

## Erika - Sylvan Elves

It was a storm ridden dusk when Kaalia Nightblade led a scouting party of corsairs ashore to seek a safe shelter from the constant highborn harassment. She was a strong leader, who's savagery was only bettered by her cunning. Her raiding party were fleet of foot and made the dash to the nearby treeline easily, dodging white feathered arrows as they went. As they reached the treeline she rose the banner of her black ark and waved to signal a safe route of retreat. However Kaalia was disgusted to see the black ark's oars become engaged and the ship started to retreat to the ocean. Her first mate had clearly taken the opportunity to commit mutiny and seize command himself. Kaalia's corsairs could only look on in anger as they saw the treachery unfold, spitting curses under their breaths and hoping the highborn dogs succeeded in sinking their beloved ark.

Kaalia was quick to react, pure anger coursing through her veins. She ordered her men to start felling the trees around them and start work on building a longboat, capable of catching and outmaneuvering the ark and allow her a chance to board and duly despatch the traitors. A well laid plan, what she did not foresee however was that the forest would not take kindly to being felled. These lands were unfamiliar to Kaalia and without knowing she had ran into the forest of Averlorn.

Forest spites arose from hiding, humming ancient words of power and dancing around the invaders. Blue crackling energies surrounding the elves. Over a matter of minutes and fruitless lashing out at spites, Kaalia and her men started to transform. Their flesh hardening, their limbs lengthening. They became one with nature, screaming out as their painful transformation was taking place. Their clothes tore, armour buckled and weapons dropping out of their spindly grasp. Kaalia's corsairs had turned into the stuff of legend, walking trees, the dryads.

Kaalia's fury was unmatched, cursing and screaming at the forest for two long hours. Unable to move, as her roots had dug deep into the soils of Averlorn. Unbeknownst to Kaalia, Averlorn was a sylvan elf stronghold and her screams had drawn the attention of a nearby sylvan patrol. A group of elven archers appeared out of the gloom, arrows drawn. Kaalia and her 'men' grasped for their weapons to no avail, they were pinned and helpless. The sylvan captain looked quizzically upon these new twisted guardians. "Invaders are treated harshly here, the spirits took offence to your invasion and have cursed you. I care not what you once were, you only need to know that you cannot leave this forest. To do so will be your death. You are a part of Averlorn now. Your health and strength is dependent on that of the forest. With prosperity and strong defence we will grow. We are allies by mutual survival. One day you may learn the art of tree singing and gain some freedom if the spites warm to you. If you fight the spirits your roots will grow deep and you will be imprisoned forever. You need not answer, you have no choice."

Kaalia nodded begrudgingly with visible anger in her eyes, no longer was she Kaalia Nightblade, now she was Kaalia Nightblossom.

### **Army List**

1749pts

Kaalia Nightblossom. Dryad Matriarch Add 1 Learned Spell, Army General, Become Wizard Apprentice, Druidism, Scarred Bark

Kaalia's Saplings. Dryads, Champion, 9x Dryad, Scoring

Kaalia's Corsairs. Dryads, 8x Dryad, Scoring

Averlorn Border Guard. Sylvan Archers Musician, 10x Sylvan Archer

Averlorn Border Hunters. Thicket Beasts 6x Thicket Beast

The Stag Do. Wild Huntsmen, Exchange Sylvan Lance for Blades, 5x Wild Huntsman

## Jay - Sylvan Elves

She could feel the rage building inside her, The hatred she felt towards the Greenskins was rapidly threatening to overwhelm her, watching them destroy the forest she called home was hard but she'd learnt her lesson and with the help of her lord that patience was sometimes needed, so she pushed the rising tide of rage and hatred down until the time was right.

Nepta watched as the Orcs, the armoured ones anyway began to settle down around the fires they'd set, whilst the smaller Greenskins wandered around trying to avoid the Orcs yet still causing aimless damage to the forest! Sensing Algalash's and Oakenscar's handmaidens moving into position she motioned her handmaidens into position ready to attack, before she had a chance to do so the forest on the far side erupted as Oakenscar's Maidens launched a savage assault against the unsuspecting goblins, tearing a few of them apart before they reacted!

Cursing herself for not keeping them closer to her she watched as the goblins began to organise themselves once they realised they had the advantage in numbers as well as their bigger cousins who with mind numbing bellows roused themselves ready to enter the fray.

Signalling Algalash's Maidens to enter the fray and back up Oakenscars impetuous Maidens Nepta motioned her Maidens forward into the rear of the Rapidly advancing Orcs, as they did so they released the poisonous spores they'd grown ready for this battle, as the Orcs started dropping to the ground in agony the Dryads tore into them just as the other Maidens reinforced the other attack.

The battle such as was turned quickly at that point as the Orcs and goblins soon realised they were trapped and outnumbered, what followed was a slaughter as the Dryads quickly and ruthlessly dispatched their foes, leaving none alive.

Nepta watched as the dust began to settle and the final few goblins were chased down and killed, striding across the battlefield Nepta noticed two of the Maidens of Oakenscar severely injured, slowly walking towards them with her hands raised she began to chant an incantation and slowly their wounds started to heal, the thought of leaving them to die because of their impetuosity crossed her mind but she needed all the warriors available to deal with all the invading warbands, maybe this would curb them slightly?

Within minutes the glade fell silent as the Dryads began to fade back into the forest, leaving dead Orcs and Goblins lying where they fell as a warning to all the other armies that had been causing devastation in the forests of this land! The forests were starting to fight back and Nepta would protect these forests with her life!

### **Army List**

Nepta Dryad Matriarch - 110

Wizard apprentice - 70

Tree singing - 30

2 spells - 50

Druidism

Toxic Spores - 60

Total - 320

Nepta's Branch Maidens

11 Dryads - 242

Algalash's Branch Maidens

10 Dryads - 218

Oakenscar's Branch Maidens

10 Dryads - 218

Aster's Thicket beasts

3 Thicket beasts - 230

Champion - 20

Total - 1248

## Gareth - Highborn Elves

Pyros Flameborn and the Burning Legion.

Pyros was born in the flame. Only the greatest of the Highborn could claim such but that fact alone did not make him great. To achieve the greatness he desired he had first to earn his spurs, his princehood and ultimately, his dragon.

His spurs had been earned last year. A raiding band of Dread Elves had fallen on Prince Valens stronghold at Ceballos while Prince Valen was attending the High Council. Pyros had challenged out the Dread Captain commanding the assault and struck him down. The combat had been lengthy but he had struck a mortal blow when the Captain had lost his footing on the slippery sea walls. With the Dread Captain defeated the remaining corsairs had fled. For saving the city and Valens kin he had been given a retinue of his own and awarded his spurs.

This year ambition had brought him out to the borderlands, seeking to raise an army and find glory on the battlefield.

His dragon awaits.

++ Highborn Elves (BS2.0 Highborn Elves) [1247pts] ++

+ Characters +

Lords of the Seas [278pts]

. Commander

. . Commander: Commander Elven Horse mount, Dragonforged Armour, Shield, The General

. . . Magic Items: Hero's Sword, Lucky Charm

+ Core +

Citizen Archers [180pts]: 10x Archer

Citizen Spears [260pts]: 20x Spearman

Highborn Lancers [529pts]: 9x Highborn Lancer

. Champion

. Musician

. Standard Bearer

. . Veteran Standard: Banner of Discipline

++ Total: [1247pts] ++

## Drew - Ogre Khans

Ogre camp fire and drinking song favourite #3

Across a wind swept desert  
Where nature knows no bounds

An ogre and his brother  
were laying on the ground

Said the ogre to his brother:  
"Why do you lay that way?"

But his brother did not answer;  
'Cause he'e been dead since May!

Jonesy is alone in this world  
Not a soul is there for him

So he chose to march and conquer  
On a drunken whim!!

They drank and drank and drank,  
Until the wine was out

Jonesy cried, wailed and snivled,  
When his friend gave him a fucking good clout!

"Your borthers dead and the wine jug empty  
We need to keep heading west!

It seems clear to me now that,  
A feast is our quest!"

### **Army List**

Ogre Khans 1000

Characters (360):

Khan [General] w/ Spinesplitter, Heart Ripper, Yeti Furs, Brace of Ogre Pistols - 360

Core (633):

4 Tribesmen w/ Iron Fists - 270

4 Bruisers - 253

15 Scraplings w/ Bows - 110

The B Team

While the Heavy Lifters are the go-to guys, The B Team await their calling

4 Bruisers - 253

New Total 1246

## Adam Wood - Empire of Sonnstahl

### Background:

At the age of 15 Adrian von Enkevort went hunting with his brothers. Little did he know his brothers plotted against him. They attacked him and left him for dead. When Adrian awoke he found himself with nothing but a broken sword and surrounded by 5 great wolves. The wolves pounced for him and Adrian prepared for his ill fate. He crouched down and thrust toward the first wolf which met his blade then he spun with great speed toward the second one and killing it. However the third wolf pounced unexpectedly from behind. Adrian crouches and accepts his fate. But the pain never came. He looked up and found himself faced with the spirt of Fredrick the Great. Fredrick cut the wolves down with ease. After the wolves had been slain Fredrick spoke to Adrian and gifted him with two gifts , the first was the obsidian sword and the second a dragon fire gem. He said to Adrian " with these gifts hunt down and bring revenge to those who have betrayed you". And the spirt disappeared. Adrian knew what he had to do. He spent the next 5 years trawling the wastelands and eventually found his most trusted friend Antonio von Caraffa. Antonio was a sergeante of a cavalry unit. He was accompanied by a regiment of heavy infantry and a small unit of light infantry.

### Army List

#### Lords:

Marshal---Adrian Von Enkevort--361 Pts

- Great tactician---60 pts
- Horse---Barding---70 pts
- Shield---6 pts

Obsidian sword---50pts

Dragon fire gem---15 pts

#### Core:

Electoral Cavalry---Antonio von Caraffa's Kingsmen---260 Pts

lance---10 Pts

Shield---10 Pts

- champion---20 Pts

musician---20 pts

Standard bearer---veteran---20 Pts

Heavy infantry---Imperial Knights---240 pts

Champion---20 pts

Standard Bearer---20 Pts

Musician---20pts

Heavy infantry--- imperial knights--- 300 Pts

- halberds---80 Pts

champion---20pts

Musician---20 pts

Standard bearer---20pts

Light Infantry---Arquebusiers--- 190 pts

Champion---Long Rifle---30 Pts

Handguns--- free

Standard bearer---20pts

Light infantry---eagle eyes---140 pts

Total Points: 1491 pts

## Adam Bassett - Dwarven Holds

It is a bitter legacy of hatred & resentment that Magnus Doomwarden has inherited. For he is leader of the Städelclan & direct descendant of King Wulfgar, the last Dwarf to rule the frosty towers of Guldhålla, before it fell to ruin. Once the grand lodge of its people, the followers of the former king neglected their Hold & left it ill-equipped. They were shorn of their home & their honour. Many of the ruling heirs of Städelclan have attempted to reclaim their former glory over the years, & to avenge the grudges bequeathed to them.

Despite the weight of these years & the hopelessness of the cause, when Magnus came of age as a Thane, he made bold oaths & set out to recover his full inheritance. Since that time, Magnus has dedicated his life to reclaiming his ancestral home. At Guldhålla, the Städelclan are now forced to contend with their arch-enemies, the Greenskins & the Skaven. But Magnus is not content to sit behind his heritage or his fortifications, & he has led assaults into the under-halls of his forefathers.

After 2 failed attempts, he now needs to prove himself a worthy leader & is concentrating on gathering the old clans, as well as rallying support from other holds. Only then can Magnus proclaim himself King. Serving as the destined steward of the Städelclan, many of the clan's bravest & noblest warriors follow & share the Doomwarden's fate. A group of battle-hardened veteran Grey-Beards, advise the Thane with all their many years of experience & invaluable skill on the field of battle. They also help train any new recruits, which is where they get their nickname from, "The Grumblers". For they constantly (& consistently) remind the younglings how easier they have it compared to their early days.

The bulk of the clan are bold warriors with lineage to Guldhålla. These stout & hardy folk fight with impassioned fury for their clan, they serve with honour & a sense of duty to hearth & home. When not fighting, they have roles beyond warfare, be it smithing, hunting or brewing; & are all expert craftsmen, making their own weapons, armour & trinkets. The more hawk-eyed warriors join The Städelclan Hunters; a group of Clan Marksmen, making their own Rifles & Crossbows, serving as predators of the backfield.

The rest make up retinues of warriors, trained to fight with great double-handed weapons & bulwark alike, these are the Brothers of Guldhålla. Magnus' personal strength is summoned from the vengeful powers of his ancestors & his mighty inherited axe, Tåmedarä, or Glory-Bringer in the common-tongue. This mighty axe has served in Magnus' family for many centuries, felling foe & protecting friends alike. Whilst being removed from Guldhålla, Magnus is determined to return it to his people & promote his Hold to grandeur past. Demonstrating his oath & his just ruling abilities to his kin is paramount to Magnus' cause;

Yet, for all his qualities, Magnus remains embittered, keeping his eye on the prize. Home.

### **Army List**

Magnus "Doomwarden" Städelclan

King – Great Weapon, Rune of Infamy, 2 x Runes of Iron 320

The Grumblers

10 Greybeards – Shields 140

The Brothers of Guldhålla

22 Warriors – FC, Great Weapons, Gleaming Banner 450

Städelclan Hunters

10 Clan Marksmen – Musician, Rifles & Shields 260

King Wulfgar's Shield

Organ Gun 280

Total: 1490

## Llyr - Sylvan Elves

### Army List

Erryn ap Llywelyn-

Chieftain, 262 pts (General; Great Weapon; Long Bow; Light Armour; Elven Cloak; Shield; Black Arrow; Forest Walker; Innate Defence (6+); Inspiring Presence; Light Troops; Lightning Reflexes)

1 Mist Walker's Mirror

The protectors -

8 Dryads, 170 pts (Skirmisher; Forest Walker; Otherworldly)

The Autumn Arrows -

Sylvan Archers (10#, 280 pts)

10 Sylvan Archers, 280 pts (Musician; Long Bow; Black Arrow; Forest Walker; Lightning Reflexes; Scoring)

The Ice Shards-

Sylvan Archers (13#, 427 pts)

12 Sylvan Archers, 427 pts (Musician; Standard Bearer; Long Bow; Black Arrow; Forest Walker; Lightning Reflexes; Scoring)

1 Champion (Long Bow; Black Arrow)

1 Banner of Discipline

The Charging Hunt-

5 Wild Huntsmen, 350 pts (Standard Bearer; Sylvan Lance; Light Armour; Shield; Armour Piercing (1); Devastating Charge (Riders only); Extra Attack; Forest Walker; Frenzy; Immune to Psychology; Light Troops; Lightning Reflexes; War Paint)

5 Elven Deer (Extra Attack; Frenzy; Immune to Psychology; Mount's Protection (6+); Swiftstride)

1 Gleaming Icon

For the first time in centuries, an enemy had penetrated into the deep heart of the forest, Coedwig Derw. They had navigated through the forest, through its protective spells and past the infamous pathfinders without raising an alarm. How they did this was troubling enough to pause and give contemplation to even the wisest of the elders. Worst still, they had escaped without being identified. They had managed to infiltrate into the sacred glen and steal one of the ancient blue stones. They had slipped past the vigilant eyes of the most ancient and the most formidable of all of Coedwig Derw's tree spirits, Morthwyl.

A secret emergency council was called. Only a few were present. If word that the ancient relic was lost, fear, turmoil, panic and distrust would sweep through every war band in the Kingdom. It was essential that the relic was found and returned before the population became aware. Only the following were present,

1. Llywelyn the Great, elected king and leader of the Sylvan Elves
2. Angharad the Eiriadd, high priestess and Queen
3. Morthwyl, the ancient tree spirit, as old as the forest itself.
4. Caradog-y-Carreg, elected first druid
5. Lleucu Llwyd, general and banner carrier of the freedom
6. Erryn ap Llywelyn, son of the great king (but not yet a prince)

They discussed much in the council, and many were emotional and wanted immediate action. Lleucu Llwyd wanted to mobilise the entire forest and hunt down the thieves. However, patience and caution and stealth won the day, as ever with the Sylvan Elf way of life.

It was decided that a small group of loyal volunteers would be sent on a silent, secret campaign out of the forest to discover and kill the infiltrators and return the relic that was lost. This expedition would be led by Erryn ap Llywelyn, and only he would know the true purpose of the campaign. It was declared that this was his trial, and should he fail, then his title and his future would be forfeit. The fate of the balance of the forest and the fate of his own future resided on the success of his mission. If he succeeds, then he would be initiated through the royal procedures like his father and all those that came before him. If he should fail, a new bloodline would be elected from more worthy elves.

The protectors, under the command of Morthwyl, were asked to provide 8 loyal and fierce Dryads who would be willing to leave the treedom and follow Erryn ap Llywely. It was not hard to find ones willing to leave for the chance of bloodshed and war.

The Ice Shards are part of the militia in the winter kingdom. Used to the harsh weather, they were generally tougher and more resilient than archers from other realms. they also were happy to leave their icy kingdom for a chance at seeing a world not covered in a blanket of snow. they also have a secret knowledge of the blue stones, as they are originally from the kingdom of winter, and they still have many sacred sites that they protect and maintain from enemies who strive for the power of the stones.

The autumn arrows. It was with this band in the kingdom of autumn that Erryn ap Llywelyn trained and learnt the ways of the bow and the will of the forest. For many years he perfected his marksmanship with these men and women, and trusted each of them with his life. Many war-bands had been eliminated at the end of the arrow tip of the autumn arrows, and their ferocity and victories in battle was famous both within and without the treedom.

## Chris - Kingdom of Equitaine

Lady Fatcunt is from the land of Frump. She is the fattest cunt in the land of Frump. She is revealed for her oversized gut (gut and cunt).

Even the Ogre Khans respect her huge appetite and her obesity. The Ogre Khans refer to her as Lady 'break the scales'.

Her knights are the most malnourished knights in all of Frump. This is because Lady Fatbitch (nickname from her knights) eats all their food including the horses hay.

Her magic matches her skill in eating and shitting. She hates Vampires and Skeletons because they make her feel fat.

This is some of the story Lady Fatcunt the Knights of Gimp.

### **Army List**

++ Kingdom of Equitaine (BS2.0 Kingdom of Equitaine) [1000pts] ++

+ Characters [300pts] +

Damsel [300pts]: 2x Add up to 3 Learned Spells [100pts], Army General, Barded Warhorse [50pts], Divination, Magic Items

+ Core [700pts] +

Knights of the Realm [240pts]: Champion [20pts], 5x Knight of the Realm [270pts]

Knights of the Realm [240pts]: Champion [20pts], 5x Knight of the Realm [270pts]

Knights of the Realm [220pts]: 5x Knight of the Realm [270pts]

++ Total: [1000pts] ++

## Rob - Undying Dynasties

Bonami Echo Edfu Fenyang was pissed! He had awoken from his 1000 year slumber to discover his once great world had been ruined.

The chaos that he thrived on had been stifled in this so called 9th age.

The races that he had bent to his will had become neutered, shadows of their former selves.

The magic that before he had used to destroy whole armies and conquer mighty empires had been stifled. He now has been reduced to minor parlour tricks and cantrips.

This can not be so!!!

With all the magic he could muster he raised his arms and the his followers rose up from the sand.

This was the beginning of the end!

He would conquer the world and discover what had caused this travesty and destroy it.

"The 10th age would be heralded!!

A time of great magic and monsters!!

Forwards my legion, to war!!!!!!!"

### **Army List**

Bonami Echo Edfu Fenyang

Death Cult Hierarch (210pts) [Evocation]

Army General

Hierophant

Ring of Fire (50pts)]

Dark Clouds

Skeleton Archers (296pts) Musician, 23x Skeleton Archers

Scarb Riders

Skeleton Cavalry (200pts) Light Lance, 8x Skeleton Cavalry.

Golden Thunder

Skeleton Chariots (290pts) 3x Skeleton Chariots

"The Pharaohs Sentinals"

3 x Shabiti with Paired Weapons

## Guim - Daemon Legions

### Army List

- Dragn'arok, Harbinger of Wrath, General, Blood sword, Crusher (Arcaron), Onslaught, Heartseaker. 360 pts
- Eviscerators, 10x Slaughterers, champion (Tk'arr), blood swords, Onslaught. 250 pts
- Bleeders, 10x Slaughterers, champion (Urkkas), blood swords, Onslaught. 250 pts
- Eternity witches, 10xHorrors. champion (Aedeb). 320pts
- Destiny seekers, 10xHorrors, champion (Gralastyx). 320pts

1500 Points

And, with this begins... the end...

Flesh, blood... What was that voice?... Blood, bones... A young voice, or was it ancient? a voice that sound like empires falling, like the storm, like... Blood, blood... Was it his sword talking? Was himself?... Blood, give me blood... He, a daemon, yes, he was a daemon... blood, death... he opened his eyes for the first time, or maybe like other million times, he who born a second a go or billions of year ago, time doesn't exists in their real, just pure emotion, and he felt it, the pure rage... Wrath, blood, skulls... or was he just aware of his true nature? Yes, the pure emotion that gives them power ... blood, kill them, kill them all...

-Good morning Dragn'arok, herald of Wrath, I bring great news for you, for all of us! -

Another voice, different, wise and deep, someone else was there, but how? There, in the hall of his fortress, the Black Skull, in the very centre of the deserts of despair, a place for war and death, in front of his throne, there was another daemon... Blood, give me his blood... Different, yes, he was a herald, a servant of the change, he knew him... and with him his ten followers, the eternity witches, with their magic and their disgusting blue fire.

Was just a movement, fast, too fast for a mortal, and before the intruder could say another word, Dragn'arok cut his head and he fed Arcaron with his flesh... Blood, more blood... Arcaron, his black crusher, a reward from his master for past victories, all for the glory of his god.

-Morning, bah, there is not such think in my domains, just battles, just blood...-

He turned to face the rest of the intruders, they were already surrounded by twenty of his brothers, the Bleeders and the Eviscerators, with Urkkas, his champion, good warriors who need no banners, no musicians, just their blood swords...

-Now, you are going to tell me about this great news- said Dragn'arok to the eternity witches, with his flaming sword burning his hand, ready to kill the rest of that weak scum.

-You are indeed powerful, oh Dragn'arok, bringer of destruction- they talk as one, with one voice, a voice of wisdom, a voice of madness, as exactly what they are, an extension of his god, just like his recently headless master... Blood, stop talking, give me their blood...

-Stop with this nonsense courtesy, tell me why are you here before I destroy all of you- the daemon said, feeling a rage bigger than the sky, deeper than the seas.

-Oh, but destruction is the answer of your question, great warrior, and the reason why we came to you, the destruction of the mortal empires and their pathetic lives, because there is portal to the other side of the veil my lord, here in your real, and we know how to open it- they said with that voice, or was it the laugh of their cheater god, the coward god who loves games and magic.

-A portal that we are going to cross, the thirty of you... and me, now!!!- Dragnarok said, raiding Arcaron and facing both, followers and intruders.

-Us, just us? Now? But my lord, you have legions on your command, together we can accomplish remarkable things... if we take time and... if we summon our armies...-

-The rest can follow us later, or never, thirty-one or thirty million, there's no difference for us, there is no plans, no strategy, just blood...-

And they marched to the portal, with Dragn'arok knowing that everything must be a trap from the change god, but that makes no difference, he will be back in the reality after so much time, to bring death and misery once again... and blood... and any plan from the younger brothers of his god makes no difference, because the only think that he can hear now is that voice, the voice of his father... his lord... because his master is the oldest and the greatest of all the deemonic gods, and in this old game just one thing is certain, the mortals are doomed...

## Ollie - Infernal Dwarves

Not far from the ruins of karak eight peaks a small throng of dwarves had managed to piece together a meagre existence from hiring themselves out as miners to local communities. They alone were aware of the riches locally that remained since the hold was abandoned. A particularly burly dwarf named Zharthak led this small band.

Zharthak would often find himself drawn to the warmth of a local mine where liquid fire flowed and a constant shadow fell. He was drawn to this place for the words of wisdom that lingered in the acrid air of the tunnels. Such words of advice that kept his small group of companions alive despite the constant goblin raids and townsfolk betrayal. Zharthak knew this mine to be a special place, with a sentient all knowing being resident. The whispers started to prompt zharthak to become innovative, to look beyond simple dwarven philosophies.

Before long Zarthak had commissioned weaponry from a local smith, a weapon never seen in the old world. The whispers called it the flintlock axe, a small ranged rifle with a wicked axe blade attached. With these firearms at their side and innate dwarven prowess in battle, Zarthak's band were able to capture a number of orc raiders. These were immediately cast into irons and forced to work in the mines. Productivity doubled and the dwarves started to live a comfortable life.

News reached the dwarven holds of this upstart dwarf using greenskins as slaves. This offended the kings like nothing else in centuries. Zharthak recieved a message, "Kill the orc scum and live out your life as a slayer, or find yourself in the book of grudges and an enemy and a traitor to all dwarves." Zharthak sought the wisdom of the dark mine, it told him to fortify and reap it's riches and that he would be a mighty ruler before long, mighty enough to challenge the dwarven holds. He would be known as Zharthak Darkfire, a name worthy of his stature. All of a sudden a helm appeared, flowing on the river of liquid fire in front of Zharthak. "Here i gift a helm worthy of my champion, a helm with the power to bring my flames to bear against your enemies and lay waste to the holds of old!" The last words of advice were: "Meet with a particularly wiley hobgoblin and his tribe in the local area. The famous 'Bobbo the hobbo' would help you in reaching his destiny"...

### Army List

[1750 ]

Zarthak Darkfire

Vizier, Army General, Infernal Weapon, Shield, Mask of the Furnace

Zarthak's Fury Citadel Guard with Flintlock Axes, Champion, 10x Citadel Guard, Musician

Bobbo's Boys Hobgoblins Bow, 25x Hobgoblins, Musician, Shield

The Workforce Orc Slaves, Musician, 20x Orcs, Paired Weapons

The Undying, Immortals Champion, 20x Immortals, Infernal Weapon, Musician, Shield, Standard Bearer

Zarthak's hammer, Taurukh, Paired Weapons, Shield, 5x Taurukh

## James - Warriors of the Dark Gods

### Sigtuna

A small fishing village on the northern shore of the Maelare lake, Sigtuna was utterly insignificant until the arrival of the two brothers. The elder of the two, unmarked by any of the dark gods that were worshipped in the area, declared himself Lord and demanded fealty from every soul in the village. Although physically imposing, the man and his brother were ordered to leave or else lose their skin, eyes and tongues. They returned unexpectedly in the night, the elder brother casually beheading the guards one by one whilst his cackling younger brother summoned blue fire from the sky and set alight the house in which the village elders slept. Absolutcnut was anointed Lord of Sigtuna the next day amongst the still smouldering ashes, Harthacnut laughing maniacally at his side. A large temple was built in his honour, a mighty erection, where there were human sacrifices according to the customs of the worshippers of chaos. Since that fateful day, Lord Absolutcnut has slowly built Sigtuna into a military stronghold, small in numbers, but unmatched in ferocity. Now the Lord has decreed it time to expand his fledging empire and so the Ravagers of Sigtuna march forth inexorably into the lands of their enemies to raid, kill and conquer!

### Absolutcnut, Lord of Sigtuna

Harbinger of Chaos; Wasteland Steed; Dueler's Shield; Sword of Strength (350)

A fierce and unrelenting servant of chaos, very little is known about Absolutcnut's early years and his path to becoming the Lord of Sigtuna. Save the remarkable fact that such a mighty warrior was unclaimed by any of the four deities that permeate the land, air and water of the north. Indeed this is Lord Absolutcnut's higher purpose for taking his warriors to war. Unbeknown to all but his brother, he has made a terrible pact with the four chaos gods, to bring pestilence, blood, capriciousness and magical fire to the world. In exchange, one of the gods, the one most satisfied with his efforts, will reward him for his servitude with an eternal chosen mark of chaos. This will surely turn the already fearsome Harbinger into one of the mightiest warriors the world has ever known...

### Huskarler of Sigtuna

12 Wasteland Warriors; Standard Bearer (292)

Led by the infamous banner wielding maniac, Lothbrok, the Huskarler are the household troops in personal service to the Lord of Sigtuna. They serve as an ever ready and able bodyguard to Absolutcnut. Not that he needs much protecting.

### The Flayed

5 Fallen (160)

Outcasts, once mortal men now twisted beyond redemption by the coruscating power of chaos, the Flayed are feral warriors who show no mercy to their enemies. Although exiled from Sigtuna, the Huskarler gather their fallen brethren from the surrounding forests to accompany every raiding party. For even in madness, the Flayed remain in eternal servitude to the Lord of Sigtuna.

### The Unsullied

5 Barbarian Horsemen; Shields; Flails; Throwing Weapons (190)

The youngest warriors of Sigtuna must prove themselves in battle with the Unsullied before being considered for the Huskarler. They ride ahead of the main force, scouting the way ahead and harrying any enemies they encounter. Not many survive. Those that do emerge from the Unsullied as hardened warriors, ready for greater feats.

### Army Narrative Rule

Each battle the Ravagers of Sigtuna fight will help determine which chaos mark the army ultimately follows.

Wrath will celebrate every battle against the other, so called, warrior races of the orcs & goblins; beastmen; fellow warriors; and ogre khans.

Lust will feast on the delicious souls of elves whilst also seeking to purge the filth of the vermin swarm from the land. Pestilence will taint the human nobility of Equitaine and Sonnestahl, bring disease to the proud Saurian Ancients and seek ascendancy over the daemon legions.

Change will infect the magic resistant dwarfs and draw further power from the undead.

## Craig - Vampire Covenant

### Army List

Magnus - Vampire Courtier (Von Karnstein Bloodline, Hour of the Wolf, Wizard Apprentice, Evocation, Heavy Armour, Shield) 400pts

Taako - Necromancer

The Shield Wall - 22x Skeletons (Shield, Standard Bearer)

The Pig Stickers - 22x Skeletons (Shield, Standard Bearer)

The Followers - 23x Zombies

The Cleavers - 21x Barrow Guard (Full Command, Banner of Barrows)

Lil' Chompers - 2x Great Bats

Magnus Von Karnstein

Magnus Von Karnstein (born Magnus Highchurch), child of the widower Lord Merl Highchurch, of the inner citadels of the Empire of Sonnastahl.

At a young age Magnus showed great aptitude concerning the manipulation and manifestation of the Veil (the great magical energy that surrounds the world). Magnus was able to conjure objects created purely from magical energies, creating grand spectacles that the denizens of the Empire marvelled and applauded.

Over the years to come, Lord Merl was approached by the varying magical schools of the Empire. Magisters flocked to recruit the young boy, the grasp of his magical powers was said to be a sign of someone touched by the true gods of Sonnastahl. The Lord refused to hand his son over to the magisters, claiming magic was a weakness and that his son would join the men at arms.

By the age of 25, Magnus was a somewhat accomplished Marshal in the armies of the Empire. Over countless battles and skirmishes, with his magical prowess, he would lead battalions of 100 men or more to wage war against those who would threaten, or oppose, Sonnastahl's will.

Upon receipt of the missive the Marshal rallied his best men; The Shield Wall, The Pig Stickers and The Followers, and set out to fend off the undead aggressors.

Wolves... bats... dead men that walked. This battle was lost.

'Magnus slumped down to the floor amongst the remains of his men.

His hand trembled as he pulled the missive from his pouch.

There was something familiar about the handwriting he thought, the countless scrolls he had seen on his father's desk...

Magnus fights the thought of his father sending him on this suicide mission, no backup, no hope. A growl interrupts his trail of thought. He closes his eyes and braces himself.

A shrill voice cuts through the silence.

"Rise, Magnus Von Karnstein. Free yourself from the shackles of living slavery"

An echoing laughter erupts.

"I see the old fool finally got around to sending you here"

Magnus raises his head; a young woman: pale skin, eyes of ember and teeth like the giant bats that just felled his men.

She smiles.

"Let's see about getting your men back to fighting strength..."

"...My son"

## Lee - Warriors of the Dark Gods

Yargaer was fed up with this small fry raiding. It was time to try something new. Having found his warrior's armour 5 years ago he'd had bigger dreams for himself by now. He'd easily intimidated his old village's warriors to follow him making up his core following of 20 raiders. He'd made sure they were armed well and over the years the deaths and new recruits balanced themselves out.

He was then joined one or a few at a time by full but less experienced warriors. These added a much needed stronger unit and allowed for somewhat more ambitious raids.

As always happens with successful bands a unit of warhounds became attracted by their leavings and eventually started to follow them around. He'd tamed their alpha somewhat and could now command them in battle as a useful flanking force.

He decided it was now or never. He'd move south and try and carve himself a piece of the southern lands. The more glory he earned then the more followers he'd attract to take even more. All he needed was his strong axe arm, his lucky shield and loyal men at his back. The world would be his...

### **Army List**

Harbinger of Chaos [290pts]

Army General, True Chaos

Magic Items [70pts]

Lucky Shield [10pts], Razor Blade [10pts], Talisman of Greater Shielding [50pts]

Core [710pts]

Barbarians [280pts]

20x Barbarian [200pts], Champion [20pts], Musician [20pts], Shield [40pts], Standard Bearer [20pts], Throwing Weapons [40pts], True Chaos

Warhounds - Core [150pts]

10x Warhound

Wasteland Warriors [280pts]

Champion [20pts], Musician [20pts], Standard Bearer [20pts], True Chaos, 10x Wasteland Warrior

15 Chosen with additional weapons and full command 430

5 horsemen with shields and throwing weapons 190

Fallen Beast 130

## Beef - Vermin Swarm

### Vermin Swarm

Ratsputin sat at the head of the table during the meal he & his Brothers shared every evening. They feed & discuss matters that may have an effect on their Brotherhood.

On this occasion, the food disinterested him & he spent more time idly pawing at the censer-globe at the end of his plague flail.

The weapon & relic of his religion, currently had no incense burning, so the usual cloud of choking smoke were absent.

The topic of conversation at the Brotherhood's table had turned to the fact that Ratsputin had been placed in temporary command of the armies of HellSprawl Fen.

The previous leader - Warlord Skwaark, had been killed battling the enemies of Vermin kind.

The facts were: his body had been found half-eaten, a plague-flail shaped dent that had ruined one side of his face, & his lung cavity melted (in a similar manner to that of the victims of noxious incense used by the Brotherhood)... These matters were not brought up during the Council meeting.

A request was raised for Ratsputin to take over command of Skwaark's verminous army, until they could appoint a new general.

A leader that the Council had more control over would limit the extent of the Brotherhood's influence in HellSprawl, no doubt;

& if an accident should befall Ratsputin once he had served his usefulness, then that would be a pity, but one they could live with.

Brother Pestico, a faithful follower & true believer in the pestilent Rat-God addressed Ratsputin,

"Master, the council plot-plot, speak with lie-lies, want Ratsputin quick-dead".

Ratsputin was shaken from his boredom & responded, "Rasputin knows, but not scared. Fear the Council? They have no power over our God",

"But what about when they send a new rat-lord-thing to be boss-leader?", Pestico countered.

Ratsputin decreed, "We conquer much of other weakling races, show our true power. Then if new rat-lord arrives, we show him how Skwaaark was murder-killed".

As he finished his sentence, Ratsputin left the Feasting Hall clutching his flail in one hand, & the Book of Buboes in the other;

His long, dirty green robes billowing around him as he stormed out of the now silent hall.

### **Army List**

total 1498

#### Ratsputin

Plague Prophet

Plague Flail, Talisman of Greater Shielding

The new found leader of the armies of Hellsprawl a vicious and crazed killer as is the norm for these religious fanatics

#### The Brotherhood of Rusted Blades

26 Plague Brotherhood

Full Command (Champion = Pestico)

Ratsputin's personal bodyguard lead by his right hand rat Pestico. They share his crazed zeal and ferocity and protect him at all costs seeing him as chosen by and a living vessel for their god.

#### Skwaark's Remnants

26 Rat-at-arms

Full Command (Champion = Flealick)

These poor mistreated rats were the bodyguard of Squaaark the former commander of the Hellsprawl forces. The unit was originally more than twice its current strength and known as Squaaark's legion. Ratsputin gave them their new more fitting name after more than half of them had succumbed to a mysterious wasting disease that seemed come on overnight around the time of squaaark's accident.

The Shadow Walkers  
10 Footpads  
Slings

The brotherhood of choking death  
10 plague Disciples

The rabid maw  
3 rat ogres

These shadowy henchrats were assigned to the force by the council to provide some extra long ranged support. Ratsputin is under no illusion they are there for any other purpose other than reporting his actions to the council but he will use them as best he can for the time being and life is cheap on the battlefield.

## Rhys - Warriors of the Dark Gods

The blue cheese

Malik (sorcerer) 235pts

3 spells 100pts

sword of strength 30pts

Barbarian's (30 models) 240pts

shields 60pts

Standard B, musician, champion 60pts

<thunderous charge>

Barbarian's (20 models) 140pts

great weapons 120pts

Standard B, musician, champion 60pts

Warhounds (10 models) 150pts

Mauler chariot 300pts

Malik is a Sorcerer who was tricked and betrayed by the gods and seeks redemption by becoming a Deamon Prince and becoming immortal.

With no reputation, he been forced to create a new army of the Gods too do his dirty work and gain his assencion