



Druchii
.net
Quarterly

Issue 3

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It is good to see you all again. It has been a long time since the last Monthly came to your desktop. But now we have returned in full glory to give all of you something to be proud of! And to read, of course.

As you must have noticed from the cover, and possibly from the boards, we no longer are the Druchii.net Monthly, to our regret, but the Quarterly, meaning that we will publish an issue every three months. This was a necessity as it proved impossible for us to finish an issue in a month, but now, at least, you can be sure (more or less) that you don't have to wait another month because of us being slow. And that's a good thing!

Well then, the revision is finally going to be official no more than 3 weeks from now. I just can't do it not to talk about it, although it has been a while since we got it through. No doubt Dark Alliance, Langmann, and all other people working on it have heard enough of it, but we just have to tell them that we very much appreciate their work done for the Druchii community, and want to thank them again. So hereby, on behalf of the community, we thank you all!

Now that that's said, I'm going to introduce to you some new things on the site and in this very issue of the Quarterly. Firstly, we are bringing to you no less than three completely new gaming supplement series! But I'm going to keep you all waiting a little while (three months) longer as these will have to be thoroughly play tested first. I just told you this so you can await the next issue even more eagerly! Anyway, these are the Quarterly Scenario, the Quarterly Special Character and the Druchii Skirmish Campaign. The former two speak for themselves, giving you a new Druchii scenario and special character each issue. These are not official, but will be thoroughly play-tested.

The latter of the three is something revolutionary. This Campaign uses the Warhammer Skirmish rules, and resolves around a group of Druchii stranded far away from Naggoroth trying to get back to their homeland. During the Campaign, they can buy new weapons, stat points and special rules. Each issue will contain a new scenario (or more) to further you on your quest to get back to our beloved Land of Chill – alive.

Secondly, this is what new you can find in this issue. We've got the first part of the

finished Druchii Language Guide by Shadowspite and co., a modeling workshop for a Haunted Wood, and some mystical new series of ours, The Library of Blood. Also, an introduction article about the on-coming awards, and of course the ever present battle reports, stories and series.

Two important new features will appear on our boards, which will strongly contribute to the quality of our already fantastic site. The Development Board is one of them. Previously known as the Battle Group, this forum and its members will be producing high quality gaming supplements. The Battle Group originally started out as an organisation whose job it was to organize Tournaments for the Druchii community. This did not go too well, but then someone brought up the idea of the Arena of Death. The Battle Group was shortly bustling with activity, but people became bored of working on the same big thing a long time, and it slowed down a little. But then the enlightenment came in the form of a proposal for a forum dedicated to developing gaming supplements. It was hailed in with pleasure as it would increase the quality of Druchii.net, and after some time, the dormant Battle Group was awakened, and I can reveal to you that they have 5 projects going on. So keep your eye out for the products of this new initiative in the future!

I can imagine that many of you would love to join the Development team, and therefore they want to invite those people to apply for it. They can't promise that everyone will get in, but no shot is always a miss.

Don't like developing stuff yourself, but like to play them? Then there can also be a place for you with the development team. The devel-

opment team can't just spit out new gaming supplements instantly; these have to be thoroughly play tested, as you must have noticed when I disappointed you about those new gaming supplement series, to ensure that we produce things of the highest quality possible.

But we cannot do the play testing on our own, and so the development team asks everyone interested to become a member of the resurrected Playtesters Guild. You will find more information on this in the announcements board.

I mentioned the Awards, and I bet you are wondering what those are. Well, they are exactly that, awards. There will be two main categories, being the Khaines, and Medals. The first type of awards will be given to people who have done something really special for the Druchii community. And you, as a member of Druchii.net, may vote for the winners.

The second type of awards, the Medals, is an acknowledgement of one's personal accomplishments. Sounds nice, doesn't it? Anyway, you can read more about this if you just [click](#) (or scroll) the pages to the introduction article.

Finally, after you've read through my page-long babbling, I would like to ask all of you to send in your piece for the Executioners Block, The Cauldron of Blood and The Scribe, or just some free-lance submission. If your submission gets printed, we will enter you directly into the final round for the Medals. Nothing much is left unspoken, so I will quit my longest prologue ever, and set you loose in our own, new and refined E-zine!

Poll

Favourite Magic Weapon - by malus257

Gauntlet of Power	58%
Executioners Axe	1%
Venom Sword	0%
Blade of Ruin	11%
Hydra Blade	4%
Crimson Death	8%
Lifetaker	13%
Heartseeker	0%
Chill Blade	0%
Dark Sword	0%

Army List and Battle Report of the Quarter

The Vanguard of the Red Legion

by Vorchild

Lords:

Highborn: Gauntlet of Power, Crown of Black Iron, HA, SDC, Shield, RXB, Mounted on a Black Dragon. 573

Heroes:

Level 2 Sorceress: Seal of Ghond and Dispel Scroll 180

Level 2 Sorceress: Black Staff and Dispel Scroll, mounted on Dark Steed 187

Core

5 Dark Riders with RXBs and musician 127

Special

5 Shades with light armour 75

6 Harpies 78

Rare
4 RBTs 400

Total Points Cost 2001

This 2K battle was fought between my Vanguard army and the army of an Orc player named Joel. The agreed upon scenario was a meeting engagement and the battle was part of a campaign we are involved in. The special rules for campaign locations had absolutely no bearing on what happened in the battle, however, since he had no special advantages and my two free scrolls were irrelevant as he wasn't using magic. A non story version follows the full version and can be found about 3/4 of the way down.

My list was my Vanguard list (which can be found under 'Army List of the Quarter')

Joel's list was (IIRC):

Orc warboss with 4+ ward item, sword of battle, LA and shield in the right boyz unit
Orc BSB with banner of -1 to hit from shooting, riding in chariot
Night goblin hero with some silly goblin stuff in the left gobbo unit
Orc hero with some nasty orc stuff in the big'uns unit.

20 night goblins with full command and 2 fanatics
20 night goblins with short bows

with full command and 1 fanatic
20 orc boyz
20 orc big'uns with extra hand weapons
20 orc boyz with choppas
10 wolf riders with full command and spears only

2 spear chuckas
2 goblin wolf chariots
3 snotling bases
1 orc boar chariot (has BSB in it)

Giant
Pump wagon

The campaign, thus far, had gone well for the forces of the Red Legion, and the Vanguard had seen all of the most important action. They had been the first to roll over the outer plain, and they had been the ones for whom the honour of assaulting the school of magic had been reserved. Granted, the battle for the school had been difficult and Ishan himself had been taken out of the battle by a Lord of Change, yet they had been victorious and now the grand host of the Red Legion lay in encampment nearby, busily looting the contents of the precious school.

Lately, however, news had been coming from the south of large movements of orcs. They were known to be of two different tribes but if they should ever join forces, they would be a force to be reckoned with, even for the Red Legion. Only a river stood between the hordes of greenskins and the Druchii. The Legion, with its great insight, had already taken the eastern of the only two river crossings and, thus far, the force left behind had held. It was imperative, however, that the second crossing be taken if the southern threat was to be eliminated. As such, an expeditionary force had been assembled to deal with the issue, and Ishan had won the precious right and privilege once again to lead the vanguard.

From atop his dragon Delirien, Ishan had an impressive view of the surrounding landscape. Far below, his vanguard advanced purposefully, eager to enter the heat of battle once again, and far behind lagged the remaining brigades of the expeditionary force. Something was troubling though as Ishan sat perched atop the scales of his monstrous mount. There was a disturbance to the west - not to the south, but west - and much closer to their own territories than should have ever been possible. More than merely curious, Ishan rushed on the winds to investigate this mysterious phenomenon. It was the orcs.

With great speed and without a doubt a massive forced march, the orcs had almost managed to out flank the Red Legion if not for the keen elven eyes of one of its finest commanders. They could not possibly have been the whole force, but rather seemed to have been an expeditionary force of their own,

intent on taking the school of magic no doubt. There was no longer any doubt as to who now controlled the bridge. Surely greenskin defenders lay there in the thousands, making it no longer the handsome target it had previously been. Now, the fight was for their mere survival.

With little time to waste, Ishan sped back to his own forces and quickly informed the commanders of the pertinent information. The plan was a great gamble, but if they could manage to squeeze by with a good victory, they could crush the expeditionary force and might even cause enough disturbances to liberate the second crossing. With victory firmly planted in his mind, Ishan remounted Delirien and plunged into the skies once again. Soon, from across the plains near one of the great roads, the two vanguards would meet on the march.

There had been no time to choose more appropriate ground, and that had been a second gamble Ishan had made. But, as luck had it, or perhaps fate, the terrain looked to be marginally in the favour of the Legion. While the orcs approached from the wide open grasslands with only a small wood on their right flank for cover, the Druchii had two hills, woods, and a small fence separating them from the orcish horde. One of the hills, the one furthest back on the left flank, even had a good steep side faced towards the path of the orcish invasion army and in the center was a large forest. On the right flank, towards the middle of the field was a great wood set upon a large hill. A second forest was positioned on the left flank and to its right a hill that formed the terminus of the fence that stretched outwards from the middle forest.

Without sufficient time to prepare, the Druchii, and indeed the orcs, were forced to deploy out in marching order. This situation meant the Riders of Oblivion, the vanguard's dark rider brigade, took positions first, spreading out all long the battlefield, using the terrain to their advantage to hide themselves where possible. The Vindicators, the large accompanying battery of reaper bolt throwers that were to be used to assault bridge positions, set themselves up on the hill with the small cliff as the Terror of the Winds, the harpy contingent that was last to arrive, took up their own positions on the extreme right ank. Serenia, one of the vanguard's sorceresses, took up her favoured position with the Vindicators as both protector and protected, while Kesserri, the more adventurous and more able rider of the two took her dark steed and



joined with the Riders of Oblivion unit furthest right to face off against the goblins she saw deploying there. Ishan boldly took a position in the centre after seeing only limited number of enemy war machines and no wizards in the entire force that he could identify. Last to show themselves, the Brothers of Shadow, the shades, took positions as close as they could manage in such a short time in the forest in the middle of what would certainly be a raging battle.

At the same time, the orcs too

deployed themselves out of the march. Their horde was enormous, easily outnumbering the elves three to one, and stretched out the whole length of the field. Facing the Druchii right, the goblins had deployed most of their troops, taking the snotlings in tow. Night goblin archers readied their weapon as a chariot was drawn up by wolves next to the odd looking pump wagon of the snotlings. More fierce wolves with goblin riders appeared coming in behind a large mob of extremely small greenskins doing their best to mimic their larger cousins. Facing the Druchii left, the orcs had deployed their host. The big'uns, with an orcish hero, took up the extreme right and were backed up by the battle standard bearer riding a fierce looking boar chariot as well as a terrifying giant. In the centre, the orcish warboss had decided to make his stand with both orcs and goblins to ank him. Orcs with spears appeared on his right, and night boglins with their own hero appeared on his left with an accompanying wolf driven chariot, while he himself took command of the choppa wielding orcs in the absolute centre.

With everything now set, Ishan sounded the advance. Not knowing yet how to approach the horde of greenskin monsters, the Druchii remained cautious as instructed and advanced slowly, taking up key positions on the hills and in the corridors that allowed for the previously safe enemy passage to the core of the army behind. Only one of the squads of the Riders of Oblivion remained motionless, as they had been instructed to be the reserves and to strike out at the enemy only when needed and only when the opportunity was the greatest. Ishan, astride Delirien,

moved without fear into the open ground on the far side of the fence to boldly confront the greenskin horde single handed and to strike fear into the hearts of any who should dare to face the might of the Red Legion. Accentuating the terrifying effect of an elf lord on his magnificent monster mount, Delirien, always one to strike the dramatic pose, raised his head skyward and let out a terrible cry to the heavens.

The Brothers of Shadow, eager to make up for their errors in not first finding the enemy and forcing the vanguard to meet the enemy head on right off the march, moved silently through their woods. From the shadows of the dark wood, they took aim at their first target, an as yet unmoved goblin wolf chariot. Raising their repeater crossbows they let loose their barrage as they had for decades and, true to their skill, managed to seriously damage the machine with marksman shots that broke spokes and cinching, causing great problems for the cowering crewmen who had not thought to be shot at so soon.

Seeing the commotion in the distance, the Vindicator captain ordered one of his artillery pieces to take aim at the scrambling chariot and let loose a volley into their midst. The shots fired true and before even the goblin crewmen could react, they were all impaled along with their wolves upon the sharp bolts of the Druchii weapons. The nearby goblins quailed in fear of what was surely written in the fates for them as well, and only the harsh threats of the much closer and surely nastier orc warboss kept them all in check.

Following the destruction of that

pathetic display of goblin craftsmanship, the remaining Vindicators took aim at the morning's prime target - the warboss's unit of orcs. Unleashing deadly salvo after deadly salvo from the dreaded machines, however, did little to deter the orcs from their few casualties as the tough orcish hides repelled much of the incredible damage that would normally have been brought to bear upon them. Feeling rather unsatisfied, the captain of the Vindicator crews vowed to have all his troops ogged for the failure should they not prove themselves worthy of his command by reaping havoc among the oncoming horde for the rest of the battle. It was, after all, upon them that most of the burden of victory fell. The rest of the army could not truly hope to content with the numbers and large blocks of infantry the greenskins had brought with them. They needed to be whittled down at least before they could be engaged.

Seemingly undaunted by the awesome power of the Vindicators, the greenskin horde shambled forward towards the Druchii lines, and more importantly, towards the Vindicators. However much enthusiasm seemed to reside in the rest of the war cry shouting army, the night goblin archers facing the Druchii right squabbled amongst themselves as some, seeing the destroyed chariot, feared an early death, and others sought vengeance for the murder of comrades in arms. However, all the commotion seemed to do was get the boss' attention as he knocked a few heads and regained order after a time. Seeing how the archers squabbled, the wolf riders started thinking the same thoughts, but before they could successfully group themselves together to rebel,

the boss and his giant wolf leapt forward. Not wanting to be left behind, those dissatisfied goblins abandoned their nay saying for cries of vengeance and the attempted to show the other greenskin units how its done.



Needless to say, the Druchii forces feared none of the pointless and rather incoherent shouting from the mouths of lesser

elves and instead preferred to ignore the greenskin advance as little more than the enemy being complacent by putting themselves in range of Druchii spears. The giant, who had taken position just behind a hill but in full view of one of the squadrons of Riders, was a different matter and would need to be dealt with rather quickly before it was too late and he had reached the Vindicators. Biting down their terror, the nearby Riders committed themselves to aid in stopping the monstrosity and so, put themselves in its path.

On the other side of the field, with the characteristic savagery given by Khaine, Lord of Murder, the Terror of the Winds took to the skies and plunged headlong towards the nearby unit of goblin wolf riders, who, not knowing the power of the harpies' claws, stood their ground and awaited the coming of the wings of slaughter. Little did they know that their giant wolves would serve them not in the ensuing combat as the Terror descended

upon them.

Sensing an extraordinary opportunity, or at least Ishan thought she must, Kesseri too launched herself and her accompanying unit of Riders into combat with the previously squabbling Goblin archers who vainly attempted to stand up to their chargers and put in their elven arrows. Yet, in typical goblin style, they refused to hit any of the elves. However, they had another line of defence - a fanatic. About halfway through Kesseri's fateful charge, the fanatic was released by his comrades and was sent spinning out towards the chargers. Not having wished to halt, or perhaps not having been able to, Ishan watched helplessly as the fanatic rampaged through the unit of Riders, smashing through both elf and beast as two elves were killed and the rest smash into the front of the archers.

Suddenly, with the glow of purplish lights around the Kesseri and her Riders, Ishan began to understand that what he had previously thought to be a mad gamble had actually been a cunning plan of attack designed to crush the key unit on the right, effectively taking that whole half of the field out of the battle as they tried vainly to cope with the towering magic prowess of a Druchii sorceress. Oddly, however, the lights he had seen a dozen times in the past turned from a purple to a bright red and all of a sudden, Kesseri was blasted back from her unit as her magic backfired and sent her spinning away a few metres and out of the combat. The plan, it seemed, had quickly unraveled and, worse, Kesseri was shortly going to be trapped and surrounded by

greenskin enemies.

Needing to act quickly, Ishan moved himself behind the orc warboss' unit and set himself up to threaten the entire central section of the enemy line with charges from the rear. He also signaled the commitment of his reserve unit of Riders to the middle of the field in hopes of going to the aid Kesseri and her ill fated cohort, but also to split the field and take control of the middle, prevent the enemies on the right from joining their comrades. Ishan had the great advantage of being able to split the enemy force if he could only eliminate the wolf riders and slow the rest of them down. The shades could have help, but he did not want to leave the fate of the battle with them or in the claws of the harpies. The riders, however, got too close and fanatics were released, yet the spinning goblins did nothing to damage any of the nearby units.

Seeking to cause the greatest amount of disturbance possible, Ishan prodded his mount Delirien gently on the neck - the signal for dragon's breath. Taking the command in stride and seeking to please his master, the dragon complied and, after inhaling mightily, let loose the dark and deadly poison smoke upon the orcs. As four of the brutes fell victim to an agonizing demise, Ishan saw the damage was not quite enough and, taking out his own repeater crossbow, added another orc to the growing pile of dead. Then, with that single extra orc down, the others began to panic and only the savage leadership of the warboss kept them all in line.

Seeing the need to slow the rest of them down even more, the nearby

Riders fired off into the adjacent unit of goblins who had just unleashed their pair of fanatics. With practiced skill, the Riders, even after having plunged forward as fast as they could, managed to slay two of their foes; yet alone, it is not enough.

The watchful Vindicator captain realized he too must now do his part and so ordered a volley sent into the same unit. The shafts flew true and immediately following the two dying to fire from the Riders, three more from the first rank were mowed down unceremoniously as their fresh blood splattered over the faces of their comrades. Unable to take the pressure anymore, the goblins gave in to their inner voices and fled away from the carnage, dragging their boss along with them for the ride.

Pleased, the Vindicator captain turned his attention to the oncoming giant. The rest of the artillery was soon fitted with large single bolts and trained them with careful eyes at the massive form of the giant. With a downswing of a sword, the rain of death was released into terrifying monster and, accompanied by the bolts of nearby Riders, death was swiftly brought once again to the enemy as the giant pitched himself forward in his death throes. Feeling much less sure of themselves, the nearby orcs, even considering the close proximity to the warboss, panicked from the awesome sight of the downed giant and the power of the



Vindicators and led away followed closely by the raging voice of their general.

Having seen the battle turned in his favour and the orc general's unit now all alone on the field, Ishan turned his attention back to the other side of the battle where the



harpies were engaged in a pitched battle with the wolf riders. With wild abandon the harpies, those chosen beasts of Khaine, had swept into the wolf riders like a hurricane and were no less violent. In a blurred series of vicious attacks a full five of the riders, fully half the unit, lay dead on the ground. There had been no discrimination

between goblin and beast as both lay there in agonizing silence in bloody pieces. Seeking to even the score, the goblin boss fought back and was able to fell one of the whirling devils, but it was not enough. Hard pressed and seriously mauled by the harpies, the wolf riders retreated as fast as they could, so fast even the Terrors could catch them, though one of the harpies picked up in its talons the banner tossed aside during the fight. It appeared that even without the help of Kesseri or the squadron of Riders sent to assist, the enemy horde had been split in two as planned. That the brilliant situation had been due to the quick strike of the harpies was a welcome surprise that only accentuated Ishan's thoughts about the ineptitude of greenskins.

Kesseri's Riders, on the other hand, fared much worse, only managing to skewer one of the archers on

their spears before losing one of their own and turning tail for the nearby safety of the woods. The goblins, obviously stunned by the rash elvish actions, could pursue but a little and failed to catch the Riders as they jogged their horses to go on faster to far away safety. Ishan would log THEM if they failed to prove themselves. But, as it was still an early stage of the battle, there was much to look forward to and the failure of one unit of the Riders of Oblivion was beneath notice.

Having realized the time had finally come for some much needed action, those orcish units able charged the nearby Druchii. As the goblin archers and nearby wolf chariot charged the fleeing pair of Riders, the orc battle standard bearer in his boar chariot charged another, yet they ed out of harms way, causing the chariot to slow lest it damage itself on the rocks of the nearby hill. The goblins, however, were slightly smarter and decided to redirect into the reserve group of Riders, sending them fleeing as well back across the fence to safety. Feeling cheated, they too decided to slow lest they tire themselves out prematurely.

In a rather spectacular show of insubordination, the orc warboss' unit decided to squabble amongst themselves over the issue of the dragon lurking behind them. Having tried his best to keep from laughing, Ishan could only make out the voice of the general who tried to maintain order as the unit, and indeed the entire enemy army, is sealed in a terrifying doom. The squabbling, however, did not prevent the general's voice from reaching the two units of fleeing greenskins, and to Ishan's horror, they both rallied, the goblins

turning to face his unprotected rear and the orcs preparing to march at full speed upon the Vindicators.

In the open parts of the field, one of the fanatics loosed by the goblins wrapped himself up in his own chain, pinning himself solidly to the ground as he continued to cackle madly. The other, in a show of unnatural purpose, got himself around the sharp slope upon which sat the Vindicators and seemed to prepare himself for the slaughter of elven artillery operators. The last fanatic, on the other side of the battle field, held no such concerns and instead of running for the enemy, seemed to decide he would much rather enjoy the company of his comrades and instead rushed through their unit, sending various appendages of five goblins flying in all directions. The boss, however, kept the others in line and prevented them from shooting one of their own, preferring instead to ignore him and continue on towards the enemy in imitation of the big'uns on the opposite flank.

With everything then firmly in place, only the killing blow was left to be delivered, the strike that

would forever cripple the enemy and leave open the path to victory. To claim his prize, Ishan looked towards the vulnerable rear of his rival general's unit and, looking Delirien in the eyes, screamed his war cry and plunged on towards his destiny. The orcs, blind to their deadly fate, stood their ground and awaited the approaching dread and darkness that was surely to consume them all. As he surged into righteous battle, Ishan saw nothing else but his objective - the blood of his enemies.

Meanwhile, Kesseri, on the other side of the battle, still had not recovered her magic power from when she had failed to cast her spell and had been blasted out of her unit. She watched from her steed as the harpies charge at the nearby goblin spear chucka but fail to reach it just yet. On the other hand, things looked better as all fleeing squadrons of Riders rallied themselves from their feigned flight and moved to take up advantageous positions, one of which getting close enough for Kesseri to join with for protection.



Nearby, the shades continued to shoot at the little greenskins known as snotlings, doing some quite serious damage to the little ones with their repeater crossbows. The shades had, thus far, performed up to a decent standard, but had yet to do anything spectacular. Slaying snotlings obviously did not qualify as anything significant, and so, Kesseri would have to speak with them afterwards to encourage them to perform better the next time. And indeed there would be a next time as not only did the greenskins seem incredibly disorganized, but a full half of their force had been cut off and their general was surely about to die at the hands of the exalted highborn Ishan.

From her vantage point, the sorceress Serenia could clearly see the entire battle, and, for now, it looked to be a victory to the Druchii before nightfall. The large unit of supernaturally large orcs, however, was proving problematic as was the lone fanatic nearby. The latter was relatively easy to deal with using a blast of chillwind sending the greenskin spinning into oblivion. The former, however, was more difficult. With its orc hero's leadership, it was going to be difficult to break, and with their additional hand weapons, there was no way any of the vanguard force but Ishan would dare to face them in hand to hand combat. As such, they were now to be targeted with the full blast of the Druchii artillery as well as what Riders could be got to train their sights on the same target.

With a pre-arranged and well practiced signal, Serenia set the dark tide of Druchii missiles loose and sent the massive volleys screaming towards the threatening orc regiment. Though only six of

them fell to the dark shafts, it was enough. The others, having seen what had happened previously to all the other units and what was happening to them, could no longer trudge forward. Giving in to panic, they broke formation and ran back for the safety awaiting them over the horizon, back where their main force was garrisoned.

Not able to see any of these events come to pass as he was engaged in combat, Ishan knew nothing of how extensive the orc collapse has become. All he knew was the combat, the surge of blood in his veins, the power of the adrenaline and the awesome might of both he and his dragon as they tore through the enemy. The orcs, however, were surprisingly spry and, even in their close unit formation, Ishan and Belerien found it extremely difficult to catch them. In the end, they each killed only one orc, and the rest, seeing a glimmer of hope as their general came to the rear, stayed their ground and cried their incoherent slogans of war and destruction. It seemed then that a darkness had descended upon all of the Druchii and that surely this would be the end of the vanguard and possibly the end of the entire Red Legion.

Previously thinking the battle lost, the goblin archers were ready to turn back home, but with the halt of Ishan, things were looking up once again. Taking heart, they surged forward towards the Brothers of Shadow hiding in the woods, firmly intent on rending from the elves both flesh and bone. The shades, seeing the odds were not in their favour, decided it best to take flight and plunged back through the dense undergrowth of the small wood, finally coming out on just the other side. The goblins,

unable to catch their quarry yet satisfied at the result nonetheless, halted just inside the forest as they stopped to pat themselves on the back and to congratulate their boss on a job well done.

Also filled with renewed pride, the rallied wolf riders decided the time had now come for their own revenge and charged Kesseri and her new entourage of Riders. The Riders, not fearful in the least of the goblins, decided to stand and take shots at their would-be chargers, yet only managed to fell one of their foes before being forced to draw their weapons. The orc chariot and the residing battle standard bearer then charged yet again another unit of the dark riders, and yet again, the Riders fled far out of harms way, leaving the boar chariot directly in front of the massive battery of artillery that was the Vindicators.

The last loose fanatic, however, continued to persist in tormenting his old unit and tore through it once again, this time smashing only three of them as the snotlings and the remaining wolf chariot swung around each side of the woods in an attempt to get good alignments on future actions. The wolf chariot in particular looked hungrily towards the Vindicators for its conquest, hoping that perhaps the boar chariot would distract them long enough for them to kill the elves themselves. Failing that, there was always the squadron of Riders which had come out to meet them.

Things around Ishan, however, looked ever more grim as the goblins in his rear prepared to charge the vanguard's leader and his terrifying dragon Delirien even as the warboss shoved some of his own troops out of his way as he

made his way back to the rear, all the while calling out to his friendly and loyal goblins to aid in the bloody slaughter that was to come. Odd talk, however, starts to break out in the goblin unit, and it didn't seem to want to plunge forward.

Instead, terror fixed solidly in their eyes, the shorter greenskins took flight as their leader screamed curses at the backs of their heads.

Amazed at his fortune, Ishan was all but unaware as the orc warboss bellowed a challenge to him, the brave orc surely having something up his sleeve if he was to take on both a dragon and its elven lord. Shoving the last orcish obstacle out of his path, the warboss came to the fore and, for the first time, Ishan got a good look at the massive and savage creature. There was little thought in those eyes, and even less civility. However, there was also less agility in his legs as Delirien unceremoniously snapped his massive jaws overtop of him and swallowed him whole. The look of shock on Ishan's face quickly turned to rage as he had had so little opportunity to kill anything himself in his time in the heat of battle. Feeling cheated, he pounded savagely at the ground, sending dirt and rock and gory debris flying up at the now leaderless orc unit. Their faces too, changed from shock after seeing their general consumed by the dragon, never having even been able to strike a blow at the enemy. However, their faces turned not to rage, but fear and they broke from the lines and scattered over the battlefield in a vain hope to get to safety. Ishan, realizing his moment had come at last, pursued with renewed vigor

and cut the greeskins down to a man. None were left alive, and, as his trophy, he took up their banner and wedged it firmly at the back of his saddle.

Hoping to redeem themselves and not yet aware of the fate of their general, the wolf riders attacking Kesseri's squadron did their best to hack apart the elves, yet managed only to slay 2 with their spears and with the fangs of their wolves. The Druchii, seeing a great opportunity to seal the victory once and for all, struck back mightily and slew all but two of the offending goblins, striking them down one after the other so as to join their comrades on the now bloody ground. The last two, unable to take the pressure of the counter attack, broke from the combat and fled away. Kesseri, knowing they would not stop, attempts to rein her now smaller entourage in, but they refused to listen and instead plunged forward after the goblins and failed to catch up with their feet of paw quarry.

Ishan, now fully able to take full command of the situation, once again found himself in a very victorious looking position, even more so because the orc big'uns had continued fleeing from their previous panic and were now much closer than was safe to one of the detachments of the Riders of Oblivion. Making the obvious command, Ishan sent the Riders charging after the fleeing orcs. Failing to get away fast enough, the Riders caught them and drove them into the ground under the hooves of their dark steeds and caught the leftovers on the points of their spears.

A few they let go, willing to let the bad news fly to over the horizon to where the remaining greenskin

force was encamped awaiting news of the battle.

Kesseri too, has an opportunity. Seeing that the harpies failing to run down the remaining wolf riders had been an error, she made no further mistake, and as the harpies charged towards their new prey, a goblin spear chukka, she and her entourage chased the enemy fast cavalry from the field. Unlike the other Riders, she left none alive as she relentlessly pursued them,



compensating for her lost powers with their blood. By the time it was over, she was far away from the rest of the vanguard and from the battle.

Hoping to redeem themselves, the two Riders remaining from Kesseri's previous cohort decided to take the fate of the right flank into their own hands. Without orders, they boldly and stupidly charged the goblin archers once again, this time in the flank as their enemy busied itself in the woods. They had no doubt that they would likely not survive the encounter, but their sacrifice would not go without notice. On the other side of the woods, another unit of Riders lay in wait facing the wolf chariot. Even if they were to lose, it would draw the goblins out of the woods and expose their other flank to a fresh charge from a fresh unit of Druchii cavalry. These greenskins would die one way or the other.

Ishan, fully aware of the victory solidly in his grasp, was nevertheless eager to cause even greater damage to the orcs. Intent on destruction and death, he drew Delirien to the flank of the last of unit and prepared himself for the ensuing carnage. With a great breath, Delirien launched forth the poisoned smoke from his monstrous lungs and it completely enveloped the orcish unit. When the smoke cleared, eleven greenskins, over half of the entire unit, lay on the ground, suffocated to death from the mortal fumes. Unable to contain their fears, the remains panicked and fled from the dragon and his elven master as they looked proudly at the death they had caused and the ensuing panic.

Near the woods, in the middle of the battlefield, the Riders faced off with the wolf chariot. Not having charged and waiting for the possibility to either draw off the chariot or charge the goblins when they pursued in vain the two riders engaged with them, they decided instead to train their sights on the chariot. Taking careful aim, they let loose at close range, and with incredibly skilled and expert marksmanship, managed to rake all life from the machine, slaying wolves and greenskins with equal ease as they sent their dark shafts flying to the would be corpses of their enemies.

The Vindicators, not to be outdone by mere Riders, aimed their more powerful weapons at the remaining chariot, the boar chariot containing the battle standard bearer. The first two fired their powerful single shots, hoping to blast the chariot then and there into oblivion, but, due to the powers of the orcish

banner, their shots flew wide and did no damage. Serenia urged them on not to be discouraged and, with renewed hope, the remaining two loaded up their volley shots and took aim at the offending chariot. With practiced and well honed skills, they let loose and sent a salvo of death towards the greenskins. Even with the help of the banner, many bolts got through, and the chariot suffered some minimal damage to its frame. More importantly, however, several bolts managed to single out the battle standard bearer. Mortally wounded, he dropped his banner as he fell back off the chariot to lie dead in the mud.

The two valiant Riders, in their vengeful combat with the goblins, only managed to kill one of the vexing greenskins in their rage and managed to lose one of their own to the sharp daggers of the goblins, leaving only the musician to fight on. Determined to fight to her last breath, the musician said a silent prayer of strength to Khaine and vowed to fight to the death, to kill all the goblins or else fall in brutal combat. Ironically, this mad rage put her plan out of her head and the goblins did not pursue and did not expose their flank to a fresh charge from a fresh unit of Riders. Nearby, almost overlooked, the spear chucka crew was brutally slain by the ever victorious harpies.

As the last of the orcish warriors continued their mad fight for safety, the remnant snotlings moved ever closer to what's left of the battle. The remaining spear chucka, too, did not feel the time has come to abandon all stations and give in, but rather trained their sights on the flank of a nearby dark rider unit, one that threatened their very life. With uncharacteristic

ability and at point black range, the bolt fired true and blasted through the head of the first Rider before lodging itself firmly in the chest of the one next to him. With two felled companions, the remaining Riders might have been expected to bolt for safety like so many Greenskins had already on this fateful day, but, with characteristic elven discipline, they stoically held their ground.

The lone musician, ever being further surrounded by the greenskins, was able to slay one of the brutes before they could even hope to harm him. Against all odds, she survived their assault and lived on to continue her fateful fight to the death. Slowly she was whittling down her opponent's numbers, yet things looked increasingly grim as she became ever further enveloped by her enemies. Surely, if no help came soon, she would be torn off her horse and butchered.

Heeding her unvoiced pleas for aid, the nearby squadron of Riders charged the goblins. Though not truly expecting to be able to make it through the forest undergrowth, they settled instead for being able to scare away the enveloping goblins. However, the running goblins seemed to inspire the dark steeds and they rushed forwards ever faster and managed to bring their Riders right into the front of the goblin unit, drastically turning the tables and increasing the odds in favour of the Druchii.

Ishan, however, was far away, and busied himself with the tedious task of mopping up the remaining orcs. Charging the fleeing unit from atop Delirien, he sent them screaming in panic as they scattered all over the plains and far away from the battle. Too



preoccupied to bother to chase them all down one by one, he instead left them to fend for themselves in the wilds as best they could. Doing his best to look lordly in his conquest, he signaled imperiously to the Vindicators to blast the last chariot to pieces. Taking careful aim, the Vindicators obliged their command and sent bolt after bolt through the tough siding of the orc boar chariot which eventually succumbed to its many grievous injuries and collapsed in a heap, crushing its charges and steeds under its own weight and impaling them with its splinters.

The Riders, on the other hand, seemed to be having great fun as they slaughtered goblins left right and centre, felling three in mere seconds and suffering no injuries in return. Confident of the goblins breaking, their filthy and fragile spines having finally had enough, the Riders even started breaking out in anticipatorily cruel laughter. Not letting his trooper down though, the goblin boss screamed his defiance and rallied his troops to his seemingly vain cause, but against all odds and to the utter astonishment of the Druchii, managed to keep them all in the fight.

The goblins, who were now are apparently in command of the battlefield, knew not truly what to do. In fact, there seemed to be more snotlings around than anybody else. Doing all they could, they sent the snotlings off towards the battle in vain hopes that somehow Gork and Mork would give them all a miracle. The goblin archers, however, seemed to be that miracle, small as it was, for again they took a pounding by losing another one of their own to

the Riders and causing again no damage in return. The boss, however, was utterly relentless in driving them onwards, and again, against all odds, they remained and continued the fight. Now tough, the boss had been brought into the combat and was eager to cleave elven flesh himself.

With little more to do but clean up, the Riders facing the last piece of goblin artillery rushed forward to make their victory absolute and take vengeance for those so recently lost to the accursed machine. Similarly, Kesseri's unit of Riders charged the wandering snotlings near the fence as the shades and harpies moved to strategic locations and good vantage points so they could get away from the smells of the battle and watch as the final blows were exchanged. Likewise, Ishan moved to take up a solid position and conferred with Serenia on possible future actions to the south. While conversing, the Vindicators quietly showed off their skills by destroying unceremoniously the snotling pump wagon.

The combats were largely unsurprising in their development as Kesseri's new cohort, still without her magic support, started the massacre of the snotlings, losing one of its own in the process to the overpowering little greenskins. The fight with the goblin archers, as long as it had lasted, also finally comes to an end when the goblin boss and two others were brutally slain. With the loss of the only one who held them all together, the remaining two goblins fled for safety yet did not flee far enough for they were easily caught and run down by the pursuing musician who now had her revenge in full.

The only surprise was the failure of the last squadron of riders to successfully eliminate the last spear chukka. Instead of slaughtering them all mercilessly, they managed to kill only one of the wiry goblins and even managed to lose one of their own in the process.

With nothing left to do but fight, the greenskins resolutely ploughed on. However, it was quickly apparent that the snotlings were beyond useless and they were killed to a man by Kesseri's Riders. The goblin crewmen, the last of their kind left on the field, however, were uncharacteristically left unharmed by the attacking Riders, and, after attacking back unsuccessfully, decided they had had enough and ran. The Riders of Oblivion, tired after a long and arduous slaughter, reined themselves in and let the goblins go.

From atop his Dragon, Ishan surveyed the battlefield. The entire greenskin horde was destroyed and the school of magic was safe, all for the loss of only a few Riders and one harpy. Today had been a good day. He looked to the south and wondered if tomorrow they will be as fortunate and would be able to take the bridge from the true greenskin force.

The End

Final score: Druchii: 2799 pts Orcs: 191 pts

Orcs Massacred by the Druchii

Know Thine Enemy

Welcome to this second part in the series "Know thine enemy" in our beloved monthly and here I will be looking at the Vampire counts army, an army that can be really nasty against us. Well, what more can I say, Enjoy!

////////Gzaytleo

Main Approach.

Ok the first thing you should bear in mind on when fighting the Vc is that the whole army cause fear and are immune to psychology, except the ghouls. So remember, terror and fear have no effects so instead of taking that uber unit off 12 COK to autobreak them, you might just as well take a smaller unit off 6 with a BSB with Hydra banner. And the you say "But they will be shoot to pieces!" No they wont, because the Vc only has one missile unit, wich has a range of 8 inches. And remember to take many DR, but you should allways do that so I shouldn't need to tell you. Reapers will tear his army up like

there is no tommorow, so if you are thinking of taking 2, you might as well take three or four, and you should! Because the other rare choices are pretty useless against them. Black guards will be totally wiped by a normal unit of skeletons with a Vampire, or a unit of Grave guards. The War Hydra is pretty useless against the Vc, because its greatest strenght, I think, is negated. Its terror wont have effect agaisnt them so its pretty much wasted points. When you start thinking of wich lord to sue it will be quite difficult, but I think that a Highborn on foot to support a large unit of Spearmen/Corsairs is often the most usefull choice I have discovered. Together with two sorceresses and a seal of grondh you have quite a potent magical defence against the Vc magic, wich is in my opinion the most lethal in the game (Ok I raise 28 zombies in your ank, Propell them into combat with Vanhels dance macabre, and use hellish vigour on them so they fight first and re-roll misses). So having chosen this you wonder what core units you should use,

Spearmen and Corsairs? Well it really depends on if you are going to let him trudge across the battlefield and shoot him to pieces, or charge across the battlefield and fight for your life against powerful vampires and outnumbering skeletons? I think that the first approach is the safest, since VC almost always has to play offensively since they don't have many defensive units. So when I am going to play defensive against VC, I take two large units of spearmen (preferably 30) so they hopefully don't get outnumbering, two units of 10 Rxbmen and as many Dr units of 5-6 as I see fit (usually 3). The most useful special choices are perhaps Witch elves and COK, both have their strengths and weaknesses. The COK are stupid and costs take up much more points than the WE, but they possess very formidable hitting power, especially if you put them together with a BSB with hydra banner. (26 attacks on the charge anyone?). But then comes the Witch elves, which I haven't tried yet to my sorrow, but they should work very well against the lightly armoured troops of the VC (Just make sure that they don't come near the grave guards and Black knights, it should be almost impossible for them to kill any of those heavily armoured monsters). To sum this up I can only say: Negate their marching with your dark riders, kill the General as fast as you can (If he dies the army will slowly start to crumble to dust) make sure their

fast cav don't come near your lines, Make sure it's the Wights that die first of the troops, and always use your mobility to the maximum and Take as good magical defence as you can.

Now let's take a look at their units:

CHARACTERS:

Vampire lord: This guy is a real monster, he is more hitty than a Black orc Warboss, and rivals Chaos champions. Did I mention he is a lvl 2 mage by normal and can be upgraded to lvl 3? (possibly "5" for Necrarch) And has very much nasty Magic items and Bloodline powers (We shall take a look at both later) look out for this guy, make it a priority to kill him. But in the most 2000 points level games you won't see much of him as he takes up so much points. Threat lvl: very high

Vampire Count: This guy is the most commonly fielded general in 2000 point armies, and is much more superior to our Highborn, still, he is not as tough as a Vampire lord, but still a large threat. All except necrarch are lvl 2 mages (Necrarch can be upgraded to lvl 4).

Threat lvl: High

Master necromancer: This guy is quite a weakling compared to Vampires, especially Necrarch as Necrarch do the same thing as these guys or they do it better. But still they are lvl 4 mages, so

they should be regarded with the same respect as any other lvl 4 mage.

Threat lvl: average

Vampire thrall: These guys are the Vampire counts nobles, big bosses, captains...

Well you get the idea, its just that they are quite more powerful than other off these average heros, at WS 6 S 5 T 4 they are not to be tri ed with, you will must likely be seeing one of these if the VC players general is an Vampire count.

Threat lvl: A bit above average.

Wight lord: These guys are not as though as the Vampire thralls and can also be allowed an upgrade to BSB, but they have an item that can give them killing blow on 5 +! Wich gives characters a cause to stay clear.

Threat lvl: Average

Wraiths: These guys are a bit of headache since they cause terror and are Ethereal!!!

Ethereal guys can be very annoying If you don't have anyone with Magic attacks close by, since they only take damage from Magic and Magical attacks, still they can be beat because Undead suffer wounds when they lose combats. These guys should be looked upon carfully when you meet them, especially since they cause terror to.

Threat lvl: A bit above average.

Necromancer: Ok we had to come to this topic sooner or later, Necromancers are the driving force of a VC army

(together with the general) they are quite cheap at 65 points a piece and have the ability to carry some nasty arcane items.

Plus they have access to Necromantic spells. Give someone a mission to kill theses guys, as you will se wuite many of them!

Threat lvl: Average-High
(Depending on the ability of the VC player)

CORE UNITS:

Skeletons: Ok here are many a Vampire count players favourite, at 8 points basic they seem quite pricey for what you get (M4 WS2 BS2 S3 T3 W1 I2 A1 Ld3)

But you should never underestimate them. They can be upgraded with Spears and light armour. The main problem with this guys are that they cause fear, can be raised to bolster the unit strenght to ridicullus numbers (I once started out with 30 a battle and by turn 6 I had 83) and with a killy character in the front to give them some combat resolution, and large numbers, they can easily autobreak many a unit.

Threat lvl: Average-Bit above average (Again depending on the VC player.)

Zombies: These are not the guys that VC players usually starts with in their army list, they just raise them during the battle and use them in nasty ank/Rear charges. These guys are very

Poll

Favourite Magic Armour - by Kondheron

Armour of Living Death	1%
Armour of Eternal Servitude	20%
Shield of Ghron	22%
Armour of Darkness	13%
Blood Armour	41%

weak in CC having an I of 0 they always strike last, except when they are under the Hellish vigour spell, wich I will look at later.
Threat lvl: Average- Low

Ghouls: These guys are skirmishers and Not undead, but they do cause fear and they have two poisoned attacks each and T 4 wich should make it quite difficult to wound them. They can be very nasty when 20 of them charge in with a Vampire helping them. (Although he cannot join them.) They are also good missile screens, being skirmishers with T4
Threat lvl: Average

Dire wolves: These are Fast cavalry with movent 9 and S 4 when they charge, for 10 points they are very cheap, but being undead gives them a very strong weakness as fast cav: They can only hold when charged (If you should ever come in range to charge them) so will probably be beaten quite badly when charged. Treat them like you treat other Fast cavalry.
Threat lvl: Very low - Very high (Depends on how adept the general is at using fast cavalry)

Bat swarms: These little fellas are unque in one case: They are a ying swarm. That gives every base a unit strenght of one, but they are quite mobile to be undead (10 inches M) and make exellent missile screen. But as they cost quite much points, you can happily kill them, just make sure you don't engage them in combat, as they are unbreakable

and not undead, so they will probably hold up that unit in Close combat for a long time. (As with the ghouls, a character cannot join these swarms, nor the spirit hosts.)
Threat lvl: Average.

SPECIAL:

Grave Guard: When you look at these guys, think of a Wight Lord, but quite less powerful, that's it you get it. With killing blow, high armour save and stats that should send shivers down the spine of many a dark elf player, now you ask, how do I counter these horrors? The answer is three words: Reaper Bolt throwers. The Reapers are almost only the only thing that is really effective against the grave guard (exept perhaps COK Arnzipals Black horror and A GoP wielding Highborn and some monsters, don't count on executioners, they wont survive the round after they charge.) and the grave guards have a nasty magic banner that gives them the ability to always hit on 3+ (Banner of the barrows) for 45 points wich means they don't need an BSB to carry it for them. That negates them only having 3 WS. So the best advice against these "Tough guys" is to shoot them before they reach your lines, and if they reach your lines together with a Vampire, then I wish you luck.

Threat lvl: Above average

Black knights: Mounted grave guards with lances and barded

nightmares? Not good!
Especially since these guys have the speed to survive long enough to charge at the enemy tanks or whatever before being shoot up. So every tactic that works against Grave guard should be tried against these very evil knights. If the enemy has both Grave Guards and Black Knights, you should make it your priority to kill the black knights first.

Threat lvl: High

Spirit hosts: All other tie up units or missile screens that the Vampire counts have just have to steep aside for these guys, beign etheral and a swarm that actually has a decent unit strenght, these guys can tie up your hardest units for a long time. And an especially nasty combo I have seen is a Wraith together with them to give them a little more punch in close combat. Plus the wraith cause terror and so cause fear into fear causing units, if you come up against this unit, there is not much you can do exept direct much of your magic against it or you will be in trouble, as a character with a magic weapon would never manage to beat 5 + swarms as they could just direct their attacks against him to kill him easily, and then that unit he was with is gone from the battle...

Threat lvl: High

Fell bats: These are youre average yer, exept that they are undead of course, and so cause fear and are immune to

psychology and suffer extra wounds when they lose combat, the only thing they really pose a threat to are your RBT crews. Do whatever you want with them, taking into consideration that they cost quite much you can earn quite much victory points if your enemy invests in a large unit.

Threat lvl: low-average

RARE:

Banshee: The banshee is the only missile unit that the VC can field (Exept DoW) and it is not so dangerous against a high leadership race like us, they can pose a threat against your COK if your opponent knows how to use them. And guess what? They are etheral! But if your enemy charge them into combat he is stupid, because they will have the chances of a Hal ing against a Bloodthirster when it comes to surviving combats. At least in my experience.

Threat lvl: Quite low

Black Coach: Now this one can be quite nasty sometimes as it is a chariot with 5 + Ward save, 5 W T6 and for each wound it causes in combat, it gains one wound on the profile! When it comes over ten it counts as having scythed wheels. And having a Wraith riding it to, giving it the same effect as having 2 great weapon armed druchii on it. Exept that the wraith is etheral.

So the most realiable way to

deal with this is to send a Highborn with GoP against it, but it still gets it ward save but its only one change in four that he will make it on four attacks so, bye bye black coach!
Threat lvl: Average-High

So that was all the units in the VC army, now moving onto Bloodling powers and a short briefing on how they work for those who don't know.

BLOODLINES:

Bloodlines are what sort of "family" the Vampires in his army comes from, giving them some extra powers over gameplay. Here is a brief list over the different bloodlines and their advantages and weaknesses and those who are most dangerous to us.

Von Carstein:

Von Carstien don't get any particular bonus in their stats, as they are the ones the stats are built on.

Their Bloodline powers are the following:

Summon bats. This power can be used once per game and is used at the start of the turn. It summons either one bat swarm or $d3 + 1$ fell bats. This power can be a very nasty surprise for your RBT crews, as they stood there, thinking they are safe, and 4 fell bats pops up at their rear. Unfortunatly there is

nothing in particular that can counter this so you can only hope that your opponent doesn't use this.

Call winds: This power gives the Vampire the ability to summon a storm. At the beginning of his turn he may decide not to move in the moment face and call a storm instead. He then rolls a dice, 1 nothing happens and the rest he summons a storm that effects the entire battlefield and gives shooters a -1 penalty and makes ying impossible. It lasts for one turn.

I don't really know what to say about this, as I don't use that many yers in my army I don't think the part about ying is so dangerous, but the -1 to shooting can be quite annoying sometimes.

Walking death: This is quite a simple power, one or more vampires with this power gives $1 +$ to combat resolution for all the combats in the game as long as the Vampire is still alive. This power can be game winning, it is veery annoying when your combat between that large unit of skeletons and your general with COK are a tie and your opponent suddenly anounces, "Oh I forgot, I have the walking death power wich means I won that combat" and then you can let your imagination run riot on all possible situations this might lead to. Very dangerous.

Summon wolves: This works in almost the same way as

summon bats, just that it summons d3 dire wolves to the table, not as good as summon bats but still quite annoying. Think of it as a lesser grade of Summon bats.

Aura of Dark majesty: This is a real pain in the neck for you as it extends the generals aura that lets his troops march from 12 to 18 inches. Oerhaos not game winning but still annoying as it negates one off the undeads greatest weaknesses, their immobility.

Wolf form: This gives a Vampire on foot moment 9. Not much to comment on that one except that I have seen a lone thrall being used with this power to go war machine hunting as he has greater mobility and speed than being on a horse.

The Von Carsteins are a dangerous lot, as a are all vampires but they are dangerous in the wayt that their powers usually don't enhance a lone figures fighting ability, but the entire armys fighting ability.

Necrarch: Necrarch get the following advantages/ disadvantages:

-2 in WS

Thralls are allowed to carry Arcane items.

They cannot chose normal armour and weapons

1 + to their casting rolls.

Bloodline powers:

Nehekharas noble blood: This is perhaps the singel most powerfull Bloodline power, since it adds one magic lvl to the Vampire, it is almost invaluable for necrach players. This combined with the powers Dark acolyte and forbidden lore on a Vampire lord can in practice create a lvl 5 mage as he generates 5 power dices and has 5 spells. Should not e underestimated.

The awakening: This adds d3 to the total number of zombies/ skeletons created when raising them with Invocation of Nehek, it is not so dangerous as it is only adds on one Spellcaster. Not something to be really concerned about I think.

Dark acolyte: This power adds one more power dice to the power dice pool. This is a very evil power that not many necrach players go without. Not much to do to counter this really, but there is not so much to counter any Bloodline power.

Unholy Cynosure: This allows the Vampire to re-roll one off his casting dice per game, this can create an irresistible force or stop a miscast. Quite good if used at the right moment, and your greatest ally against this power is that it can only be used once.

Master of the Black arts: This adds 6 inches to any spell that that vampire casts. This can be

quite annoying for you as it extends his range for all those spells you wish Allesio had never got himself involved with. (Means all the spells in the list except hand of dust since it doesn't have a range.)

Forbidden lore: This gives the Vampire knowledge of one more spell than he is allowed. Well need I say more? ^^

The necrarch are perhaps the most dangerous Vampires you will meet as they are very formidable spellcasters and have quite an above average fighting ability to. Your best bet here is much magical protection.

Blood Dragon:

A Blood Dragon Vampire gets the following bonuses/

Weaknesses:

+2 WS

Lords and Counts automatically have full plate mail and can cast spells while wearing armour though they generate on less power dice than their magic lvl. The Blood Dragon with the highest leadership in a unit must always issue challenges and must always accept challenges if possible

Bloodline Powers:

Red Fury: This gives the vampire +1 A. This can be used in some nasty combos with a Vampire lord carrying extra hand weapons, giving him 7 attacks! Well, quite a dangerous power for 30 points, and a mainstay for

most Blood Dragon vampire players.

Blademaster: This power gives the Vampire the ability to choose one model in base combat, that model loses one attack. This is not a so commonly used power, but if your opponent uses it, be sure to look out in a challenge.

Heart Piercing: This does the same thing as hatred, and is an insurance so that the Vampire doesn't miss in the first rounds, as they will almost always hit on 3+, it is not normal that a Vampire with this power will miss any attacks in his first round.

Master strike: Gives the Vampire killing blow. This power shall be looked upon carefully, as it can leave your Highborn with that uber protection you never thought was going to die dead in one attack.

Strength of steel: Gives the Vampire +1 S the turn he charges. This can be used in some devastating combinations, such as a Blood dragon with a lance, strength of steel and Red fury, which is not nice at all, as it gives a count 5 S 8 attacks, better than your highborn with GoP. But as said, only works on the charge. So don't let him charge you.

Honour or death: This power does so that the character who are going to take on the vampire in a challenge must take a Ld

test before any blows are struck, and if they fail it, they must hide in the rear ranks, not daring to fight the Vampire. This can be annoying when your champion has accepted a challenge from the vampire and does not dare to stand forth. It is practically nothing you can do to counter this, except to keep that character close to the general.

The Blood Dragons are the absolute most hitty Vampire sort available to a VC player, and even his thralls will have WS 8! The only real solution is to throw the hardest things you have got at these guys and hope for lady luck to be with you.

Strigoi:

The Strigoi get the following Strengths/Weaknesses:

Lords and Counts have +1 A, are affected by hatred, and have a 5+ Ward save.

Thralls have +1 A and are affected by hatred and have a 6+ Ward save.

Cannot choose normal weapons armour

Cannot use any magic item

Are never mounted

Thralls cannot be BSB

Bloodline Powers:

Curse of the revenant: This power gives the vampire regeneration. On a lord or Count this is a nightmare for you, as it first gives him a 5+ ward save, and all the wounds he failed to save, he gets to try again to save, even if it was more wounds

than he had on his profile.

Massive monstrosity: This gives him +1 W. This makes the Vampire an even more resilient opponent than he already was, combined with the Invocation of Nehek that restores wounds, you have a model that is almost impossible to kill.

Bat form: Gives him the ability to fly. This makes lone thralls very good War machine hunters, and very good mobility, shoot guys with this power down before they reach your RBT:s.

Infinite Hatred: Gives the Vampire the ability to re-roll all of his failed to hit rolls. This is a very nasty "upgrade" for their hatred, and makes it very hard for them to miss.

Summon ghouls: Exactly the same as Von Carsteins summoning powers, except that it summons d3 + 1 ghouls instead of wolves/Bats. Refer to those skills for advice.

Iron sinews: Gives the Vampire 1+ strength. A very widely used ability for strigoi players as it gives their Vampires +1 A and +1 S. Quite nasty and gives you even more cause to stay clear from them in close combat.

The Strigoi are also a very good Close combat bloodline and they certainly rival the Blood dragons. But fortunately they have more weaknesses than strengths and they are pretty restricted in what they can

choose, giving you quite a good idea of what you will face.

And Last comes the Lahmia:

Lahmia vampires get 2 + 1

All enemy models in base contact with Lahmians get -1 Ld.

They cant choose normal armour and weapons.

They get -1 Ld.

Bloodline powers:

Seduction: Gives the Vampire the ability to make an enemy model in base contact with her attack his own side for the duration of that Combat round if he fails a Ld test. This can give you some annoying troubles if your highborn decides to become seducted and starts attacking his own side. Well I wish you luck on your dice rolling.

Domination: Enemy model in base contact chosen by the VC player must pass a leadership test or he cant attack in that close combat phase and all attacks directed against him automatically hits. Not funny to have your highborn get teared to pieces after losing a test for this power. Keep your important models out of range from the Lahmian.

Quickblood: 5 + Ward save. Well it is nothing you can do about this, really.

Innocence lost: The Vampire

always attacks first, even when charged. Again, a power that you can do nothing about.

Transfix: The lahman chooses one enemy model in close combat that ust pass a leadership test or will not be able to attack in the Close combat phase. Again, keep your important models out of range from the Vampire.

Beguile: Exactly the same as above, except that it is only the vampire he cannot attack.

Note on beguile, transfix, domination and Seduction; anyone that is immune to psyghollogy is immune to these tests, so send your Witch elves in there and tear 'em up!

Overall Lahmians are quite a dangerous lot, with all except one of their powers robbing the enemy of his fighting ability. But just keep your important models out of reach and you will do good. (well most of the time)

That was the whole tactica to counter all those Vampire counts armys out there, or at least give you a push in the right way.

Hope you liked it.

Executioners block

Cheese: Competition and Cooperation

When two people come together to play a game of Warhammer, the competitive aspects of the game are usually uppermost in their minds. They are thinking of how to outmaneuver their opponent, shoot his troops or hack them down in hand to hand combat, and win the game.

At the same time, there is a lot of cooperative behavior going on that might not be so apparent. Both players have agreed to play by the same set of rules, generally with the same points-worth of armies. They have agreed which models represent which units or characters, and what effects different pieces of terrain will have on the battle.

These are all forms of cooperation that are provided for by the rulebook. However, there are a lot of other kinds of cooperation that take place during a game that are considered "good sportsmanship." One tries not to bother one's opponent when

he is thinking about how to move. One ensures that one's opponent has a clear view of your dice. One does not whine and curse when the dice come up in a way that one finds less than pleasing. This is because although both players are competing to win the game, they are not competing to have fun during it. In fact, to have a really enjoyable gaming session, both players should be cooperating during the game to help each other have fun, and showing good sportsmanship is a good way of doing that. However, some players believe the competition to win the game is more important than the cooperation to have fun, and from this springs the idea of "cheese."

In short, the word "cheese" means something that is not strictly against the rules, but interferes with one player's ability to enjoy the game. Cheese is therefore a subjective idea; some things may be cheesy to some and not to others, and some things may be cheesy against certain armies

your opponent has and not against others.

The word "cheese" is sometimes employed when one player uses a unit or model that the other player feels is unfairly powerful, often for its cost but sometimes for its hardness. For example, the Empire Steam Tank is often cited as being able to do massive damage to certain kinds of armies who have little or no ability to fight back against it. In this circumstance, it is incumbent on the player who feels his opponent is being cheesy to do his absolute level best to figure out a good strategy or tactic for getting around his opponent's cheesy model or unit. To do otherwise would be bad sportsmanship. It is only after he has exhausted all other approaches that he may call "cheese." His opponent then should seriously consider retiring the cheesy unit or model from play against that opponent, as it is likewise bad sportsmanship to exploit an unfair advantage against an opponent not able to cope with it.

A second use of the word "cheese" often occurs when a player spends an unusually large amount of their points on a single model or unit. In this situation, the entire game hinges around what happens to that model or unit. Typically, they either go on a killing spree and that player wins or they crash and burn and that player loses. Many people find this cheesy and boring because it

takes away a lot of the depth of the game for them. Instead of a battle of two armies, the game has become a battle of one model or unit against an army. Again, some people may be absolutely fine with this, but it is in the interests of good sportsmanship to diversify your army a little if your opponent gets tired of fighting Archaon all of the time. In larger games, though, such characters or units can typically be used without being cheesy, because they represent a smaller percentage of your army. For example, if I was to take Malekith in a 2000 point army, the whole game revolves around whether Malekith is successful or not, which again, is usually not that fun. In a 10,000 point army, Malekith is an important player, but the whole game will not pivot around his actions. Even though he is the same model, in one venue he will probably be considered cheesy, and in the other, he probably will not.

A third kind of cheese comes from employing a strategy that your opponent finds overly frustrating. The all-shooting army is most often cited as this kind of cheese, but it has been my experience that the all-fast-movers army, which never engages an opponent in hand-to-hand, can be just as annoying. While this may be a winning strategy, if it not a fun one for your opponent, you might do well to organize your army a little differently in order to provide a more enjoyable game.

This is not to say that you should give up your shooting or your fast movers, but that you should also include some other elements to your army, such as a hand-to-hand component.

Finally, there are some rule interpretations that may be considered cheesy, mainly because they give one side an unfair advantage that it was clear that the game designers did not intend. For example, the Dark Elf City Garrison list has a Sorceress with three attacks on her profile, and the revised Wood Elf list in the White Dwarf allowed a character wearing a magic cloak the scouting ability, even if he was mounted on a Forest Dragon! Both of these are obvious mistakes, and it would be "cheesy" to argue otherwise. Oftentimes, a mistake in the rules will come up, and people will try and take advantage of it before it is errata-ed away. This is very un-sportsmanlike behavior.

So, what do you do when you are accused of being cheesy? Think about whether the person who accuses you is being legitimate or being a whiner. While you can ignore whiners, it is worth paying attention to a legitimate complaint, and perhaps changing your army a little bit. After all, if you absolutely cannot win without your Steam Tank, then maybe you have been being a little cheesy.

What do you do when you

are confronted with a cheesy opponent? First, as I said, it is important to make sure that you really do try and find ways to cope with the tactical problem your opponent is presenting you. If that fails, it is worth it to talk to your opponent after the game, and say something along the lines of "I really don't enjoy playing against your Blood Dragon Lord anymore. Do you think you could use something else the next time we play?" Finally, if even that fails, it pays to vote with your feet, and simply not play games with that person until they mend their cheesy ways. After a while, if they find themselves without many people to game with, they may come around to the realization that they have not been a good sport.

So, enjoy your games and do your best to give your opponent the chance to have a good time. This doesn't mean that you can't beat the stuffing out of their army, screaming "Blood for the Blood God!" if that's your thing, but don't go about doing it in a cheesy way. Remember, although you are competing with your opponent to win, at the same time, you should be cooperating with him to have fun.

What non-Druchii players think about the Revision

About 10 months ago, a spark of an idea came from Dark Alliance. Truly the Dark Elves needed a revision, he believed. Many others agreed with him, but scarcely believed Games-Workshop would give them the time of day. Still, people decided to work on the Revision, formerly the Grand Petition, of the Dark Elf army book. And ideas slowly came together. In the end, we received:

- Heavy armor for Executioners as standard, to increase their survivability against missile weapons
- An increase of Leadership for Cold One Knights to fight against stupidity
- Witch Elves receiving Hatred of High Elves even when Frenzied, to keep in context with Dark Elven buff and to increase Witch Elves' usefulness against High Elves
- Making the Crew of a Cauldron of Blood like those of a regular Warmachine, in terms of being shot at
- Allowing the Assassin to deploy as a Scout so that he could be put with Shades
- Changing the Movement of Beastmaster Apprentices to 6 so they could keep up with the War Hydra
- Increasing the Cauldron Red Fury range to 24" instead of 18" as the original range was generally too short to fit in

with the Dark Elves' aggressive playing style

- Allowing Word of Pain to be cast into combat as it was generally unused before
- Giving the options of Light Armor, Sea Dragon Cloak, and a Lance to a Beastmaster to increase his general effectiveness.
- Changing Black Guard Hatred to Eternal Hatred, as having only standard Hatred did not fit with their style of prolonged combat (due to Stubborness)
- Allowing 2 Cold One Chariots to be taken as 1 Special Choice, as they were rarely seen before
- Clarifying the Blood Armor special rules to say "total save" before 1+ in the final sentence

Through the brainstorming of a cadre of members, persistence of playtesters (who are listed at the end of this article), and sheer force of will people such as Dark Alliance and langmann, Games-Workshop listened. And know, with the help of Gav Thorpe, the Revision is becoming official soon (October 23rd to be exact.).

But, one must wonder- what do Non-druchii players think of the revision?

That's what I wanted to know, and went to my local gaming club for some answers. I formulated some questions, and

asked three local gamers- Alex Hristov, Andrew Weiner, and Benet Reynolds.

Andrew Weiner is an Empire player of about 5 years, fighting the Dark Elves about 10 times in 6th edition Warhammer. "It is a fair revision," he told me when asked on his general feelings about the Revision. He told me that his favorite part of the revision is, "I like that the assassin can deploy as a scout as it fits better with his story line." Andrew dislikes that Beastmaster apprentices get movement six, as he told me, "Foot troops shouldn't move that fast." He ended by telling me that he believes most people will believe it to be a fair revision.

Alex Hristov, a High Elf player of 3 years and a seasoned general against the Druchii, thinks that the Revision will go towards improving the game, as, "The unrevised list had a few too many holes in it, and wasn't that much fun to play against." He likes that everything now fits the Dark Elf buff, but said on his dislikes, "Everything has a bonus. Gav Thorpe miscalculated the values of certain abilities ie: RBT crew w/ Light Armor, cheaper Lvl. 1 sorceresses compared to High Elves. And, in this revision, there are only improvements. Even though the strengths of the original list are small, extra advantages, they could easily affect a tight game." He doubts that the revision will radically

alter a Dark Elf player's style. He concluded that, "I hope they agree with me," when asked what other non-Druchii player's will think about the revision.

Benet Reynolds, a Lizardmen player for 2 years, believes that, "They are fair revisions and will improve all aspects of play. They are very characterful changes, required changes, or changes that will add fun." He likes that Witch Elves have hatred and frenzy, as it is buffy and adds challenge to High Elf players; he doesn't quite agree with Cold One Knight's new leadership, saying that, "It is unneeded. Leadership 8 is high enough. Only heroes and Daemons should have Leadership 9." He likes the revision, but doesn't believe all people will agree with him. "They will moan and groan and complain about them not getting revisions and the dark elves being overpowered. But hey, challenges make the game fun."

It seems to me that the all people see it as necessary. They did have their complaints, but the general feeling overshadowed the gripes.

Playtesters:

Kitrik, JVzer0, Linda, Imdat Tauble, Balzlak, Decheran, freen, unseen, L'rak, Mordru, Truant, Gorduz, Da'Ghault, Vlad Tepes, Purple, Nightbringer, Keledron, PokeMe, pmonti, Korhedron, GrogshotPowwabomba, FriedMalekith, Scipio, Moridus,

Poll

The Coolest Assassin
- by spoon

Shadowblade	37%
Hoodless, lunging forward	7%
Hooded, lunging forward	42%
Hooded, standing up straight	14%

The Way of War

--- The Way of War ---

Why did I lose?

It wasn't because I played bad, off course not...

It was certainly not because he played better than me.

Well, it was the dice, off course. They are conspiring against me...

In this article, I will try to explain some ideas of mine. Who am I to tell you how to play Warhammer? I have been playing Warhammer since 4th edition. I have participated in over 50 tournaments, and won most of them. I also have been a judge a couple of times at a few tournaments. But this doesn't mean that I'm a perfect player, but just one that who would like to share some advice he has leaned.

There are the 5 things that will make or break the game for you. 1st is the army list, 2nd is deployment, 3rd is movement, 4th is magic, shooting and combat, 5th is luck. The better you are at these 5 things, the better a general you will be.

The article will be divided into 3 parts. 1st: Army construction, and deployment. 2nd: Playing the phases, and luck... 3rd: Knowing your enemy, and how to play the game.

Army Construction and Deployment.

Army Construction

First off, one has to know one's army. Knowing your army is the key to making a very good army list. This is what makes the army good, and its weak spots. It would be a bad idea to make a Dwarf army that tries to out manoeuvre the enemy, or a Chaos army trying to shoot its enemies to pieces.

When choosing units for your army list. Here are some of the many ways to it:

1. The unit looks cool.
2. You think the unit is good.
3. The unit fits the theme.

The first way's pros are: You will like your army and it might look scary. The cons are: It will probably not work well all round. The second method's pros are: Good units. Cons: the units might not work well together. The third way's Pros:

The army will look scary and it works against some armies. Cons: It doesn't work against others. It's a personal thing, but I think the best way is to combine them. Having an army that looks powerful and scary is the first step to defeat your opponent. Because if he thinks he has already lost, he probably will lose.

When you have chosen a unit, you will need to choose a size for it. I think there some unit sizes that work better than others. Why? Because all rules have "breaking" points.

1. If more than half the unit is dead, you will get half its points. So it will be a good idea to have unit sizes of equal numbers. This is the only rule, which is about starting size, and not "in game size"

2. When 25% is killed by non-combat, you take a panic test. So have a number that can't be divided by 4, to reduce the number of panic tests.

3. Unit strength of 5 will take ranks (unless skirmishers).

4. A unit needs to be at least 4 wide to get ranks, ranks after the first need only to be 4 to count. Meaning that 8 knights and a character can have one rank.

The form of the unit is very important. Because it's a consideration of: Manoeuvres, Ranks and Fighting Abilities. Because the bigger the unit gets, the harder it becomes to manoeuvre, and the smaller it gets, the fewer ranks, and

that is good in many combats. The smaller units the less the fighting ability, and the fewer casualties it can handle before it becomes useless. So the key is: To have the right size and form. We all know how hard it is to manoeuvre 10 models in one row, or how useless one knight can be.

The theme of the army can be many things: Magic, combat, shooting, Psychology or something else. It can also be a combination of a few thing or many. We all have seen combat armies of Khorne, the magic of High Elves, Shooting Empire Hell, or Fear causing mega armies of Vampire Counts. I think it's a personal thing, but I also think there are some common ideas that can be uses by all.

The most important thing is: The reason of the unit. For example, the knights are for killing elite units, and the spearmen are to stop other block units, which I have softened, by my missile fire.

Next comes choosing the right mix of units. If you have no units that can kill knights, you might have a problem. What about war machines? Here is a list of things that I find it good to be able to "take care off":

- Armoured units (Knights or Dwarfs)
- Block units (Skaven)
- War Machines (Empire)
- Archers (Elves and Empire)
- Magic (A Grey Seer and his Engineers)

- Skirmishers (Wood Elves)
- Power Units (Chosen Chaos Warriors)
- Power Characters (A Vampire Lord)
- Flyers (Harpies)

Here it's important to get the right mix. If you know before hand what it is you are going to play against, then you might be able to remove some of the things on the list. For example, you might want to not have something that targets "Flyers" against the Skaven. But then you will need more of other things. If you don't know what you are going to fight, you will need a more universal mix. This is much harder than the other, but if you get it right, this will win you tournaments. I personally make armies after this model, because I play many tournaments and almost never know what I'm going to fight. Try to take a look at you army; do all your units have a reason for be in it?

Deployment

As I see it, there are only two things to consider when deploying.

1. How will you get the most out of your units?
2. How will you stop your opponent from doing this?

Well it's easy to say, but hard to do. But actually it is all you need to think of when you deploy, because that is how you get the most out of your army. Here are some ideas of mine.

Make a Deployment plan and Game plan (Battle plan). This will help you control the game

progress. The player who controls this will always win the game.

Hide you real plan as long as possible. Deploy unimportant units first, wait to deploy the important ones. So your opponent doesn't see your real battle plan.

Consider what units your characters will need to be in, make room in the units, and make sure characters have places to hide (Wizards usually).

There is no reason for cannons or stone throwers to be on a hill. They do not need "real" LoS, because of their ability to shoot passed one unit, to hit something else, which is its actual target.

Especially cannons, which are best placed far to the side, so it can shoot tough ranks of knights or something similar. The same can be done with great success with bolt throwers, but remember that they need "real" line of sight

And it cannot be say enough, **USE THE TERRAIN TO YOUR ADVANTAGE.** Use Line of sight, movement, defense or anything else that will help your army gain an edge in the game.

Woods: Skirmishers or lone character, as they don't suffer move penalties, but be aware of LoS limits.

Hills: Gives you more LoS, but also makes the unit able to be targeted more. Good place for archers of all kinds. And units

with long charge range (yers), as this allows them to select targets all over. Hills are also a good place to hide units like Mages behind.

Difficult terrain: Is good for units that are not affected.

Difficult terrain is also fantastic for Archers, WM or Wizards that can shoot past it and be protected by the shortened movement of your opponent. It is also good for skirmishers or

lone character, as they don't suffer move penalties, and have full line of sight.

Walls: Very good place to defend. 6's to hit, will kill most attackers.

"The armies are half the battle. What they do, is the other half"
Chinese General.

Arch Angel

To Award a Druchii

To give a druchii an award, you may say, is a waste, unless it incorporates some poison. However, in a revolutionary move, Malekith has decreed that all druchii who do good (and by good he means evil) with good efficiency and good will (meaning, of course, evil will), will from this day forth receive an award WITHOUT poison. And to top it off, some of these will be chosen by the masses!

To be more specific, there will be three general service awards for exceptional service to the druchii community, those being the Gold, Silver and Bronze Khaines. These will be for outstanding service, and to receive one is a great honour. The nominations for these will be chosen by a small committee and will take two months to complete, before, in the next month, anyone who wishes to will vote, the top three

votewinners being rewarded with one of the awards.

Also, every quarter, the quarterly will publish a list of other people who just missed out and have contributed in some way. These will be also chosen by the same committee, and may be slightly more specific than the Khaines.

Whoever receives an award will receive a special picture underneath their avatar signifying thus. Awards will be rotated quarterly (ie. the recipients for one quarter will lose the awards after 3 months, unless they win another award), and will be released in each issue of this magazine. So its time to decide what type of druchii deserves an award.

-Imdat Tauble

The Scribe

Plucking a guttering candle from the wall, the flame barely adequate, Edgar turned to watch as his visitor, so much taller than himself, ducked to pass the low entrance, crossing the threshold into his house. Shivering, the walls never having been enough to hold back the cold, barely protecting against the violent storms that, with alarming regularity, rolled in off the sea, Edgar motioned for his guest to follow as he led the way into the tiny, dingy kitchen.

This was no place to bring a Druchii. As his gaze moved across the old pots, rusted and worn, the pathetic selection of crockery, two old plates, a dirty, cracked cup and a small bowl, shame welled up in his heart. The years had not been kind to him he reflected as, daring not to look at his guest, he stooped, feeling around almost blind for the trapdoor. It had to be hidden, if his enemies were to find this shrine to Khaine it would mean his death. Finally, his aching hand came to rest upon the heavy bronze ring, buried deep in the dirt of the floor.

With one swift tug, he raised the wooden door to reveal a darkened, forbidding tunnel, stairs leading to the very bowels of the earth.

Eventually, gathering the courage to look once more upon this brilliant creature that stood in his small, lowly home, Edgar spoke. "This way, my lord." he managed, the words fading as he braved the elf's dark, intense gaze, before falling once more into silence. This forbidding creature made him uneasy, it mattered not how often he told himself that this elf was an ally, a friend, a deeper unconsciousness screamed at him to flee. Not daring to wait for a response, Edgar moved into the tunnel, carefully pacing down the steps, at intervals reaching to light a small torch on the wall, its pale light reaching scant feet into the gloom.

Finally, they reached the foot of the long winding staircase. A door, heavier and of an obviously better quality than anything else in the small hovel, this was an important room. Fumbling for the key on his belt, after several attempts he managed to get the door open.

As his visitor calmly walked into the room, Edgar found himself scuttling round, lighting the many torches that lined the walls. Finally, after what seemed to his increasingly confused brain as an age, the room was bathed in a soft, flickering glow. The room was a sight to behold, every surface, walls, floor, even the ceiling, was covered in paraphernalia from the cult of Khaine, ancient texts from the libraries of dead kings, tapestries from temples, long since consumed by time, their stones fallen, and their presence all but forgotten.

Overawed, as he always was, Edgar momentarily forgot his esteemed guest until a touch, light as a feather, reminded him of his purpose. Fumbling in his pockets, he drew out the precious letter with trembling hands. The tall Druchii silently accepted it, before proffering, in return, a small leather pouch. "For your work in the service of Khaine." he intoned flatly. Slightly perturbed, Edgar took the small bag, surprised at its weight. Daring to open it, his eyes alighted on seven polished, jet-black stones.

You can contribute to the quality of the Druchii community too!

To Make Like a Slave

As some of you may know, we have an initiative called the To Make Like a Slave, whose purpose is to write articles for the Quarterly about painting, modelling etc. However, this initiative never really got off the ground, but we are now reviving it.

So, people who enjoy writing and have some experience in painting, modelling and terrain-making are certainly welcome to join. Realise that you don't have to be a master at painting or modelling to join, just one that has an idea or an interest or a concept and a certain understanding (for example, if you can't paint well, you could write some articles for other non-painters as to how to get through all your models quickly while still maintaining some quality).

You do not have to join, however, if you don't want to be under that rather small amount of pressure. You can always submit an article by PM to me. It will be handed off to people in the initiative who will edit it and hopefully approve it for publishing.

Also, submissions of articles ideas are most welcome as well, so feel free to PM me with them.

As of this moment there are no real members of this initiative, so we really need some, and fast. January is approaching, and we want all our articles for the January Quarterly to be ready well before then. So you can see that we're a little pressed for time...

Imdat.

The Temple of Khaine

As some of you may know, we have an initiative called the Temple of Khaine here on the site. We had one before and it essentially included a series of tactics articles pertaining to the Druchii. There are Druchii Units articles, Enemy Armies articles, and various other types all designed to give out Dark Elves that fighting edge.

So, people who enjoy writing and have some tactical experiences are certainly welcome to join. I use the term tactical experiences very loosely however. You don't have to be a master player or even a very good one, just one that has an idea or an interest or a concept and a certain understanding of that idea.

You do not have to join, however, if you don't want to be under that rather small amount of pressure. You can always submit an article by PM to me. If you want, I can edit it for you before submitting it to the ToK (or give it back for another draft if that is your desire) or I may hand it off to another for editing.

Also, submissions of articles ideas are most welcome as well, so feel free to PM me with them, but be sure to include a valid reason for the submission. So no "rattling guns are so cheesy, help me kill them!" Instead something along the line of "I've been having some difficulties in dealing with Skaven Rattling Guns and I saw a discussion about how troublesome they were on the Tactics forum. I think it would be quite helpful to many of use who regularly face Skaven armies if an in depth article could be written to help us all out in dealing with these menaces. "

So here's hoping that some of you take up the call and that you others share with us your interests and concerns for the welfare of your victorious Druchii.

Imdat

150k Battle Summary

The Cauldron of Blood

Do you have questions for Khaine or just want to tell him something? Submit it to the Cauldron of Blood! The best submission will receive a place in the final round for the Awards! PM Imdat Tauble or Z'Gahn

The Scribe

The Scribe is made by various members of Druchii.net, as you know. Do you like writing stories and have a good idea for The Scribe? Submit your version of the next part of The Scribe to the Quarterly! If your story gets published, you will receive a place in the final round for the Awards! PM Imdat Tauble or Z'Gahn.

The Executioners Block

Want to share your ideas on Warhammer with the whole of Druchii.net? Send your article to the Executioners' Block!

If your head gets chopped off on the Executioners' Block, you will automatically receive a place in the final round for the Awards! PM Imdat Tauble or Z'Gahn

Over the last few months, a Battle Report to match no other battle reports in the history of Druchii.net came to the forum. Just reading the title '150,000 epic war' really made you wonder - had they added in 1 or 2 too many zeros??? It seemed that they hadn't, and over several months, 15 turns and 45 pages of battle reports, good and evil struggled over what would seem like a neverending table.

Fendar the Fabulous, champion of the light, reports in brief on the battle:

What a battle! When the deployment screens came down and we saw the chaos hordes arraigned against us, we knew that it would be a rough fight. ECofSolland and I immediately agreed that our respective anks were going to fall, and that there was no point in reinforcing them. We each tried to do as much damage as possible on the anks while we concentrated our efforts on clearing the middle of the field. Then we could turn back to back and deal with the enemy that would be charging from the anks. As I mentioned in an early report, "If good Empiremen stand together, who can stand against them?"

ECofSolland's Dogs of War (far right) went down, and his Dwarfs fought hard and valiantly to stop the Chaos rush, grinding the enemy down as

they themselves were ground down. On my ank (far left) the Lizardmen went down as well, but they lasted a long time and in so doing reduced the size of the opposing Chaos army severely.

All of that would have been for naught if we had lost the middle, which we almost did, twice.

The Dark Elf army, in spite of being smashed early in the battle, almost overran the Black Eagle Empire army, and it was only with much shooting and a bit of luck that we stopped that charge. And we lost a lot of the army in doing so.

The Vampire Counts did manage to break through and start rolling up the Solland Empire line. Only with tough fighting and the sacrifice of many heroes was that onslaught stopped, and then with horrendous casualties. Certainly the most intense fighting of the battle, for me, occurred during the charge of the Vampire Counts.

Once the Dark Elfs and the Vampire Counts went down, the odds shifted dramatically in our favor. There were still many of the enemy left. I had built a large artillery battery consisting of four great cannons and thirteen(!) bolt throwers, and they were safe once those two charges were stopped. Any models moving down the table would have to withstand

a tremendous barrage of fire to come to grips, and nothing that tried survived.

Once the VC were dead, I sent a large contingent of Black Eagle Empire and any elves that were mounted to help the Solland Empire and the Dwarfs. They largely did not need that help, though the Solland Empire troops did benefit from the omnipresent Vault's Unmaking. The dwarfs, after rendering sterling service, eventually were beaten down to 3 or 4 units. The Elves were too far away to aid them, but the dwarfs probably prefer it that way, anyhow.

In the end, the "master plan" worked. The hope was to have all armies pound each other into dust, but have one army relatively untouched. It was the lot of the High Elves to be the reserve in this battle. In the end, the reserves were not needed. Their presence was enough for the enemy to realize that he could not win, and end the game. My apologies to everyone who wanted to see Tyrion fight Malekith or Archaon. We may come up with a different plan next time!

There was no single great turning point in the battle. There were some important events that, I think, prevented much trouble. I was hemming and hawing over whether to charge of the Knights of the Southern Cross into the black coaches, thinking that it was a

high risk venture that could pay off big. ECofSolland reminded me that we were here to go down fighting, and to inspire legends. The charge came off much better than I could of hoped, netting me a hydra and Zacharias in the bargain. They weren't even inner circle knights! Not having to deal with two charging black coaches helped us a lot.

Galen the Exile and the Elector Counts got lucky and did well. Desperate times call for desperate measures. I am happy to take good luck when it comes my way!

On the ECofSolland's end, it was all about the dwarf heroes. Since our plan depended on slowing and weakening the Chaos hordes before they got to the middle, the dwarfs' service was stellar. The Slayer King held up and killed or ground down several big fighting units, and the White Dwarf demolished huge chunks of the enemy army. The dwarf High King, Thorgrim Grudgebearer, I think, beat the heart out of our opponents as he beat their final few units.

A word about magic. In the two battles before we had magic supremacy. Not this time! At the start of the battle, the villains had 100 more casting dice than we did! I knew that we would lose if that situation was not changed. Killing enemy wizards was priority one from the beginning. Being deliberate about this throughout the fight,

we slowly gained parity and then supremacy. At that point, magic supremacy coupled with the artillery battery meant, in my mind, that we were going to win it.

Impressions from the others: ECofSolland, immediately after the battle, commented that the Tzeentch Sorcerer on the Disc was the MVP. That vile sorcerer certainly ran amok throughout the Solland lines until we got rid of him. He had this to say:

"Huzzah! The forces of evil were driven back and the land is free from the taint of the dark races...for now. "

It wasn't until late in the battle that the good guys were able to secure victory. This scenario allowed all four of us to bring every model that we owned and place it on the battlefield at once. That made for some very character heavy armies and in the end I believe that that was the downfall for the dark side. We all had roughly equal points but we had more rank and file troops it seemed. As well, the dark forces appeared to rely heavily on magic but their wizards were beaten down before magic got to be effective.

From my perspective, Chaos's Tzeentch wizard on Disc was the model of the game. He seemed to be everywhere. He ran Karl Franz off the board, caught a unit of fleeing knights, killed an Imperial hero, an artillery crew as well as cast

nasty magic throughout. Next time, he'll have a big target on his head...

Elector Count of Solland

I agree with ECofSolland wholeheartedly about troopers vs characters. Even in the days of "Herohammer" I believed units could beat characters, and I believe it with even more conviction in 6th Edition.

The first words out of the mouths of both the enemy generals were "Druseria with that Book of Hoeth..." Her contribution was great early on when, due to the number of scrolls and dispel dice available, only spells cast with Ultimate Force could succeed. My vote for MVP is the artillery. Duseria turning off ward saves (bye bye Malekith!) complemented the shooting of the machines perfectly. The dwarf artillery was awesome as well. For several turns of writing battle reports, it seemed as if I could just copy/paste "...and the Dwarf Flame Cannon shot (fill in blank) and they ed, failing their panic test." And the Solland and Black Eagle artillery got the Vampire Counts to a manageable size before they arrived in our lines.

So, after a lot of good luck (the chaos dragon rampaging through his own lines for 9 or 10 turns comes to mind) and bad (3 of 4 steam tanks blew up early on, for example) the good guys saved the Empire once again.

A vatar of Hate

By Vanderghast

Episode One

Khaelis Iceheart felt bitter bile of hatred swell in his throat as he entered the small throne room of Le'Vhan Netest. The cold marble chilled the bare soles of his feet, and the bright, coal-fed braziers in each corner made his black eyes squint. Tall, darkly glazed windows ushered in the dying orange-red light of the evening, and the unique cold of Naggaroth loomed within the room like a malevolent ghost. Beside the throne, on a small, stone pedestal, sat a wide-brimmed bowl. It held a clear, sparkling water, and it made Khaelis' parched throat itch for drink. The dark elf wondered if his mortal enemy had it there simply to torment him.

Le'Vahn rose slowly from his throne. He was an imposing figure, with a legacy attached to his name that only added to his terror. Dressed in a sweeping, black robe, with defined features and a mane of midnight hair, he smiled coldly at the prisoner before him, one hand resting on the pommel of his curved sword, the symbol of his power. He

wore several lustrous, golden rings, embedded with gems from the mines of the Naggarothian lands. He was also known to be an elf that had no cares in shamelessly flaunting his excessive wealth.

Khaelis' shackles around his wrists and ankles shook as he moved, and he winced every few steps. They were so tight that blood ebbed from minor wounds, dripping loudly in the silence of the throne room.

"I trust your stay has been enjoyable?" asked Le'Vahn. He smiled devilishly at the end. Khaelis looked on his rival, contempt seething like wildfires in his dark eyes. His pale, dirty face was illuminated by the glow of the braziers, and his sullied robe gave him the appearance of some lowly beggar.

"Quite, I especially enjoyed being poisoned with toxic fumes." rasped Khaelis. His lungs ached, tingling from the past experiences of his night in the dungeons at the cruel hands of apprentice druchii alchemists. His breathing was laboured, and his back was sore from three dozen whip lashes. Hospitality was a thing left wanting in the dungeons of Naggarond.

"Yes, still, you shouldn't stress yourself. Tonight I pass judgement on your crime of treason."

He said the words with a disturbing coldness, but Khaelis was not shaken. He would never show fear before his rival. He would die before that.

"Pass your law, I wish to die so my soul may see the grinding sound of your voice."

Le'Vahn growled lowly under his breath in response to the defiant words. Maybe the fool Khaelis wouldn't be so brave after he'd heard the sentence for his crime. Le'Vahn would be glad to be rid of Khaelis. As much as he hated the elf, he equally feared him. The Iceheart upstart was the one dark elf with enough strength, courage and leadership to successfully oust him from his small throne in the politics of Naggaroth. However, Le'Vahn had learnt the art of bribery and intimidation well, and enough of Khaelis' cohorts had croaked up information to lead to his capture.

From the left arm of his throne Le'Vahn picked up a leather, cord-bound scroll, which crinkled in his hand. The parchment was old, yellowed with clearly ancient age. It was house Netest's Order of Judgement, the map for issuing punishments to those who had wronged the house. Khaelis was one such dark elf.

With a smile, Le'Vahn unrolled the scroll. He would make sure to toy with Khaelis before killing him. This was the part he was looking forward to.

"By order of House Netest, which you have viciously and callously wronged, I sentence you to Trial by Wilderness. By plotting against me to seize my throne you have doomed yourself, and in the bowels of Khaine's Hells may you rot in purgatory for your sins." said Le'Vahn, saying the last part with obvious enthusiasm. Khaelis was confused. He had read the Order of Judgements, and never had he heard of any such punishment. A bad feeling gnawed in his stomach. He knew that Le'Vahn was a rule-breaker, schemer and politicking backstabber. Whatever this law was, Khaelis knew it wasn't good. And he had come to respect the morbid mind of his arch enemy.

"You shall also be joined by a dozen of your conspirators." added the noble casually.

"Describe my punishment." asked Khaelis, voice unemotive. He would not show fear.

"You shall be taken far south from here, and there you shall be left. From there, braving the wilderness, with no help from any druchii whatsoever, save your own treacherous dogs of cohorts, you must make your way back to here, within the deepest towers of Naggarond itself. You will face rugged forests, empty plains, barren mountains and the hospitality of a dozen renegade dark elven bands. Stray, and you shall be killed. If you can return here, and take a single sip from this bowl of water, you shall be purged of guilt, and free to go.

That is the trial, though I doubt you will even make it back to this tower. Also, I have taken the time to hire a sorceress. She will be watching your movements. Try and see the path back to Naggarond, and she will scorch your souls from your bodies." said Le'Vahn. His voice oozed satisfaction and happiness at dictating the fate of his foe. It made him feel warm inside.

"Why do you go to so much trouble, why all this?" asked Khaelis. Surely it would be more practical to simply have him executed by the grim warriors of Har Ganeth. Even the guards around him could do that quite well enough.

"Because, history will not say Le'Vahn Netest's wrath was lacking in creativity." answered Le'Vahn with a devilish smile.

"Well, what if I refuse....." before Khaelis could finish, the plated gauntlet of a guard slammed into the back of his skull, and he slumped to the stony ground with a thud.

"You don't get a choice." replied Le'Vahn. A few moments later the guards dragged Khaelis away to hurl him into a cell until the hired sorceress arrived. Le'Vahn rested once more in his throne lazily, content with his genius. He would be interested to see how his little law worked out.

Khaelis awoke groggily, his head pounding like an orc beating a war drum. Instantly he felt a deep and bitter chill surge through his flesh and wrack his bones. He could feel the rugged,

jagged ground cutting his flesh, and as he opened his eyes he realised he was deeply in trouble.

Around him was a vast, barren expanse. It was made up of broken, black rocks, with dominating clusters of similar boulders. Deep, almost gouged out gorges and crevasses pock marked the land, and swirling around the dark elf was a bitter chill like the coldest of winters. Lying amongst the rocks, coming to their senses, were all twelve of Khaelis's comrades. Soldiers, advisors, servants, they had all plotted with him to overthrow Le'Vahn, and steal his place of power. Khaelis gritted his teeth in anger when realised he had completely and utterly lost to his enemy, and he had been reduced to this, lost in some Khaine-forsaken plain where only the birds of carrion lived.

Wrapping his black cloak tight around his shivering, thin frame, Khaelis realised his sword and dagger were not on his body.

"Unarmed." he groaned, between rasping, chilly breaths. It was just another circumstance to add to his already doomed fate.

Khaelis's cohorts rose to their feet. Herth, a soldier with a fiery temper and a master with the longsword, approached Khaelis. He staggered in the cold, the chilling gale wreathing around his body and seeping down into the core of his being. He was a young elf, with common features and reddish eyes. He wore a vest of studded leather

armour, and a gold headband highlighted with a roughly-hewn semi-precious gem.

"So, this is where our plotting has gotten us?" said the soldier, his tongue lashing acid. In his eyes was the same battle-fire, but now it was directed in anger at Khaelis himself. In those fires he could see the steel of mutiny tempering.

"It would seem so." simply replied the dark elven leader, the cold winds of the plain making his silken hair utter.

The advisor and his servants sat on the broken ground, shivering in the cold, watching the looming conflict. The assembled soldiers grouped together, talking lowly amongst themselves. They looked like a bunch of nobles, plotting their backstabbing methods, whispering to each other, concocting schemes. Khaelis did not like it, but he knew that his soldiers would follow whichever leader was in command.

Whichever leader was left alive.

"I think you have proven your quality as a leader, and fresh blood is needed." said Herth. His voice was rimmed with cold, and Khaelis could feel violence approaching.

Throwing his cloak aside, Herth lashed out with a punch. Khaelis was not an easy target, however. He had trained for centuries in the arts of warfare, both armed and unarmed. With lightning speed Khaelis moved, ducking the swing. In return he slammed his knee into the stomach of Herth, who keeled over, air gushing from his lungs

from the force of the blow. With a roar Khaelis brought both hands down on Herth's back, who slumped down to the ground with a shout. Khaelis stamped on the dark elf's back, holding him in place and twisting his foot slowly. Herth's pale face contorted in torment as he groaned. Khaelis bent down, and picked up a large rock, kicking Herth in the ribs as he went.

The soldiers, servants and advisor watched on in half-interest as Khaelis repeatedly slammed the rock onto Herth's skull. After several blows the dark elf stopped moving, and Khaelis tossed the small boulder aside. Rising to his feet, cloak smeared with blood, he shot a cold glance at his cohorts, asserting his dominance. The corpse of Herth lay silent, and Khaelis pointed to it with a blood-caked finger.

"Follow me, or follow him." he said, darkness in his tone. As one the druchii bowed, declaring their allegiance.

"Good. Pick yourselves up, you wretches! We march north to the towers of Naggarond. No beast, elf or daemon will stop my trek. I will return to Naggarond, and when I arrive the torture wracked corpse of Le'Vhan the Snake will dangle from the highest parapet of my tower for the crows to peck at." said Khaelis. With that, he wrapped his cloak around his body, preparing to travel. He started walking, making his way through the rocks and boulders. His cohorts followed in fearful silence. After all, none of them

wished to share the fate of Herth, and Khaelis had now more than proven he was cold enough to be their rightful leader.

With his cold-wracked allies following behind, Khaelis staggered on through the blasted plain. The ground was rough, uneven, and treacherously scattered with dozens of jagged rocks. The sun, which cast darker light over Naggaroth, lowered seemingly faster than it should, and the dusky wash of sunlight of the late evening gushed over the plain, illuminating the bedraggled twelve dark elves that scuttled over its surface like spiders. Khaelis realised he had no food. As far as his keen eyes could see, there was no other living being to provide sustenance, not even a plant of any kind. It was worrying, but something that did not plague Khaelis's mind. Hunger did not gnaw at his stomach, neither did thirst parch his throat. Hate would sustain him until the last step of his journey was fallen. Hatred was the greatest ally, and most treacherous foe, that Khaelis Iceheart had ever known. It seemed that within his shrivelled soul only hatred festered, a rotten seed that had ripened and polluted his entire body. Anything that wronged him, anything that stood in his way, incurred the full force of his hate. Such was his wrath that he was an aspiring candidate for the terrifying Black Guard of Malekith, for such was

his skill at arms. Also was he utterly fearless. To show his dedication to Malekith, he had once walked the streets of Naggarond, on Death Night itself. Fully dressed in his grand armour, and carrying a pair of axes, he had dared any Witch to come and take his soul. Such was his fury that where he stood a full three dozen Witch Elves lay, their hacked up and mutilated corpses spread about the street in a grotesque display of martial prowess. There was a pool of blood around him, and his entire suit of armour was covered thickly in it. Such was his glory some ignorant Druchii thought Khaine himself had walked the streets that night. And from there he carried on, until the light of day came, and the hags fled into their temples. Nobody knew for certain how many Witches he killed, but the next week he proudly hung three hundred cloaks of hag hair from the parapets of his tower. None know, save Khaelis himself.

The dark elf smiled, fondly recalling the days. When his wrath, his hate, was like a dark phoenix, shining brilliantly in the gloom, casting down his foes, bathing him in glory. "It will be so again." he said, clenching his fist.

As the pitch of night fell, Khaelis ordered they make camp and get some rest. There was no good firewood around, and the cold of the air had increased to an even greater wrath, since the night had added its strength. Pale skin

went white like ghosts, and huddled amongst a cluster of large boulders the dark elves sat out the night, furious at being subjected to these humiliations by the contemptible Le'Vahn Netest. No food, no water, and stranded in the middle of some plain of cold darkness, which was apparently empty of all life. They were right about everything, save the last part.

Khaelis awoke in the middle of the night with a start. Quickly he sat up, reaching for his sword. Instantly his mind realised he didn't have any such weapon, and his fingers clutched at cold air where a sword handle would be. The bitter dark elf growled lowly, his malcontent evident.

Night was like an all consuming blanket around the ragged group. Like a fog it covered the plain, making visibility reduced to two arms lengths. All Khaelis could make out was the sleeping forms of his cohorts, whose thin frames were tightly shrouded within their cloaks. It was their only source of warmth, save the hate that burned like a wildfire in their hearts for the elf who had committed this atrocity upon them.

Khaelis rose to his feet. Over the long centuries of his life he had gained the wisdom to trust his instincts. His instincts told him something was lurking, in the folds of the leering shadows that swept and coiled around him like snakes. He had been trained by his father, a Draich Master of the Executioners of Har Ganeth.

Feliath Iceheart was a strong, fearless man, whose two-handed blade cleaved men as easily as it did air during training time. The white haired, stern-mannered druchii had taught his son well, and Khaelis was proud of his father. He had died fighting the invasion of Ulthuan some hundreds of years ago, his blood spilt trying to right the most base wrong ever committed, that of the theft of the throne from his grace Malekith the Witch King. Khaelis was himself a fearsome warrior, and his courage and strength in battle were akin to his father. So were his senses, and he detected a strange sound on the edge of his hearing, like little feet scuttling across rocks. Khaelis glanced slowly around himself, sharp eyes watching the shadows. He did not fear the darkness, that was the failure of some weak-blooded Asur, not a druchii, but he respected it. The shadows could hold things, deadly things, that could strike in silence and slay without being seen. Indeed, the darkness was a powerful weapon, and Khaelis got the feeling it was being wielded against him this night. Cautiously, his fists clenched into balls, he advanced towards a clump of rocks where he had heard the sound. Again it rang out, and a fine, gritty cloud of dust swirled into the air, before being scattered by the wind. Then, Khaelis saw it. Some crook-backed, steel-wielding form slipped from the shadows, ducking behind a rock. Khaelis moved quickly, following after it

and bounding into the shadows. He heard rocks slide and feet running, so he jumped into the dark, hands outstretched. His fingers snagged on something cloth, and he tugged, pulling whatever the being was backwards. There a tearing sound as cloth was torn, and a groan as a body hit the rocky floor. Now he could see, and he was surprised.

It was a dark elf, wreathed in a black cloak and holding a curved knife. His face was dirty from travel, and his clothes patched-up and obviously old. With a kick of his boot Khaelis knocked the knife from his hand, and hauled the druchii up to his feet. He then realised the elf wasn't crook-backed, he had been walking at a crouch.

"Who are you, slithering worm?" spat Khaelis, shaking the elf. "I'm the distraction." he replied, voice snivelling.

Khaelis heard a noise behind himself.

Standing around his sleeping comrades, swords raised, were a half dozen black cloaked dark elves. They had the rugged, dirty look of almost savages, but Khaelis knew who they were. Outcasts, renegades, criminals, all shunned from druchii society. And they were about to feed their love for blood.

In an instant their blades came down, piercing the hearts of six sleeping dark elves. The others quickly awoke, bleary eyed and stunned with surprise.

Khaelis threw his captive against a boulder, and fetched up the curved knife. Already he could

hear shouts, screams and the sounds of a desperate struggle. Turning around, with the knife in hand, Khaelis strode over to his attackers. Now his cohorts had staggered to their feet, and were wrestling their foes, desperately trying to keep the blades from piercing their flesh.

One outcast turned to meet Khaelis. The renegade raised his sword to strike, but Khaelis was faster. Sliding forward he slashed out with the knife, taking the dark elf along the neck. Red, warm blood gushed forth, and the foe collapsed backwards, clutching at his seconds later fatal wound.

A scream tore through the air as Nabald, the chief advisor to Khaelis's scheme, was cut down by a sword stroke that cut through soft flesh and skittered off bone. Khaelis shrugged mentally as he grabbed the shoulder of his next opponent. Nabald was old, weak, and too much of a backstabber to fight his foes face-to-face. He was deserving of death. Tonight the old elf had recieved it.

Khaelis spun his foe around, taking him off guard. Seconds later he drove the dagger into the chest of the renegade, taking him straight through his black heart. Pulling the knife free he pushed the dead dark elf aside, feeling only contempt for such an easy fool to butcher.

A sword slashed for his neck from the dark gloom to his left, but Khaelis heard the air being pushed before it could take his head off. He pulled back, the blade nicking his chin as it went.

A trickle of blood dripped down onto the rocks below, and Khaelis turned to meet his enemy with hate fuelling his strength.

Another attack came, the outcast thrusting the sword for an impaling move. Khaelis moved his body, narrowly dodging the jab. Quickly he stepped forward, and stabbed the knife into the neck of the renegade, who died seconds later.

Blade torn from the neck of the now dead druchii, Khaelis turned to see the remaining outcasts scatter in the face of his wrath, fleeing into the night like scolded dogs with their tails between their legs.

They had killed seven of Khaelis's companions, each bleeding from mortal wounds. Khaelis merely walked over to his old sleeping spot, and kicked away a corpse that was blocking it.

"Get some sleep, we march in three hours." he ordered without emotion, lying down and soon falling into a deep slumber.

The sun had crested the black-bleached horizon when Khaelis awoke. He quickly got to his feet, and retrieved a sword from the dead hands of one of his slain foes. It was a strong, but crude sword. However, it was far superior to a pair of fists. Sheathing it into his belt, he felt much more confident now. An armed Khaelis Iceheart was a dangerous Khaelis Iceheart. Voice piercing the relative quiet, Khaelis barked "Wake up, you

wretches! We march this instant! Grab a sword and get on your feet!"

They quickly responded, doing as told. Khaelis then noted that all the servants and advisors were dead. Good, he thought, all the better the weak should die, only the strong are destined to succeed. It would make the journey a lot easier to bear. The soldiers grabbed swords, but some were still left unarmed. Khaelis tossed his dagger to one, but the rest were left wanting.

With the cold of the plain again chilling their bones, the group set off north. Khaelis was now fairly sure of his location. He was within the Plain of Spiders, a large, barren expanse south of the dreaded Blackspine Mountains. The trek that lay ahead was daunting. Through the plain, over the mountains and across the Lake of The Abyss. The path would eventually take him north-west, and he would reach Hag Graef within two weeks, if his estimate was accurate. From there it would be a simple journey to Naggarond, and there his revenge most bloody would be inflicted upon Le'Vahn.

For four days Khaelis and his ragged soldiers travelled. They subsisted off their hate, which nourished only their souls. On rare occasions they would stumble upon a fruit-bearing tree or an edible animal, but on a whole they were a bunch of starved wretches clinging to life

only on willpower. But as the fifth day dawned, the Blackspine Mountains were before them. Jagged, purple-sheened goliaths, the dark slopes were the treacherous death for more than one dark elf traveller over the years. And not only were they deadly to travel, but hydras, the famed multi-headed, fire-belching titan beasts, laired within its stone. Outcast bands assuredly stalked its rocks, living off hunting the wild animals to survive, such as goats, bears and smaller hydras. Khaelis did not envy their dinners.

Khaelis, dark rings rimming his eyes and muscles aching from exhaustion and hunger, pointed towards the mountains.

"We must travel over the Blackspine Mountains to reach Naggarond. It should take us about a week and a half." he stated flatly. His soldiers were amazed that not a trace of fear or doubt lingered in his voice. Some suspected he was capable of hiding all such emotions, but others realised that Khaelis's hate was purest of all, and that made him driven beyond the limits of the flesh and mind.

"The slopes are jagged and treacherous, horrors lurk within its caves. How do we pass over this mountain?" asked one soldier, hand resting on the hilt of his blade. There was a slight hint of despair in his voice. Khaelis gave the lamenting soldier a look of almost contempt, judging him weak for his complaining. He nodded his head to the side quickly, and all

eyes turned. For a brief moment they spotted a dark, robed form of a woman, who quickly sunk into the shadows of the jagged rocks.

"You can either go over the mountain, or die by her witchcraft. The sorceress watches us, Saras. You cannot escape her gaze. At least on these slopes we have a chance for survival. Against her, you will die before the sword is drawn from your scabbard." With that Khaelis turned away, starting off towards the slopes. Fear beginning to gnaw at their hearts his men followed, but the daemon of doubt had crawled into their souls. It would not be long before it manifested into conflict.

End of Episode One

Joke of the Quarter

The reconstructed Dwarf Poem

Ten little Slayers went to the mine,
they found an angry Stone troll and
then there were nine
Nine little slayers where chosen as
bait
they fought agains Khaos and then
there where eight
Eight little slayers prayed towards
heaven,
One got struck by lightning and
then there were seven.
Against High Elves they marched,
Archers uncouneted
But the arrows were weak and the
Slayers undaunted
Seven drunk slayers tried to pick up
some chicks
When the Witch Elves were done,
the Slayers were six
The six slayers saw gold and
thought themself now fine.
A slayer in his lust, ran and
stumbled on his own axe blade;
now only five.
Five long drong's shot really poor,
nevertheless now there are only
four.
Four little slayers prepared for
battle
Three slayers only made it due to
poison cattle!
Three little slayers left really got in
the pooh
up against a DE highborn on a BD
with a the GoP and then there were
two
Two little slayers were hungry and
found a bun,
the greedy one ate the lot, choked,
and then there was one

Maiden Guard
- A tale of
Elves by
Master of
Darkness

With everybody dead and no where
to go
the one slayer left said that's the
end of the show
The slayer that thought that he was
through,
went to the pub and bumped into a
mate and now there is two
One slayer said one more we
should be the other was agree
so now the slayers are three
Slayers three heard a knock on the
door
it was buddy bob, and now there
were four
The four wanted more, either dead
or alive.
They found a necromancer and
then there were Five
The five little slyaers needed a fix,
They met up with helga and now
there are six
The six surly slayers saw a
nightclub called "Late"
They converted two orcs there and
now there are eight
Eight happy slayers thought things
were fine,
they found another happy guy and
now there are nine.
The nine happy slayers partied to
much in their den
In the end they were so drunk they
thought they were ten!
The nine little slayers realised that
four of them weren't,
so they killed the outsiders and
leaving five in great mirth.

made by over 20 druchii.net
members

Story Review

checking out The History of the
druchii.
It is a great story, and best of
all it's really long. At the time of

If you want
really good
stories,
I would
advise

this writing it is 7 chapters.

The first chapter starts in
the woodlands of Ulthuan,
describing the maidens and
the
Everqueen sitting around a
campfire, the story starts of
rather slow and descriptive,
but
when one of the high elven
horsemen brings bad news of
a black ark that has landed
two days away, things of
course starts to happen...
The story is extremely well
written, especially the battle
scenes where you almost
feel like you are in the battle
yourself. And you know from
the time you open the topic
that you want to read it,
and when you are finished
reading it, you want to read
more (hmmm... I am thinking
Master of Darkness deals
drugs in his spare time).
The story has wonderful
ow, like this: "They drew
their cloaks tighter around
themselves to ward off the
chill north wind as they waited
for their meal to finish stewing."
So to anyone who hasn't read
it
yet, take a look at the history
forum and this story.

Reality Series

by **Raldur Drach'Nyen**

Opening:

Greetings my fellow Druchii brethren, I'm Kouran Dalimoughe and I will be bringing you this fine article on the reality series of a growing army {or what ever this is really called}. In this 'Reality' series you will be following my ever-growing Dark Elf army, ever battle, change and anything added will be put down for all to see. Now on with the show...

The Army:

My army isn't that large at the moment, roughly 1500, that's with out special items and everything. This small army consists of a single regiment of Dark Elf warriors; spearmen to be more precise which includes standard-bearer and musician. I have two Reaper bolt throwers, and a high sorceress who I upgraded to a level 4 riding on a cold one.

Malus Darkblade and Shadow Blade are the only 'Special characters' I have besides Morathi, but I'm using her as my High sorceress. I have a single Executioner who I upgraded to a Draich-master, as well as a Black Guard command..Even though I don't have any Black Guard, yet. I have four Shades, one upgraded to a Bloodshade.. and I do believe that's it for my army.

The Colors:

As of right now my Dark Elves are painted a darker shade of blue for the robes and part of the armour, and silver to cover the rest of

the armour and the weapons. I'm looking into a new color scheme for them, I've posted on the 'Painting and Modeling' forum and have gotten a good response on the different color schemes out there, some of them are really good too. I had wanted to go with the colors of a dark red with gold, but alas I was beaten to it by Cerus who used that color scheme for his City Guard, which I might add is awesome.

Do to the lack of time I have I only have my Dark elf warriors painted, but even they aren't fully done. Malus and Shadowblade are done as well. All my other units are not painted as of yet, but I am hoping that they soon will be.

Building Progress:

There isn't much I haven't done in my army when it comes to building, I have a single RBT left to build along with my high sorceress, and the other units I stated above in 'The Army' section; that were not already stated as painted..

New Products:

Nothing new so far, but I plan on buying either a High Elf dragon or a Wood Elf dragon for a conversion, along with Dark Riders and probably another regiment of warriors.

Conversions:

As a few have done already I'm going to be trying my hand at creating a noble on a dark Pegasus using the same parts as Evilelf did to create his, see page 3 of the

album. As well as I'm going to start a project on a highborn dragon rider using either a HE or a WE dragon, but I have yet to figure out what I will use for the Highborn yet.

Battles:

I haven't been in very many battles so forgive me for my mistakes and failures to bring more pride to the Druchii name. My first battle was against the high elves; it was a fairly short battle only because my dice rolling ability left me, as well as my bad tactics. So as a result of my bad tactics and really bad dice rolling I only had a few good hits on the HE army, which won but a landslide.

After that I did two more a few days later at a friends tournament he put on. My first opponent was playing with a Brittonian army, and I played of course with my beloved Dark Elves. This battle lasted a lot longer than it should have because the guy kept his army moving out of my armies range, but I have to give the guy credit as he did get a few good hits on me which left me without my RBT's and half my army. But in the end I ended his army by the use of magic and very smart movements of my remaining troops.

So I moved onto the second round where I faced Chaos, I had heard about the chaos being hard to beat, and the guy who was playing them had never lost a battle; I think they said his record was like 34wins and 0 losses. So going into this battle I was very nervous to face this guy, but I had a very good strategic plan to use. When the battle started things seemed to be going my way, and then I let my guard down (Damn my ego!) and he took full advantage of that weakness, completely obliterating my army, I never stood a chance. That guy eventually went on and won the whole tournament, and so my record stands at 1 win and 2 losses. But I'm hoping to change that very soon.

Closing:

Well there you have it, the first instalment of this reality series. I hope you enjoyed it I know I have enjoyed tell you about my army, and look forward to allowing you too follow my army as it grows and become all the more powerful

The Cauldron of Blood

Yo Khaela,

Just a quick question - Are there really 1001 aspects of Khaine? And is the aspect of Schizophrenic Flaming Bolts one of them.? Imdat Tauble

Imdat, Your question is indeed an interesting one. Let me firstly commend you for your amazing ability to make me send you to the witches - you do not address me by saying YO! You say Hello sir, Good morning, Dear Mr. Khaine, something, anything OTHER than that horrible word YO! You see, I am extremely racially intolerant (hating everything that isn't a Dark elf), and you classifying me as 'your brother' or something similarly disgusting, disgusts me so greatly that <editor's note - As much as we love to show you all of khaine's great work, we have decided to edit a small portion out as we believe that you have gotten the point and do not have to read through pages and pages of insults to get it as Imdat did.>

However, I digress. About your question - there are not exactly 1001 aspects of khaine - in fact, there are 1323 and a half (the reason for the half is that the demi-gods who announced what my aspects were to me were killed by that meddling fool Khorne halfway through the last aspect). As for the schizophrenic flaming bolt, there is no aspect as such. However, there is an aspect of Schizophrenia and other madnesses in older witch elves that causes a longer frenzy

period and an aspect of Flaming Bolts, so you can say that you're just a combination of the two. Khaela Mensa

To the mightiest Khaela Mensa,

I like monkeys. Is there any way that I could convince you to send me a real monkey for Christmas? I would love him and dress him and call him George, and we would be the best of friends! PLEEAASSSEEE?

Sincerely,
Alice

Dear Alice:

Do I look like that fat human in red uffy stuff that's supposed to live in the Chaos Wastes? I don't do wishes. I worry about your Druchiiness, and whether you shouldn't be in EMCA (Escaped Mental Convicts Anonymous) instead of Druchii.net, the home of Khaine worshippers.

Even if I were to grant you a monkey, what would you do with it? Sacrifice him back to me? No. Train him to kill others? No. Use him as some sort of torture device? Oh no. You would DRESS HIM UP! And call him GEORGE! And you would be BEST FREINDS! I don't really think I need to say anything on this one. It really does speak for itself. Anything but George. Jeez.

To sum up, the answer to your question is "no". But I will send you a human slave for Christmas. But in return you must do one of these three things:

- 1. Sacrifice him to me, kill him, torture him, or something along these lines.*
- 2. Keep him as a slave (without calling him anything or dressing him up)*
- 3. Use him as a torture device of some sort*

If I disapprove, you will suffer the consequences.

Next child, come and sit on St. Khaine's knee.

"Dear" Khaine

Don't know if this has been asked, but how many Witch Elves do you marry each month? And what kind of feeling do you get when your Mate sacrifices many poor souls in your honour?

Krusader, your humble follower of your aspect of the Executioner.

"Dear" Krusader,

Before I answer you're question, I'd like to ask you a question - who are you, where do you live, give me all your personal details and those of everyone you've ever known. Am I asking you questions about your private life?? NO (I know I just

did, but if you're stupid enough to not recognise a rhetorical question, then I should think that you are not fit to be a slave of a slave!) But one thing I can tell you, not nearly many enough! I get a kind of cold feeling across my spine, combined with a light, almost good headache when offering those "poor" souls. AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN WITH "DEAR"???? Am I not dear enough to you for you to give me a real opening rather than this inverted comma crap?!?!? Why is it that every time I get a letter from one of you pitiful people that I get this "Dear" Khaine, or Yo Khaela? The only time I didn't get it was from a degenerate miniature druchii who wanted a <editors note - part (actually all) of this description was edited out due to length constraints and censorship issues. However, you can read the whole thing in the Guinness book of records for the longest sentence ever created > monkey!

Go and sacrifice a slave. Actually, make it fifty. Then you have a chance of not dying soon.

Khaine.

Got a question for Khaine? Just want to annoy him? Send your questions to anyone in the Quarterly, and we will pass them along to his Greatness for reading and review!

A stab in the Past

The History of the Druchii RPG

This month in A stab in the past, we look into the dark and mysterious past of the Druchii RPG. Many of you do not know who started the RPG - who thought of this wonderful idea which has exploded into what can only be described as a phenonemon on druchii.net.

The whole legend began with a member called Black Lord Lothison, who is now known to most of us as Leviathan. One day in (insert approx. date here when i figure it out), he posted a topic in Druchii Suggestions about the creation of an RPG.

In less than a month, play had begun. A forum was created at the bottom of the druchii.net page, and people from the site began to participate in the RPG. The RPG grew slowly, the moderators slowly coming together. Three groups would be forged and played before the RPG would change and evolve.

The RPG had grown to a size which meant that it could no longer be contained within one forum, and with much hesitation, the RPG moved offsite. It went to ezboard, where the rules were evolved slightly and in April of '02, the games began once again, this time with a whole board dedicated to roleplaying - a total of

21 forums, many of which were never used. A total of 5 groups, 5 moderators and 48 members played there. The site and stories of the groups can still be found at <http://pub15.ezboard.com/bleviathan22881>.

In June 02, the question was finally raised. With the new druchii.net back up, would we migrate back? In the end, the allure of new members and greater exposure forced us to move back, and on the 28th of August 2002, the first character creation thread was opened. Incidentally, the RPG caused the formation of the first hidden forum on the site - the moderators forum, which has borne the same message under it for the entire time: "If you can see this and you aint a moderator of this forum, plz tell me so i can figure out what your IP is so I can ban your IP from this site for hacking into a mod account..."

Since then, the RPG has simply exploded. Being able to keep up with the sheer number of characters has been a challenge in itself, and with 19 groups, 17 moderators and over 100 characters, we can truly say that the Druchii.net RPG is here to stay.

The Library of Blood

- Instructions for a Scribe

You probably haven't heard of it. And I'd guess that you have no idea what it means. So just what is the Library of Blood? Exactly what it says - a library to do with blood, preferably the blood of your enemies.

Now don't all start running off to figure out if you're AB, O or if you've got 27 chromosomes, because that isn't what we are talking about. The Library of Blood is a record of battles fought by our (naturally) amazing race against all others. Each quarter, we will bring you the latest results of our warriors against a particular opponent, whether it be those treacherous Asur, those stinky Skaven, or even the miniature humans.

How it works

Each quarter we will nominate a race. Any race. Now over the next two months, you must send us (through Private message to Imdat Tauble or Z'ghan) reports of any and all battles you play against this opponent. By battle reports, we do not require a 2-page summary of what happened, although if you wish to do that, be my guest. What we require is the points size of the game, the scenario, the victory points by each side (if you used them) and the winner (please specify if it was a draw, minor victory, major victory or a massacre). If you can, we would like you to comment on the

game, and perhaps even write up a summary of the battle. If you've posted a bat rep on the forums, send us a link, along with the essentials above.

What we will then do with your results is we'll add them, divide them, multiply them, statistify them and very simply take a look at them and write up a report. We'll also include an overall summary of why people thought they won or lost against that particular opponent, and also include excerpts from the people who wrote reports/comments. Also, we'll tell you what army we're looking at for the next quarter. Remember, your reports must be in within 2 months of the quarterly being published, or they will be void. That means that this time you have until December 1.

So just what army do we play with???

Now, with the release of the revision imminent, we have decided to go and give our old nemeses, the Asur, a run with this. So please send us all results of battles you play against the High Elves. Also, please state if you are using the revision or not, as we know that some people will not be able to use it for the first month of this or so.

I look forward to seeing your reports,

Imdat.

The Druchi.net Quarterly

Is Brought to you by The Reporters Team

Lead Reporter: Z'Gahn

Line Editor: Dungeon_god

Layout Editor: Snoet

Graphics: Imdat Tauble

Reporters:

Arch Angel

Auric Stormcloud

Dark Reaper

Lord Thalack

Raldur Drach'Nyen

Vanderghast

A 3D-rendered landscape featuring a dirt path leading towards a horizon under a sunset sky. The sky is filled with soft, glowing clouds in shades of orange, yellow, and blue. Two large, textured tree trunks are visible on either side of the path, framing the scene. The ground is a mix of brown and green, suggesting a natural, outdoor setting.

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Quarterly