



# Hand Cannon

The UNofficial IronKingdoms Fan Zine

eZine

#3

**Tactics  
Interviews  
Galleries  
And much much  
more..**

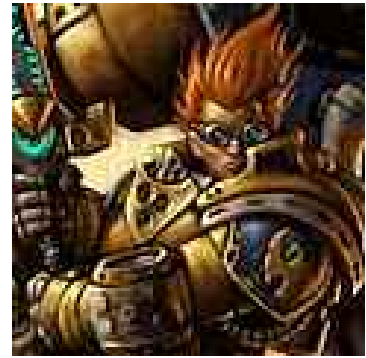
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This zine is completely un-official.

## Words from the man

It's 4am on a Monday morning, and I just completed a 10 hour painting session in an effort to finish the cover art for WARMACHINE: ESCALATION. It seemed like an opportune moment to tap out this letter Brian (Lexington to you forum folk) asked me to write. I'd been putting it off until I could think of something worth saying—a subject that may still be in debate by the time I'm done.



Brian asked me to say something about Privateer, WARMACHINE, what to expect from Escalation. If you're reading this though, you're probably somewhat familiar with the origin of Privateer Press, and at the very least, our recent history. So instead of another press release, over the last finger of an 18 year Macallan, I believe I'll wax philosophic.

I once was fortunate enough to attend an informal lecture of an accomplished artist by the name of Rick Berry. His philosophy on art postulated that a piece of artwork was not completed until it was viewed—the last stroke applied to a canvas was meaningless until it was observed and experienced by another human being, and only within that person's mind was the process completed and did the end product truly exist. This philosophy could not be more true when applied to games.

A game is an abstract set of guidelines created to influence a person's behavior, to stimulate a reaction, and to simulate an otherwise imaginary conflict, process, or event. But the game itself is nothing until experienced by a human being, and each participant enjoys a unique and individual experience.

This is the origin of the now infamous, Page 5.

When we pre-released WARMACHINE at Gen Con 2002, the immediate reaction was quite positive. However, as feedback filtered in over the subsequent months, and as we continued to refine the game from the initially released Quick Start rules, we were amused by a prevailing sentiment that seemed to be growing from the expanding body of players who were experiencing the game: WARMACHINE was too hard.

Not .hard-complicated., but .hard-challenging.. Recent popular games of the miniatures genre were designed to promote strategies that benefited a defensive approach, waiting for an opponent to come within reach before making a move to attack. WARMACHINE, though, is about aggression—a concept that for a war game, ironically, took many players by surprise.

It never occurred to me that we might have to explain our approach to a game about fighting robots and warrior mages. But as our print date grew closer, it became clear that this creation was something in great need of just such a thesis.

Twenty-four hours before WARMACHINE: PRIME went to press, I wrote the words on page 5 in a single draft. It was a manifesto to the intent behind WARMACHINE, and in many ways, a mission statement for Privateer Press.

.Play like you've got a pair..

Is it sexist, as has been many times debated on and off our forums? A misogynistic, chest-beating throw-back to a less sensitive time? Or is it an allegory for the adrenalized emotion that is so often associated with testosterone? Maybe. Or perhaps it's a modern iconic statement that delivers a message in clear,

and no uncertain terms that the intent of this experience is be aggressive, to take risk, and to be heedless of the consequences.

But do you really mean.?

Balls.

The word has become a metaphor, albeit vulgar, but an evolution of its anatomical origin, nonetheless. My favorite definition, from Dictionary.com, since it.s handy:

b. Courage, especially when reckless.

Is Privateer sexist? Not likely. Our president is a woman more capable than any two of the males that work here. And I doubt she.d take offense to any suggestion that she.s got balls. How could she not? She runs a company composed of nearly 30 gamers. Tell me that doesn.t take a pair. Tell me that.s not courage.

A year later, the WARMACHINE community is growing faster and stronger than ever. We were always confident in our product we risked greatly, but we were never timid. However, we also never anticipated the effect that the words on page 5 would have on that gaming experience. We offered it as an explanation, but it has become a credo. The end product did not truly exist until it was experienced by the players. We made some words, but you completed the process. You made Page 5.

But what about Escalation? More importantly, what will be on page 5? Honestly, I don.t know. I.ll probably wait until the night before to write it.

*Matt Wilson*

## IRC Community



### What is IRC?

IRC is like a party line on the internet. It's a way for a few people from all over the world to meet in one little corner of the internet over coffee, and chit-chat. IRC stands for "Internet Relay Chat".

### Download an IRC program

There are many good IRC programs out there. For Windows, I recommed the free version of mIRC (<http://www.mirc.com>), for Linux I recommend IRSSI (<http://irssi.org>) and for Mac (both OS X and Classic) I recommend IRCLE (<http://www.ircle.com>).

### Set up the IRC program

Usually this will consist of what you want your nick to be, and what IRC server you want to log into by default. The IRC program should figure out the rest.

### Connect to irc server

Type the following.

***/server irc.psionics.net***

Connect to the channel

To join the warmachine channel, type the following:

***/join #privateerpress***

**Hope to see you there soon.**

## Tabletop Tactica: Cryx

Written by: Gimp with help from his friends

"The forces of Cryx are as dangerous as the seas on which they ride. Like a storm driven wave, they will crash through or overwhelm any foe. Like the tides, they will not be denied. The commander who understands the ebb and flow of the Cryxian army will wash away all opposition." -- From the Liber Tacticus Komitatus

The Army of Cryx is appealing because of the fear it can inspire in the hearts of its foes. No army can match its overall speed, and the plethora of arc node units turns its already capable Warcasters into frightening engines of destruction. When the army is utilized as a cohesive whole, there is no opponent that can stand against it for long. While the ARM values across the army are far from inspiring, the DEF values of its Warjacks are any commander's dream. Its best defense is a strong offense, but the Cryxian commander has forces at his disposal that allow him to accomplish any mission. The essence of Cryx is speed, melded with cunning.

Deneghra is the Warcaster most players first meet, from the starter box set. She is the culmination of all things Cryx. She is the wraith of the battlefield. Unable to be targeted at range due to stealth and able to slip from melee unhindered due to her Witch Barbs. Her spells are some of the most dangerous in the game, allowing her to cripple enemy units in preparation for her unit's attacks, or neuter enemy units so they can't influence the battle. Combine her feat, Crippling Grasp or Parasite, and a charge of Mechanithralls or Bane Thralls, and even Khadoran heavy Warjacks know what it's like to be armored like a Bonejack for the short time they survive. Her feat strikes a debilitating blow; denying the enemy any chance to run, charge, slam, or make special attacks. All enemy stats, including focus, will wither and cripple the enemy for a turn. With 4" less control radius, enemy Warjacks can be left high and dry when focus needs to be allocated.

Deneghra's spells show her understanding of subtlety.

Crippling Grasp has left many heavy Warjacks wallowing along, unable to come to grips with a foe until the battle has been decided.

This is one of Deneghra's bread and butter spells when facing heavy units, but is also effective against fast troops because of its limitations on the target running. Even Scrap Thralls can catch a unit under Crippling Grasp. It reduces melee attack range by at least 5" by negating all charges, slams, and special attacks.

Dark Seduction is a gambler's spell, but it can pose a significant threat that can't be ignored. An entire unit of Long Gunners taking a turn to CRA their erstwhile friends can put a world of hurting on a Cygnaran army. It isn't a spell to depend on, but the threat alone can give enemies pause.

Death Rage is a less effective spell, but can allow a turn for revenge that might save a game, or allow a Skarlock or second Warcaster a chance to maneuver into an overwhelming position. Use it with a lot of forethought, or the focus would be better applied elsewhere.

Ghost Walk is a surprise within the surprise of the Cryxian Army. The more terrain on the board, the more likely this spell will be used to good effect. With little terrain, it's most likely to be used to pull units out of combat safely when they're needed elsewhere or at least unengaged. Bile Thralls in melee come to mind. Ghost Walk the unit out of melee, and purge on the models that tried to hold them back.

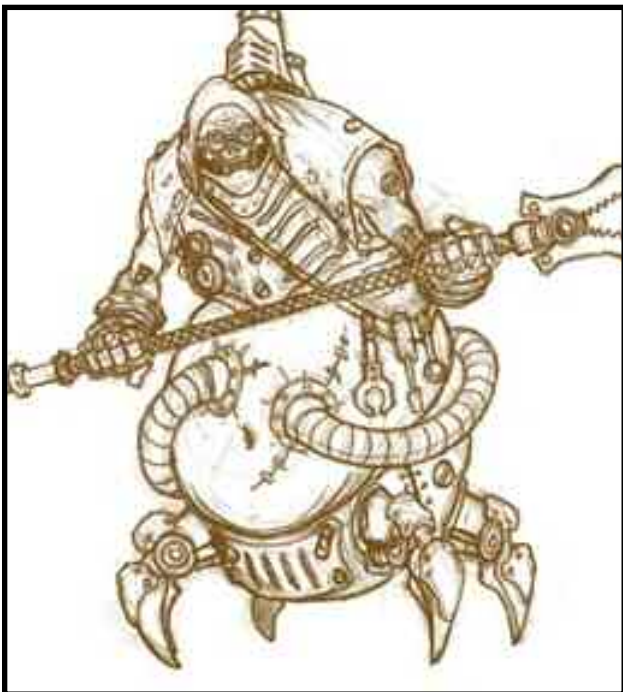
Parasite is a fine spell for Deneghra to use right before a unit is attacked. Any high ARM unit is a prime target. While Crippling



Grasp can be used to neuter a unit until it can be dismantled, Parasite is best used right before an attack, as it does not limit the target's other capabilities. It can also be used to allow double duty from focus; one point toward upkeep will still add to ARM, but also heal the Warcaster.

Scourge is Deneghra's best known spell, with the Scourge Run being a defining tactic in Cryxian Dyrty Tryx. The Scourge Run, bringing a Bonejack within 4", and then arcing Scourge to guarantee the target will be caught in the AOE and knocked down, has been a hallmark of Deneghra's armies since the game's initial release. Timing for full effect has been lackluster for many players, however. A Scourge cast through a running Bonejack leaves only enough focus for a single Venom to follow it. While this can slowly wear down a Warcaster, it is better to have Defilers or Nightwretches in position to take advantage of the downed target. A Slayer in range can also cap off the run nicely.

Venom is probably one of the worst utilized spells in Deneghra's arsenal. A spray attack that causes corrosion, and can be cast three times per turn, is a devastating thing. Cover and concealment are meaningless to the spray, and even Eirys becomes merely a chancy target to hit. At a base POW 10, it doesn't sound impressive against heavy ARM units, but coupled with Deneghra's ARM reducing abilities; it becomes potent against even Khadoran Warjacks. A continuous stream of Venoms on the Butcher limping along under Crippling Grasp has seen him suc-



cumb in many games. If he uses his focus to heal the corrosive damage, he becomes more susceptible to other attacks.

The Iron Lich is the next Cryxian Warcaster to stride onto the battlefield, and mighty are the strides he's taken. He is a melee monster surpassed in short term fury only by the Butcher, and a spellcaster that can surpass even Severius in the short term. Sustained attack makes any exchange with him dangerous, and his feat, in combination with terror, makes him doubly a threat to infantry. He proclaims his presence on the battlefield from a medium base; so he is more difficult to screen, but his mobility is excellent.

His spell assortment is in keeping with his demeanor, brutal and direct.

Breath of Corruption is any warrior's nightmare. A cloud effect that stays in place, has no damage reduction throughout its AOE, and causes automatic damage to any unit entering or staying within its AOE. It can be used to screen advancing units, or to force enemy units out of position.

Hellfire, along with Iron Blight, is one of two spells most often touted in reference to Asphyxious' battlefield abilities. A long range, POW 14 attack that forces a command check on infantry, it combines potency with potential unit collapse. The effective 24" range allowed by his control area with arc nodes makes it a dangerous threat across most of the battlefield.

Iron Blight can be a death sentence for a Warjack. While it only damages hull boxes, its ability to ignore ARM means every successful casting will hurt, and every other attack that gets through can skip straight to important system boxes. Light Warjacks especially are susceptible, but even Khadoran heavies will feel the hurt when other attacks strike home.

Parasite has been discussed under Deneghra, but it is Asphyxious' only method of reducing a target's defenses.

Scything Touch can make any Warjack more of a threat, but especially the Slayer. Combined with Parasite, it brings the Slayer's multiple claw attacks closer to the heaviest damage weapons in the game.

Shadow Wings allows Asphyxious mobility matched by few units in the game. While it ends his activation, it allows him to exit melee at will, while avoiding any terrain that might limit him. In

combination with his reach attack range, it allows him to charge to attack, and then move up to 12" away from his opponent.

Spectral Leech is Asphyxious' least versatile spell. While it can reduce an opposing Warcaster's focus by up to five in the next round, it is extremely expensive to cast. In the right circumstances it can be incredibly effective, but those circumstances have to be crafted and created.

The last Cryxian Warcaster to come on the scene is the Pirate Queen, Skarre. Already gaining fame for the Skarre Bomb, boosting a model's ARM with her feat to use Sacrificial Strike for 20+3d6 or more damage, she is a study in contrasts. She excels in a game with large numbers of infantry, yet is also the Cryxian Warcaster best able to support Warjacks with focus due to Sacrificial Lamb. She has the lowest focus rating of the Cryx Warcasters, but can maintain a higher level of spell casting than the Iron Lich. She doesn't have special movement or defense abilities, but can damage Warcasters more easily than any other Warcaster.

Skarre's spells reflect her diversity.

Backlash is the bane of all Warcasters. Any damage penetrating the target Warjack's ARM will visit the Warcaster. Combined against a low ARM Warjack with a unit of Satyxis, and enemy Warcasters will have no refuge from extreme pain.

Blood Rain is especially well suited for dealing with high ARM infantry. A 3" AOE causing corrosion will kill 2/3rds of the infantry affected that survive the damage roll. Anything giving automatic damage should not be viewed lightly.

Dark Guidance is one of Skarre's most powerful spells. Cryxian infantry have some of the most potent melee abilities in the game. The effective addition of a point of focus to every melee roll, and being able to boost Warjack rolls above that, can be decisive. Used in concert with her feat, multiple attacks of 5+3d6 doing 20+3d6, or 6+3d6 doing 16+4d6 can rip through the enemy army.

Fly's Kiss is often overlooked in favor of Hellfire, but is a potent tool against infantry; especially those grouped for CRA. If the target is killed, you have an unreduced POW 10 AOE attack. I have seen entire units evaporate under the caress of these kisses.

Hellfire has been discussed under the Iron

Lich, but it is interesting to note that Skarre, while having the smallest number of spells amongst the Cryxian Warcasters, has the largest number that can cause damage to any target.

Sacrificial Lamb is the essence of Skarre. She is willing to give up anything to accomplish her mission. Sacrificial Strike allows her to kill her warriors to boost her supply of focus. With a Skarlock casting, Skarre can average over nine focus per turn.

The infantry units of Cryx support Lord Toruk's quests well.

Bane Thralls are one of the best infantry units in the game. Weapon masters that approach with stealth, they have the power to take down heavy Warjacks without help, in the army most able to help make that easier.

Bile Thralls are placed on the battlefield with a large target drawn on them, unless the enemy is foolish and wants to lose every warrior model they try to use to well placed purges. Even Warjacks can feel the pain from corrosion and POW 12 attacks. That they are cheap, and have a field allowance of three only adds to their corrosive shine.

Mechanithralls are versatile infantry. They combine a good MAT with the ability to use multiple light strikes, or one heavy strike, depending on what is most effective against their target.

Necrotechs are the only model that can allow you to increase the number of models on the field. Their ability to tie up any Warjack without a reach weapon for the rest of the game is priceless for its comic value beyond its tactical implications.

Scrap Thralls may not belong in all armies, but can join any with a Necrotech. Any target that comes in range is at risk, and they excel at taking out most infantry even when their Death Burst misses. As individuals, you have time to analyze your results.

Satyxis are fast support. They match the speed of the Bonejacks, and are the only CMA units in the army. Add Feedback to any army, and you can watch the enemy Warcasters sweat.

Skarlocks are a definite plus for any army. They effectively increase your focus allowance by up to three per turn, and allow a wide range of additional spell tactics as a separate unit from the Warcaster.

Bonejacks are all fast and dangerous. They

complement each other wonderfully. None of them should be overlooked as inadequate.

Deathrippers are the no frills Bonejack. They allow great speed for positioning arc nodes, and are melee capable with sustained attack when needed. They are also good for slamming problems away.

Defilers are more than ranged attack Deathrippers. Of the Cryxian spells, only Hellfire exceeds the Sludge Cannon's range. Defilers give you a range finder that causes corrosion. Corrosion is a gift that can keep on giving, and more than worth it when it's automatic on any hit.

Nightwretches give up 25% of the Defiler's range in exchange for a higher POW AOE attack. While no longer causing corrosion, they hit harder, and can target groups of infantry, or other units immune to spells.

Helljacks hit hard and often. Almost as fast as the Bonejacks, they can both take and dish out much more punishment.

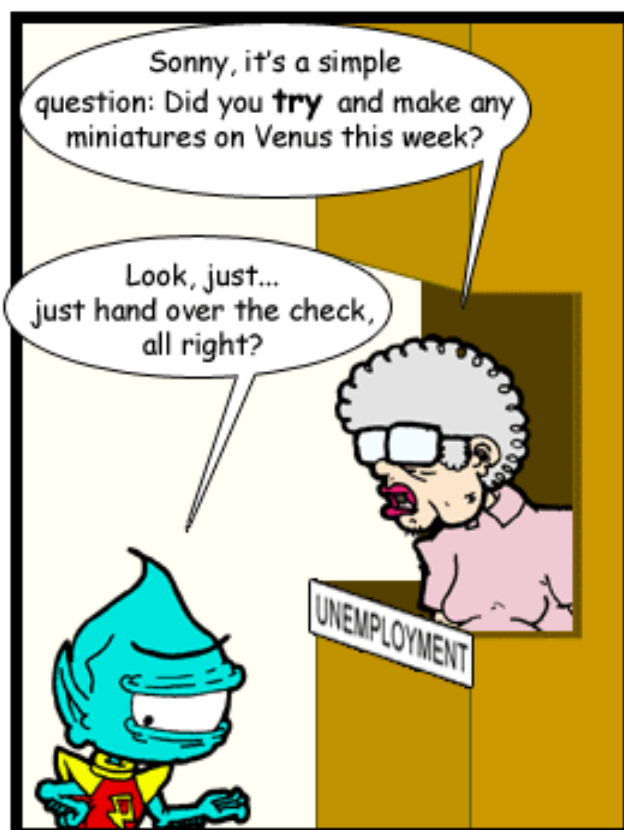
Reapers allow you to bring the enemy where you want them, and a P+S 16 sustained attack can do wonderful things.

Slayers live up to their name. When used in concert with the boosting or limiting effects of Cryxian spells, it's usually only poor rolls that allow an enemy Warjack to survive.

Think, adapt and overwhelm. Cryx is subtly mixed with blazing speed. Take these thoughts with you from your grave, and serve Lord Toruk well. Or else...



# Out of Focus





## Interview with Lucas Lebielle a.k.a. Elyoukey

Lucas Lebielle is a 26 years old who lives Toulouse France.

You can visit his website

at <http://teamtoulouse.free.fr>

HC: Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule. HC appreciates it

HC: First question how long have you been painting?

Elyoukey: It's a difficult question, in fact it's different if you want to know when did I paint my first mini or when I started to try to have something looking good. ... I painted my first mini 10 years ago, but I started to really improve my painting skills since 6 years.

HC: What types of paints do you use?

Elyoukey: I use almost all the time Prince August, but I have a few I-Kore, Adikolor and Citadel pots.

HC: What is your favorite warmachine faction?

Elyoukey: Without doubt it's Cryx. (it sounds like cereal :))

HC: How many Warmachine minis do you own?

Elyoukey: I have the starter box (5), a reaper (1), a Mechanithrall Scrap Thrall (2), 2 Nightwretch, 1 Skarlock. But I try to play only with the painted

ones (6,7 minis :( ) and I also have a lot of other minis from other games (like many other gamers)

HC: How long have you been gaming?

Elyoukey: I started playing almost 10 years ago (with space crusade and W40K) and I started with Warmachine last year. Because warmachine has been distributed in France just for 1 year. The French discounter is in Toulouse, like the Teamtoulouse.

HC: Ok lets talk about your slayer conversion. I would like to say it is the most awesome slayer I have ever seen. I love it. I think taking the hood off was a excellent idea. I even stripped down mine and plan to do something similar.

Elyoukey: I removed the hood, because when I assembled it I lightly turned the head, so the hood made him look a bit stupid. I decided that this strong guy, pillar of the ost could not remain like that, then I took milliput and made this.



Elyoukey: I don't call it a conversion. It was completely unprepared, just milliput and a GW goblin blazon. I am not very skilled in conversions.

HC: What would you like it to be called?

Elyoukey: An accidental-arrangement to fit the mood of the mini.

HC: Can you give me a brief summary of how you paint your slayer (after gluing and cleaning)

Elyoukey: The summary will be brief, but the time I spent on it was not :P.



Elyoukey: 1- Black undercoat

2- a coat of 'marron mat'

3- grooves with 'ocre marron' and 'sable irakien'

4- that's all... everything is in the way you paint the grooves.

HC: Over all how long did you spend on the slayer?

Elyoukey: More or less 14 hours. But I spent almost all the time painting the grooves.

HC: What did you use for the base?

Elyoukey: Green paint, brown paint, cork, synthetic grass, and sand. I tried to give the idea that while he was walking, he crushed the stone under his feet... but it's a complete failure. :(

HC: Which do you enjoy more the painting or playing?

Elyoukey: I am really half painter, half gamer. Every week-end it's difficult to choose between a painting party (with the teamtoulouse members ;) ) and a good battle (against the teamtoulouse members). Also you could say that a good battle could not be played without a painted army.

HC: Thanks for the interview.

Elyoukey: Thanks for thinking of me. I found it fun.

## *From the Journal of Professor Tengar*

### **Donard, Solesh, 602 AR**

It's been a wearing trip up the Dragon's Tongue River. Not so much physically, traveling by steamboat, but in the dreariness of days stuck on board a small craft. And while I enjoyed the company of my companions on The Lucky Mermaid, after nearly 400 miles (and a month and a half)(1) I was greatly looking forward to being apart from them. But they are a nice Scharde family, and are not indisposed to ake some money to not mention my presence on this trip. But things back on the Ordic border were too dangerous for me to stay (And as an aside, I truly do appreciate the continued support from the University of Caspia. Especial thanks go to the Head of the Department of Earth Studies and the Vice-Provost for their defense of my case during the recent unpleasantness with Baron Strundig. I shall continue to send my transcripts via the usual channel.)

Corvis is the largest city in northern Cygnar, with a population of around 100,000 and quite likely ten times that in transitional, merchant, and other 'unreported' persons. Corvis would not exist without the Dragon's Tongue and Black rivers, and located on the split of these two major waterways, it is both

defines and is defined by them. Corvis is divided into roughly three areas. The West banks are home to most of the piers and warehouses, and as an outgrowth, most of the industry and commerce is located there as well. The docks are home to some rough crowds, but also the best beer in the blasted

city. Humans, and Cygnarans in general, don't appreciate a good beer. A wine is fine, and I'm particularly fond of the vineyards near

New Larkholm, but when a Dwarf needs his beer, he needs his beer. To the East lie mostly residential areas, many private and communal living places for those who live within the walls. These range from nicer homes of the merchant classes, to hovels that barely shield the people in them from the constant rain.



The South holds the government buildings and the homes of the wealthy. It is said that the decisions are made in the south of Corvis, and ignored elsewhere, and I for one, believe it. For the rest of Corvis, the South is pretty much another city, and the decisions there rarely affect the common person, with the rare exception of the Watch.

A fourth, informal area exists in Corvis. The under city. The marshy nature of the area, coupled with undercutting by the river, a wealth of building projects, especially during the Thorn wood War era, and the restricting nature of the walls, means that instead of spreading out like Five Fingers, or installing yet another ring of walls like Caspia, Corvis tends to build upward. And what isn't carefully maintained will sink. According to some of the historical documents was able to peruse at the City Hall and University of Corvis, I believe that the average rate of sinking ranges from one foot every thirty years further from the banks of the rivers, to as fast as three feet a decade in and near the river itself. In one particular case, a pier commissioned by the city to be rebuilt had to be replaced after just two years due to flooding problems. It is this sinking problem that makes this fourth area of Corvis. When a building sinks, its foundations and sometimes walls are generally left intact. While they quite often fill with water and mud, sometimes pockets form in them. Enterprising people have carved out tunnels between these pockets, and manage to eke out a living under the city. Two of these enclaves that I have visited were amazing.

While my own folk do make extensive use of underground dwellings, they are well-made and sturdy. The Squat, as one was colloquially called, was a horrific makeshift affair. Inadequate venting led to a quite smoky environment, which I suppose was a blessing of sorts, considering the clientele there. But the Squat was a fully functional market, easily the equal to the more famous Quad aboveground. And while the nature of the goods may have not been the same quality, the sheer variety was astounding. Iosian crystalware bumped against bundles of grain. "Alchemists" provided a host of substances of dubious quality and effect. It was also the home to the

non-humans of the city. It's a rare city in Cygnar nowadays to not find a Gobber quarter, and Ogryns have been much in demand, here in the North, especially with the rumors of war breaking out. Yet the faces aboveground were overwhelmingly Human. I have found that the Gobber's Quarter(2) is an excellent resource for me, outcasts joining against the majority and whatnot. Information is always available (and twice now, a safe house) that may be not so easily gotten out in the city proper.



It was while I was on one of these explorations through the undercity that I had a most remarkable adventure. A young boy-child, perhaps only eight or nine came up to me and asked if I was a dwarf. Humoring him, I answered yes. He then offered to show me where he knew there was some "dwarf stuff". Amused, I followed. He took me through a twisting passage away from the main area, and through a rather labyrinthine group of tunnels. These were most irregular, as they appeared to be normal limestone caves. If it was a limestone formation, then perhaps the geology of the Corvis region was much more complex than supposed. While a nearly a hundred miles to the nearest mountains, there shouldn't be any rock formations out here, instead the geology should be a normal flood plain. But the Dragon's Tongue does split from the Black... if there was a large irregularity, perhaps an upthrust from the underlying bedrock, then there might be a sufficiently strong stone to resist the rivers flow and cause a split. It's certainly a cause for further investigation. Back in the tunnels, we disturbed a nest of what the locals call 'Devil-rats'. Immense rodents, the size of a cat, and with an incredible aggressive streak. They apparently quite often have disease-ridden bites, and while I wonder if the potion given to me by the underground 'wise-woman' really had anything in it aside from a rather potent distilled spirit, I'd much rather be drunk than have gangrene. I hope the boy made it out. He took off the moment that the chattering began. I took my usual route, right up the walls, hand claws and boot hooks flying. That is when I discovered they climbed as well as I. Fortunately, I had my crossbow with me, a very useful invention, the Ordic Boarding Crossbow(3). After a clip-full quickly rattled off, the rats decided to look for easier prey. The limestone cave petered out to what appeared to be a cobblestone pathway. Further investigation revealed that under the creeping limestone and muck, were worked walls of good quality. Tracing a wall around, I came across a doorway sized smaller than human standard. After a brief return to the surface for supplies and some excavation equipment, I began an initial dig. After several hours work, I had located the cornerstone, with its inscription... in Dhol-Rhul. It seems that the locals had known of this area for some time as a place where they could still find good stones and odd inscriptions. The date on the cornerstone was 3645 in the Old Calendar. Which would make it approximately 250 BR in the human calendar. This would place it very early after the founding of Corvis. The Smith-mark was of the Gamburg Clan.

I believe that when Corvis was founded, a small community of dwarves was brought in. Whether attracted by trade or hired as engineers and builders, I don't know. But it is a testament to the Gamburg Clan's skill that even after 900 years, even after being buried, the walls still stand intact. I have sent a letter off

to the Clan-Hold detailing this, so that this feat may be recorded, corroborated with their clan records, and they possibly might even wish to send a group down here to investigate further. Though I would strongly recommend that future investigators also bring along some stout friends to watch their back while digging. Devil-rats are not the only things lurking down in the undercity of Corvis. One final mystery: Whilst off on a jaunt in the undercity (I spent a full month exploring, and only investigated part of the underside of the western bank!) I heard rumors of some new creatures. Nothing specific ever, but on one of my last days there, in one of the more backwater parts of the undercity, I came across an odd engraving. I read nine different languages, and am somewhat familiar with six others, yet this was unrecognizable, clearly unrelated to any language used in Western Immoren today. I would think that it might have been a forgotten language, or perhaps something from a slave- caste of the Orgoth. But there was fresh rock powder at the base of the wall. Whoever had carved that odd message, had done it in the last few days...

1- L&L map. Five Fingers to Corvis ~400 miles. At a cruising speed of 6 knots upstream that is one LONG trip. Of course, it's quicker going the other direction...

2- Except for obvious exceptions, Rhul, los, and the Protectorate (where there are no non-humans...) it's fair for DM's to give non- humans a +1 bonus for Gather Information, Knowledge (Local), Perform, or other social interactions. Gobber characters might get an additional +1 (or, if you have a "Little Ghord", then Dwarf PCs). Likewise, human PCs who act bellicose, biased, or have a reputation, will find locals in the Gobber's Quarter less than accommodating, and should get -2 (or more!) on their social interactions... to say nothing about goods and services being suddenly double price or unavailable.

3- Use the stats for a repeating cross-bow, but may be fired single- handedly at a -2 to hit. It uses a spring-winch system to recock itself and load the next bolt. This modifier cumulates with any other negative modifier (two cross-bows, for example). Crossbows are still quite common, being a lot quieter, a great deal cheaper, and having a greater rate of fire than firearms. Naval bows are in common use in all forces, for the simple reason that crossbows don't sink to the bottom of the sea if you drop them...



Chud: Ok, everyone. Time for another small game to be sure Feora's new suit is combat ready.

Stryker: Oooh. Lookit me! I'm a pretty, sissy boy. Hahahaha!

Chud: Well, if you want to remain a LOSER from your last feeble attempt at testing this suit, by all means, keep it up. I'm sure the Reclaimer would like to try his hand at a couple flame throwers.

Stryker: Hmpf. Whatever. He doesn't even have paint yet!

Chud: And I'm sure he'll thank you later in the case for bringing it up. Everyone ready?

Zacharias: By Menoth's Fury (and a bunch of hand grenades), we Shall be victorious!

Percival: Ready to smite evil, m'Lord.

Tiberius: The enemies blades will be useless against the shields of Menoth!

Chud: Wow! You guys seem pretty excited! It couldn't be due to the fact that this is a 350 point game and I managed to secure you a Crusader to lead the charge?

Zacharias: Uhhhh.....

Percival: Well....

Tiberius: Maybe....

Chud: No matter! You're going in with the red haired, loudmouth using Feora's armor again.

Percival: Will Feora be joining us soon? This guy is...well, he's an annoying braggart!

Stryker: I heard that, Percy-kins! You find yourself a lady friend yet? Oh, that's right. You're saving yourself... for Menoth!

Chud: Actually, I plan on picking her up after this battle.

Stryker: Uhhhh. \*Gulp\*

350 battle between Menoth & Cygnar. Mine: Feora, a Crusader, 10 TFG, 10 Zealots, 1 Choir (min) and a Paladin. His: Nemo, an Ironclad, a Lancer, 1 Longrunner Squad (+1), Reinholdt. The field is a kitchen table with Jenga blocks laid into a 3 part field consisting of 2 big bunkers (my side), 4 V's in the middle that were nearly 1" tall (2 towards me, 2 towards him), and 2 big bunkers (his side). I opted to go first.

Stryker: Ok, you flamey guys move up that way and use those little toothpicks you call spears to hit whatever comes at you. Bomb-throwing sissies, get behind them and try not to let the Longgunners see your skirts through the Fire Wall. Singing, nancy boys, keep Hunka from getting shot. Hunka, get out of my way so I can show off some moves. Percy... \*sigh\* follow me.

Percival: Yes, Ma'am. Have you been practicing in those heels? I'd hate to see you miss a good charge due to your heels getting stuck in the dirt again.

Elsewhere on the field...

Reinholdt (in a low, raspy voice): At last, we will reveal ourselves to the Protectorate. Soon, we will have our revenge!

Nemo: What'd you say, short stuff?

Reinholdt (shaking his head groggily): Reinholdt good help for Nemo. Me reload gun for you.

Nemo: All troops, move out!

Lawrence: Uhh, sir? There's only only 1 squad. You can just say "Gunners, move out!" and we'll listen.

Nemo: Shuddup, ya stupid punk kid! I'm running the army and I'll give the orders however I damn well please! If I say draw their fire, I expect you to go out and do a pretty little waltz until you're dead or we have a shot at them! Do I make myself clear?

Lawrence: Yes, sir!

Nemo: Damn arthritis is acting up. Ironclad,

advance slowly so I have some protection. Lancer, full ahead and ready that Arc Node! Let's go, ya green-skinned, stinky, derby-hatted midget. And be sure to bring my pills.

Reinholdt stops chewing, looks at the little, empty bottle in his hand and throws it over his shoulder deciding it's best not to mention this.

The first couple turns consisted of Menoth moving up slowly while getting Hex Hammer sustained and using Wall of fire to give some extra concealment to the gap near the Zealots. My Crusader got into a charge lane to draw out the Lancer that had dropped Chain Lightning on my TFG. The Lancer scoffed at my bait and nudged towards the fire wall using the chain lightning twice to kill 7 of my Zealots and a TFG from the back.

The pivotal point of the game started with Nemo popping his feat, casting Electrical Field and Accelerate on the Ironclad, and shooting Percy to death while he was approaching behind some cover. The Ironclad disarmed my Crusader, literally, while the Lancer tried to fight its way out of 8 TFG. The Longgunners were taking shots at whatever targets were available and either missing or failing to do damage. On a good note, Nemo took 3 points of damage from Hex Hammer.

Stryker: NOOOoooo! Now I don't have my big, sissy boy to make fun of! DAMN YOU, NEMO! Hunka, move over by those gunners! Blazing Effigy should be able to deal with the infidels! Flame guys, quit playing and kill that thing! Ignite will give you the strength to smite the evil, blue devils! I feel hot...Getting ANGRY...WHAAAA!!!!!!

Feora's feat goes off much to my opponent's disgust catching everyone but Nemo.

Stryker: Heeyyy, neat! Everyone's on Fire! How'd that happen? Hunka, how'd you manage to kill half of the Longgunners with no arms? I don't feel too good. Musta been a bad chilidog. Is my hair still ok? You know, this helmet has plenty of space for my hair. Who's your tailor, flame guys?

Tiberius: A little busy, \*whack!\* Ma'am! Maybe try one of the Zealots sneaking up the field!

Fire kills all but one LG who decides to flee. It also pops Reinholdt and deals minimal damage to the Ironclad while removing the shield from the Lancer. The Ironclad finds an opening, sprints towards the block Feora was hiding behind and drops a Tremor attack that catches her with a lucky roll. In his haste, he also caught the focus-laden Lancer that was about to kill me through a gap in the TFG with his reach proving that Menoth smiles on those who remain Faithful.

The TFG couldn't damage a thing until the Lancer's shield went away. Menoth wouldn't bless their dice until they suffered a bit more.

Tiberius: Ma'am? Did you slip on those heels again? Isn't that how that Slayer skewered you but good last time?

Stryker (standing up): Have you recycled that jack thingy yet? No, Well then why don't you just shut yer mouth, shield wuss?!?! Hunka, try to get a little closer to Nemo, I have a present for him! I SENTENCE THE CYGANR OPPRESSOR NAMED NEMO TO DEATH BY FIRE! MAY MENOTH TAKE PITY ON YOUR SOUL!

Blazing Effigy barely reaches the Crusader which was barely within range of Nemo.

Chud: Nice speech. I think you're getting into this maybe a little too much. And... he's still alive.

Stryker: What?!?!? Holy tuna fish, you're right! He's a weak, old man. He should be burned to a crisp!

Chud: I box left. I suggest you move.

Stryker: Uhh, yeah! Let's go over here! He can't run over those things and still hit me.

Nemo: I thought you were supposed to be hot! You're nothing but a red-headed coward in nice armor. Alright Ironclad. Have some extra movement and squish that fanatic like the bug she is!

Chud: Heh. Even HE likes the armor!

Stryker: Whooooaa! Someone slow that guy down! Anyone?!?!?

The Ironclad gets 4" of extra movement which is more than enough to hurdle these obstacles and get into melee range. He boosts the hit and...

Stryker (waiving): Hey, little buddy! It's me, Stryker!

Ironclad: \*blink, blink\*

Nemo: For....My....Pills!

...smacks her. Boosted damage from the Hammer leaves her with 1 box of damage. He swings the large hand and catches her in the chin. The damage roll puts her into negative and she explodes. 4 TFG go away, the Ironclad takes more light damage & the Lancer shuts down.

Once again, another close game. Once again, I fall 1 pip short of a win. A better Hex Hammer roll, a better position of my feat or a better damage on Effigy would have all won me the game.

Of course, going back, we also missed my last round of spells presenting him with 2 extra focus so I'll leave it all alone....for now.

# Painters' Corner

**Matt Dobbs**



# Matt Dobbs

CONTINUED



# Ravenwing



# Ravenwing

CONTINUED



# FallenSaint



# FallenSaint

CONTINUED

