fill in the entire area.



Step 3) Subtract small triangular pie slices from the wings and tail of the Cygnus. Use the base color to clean up the "S" shape of the neck and complete the Cygnus.

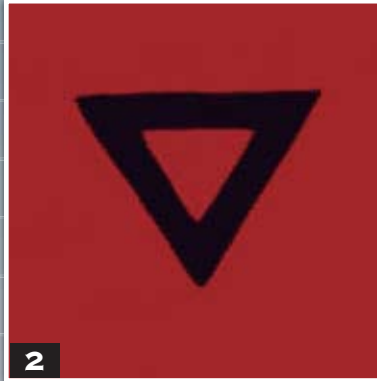


The Anvil of Khador

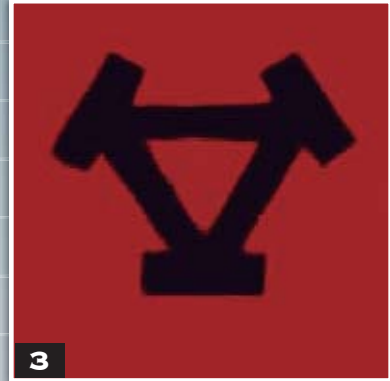
Although the Khadoran Anvil appears deceptively simple, its perfect symmetry makes it one of the more difficult symbols to paint. The basic shape is an equilateral triangle, so before you begin, you will need to create a guide. Tear a corner from scrap paper (unlike a ruler, this will flex to the contours of the model). From the corner, measure the length desired for one side of the anvil. Bisect this length in the exact center.



Step 1) To paint the equilateral triangle, use the corner of your guide to mark out the flat top of the anvil. Mark the center of the line. Use the corner of the paper to paint a perpendicular line descending from that point. Next, align the corner of the guide with one end of the baseline and rotate it until it intersects the centerline. Mark this point, then paint a line from each end of the first line to this point to complete the other two sides of the anvil.



Step 2) Add black to the inside of the triangle to thicken its lines. Add red to erase the initial centerline used to plan the triangle.



Step 3) Add small rectangles to each corner of the triangle. Try to make the angle of each rectangle consistent. The thickness should be the same as for the lines that form the triangle.



The Cryxian Dragon

The coiled undead serpent that represents the Nightmare Empire is probably the most daunting of the faction symbols. When broken into its respective parts, however, it is not too difficult to paint.



Step 1) A simple spiral forms the basic shape of the emblem of Toruk. This spiral should make a single revolution and stop before it doubles back on itself.



Step 2) Add evenly spaced hatch marks outside the spiral. Then add a curved spike to the inner end of the spiral. The silhouetted dragonhead is painted onto the other end of the spiral.



Step 3) Paint curving spines onto each hatch mark. Use the background color to paint the eye sockets and nose holes of the skull. To create the vertebrae, paint a zigzag line between each hatch mark with the background color.



NO QUARTER 28

SALTY DOG CHALLENGE

**A bottle of rum and cutlass in hand...
A strong wind at your back...
Turning your models into pirates!**

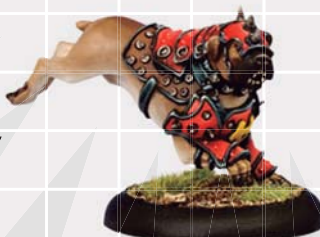
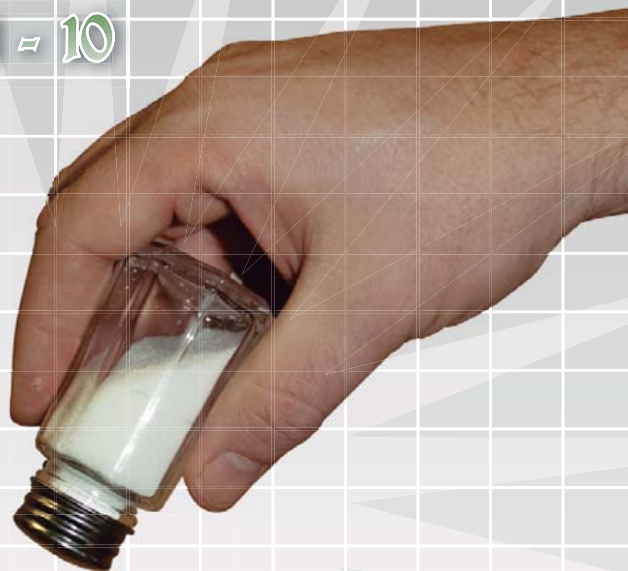
You could win a \$50 US spending spree at the Privateer Press Store (store.privateerpress.com) and the adoration of thousands as we publish your model! Heck, we might even throw in something cool that we found on the desk of the Privateer Press studio.

One thing the Iron Kingdoms doesn't lack is PIRATES. The entire Meridius coastline is chock full of these dangerous privateers waiting for easy prey. But what would Haley look like as a pirate queen? What about the Butcher if he took to life on a ship? Convert and paint your model to make it look like a pirate! (Two shots beneath the waterline if you choose a Privateer model as your subject!)

Take a digital photo of your creation. Then, check out the rules and submission guidelines at:

privateerpress.com/no-quarter/no-quarter-challenges

ENTRIES DUE BY 3 - 1 - 10



**See the Winner of the
Ghostly Visage Challenge from
No Quarter #26 on page 95!**

The GAMERS' JOURNAL

By the Privateer Press Staff

Staff Challenge 2010 • part 1

Back in 2008, *No Quarter* ran the "Gamers' Journal: Studio Showdown," where the painters of the Privateer Press studio put together armies from scratch and played some games, reporting on their results. We received very positive feedback from you about the fantastic paint jobs and "real" games from this series.

It's a new year and we're expanding on the idea, opening up the challenge to include the entire company! Now, we could have allowed each player to choose his own faction or even told him what to play, but where's the fun in that?

Enter the Wheel of Factions! I asked one of our graphics people, Stuart Spengler, to put this together so we could make things a bit more random. We allowed everyone participating two spins on the wheel, choosing one of the results as their army to use in the challenge. Armed with this info, each player will put together a 25-point Mk II army from scratch (well, see below) and play against coworkers.

Once the armies were chosen, we let each player engage in a bit of horse-trading, both to even out the factions and to see what sorts of politics would ensue. Who would accept his army as a challenge? Who would look at it as a curse? Would someone trade over and over again to get what he wanted?

In the end, we had many players with armies they'd never fielded before. Over the course of the year, we'll check in on these players and find out what they experienced with putting together and playing a random faction using the new Mk II rules.



Ed prepares to spin the Wheel of Factions using his best Vanna White impression. Fail.



Ed Bourelle: Circle Orboros

MODEL/UNIT	COST
Mohsar the Desert Walker	+4 warbeast pts.
Gnarlhorn Satyr	8
Shadowhorn Satyr	6
Tharn Ravagers (4)	6
Tharn Ravager Shaman	2
Woldstalkers	6
Total	24

A couple years back when *HORDES: Evolution* was released there was one Circle model that really jumped out at me: the Gnarlhorn Satyr. This was not the satyr of myth but rather a hulking monstrosity with a demonic visage. Thus was born the Circle of Hell.

Modeling and Painting

Although I had dabbled with the army previously, it was the Staff Challenge that presented the opportunity for me to really move

forward with the concept. The Shadowhorn Satyr was an obvious complement to the Gnarlhorn. The Tharn Ravagers were also a logical addition to the theme and I decided another unit would give me more versatility at the 25-point level and thought I could get a lot of mileage out of the Stoneward and Woldstalkers. Since they didn't fit my theme, some alterations were necessary. I added horns from the Satyx Sea Witch to the Stoneward and substituted souls for the Woldstalkers to create what I've been calling the Soulward and Soulstalkers.

I could use any warlock with +3 or more warbeast points to bring my point cost down to 25 or less. My original idea was to run this army with Kromac leading the way, but since I had played a few games with him before and the staff challenge was about trying something new I decided to go with Mohsar the Desert Walker.

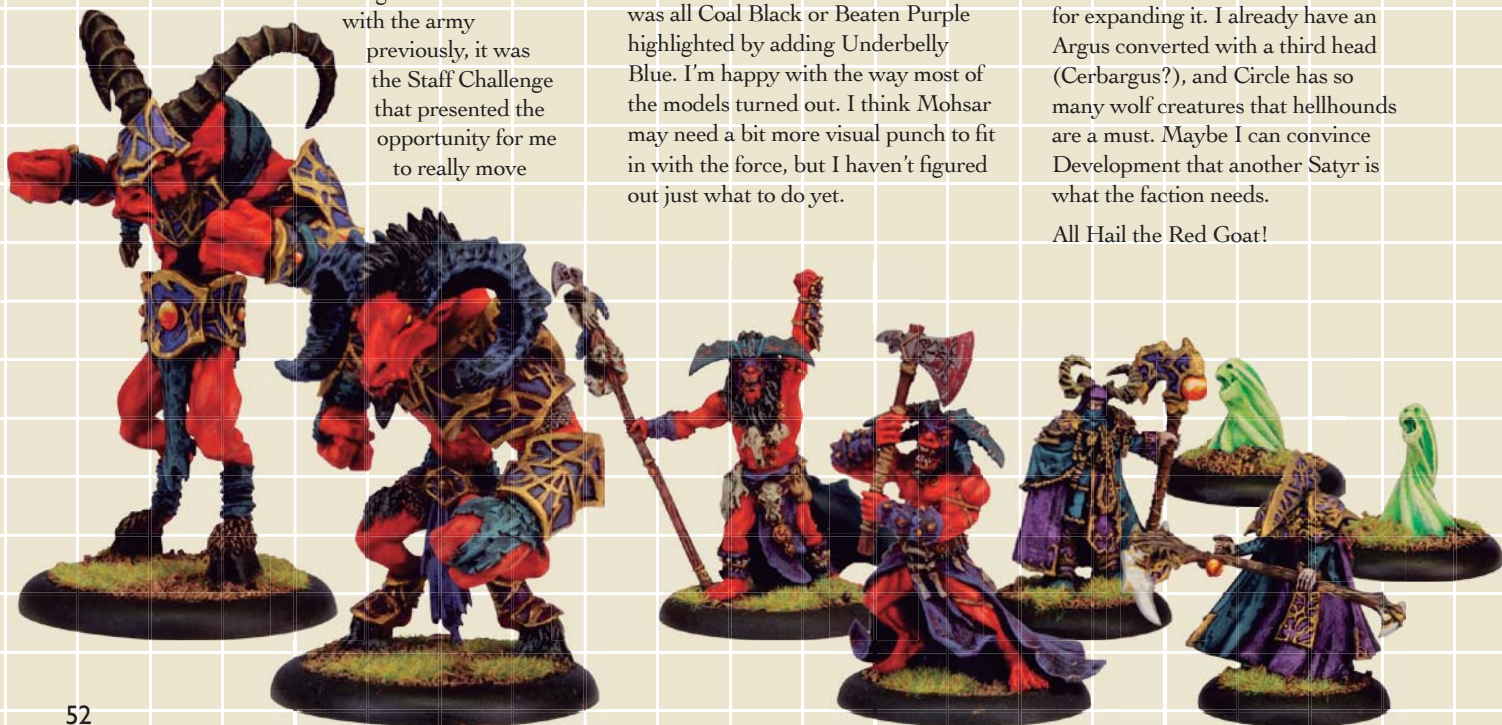
When it came to painting, I used Skorne Red as the base for the demonic skin and built up to Khador Red Highlight before washing all the skin with red ink. For most of the metal I used Rhulic Gold, and the cloth was all Coal Black or Beaten Purple highlighted by adding Underbelly Blue. I'm happy with the way most of the models turned out. I think Mohsar may need a bit more visual punch to fit in with the force, but I haven't figured out just what to do yet.

Gaming

The Circle of Hell's inaugural game vs. The Retribution of Will Shick looked like it was going to be a tough one. My beasts and hard-hitting Ravagers were entirely melee-centric, and Kaelyssa's feat was able to nearly shut them down right when I needed them most. Although I was able to use dual castings of Pillar of Salt to get them into position, I had to reevaluate once The Vanishing went off. And the plan was solid: shoot the Chimera up a bit with the Soulstalkers (Woldstalkers), advance with the Shadowhorn and leap into melee with the damaged myrmidon, slap it around and chain attack throw it onto Kaelyssa, and move in with Mohsar via Sands of Fate to finish her off. I should have just made a throw power attack, because the second hit from the Shadowhorn destroyed the Chimera. What I should not have done was move in with Mohsar anyway and try to kill Kaelyssa with 2 focus on her. Assassination runs can turn into suicide runs so easily when you get tunnel vision—death by Manticore FTL.

Overall I had a lot of fun with this army, and I have a lot of ideas cooking for expanding it. I already have an Argus converted with a third head (Cerbargus?), and Circle has so many wolf creatures that hellhounds are a must. Maybe I can convince Development that another Satyr is what the faction needs.

All Hail the Red Goat!



When the Wheel of Factions pronounced my force as being the Retribution of Scyrah, the halls of Privateer rang with my cackles of delight. Taking a quick gander over the available models I decided to base my model selection on an elite strike force led by Kaelyssa. With her as my warcaster, I filled out the battlegroup with a Manticore, Chimera, and Griffon. For backup I added Eirys and Dahlia and Skarath.

Modeling and Painting

I had never painted a white-dominant color scheme for anything before and thought it would be a good challenge. The real fun was in taking Dahlia, Skarath, and Eirys and devising a way to tie them into the color scheme. I found the unifying element in the battle dress green of the vast majority of Retribution clothing. Eirys received a darker scheme based on the Mage Hunter Assassin. Dahlia received Retribution white while Skarath was painted using the same battle dress green as used on the cloaks in my army. A purple-turquoise for his inner body provided a good contrast.

Since I had to base just seven models, I let myself have a bit more fun than usual when it came to basing. My favorite has to be the Griffon and his man-pose on the rock, although the Manticore striding over the recently annihilated Juggernaut has also earned me plenty of head turns.!

Gaming

My opponent for this Staff Challenge was none other than Ed Bourelle. I do feel like my force had some definite advantages over Ed's more troop-focused army. For one, I can rely on a decent amount of firepower from the Manticore, Kaelyssa,

Will Shick: Retribution



and Skarath. And Kaelyssa's Siphon ability allows me to strip a decent amount of fury off Ed's warbeasts. Add to that a feat turn of no charging and Stealth for nearly everyone, and I can count on having the upper hand in the early positioning of the game.

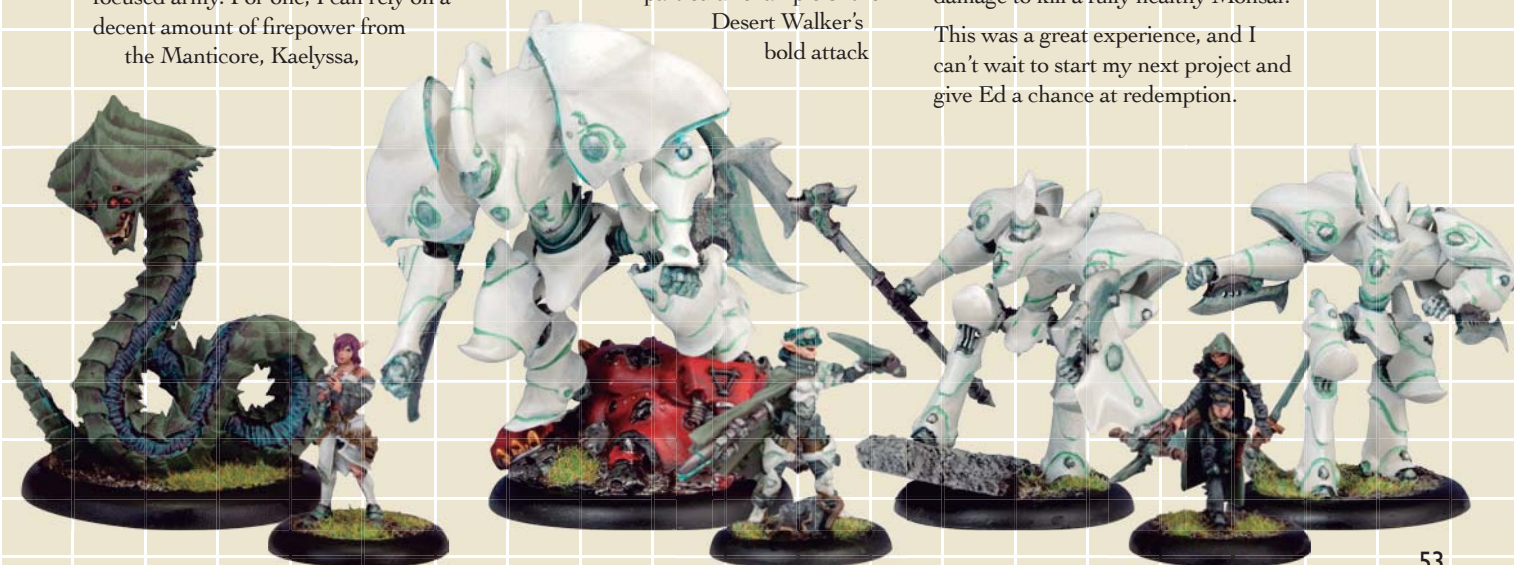
Our battle started off with Kaelyssa, the Manticore, and the Chimera racing onto the hill while the Griffon and Eirys took advantage of the Pathfinder ability, ready to intercept whatever Ed brought within striking range. Round 2 was where I made my biggest mistake. I could have moved Skarath into position to hose down Ed's nice, long line of beasts with POW 14 acid. Instead I positioned the pair on the right just outside of charge range, popped Kaelyssa's feat, used her Siphon ability to pull some fury off Ed's beasts, and sat back fairly confident I wouldn't suffer too much. Boy, was I wrong! Those stupid little floaty-eye lasers hit hard, and even though he couldn't charge, the Shadowhorn's leap ability allowed him to reach the Chimera and obliterate it. He used Mohsar's Sands of Fate to put Kaelyssa within Witherthorn's reach and proceeded to mar her crisp white armor. By the end, Mohsar had failed to take Night's Whisper down, and it was Kaelyssa's turn.

I must admit my own rancor was up at this point, and I wanted to make a particular example of the Desert Walker's bold attack

MODEL/UNIT	COST
Kaelyssa, Night's Whisper	+7 WARJACK PTS.
Griffon	4
Chimera	6
Manticore	8
Eirys, Mage Hunter of Ios	3
Dahlia and Skarath	10
TOTAL	24

last turn. So I refrained from making more attacks with Kaelyssa and instead had the Manticore walk over to deliver an Omnipotent-crushing, POW 20 combo strike straight to the old man's withered face! Now, this was a huge and unnecessary risk, since Kaelyssa likely could have finished Mohsar off, but I knew my plan had a better-than-average chance to hit, and I just couldn't resist. When the dice stopped rolling and the attack struck home, I secretly let out a sigh of relief. Counting the damage roll, the Manticore did more than enough damage to kill a fully healthy Mohsar.

This was a great experience, and I can't wait to start my next project and give Ed a chance at redemption.





Jason Soles: Cryx

It was rough to conform to a 25-point army (31 with Skarre's warjack points).

Modeling and Painting

As I mentioned earlier, this is an army that I have been building since the dawn of WARMACHINE. Sadly, I must admit that I am not the miniature painter I once was. I left my new Satyxis and Brute Thralls looking positively rough compared to my earlier work.

I maintain some uniformity in the look of my models with their bases. Each base is hand-sculpted with Formula P3 Modeling Putty. I just roll it up into little balls and smooth it down with my finger and a little lip balm. In the bad old days of green stuff, I had to paint to basecoat my bases grey. I was pleasantly surprised to see that the natural grey color allowed me to get away with just a wash over it.

Gaming

Let's just get something out there now: I got cocky. I looked over at Rob's tiny army and thought, "Hell yeah, I got this!" Because I had a date with my girl later that night, I went straight at Rob full bore. In turn 1 we jockeyed for position. Mostly that just involved my forces taking the middle of the field and Rob moving to react.

In turn 2 I blew my feat and my Satyxis slammed into Rob's army, obliterating the Berserker and several Man-O-War. I failed to judge the distance between our forces on the left

flank accurately, so the rest of my turn was a little lackluster. Between my feat and their high DEF, Rob's forces struggled kill the Satyxis.

On my next turn, the Mechanithralls finally made contact on the left flank against Rob's second Man-O-War unit. With the help of the Brutes and the Reaper, this went pretty fast.

From here on out my luck essentially ran out. The Satyxis and remaining Man-O-War troopers engaged in mutual destruction while I tried desperately to set up an assassination run on the Butcher. I got my chance at the beginning of turn 5. On a 10-focus turn (thanks to Ritual Sacrifice), I charged the Butcher with Skarre and the essentially undamaged Reaper. I left 7 focus on Skarre and put 3 on the Reaper.

The plan was simple: knock the Butcher on his ass with Skarre's Great Rack, then murder him with Skarre and the Reaper. With Iron Flesh on the Butcher, I was rolling against a DEF 17. I missed with my boosted charge attack and the three boosted attacks that followed. I also missed with Takkaryx and Bloodwyrms. The Reaper managed to land a somewhat-punishing blow, but it was too little, too late. At the start of Rob's turn, the Butcher masterfully cut Skarre in two.

In retrospect, I could have played a lot more conservatively. I did not need to blow Skarre's feat on turn 2. It would have been better to hit the Berserker with a little less force, each scoring damage on the Butcher in turn. That would have given me a lot more flexibility on my assassination run. Still, if I can't land a hit, I can't land a hit.

MODEL/UNIT

COST

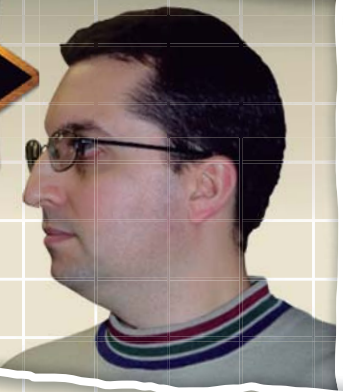
Pirate Queen Skarre	+6 warjack pts.
Reaper	7
Deathripper	4
Skarlock Thrall	2
Satyxis Raiders (10)	8
+ Sea Witch UA	2
Mechanithralls (10)	5
+ Brute Thralls (3)	3
TOTAL	25

Okay, confession time: I am totally slammed getting Mk II ready to hit the streets, so I "cheated" on the Staff Challenge. While everyone else was readying their new armies, I turned to my faithful Cryx army that I have been assembling for the past seven years or so. That said, my army did feature many models I have painted since starting work on Mk II.

I took Skarre over my beloved Deneghra because I wanted something of that "new army" feel and a 'caster who could crack through Rob's heavy armor.



Rob Hawkins: Khador



I had a blast with our Studio Showdown from a few years back, so I was really excited by the opportunity to paint a new force and get a fresh start with WARMACHINE Mk II. The Wheel of Factions smiled on me, and this time I am playing Khador.

For my warcaster I chose the Butcher. I remember many games with my Protectorate army hammering away at him, unable to inflict any significant damage. I guess the old saying is true: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em! His 6 warjack points were spent on a Berserker, and two full Man-O-War Shocktrooper units comprised the bulk of my force. The last few points were spent on Reinholdt, a War Dog, and a Winter Guard Mortar.

Modeling and Painting

I wanted my warcaster to really stand out, so I converted the Butcher's axe with a Juggernaut axe and gave him a two-handed grip. I also added Drago's skull necklace as a trophy belt.

I plan to use Extreme Juggernauts as my army expands, so I wanted to make a Berserker that would not look out of place alongside their massive frames. Drago is a little bigger than a standard Berserker, so he was the starting point. I sculpted oversize Berserker axes for him and mounted him on a scenic base to give him a boost.

Even Reinholdt got some conversion work, as some putty and plastic rivets transformed his coat and bowler hat into a greatcoat and Khadoran fur cap.

I sculpted the snow on the bases with Formula P3 Modeling Putty. Before the putty cured, I pressed each model's feet into the surface to create footprints.

Rather than traditional Khador Red, I chose a blue-grey color scheme.

Painting was time consuming, but simple: I based and washed all the metal areas with Pig Iron and Armor Wash. Next, I painted the gold details with a mix of Rhulic Gold and Molten Bronze. I then washed them with Bloodstone and, after the wash had dried, drybrushed them with a little Solid Gold.

For the grey armor plates I began with a basecoat of 50/50 Greatcoat Grey and Coal Black and added a wash of Armor Wash. Over that, I drybrushed a little Greatcoat Grey and then mixed in some Frostbite for the final highlights.

Gaming

I was paired up against Jason for my first game. He's a formidable player, but the Butcher with Man-O-War soldiers is a tough-as-nails list, so I was confident going in. On Jason's second turn, his Satyxis raiders charged in and tore up one Man-O-War unit, their chain weapons ignoring my shield wall. The Satyxis also wrecked my Berserker before it had a chance to do anything. My heart sank. Even though the remaining Man-O-War troopers and the Butcher retaliated, obliterating the Satyxis unit, I wasn't sure if I would be able to pull a win.

Over the next few turns, our forces ground away at each other. Jason's Reaper and Mechanithralls worked their way through my second Man-O-War unit and moved into melee with the Butcher. I placed Iron Flesh on the Butcher and held

MODEL/UNIT

COST

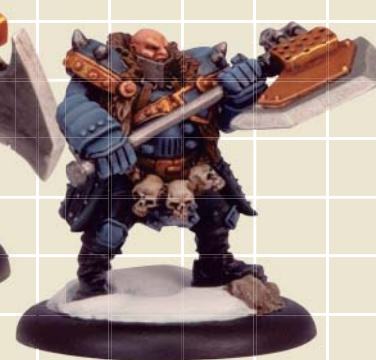
The Butcher of Khador	+6 warjack points
Berserker	6
Man-O-War Shocktroopers (5) x2	9 ea.
Winter Guard Mortar	3
War Dog	1
Kovnik Jozef Grigorovich	2
Reinholdt, Gobber Speculator	1
Total	25

onto as much focus as I could.

The game ended when Skarre charged my warcaster. With the Butcher's DEF 17, Skarre was unable to land any blows. The still-functioning Reaper did some damage—but not enough to finish the Butcher, who murdered Skarre.

The game was a lot of fun. My Man-O-War performed a little worse than I had expected, mainly due to the Satyxis' new chain weapon rule. The Butcher, however, was as tough

as I remember. Now, to finish painting my force and move on to the next game. Chris Walton has offered to face me with his Trollblooms...



NOT EVERYONE DIES

A Story of Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khardou

by Douglas Seacat, Art by Chris Walton, Marek Okon, & Imaginary Friends Studios

The outskirts of Fellig, at the end of the siege

With a bellow of unbridled rage, once more Orsus Zoktavir swept his axe in a sweeping blow, sending Stormguard flying back as its hungry edge severed weapons and limbs with equal ease. Even before he surpassed his limits, the battle seemed a fevered dream, like the landscape from some madman's painting where the only colors were the vivid hues of sundered flesh and gore. His rising fury was a joyous anthem in his mind that pushed aside all other thoughts, with the pounding of his heart serving as drums that maintained an irresistible rhythm. He knew that few battles in history could claim a similar distinction as this, where so few had brought about the annihilation of so many.

He felt a grim but visceral satisfaction to know that any Cygnaran defenders who survived by cringing behind their city walls would never forget the sickly sweet stench of fear and death. Despite the delight he took in the fray, some part of him had begun to realize that victory was no longer likely, if indeed it ever had been possible. The warnings of his officers had been accurate, even though their words had struck him as cowardly at the time; there were simply too many enemy soldiers garrisoned here.

For a while his men had fought alongside him to prove their steadfastness, Iron Fangs and veteran Winter Guard alike. One by one they had fallen or been picked off by the cowardly rifles or the lightning. Even as the battle started to turn, he

saw scattered pockets of his soldiers, separated and cut off amid the chaos. The sight of the carnage left by every swing of his axe and piled around him in bloody heaps inspired them and they tried to rally back toward him, but this became difficult once the enemy counterattack began in earnest. Their fighting took on a desperate intensity, showing resolve the Butcher would not have expected from southern dogs.

Immediately after his warjacks had smashed the gate and torn it down, he had let his doom reavers loose so their own unique breed of madness as they hacked men down with their howling Orgoth blades would terrify the opposition. This had pushed back the defenders for a short time. The doom reavers soon also fell to bullets,



one by one. Orsus was dimly aware that mercenaries had joined the battle on the western edge of the city, where a different segment of his divided force was pinned down. A report must have been delivered to him on this topic, but he could not recall which of the Khadoran corpses lying near him had brought that news. No living allies stood near to him now, only enemies. The living were outnumbered by the dead, and in the Butcher's maddened state he saw the fallen battling on as ghosts. It became difficult for him to separate the real soldiers from the phantoms.

Never did it enter into the Butcher's mind to call a retreat. His attack would have meaning in its horrifying drain upon the enemy. Lives cut short here would not be easily replaced. Survivors of this battle would not mock him in victory, but only wheeze wide-eyed, holding their weapons with trembling hands as they wondered how they had evaded being piled up among the dead. He hoped they would wake in terror for years to come after nightmares of a giant wearing the Anvil of Khador.

The Butcher's own marvelous dream of slaughter was coming to an end. Fellig's defenders kept pouring forth without surcease, and even his mighty arms began to tire, with only his inner fires of rage keeping him going. He grinned in savage appreciation for the stupid courage of the Stormguard and Stormblades who hurled themselves at him repeatedly, only to be mowed down like wheat before a scythe. Sword knights joined them, nearly as enthusiastic to meet Lola. Each kill only increased his desire to slay the next. Sometimes he killed with his blunderbuss, sometimes with sorcery, but mostly it was Lola who sang. He did not notice his own injuries until the toll of his seeping blood began to slow his arms and narrow his vision. His last 'jack had fallen ages ago, torn apart by cannon fire from the walls. Fenris had galloped off earlier chasing the enemy. He was truly alone.

The flow of war pulled him away from the breach as lesser men and their feeble weapons surrounded him, battering away. In the aggregate they exerted a certain pressure, like the tide. His power field

emitted a constant whine as its energies deflected bullets and blades. He staggered from some heavy impact that had penetrated the field. The smell of ozone jarred him out of his trance-like state to spot the Stormblade who had landed the blow lifting his glaive for another strike. Orsus yelled in renewed rage and lashed out at the offending knight with such strength that the man was cloven down the center. The red haze returned to erase his rational thoughts.

He lost touch of the flow of events but kept swinging. His fighting instincts were deeply ingrained; he did not need to oversee his body to remember how to kill. Awareness returned as he stood knee-deep in a muddy creek, surrounded by trees and helmeted knights bearing the hated yellow Cygnus. They paced around him, just out of his reach. The knights gleamed in silver steel, faceless behind their visors like emissaries of some arrogant but impotent higher power. He blinked at them and felt his breathing labor. It was shameful, this weakness. Lola was heavy in his hands, and his fingers were cold and numb, slippery with blood. Realizing he was at his last strength made him even angrier, both with himself and with his enemies.

Orsus' senses were too muddled to hear the others come, but he knew they would take their chance.

A brief moment of blackness came again, and he shook his head to discover he had fallen to one knee in the water. Staring at him from the mirrored surface was a face more gaunt and pale than he remembered, filthy with mud and gore. Ribbons of red wound among the rocks of the stream. He tasted nothing but copper and smelled nothing but smoke. He saw movement reflected on the water and looked up to see one of the sword knights summon the courage to make his move. The adversary raised his Caspian battle blade in both hands.

The knight clearly hoped to deliver a coup de grace, and this thought gave a surge of strength to Orsus as he

bellowed like a bear and swept the stout haft of Lola sideways so its back crashed into the man's knees. The knight toppled with metallic clanks onto the large stones near the bank and groaned in pain. Orsus grinned once more as he stood back to his full height and raised his axe. The knight twisted to face him and raised his sword to block, but Orsus chopped down with all his strength to shatter the thick blade easily and pierce through the man's shining breastplate. The tension went out of the body as it collapsed awkwardly, like a puppet with cut strings. Blood welled forth from the rupture in a froth.

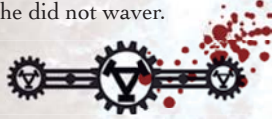
Orsus' senses were too muddled to hear the others come, but he knew they would take their chance. He swung around to see the other four charging forward with their blades ready, trying to overwhelm him from behind. Dimly, even as he watched them, Orsus realized his warcaster power field was gone. He was out of coal. No wonder his armor felt so heavy.

He took Lola in both hands and bellowed as he executed a wide and powerful swipe. Spots erupted before his eyes, and he ignored the numbness of his fingers. His vision blurred and

he felt no resistance, but he heard the eminently satisfying sound of metal clashing and the splashing thuds of bodies falling into the stream in eight parts where four bodies had been. Lola's blade was beyond drenched in blood. The gore had caked in layers. Blinking even as he staggered on his feet, no longer capable of even thinking about what he was doing, Orsus tore loose one of the fallen knight's cloaks to wipe her clean, but he did a poor job.

As he looked around, the spots in his eyes multiplied like flies on rotten meat. He saw no other sign of his enemy or of the city itself. It was only rage that kept him going. He gritted his teeth and put one foot in front of the other,

dimly hoping he went toward the city to resume his fight. He did not know what direction he had picked, but once set upon it he did not waver.



The girl took it upon herself to escape the household whenever she could get away with it, as a small act of rebellion. It was difficult to find the time between her endless chores, but she could sometimes manage a short reprieve if she rushed her other tasks and the mistress was distracted. If she was gone too long she would suffer even worse punishment when she returned, but after many expeditions she had become well versed in just how long she could vanish before she was missed. She particularly enjoyed slipping away to the unused areas beyond the fields of the main farm, nearer the great, looming forest. She had invented countless tales in her mind of the horrors and wonders amid those foreboding trees.

Every time she walked this way, past the castellan's expensive cattle penned in their enclosures, past the outer edge of the field, she tried to muster the courage to go closer to the forest. It was a battle of inches and yards, but she doubted she would ever make it. The others in the household insisted anyone who went into those trees never returned, and they described gruesome tales of what happened to them. She listened to these stories from the corners and the shadows with frightened delight, although she knew wagons sometimes came down the old road from the nearest section of the forest and that there was a large town just to the northeast, so the stories could not all be true.

One of her favorite places was a thick old tree that her mother had first pointed out for her, and she always used it as a landmark for her explorations. As she rounded its trunk she gave a start and stopped in her tracks. Lying still as death against the massive trunk was a giant of a man, someone far larger than anyone she had ever seen before. Even the cook, master and tyrant of the kitchen, was not so large.

She inadvertently made a noise in the back of her throat and then slapped a hand over her mouth and stepped back, trembling. Yet the huge figure did not move or make any other sign that he had heard her. In fact, as she started at him apprehensively, she became more certain that he really was dead. This forced her to ponder whether being dead made him more or less frightening as she examined him from a distance.

The giant's armor was blood red, and she felt fairly certain it was actually covered in real blood as well, caked and dried in places, and in others covered in mud. He was slumped with his back against the tree as if taking a nap. Across his lap was an enormous axe, the sight of which caused her to shiver and remember terrible tales about executioners and chopping off heads. Mixed with her fear she felt an intense curiosity. He was very different from anything she had ever encountered. How had he come to be here? What could have killed so frightful a man? She found herself creeping closer to him before she even realized it.

It was when she had gotten within several yards that she saw the huge rent in the side of the giant's armor. The edges of this violent tear were blackened as if scorched. This seemed to have been the fatal blow, as below it was blood that looked fresh. She saw a single red drop gather and drop onto the grass. His armor was like nothing she had ever seen—not that she had much exposure to fighting men beyond the simply attired men of the castellan's estate guard. Peculiar brass pipes attached to the lower section of the great overlapping plates covering his chest and stomach, while his tremendous shoulder pieces were ringed with brutal iron spikes. A shining steel collar surrounded his neck and hid his mouth from her sight, and about his shoulders was a furred collar that she had at first taken for hair. From this distance she could see his head was bald and covered in ugly scars. Straps hung from the haft of his axe, and something dangled from each. Her stomach clenched as she recognized they were skulls; their bone-white surfaces and empty eye sockets convinced her more

than anything else that this was no man, but a monster.

Suddenly the giant gave a wheezing sputtering breath and then coughed, his hands twitching where they rested on the haft of his axe. She practically jumped out of her skin and fell backward, tripping over her own feet to land in the dirt. Frantically, she scrabbled backward on her hands and feet, pushing herself behind the shelter of the tree to hold her breath.

He did not actually awaken. She stared at him for a long time, feeling somehow different now that she knew he was alive. She could now see more clearly that he was, in fact, breathing. His skin was very pale, and his breathing did not seem altogether easy.

Slowly—very slowly—she crept back toward him. She felt terrified, and yet her fascination had only increased. He was so obviously suffering. She remembered her mother nursing her back to health that time she had fallen in the lake and nearly drowned. It was one of her most cherished memories. How lonely it must feel to suffer like this alone.

With a trembling hand she hesitantly poked a finger against the side of his nearest hand, where the armored gauntlet had fallen off to the grass below. She steeled herself to bolt, but he did not move at her prodding. Even more slowly and carefully she touched the skin of his hand and found to her surprise that it was extremely hot, even fevered. Her brow furrowed as she considered what she should do. She knew her freedom time was nearly at an end and she must hurry back before she was noticed. She did not want to face the lash again. Even so, she was reluctant to leave, but eventually she turned and left him where he lay.



The girl entered the house and was immediately greeted by a switch across her calves as her mistress, the angry fat old crone, glowered at her for being late. "Truancy will not be tolerated!" she yelled in her grating voice. "Perhaps a night without

supper will make you more responsible."

She found it impossible to stop thinking of the giant while she continued her chores, fretting about whether he would die before she could return. Her mistress seemed to delight in the repeated grumbling of her stomach as she worked, but despite her discomfort, she herself thought only of the man in red.

She did not entirely understand why the sight of him had captivated her so strongly. It was almost like she had stumbled into some grymkin tale all her own, and she took a special joy in having a secret from the others, with their smug looks and condescending cruelty. She was the smallest and one of the youngest of the kitchen servants and was frequently given the worst chores as a result. Throughout the evening it sustained her to think that none of the others knew about the wounded giant slumbering beyond the field.

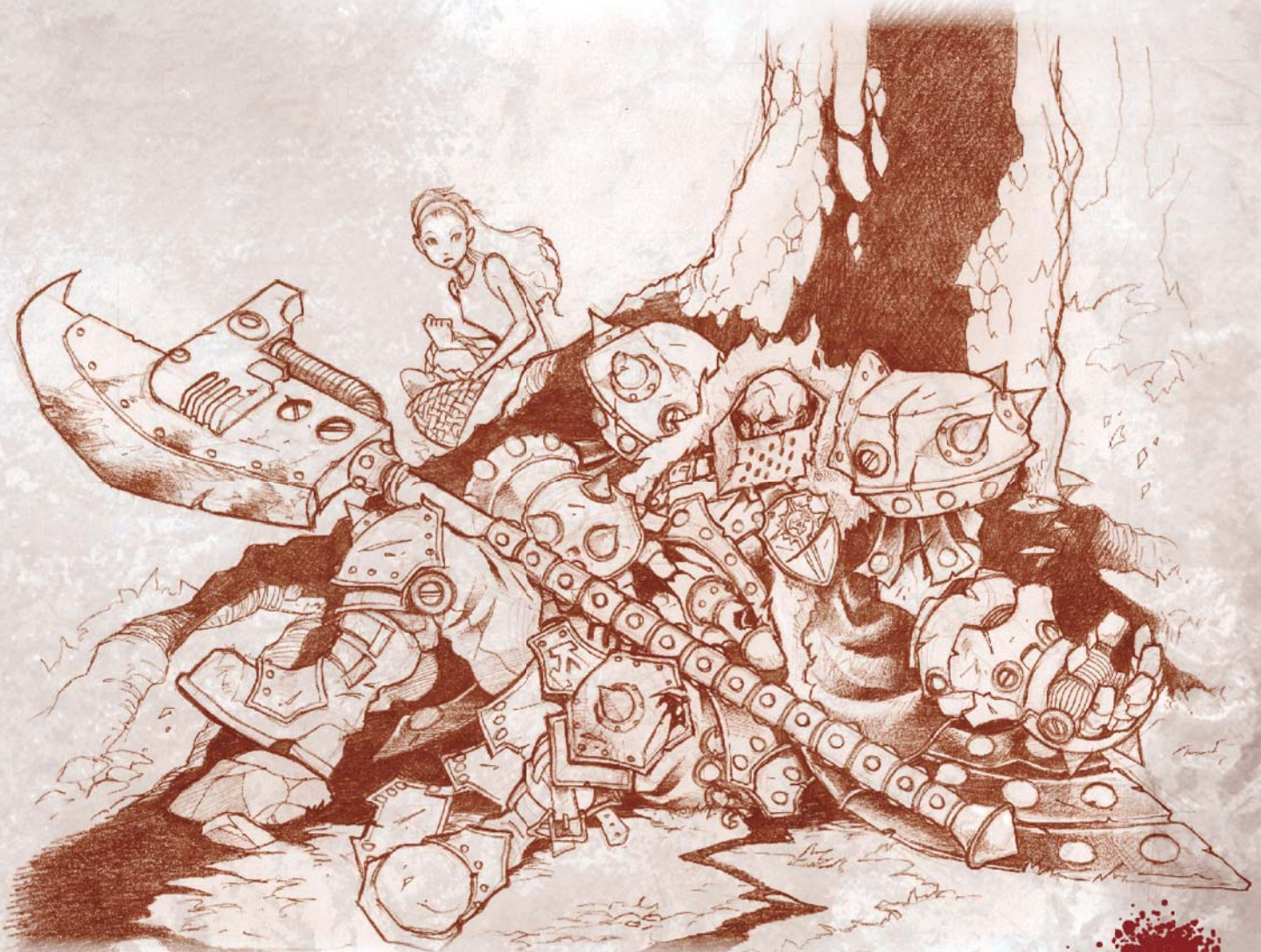
As the household activities wound down and she was supposed to be asleep, she crept like a mouse into the kitchen. She had never stolen from her masters before and knew all too well there could be dire consequences, but she felt compelled. She took the largest basket she could find and crammed it with what items she could think of: a lantern, a large needle and coarse thread, a flagon of water, a bottle of cooking wine, a stack of recently cleaned cloth napkins, and several large pieces of bread and cheese left from the evening supper. Her stomach grumbled again and she felt her mouth water as she packed these away, but she refused to take even a single bite for herself.

The girl had no particularly elaborate plan, but she found she could not let the chance pass. Always before she had lacked the courage to reach the forest. She was determined this time to be

brave. It was a challenge she had given herself, a dare.

Walking out to the tree at night was even more frightening than in the day, as there was a chill on the evening air and the familiar path was cloaked in shadow. An owl hooted ominously, and she shivered. The walk seemed farther than she remembered it, but then suddenly he was there, a great form in the darkness. She stopped, straining to hear his labored breathing over her own. There; he still lived. Her hands trembling, it took her longer than it should have to light the lantern. She kept it half hooded, focused it downward toward her feet, so its light would not shine back to the house and betray her.

She crept closer, but when he did not seem to notice her, she became bolder. Biting her lip, she came right up next to him and still he did not stir. At last



she decided she would accomplish nothing if she did not start to think of him not as a strange person, but more as a challenge. First, she had to get to the wound in his side. This turned out to be even more difficult than she had anticipated, and soon she was prying at the metal armor with her small hands trying to find a way inside. He was like one of those shellfish such as she had heard they ate on the coast! She painfully tore the nail on one of her fingers while prying loose one of the leather straps nearest the bloodied rent in the armor, but eventually she got it open enough to see the wound itself.

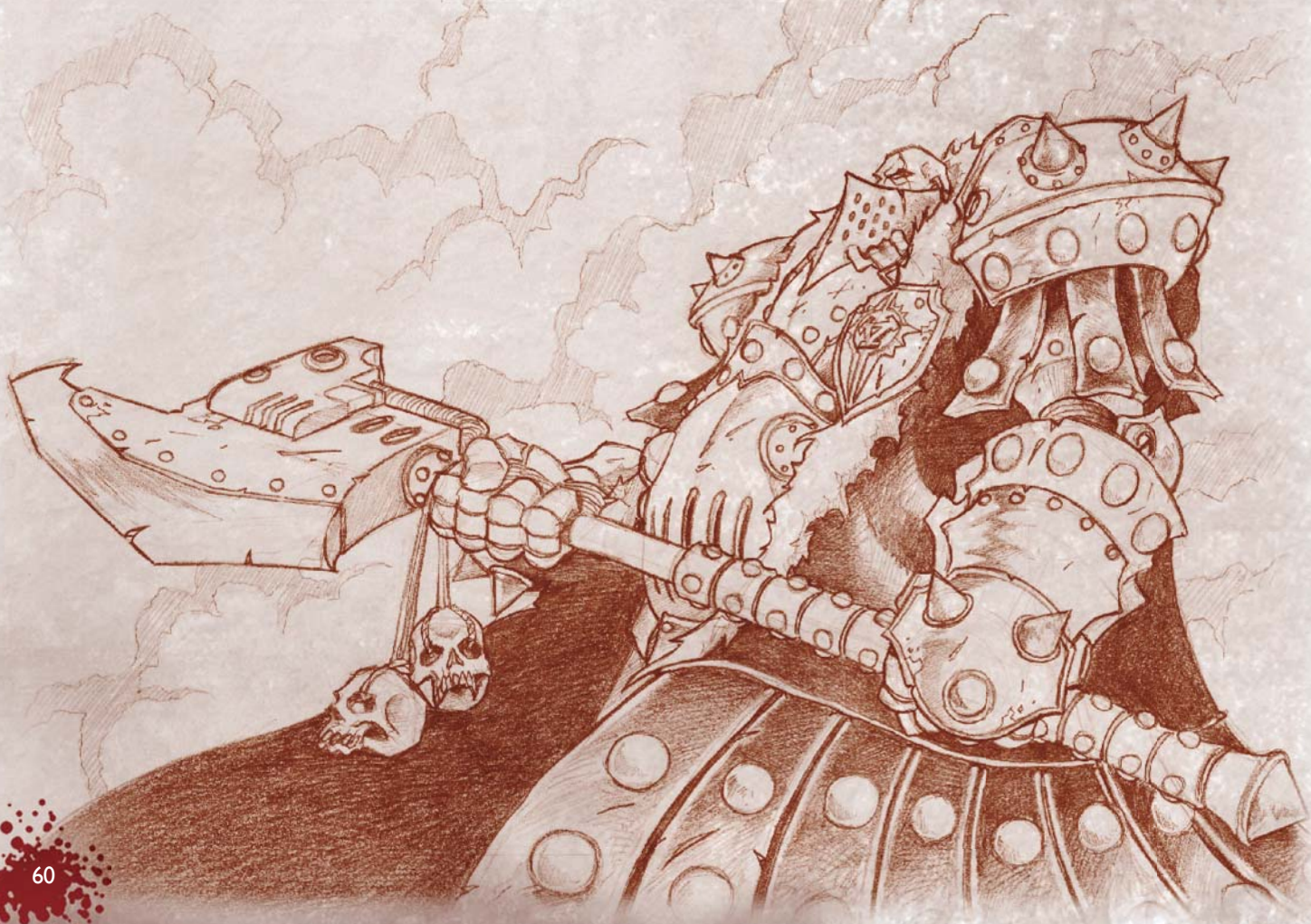
He smelled bad and the wound was grisly, but she had chopped heads off chickens before, gutted fish, and cut fat from fresh meat, so she had seen worse. She tried to keep that thought foremost in mind as she examined the bleeding gash and threaded a needle as best she could in the dim light. Peering up past the enormous torso to the giant's face, she braced herself for the biggest risk yet. It was obscured in the darkness. Certainly if he was going to wake, he would have

done so by now? Her fingers shook and she was so tense she almost jumped back from sheer reflex after she made the first stab through the skin. She forced herself to stay still, but the giant did not even flinch. It was like the needle was nothing to him, or he was too far gone to feel it. Emboldened, she got to work, putting more focused concentration into sewing his flesh than she had ever done with her household work.

By the time she had finished sewing the wound she had entirely forgotten she was working on a person. Indeed she had begun to remember what it had been like sewing as a very young girl with her mother, before she had died from the coughing sickness. After tying off the final stitch she dampened one of the napkins and did what she could to wipe off the crusted blood, and then she packed in several more to staunch the blood seeping from the newly sewn wound. Working with cuts was not unfamiliar to her, as they were a regular kitchen hazard. Earlier in the year she had opened a long slice along the inside of her palm while peeling potatoes. She

had been whipped brutally and fed only scraps for several days since the injury prevented her from doing her work. The lesson had certainly served to make her more careful since.

There was a sudden touch on her face, and she froze. She looked up with wide eyes to find the giant's gaze upon her. The hand that had brushed her face was strangely gentle. She made a gurgling noise and fell back, stumbling over the basket as she once again backed toward the tree. She almost fled entirely but stopped at the thin croak of his voice. She reached out and reclaimed the lantern, pointing it toward him more so she could see if he lunged toward her. His expression was strange, almost hurt. He gestured toward his throat. He opened his mouth but nothing came forth. She stared wide-eyed and wondered if he might be mute, like her. It was only when he coughed weakly that she came back slightly to her wits. She realized with a start that he must be very thirsty, of course. She had thought of this earlier but forgotten. Her eyes went to the basket, lying on its side



where she had pushed it in her retreat.

She scrambled for the basket and was relieved to see the water flagon had not lost its stopper. Hesitantly she brought it forward, opened it, and raised it up to the giant. He seemed unable to take hold of it, so she was forced to come closer to his face, still trembling, and pour the liquid into his mouth. He coughed and sputtered and she backed away again, but eventually he settled and she tried again. This time he swallowed several mouthfuls and seemed satisfied. She bent down to find the bread for him, but when she looked up again, he was asleep. The girl realized her heart was beating painfully in her chest and she thought she had taken all she could this night. She placed the bread near his hand alongside the bottle of cooking wine, extinguished her lantern, and fled back to the house.



The next time she visited, she brought a heavy tarp she had found discarded in the barn after realizing he was probably terribly cold from sleeping on the ground under the tree. It also occurred to her that such a covering might make it more difficult for anyone to spot him. The castellan's estate guards were lazy about patrols, but the risk of his discovery seemed particularly keen, as the household was in a state of high activity in anticipation of an important gathering in a few days. Guests of the castellan would be arriving, and everyone had been told that mistakes would not be tolerated. The kitchen mistress and the cook had become even more shrill and belligerent than usual. She was not certain if this was a general feast, a wedding, or something else—no one told her such details—but clearly something important was happening. Ordinarily this might have caught her interest, but now she felt entirely absorbed with her secret project.

On arriving at the tree, she felt gratified to see the giant had eaten almost all the food she had brought and the wine bottle was empty. She even thought maybe some color had returned to his

cheeks; at least, in the lantern light he no longer looked pale as death. His skin was still hot to the touch, and the wet cloth she had draped across his steaming head was dry. She had briefly considered trying to get more of him out of his armor to help him cool, but the prospect seemed impossible without several grown men to help, and maybe an ox.

As she wet and replaced the cloth, there was a sudden rumbling noise. It took her several long moments to realize he was speaking to her, proving he was not a mute. She backed away, more startled than panicked this time. His eyes were open again, although they wandered and did not focus on her. He spoke in low tones in some language she could not comprehend. It was definitely not

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Ordic, and from the little she had heard she felt reasonably confident it was not Cygnaran either. The rumbling noise was strangely hypnotic.

An expectant pause prompted a familiar spark of helpless shame until she realized he was not waiting for her reply. He continued to speak, almost as if he had heard an answer from someone who was not there. The only thing she understood from the Khadoran words was the name "Lola," and she wondered whose it was. To her bafflement, a single tear trickled down the giant's cheek. His expression looked so doleful it made her chest hurt. He spoke more words and then fell asleep, and the entire experience left her oddly calm and at peace. He had not even flinched when her needle had pierced his flesh, but clearly some inner hurt bothered him. She felt a sympathetic echo of this feeling, a resonance with a pain she had buried inside her since her mother died. Could a monster like this feel something similar? As she changed the napkins soaked with blood at his side, she tried to imagine the person with whom he thought he had been speaking. Was Lola as large as he was?

She tried to imagine her mistress three times her actual size and wearing red armor and shuddered at the thought.

Over the next two nights she returned again with more food to change his dressings and listen to his incompressible, fevered ramblings. Ordinarily it caused her distress when people spoke to her at any length beyond barked orders. She had learned early not to try to speak, particularly after enduring the laughter of other children. It was a relief to listen to someone whom she could not understand and who clearly required no response. She dreaded the thought of returning to the house and the chance of being caught, and she felt safer here with him. She went under the tarp and folded herself up on the inside of one of his arms and

fell asleep there, comforted by the heat radiating from him like a furnace. She barely managed to wake in time to sneak back to her room before daybreak.

That morning she overheard the cook screaming at the kitchen mistress about the missing supplies. Hearing her own tormentor being punished caused her a spiteful sense of satisfaction, and she became bolder with her theft. No one would suspect her, anyway; she was too meek for such a plot. Despite this, the rising risk of what she was doing distracted her as she hastened back to the giant that afternoon. With the events in the household, her increased duties would prevent her from visiting this evening, and she felt compelled to go early.

She was thinking about this as she rounded the thick tree and came to a halt in startled surprise to see he was standing. He did not look particularly steady, leaning with one hand against the tree trunk, but he was on his feet. His axe was set up against the tree next to his hand. The sheer size and mass of him terrified her anew; upright, he seemed to tower above her like a mountain. This changed everything, and

suddenly she felt entirely lost, with no idea how to interact with him.

His eyes seemed different as they fixed on her, and her blood ran cold. It was as if he was seeing her clearly for the first time and did not recognize her. As they stared at one another, his brow furrowed and it seemed that perhaps there was a glimmer of recognition. He pointed abruptly at her arm and made a demand in a tone she had not heard from him before. She looked down and saw only bruises there, as she always did. His eyes widened and his nostrils flared as he glared at the marks, and she felt her apprehension deepen. Had she done something wrong? His lips curled in a snarl and he said something particularly sharp and biting that she could recognize as a curse even without knowing the words. His fists were clenched, and he seemed to be getting angrier by the moment.

His intensity unnerved her completely. Without thinking, she dropped her basket of food as she gave a choked noise and turned to run. She heard him call out behind her, and she heard the name "Lola" again, but she did not slow down.



She came back to her senses after running most of the way to the estate, and inside her head she chided herself for being a cowardly fool. She did not truly believe his anger had been directed at her, so why was she racing like a rabbit to its burrow? Suddenly she slid to a stop as she saw the kitchen mistress standing in her path, glaring directly at her with her hands on her large hips.

"You, girl!" the woman screamed in her shrill voice pointing imperiously for her to come forward. The old crone was nearsighted—a fact the girl had often used to her advantage—but not blind enough to avoid now. Her face was redder with anger than the girl had ever seen, and her yellow teeth were clenched. The girl felt her world disintegrating around her, but she had no choice but to obey. As soon as she came close enough, her mistress seized hold of her arm in a vice-like grip and

hauled her roughly back toward the house, screaming at her the whole way.

She was dragged into the kitchen and hurled to the floor, where she skidded on the rough stone even as she crumpled. "Dirty little thief! Wretched, ungrateful dog!" All that sank in was that her pilfering had been discovered. The exact words of her mistress washed over her, but the woman continued to scream. This attracted the attention of the cook, who entered the room with an alarmed expression. The girl raised herself to look up, and somewhere in the back of her mind she wondered why he seemed more worried than angry. Then the lord of the house entered the room behind him. All the blood drained from her face. She knew all too well the reputation of the master and his lack of tolerance for inept servants, let alone those who stole. Last year one of the farmhands had been flogged to death for theft. They all knew the story.

The castellan was a wiry-thin Tordoran with jet-black oiled hair and tailored clothes far finer than anyone around him. His beard and moustache were perfectly trimmed and groomed, his fingers adorned with rings. He exuded self-assured authority and wealth. The girl had always been invisible to him, and finding his eyes upon her now, she was pinned in place. He barked at his cook, "What is this? Can't you control your people?"

Until she had met the giant, the cook was the largest man she had ever seen, but he quailed before his master as he stammered, "M-m-my lord, let me handle this, do not c-concern yourself . . ." It was very rare for the castellan to enter the kitchen; his presence now was likely only to check on some detail for the imminent gathering. Unluckily for her.

"What did she do?" the castellan demanded, and the cook glared in turn at the girl's mistress, who was still too angry to act demure or cowed.

"She's a thief. Stole from the kitchen! Food, wine, linens, who knows what else?" After she spoke she seemed to realize whom she was addressing, and her tone became less shrill. "She's just a stupid mute, my lord. Added.

Even a dog can be trained. I'll deal with her." Was there a hint of concern for her in the kitchen mistress' voice? This possibility more than any other frightened the girl.

"A thief?" The castellan's eyes had turned cold. He walked up to her where she cowered wishing she could say the words to plead or apologize. He raised one of his clean and manicured hands, as if to let her see it clearly, and then closed his fist and crashed it into the side of her face, knocking her back to the floor. The pain was a white explosion in her head, and she was so stunned she could not even react except to feel the tears leap into her eyes unbidden. The castellan's calm voice contrasted with the violence as he said, "Sometimes it is best to attend to these matters personally." Curled up and cradling her head, she did not see the lord rolling up his sleeves tidily. He spoke again, this time to the cook. "Bring me a lash. Let us be sure the rest of your help pay heed."

Gasping, the girl instinctively cast about for some way to evade her fate, though she knew she could not escape. When her eyes fell on the window nearest the back door, she saw the giant looming there, peering inside. His face looked angrier than ever, and she had no doubt he had seen her being struck. His eyes were fixated upon the castellan with that frightening intensity. A wave of dread and excitement arose in her, and she realized she was sobbing.

There was shouting outside, but the ringing in the girl's head muffled it so that it seemed to come from a long distance. A metallic sound pealed but was cut short, followed by a wet noise like a bucket of slop thrown against the wall of the house and then a sudden shriek from the kitchen mistress.

She had already started to cover her head when the door exploded to cordwood under the kick of his armored boot. Peering between her folded arms, she saw several estate guards lying unmoving and bleeding on the path leading up to the door. She quickly rolled under the nearest low table and huddled there, watching with wide eyes. This was not supposed to happen.

The giant pushed his way inside, his bulk tearing sections of the doorframe loose. He had to duck beneath the mantle as he entered the dark kitchen, and as he passed through the door he seemed like some dark shadow blocking the sun. His eyes looked maddened, and his teeth were bared. He walked without hesitation directly toward the castellan, axe in hand.

The Tordoran took a step back but looked up at him with some small shred of defiance, as if his status made him exempt from violence. "Hold there! This is my house! Who are you? How dare you —"

The girl looked away just in time as the great axe descended. It did not prevent her from hearing the sickening sound; it was like the one a cleaver made hacking into a cow's carcass. She heard her lord gurgle something and then the sound of his body hitting the floor. Despite her treatment in the household, all she could think of was the horror. This was not what she had wanted, none of it. The giant soon turned on the cook and even her mistress, and she could only squeeze her eyes shut, clap her hands over her ears, and pretend it was not happening. This had to be a nightmare.

As silence descended on the room she realized she was sobbing again and that her cheeks were wet from her tears. Outside she could hear shouting and the sound of approaching people, but inside there was only quiet. She opened her eyes just a crack and was startled to see the giant leaning down toward her, peering under the table with a strangely innocent expression. In his left hand his axe dripped blood. He frowned and shook his head, and then wiped his other bloodied hand across his jaw. She yelped wordlessly as he awkwardly reached in to pull her forth. She did not fight him, numbed by horror as he slid her out into the open. She huddled on the floor, only moving to squirm away from the nearest puddle of blood spreading toward her.

The giant turned away for a moment to return to the horrible ruins of what used to be a person: the castellan. He

reached down and seized a thick silk lined pouch from the man's waist. It jingled as he pulled it loose.

As if reaching a decision, he suddenly scooped her up in one hand with odd tenderness. She was so small she easily tucked into the crook of his arm, and he walked out of the kitchen. He took several long strides and then turned back toward the house. The girl could see a number of people rushing about in alarm, although the estate guards at the fore halted uncertainly at the sight of the enormous man in his blood-red armor. The spears in their hands seemed feeble indeed.

The giant pointed his axe to the building, shouting in his rumbling voice. The girl felt a sensation like a wave of heat passing over her, and then, inexplicably, the ground beneath the grand house buckled and heaved with an explosion. With a muffled boom, the expensive structure folded inward and collapsed into churning dust and smoke. Several fires ignited amid

the wreckage. She buried her head in his arm to hide from the sight, shaking; it was the only home she had ever known. The estate guards dropped their weapons and fled.

The giant seemed satisfied with this and walked for several minutes along the path. Then he stopped and, after a lengthy pause, carefully placed her on her own feet. He took the pouch he had taken from the castellan and pushed it toward her. She grasped it in both of her hands automatically and looked bleakly down at it with no comprehension. It felt surprisingly heavy for such a small thing. The giant pushed her hands together around it more firmly, so she would not drop it.

She could not meet his eyes, although she could feel his upon her. He reached down with a bloodied hand as if to turn her face up toward him but stopped and let his arm fall away. After a time he turned and without another word walked heavily in the direction of the dark forest.





Take a look inside the files and dossiers of Gavyn Kyle, the Iron Kingdoms' premier spy. Gathered at great expense and risk, these dossiers give a behind-the-scenes look at the histories and motivations of some of the warcasters and warlocks of WARMACHINE and HORDES.

The Gavyn Kyle FILES

Transcribed by Simon Berman; Art by Chris Walton,
Eva Widermann and Matt Wilson

LYLYTH

As the wars escalate between irregular forces in the wilds of Immoren, gathering information about their leaders becomes next to impossible. They write almost nothing down, often kill witnesses, and fight their battles in the most remote parts of the world. Under such circumstances I labored to fill your request for a dossier on Lylyth Voassyr. Given she is usually at the vanguard of a strange and blighted draconic army, I was unable to conduct many firsthand interviews, but at least Voassyr left a strong impression on those few (mostly refugee Nyss) who have met her and still survive. The reviled woman seems to delight in hunting down and executing the people of her former tribes. That she is part of the broader blighted army terrorizing northern Immoren for the past several years seems obvious. Despite increased activity within Khador, official reports on this secretive army prove hard to find. Khadoran authorities are clearly very concerned and continue to redact and classify their reports.

—G.K.

Lylyth Voassyr Summary

Alias: The Herald of Everblight

Born: Unknown. An estimate given by refugee Nyss suggests she is approximately 40 years old.

Other Significant Dates: Early 605 AR: Lylyth Voassyr implicated in the complete massacre of the Khadoran timber village Ruskolnik in the Nyschatha Mountains. She is believed to have led additional attacks on other tribes and villages in the region both before and after this event. Late 605 AR: Catastrophe strikes the Nyss elves. Lylyth's name appears prominently in statements made by Nyss survivors, along with that of Vayl Hallyr. Early 607 AR: Winter Guard officers in the 3rd Border Legion report a battle against a Nyss force led by a woman matching previous refugee descriptions of Lylyth Voassyr. Later, in Cinten of that year, Cylenna Raefyll, a commander of a Nyss mercenary band, identifies Lylyth Voassyr as a leader of a "blighted" army on the edge of the Bloodstone Marches, less than 100 miles from Ternon Crag. Early 608 AR: Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service agents describe a figure closely resembling Lylyth accompanying a fast-moving column of "misshapen Nyss" north through the Glimmerwood toward Llael.



The difficulties of intelligence-gathering described above occasionally require me to seek out dubious sources. Alten Ashley, an acclaimed monster hunter, is one of the more reliable contacts I have in this area of investigation. I recalled that Alten mentioned fighting alongside the blackclads against the renegade Nyss in Cinten 607 AR, so I sought him out for details. Fortunately, he claims to have personally observed one of the leaders of these Nyss.

—G.K.

Who leads the Nyss? I don't know for sure but I can tell you who isn't leading the druids anymore, and that would be Baldur the Stonecleaver. Like I told you, Baldur was no pushover. I think he must have been pretty high up among their number, and he could do some pretty frightful things with earth and stone. Baldur isn't leading anymore because one of those blighted Nyss women shot him up like a pincushion. Anyway, we weren't far from the Isan border, hunting what we believed to be the remnants of the entire blighted army fleeing a major battle on the edge of the Bloodstone Marches.

Baldur had agreed to pay me twice my normal fee if I kept up with the druids on the pursuit. I thought some interesting trophies might be had. That's when they ambushed us. Their scout archers let loose and I lost track of Baldur for a moment because I was dealing with my own problems. When I saw him again, the archers and some woman with a weird helmet covering her eyes were firing dozens of arrows into him. Most of our men were dead and there was nothing for it. A druid and I organized a hasty retreat, but I never saw what happened to Baldur. I hope it was quick for him.

Alten Ashley

Although I had no reason to doubt Ashley's story, I decided to peruse the files of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service from that period for further confirmation. CRS scouts in the Glimmerwood provided a brief report that I believe references Lylyth Voassyr.

—G.K.



... Resistance forces maintain at least three depots in the region. Not far from the southwestern border of Ios, we found indications of a recent battle. We also found the carcasses of several draconic creatures similar to ones previously described only in northern Khador and southern Rhenl. Following the trail north, we eventually encountered a small group of Nyss elves, positively identified as such by Swift Sergeant Barston Mathers. They were accompanied by a number of their strange, white-skinned beasts, battling a somewhat larger group of trollkin defending their kriel. The Nyss and their creatures were led by an individual I would describe as a potent sorceress of arcane prowess comparable to a warcaster's. I've attached sketches of this individual. We observed the battle. The trollkin were massacred, while the Nyss suffered minimal casualties. After the Nyss moved on, we paused to search the battlefield. Virtually all the trollkin casualties had resulted from arrow wounds and single sword-strokes. The Nyss had left few arrows behind, presumably taking even damaged ones for repair. Only one broken arrowhead was recovered, and I have turned it over to the Armory. We also observed that after the battle, the Nyss systematically executed the non-combatant trollkin of the kriel before leaving.

Captain Thibadeaux Wile

—Captain Thibadeaux Wile, CRS Field Intelligence Department

Yes, I know of what you speak. It was the Herald, in the last days of her natural life when she was still Lylyth Voassyr. She sought vengeance for her murdered father, as was her due, but she was not satisfied with blood for blood. Her madness and hate infected her shard; their hunt led them across the mountains and ended only with their destruction. Whether they finally died at the hands of humans or the powers of Ethrunbal we will never know. Perhaps Lylyth herself killed them for failing her. None can say. The Herald was consumed in life by vengeance. Who can say what drives her now?

Veryth Raenys

The description of the massacred kriel reminded me of something I had seen in the High Kommand's files a few years earlier. I returned to Korsk to reread that report. I was surprised to learn, however, that those files had been removed. It was with considerable difficulty that I found them once more. I located the document among a collection of interviews conducted by members of the Greylords Covenant with refugee Nyss in Korsk. It was the written testimony of the woodsman who had discovered the Ruskolnik massacre in northern Khador. One of the Nyss described in that account could be no other than Lylyth Voassyr.

—G.K.

It's bad up there. I was in Ruskolnik about a week before the massacre to get some dried meat. The locals were upset about some boy got himself killed by the winter ches. That's the risk you take living up there. Anyway, they found a couple ches and cut 'em up real good. Had a feeling there would be trouble. Came back about ten days later, and I guess I was the first one to find 'em. Every one had an arrow wound in 'em or a slit throat. Sometimes both. No arrows, though, so I guess the winter ches believe in "waste not, want not." I figured it was a whole war party but I saw only one set of tracks. Maybe there was more—it had snowed—but I don't think so. Those locals had made a bad target choice for their little lynch mob, I guess.

Ygor Staven

Corvis University

As you are no doubt aware, I spent significant time amongst the refugee Nyss near Ohk before they left for parts unknown in 607 AR. Since then, I've studied the Nyss and the recent catastrophe that decimated their population and culture. My time with the Raefyll tribe was illuminating, particularly in that I had the chance to learn the rudiments of the Aeric tongue. The name Lylyth Voassyr was not an uncommon name in their conversations. Their loathing for her is surpassed only by their hatred of another corrupted Nyss called Vayl Hallyr. The Raefylls had several nominatives for Lylyth, and from what I understand, she was instrumental in leading the advance scouts of the blighted army against her former people. Where Vayl directed, Lylyth went.

What little you've been able to tell me about Lylyth serves to further confirm my hypotheses about the effects of the blight. That reminds me, I should point out that I have definitively proven my former hypothesis about the greater population of Nyss. They have suffered the effects of draconic blight and are accompanied in battle by the blood creations of a dragon, specifically the dragon known to the Nyss and Iosan as Ethrunbal. For full details regarding physiognomy, physiology, and comparative samples, you should review my treatise *Draconic Interference and Manipulation of the Nyss Elf* (Corvis University, 607 AR). But I digress.

I have long suspected that draconic blight typically acts upon the minds as well as the flesh of living creatures. It appears that for most dragons, blighted servants are often incidental creations arising from proximity. Even those intentional creations are simply suffused with the dragon's unnatural and evil taint, twisting and exaggerating any evil habits the unfortunate victim might have. In the blighting of the Nyss, it appears a more intentional and almost—dare I say it?—experimental approach was taken.

Before Lylyth was blighted she apparently suffered from severe personality flaws that manifested in her extreme need for revenge and a penchant for cruelty. I imagine the blight exacerbated these personality traits, even as it refined her physiology. What truly disturbs in this case is that the dragon may have chosen Lylyth specifically for the personality she possessed. Such deliberateness suggests this dragon is fully cognizant of how its blight affects both physical and mental states. Although to date the blighted Nyss have all displayed radical physiological changes, it is theoretically possible that Ethrunbal could blight individuals in mind only, leaving their bodies unchanged, and transform them into the perfect infiltrators.

Lynus Wesselbaum
Associate Professor

With this information and no other archived resources available, I decided to correspond with Lynus Wesselbaum, the preeminent expert in the study of the Nyss.

—G.K.



THE PENDRAKE ENCOUNTERS:



The Pendrake Encounters lets you tag along with adventuring scholar extraordinaire Viktor Pendrake and his various pupils as they explore and investigate the lands and creatures of Immoren. To fully utilize these encounters, you will need copies of Monsternomicon, Vol. I and Monsternomicon, Vol. II.

The Wyldegeist

By John Meagher and Larry Wile • Art by Brian Snoddy

Hollow devils, these monsters are called. Floating through the forests of Immoren in search of those with greed and envy in their hearts, the wyldegeist poses a very real danger in remote areas. The telltale wisp of floating green flame heralds the arrival of the wyldegeists; when they burst forth from the trees for you, wearing the bodies of their fallen victims, it can unnerve even the hardiest of men. I have seen soldiers break and run in the face of these creatures only to be chased down and slain, the flesh burned from their bodies, rising again to join the ranks of the wyldegeist.

—Viktor Pendrake

The forests of western Immoren harbor countless dangers. These vast, tree-covered lands can hide fantastical beasts, ancient treasure-filled ruins, or the more mundane threat of brigands.

Designed for four PCs of 8th level, this encounter takes place in a forest. The exact forest is unimportant, but the party will cover a moderately well-traveled road.

This encounter requires the *Iron Kingdoms Character Guide* and the *Monsternomicon Vol. I* (the wyldegeist appears on pp. 206–207).

Encounter Background

The PCs are escorting or simply traveling with a wagon or caravan through the forest when they are ambushed by brigands. Unbeknownst to everyone, including the brigands, the area is an old battleground; during the fight, the wyldegeists arrive and attack in several waves. They animate fallen brigands and even the long dead and buried soldiers. The caravan contains mechanical and alchemical components that will react, sometimes violently, to the acidic presence of wyldegeists.

The party could be traveling along this road for any number of reasons. This encounter could be random or could have more meaning to a group specifically looking for wyldegeists or other supernatural creatures. Some ideas include:

- The party has been hired by Redhammer Ironwerks & Freight as security personnel to escort a caravan carrying mechanical and alchemical components to its next destination.
- The University of Corvis and the Department of Extraordinary Zoology contract the party to track down persistent rumors of wyldegeist activity in this particular region of forest. The party accompanies a caravan headed in the same direction.
- The party is working directly for or has been contracted by the Strangelight Workshop out of Ceryl to find a way to deal with wyldegeists. The party accompanies a caravan headed in the same direction.
- The party has been hired by Teska & Sons Freight to locate a missing shipment that vanished in this stretch of forest. Teska & Sons has another caravan leaving soon and asks the party to accompany it into the area.



The Ambush (EL 12)

The party is traveling along a road that runs between two tree-topped hills. The road rises slightly between them and slopes down on the other side. Hidden among the bushes and trees is the troop of brigands, armed with crossbows, pistols, and rifles. The brigands have only recently arrived in this area and are unaware of any supernatural activity. As soon as the party reaches the point on the road directly between the two hills, read or paraphrase the text in the callout section.

The road you find yourselves on meanders through the countryside, gently winding among old trees that loom above you like giant wooden towers. At times they retreat from the road's edge to create small clearings as sunshine dapples the forest in bright greens and browns. Just ahead, the forest pulls back to let the road rise toward, and pass between, two tree-topped hills. As you reach the top of the rise and start down the other side, you hear the violent crack of gunfire and the twang of bowstrings from the trees.

Conditions

The party meets the brigands on the forest road in daylight. The brigands have chosen this location for its terrain, which includes a clear field of fire, undergrowth for cover, and a gradual slope to the hilltops. The brigands will initially shoot down from at least 10 feet above the party, using the undergrowth as cover against incoming ranged attacks.

Field of Fire – The ground, while rough, is open from the tree line atop the hills to the road. The distance from the tree line to the road is great enough that only a double move or charge will cover it in one round. With the difficult terrain, the brigands hope to have at least two rounds to fire at the party before they engage in melee.

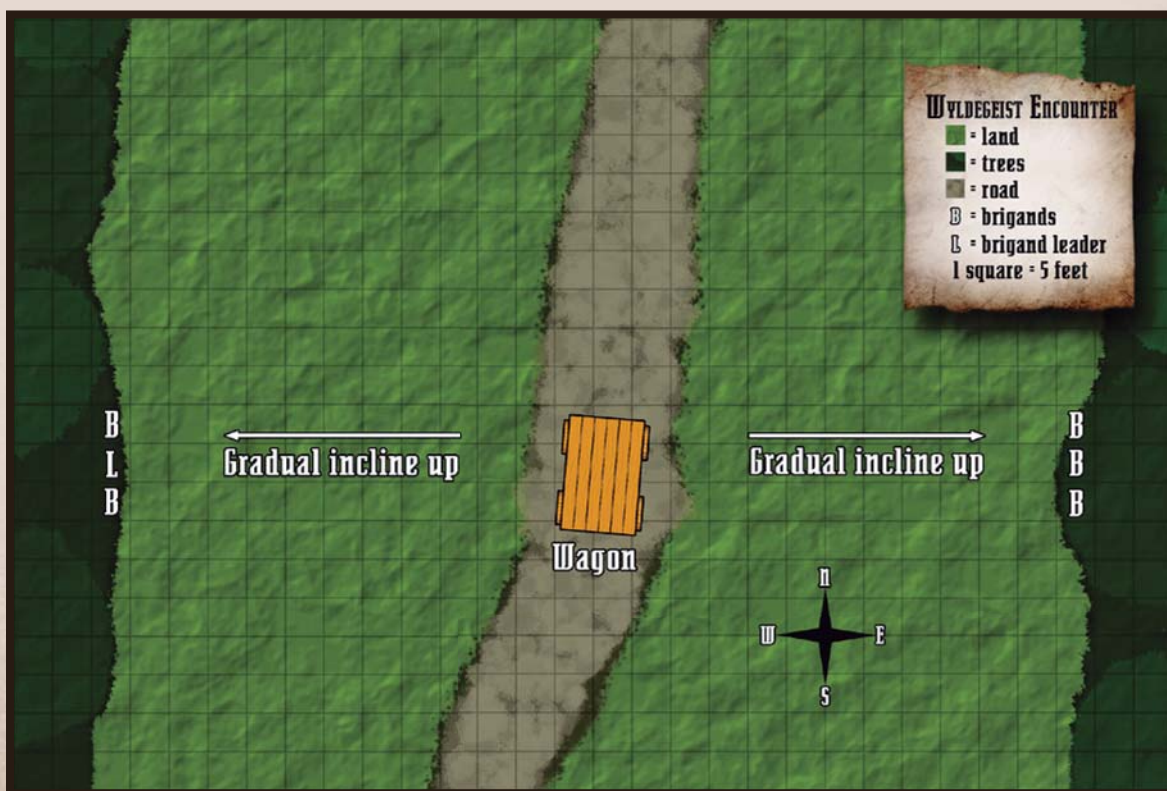
Undergrowth – The light undergrowth on the hilltops grants concealment to anyone wanting to hide. Additionally, moving into light undergrowth will cost 2 squares of movement instead of 1. Concealment grants a 20% miss chance.

Gradual Slope – Although the ground is not steep enough to affect movement, attackers are granted a +1 to melee attack rolls against foes downhill from them.

Wyldegeist/Caravan Interactions – If a wyldegeist in its incorporeal form comes

within 30 feet of the caravan wagon, the mechanical and alchemical components in the wagon can react in random ways (see chart below). The materials on the caravan will also react to the incorporeal presence if a wyldegeist is within 30 feet of the caravan when it is reduced to 0 hit points or less.

Wyldegeist Attack – The brigands should be no match for the party, so as soon as the first brigand falls in battle, the real threat arrives. Several wyldegeists have claimed this area but have been waiting for the brigands to enter a fight so they might take any fallen victims as hosts. The second wave occurs on round 3 of combat, and the third wave occurs on round 5. If there are no brigand bodies available or the party has somehow managed to render the remaining bodies unusable, the creatures will use the bodies of the buried soldiers on this ancient battlefield. Simply reuse the brigand stat block below to represent them, excluding ranged weapons and any treasure. They would have been picked clean of any coin long ago. If fallen soldiers are used, describe their armor and weapons as black and carved with demonic imagery. A Knowledge (History) roll (DC 15) will reveal the armor and weapons to be Orgoth in design.



Read Aloud upon Defeating the First Brigand (Wave 1)

As a brigand falls, you witness a green fog rise up from the ground all around you. Emerald tendrils of fog seem to reach for the body, grasp at it and quickly envelope it. In seconds, the flesh of the corpse is vaporized, hissing as if burned away by a heatless fire. That is horrible to witness, but what happens next chills you to your bones. The dead brigand's form rises to its feet and brandishes its weapon. The creature turns to you, its pale, translucent face a mockery of its former self. The glowing green eyes flare with hatred as it raises its weapon and attacks.

Wave 2 (occurs on Round 3) – An additional two wyldegeists rise from the mists and attempt to take over any corpse available.

Read Aloud if the Wyldegeists Bond with Fallen Soldiers

The green fog seeps into the ground for an instant, then the ground erupts as a skeletal arm thrusts out of the cold earth. An ancient warrior rises from the ground, its skin glowing that sickening shade of green. It swings its weapon to test it and glances around for a victim. The eyes burn bright with malice.

Wave 3 (occurs on Round 5) – Three wyldegeists join the fray, bonding with any available dead bodies before rising to fight the party.

Read Aloud upon Defeating the Wyldegeists

As your attack strikes home, the wyldegeist staggers and falls to the ground. Green fogs rises up briefly around the corpse and then plunges into the ground. Nothing is left but an armor-clad skeleton. You may have defeated the wyldegeists, but you fear you did not destroy them completely.

Creatures

Remember that the characters can use Monster Lore to realize some important points about the wyldegeist.

Wyldegeist (6): hp 35. See *Monsteromicon Vol. 1*, pp. 206-207 for the wyldegeist statistics.

Brigands (5): Male Midlunder Warrior 3; CR: 3; Size/type: medium humanoid; HD: 3d8+6; hp: 22; Initiative: +1; Speed: 30; AC: 16; BAB: +3; Grapple: +5; Melee Attack: +6; long sword 1d8+2; Ranged Attack: +4 heavy crossbow, 1d10 or Small Pistol 2d4; Space/Reach 5/5; AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +1

Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +5, Jump +4, Ride +5, Swim +3.

Feats: Endurance, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (firearms), Weapon Focus (long sword).

Languages: One language as appropriate.

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, greatcoat, long sword, heavy crossbow or small pistol, 20 bolts or

5 bullets, 20 gp.

Brigand Leader: Male Midlunder fighter 5; CR: 5; Size/type: medium humanoid; HD: 5d10+10; hp: 43; Initiative: +1; Speed: 30; AC: 18; BAB: +5; Grapple: +7; Melee Attack: +8 longsword, 1d8+4; Ranged Attack: +4 long rifle, 2d6; Space/Reach 5/5; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +3.

Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Skills: Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +5, Jump +6, Ride +6, Swim +4.

Feats: Endurance, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (long rifle), Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (long sword), Weapon Specialization (longsword).

Languages: One language as appropriate.

Possessions: Masterwork breastplate, greatcoat, masterwork light steel shield, masterwork long sword, long rifle, 5 bullets, 50 gp.



Tactics

Brigands – Brigand tactics include firing an initial volley into the party, hoping to do considerable damage. If the party attempts to flee, the brigands will reload and fire as long as the party is in range. If the party chooses to attack, the brigands will ready their melee weapons and wait for the party to come to them.

Wyldegeist – Once the first person falls in combat, the first wyldegeist will strike immediately with its Spiritbond power and then rise to attack. Wyldegeists are intelligent and direct attacks at the most wounded individual, brigand, or party member so that its fellow wyldegeists can join it in battle. During Waves 2 and 3, if more than one bandit is slain at a time, the wyldegeists simply claim all available hosts and enter the fray to kill everyone present, brigand and party member alike.

Treasure – The only treasure the wyldegeists leave behind are any personal items their host bodies wore or carried on them. The wyldegeists leave not only the brigands' belongings, but a small chest hidden behind a tree and containing 1,000 gp worth of various coins (Seach DC 15). When the party successfully drives off the third wave of wyldegeists, the caravan master decides that regardless of the time of day the caravan should move on immediately. The caravan master rewards the party 250 gp each for protecting the caravaners.

Wyldegeist/Caravan Interaction Chart

D6 Result

- 1 *Lightning Bolt* – A bolt of lightning arcs between the nearest creature and the wagon, inflicting 2d6 points of electrical damage.
- 2 *Haste* – As the spell for 1d4 rounds to the nearest target within 20 feet of the caravan wagon at the time of the interaction.
- 3 *Slow* – As the spell for 1d4 rounds to the nearest target within 20 feet of the caravan wagon at the time of the interaction.
- 4 *Stinging Dust* – A 20-foot cone of stinging dust erupts from the caravan (d6 1–3 left side, 4–6 right side). See *IKCG*, pp. 312–313.
- 5 *Hot Grease* – A random square around the caravan wagon gets coated in hot grease. See *IKCG*, p. 310.
- 6 *Carock's Sure-fire Etcher* – The nearest target within 20 feet of the caravan wagon is struck by the acid. See *IKCG*, p. 304.

Further Adventures

The events in this encounter can lead to other encounters or more detailed adventures. Possibilities include:

- Wyldegeists are said to reside in colonies of 5–20. More of them could be discovered deeper in the woods, along with an explanation for their presence.
- If the wyldegeists interacted with the caravan equipment, certain alchemists or arcane mechanics might want to study the effect, requiring the party to find a way to capture a wyldegeist.
- If a wyldegeist animated the ancient Orgoth remains, scholars and even local authorities might well want to explore this area for undiscovered ruins.



Guts & Gears

Guts and Gears takes a look at the men, machines, and monsters of the Iron Kingdoms. Read about what it takes to be a warrior or warbeast with one of the many factions or look into the mechanical workings of hulking warjacks and what it takes to get these multi-ton constructs to dominate the battlefield.

By Simon Berman • Art by Eric Deschamps, Ilich Henriquez, and Chris Walton

TEMPLAR

The Templar is a variant of the Crusader, the first warjack chassis used by the Protectorate of Menoth. It was developed early in the fifteen-year reign of Hierarch Caltor Turgis and stands as one of his many notable achievements. Hierarch Turgis also expanded the Protectorate's borders, added Menoth's Fury to his nation's arsenal, and oversaw the construction of Tower Judgment. This imposing edifice was to become synonymous with the Protectorate's justice on Caen. Here the scrutators were free to mete out their sentences without interference from secular authorities. The first Templars were constructed as part of the tower's defenses. Due to the remote location of Tower Judgment, the Protectorate could safely dispense with any pretense of a civilian purpose for the warjacks, since Cygnaran authorities would be unlikely ever to observe them. Those few inspectors who did attempt the dangerous journey would be sighted from a great distance, and the Menites would have time to conceal the nature of these formidable machines.

Hierarch Turgis permanently stationed several phalanxes of Temple Flameguard at Tower Judgment even before construction was complete. These forces were tasked not only with preventing escapes and rescue attempts but also with standing watch over the northeastern borders of the Protectorate. During these years, conflicts with various Idrian tribes were still frequent despite the mass conversions that had followed the great earthquake of 504 AR. Though the threat of the Idrians on the periphery of the Protectorate would eventually fade, the importance of maintaining a strong standing garrison at this location remained as the Menites sought to fortify their borders.

Turgis' mandate to the Protectorate's artificers was to develop a warjack that could withstand the rigors of the modern

battlefield. Although the artificers were freed from the necessity of concealing the purpose of their work, they lacked ready access to the arcane components necessary for the fabrication of complex weaponry and were almost entirely reliant on parts smuggled down the Black River. Furthermore, they suffered from the pervasive Menite distrust of mechanika. All these factors led the artificers to equip the Templar with only the most utilitarian weaponry.

A small series of ironworks and workshops was established near the future site of Tower Judgment. Here, the first Templars began to be assembled and outfitted in 534 AR as designed by Turgis and the warpriests overseeing the defense of the construction site. The machine was armed with a massive flail for smashing armor, even at a distance, as well as a massive shield; from the beginning, the Templar was designed to be an eminently hardy warjack. Endurance was of vital interest to the

Protectorate's nascent militia, as the Templar could be built only in very small numbers at first, and each would see hard use between repairs. Hierarch Turgis was well pleased by the Templar's mix of offensive and defensive qualities.

In 539 AR, the first two Templars were inducted into service at the still-incomplete Tower Judgment. Hierarch Turgis himself conducted the ceremony that both blessed the arcane constructs in Menoth's name and cleansed them of the occult taint associated with mechanika. Each of these Templars was given a name befitting its role as a powerful weapon wielded in the name of the Creator: the first was named Purity of Resolve, and the second, Price of Redemption. Both saw repeated battle when heathen Idrian tribes attempted to disrupt the construction of Tower



Judgment. The attackers were sent fleeing in terror from the Templars' seemingly invincible might. In 605 AR, after more than sixty years of service, Purity of Resolve was destroyed in a punitive attack by Cygnaran Army forces. Price of Redemption is still in service guarding the tower.

The Templars quickly proved adept at combating a variety of threats, from within as well as from without. Prisoners arriving at the tower were cowed by the mere sight of the hulking 'jacks that guarded the front gates of the keep. Shortly before Tower Judgment was completed, the Templars proved their fighting prowess during a prisoner revolt in which several overseers were killed before a scrutator marshaled Price of Redemption and Purity of Resolve against the mob. The two warjacks waded through the rioting prisoners, effortlessly killing dozens. Fleeing into the unfinished keep, the rioters found themselves caught between ranks of Flameguard and the pursuing Templars. The handful of survivors spent almost a week washing the bloodstains off the floors and walls. The scrutators, impressed with the performance of Price of Redemption and Purity of Resolve, ordered several more Templars to be built. In time the tower would serve not only to protect its scrutators but also to safeguard the Protectorate's border and serve as a mustering point for soldiers of the faithful.

In 557 AR, Senior Scrutator Herros Fellnus was summoned from Tower Judgment to an ecclesiastical meeting in Sul. He set forth with only a small-armed retinue and a single Templar. Fellnus' route brought his caravan close to Eastwall, and on the way he encountered a small Cygnaran battlegroup on patrol. The Cygnaran troops moderately outnumbered Fellnus' guard, and their warcaster commanded two warjacks, one heavy and one light. Fellnus decided to take

Templar Large Warjack

Always N Large Construct (Mechanical) CR 13

Hit Dice: 22d10+30 (151 HP)

Immunities/Resist: Damage reduction 10/Serricsteel; steamjack traits (including fire and electrical resistance 20, no damage from cold attacks but slowed for 1 round for each 6 points of cold damage inflicted, etc.); mechanical construct traits

Base Initiative: -1

Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares)

Armor Class: 27 (-1 Size, -1 Dexterity, +15 Armor, +4 Shield), touch 8, flat footed 27

BAB/Grapple: +16/+31

Attack: Flail +27 (2d8 +11)

Full Attack: Flail +27 (3d8+11), Fist +27 (1d12+11)

Space/Reach: 10 ft by 10 ft (15 ft reach)

Saving Throws: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +8

Abilities: Strength 32, Dexterity 9

Cortex: Aurum grade (Intelligence 8, Wisdom 11)

Special Attack: Beat Back

Special Qualities: Blessed Resolution

Beat Back (Ex): The Templar can use its flail to smash an enemy back and then press forward to seize the advantage. Once per round, when the Templar hits an opponent of Huge size or smaller, in addition to its normal damage it can attempt to Bull Rush the defender as if it had the Improved Bull Rush feat. The Templar does not suffer attacks of opportunity from the defender and gains a +4 bonus on the opposed Strength check (in addition to any bonuses or penalties for differences in size categories) to push back the defender.

Blessed Resolution (Su): By the power of sacred inscriptions on its chassis and repeated exposure to holy prayers, the Templar is not easily swayed from its course. The Templar is immune to the Halt Construct ability possessed by clerics of Cyriss and is also immune to the spell *seize gears*.



Height/Weight: 12'2" / 8.4 tons

Armament: Shield (left arm), Flail (right arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 662 lbs / 4.5 hrs general / 45 mins combat

Initial Service Date: 539 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Vassals of Menoth (currently)

Orig. Chassis Design: Modified by the Sul-Menite Artificers based on Crusader chassis.

the opportunity to test the Templar in battle and ordered his forces to attack. Although seriously damaged in the fray, the Templar managed to smash its way through a Cygnaran Ironclad to deal a blow to its warcaster. Fellnus' retinue suffered casualties but ultimately claimed a definitive victory when they forced the battered Cygnaran patrol to withdraw across the river. From that day forward, the tower's senior masked priests have considered it a point of pride and tradition to be escorted by a Templar when traveling.

By the time Hierarch Garrick Voyle ascended to leadership, only the barest lip service was paid to the Protectorate's treaties with Cygnar. With less need for discretion, the Protectorate increased production of the Templar, ostensibly to guard the Protectorate's numerous temples and holy sites. A dozen of these warjacks soon guarded the Factorium, the industrial center of the nation, and an additional dozen were assigned to guard the Sovereign Temple of the One Faith in Imer. Only the Great Temple of the Creator in Sul received more. In time, the Protectorate's industrial capacity grew, and with new breakthroughs made possible by the Vassals of Menoth, the Guardian superseded the Templar as

the preferred protector of the nation's holy sites. The Templar has nonetheless remained quite capable when properly maintained and has suffered no appreciable loss of performance over the years. Its reliability combined with its durability has made it appreciated wherever it has been sent to join the faithful on the fields of battle.

The Protectorate warcasters in Sul came to rely on Templars during the Cygnaran siege of 607 AR. The narrow streets of the ancient city created natural chokepoints and kill zones, and some of the bitterest engagements of the struggle were for control of these vital areas. The broad-framed 'jacks could fill a narrow alley or street, withstanding small-arms fire and crushing anything that came within their considerable reach. The Templar's simple armament needed no ammunition, so it was extremely difficult to disable. The only limiting factor on its functionality was fuel, and a Templar holding a position in an enclosed area required even less fuel for mobility, prolonging the time it could spend in the field. Time and again, crucial Sulese streets and buildings were held by a sole Templar with a few stalwarts fighting alongside it.

The Synod has commissioned a number of new Templars since Caspia and Sul came to their uneasy ceasefire. Several have been allotted to replace those lost in Sul, while others have been sent north at great expense. The Northern Crusade's supply lines to the Protectorate could be severed at any time, and Hierarch Severius wishes to reinforce the liberated city of Leryn should it come under attack. The Templar is expected to fare as well or better in Leryn than it did defending the streets of Sul, as both ancient cities are filled with narrow, tangled streets.

Templars continue to be integral to the defense of Tower Judgment. Now, though, they are used as much for military defense as for prison guards. Until recently the region was only rarely attacked by Cygnaran Army forces, but now it is only 100 miles from the advance fortifications of the skorne Army of the Western March. With the Skorne Empire testing its new boundaries and the inevitability of a renewed war with Cygnar, it is a certainty that the Templar will long continue to serve the Protectorate as a guardian of the Faith.

Interdiction of the Covenant

The Covenant of Menoth is a tome of singular importance to all faithful Menites, but it is of particular importance to Hierarch Severius and his Northern Crusade. It is only fitting that a relic of this magnitude be given its own dedicated honor guard and protectors, and it is for this purpose that the Interdiction of the Covenant was created. The knights, zealots, choirs, and warjacks assigned to this task make up a significant segment of the forces now holding the once-Llaelese city of Leryn. The warjacks assigned to protect the book were chosen from among the Protectorate's older Crusaders and Templars, which have spent decades steeped in blessed prayer and chants.



TEMPLAR TACTICS

By David Carl

The Templar heavy warjack is one of the hardest 'jacks to ever hit a WARMACHINE table, and it brings a versatile suite of offensive tools to the battle as well. A reliable melee warjack in its own right, the Templar really shines when backed by the Protectorate of Menoth's wide array of warjack support.

Purity of Resolve

The Templar's heavy shield makes it ideal for leading a charge or holding a flank. Much like the Avatar, the Templar can take a beating that would wreck lesser warjacks. Its ARM 21 (including the shield) means that many troop types will have difficulty dealing much damage once engaged, and even some charging units will do little more than scratch the Templar's paint.

While sturdy warjacks like the Centurion and the Spriggan have long been staples of frontline combat for other factions, the faction-specific bonuses available to Protectorate forces can make battling a Templar an especially daunting task. The Choir of Menoth can effectively shut down enemy ranged or magic attacks by using the Passage or Shielding hymns. The Covenant of Menoth can also deny an enemy the ability to inflict knockdown or stationary effects on the Templar.

Wizards and mechanics of the Vassals further enhance the Templar's staying power. Vassal Mechanics can repair what damage does get through the Templar's shield, and the Vassal of Menoth's Enliven spell can ensure that even an enemy that gets in one good hit will not get the chance to get in a second.

Price of Redemption

While adept at blocking an opponent's attacks and holding battle lines or board positions, the Templar is no mere shield. Its powerful flail provides a 9" charge threat range that exceeds that of the faster Castigator and Fire

of Salvation warjacks. The Templar's MAT and P+S are fair to start with, and they are easily augmented by the Choir of Menoth's Battle Hymn for particularly agile or sturdy foes.

In addition to the Choir, Reclaimer solos and Vassals of Menoth can greatly enhance a Templar's performance. The Reclaimer's Communion action can provide a Templar with as much focus as a warcaster without using up its warcaster's resources. Ancillary Attack from a Vassal can give the Templar one final melee attack against an engaged foe, can be used before a Templar's activation to get an enemy out of the way, or can even be used after running.

While it is a solid general-purpose warjack, the Templar is particularly well suited to taking on enemy cavalry or heavy infantry. The Chain Weapon ability makes it a great warjack for smashing up Man-O-War Shocktroopers or Cataphract Cetrati in Shield Wall, and the Beat Back ability can allow it to wade through numerous Iron Fang Uhlans or Warmongers in a single turn. These same abilities can also be turned against enemy warjacks with shields or against lighter infantry, but the sturdy Templar is an ideal tool for elite unit beatdown.

Templar Tune-Up

A Protectorate army can get a lot of mileage out of a Templar with the right support elements, and Protectorate warcasters are well stocked with abilities that further enhance the Templar's strengths.

- The Defender's Ward and Inviolable Resolve spells can bring the Templar up to ARM 23 against most attacks, and



the Vision spell or Hierarch Severius' warjack bond can allow the Templar to ignore an enemy attack completely.

- Spells like Eye of Menoth, Ignite, and Synergy can stack with the Choir's Battle Hymn to allow the Templar to smash through the toughest targets. The Strength of Arms and Union feats also increase the Templar's offensive capability.
- Crusader's Call, Escort, and Mobility will increase the Templar's charge range by a couple of inches, while the Hallowed Avenger and Perdition spells can grant it an additional chance to move under the right circumstances. With Reach and Beat Back, these bonuses can catch a critical target like an enemy warcaster or warlock unawares.
- The Testament of Menoth's feat, Essence of Dust, makes any warjack a threat to enemy warcasters, but Beat Back makes the Templar a particularly dire threat. Even if there is no place for a warjack's base beside the enemy warcaster, the Templar can charge a nearby model and then use Beat Back to get at the real target.



PAINTING THE TEMPLAR

Templar of the Interdiction of the Covenant

By Todd Arrington



What You'll Need:

-  Armor Wash
-  Bastion Grey
-  Bloodtracker Brown
-  Blue Ink
-  Cold Steel
-  Cygnus Yellow
-  Exile Blue
-  Frostbite
-  Greatcoat Grey
-  Green Ink
-  Heartfire Orange
-  Matte Medium
-  Menoth White Base
-  Menoth White Highlight
-  Morrow White
-  Quick Silver
-  Red Ink
-  Rhulic Gold
-  Sanguine Base
-  Sanguine Highlight
-  Skorne Red
-  Thamar Black
-  Trollblood Highlight

Basecoat

Apply a basecoat of Rhulic Gold to the gold areas and Cold Steel to the silver and platinum areas. Apply a mix of one part Trollblood Highlight and two parts Menoth White Highlight to the white portions. For the blue sections, apply a mixture of equal parts Exile Blue and Greatcoat Grey.

Colors Used:

Golds: Rhulic Gold

Silvers and Platins: Cold Steel

Whites: Menoth White Highlight, Trollblood Highlight

Blues: Exile Blue, Greatcoat Grey



Shading

Wash the gold portions with a mix of Bloodtracker Brown and Armor Wash. For the silver portions, wash with a mix of Bloodtracker Brown and Armor Wash, then wash with a mix of Exile Blue and Armor Wash. Wash the white portions with a mix of Trollblood Highlight and mixing medium, then line with a second wash of Bastion Grey applied only to the deep recesses and around rivets, etc. Base the menofixes with a mix of one part Sanguine Base and one part Skorne Red, then wash with Sanguine Base mixed with a drop each of Exile Blue and mixing medium. Wash the platinum sections with a mix of Bloodtracker Brown and Armor Wash. Wash the blue portions with a mix of equal parts Exile Blue and Thamar Black.

Colors Used:

Golds: Armor Wash, Bloodtracker Brown

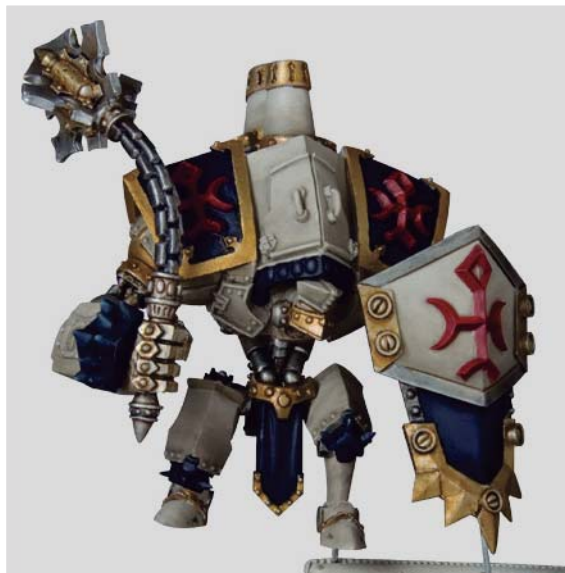
Silvers: Armor Wash, Bloodtracker Brown, Exile Blue

Whites: Bastion Grey, Trollblood Highlight, mixing medium

Menofixes: Exile Blue, Sanguine Base, Skorne Red, mixing medium

Platins: Armor Wash, Bloodtracker Brown

Blues: Exile Blue, Thamar Black



Highlighting

Highlight the gold portions with a mix of Rhulic Gold and Cold Steel. Highlight the silver sections with Cold Steel. For the white areas, highlight with the original mix of one part Trollblood Highlight and two parts Menoth White Highlight. Highlight the menofixes first with Sanguine Highlight, then repeat, slowly mixing in Menoth White Base. Basecoat the gems with a mix of Sanguine Base and Menoth White Base. Basecoat the eyes with Cygnus Yellow. Highlight the platinum areas with Cold Steel. Highlight the blue portions with a mix of one part Exile Blue and one part Greatcoat Grey, then repeat, slowly adding Frostbite to this mix.

Colors Used:

Golds: Cold Steel, Rhulic Gold

Silvers and Platitudes: Cold Steel

Whites: Menoth White Highlight, Trollblood Highlight

Menofixes: Menoth White Base, Sanguine Highlight

Gems: Menoth White Base, Sanguine Base

Eyes: Cygnus Yellow

Blues: Exile Blue, Frostbite, Greatcoat Grey



Detailing

Detail the gold and silver armor edges and rivets with Quick Silver. Detail the white armor edges and rivets with Menoth White Highlight. Create a mix of Menoth White Base with a very small amount of Sanguine Highlight and highlight the menofixes. For the gems, create a glaze of Red Ink, with a dot of Blue and Green Inks. Once that is dry, add a dot of Morrow White to the gems for a highlight. Wash the eyes with Heartfire Orange. Highlight the blue portions with Frostbite.

Colors Used:

Golds, Platitudes, and Silvers: Quick Silver

Whites: Menoth White Highlight

Menofixes: Sanguine Highlight, Menoth White Base

Gems: Morrow White, Blue Ink, Green Ink, Red Ink

Eyes: Heartfire Orange

Blues: Frostbite



and Karl Richardson

DISCLAIMER



ell Caller's command range to
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e!



TROLLKIN HERO

The Trollkin Hero is a paragon among the Trollbloeds, a champion who has survived countless battles and is a legend. Each Hero has Commander, enabling him to help any unit pass command checks. The Hero also has Tactician for Trollkin Champions, granting them the ability to see and move through other Champions if they begin their activations within the Hero's command range. The extra flexibility provided by Tactician can open charge lanes for the unit or even open new targets to the Champions' charge. Tactician is a passive ability, so a Hero can run toward a Champion unit to provide the bonus at the right time. With Cleave granting an additional attack when a Hero destroys an enemy model and Retaliatory Strike allowing the Hero to attack back when he is hit, the Hero lives up to his name in melee combat and supports his army.

WHELP

Troll Whelps are often simultaneously amusing and annoying. They are literally made from severed limbs and other pieces of troll flesh. With the Annoyance rule, Whelps impose a -1 to enemy attack rolls while within 1" of a Whelp. The Big Brother rule makes Whelps Fearless while within 10" of a friendly Trollblood warbeast. The Spawn Whelps rule allows the Whelps to start the game off the table and be put into play within 3" of a friendly Trollblood warbeast if the warbeast is damaged by an enemy attack. This can keep the Whelps alive longer and play havoc with enemy charge lanes.

Alternate Food Source and Wrong Place, Wrong Time greatly benefit Trollblood warbeasts near the Whelps. Alternate Food Source allows a friendly Trollblood warbeast to devour a Whelp within 1" to immediately remove d3 damage. A Dire Troll that has taken some damage in combat and might even have an aspect out should spawn a Whelp within 1" of it so it can eat the Whelp at the beginning of its activation, bringing itself back to full functionality. Wrong Place, Wrong Time lets a friendly Faction warbeast remove a Whelp in its melee range from play, allowing the warbeast to automatically pass a threshold check.

HORTHOL

First seen in the pages of Primal as one of Madrak Ironhide's chief lieutenants, Horthol, Long Rider Champion now leads the Trollkin Long Riders against the enemies of the kriegs. Along with the standard host of Long Rider abilities, Horthol provides a potent Elite Cadre ability for the Long Riders in Follow Up. Follow Up allows Horthol to immediately move directly toward a model he has hit with a slam attack, up to the distance the slammed model moved. Horthol, and therefore the Long Riders, can always stay engaged with an enemy model. While he provides synergy for the Long Riders as a dragoon, he definitely holds his own in combat. Reach on his long hammer allows him to reach most enemies on the charge, and Critical Stagger can limit an opposing counterstrike from a model Horthol does not kill outright.

Circle Orboros

LORD OF THE FEAST

The Lord of the Feast is a creature unlike any other the Circle can unleash on the enemy. He hunts down his prey and kills them as an offering to the Devourer Wurm. He has Advance Deploy, so you can set him up against the appropriate unit or solo before the game begins. The Heart Eater rule allows him to gain a corpse token for each enemy model destroyed, up to a maximum of three. He can then spend the tokens to boost an attack or damage roll or to make an additional melee attack. Combine this with Magical Weapon, Reach, his Thresher special attack, and MAT 7, and he cuts swathes through the enemy ranks.

Lord of the Feast is also a Virtuoso, so he can make ranged and melee attacks in the same combat action. However, if he decides to use Thresher, he will not be able to use his ranged attack.

BLACKCLAD WAYFARER

Blackclad Wayfarers are the up-and-coming druids in the Circle's ranks. These models are Veteran Leaders for other Druids as well as being commanders, providing combat bonuses for Druids as well as improving the command checks of any nearby warriors. Wayfarers are Battle Wizards; they make a magic special attack or action if they destroy one or more enemy models with a melee attack during their activation. Have a wayfarer charge and destroy an enemy model, and then use the Phase Jump spell to teleport to safety.

The Wayfarer also boasts a wide array of magical abilities. His attack spell, Stone Spray, is a POW 12, SP 8 magic attack with critical knockdown. Phase Jump is the Wayfarer's bread-and-butter spell. No matter where he is on the field, you can use



Lord of the Feast closes the gap with his Raven ranged attack. The Raven's Shifter ability allows Lord of the Feast to be placed base to base with an enemy model hit by the Raven. He is also able to make melee attacks after being placed, so he's not left out in the middle of an enemy formation to be killed. Use the Raven to hit a Titan Gladiator, and then use Shifter to place Lord of the Feast in the Titan's back arc, in base to base, allowing him to reach the Paingiver Beast Handlers behind the Titan.

Phase Jump to place him within 2" of a friendly Shifting Stone model. If he is already within 2" of a Shifting Stone and Shifter is cast, he can be placed anywhere within 12" of his current location. With this maneuverability, the Wayfarer provides his command when needed or holds an objective on the battlefield. Hunter's Mark, his last spell, lets friendly Circle models charge a target enemy model without being forced and with +2" movement, a bonus that stacks with abilities like Warp Speed or Bounding for truly massive charge threat ranges.

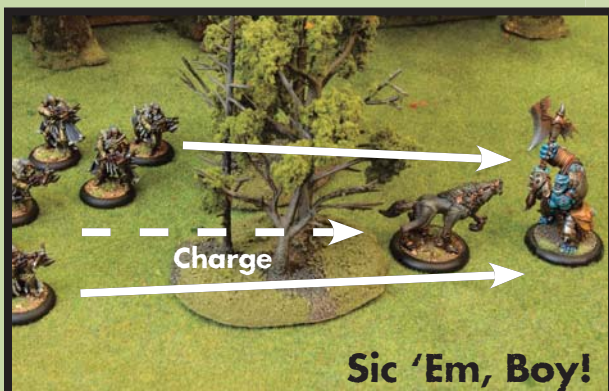
WHITE MANE

Thorn White Manes are the few Ravagers who have survived countless battles and hunts. They are the leaders all other Ravagers admire and strive to emulate. White Manes have the standard Ravager abilities of Fearless, Heart Eater, Pathfinder, and Treewalker. White Manes also provide the Tactician bonus to Ravagers in their command range, allowing them to see, move, and attack through their Ravager allies. Consider this in conjunction with the Treewalker ability, and Ravagers can see and move through any model in a forest as well as through Ravagers on any terrain. This flexibility along with Powerful Charge on their Thorn Axes grants surprising and powerful assaults where no enemy is safe.

WAR WOLF

War Wolves are fast-moving and hard-hitting solos that work extremely well with the mainstay of the Circle Orboros forces, Wolves and Reeves of Orboros. They have Flank with the Wolves and Reeves of Orboros, so they are an effective MAT 8 with 3d6 damage when making melee attacks against an enemy model that is in a Wolf of Orboros' melee range, 4d6 damage on the charge. Their Sic 'Em ability is used strictly with Reeves of Orboros granting the War Wolf the ability to charge with a boosted attack roll against an enemy model that was hit by an attack from a Reeve of Orboros.

War Wolves can also work independently from the Wolves of Orboros units harassing flanks, working almost like individual light cavalry models with their threat range and damage output.



The War Wolves' Hunter ability lets them ignore forests, concealment, and cover when determining LOS. Have a unit of Reeves tucked behind a forest terrain feature, shooting over the War Wolves in front of them. Then have the War Wolves charge the model hit, using the Hunter ability, letting them hit with a boosted MAT 6 attack roll!

MORRAIG

Wolf Lord Morraig, the Circle's dragoon, also synchronizes well with the Wolves and Reeves of Orboros. Morraig is a commander and has Fearless, Pathfinder, and Prowl. He is no slouch in melee, either, due to Flank [Wolves of Orboros]. He can charge into a unit engaged by the Wolves of Orboros, making Morraig an effective MAT 12 with a 5d6 damage roll on the charge attack. Morraig's Cleave grants him two melee attacks in a single combat action if his first attack kills his target. As a light cavalry dragoon, Morraig can charge into the side of a unit, kill a few models, and then move another 5", possibly behind the unit he originally charged! He is also brutal on a flank by himself or with a few War Wolves running with him.



SKORNE

ANCESTRAL GUARDIAN

Ancestral Guardians are the stewards for Skorne souls, preventing them from bleeding away into the void. These souls empower the Ancestral Guardian to strike their enemies with powerful blows. The Soul Guardian ability allows the Ancestral Guardian to obtain up to three soul tokens from friendly living faction warrior models destroyed within 10" by a continuous effect, enemy attack, or collateral damage of an enemy attack. The Ancestral Guardian can spend soul tokens during its activation to gain additional attacks or to boost attack and damage rolls.

Ancestral Guardians also impart extra movement to Immortals via the Resonance rule, which provides Immortal models +2" movement during activations they begin in the Ancestral Guardian's command range. Through the Spirit Driven ability, an Ancestral Guardian can spend a soul to gain +2" of movement during its current activation. With three soul tokens, an Ancestral Guardian has a great deal of flexibility as well as power. It can focus on threat range via Spirit Driven, on attacking multiple foes by buying additional attacks, or on damage output by spending soul tokens to boost damage rolls. Ancestral Guardians' Retaliatory Strike rule provides survivability. The key to making the Ancestral Guardians work well is the balance of living and non-living Skorne models in an army list.

AGONIZER

The Agonizer is the result of paingiver experimentation on baby Titan warbeasts. This solo torments and inflicts constant pain as a weapon against the enemy. First and foremost, the Agonizer has Fury Bank, allowing a warlock to move up to 5 of his fury points and place them on the Agonizer. A warlocks can later leach the fury from the Agonizer during his control phase if needed. The fury is not only there as a reserve for a warlock; it also fuels the Agonizer's Agonies abilities. The agonies affect enemy models within 4" of the Agonizer plus 1" for each fury point on it.

Though using Agonies costs fury, decreasing their range, you can activate a warlock after the Agonizer to refuel its supply and raise its Agonies range to inflict pain on more warjacks and warbeasts. Gnawing Pain causes all affected enemy warbeasts to suffer -2 on damage rolls. Coupled with Skorne defensive buffs or against a warbeast with no body system, Gnawing Pain can whittle away a warbeast's damage potential to almost nothing.

Maddening is another way an Agonizer can cripple enemy warbeasts. Affected enemy warbeasts suffer -2 THR. Activating Maddening and then running to position can provide the Skorne a portion of board control, especially when a player chooses to push the limits of fury management. Spiritual Affliction means enemy warbeasts lose their animi and enemy warjacks lose the Arc Node advantage and cannot be allocated focus. This agony can severely limit a warcaster or warlock's ability to use his battlegroup to full effect.

MASTER TORMENTOR

Bloodrunner Master Tormentors are at the peak of their paingiving arts. They have many abilities allowing them to maximize their skill at killing the enemy. Advance Deploy, Pathfinder, Stealth, and Anatomical Precision are the standard Bloodrunner abilities. The Master Tormentor has Veteran



Leader [Paingiver Bloodrunners], which makes friendly Paingiver Bloodrunner trooper models an effective MAT 9 if the Master Tormentor is in LOS.

The Master Tormentor can inflict plenty of pain with Thresher to cut down numerous foes in a single activation, and her Vanish ability allows her to be placed completely within her command range if she has destroyed one or more enemy models during her activation. Have the Master Tormentor charge a unit of Wolves of Orboros, kill several, and use Vanish to move into plain sight, allowing her to provide the Veteran Leader Bonus for the charging unit of Bloodrunners.

EXTOLLER SOULWARD

Anyone who has fought against the Skorne recently will know the Extoller Soulward; he is a magic user whose unique abilities can make Skorne models even more potent. The Soulward is a gunfighter, so he has a way to defend himself in melee. Extollers have the Gatekeeper ability to reclaim Skorne souls to boost effectiveness. Ghost Shield provides the Soulward with +1 ARM for each soul token he has. Strictly defensive, a fully loaded Extoller becomes ARM 17!

The spell Guidance grants Eyeless Sight and Magical Weapon for any friendly Faction model within 5" of the Extoller. Use Guidance to allow your Titan Cannoneer to shoot an advancing Pistol Wraith or Feralgeist.

Spirit Guide is the Extoller's other spell, which allows him to remove any number of souls from himself and place them on friendly Faction models with Soul Guardian in the Extollers' command range. Use Spirit Guide to transfer any excess souls to an Ancestral Guardian within 8" of the current Extoller. An Extoller can only spend souls on his one attack while Ancestral Guardians can use those souls to perform up to four attacks in a single turn.

VOID SPIRIT

Void Spirits are the Skorne's restless dead brought back to fight their enemies. Each has Annihilator: the Void Spirit gains an additional die on melee damage rolls against living models, and living models destroyed within 3" of it do not provide soul tokens. This double-edged sword means that if he is close to a friendly Praetorian Swordsman who is destroyed, the nearby Ancestral Guardian or Extoller will be denied the soul token.

Poltergeist is another useful ability on the Void Spirit: when enemy models miss the Void Spirit with an attack, the attacker can be pushed d3" directly away from it. Poltergeist enhances the Void Spirit's ability to fight infantry with average MAT 5 or 6.

The Void Spirit also has Eruption of Ash, a powerful weapon against infantry-based forces. If a model is boxed by an attack, center a 3" AOE cloud effect on the boxed model and remove the model from play. Enemy models that are in the AOE when it is put into play suffer a POW 12 fire damage roll, and enemy models that enter or end their activations in the AOE suffer the same damage roll.

RHADEIM

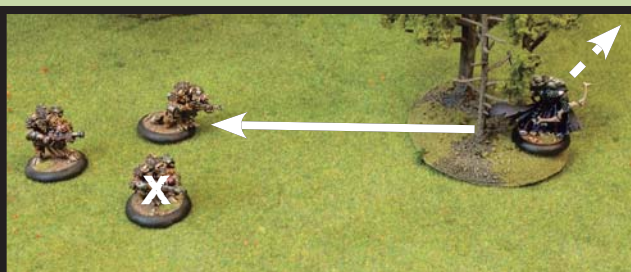
Tyrant Rhadeim, master of the wild Ferox, is a unique threat. He is a Commander and has the host of standard Ferox abilities: Pathfinder, Combat Rider, Jump, and Steady. He also has Evasive; he is immune to free strikes, and when he is missed by an enemy ranged attack, he can immediately move up to 2" unless he was missed while advancing.

Rhadeim is a Veteran Leader [Praetorian Ferox], so he can use his mobility to provide a decent bonus to other Ferox trooper models. This ability is most useful for improving the accuracy of the Ferox impact attacks. The difference between the Ferox's unaided MAT 6 impact attack and their enhanced MAT 8 impact attack is substantial. With Magical Weapon, Reach, and Armor Piercing on the Lance of Bashek, Rhadeim is a constant threat, whether mounted or dismounted.



Forsaken give the Legion of Everblight an element of fury management and the ability to punish enemies for holding on to their fury and focus. The Forsaken is an Abomination, which helps against the non-Fearless units. With Consume Fury, it can consume up to 5 fury—the maximum it can have at any one time—from a friendly Legion warbeast in its command. The Fury Boost ability lets a Forsaken use the stored fury for additional attacks or to boost attack and damage rolls.

Blight Shroud allows the Forsaken to spend up to the maximum 5 fury points. Once spent, enemy models within 1" for each fury spent suffer a POW 8 damage roll with an additional die for each unspent fury or focus point on the enemy model. While useful against enemies with low ARM stats, Blight Shroud's true value is against models that like to sit on extra fury and focus. Catch a high-fury warlock like Zaal with all of his fury on him, and you will be rolling a POW 8 + 7d6 on the damage. With Zaal's ARM 14, such an attack is devastating. Even transferring the damage roll could kill a light warbeast outright.



Combine Snap Fire and Sniper with Swift Hunter, and a Deathstalker could possibly advance 7", destroy a model, advance 2", and repeat. This combination is powerful for moving up, wreaking havoc, and then backing away to safety.

Incubus

Incubi are Everblight's way of punishing the enemy for killing his troops. The Host rule lets them start off the table. When a non-Incubus, small-based, non-warlock Faction warrior model is destroyed, mark the current location. During your next maintenance phase, you can place one Incubus model completely within 3" of the marked point. These MAT 6 solos have two P+S 14 attacks each—quite respectable for an inexpensive melee model. The most important element of using Incubi effectively, however, is taking advantage of the fact they cannot be attacked while their Host is merely a corpse on the battlefield. While waiting for Incubi to rise from their fleshy suits, enemy models have no way to remove the lurking menace.

Shepherd

Shepherds are the keepers of Everblight's flock of warbeasts. With Beast Master, a Shepherd can force a friendly Faction warbeast in its command range as if it were the warbeast's controlling warlock. That means the warbeasts do not need to be in the friendly warlock's control area. Shepherds also have Beast Manipulation abilities. Condition lets the Shepherd remove any number of fury points from a friendly Faction warbeast within 3". Medicate lets the Shepherd heal d3 damage on a friendly faction warbeast within 3". These abilities can allow the Legion to push their warbeasts harder on the battlefield.

War Chief

Warmonger War Chiefs have risen in the ranks to become leaders of the blighted Ogrun. The War Chief is an Abomination, so enemy and friendly units must be careful to maintain their distance. He also has Veteran Leader [Warmongers]; friendly Warmongers gain +2 MAT when a War Chief is in their LOS.

The War Chief's Blood Drinker ability allows him to heal d3 damage and end his activation immediately after he resolves an attack in which he destroys one or more enemy models. Not only does this provide him with some survivability, but it can also prevent him from using Berserk attacks on friendly models. The War Chief also has Leadership [Warmongers], so friendly Warmongers in his command range gain Blood Drinker as well. Leadership allows a War Chief and Warmongers to operate more closely together on the battlefield without fear of damaging each other. This can be particularly potent when used with Rhyas' feat, Tide of Blood.

Deathstalkers

Strider Deathstalkers are the premier snipers in a Legion army. They have the standard set of Strider abilities: Advance Deploy, Pathfinder, and Stealth. They also have Leadership [Striders], so friendly Strider models in

the Deathstalker's command range gain Swift Hunter. Swift Hunter grants the affected model the ability to advance up to 2" when it destroys an enemy model with a normal ranged attack.

Deathstalkers are Snipers, so they don't have to worry about rolling damage against single-wound models. Snap Fire allows the Deathstalkers to make an additional ranged attack when they destroy an enemy model with a ranged attack during its combat action.

Sorceress & Hellion

The Blighted Nyss Sorceress and Hellion bring death from above to the enemies of Everblight. The Sorceress' Aerial Coordination ability provides Flight to friendly Faction warbeasts in her command range, which means they can charge without being forced. This fury management tool is helpful for Seraphs or Angeli, but it is even more important for the lowly Harriers.

The Sorceress is straightforward, with several magic spells to aid the Legion in their battles. Blight Storm places a 5" AOE completely within the Sorceress' command. While within the AOE, enemy models that are directly hit with damage that does not exceed their ARM automatically suffer 1 damage point instead. This can potentially turn any friendly Legion unit into a pseudo-Sniper unit. Frostbite is a POW 12 cold damage, SP 8 magic attack. Her third spell, Wind Ravager, prevents enemy models from making ranged attacks for one round while in her command range. Wind Ravager is an excellent way to force ranged units, such as Long Gunners, to move out of their safe positions on the board.





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Origins of Monks in the Iron Kingdoms

By **Simon Berman** and **Douglas Seacat** • Art by **Peter Johnston**, **Marek Okon**, and **Brian Snoddy**

The Order of Keeping

The Morrowan faith has been associated with martial traditions almost from its inception. The image of a knight of Morrow bravely fighting for light and justice is an icon across western Immoren. Common people in the Iron Kingdoms are only vaguely aware that the Church of Morrow's defenders do not all wear heavy, ornate armor or march to battle in rank and file. Preferring to serve in quiet obscurity, the Order of Keeping leaves the songs of bards and the adoration of the people to the knights.

In the days following Morrow's ascension, his followers began to wrestle with the implications of their leader's apotheosis and their persecution by the Menite priest kings. In these circumstances, the protection of Morrow's few materiel possessions was a matter of grave discussion. Chief among these items was the *Enkheiridion*, the assembled collection of both Morrow's and Thamar's journals. Orellius I, who would become the first primarch of the nascent Church of Morrow, took the sacred tome into his own keeping, but another of Morrow's followers began the task of gathering Morrow's other possessions. Austa Gellon, a skilled swordswoman who had once fought alongside Morrow, saw it as her duty to preserve any remnants of Morrow's life for posterity. Morrow left no physical remains after his ascension, but Gellon believed that any item associated with him might provide insight into the path that led to godhood. Some of these items have in fact manifested miraculous properties, for reasons not entirely understood by theologians. Some believe these items were imbued with holy power as a result of their long proximity to Morrow,

while others believe they gained these attributes when exposed to the ascension event itself.

Morrow had wandered across much of western Immoren during his life, and Gellon spent years attempting to retrace his steps. It is believed that Gellon chronicled this journey herself, but those journals have been lost to time and it is not known if she succeeded in gathering Morrow's surviving possessions. What is known is that Gellon did unearth some of Morrow's ancillary notes and journals, which the early church found invaluable in providing commentary about the *Enkheiridion*. Modern church scholars believe that Gellon also succeeded in acquiring a few of Morrow's other possessions, including the sword and mace he once wielded as a soldier.

Gellon eventually deposited the collection of relics at the Divinium, the first monastery devoted to Morrow, deep in the Wyrmswall Mountains. It was there, safe from the depredations of the Menite clergy, that the Church of Morrow began to coalesce from a group of lay followers into the dominant religion that it would become. Gellon herself spent much time guarding the relics that she acquired. As she grew older she became concerned with ensuring that the items in her charge would be guarded in perpetuity. It is believed that Gellon made several journeys in search of acolytes who would be worthy of protecting both the holiest Morrowan relics as well as the religion's nascent priesthood. These original guardians were mostly priests of a martial bent, some of whom went on to found their own orders within the Church.

As time passed and more men and women ascended, the order became increasingly dedicated to finding the relics left behind by the ascended.

Some acolytes walked the face of Caen, searching for the physical remnants of Morrow's life. Others among them dedicated themselves to protecting these relics. While the Menites continued to persecute them, the Morrowans found that others seemed to have an even less-savory interest in the holy relics of Morrow. A pair of acolytes had journeyed to the city of Fharin, where they believed that a bone from the hand of Ascendant Ellena had come to rest in a hidden cave. It was in this shallow cavern that the acolytes were ambushed and slaughtered by a group of Thamarites, who left their defaced bodies to be found months later by a group of acolytes sent to investigate. The ultimate fate—and even existence—of the relic is still a matter of debate within the Church of Morrow.

The group was a precursor to the Shroud of Thamar, who were intent on destroying Morrowan relics and preserving those of Thamar. Throughout the following centuries, they plagued the guardians of the Church of Morrow, and many shadowy battles were fought over the possession of sacred items. This new threat led to an increased number of Morrowan acolytes, who continued to explore and perfect the meditations and fighting stances passed down from Gellon and Taros.

Decades later, Gellon's former acolytes had further codified and expanded on her teachings, but it was not until the ascension of Katrena that the group was organized as an official arm of the church. Veneration of Katrena led the fledgling order to take a more active role in protecting Morrowan holy sites. Primarch Orestag I recognized these priests as the Order of Keeping in 1805 BR. The primarch expanded their responsibilities and authorities, allowing

them to establish monasteries for both the protection of Morrowan relics as well as to provide strongholds for others of their faith. Due to continued persecution by the Menite clergy, these first few strongholds were invariably in remote locations, not unlike the Divinium itself. These duties brought the order into close contact with the Morrowan artisans who helped design and construct their monasteries. The order has remained relatively obscure by choice, but this ancient relationship continues today: the order often maintains close relationships with lay followers who are masons, architects, or those who possess other skills relating to preserving monastic structures.

During the first centuries after Morrow's ascension, the scrutators of the Menite faith ruthlessly executed Morrowans on charges of heresy. Because of these dangerous circumstances, Morrowan clergy exhibited extreme discretion in their travels. Almost 300 years after Gellon's death, the order had effectively become another knightly order, simply one that emphasized the guarding of relics and clergy. It was at this time that one of the order's most expert combatants and bodyguards, Nallus Taros, set the order on a new course. A brilliant warrior skilled with sword, shield, and mace, Taros began to focus on his unarmed combat skills, discovering that without obvious weapons he could more easily escape the attention of Menite scrutators and other authorities. By his late 40s, Taros had walked the length and breadth of western Immoren, escorting the most important members of the Church of Morrow in secrecy.

Traveling unarmed and often alone across the wilds of western Immoren was dangerous even without the fear of religious persecution, and Taros walked hundreds of miles increasingly in meditation. In a few years, almost every waking moment of his life was spent in silent contemplation of both Asc. Katrena and Morrow. While walking along a remote road near the Bloodsmeath Marsh, Taros was assaulted by a group of bandits. In the aftermath of this skirmish, with the broken bodies of half a dozen brigands



before him and the survivors fleeing, Gellon realized that his meditation had not been broken by combat—his contemplation of Morrowan doctrines had become so complete that even battle could not interrupt it. Indeed, he had fought with incredible prowess, surprising even himself. Taros later described that it was as if Ascendant Katrena herself had guided his hands and feet as he struck down his foes.

When he next returned to the Divinium, his apparent enlightenment was startling even to the primarch of the day. There was no doubt in Taros' actions; it was obvious that his every thought and deed were in total accord with both Morrow's ideals and Katrena's battle philosophies. In the following years, Taros passed on much of what he had learned to the other guardians of the order. When he finally died of old age, his body was interred in a place of special reverence, adjacent to the holy items that had been of such significance to both Taros and Gellon.

The Order of Keeping slowly grew into its expanding monastic role. As more singularly holy individuals ascended, the

number of holy relics grew accordingly. Though few items were imbued with the true power of a relic, those that were often served as the kernels from which entire monasteries were founded. The threat of Menite persecution rose and fell over the centuries, and because many of these monasteries were founded in secrecy, the order maintained its emphasis on unarmed combat and weapons that could be easily concealed or justified. Despite their best efforts, some monasteries and early churches, known as basilicas, were found and destroyed by enemies of the church. Some of them seem to have been wiped from the face of Caen itself, and whatever relics they might have housed vanished with them. Early church records are incomplete in many places, and even in the today ruined Morrowan basilicas are sometimes discovered in the remote wilds or hidden deep beneath some of the older cities.

During these early centuries the order found itself as concerned with protecting relics from Menite authorities as they were with the rise of necromancy, particularly among

Thamarites. Necromancy is particularly abhorrent to the members of the Order of Keeping, who find the idea of a corrupted soul and body after death a true nightmare. That early Thamarite necromancers succeeded on several occasions in debasing Morrowan relics for their own purposes made the order one of the most radically anti-Thamarite groups within the early church.

The next major change to the order came in 1250 BR following the assassination of Primarch Loricharias. By this time the Church of Morrow had grown into a true religious and political power in western Immoren. The church counted followers among all the kingdoms of man, and its members began to worship openly. When Primarch Loricharias announced that the Morrowan Church would no longer tolerate religious persecution, the Menite Synod responded by dispatching Scrutator Khorva Sicarius on a supposedly diplomatic mission. Sicarius was the first Menite ever invited to visit the Divinium. In fact, Sicarius was no Menite at all, nor was Sicarius her true last name. Khorva



was, in truth, an assassin and enforcer originally from the criminal underworld of Korsk. The details of the plot that led to her arrival at the Divinium are lost to history, as is her true last name.

The false scrutator and the primarch met in the center of a large meeting chamber. The knights and guardians, Menite and Morrowan alike, were unarmed in accordance with ceremony. It was this ritual disarmament that prevented the numerous Morrowan paladins in attendance from saving the primarch when Khorva struck him with a ceremonial mitre. As the primarch fell dead to the floor, Ascendant Katrena materialized and smote Khorva, who was immediately claimed by Thamar during her own ascension, even as the slain primarch was taken into Morrow's reward as an archon. This event has been marked as one of the most notable manifestations of the divine on Caen in the last two millennia. It also clearly demonstrated to the church the vulnerability of its highest clergy and the need for additional protection.

In the days that followed, the Order of Keeping was charged with protecting Morrowan clergy in addition to their other duties. Experts at unarmed combat and subdual, the order was superbly equipped for this task, one traditionally given to the faith's paladins. These groups began to work in closer accord as different but equal guardians of those chosen to preach the words of Morrow. It was also later considered that the tragic death of Primarch Loricharias had served the greater good, for the holy manifestations surrounding this event had forced the Menite Synod to recognize the Morrowan faith as legitimate.

It was not until the Orgoth Occupation that the order experienced another important change in its philosophies. The ruthless Orgoth tyrants cared little for the culture of the region, and the monks of the order preserved a great deal of knowledge that would have been otherwise lost to antiquity during this dark age. The order's emphasis on subtlety and discretion served the Morrowan church well; in many places, the Orgoth forbade the Immorese from carrying weapons, a restriction that barely affected the monks of the Order

The Order in Khador

Though the Khadoran Morrowan Church has always had a smaller Order of Keeping presence, several of the order's monasteries in northern Khador have existed for centuries. By a coincidence of fate, most of the ascendants lived their lives in the southern part of the Iron Kingdoms, and there are simply fewer monasteries dedicated to Morrowan relics in the north. For the most part, the order is respectful of one another regardless of national origin.

A major exception to this amicability is the divide between Cygnaran and Khadoran Morrowans regarding the proper resting place of Ascendant

of Keeping from doing their duty.

It was during the occupation that the order gained its secondary patron. An Orgoth governor martyred Ascendant Rowan for protecting a group of beggars from execution. As the occupation went on, Rowan gained popularity as the protector of those seeking shelter from oppression. The Order of Keeping often worked to hide Morrowans during these times, and Ascendant Rowan's asceticism appealed to the monks. Many monasteries adopted her spare and simple lifestyle as their own. Some Morrowan monks have since gained a reputation for generosity and mendicant lives, giving what they earn from begging to the truly needy. Even those branches that do not so exactly adhere to Rowan's asceticism often donate time to their local communities to aid in projects that help the less fortunate.

Though the order has not undergone any radical changes as a whole since then, individual monasteries often develop their own unique cultures and philosophies influenced by later ascendants. Monasteries that are closely associated with a particular ascendant tend to develop monastic lives in keeping with their patron's nature. As such, two monasteries can be geographically close to one another but still vary significantly in outlook.

Katrena. Katrena was born in what would one day be Khador but spent the last days of her life protecting the primarch. When she ascended, her remains were interred within the Divinium itself. Given the place of her birth, the Korsk Vicariate Council claims that her body and associated relics are rightfully within the jurisdiction of a monastery in the northern mountains of their own nation. Due to the current state of near-open warfare between Cygnar and Khador, the issue is unlikely to be resolved any time soon, but the return of Katrena's remains is a point of national pride for the ranking members of the Khadoran branch of the church.

The Ordic Monastery and Tomb of Ascendant Markus located within the city of Midfast and the monastery on the site of Ascendant Gordenn's tomb 100 miles away outside Merin, for example, nicely illustrate these divergences.

The monks in Midfast are among the more blatantly militant Morrowan branches of the order. Charged with guarding the remains of Ascendant Markus, who died defending the city, the order has taken him as their patron over any other ascendant. To best honor their patron, the monks consider the defense of Midfast to be a holy duty. Abess Verona Rendasi (female Tordoran Mk14) emphasizes grueling drills and other combat training, a fact for which the Ordic Army is thankful. Monks of this order are almost an official part of the Ordic Army and Midfast's own militia. The quality of their combat training is so esteemed that the Caspian Sancteum often uses monks from Midfast when assigning bodyguards to the most important clergy. Several of the primarch's own protectors are from the Monastery of Markus.

In stark contrast to its militant brothers and sisters of Midfast, the Monastery of Ascendant Gordenn is less concerned with fighting and more intent on Morrow's desire to help the common people of Caen, particularly in times of famine or drought. Located a few

miles east of Merin, the simple building commands an impressive view of Ord's agricultural heartland from atop a steep hill. Though the monks there take their duties as the guardians of Gordenn's remains seriously, they are also deeply involved in the lives of the neighboring farmers. The monastery is most famous for the excellent wine they produce from the "Santo Gordenn" vineyards they maintain. Some of the proceeds from these wines is spent to maintain the monastery's modest needs, but most is donated to various charitable projects, many of which directly benefit the farmers of the Merin region. The monastery also crafts some excellent beers, which benefit from the high-quality hops and fruits available in the area. In fact, the monks of the order have a reputation for enjoying the good life a little too much. It is perhaps an exaggeration, but many visitors to the monastery leave with the memory of an aged monk sitting beneath a tree, enjoying a beer and smoking a hand-rolled cigar.

The Order of the Fist

History will remember Hierarch Garrick Voyle as one of the most influential individuals to shape the Protectorate of Menoth. His legacy is enormous and no single one of his acts can be pointed to as most important, but certainly the founding of the Order of the Fist will be one of his enduring achievements.

Prior to Voyle's consolidation of power within the Synod, he spent several years seeking total mastery of his own flesh in order to best serve the Lawbringer. He had taken his first step on this path years earlier, when he studied the Canon of the True Law in its original words, written on the walls of the High Temple of the Canon at Ancient Icthier. Voyle's research was thorough and long reaching. He found references to the early priest kings and their guards on ancient tablets. Some of these early testaments described the seemingly miraculous acts that these forgotten guardians could perform in defense of the priest kings. Traditionally, Menite scholars had interpreted these miracles as metaphors describing the will of Menoth made manifest on Caen. As Voyle peered further back into the earliest days of Menite history, he began to suspect that these acts were not

metaphors at all, but literal descriptions of individuals who moved within Menoth's will so effortlessly that their acts could only be described as miracles.

Voyle's time at Icthier soon ended, but his studies drove him to bring this forgotten holy warrior tradition into the modern world. He foresaw that these unarmed fighters could carry out their violent duties without interference from Cygnaran authorities, who frowned on the idea of an armed military within the Protectorate. Years passed and Voyle rose through the ranks of the clergy. Following the execution of Visgoth Ozeall and the internecine feuding of the Synod, Voyle felt it prudent to retire from Protectorate politics, and it was then that he returned to the hints of miraculous prowess as described in the ancient texts. His elevated station within the clergy gave him increased access to the Protectorate's archives, where Voyle found new avenues of investigation open to him.

The trail ultimately led Voyle to the edge of the Bloodstone Desert and the centuries-old stone dwelling of Haveron Grayden. Grayden was another student of the most ancient Menite texts who had made discoveries similar to Voyle's. In an effort to better focus on these studies, Grayden had retreated into solitude. Voyle had heard of Grayden's research and suspected that he was following a similar trail. When Voyle arrived at Grayden's lonely home, he found the hermit deep in meditation. The details of their first meeting are unknown but it is believed that Voyle demonstrated to Grayden a surprisingly advanced knowledge of the ancient martial techniques of the priest kings' guardians. From this basis they began to build on the forgotten knowledge they had gathered, with Voyle leading the way.

The two men were much alike in personality, both uncompromising and sustained by faith. In a surprisingly short time Voyle internalized the sum total of their knowledge on the subject, filling in gaps with his own intuition. Though Voyle never discussed the particulars of this time, he implied that Menoth himself had provided guidance, perhaps in the form of visions and dreams. In fewer than two years Voyle

was satisfied that he and Grayden had mastered their techniques through Menoth's guidance, and he began to plan the foundation of an order of monks devoted to this training.

The emphasis of their martial art was unarmed combat using the gifts the Creator had given a combatant's own body. Only three stances formed the core of the art, each named after a Menite virtue or commandment: Purity, Redemption, and Judgment. The Purity stance emphasized defense and the incorruptibility of the body. An acolyte using Purity could parry blows with great ease and even resist the effects of poison through the forbearance of Menoth. Redemption was concerned with turning an attacker's strikes against him by redirecting his motions and force. The more powerful the attack, the greater the damage was when this attack was redirected. Finally, Judgment was the stance of destruction and subdual. The final stance taught to an initiate, Judgment was purely offensive, and those deemed worthy learned techniques to paralyze an enemy with a single blow or shatter bones into dust. True masters of the three stances can effortlessly move among them.

Voyle returned to Icthier in search of students. His first acolytes came from young clergy graduating from the Lyceum, handpicked for their liturgical knowledge and unbending loyalty. When they came with him to Grayden's remote home, Voyle proclaimed them the first initiates of the Order of the Fist. The initiates' training proceeded rapidly, and the upper limits of a given supplicant quickly became apparent. Those who lacked total commitment and faith simply could not perform the near-miraculous efforts required of them, and more than one initiate was killed during training. It was not long before Voyle and Grayden were satisfied with their surviving initiates, and they began guiding them up through the new ranks of the order. When the first monk achieved the rank of high allegiant, Voyle told Grayden that the order was now in his hands and that he must increase its ranks. Voyle returned to Sul to prepare for his rise within the hierarchy of the Protectorate.

By the time Voyle had readied himself politically and was confident that Menoth himself guided his course, Grayden had trained more than 100 allegiants of the Order of the Fist. When Voyle finally seized power from the Synod, the allegiants ensured compliance of the lesser clergy and populace, even as Voyle confronted the visgoths. Freed from the need for armor or weapons, the monks easily spread out throughout the population, listening for words of treason or dissent against Voyle's new regime. During the months that he consolidated his power, the monks of the Order of the Fist became known as Voyle's personal enforcers. Even after his official inauguration as hierarch, he kept several bodyguards from the order with him at all times—an act that alienated the paladins of the Wall and even unsettled the Knights Exemplar, who had both previously contributed their best knights to this role.

Once Voyle was secure in his new position, he elevated Grayden to the rank of holy high allegiant to lead the order in his absence—though Voyle retained the esteem and veneration as the creator of the organization, and the ultimate loyalty of its members belonged to him alone. Voyle was not given to familiarity, but Grayden might have been the closest confidant he ever had. Grayden was honored by this responsibility; there was perhaps no greater sign of Voyle's respect than leaving to him to lead the monastic order he had founded and which had been instrumental in Voyle's rise to power. Grayden set about expanding and solidifying the order while Voyle turned to reforming the Protectorate and its broader military. The holy high allegiant's first act was to build a monastery on the site of his remote home. An immense fast was constructed, with an ominous tower crowning multiple levels of

subterranean barracks and training areas. No one but monks and the highest-ranking clergy have ever been inside, and the monastery remains the heart of the order into the present day.

Grayden and his most trusted subordinates personally choose and instruct each new initiate from among those who apply. In recent years, they have received a large number of skilled acolytes from among the Idrian tribes. Coming from a culture with a strong martial tradition, the converted Idrians found the order greatly appealing. It was not long before the fighting styles from their culture, inspired by the motion of desert sands and the flow of wind, began to blend with the order's own techniques, and Grayden found them highly complementary. He went so far as to incorporate some of their forms into the order's training regimen. The Idrian presence within the order has only increased in recent years.



The tribes have been greatly inspired by the figure of High Allegiant Amon Ad-Raza, an Idrian who is not only one of the highest-ranking members of the order, but who is also the first monk to demonstrate the talents of a warcaster.

Since Voyle's death the order relies more than ever on the guidance of Haveron Grayden. Grayden is only slightly older than Voyle was upon his death, but he does not boast the same singular blessing of longevity as did his former master. Though the holy high allegiant is still in excellent health and deadly fighting form, the years have slowed him, and he has begun to consider who will take his place when he is called to the Lawbringer's side in Urcaen. Though he has not yet chosen, some believe he is grooming Ad-Raza succeed him. If this happens, the warcaster might become a beacon to as-yet unconverted tribesmen, and the order's swelling numbers could allow it to take a more prominent role in the crusades abroad.

For now this task is still largely left to other groups like the Temple Flameguard and the Knights Exemplar. The majority the order's monks maintain their traditional vigilance on the streets of the Protectorate as the hidden eyes, ears, and threatening fists for the leading priests and scrutators of the faith. After lives of rigorous training, deprivation, and focused piety, they have no patience or tolerance for Menites who neglect their duties to the Creator, let alone heathens who will not properly acknowledge the god. Such is their ominous reputation that the monks of the Fist have few friends outside their order, but they do find kindred spirits among like-minded of the faithful, particularly devoted clergy and the uncompromising Knights Exemplar. At times their interests will coincide with paladins of the Order of the Wall, even as each of these orders has distinctly different interpretations of the True Law. Bands of such zealous adherents are formidable adversaries to enemies of the Protectorate, and sometimes they enter those foreign lands on difficult missions to advance the cause of their righteous faith.

New Feats

Sense the Divine

Prerequisites: Wisdom 15, Concentration 4 ranks, Knowledge (religion) 8 ranks, *still mind*, membership in the Order of Keeping

By intense prayer and by remembering the lore and teachings regarding a specific item of sacred significance, such as a relic, the monk can sense the divinity emanating from that object. Three times per day a monk with this ability can use a standard action to discern such an object's direction. This feat bestows a spell-like ability that functions identically to *locate object*, using the monk's level to determine the range but with a duration limited only by concentration. The ability functions only on items the GM deems to be particularly holy or of substantial historical importance to the monk's religion. This ability is used by the keepers of relics to ensure these priceless items are where they are supposed to be, as well as by those searching for lost relics to be restored.

Righteous Guardian

Prerequisites: Spot 8 ranks, Improved Initiative

Monks with this feat have focused their training to protect the leaders of their faith, and their fighting prowess is at its greatest when they are fulfilling this role. This feat allows the monk to apply the Deflect Arrows feat and Snatch Arrows feat to ranged weapons that hit a cleric, paladin, or exemplar of his religion within 5 feet of his position. All other conditions of these feats apply. Furthermore, the monk gains a +2 circumstance bonus to attack and damage rolls against a target that previously targeted a cleric, paladin, or exemplar of his religion within the same or the previous round with any sort of hostile action, spell, or ability. Monks of the Order of Keeping with this feat can also apply this bonus when attacking a target that has stolen and is holding a sacred relic from the monk's religion.

Strike of Judgment

Prerequisites: *Ki Strike* (lawful), Stunning Fist, Sense Motive 11 ranks, membership in the Order of the Fist

The monk has become a precise instrument of punishment and can deliver appropriate retaliation against those who have wavered in their faith. This ability is reserved as punishment against those who have disrespected the monk's faith, including heretics and former members who have lapsed in their piety. Before using this feat the monk must take a standard action to confront the offender and question his attitude toward his god. If a successful Sense Motive check (opposed by the target's Bluff check, if they are attempting to feign piety) determines the target is not a pious member of his religion, the monk can make a special unarmed attack. Strike of Judgment forces a foe hit by this attack to make a Fortitude saving throw (DC 10 + 1/2 monk's character level + WIS modifier). Instead of suffering normal damage, the target suffers from one of the following conditions, determined by the monk: blinded, deafened, or sickened. This condition lasts for 1d6 days. Strike of Judgment can be attempted only once per day per target.

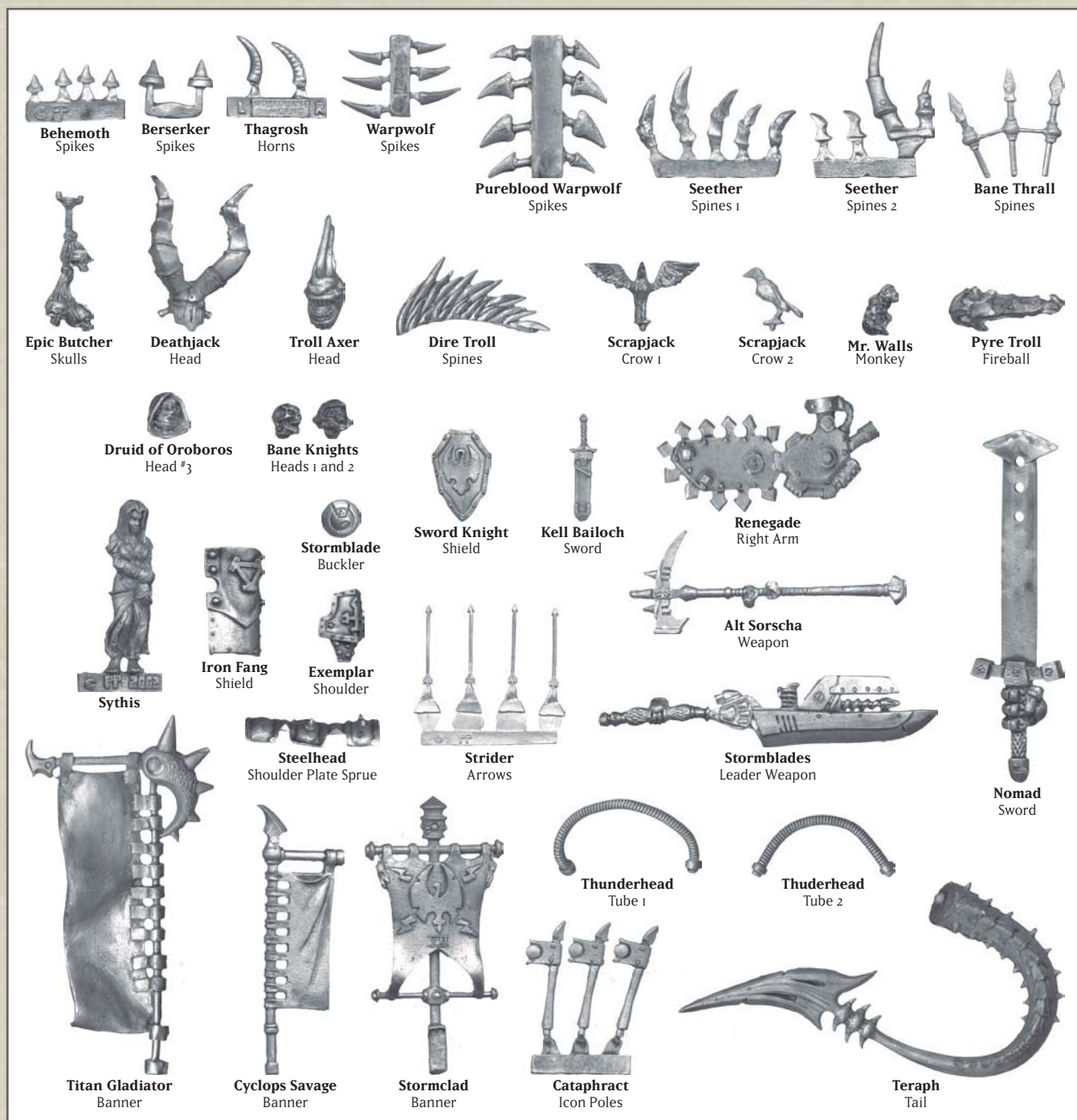
Clarifying Existing Feats/Abilities

Deflect Arrows and Snatch Arrows are feats that do not allow those who possess them to intercept bullets fired from a firearm attack in the Iron Kingdoms. Because of their velocities, these projectiles are usually treated identically to unusually massive ranged weapons. At 11th level, when a monk gains the Diamond Body ability, these feats can be applied to firearm attacks.

Ki Strike has limited usefulness in the Iron Kingdoms due to the scarcity of damage reduction of these types. At 4th level, Ki Strike can mitigate serricsteel-based damage reduction by 5 points; at 10th level by 10 points; and at 16th level by 15 points.

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DRAWN AND QUARTERED

by Tracy Constantine



THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY HIT!

Make room for the big boys! Chris Brighton sent in his Juggernaut Extreme, showing off a great alternate paint scheme. Stéphane Ngyuen Van Gioi in turn wowed us with this complete resculpt of the classic Behemoth. Fantastic work!



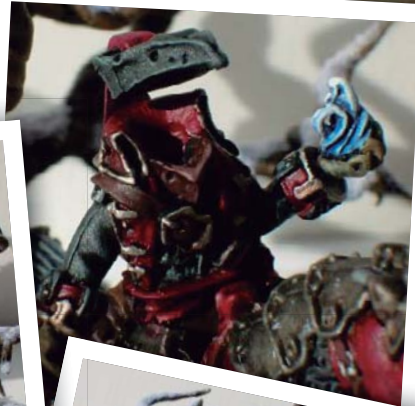
GHOSTLY VISAGE CHALLENGE

The Painting Challenge of No Quarter #26 took a spooky twist, turning normally corporeal models into something ghostly and supernatural.

WINNER!

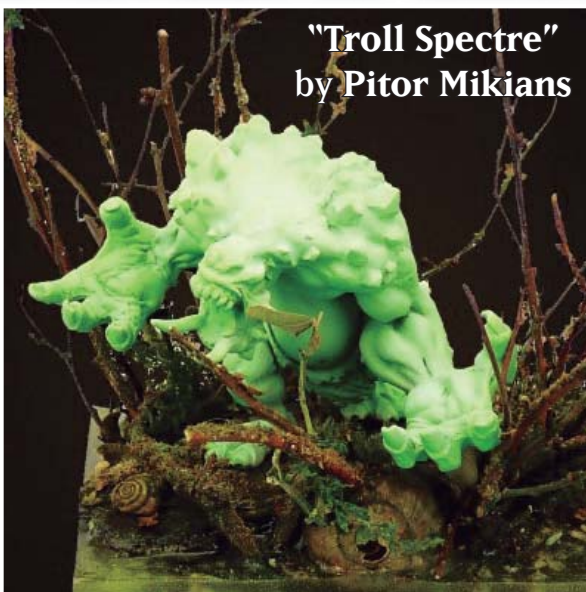
**Simon Foster**

Simon went the classic route to create the Iron Kingdoms' own version of the Headless Horseman. Just be happy that he can't 'jack marshal.



HONORABLE MENTIONS

"Grandpa Hunter"
by Melissa Mayhew



"Troll Spectre"
by Pitor Mikians



Check out **page 46** for the next Painting Challenge and see if you can *Paint Like You've Got a Pair!*

THE POOP DECK

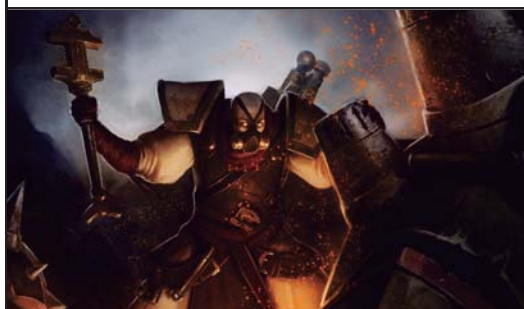


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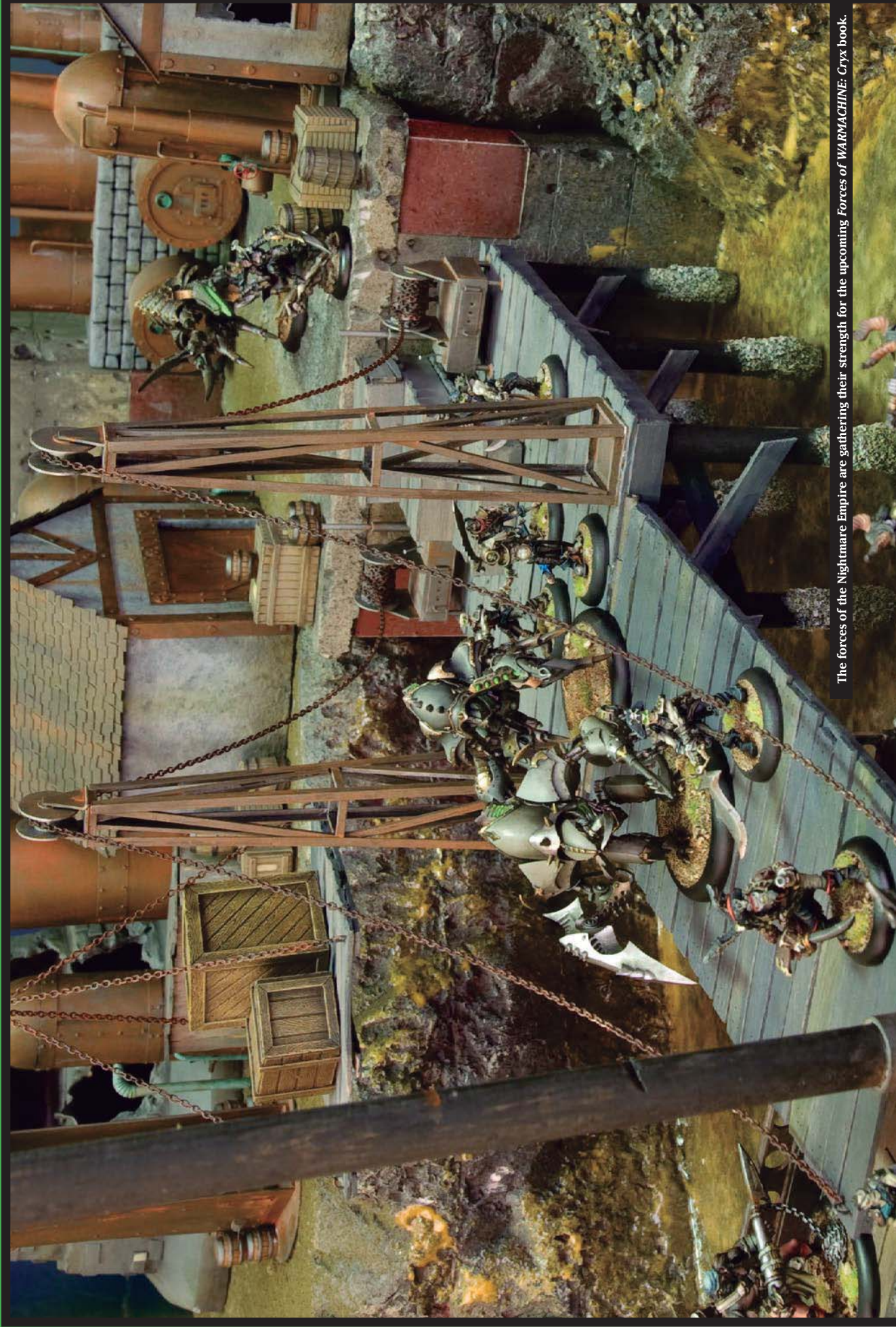
Durgen Madhamer in the
Gavyn Kyle Files

PLUS, the **Winter Troll** and
Assault Kommandos in
Guts & Gears, **Horgenhold**,
and making **Dirt & Mud Effects**.

REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!

Ernesto Diezhandino from Spain sent us pictures of himself as his alter ego—warcaster Colonel Arthur C. Broker, serving in the Cygnaran Expeditionary Force. Finished a day before the LARP event seen here, the armor includes smoke and lighting effects. Great job Ernesto and your assistants David Hall and David Sala!





The forces of the Nightmare Empire are gathering their strength for the upcoming Forces of WARMACHINE: Cryx book.

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