

irregular



ISSUE 1 / SUMMER 09

CARTER & SONS
NPCS FOR YOUR CAMPAIGN

LAVA BASES
KLAUS TESCHNER SHOWS US
HOW IT'S DONE

NMM PAINTING
ADAM BALAI'S MODIFIED APPROACH

**SHORT STORY
COMPETITION**

WIN A PRINT OF OUR COVER ART
SIGNED BY THE ARTIST

PLUS: ECW CAMPAIGN, PAINTING WITH JUST WASHES, SHORT STORIES AND MUCH MORE...

NTM 09



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Issue 1 Summer 2009

Irregular Magazine

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Editorial

Editors Note

Hi all, and welcome to the first issue of "The Irregular". This magazine is the brainchild of Alex Garbett and I. We're both of members of the Sheffield Irregulars, a mini painting group. This idea came from a session of ranting - er, I mean constructive critique - about magazines currently on the market. Moaning about how magazines of old, cue nostalgic music, were (in our humble opinion) much better, filled to the brim with usable hobby content and not just a glorified catalogue like most seem to be these days. One of us said, "Why don't we make our own?" The Irregular was born, and word was put out that we were on the lookout for contributors and talented artists.

The aim of the magazine is to provide hobbyists with articles and tutorials on subjects relating to painting and gaming. So, thanks to all those who contributed to the magazine, and an extra special thanks to Matthew Mella for the outstanding front cover.

Our aim is to produce 4 issues a year. We are accepting submissions from non group members, though as this is a free magazine there are no payments. So if you are looking to break into writing or illustration for the gaming world, then this could be an opportunity for you to build up a portfolio of work.

Anyway this issue will contain some gaming articles, though most will be related to painting. We also have some show reviews, news, tutorials and informative articles.

At the back of the magazine are some guidelines if you are interested in submitting articles to us, along with an email address for this purpose. It also seems that this month I'm appearing in another magazine (White Dwarf), along with Alex and another Irregular Aaron, having a chat with a rather well known artist - the picture has already been spotted by some eagle eyed Irregulars.

We are still looking for contributors for future issues, guidelines are in the back of this issue. The closing date for issue 2 submissions is August 29th.

Jason Hubbard

sheffield irregulars

by Alex Garbett & Rebecca Hubbard

Sheffield irregulars – a history so far

Games Day 08 is where the idea for a painting group was born. A group of gamers at the Sheffield city centre Games Workshop store were painting up entries for Games Day and encouraging each other, making sure everyone did their very best. On the day, queuing up, wearing home-made t-shirts with "Blood, Sweat & Tears GD08" they talked about how it would be fun to have painting sessions more often. The next month the first painting group meeting was held in the store – with 10 or more people gathering around the paint stations, painting and discussing various techniques and approaches. It was decided that everyone would paint up an ogre to practice painting skin and a couple of boxes of ogres were purchased and split between everyone.

The four people in charge of organising the group were Rebecca and Jason Hubbard – husband and wife painters and gamers, Alex Garbett – modeller and gamer, and Robin Snelson – founder of The Basement website and Euro Militaire judge. With the organisers keeping

in touch through Facebook it seemed appropriate to set up an online group for people to stay in touch in between meetings, somewhere to ask questions and get advice whilst working on their models.

Before a group could be set up, a name was required, and Rebecca came up with the suggestion of "Sheffield Irregulars".

"There was something in the back of my mind after talking to Platoon Britannica (in June 08) where they mentioned how cool it would be for painting groups to spring up around the country, small 'squads' of painters helping each other out. The military inference was the inspiration."

- Rebecca Hubbard, on choosing the name for the group. With the name sorted and a Facebook group set up, a logo was required – an icon for the group, so the red paint 'splat' was created.

"We originally used a blood splat from the free texture site www.cgtextures.com, but now we have our own vector graphic for the splat."

By November the organisers had been unable to secure a location to meet up and paint once a month, so a trip to Warhammer World in Nottingham was arranged instead.

Rebecca had advertised the group online to people in the local area, in a bid to increase the group's size and talent pool, so in Nottingham the group met up with Canadian, Colin Sherlow who was living nearby. Over



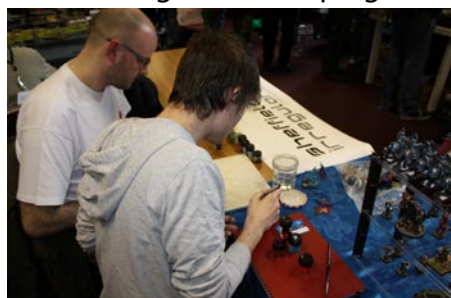
lunch in Bugman's, a few minis and WIPS were shared around and discussed, and new friendships were formed.

By December, the need to find a meeting place was becoming urgent. Without regular meetings the group started falling apart. The ogre skin painting fell by the wayside, the Sheffield gamers were becoming disillusioned and Robin decided to focus his energies elsewhere.

Online things were taking a different path, as is common for Facebook groups - random people started joining, some of whom were fairly local to Sheffield, whilst others were from further afield.

An in-store painting competition in early December seemed like the ideal place for new local members to meet up. Tom McCart and Jonathan Shaw turned up with entries and made the competition interesting.

As a successful commission painter, Jonathan had a large number of contacts and friends, and decided to invite the members of his popular Facebook group to join the Sheffield Irregulars. In a very short space of time, Sheffield Irregulars went





from having 30 or some members to 100 – all thanks to Jonathan, who was awarded the title of “Ambassador” and became a member of the admin team. With a large online membership, most of which were not from the UK, let alone Sheffield, the organisers realised that a new approach was needed for the group. The monthly challenges were created and the vote for the theme resulted in ‘vehicle’ as the most popular. With no restriction on manufacturer, members could paint any vehicle they chose. With the holidays fast approaching a location was finally found for the group. Local gaming store, Patriot Games agreed for the group to meet and paint once a month for a couple of

hours, as long as paint stayed off the carpet!

A January meeting was arranged, and painters from the local area were keen to show up. Unsure of what people were expecting, the organisers arranged a demo on ‘cheap techniques for basing

membership has continued to grow, currently at over 230 people on Facebook, painting challenges have become a monthly affair and the Merit Award prize is now sponsored by Jonathan Shaw. With a different winner voted by members each month, and a new voting system since May, the challenges have become an important part of the group.

Events and shows have been on the agenda, giving local members a chance to display their work in public with pride. South Cheshire Militaire at Crewe in February was followed by the Design Studio Open Day at Warhammer World in March. Triples in Sheffield, ForgeWorld Open Day at Warhammer World and



and plinths’, a display area for members to show their vehicle challenge entries and spaces to paint. Adam Balai travelled up from Nottingham especially for the session.

The meeting went well, but the feedback afterwards called for more time to paint and meetings to be more frequent. The organisers went back to Patriot Games and a new arrangement was made – meetings would be most Sundays from 11:00 till 16:00. Six months on, the Irregulars

Warrior Bazaar at Bolton followed in April, and Platoon Britannica weekend at Warhammer World rounded out the calendar in June.

With a bit of practice the display table for the group looks very smart and attracts a good amount of interest. With a printed banner, business cards, and printed photos of miniatures from non-local members the display has a unique look that reflects the different styles and





interests of the members. At Warrior Bazaar in Bolton the group ran a painting workshop where people could sit down and paint during the day – something that was very popular with parents, as it kept their kids occupied, and started some off on their very first models.

The group has embraced social media and the fact that not everyone likes to use Facebook. The 'blog site', as it is casually referred to, was set up in March and features a calendar and events list, with information about the group, blogs from the painting challenges and general hobby news. Members are able to vote for the painting challenges on the blog site as an alternative to Facebook - sheffieldirregulars.wordpress.com

The group also has a Twitter account - @sheffieldirregs - for updates about the group, reminders of deadlines for painting challenges and being able to tweet direct from shows, and there are a small, but growing number of followers.

The idea behind the handmade t-shirts for Games Day 08 didn't lose its appeal, and there is an online store for Sheffield Irregulars merchandise and hobby related t-shirts.

Products are set to the base

price, so no profit is made by the group or its organisers from the sale of these t-shirts. The 'splat' has made an appearance at every event and show this year, starting with Jonathan wearing the first logo t-shirt at Crewe, and it is fast becoming a recognised symbol, with members regularly wearing t-shirts and sweatshirts at events.

The group has evolved rapidly since it started, responding to its members and creating a community of painters around the world, with one simple mission: "to improve our painting and encourage others in the hobby".





Lava Painting Guide

by Klaus Teschner



Stage 1

Primed: skull white

Paint cooled lava Chaos Black. It is important to take your time and be neat at this point but if you get black on the molten lava just touch it up with Skull White paint afterwards. Notice how I leave white in the cracks of the rolling lava and how far I paint along the upper skin. I then painted the rim of the base with Chaos Black. This would give me an idea of the contrast of the base at an early stage.

IMPORTANT! After I painted parts of the base black I cleaned my water cup. You really don't want dirty water for the following stages.



Stage 2

Bubbling, Molten lava & rolling lava: I painted these white area's with Sunburst Yellow



Stage 4

Next I painted the molten lava in Blood Red but this time leaving the Sunburst Yellow and some Fiery Orange.

Stage 3

Next I painted most of the yellow area's with Fiery Orange leaving the hottest area's Sunburst Yellow



Stage 6

I then painted the cracks in the thick/thin crust with Blood Red. This was done again with Red Gore leaving some Blood Red. At this stage I painted any low thin crust lava in red gore as these parts would be hotter than the thick crust. I also paint around the sides of any crust lava that was touching the molten lava with Red Gore OSL (object source lighting).

Next I painted Golden Yellow over the Fiery Orange and Sunburst Yellow to help smooth out the transition.

You could leave it at this stage and it would be perfectly acceptable on any tabletop battle. If you happy to leave it at this stage then go to stage 8.

I'm going through more stages to get it looking hotter. Give it a try!



Stage 7

I then started to render the hotspots with Sunburst Yellow followed by Sunburst Yellow/Skull White adding a little extra white with each highlight.

The upper crust was then drybrushed with Chaos Black/ Shadow Grey followed by glazing black ink onto the centre parts of the crust away from any light source.

Now I worked on the osl (object source lighting on the edges of the crust (you should already have the red gore showing on parts where the light of the molten lava hits the surface.) This was highlighted further with blood red then orange.



Stage 8

The rim of the base was neatened up with Chaos Black.

Varnish: purity seal.

Optional paint gloss varnish onto the lava parts...I chose not to do this.



Sculpted and painted by Klaus Teschner.

Nurgle Wash

'Painting a Nurgle vindicator with nothing but washes!'

by Alex Garbett

Ever since the Citadel washes came out I've been a big fan. I've even been criticised for using them 'too much', to which I say - Bah!

As a challenge I sat down and decided to paint a vehicle entirely in washes, my style of washes – i.e. drown the model in paint to see the results.

Personally I've always been a 'goodie' player with armies to match, so never had the opportunity until now to paint something evil - and more than that, sick and diseased. I opted to go for a Nurgle Vindicator, as it would suit the washes idea I had, but also it would give me chance to do a little sculpting too!

What follows below is a set by step guide on how I went about my task.

First of all I cleaned the kit of the countless mould lines. Once they'd been removed, I began the process of ageing the hull and adding battle damage using a file, hammer and several other sharp implements - please be careful with tools.

After the battle damage and weathering was complete I sat down to sculpt the Nurgle infections and Nurglings, which were placed strategically around the model in order to create that infected, diseased look. With the major body work now done it was time to undercoat. Since I was going to be using only washes it was a simple choice to go with white as the base colour - the primer would act as a plain, bright canvas and would lighten up the kit when complete.

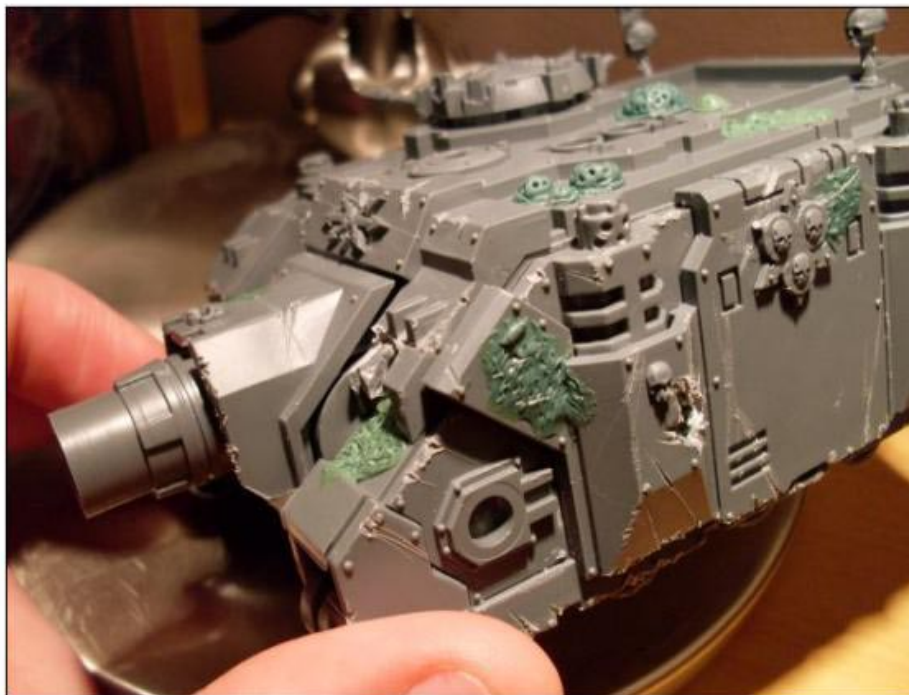
Top Tip - Over the years I've been a fan of black primer but recently I've begun experimenting with white and several other colours which give hugely different finishes. Have a go yourself and see what effects you get!

After spraying the kit outside - always spray in a well ventilated area! - I began the process of 'drowning' the model in washes. Firstly I used a green and orange wash to bring out the initial colour



of the tank, but also to define the areas which would be darker and more corrupt than others. The most important thing you need to do while painting like this is to not let the washes go dry! Use the tank as a mixing pallet and keep adding to the colour all the time. If some of the colour pools then draw it back onto other areas of the tank and continually keep slopping the colour on till you're happy and reach the effect you're after!

This process of drowning the model in washes was repeated several more times – each time adding more colour to the hull. While during this process I was looking online at pictures of infections and diseases, trying to figure out what colours to add. After a little research I discovered practically any colour can be added to increase the effect whether red, blue, yellow, purple, black or many more.



I decided to go for lots of purple and reds myself, again adding these colours to the kit while wet. Remember the important thing you need to do while painting in this style is to not let the washes go dry!

Use the tank as a living mixing pallet and keep adding to the colour all the time. If some of the colour

much wash I used nor the exact colours at any stage as this was an organic painting process – slapping purple wash here and here, a bit of red on top, more brown there and there etc

With the tank hull colouring finished the next process was to add the final detail to the kit with metal parts, tracks and additional



pools then draw it back onto other areas of the tank and continually keep slopping the colour on till you're happy and reach the effect you're after! Yes, I'm repeating myself.

After roughly 8 hours of adding washes and painting - with the TV on in the background - I finally arrived at the desired effect I was looking for on the tank.

It's hard for me to exactly say how

battle damage.

With the detail complete, the job was done and I don't think I've done half bad!

This whole process was an interesting and useful learning experience, from the use of a wet pallet (the tank itself), the use of washes, through to the sculpting of Nurgle infections and the extensive weathering on the tank.

I think for the final final touches



I'd add a little varnish and make the maggots and things all slimy looking, perhaps add some former Imperial markings and numbers which have faded with time somewhere on the kit as well. As it stands now I'm thinking of doing some terminators in the same style...

That's all for now,
Alex



An Industrial Base

By Sias Esterhuizen aka Springbok

This article will show you how to create a base like this:



Some of the techniques in this tutorial might already be known to you, but hopefully you will find it useful nonetheless.

To start with, I gathered all the bits and pieces that I will need.



This includes:

Various bits of plasticard

Some wire

Cork

Builder's putty

Green stuff

Some AA batteries (for my camera)

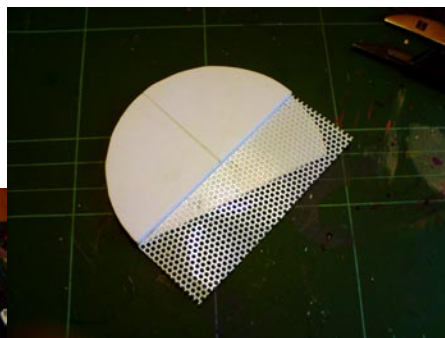
Polystyrene foam

The builder's putty was used to roughly sculpt a base for the platform to sit on. If you use this product, please be aware of the smell! Imagine ammonia mixed in with the aroma of a pond – not very pleasant, so ensure your work area is well ventilated.

The platform was built using 2mm foam board.



The next step is to add some details to the platform.



Glue all the parts together, and then you're ready for the primer!



Right then, you're now set for the messy part of the project.... painting :)

I started by base coating the ground/rubble with Scorched Brown and the oil drum with Catachan Green.

Both parts were then given a brown wash.



I then started highlighting the ground using a Scorched Brown/ Snakebite Leather mix up to pure Snakebite. You can then build the highlights up by adding increasing amounts of Graveyard Earth and Bleached Bone.

All of this was then treated to a Catachan Green and Snakebite Leather glaze.



After the masking fluid had dried, basecoat the platform using a Codex Grey/ Chaos Black mix and the oil drum with a Snot Green/ Ice Blue mix.

The details were added using Sunburst Yellow and Chaos Black. You can now start the weathering process.

A slightly different technique was used to paint the metal parts.

First of all, a sponge was used to dab on some Dark Flesh, Snakebite Leather and Blazing Orange to simulate a rust effect.



Then using the scourer part of the sponge, dab some art masking fluid onto the places where you want to simulate wear and tear.



Use a soft eraser or some bluetack and gently rub off the masking fluid. This will expose the "rust" that you painted earlier. Highlight the leading edges of the chips to give them the illusion of depth.



You can then use various shades of brown and orange to add further weathering to the platform and oil drum.

As a final touch, I added some spilt oil by painting a Chaos Black/ Scorched Brown mix onto all the surfaces where the spill would be, and used some gloss varnish to give a wet look to it.



And there you have it - an easy and effective base for your miniatures.

Happy painting!



Modified NMM Tutorial

By Adam Balai

This is a short tutorial on how I paint power/special weapons, using a modified non-metallic technique. The most recent example of which is the Dire Avenger Exarch I painted a few months ago (shown below).

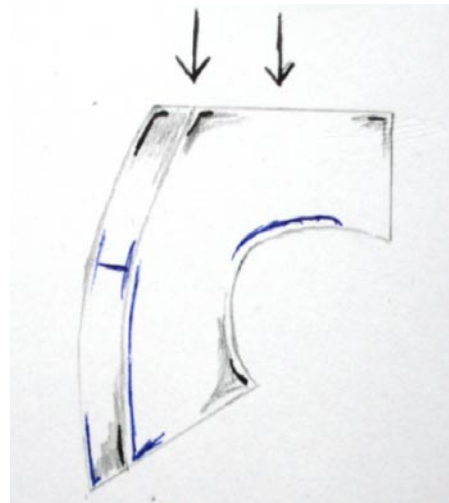


Unfortunately I couldn't find a spare blade that looked like this, so I've settled for using an axe instead.

Before I begin, I need to decide how the light will reflect from the blade, so therefore need to decide where the light is coming from. To illustrate this I've done a quick sketch:

The arrows show roughly where the light source is coming from, with the blue lines indicating the lightest points, and the black the darkest.

This is a simplified version than the method I used for the Exarch, but if you want smoother results then just do more intermediate mixes in between colours. This method works well with most colours, and is relatively simple to do.



The pictures below correspond to each of the following points:



Paint the basecoat Dark Angels Green.

Then using thinned down Snot Green, emphasise the lightest points, and leave the darkest areas with the basecoat showing through.

Using Snot Green, paint over the brighter points, and smooth the gradient from the light to dark points.

Highlight with Goblin Green.

Shade in the darkest areas using thinned Orkhide Shade. Then use thinned Chaos Black in the very darkest points.

Re-highlight Goblin Green, and paint a thin line along every edge.

Highlight Scorpion Green.

Highlight with a mix of Scorpion Green and Skull White.

Highlight Skull White.

Do a thin wash of dark green, either with Dark Green Ink or one of the new washes from GW.

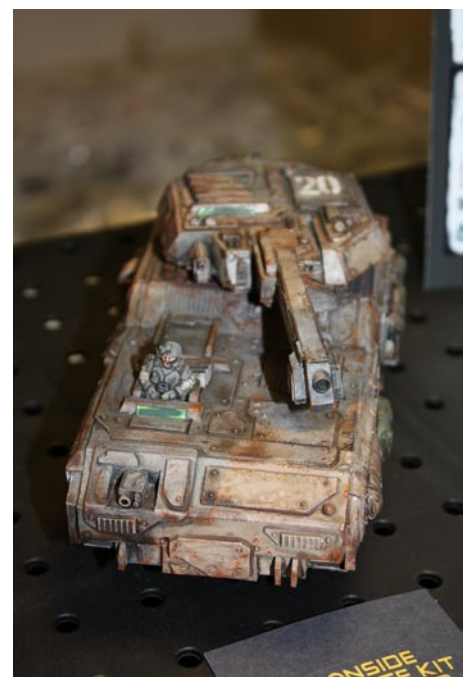
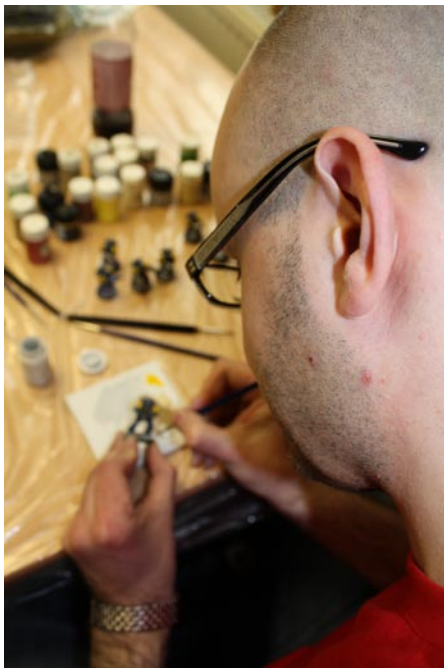
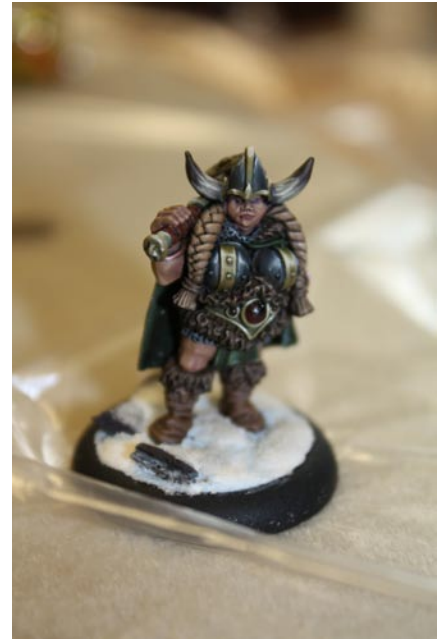
Then touch a tiny bit of Skull White to the tips of the lightest points.

To finish, you can do a layer of 'Ardcoat, or other gloss varnish, or even GW Water Effects.

Show Round Up - SC Militaire, Crewe



Show Round Up - Warrior Bazaar, Bolton





English Civil War Campaigns in Derbyshire

By Jason Hubbard

This campaign could be used as a short introduction to campaign gaming or as a side line to a much larger campaign. The English civil war is full of small campaigns fought at local level right across the country. This particular background is set in and around Derbyshire, though with some research most counties will throw up a local character who led forces either against or for the King.

I've included here some key points and events. I haven't included an account of the siege for Hopton Heath, as this is easily accessible information through the use of the internet.

The campaign of Sir John Gell (Parliamentarian) in Derbyshire



counties during the English Civil War. He was made a baronet in January 1642, and Gell headed the County Committee that controlled Parliamentary forces in Derbyshire. He was known to be a ruthless commander, and used his position during the war to exact his revenge against those he had grudges and feuds with prior to the war starting.

1642

John Gell received a commission from the Earl of Essex on the 27th August, to raise a regiment of foot. Gell and his brother went to Hull where they were given a

company of grey-coated London volunteers, which would form the nucleus of a Derby regiment.

Gell and his company left Hull on the 17th October; he managed to raise a further 200 at Chesterfield. When he reached Wirksworth he managed to scatter a Royalist forage party under the command of Sir Francis Whortley.

31 October 1642 – Derby

After the indecisive battle at Edgehill on the 23rd October, Gell swiftly descended on Derby. He entered unopposed and set about creating a garrison, where he recruited further men locally. He was also reinforced with a troop of horse under the command of George Gressley from Drakelow and on the 5th of November Charles White arrived with a troop of Dragoons from Nottinghamshire. On the 10th November 1642 Sir Francis Whortley appeared in

Introduction

Sir John Gell of Hopton, Derbyshire controlled Parliamentary forces in Derbyshire. He also assisted in many skirmishes in Staffordshire and other Midland



Dale, Gell sent a company of muskets. Whortley promptly fled the field and left the county. At the same time as this incident the following commissions were given out;

Thomas Gell – Lt Colonel
 Johannes Molanus ~ (Dutchman) Major
 Cornelius Vermuyden – Captain (later became Sir)
 John Mundy- Captain
 Thomas Sanders- Captain
 George Gressley- Captain of the horse troop.
 Charles White- Captain of the Dragoons
 Major Molanus returned from Coventry with 2 sakers and a supply of ammunition on the November 30th 1642, (a possible ambush scenario).

Siege of Bretby House- December 1642

Bretby House was the seat of Philip Stanhope 1st Earl of Chesterfield. The house had been garrisoned in the name of the King with 40 Musketeers, 80 Horse and 7 drakes.

Major Molanus was forced to storm the house with 400 foot after the sakers proved incapable of making a breach; Stanhope fled the field to Litchfield. Molanus captured the 7 drakes and the house was savagely sacked and plundered by the troops. The reason for this sacking and plunder was that Gell and Stanhope had a bitter feud before the war. Shortly after the siege Captain White left Derby force to help raise a regiment and garrison the castle at Nottingham with Colonel Pierrepont. Daniel Watson took his place as Captain of the Dragoons.

Swarkestone Skirmish -5th January 1642

The Swarkestone Bridge over the river Trent provided a valuable line of defence and communication. Thus so Royalist Commander Henry Hastings garrisoned the House of Sir John Harpur at Swarkestone with a regiment of royalists (numbering around 700), Hastings also fortified the bridge as well. Gell speedily organised an attack with the whole

regiment and the horse (approximately 700-850), plus 2 sakers on the house and the bridge. Gell's suffered one wounded soldier, whilst killing 8 royalists and wounding several. The barricades on the bridge were dismantled and part of the bridge was demolished. This impeded his movements into Leicestershire and Staffordshire, but it also hindered the movements of the Royalists approach into Derby and Derbyshire.

In March 1643, he successfully took over command at the siege of Lichfield after the death of Lord Brooke, and then collaborated with Sir William Brereton to defeat the Earl of Northampton at the battle of Hopton Heath. At the battle of Hopton Heath the Earl of Northampton was killed.



When the Earl's son refused to return the artillery captured at Hopton Heath or the money Gell had paid to embalm the body, the corpse was paraded through the streets of Derby before its burial at All Hallows Church. Gell was appointed governor of Derby in 1643

He was involved in the siege and subsequent capture of Lichfield in 1643. He owned lead mines in the High peak area and served as High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1635. It is believed under his orders; a troop of Sir John's men went to arrest Christopher Fulwood at Middleton (Fulwood) Castle. In the process Christopher tried to escape but was shot and fatally wounded.

Whigfield Manor Siege - July 1644

In July 1644, Sir John Gell and his forces were besieging Wingfield Manor, which is close to the village of Wingfield and perched high on a hilltop. It is still surrounded by open fields and for the enthusiast, it is still possible to stand in the position of John Gell's guns and see the Manor they fired on.



On the 21st July 1664, the Royalist Commander, one Colonel Roger Molyneux of Hasland Hall reported the guns of Gell were ineffective. On the 14th August, from the gates of Wingfield Park they blasted a way through the wall. The forces were allowed to leave the fortress.

The longest and most telling siege of the English Civil War had ended

His troops were notorious for plundering and Gell himself was suspected of planning to join the King just before Naseby. . Gell's loyalty came under suspicion when he failed to obey an order to bring his troops from the Midlands to join Fairfax on the Naseby campaign in 1645. At the siege of Tutbury Castle in 1646, he offered the Royalist defenders his own favorable terms for surrender in opposition to those offered by his fellow commander Brereton. In 1648, Gell attempted to secure a pardon from Charles I during his imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle by offering to lend him £900 in gold. In 1650 he was found guilty of plotting against the Commonwealth and imprisoned. He was released in 1652 and took no further part in public life. At the Restoration, Charles II pardoned him for his role in the civil war and granted him a position at court, where he remained until his death in October 1671.

Another option would be to follow the exploits of a local regiment, for instance here in Sheffield a prime example would be Sir John Bright's Regiment of Foote. A local campaign would have more small engagements and simple skirmishes; also a localised army/unit may switch sides, and would be lightly armed in regards to artillery.

There was also a movement of disgruntled country folk, across the counties called clubmen. They banded together to protect their homes and land from both sides, armies of both sides tended to forage off the land, taking what ever they saw fit. The clubmen were often poorly armed, yet could number in their thousands. This also could form the back bone of a local campaign, with one player controlling an army of clubmen.

This short article should allow you to kick start a campaign in Derbyshire or any other local English county during the Civil war. I've not included any stats for those mentioned, as this would be restricting in regards to the rule set. This article is designed to act as a starting back ground source to a localised campaign. This type of campaign would be ideal for those just dipping their toes in to the world of English Civil War gaming, as well as being an excellent opportunity for a seasoned campaigner to research a local area for ECW war stories.



5th Edition Imperial Guard - Boom or Bust?

Kristof Comu "The Comussar"

If you've been keeping up to date with recent releases by Games Workshop, you'll know they just put out the new Codex for Imperial Guard. What would be your thoughts on it though? Is it worth collecting an army, is it worth getting back into the hobby, if you've put it down for a while?

First thing I must mention is that the army has changed radically. Welcome to the death of the "old-school" Warhammer 40,000 player. The vicious army-kill-ing disease of brilliant marketing known as "Codex Creep" has struck the Hammer of the Emperor. Now, if you want to start collecting Imperial Guard, now IS the time. The army has been greatly improved since 4th edition, adding 10+ new vehicles to the arsenal, including the airborne Valkryie flyer, the S.C.U.D. launcher reference that is the Deathstrike and the new "strongest-weapon-in-the-game" (originally reserved for Tau), the Medusa artillery battery. A new order system is implemented, allowing Imperial Commander to urge their soldiers forward, or pool their shots to take down large targets. It's strangely reminiscent of Tomb King magic... However, I MUST MENTION: If you do not play Guard or are unsure if you want to get back into the hobby (and you don't have a guard army), or are not very experienced at the game, DON'T PLAY!. This army is going to make you cringe. Not only have regular old guardsmen have been reduced in cost by one point, but they can double the amount of shots they put out with a simple leadership test. As a long time Ork player and a recent Tau

player, I can tell you, this book was NOT balanced. The only significant thing that Guard have lost (meaning it was useful) was chem-masks (or re-breathers, I forget), which basically made your infantry "stubborn". Even this is offset though by players being able to buy commissars for most squads, who confer the "Stubborn" rule onto their squad-mates. The Leman Russ although it has been improved, with better side armour and a "Lumbering Behemoth" rule, which allows it to always fire the turret weapon, regardless of distance moved, or sponsoon weaponry, it hasn't got any more expensive with these improvements, further including severe testicular agony.

Orders too, are a punch to the face for anyone who plays a non-mindless army (which is to say, armies where the commanders have free will). Why can't my Tau Commander with experience of countless battles tell my soldiers to run faster to an objective? Why can't the tactical brilliance of the Autarch tell his guardians to make better use of cover? How come the centuries old Chapter Masters can't tell their devastator squads to bring down large targets? Why doesn't the Necron Lord silently urge his warriors further on their great Red Harvest?

Anyway, enough of that. I want to talk now about those 10+ vehicles that I mentioned earlier. There are about 5 new russ variants, all of which, sadly are NOT better than the normal leman russ. Either they have too low strength, like the Punisher Gatling Cannon, or too low AP, like the Punisher Gatling Cannon, or cost too much, like the (you

guessed it) the Punisher Gatling Cannon. Keep in mind that I'm mentioning the NEW variants. The demolisher is still fine and dandy as it stands (it got cheaper too!). There is a hellhound variant with near instant wounding and AP3, making it also grossly powerful. The Vendetta, a valkryie variant with THREE twin-linked LASCANNONS, is also severely undercosted, at a measly 130 points. The Manticore missile battery, with a possible 3 large blast shots, at at strength 10 and an AP of 4, will make horde armies mincemeat in one turn of firing as it ignores cover.

It gives me such a headache to think that Chaos Space Marines got their legs chopped off with their new book, orks lost all so much stuff and were consoled with boring "furious charge on all models" garbage, and Tau are now hang their heads in shame in comparison with this new monstrosity.

I've been getting riled up to rant, and that's never good, so I'll cut it short here. Guard have been improved so much as an army, it's actually become a reason to stop playing, rather than getting back into the hobby. Stay with Fantasy for now, but I think it won't be long before codex creep kills that too.





R.P.G.

Carter & Sons: Treasure Evaluation & Advice Services

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by Dave Barker (D20 Article)

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and will sell and what is complete rubbish and should be left in the dungeon for the goblins (assuming you've left any goblins alive!). They specialise in all manner of appraisal, with secondary skills that can help with a number of different types of item, including those all-important magical ones. They will also always come with their own custom-fitted cart for hauling away treasures – and they will consider

everything found, from the common copper piece, to tapestries and magical swords all the way up to large statues and furniture. With their contacts in many parts of your world, they can even help sell on the more difficult stuff, too.

Just take the stats, modify the background in any what you need to fit with your campaign and your party size has immediately increased by three!

Carter's Back story:

Carter himself is an old hand at adventuring. After growing up on the streets of a fairly large town, he was lucky enough to find an apprentice with a prosperous blacksmith and armour smith in his early teenage years. However, things started to go bad for Carter when his master started developing increasingly large gambling debts until he was in thrall to the local thieves' guild.

As the smithy began to fail and Carter's future began to slip away in front of his eyes, he began to take up with people he had met in the thieves' guild and turned to a life of crime.

Whilst he had been a good smith, Carter found himself to be a poor thief and it was not long before he found himself before a local magistrate charged with aggravated jewel theft, an accusation that was only partially true. However, once more, fate intervened on Carter's behalf and the magistrate having known Carter as a good apprentice smith took pity on him and saw before him a youth starting to go astray, rather than a hardened thief and sentenced him to two years military service with King's Militia, on the far side of the kingdom.

Carter took well to the military life and after the two years of his sentence he volunteered for five more years service in which he continued to be well respected, rising to the position of Militia Captain, in charge of fifty men. But the life of honour guards and scouting patrols, border skirmishes and guiding wayward youths began to grow dull and Carter began to hanker for the excitement he had felt in his brief career as a thief. But Carter had also matured and had no desire to return to his old life of a common thief. So, after several months of introspection, Carter resigned his commission and signed on with bands of adventurers who were headed out to the far northern wastes in search for adventure and treasure in the ruins of the long-abandoned kingdoms of the north. His fellow adventurers were well pleased with the addition of an experienced sword to their party and they set out with great confidence. This new life suited Carter well once more and it looked once again as if Carter had landed on his feet. As they travelled north they collected rumours and stories of the old northern kingdoms and as the party left areas widely settled by humans into lands now teeming with goblinoids they began to follow up on these stories. And the more ruins they searched, the better and the more valuable the treasure they found. This they continued for eighteen months, holding out a difficult win-



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ter in deep cellars of a ruined castle that were blessed with a hot spring.

Then, as the spring broke, their packs, horses and wagon laden down with enough treasure to set them all up for life in an enviably comfortable manner – the strangest single event in Carter's life unfolded. For motives that can only have been unthinking greed, the party's cleric sold them out to a local tribe of brown orcs. However, as the orcs attacked in a fight as large as any they'd had in the north, the betrayer was the first man killed to be killed by the orcs and he was not alone.

By the time that Carter and the party's wizard, Teynsa had dispatched the last of the forty brown orcs, the fight had moved away from the initial ambush site and nearly half a mile uphill. As they recovered and began to search for their friends, they stumbled upon the site where the orcs had been camped, a disorganised and now deserted place occupied only by a single dark-haired human slave tied to a stake in the centre of the camp. Upon finding her alive under the furs the orcs had wrapped her in to keep her from freezing outright, Carter and Teynsa freed the grateful captive who helped them search for their fellows amongst the corpses of her captors.

Sadly, Carter and Teynsa found that they were the only two friends left alive after the attack and the freed captive, Annassa, found it a terrible but necessary burden to tell the two survivors that it was their cleric friend who had entered the orc camp last night and betrayed



the party.

Almost broken by this deep betrayal, the three surviving humans started to make their way back to civilisation. It was only Annassa's great joy at being freed from the orcs that managed to keep the two men going in the weeks it took to find a human frontier township where they could rest and recover.

It didn't take long for Carter and Teynsa to recover once they were back in touch with civilisation and in the weeks to follow Carter and Annassa found themselves forming first a deep friendship and then a deep love. Annassa had no surviving family or friends that she knew of in her southern homeland, so she and Carter hung around with Teynsa long enough to help him set up in one of the larger cities in the kingdom as a magical researcher.

Carter's lust for the life of adventurer had been well and truly sated by now, and having been capped off with such an extreme act of betrayal, he now began to look for a quieter and more settled life once more. It wasn't long before Carter and his new bride were heading back together to the region in which Carter was raised to set themselves up in the quiet, but busy life of landed farmers.

He was a successful farmer. So successful that as their family began to expand, so did Carter's business interests. Before long, Carter was the proud father of two sons and a daughter as well a successful business man trading in many different things, but especially the rarer and more unusual items.

In what seemed no time at all to Carter, it was time for his oldest son, Jonas, to be considering a trade. Being both strong and highly intelligent, many options were open to him, but Carter wanted to make sure that Jonas did not have the poor quality apprenticeship that had led him astray as a youth. So, to Jonas' great pleasure, Carter arranged for Jonas to learn the magical arts from his old friend Teynsa - one of the few people in all the lands he would have trusted with his son's future.

As Jonas' learned the magical arts, his younger brother, Joseph, was learning the ways of the world business and merchants from his father. Joseph is more wilful than both his brother and his father and soon found that he could achieve more in business with a little bit of underhand dealing of the kind that his father most certainly did not approve. Despite Carter's concerns, Joseph proved to be a far more adept sneak and thief than his father ever was and although Carter was able to curtail Joseph, he also helped his son cultivate contacts amongst the thieves' guild, where some of his oldest friends had by now risen to positions of seniority. Following close behind Joseph, Carter's daughter, Iona, quickly proved herself to be even more adept than both her father and brother as a merchant and finding someone he could depend upon and trust with his business, the old wanderlust began to take hold in Carter's heart once more.

It was Joseph's suggestion, whilst his brother was visiting home on the occasion of Joseph's twenty-first birthday that they should offer their services to groups of adventurers after a drunken discussion that ended up with the three of them deciding between them that they could determine the value of anything. The idea stuck, even after the hangover and the men began to test themselves gaining confidence in their valuation skills.

From there, it all snowballed to where Carter & Sons find themselves today, hiring themselves, their skills and their equipment out for adventures to hire whilst Iona and Annassa keep things in order at home. When they're not at adventuring they spend most of their spare time either practicing their skills for Iona's business dealings or in their vast library learning information both mundane and obscure - all for the common goal of becoming the best valuers of any items in the known world.



Carter's Personality:

Carter is quite a large man with sandy hair turning grey and bright blue eyes.. He is given to letting people believe he is rather less intelligent and astute than he really is. He is almost always cordial, except when deeply provoked, and often jovial. But Carter is a difficult man to form a deep friendship with as he does not extend trust very well. He does trust both of his sons completely, though.

Carter is financially shrewd and looking for a life with a bit of excitement and adventure in the company of his sons. He will look to his own first, and then to his employers. If crossed, he will become deeply vengeful, but he would not renege on a deal except in the most extreme circumstances. He is devoted to his wife, Annassa, who waits for him at home. Carter is not averse to alcohol, but never drinks much, or heavily.

Carter's oddest trait is that he always sleeps with his sword in his hand.

Jonas' Personality:

Jonas is an abnormally large man for a wizard, being taller, wider and stronger than even his father. This, together with his rural upbringing has brought him the nickname Jonas the Barn from his arcane peers – a nickname he often uses for himself. He also has the same sandy hair and blue eyes as his father, but usually wears the typical robe and trail hat of the accomplished wizard that he is. He also wears half-moon eyeglasses that he only needs for reading.

Jonas is a little quieter than his father, but can be just as jovial in the company of people he likes. He looks to his father first for guidance in most things, but often ignores his Brother Joseph's opinion except on matters when Joseph clearly has more experience. Jonas is wanted to look out for his father and brother first, and then think about their employers wants. He has taken an oath of celibacy in the past, of which he is proud and he does not drink at all. Jonas' oddest trait is that he cracks the knuckles of his toes every time he takes off his boots.

Joseph's Personality:

Joseph is more like his mother than his father. Several inches shorter than both Carter and Jonas and lithe and agile where they are large, he also has his mother's dark hair and almond coloured eyes. Joseph is a convivial man and enjoys the company of people and to this end, Carter is often happy to let Joseph be the "customer contact man" once an adventuring contract has been undertaken as Joseph is most likely to look to the letter of the contract with an employer first, before looking to his father and brother's needs, and finally thinking about that the employer actually wants.

When angered, Joseph often does not show it, but lets the anger burn coldly and deeply until he sees or engineers the perfect revenge. Most commonly this manifests as practical jokes against people Joseph perceives



have slighted him. He is quite comfortable thinking of himself as second to his brother Jonas and does not see this as a slight – even when Jonas is apparently unbearable. He loves his older brother.

Joseph will drink heavily and feast almost as much, if given the chance, but he is a happy drunk. He also has an eye for any lady that has an eye for him.

Joseph's oddest trait is that he only needs three hours sleep a night. He can sleep longer, but will suffer no ill effects so long as he sleeps for at least three hours.

Carter's Cart:

Carter & Sons have a custom-made covered wooden wagon that has a number of magical devices built into it as well as magical protection so that it doesn't appear magical to any scan or inspection unless carried out as a level 3 arcane spell (or equivalent) or higher. It is also magically trapped so that it will teleport back to Carter or Jonas (whichever is nearer) in the event that either of them believe it has been stolen. (Particularly useful on the occasions that Jonas realises he has forgotten where he has left it!)

It is also protected by magical locks (DC35) and is impervious to non-magical attacks to its structure. Built into the insides of Carter's Cart is two bags of holding and there is a trapdoor that accesses a 400 ft² chamber in a bubble-plane attached to the cart.

Joseph, son of Carter	Male human, Rogue 4, Expert 2 Medium humanoid	Hit points: 26
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Initiative +8

AC 16 (+2 leather armour, +4 dex); Fortitude +1; Reflex +9; Will +3

Speed 30ft

Base attack bonus +4

Attacks +9 Light Crossbow (+1) Damage 1d8+1 or

Attacks +3 Morningstar Damage 1d8+1 or

Attacks +4 Dagger(Masterwork) Damage 1d4

Alignment N Languages Common, Halfling, Elven, Aquan, Celestial

Str 12 Dex 18 Wis 9

Con 10 Int 16 Cha 13

Skills :

Appraise +12	Decipher Script +5	Diplomacy+3	Disable Device+10
Escape Artist+8	Forgery +7	Gather Information +9	
Jump +5	Knowledge(Local) +10		(Nobility& Royalty) +6
(The Planes) +5	Listen +4	Move Silently+8	Open Lock+11
Perform(Oratory) +5	Profession(Farmer) +1		Ride +5
Search +8	Sense Motive +3	Spot +4	Swim +4
Tumble+8	Use Magic Device +5	Use Rope +8	

Feats:

Armour Proficiency(light)	Diligent	Evasion	Improved Initiative
Sneak Attack +2d6	Trapfinding	Trap Sense +1	Two-Weapon Fighting
Uncanny Dodge			

Possessions:

Light Crossbow	Dagger(masterwork)	Morningstar	Dagger
Crossbow Bolts(50)	Buckler	Leather	

Carter	Male human, Fighter 3/Rogue 2/Expert 7 Medium humanoid	Hit points: 68
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Initiative +7

AC 18 (+3 hide armour, +2 shield, +3 dex); Fortitude +6; Reflex +9; Will +7

Speed 30ft

Base attack bonus +9/+4

Attacks +15 Longsword (+2) Damage 1d8+5

Alignment N Languages Common, Halfling, Sylvan, Dwarven, Elven, Draconic, Celestial

Str 16 Dex 16 Wis 12

Con 12 Int 20 Cha 15

Skills :

Appraise +20	Balance +5	Climb +7	Craft(Armoursmithing) +10
(Blacksmithing)+10	Decipher Script +7	Disable Device +11	Forgery +11
Gather Information +10	Handle Animal +9	Intimidate +6	Jump +9
Knowledge(Arcana) +9 (Architecture & Engineering) +9			(Dungeoneering) +9
(History) +15	(Local) +7	(Nobility& Royalty) +11	
(Religion) +9	(The Planes) +10	Listen +1	Profession(Farmer) +3
Ride +12	Search +20	Spot +1	Swim +7

Feats:

Armour Proficiency(light, medium & heavy)	Combat reflexes	Evasion
Improved Initiative	Power Attack	Shield Proficiency
Simple & Martial Weapon Proficiencies	Sneak Attack +1d6	Trapfinding
Weapon Focus(Longsword)		

Possessions:

Carter's Cart	Longsword (+2)	Hide Armour	Heavy Wooden Shield
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Initiative +3

AC 15 (+2 bracers of armour, +3 dex); Fortitude +4; Reflex +5; Will +9

Speed 30ft

Base attack bonus +5

Attacks +6 Quarterstaff (+1) Damage 1d6+5 or

Attacks +2 Dagger (+1) Damage 1d4+3 or

Spells (various)

Alignment N Languages Common, Halfling, Elven, Dwarven, Infernal, Gnome, Giant

Str 18 Dex 17 Wis 12

Con 14 Int 20 Cha 11

Skills :

Appraise +18 Concentration +12 Craft(Gemcutting) +10

Decipher Script +12 Disable Device +7 Knowledge(Arcana) +18

(Architecture & Engineering) +10 (Dungeoneering) +10

(Geography)+8 (History) +18 (Local) +6 (Nature)+7

(Nobility& Royalty) +6 (Religion) +8 (The Planes) +18 Listen +1

Profession(Farmer) +6 Search +7 Spellcraft+17 Spot +1

Use Magic Device +5

Feats:

Brew Potion Craft Wondrous Item Diligent

Scribe Scroll Spell Mastery Summon Familiar

Possessions:

Quarterstaff Dagger Bracers of Armour Wizards Spellbook

Spell Component Pouch

Spells: level 0

Detect magic Save DC 15

Mage Hand Detect Poison

Read Magic Mending

Spells PD 4

Disrupt Undead

Open/Close

Bonus Spells 0

Light

Ray of Frost

Spells: level 1

Alarm Save DC 16

Detect Secret Doors Animate Rope

Mage Armour Endure Elements

Tenser's Floating Disk Magic Missile

Unseen Servant

Spells PD 3

Burning Hands

Expeditious Retreat

Reduce Person

Bonus Spells +2

Comprehend Languages

Identify

Summon Monster I

Spells: level 2

Alter Self Save DC 17

Levitate Darkvision

See Invisibility

Spells PD 2

Detect Thoughts

Spider Climb

Bonus Spells +1

Knock

Summon Monster II

Spells: level 3

Arcane Sight Save DC 18

Dispel Magic Clairaudience/Clairvoyance

Tongues Fly

Water Breathing

Spells PD 1

Gentle Repose

Bonus Spells +1

Daylight

Summon Monster III



SHORT STORY

Commissaar

by Nick "Dysartes" Johnson

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The Commissar, Robert Laville, stared out into the gloomy darkness. Past the shell-torn no-mans-land, there was a hidden enemy, an enemy that was striking out at his men, killing a couple of men from a patrol before disappearing again. In the last week alone he had lost forty good men, men who'd be missed, men who'd be mourned. The morale of his troops was low, and sinking fast. He needed a victory, but against an enemy that wouldn't stand and fight? It was impossible.

Laville turned away, clenching his armoured left arm, feeling the phantom pain from when that alien Eldar warrior had severed his arm at the elbow five years ago. Even though the medics had replaced it with a bionic part, he still felt the agonising pain from when the blade bit into his arm. Now he was stuck with a permanent reminder of that day, of his fate, of his duty. He looked down through the hatch into the bunker. "Switch 'em on, lieutenant!" He ordered. "Aye, sir," The aide replied. Laville

shook his head and turned to look back out. Another casualty of the endless fighting, that one. The lieutenant had lost an eye to one of the attacks during the week, and had been assigned to be the Commissar's aide. Laville snorted at that thought. The least his superiors could do was to ship wounded men back, even the dead. Instead the wounded were fixed up as much as possible and the dead were left to rot on

strange worlds. It was disgraceful, really, but what could he, Laville, do about it?

All along the line of scarred, concrete bunkers, spotlights were switched on. As the light brightened, and the darkness was banished into the shadows of the forest, Laville became aware of delicate alien shapes flitting at the edge of the tree line. He could almost make out the species, but scrambled back to the hatch to



shout: "Lieutenant! Get the men to their stations! We have enemy at the perimeter!"

The Farseer, Karamon, withdrew his hand from the rune pouch and let go. Three runestones had been ensnared in his grasp, and on release hovered in the air, two of them orbiting the third. Refusing to look, he reached into the bag again, his fingers brushing against the smooth material, the cool runestones. For a second time he pulled out his hand, releasing the stones so they could join their fellows in interpreting the tides of fate. This time, however, he opened his eyes to see the pattern of stones in their intricate orbits. He studied the stones, trying to interpret through the patterns in the stones the complex skein of the future. He could read what could happen, what might happen. He took a deep breath, calming his heartbeat, then reached out to touch the stones. Instantly, his mind was transported away, visions of possible futures presenting themselves for his inspection. He could see old friends and new friends, the mon-keigh forces. But suddenly, something snapped his link to the stones. Karamon rocked back, mind reeling as it attempted to find out what had broken his concentration. His hand brushed against the comm-jewel on his armour, and he was instantly linked to his squad leaders. One wasn't reporting in, one of the Warlocks who were on the front lines.

Cursing the Warlock's impetuosity, he barked orders over the psi-channels. "Guardian Squad Goleag, move to Warlock Ithbio's position and support. Howling Ban-shiee Troupe Blade, mount your transport, but wait for me before departing." With that, he scooped up the fallen runestones, slipped his elaborate helmet over his head and, pausing only to draw his sword, ran off to join his troops. Laville drew his pistol from its

decorated holster as he moved back to the bunker's battlements. He checked the ammunition, then took aim at one of the aliens. He snapped off a couple of rounds, as coolly as if he were on the firing range, the pistol bucking and roaring in his hand and watched the explosive bullets hit home. The alien was thrown round as the first shell pierced his shoulder armour, the shell exploding in a spray of blood, the arm hanging limp and useless. The second bullet smashed through the creature's side, splinters of the armour driven deep into its insides, the explosion from the shell throwing it to the ground where it twitched uncontrollably as bright red blood seeped from its wounds. The Commissar watched the spasms die down through the gun smoke, then ducked as a storm of enemy fire threatened to rip his head off. To his left and right he could see Guardsmen, crouched as he was beneath the battlements. "What are you waiting for?" he yelled. "Get out there and slaughter the bastards!"

Beneath him, he could hear the clanking as the gates in the wall under him opened. Keeping crouched, he scuttled across to the inner wall in time to see two battle tanks move through into the storm of fire, enemy fire ricocheting wildly off the tanks heavy armour. Laville noted that the Commander was, sensibly, keeping his head down inside the turret. They were the new Exterminator variant, he saw, and as he moved to the outer wall, he heard the distinctive sound of the twin autocannon in the turret firing, the shells being spat out by the hundred. Glancing over the battlements, he saw the aliens - Eldar, they were Eldar, he realised - being chewed to pieces by the autocannon fire. To his left and right, Laville could see that the men he'd ordered to attack were still there, sheltering behind the battlements.

His pistol in hand, he turned to them. "Who's in charge of you?" One Guardsman raised his hand. "Lieutenant Jeeves, sir."

"Jeeves!" Laville bellowed. "Show your miserable face!" A worried looking officer scrambled across to the Commissar, saluting as best as he could. Laville brought his arm out, pointing the pistol between the man's eyes. The lieutenant immediately went cross-eyed, trying to look down the barrel of the pistol, his face going white.

"Lieutenant, what the hell are you doing? The Emperor's enemies are there for you to kill, and you're skulking around here like some mewling infant. Explain yourself!"

Laville said, in a cold menacing tone that was somehow worse than the shouting.

"Well, sir," the officer said, stumbling over the words as he stared down the barrel to almost certain death. "The tanks are out there now. I was thinking that they could go and hose down the enemy, then we'd go in to mop up the mess."

"That's what you thought, is it?"

The Commissar said, in such tones of menace that the lieutenant swallowed sharply. Beads of perspiration were becoming obvious on the man's forehead, even in the bitter cold they were experiencing.

"The Emperor doesn't pay you to think! I should kill you now, but at the minute every man we've got is useful to me." An explosion tore through the night, and pieces of hot metal rained down around the men. A couple jumped as the red hot fragments caught them, but they were more interested in the confrontation going on between the two officers. "I believe," Laville said. "That the tanks aren't finding it so easy, don't you? Now, pick up your weapons and get your selves down there!"

The Commissar turned away. He remembered the Colonel saying something very similar. Behind him, he could hear scrapes and

clangs as the infantry prepared themselves to go down. The amount of fire that was going over the battlements was reducing, so he decided to risk another look. It was as he feared. At the edge of the wood, the Eldar had been able to set up one of their weapons platforms; its long slender barrel suprisingly delicate compared to the destruction he knew those things could do. That weapon had obviously blown one of his tanks apart, and it was probably charging for a second shot. Three Eldar stood around the platform, one in the ornate battle armour that showed him to be one of the Eldar psykers. The other two fussed around their weapon, preparing it to fire again. Laville lifted his pistol over the battlements, flicking on the laser sight as he did so. Sighting the weapon carefully, he positioned the red dot over one of the Eldar's hearts, and fired a three shell burst, then switched to the other and did the same, firing quicker this time, with no chance to aim properly.

His first burst struck its target, the shells punching through the armour as easily as if they had been fired through paper. The second burst, not aimed as accurately, only hit the target twice, but both shots ripped through their target's head, dropping him to the ground instantly. The Warlock stood alone, looking around in shock, until the Commissar put the last two shells of his clip through the alien's helmet. "That'll teach the bastard to wear that bloody stupid armour," he thought.

As he loaded a new clip, he heard a high pitched screaming. His arm spasmed, dropping the clip to the floor. Laville's eyes widened. Only one sort of warrior used those masks. He span around, looking down to the battlefield, in time to see the Banshee's charge strike home. Not even wanting to see what happened, he turned and ran down the steps to the gate,

pistol discarded on the battlements. He drew his power sword as he ran; after the charge, the Banshee's were immensely vulnerable to a counter-attack; he knew from experience. The Banshee's were hacking through the motionless Guardsmen with ease, practising sword strokes as they moved through the living statues. The Guardsmen couldn't do anything; the psychic scream of the Banshee's having paralysed their bodies, leaving their minds to watch what happened. Laville ran out the gate, in time to see one Banshee decapitate a helpless corporal with practised ease. His eyes narrowed, and he ran towards the Banshee, who didn't seem to notice his approach, moving with a fluid grace towards his next victim.

The Banshee didn't notice his approach until it was almost too late. The Commissar's sword lashed out at the Banshee's unprotected back, but somehow, warned by some sixth sense maybe, the Eldar turned and parried the sweeping slash. Unfortunately, she wasn't able to parry the Commissars fist, the power field crackling with unreleased energy as it span around with a hammerblow to the Eldar's head, flattening it easily. Around him, Guardsmen were starting to revive, their bodies coming back under their conscious control, as the effects of the psychic scream wore off. A small group of survivors, less than a squad strong, pulled together, bayonets ready, lasguns up and aimed. At the Commissars nod, they opened fire, their energy bursts cutting through the delicate movements of the Eldar, throwing them like discarded rag dolls to the ground. One Eldar warrior remained, and as it turned to face him, Laville felt the pain of his arm again. His eyes narrowed as they took in the armours detailing, the patterns, the intricate blade. He held up his sword arm, preventing the infantry from firing, then motioned

them back to the tank. Laville walked slowly forward, sword held low by his side, power fist ready and charged. The Eldar Farseer, his weapons ready, watched him like a cat as he approached.

When he got close enough, Laville leapt, sword swinging in a wild, uncontrollable pattern of strokes. The Farseer was hard pressed to fend off the blows, his own blade parrying time after time. Laville kept his fist low by his side, ready for if the opportunity arose. His arm began to tire, the strokes coming slower, and with less power. Soon he was pushed back on the defensive, as the Eldar opened up with a full attack pattern, sword moving in interlinked infinity loops. Both men stood there, human and Eldar, swords flashing as they strove to find the gap, the one chink in their opponent's defence. Laville saw his chance. Parrying one particularly wild swing, he held the Eldar's blade wide to his side, and stepped through, behind the Farseer's guard. He spoke four words as his fist came up in a pendulum arc, the energy in the power field ripping through the armour, peeling back flesh and bone, burning through organs. Those words were the last thing the Farseer heard, the Commissar getting revenge on the creature that had denied him a normal life: "Don't you ever learn?"

Death and Slaughter

by Jason Hubbard

Captain Rogback Hillnash looked across at his company of Barvadian Rifles; he knew he had a small amount of individuals to hold this pass from the human rebels charging his position. He just had to hang on a few hours more until the relief column of Colonel Slegvash's hobgoblin mercenaries arrived. He did not like the idea of having to rely on mercenaries, as he believed that anyone who was willing to take gold for loyalty wasn't worth trusting. Yet he also knew that it was unlikely for the hobgoblins to switch sides when they finally arrived, due to the fact that the humans hated all goblin and orc races. He knew that his men would live up to the regiment's motto of "Death and Slaughter" or die trying.

He looked back at the oncoming humans making yet another charge at his unbreakable line, more humans for our slaughter he thought. He couldn't understand why they were persistently throwing the lives of their soldiers away. They had been



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defending this position for the last two days and had started with three full companies of rifles. Over the two days they had been slowly whittled down to just over one company of men, but they had killed at least a thousand of the humans.

Rogback was a Captain and loyal soldier to his Warlord and master Gilnesh Hordvork the First, they had taken this human land in the first days after the fall of the Mallayen Empire. The empire had become a land of warring factions, with warlords seeking power and



the overall aim of becoming the new emperor. In this violent and turbulent period Gilnesh had descended from the mountains into Bargavia. There were no fewer than four warlords vying for power, and Gilnesh had seized this opportunity to take control of this human land.

Rogback had started out as an ordinary soldier and had now risen to the rank of Captain and was an exceptional one, having earned 3 Sardgrian Gold Stars for bravery. He touched his war axe, a trophy from a small skirmish with some dwarves a few years back. He hated dwarves, but he wasn't one of these orcs who didn't recognise good craftsmanship when he saw it. He drifted back to the situation in hand; when he looked again at his men he could see both fear, and anticipation for what was coming. "Sergeant Midorv, what makes a good soldier?"

The sergeant instantly replied, "The ability to fire 3



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rounds a minute in any weather." "And what makes us the best", shouted Rogback.

The sergeant snapped to attention again before replying, "The fact that we can fire four and our sharpshooters can fire five, captain".

The captain smiled and pulled out a cigar, which he lit and casually started to smoke. He always believed this gave his men a small amount of confidence to

see him smoking so casually before a fight, in the face of the enemy. He stared towards the onrushing human rebels; he could see that they would soon be in range of the sharpshooters, who were placed to one side of the company. They would need no instructions; they were expert soldiers who could fight independently of the company and him.

He began to think back to when the humans had last tried to remove the orc army from their lands - it was four years ago and back then they had swiftly and violently ended it. All captured prisoners had been skinned alive and then hung out on stakes along the main thoroughfare in to the orc capital of Hindron. His mind quickly switched back to the present and focused on the oncoming rebels. He barked an order, "Front rank, kneel, and take aim, FIRE. The front rank all fired simultaneously, all 150 rifles cracked a wave of destruction into the humans. He barked another order, "Front ranks reload! Second rank, take aim, wait for it... Fire!"

More enemy fell to the rifles. Now the sergeants took control of the ranks - Rogback only ever gave the orders for the first two volleys, after that he let his sergeants take control. Rogback pulled out his two pistols and started to fire them at the human rebels. He then realised that soon he would have to order his men to charge the human ranks and slaughter them in close quarter.

He put his pistols away and pulled out his axe, moving to stand in front of and to the right of his company, casually swinging the axe to get a feel for it. Gauging the distance, he suddenly shouted at the top of his voice, "Cease firing and fix bayonets".

Pausing for a second, he belled "Charge!" Now the real slaughter and mayhem would begin, at close range.



Short Story Competition

This month we have an exclusive competition. We want all budding fiction writers to produce a short story of no more than 1500 words based around the artwork on the front cover.

The winner will receive an exclusive signed copy of the with the cover artwork by Cover artist Matthew Mella, along with the winning article being published in Issue 2 of the Irregular. We will also publish the runner up as well. Other entrants will appear on the blog and in later issues of the magazine.

SO GET YOUR IMAGINATION FIRED UP AND START WRITING TODAY.



Next Issue

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF IRREGULAR, DUE OUT OCTOBER 2009.

- The winner of the Short Story Competition
- Show report from UK Games day
- The Peasants Revolt of 1381
- More Exclusive Gaming and Painting Articles.
- An interview and focus on our Cover artist Matthew Mella



Community

Patriot Games

by Rebecca Hubbard

Staff Profile:

Paul Moore

Sales Manager

Patriot Games since 2006

* **Gamer or painter (or both)?** I'm a gamer - Jim is both!

* **What are you enjoying playing at the moment?** Legend of the Five Rings, Blood Bowl and the Battlestar Galactica Board game (not all at same time)

* **What game would you recommend to someone who's never gamed before?** Hmmm, Fluxx.

* **What's the next 'big thing' in gaming?** The development of cards interacting with computers has been experimented with. I could see a further development of this being very popular. A game you can play socially live and online.

* **What releases are you looking forward to?** Many of the big card games go through a cycle which



resets the environment, Magic the Gathering card game, Legend of the Five Rings card game for example. These are both due for that reset this summer. Those will both be big for us.

* **Personal top 5 games ever?**

Legend of the 5 Rings CCG, Munchkin, Warhammer Dark

Millenium CCG, Deadlands CCG, Horrorclix

Summer has arrived, the world and it's wife are wearing shorts, queuing for ice-cream and letting their kids play in street fountains.

So where do you turn to for a little sanity? Where do you go to



get away from the maddening hordes?

The LGS - your local gaming store

Patriot Games is one of those stores that many people don't know exists, tucked away from the crazy high street stores in a quieter part of town, it's a haven for gamers and painters alike. It's one of those well kept secrets that hides in plain sight and has been around in various forms in Sheffield, United Kingdom for 15 years.

With humble beginnings as a market stall selling comics, it became a permanent store in 1999, and went on to open a second store in Huddersfield in 2007, and can also be found online (www.patriotgames.ltd.uk). Reflecting the evolution of the store, the name changed from Patriot Comics to Patriot Games in 2006, when the current Sheffield premises opened on Lady's Bridge.

As a 'specialist hobby store' PG

isn't your run of the mill model shop selling train tracks and a bit of flock. When Jim Freeman took charge he moved towards the focus towards collectible cards games and miniatures. The colourful and regularly changing window display immediately makes it stand out, when you finish looking at the various games on display and enter the store you pass a notice board filled with eye catching posters advertising gaming clubs and events showing what a vibrant and

varied community it attracts.

"We cover roleplay, board games, war games, card and collectible card games," says Sales Manager, Paul Moore. "Much of our space is dedicated to organized play." And not only gaming - in January this year, Patriot Games opened its doors to the Sheffield Irregulars painting group, and allows the group free use of it's space to paint on a Sunday. A miniature painter himself, Jim was more than happy to let the group meet in the basement, on the one



condition that no paint got on the carpet!

And this is part of the appeal of the place, gaming rooms and racks of games, miniatures and gaming accessories can't describe the community feeling that is inescapable when you enter. The sounds of friendly banter from various games fill the surprisingly expansive building with life, noise and bodies. The gaming rooms are open all week, during the day and often late into the evenings for role playing sessions, miniature games, a board games club, and the online diary shows just how popular it is.

"We run regular in store events, open in the evenings for play groups and travel to host and help run National Events."

The commitment to evolve and grow with the hobby community is the reason PG has lasted.

"The Huddersfield store is much smaller than Sheffield, but we have concentrated on developing relations with local students to build up our customer base. Things are going OK even with 'credit crunch'".

Coming from a time when col-

lectible shops and Games Workshop were the only outlets catering to the market, and board games were traditional, PG is proof that the niche market for gaming isn't as small as it once was and is achieving a much wider appeal "To have such a wide variety of board, miniature and card games on the high street I think is pretty cool."

The growing market can only be seen as a positive, bringing new people into an established hobby, and encouraging real connections between people.

"In the age of the internet many people don't get the opportunity to get together with friends to play 'real' games." By organising events and providing a space to meet and play, Patriot Games has encouraged the social aspect of the hobby, whilst removing the two biggest obstacles: space and organisation, proving that hobby stores have an important role to play.



Patriot Games website can be found at:

<http://www.patriotgames.ltd.uk> and provides up-to-date event info, as well as having an online store. A collect in store option means you can make a reservation and collect at your convenience, rather than squashing a trip into your lunch break.



Blast From the Past -HeroQuest

by Alex Garbett

with extracts from wikipedia



"Welcome young hero. Dare you venture into the dungeon, to defeat the foul creatures of Morcar that await you and claim your prize as hero of the empire?" Firstly, if you're young, I bet you're asking what the heck HeroQuest is.

The Game

HeroQuest is an "Adventure board game" adventure board game that was created by Milton Bradley (MB) in conjunction with Games Workshop and Citadel Miniatures. The game was set during Games Workshop's early years in the Warhammer Fantasy fictional universe – 'Old World'.

The game was based around archetypes of fantasy role-playing games: The Wizard, Dwarf, Elf and Barbarian

HeroQuest was the very first introduction for an entire generation of people into tabletop wargaming. The game was released in 1989, back when board games were run of the mill, and blew a lot of people away, winning an award for 'Best Graphic

Presentation of a Board Game of 1991'

The goal of the game was to go through each dungeon, cleverly using the generic gaming board for different quests. Each game would build up your character through acquiring gold and magical items to eventually defeat Morcar and bringing peace back to the Empire.



Although the game could work with 2 people I've often found it works best with 5 people – and some drink and snacks!

Characters

Barbarian:

The Barbarian is tall, strong and muscular, and brandishes a broadsword. He is a powerful character in combat, having excellent attack, with moderately good defense, but has no magical abilities. Being the Barbarian he has the highest amount of body points, so can withstand a lot of injury.

Dwarf:

Like all dwarfs he is short, stocky and very well armoured. His main weapon is a battleaxe. He is very good in defence, not as strong as Barbarian and has no magical abilities. The dwarf also has the unique ability of being able to disarm traps without special equipment.

Elf:

The elf is tall, slender and comes armed with a short one-handed sword. He is equal in attack strength to the dwarf, but is able to use one kind of elemental spell - air, earth, fire, or water magic.



Wizard:

The wizard figurine wears cloak and carries a mages staff. In combat, he is the weakest in attack, but compensates for this by being able to use three kinds of spells, for a total of nine spells. He has very few body points so can be easily killed in combat. His high mind points allow him to be more resistant to the effects of magic.

The Games Master:

The most important role, the games master is there to play as Morcar, moving his monsters around the Dungeon trying to injure and if possible kill the heroes, but also facilitating the play of the game. The Games Master has access to a map of the Dungeon and knows where everything is while the heroes stumble around in the dark encountering

monsters as they search for their goal.

Game play

HeroQuest used a very simple yet very effective engine for game play, movement was determined by rolling 2D6, adding the score together and being able to move up to that distance – paying the cost for opening doors with one square of movement, etc. Combat involves using special dice unique to HeroQuest. To hit and wound requires the white die, if you got a skull you lost a wound. Defending was simple too – if you rolled a shield the hit was blocked. This simple set of rules made for fast and furious play and lots of laughs too! Imagine hacking poor goblins to death with a beefed up uber Barbarian.

End Game

The ultimate goal of the game was to complete the quest – whether killing some great monster, loading up on gold, finding some magical object or saving a prisoner.

The game proved to be very popular, with Milton Bradley and Games Workshop releasing several expansions to the game. Most of them can be picked up on Ebay but due to the rarity of these expansions, they can be very expensive.



HeroQuest "Kellar's Keep"

HeroQuest "Return of the Witch Lord"



HeroQuest "Adventure Design Kit"

HeroQuest "Against the Ogre Horde"

HeroQuest "Wizards of Morcar"

HeroQuest "The Frozen Horror"

HeroQuest "The Mage of the Mirror"



Final Thoughts

Although almost 20 years old now, HeroQuest still offers many friends and myself a quick and easy game of hack and slash. Unlike many other games HeroQuest has lasted the test of time and still manages to excite me when playing. I'd definitely recommend the game.

Hero Quest next to its Grandchild 'Descent' – Probably the final ultimate Dungeon Game.



An interview with an Irregular.....

Name: Richard Harrison

Occupation: Making kitchen cabinets

Age: 33

Location: Perth, Western Australia

Years gaming: on and off, maybe 8

Years painting: 12

Gamer or painter? Painter/modeller

Current army - and for what game? Currently working on Tyranids for Warhammer 40k

Current modelling/painting project? Same as above

Favourite painting challenge? The May challenge, "Paint up a squad", its given me the motivation to really get stuck in and try a few new tricks.

What's next? I really want to paint up a Mercenary force for Warmachine.

Name: Nick "Mr Evil" Johnson - or, online, usually Dysartes

Occupation: Mortgage Processor, Sender of Sarcastic Emails, Spreadsheet Guru, General Dogsboddy - I could go on, but there's only so many titles a guy can bear

Age: 25

Location: Sheffield, United Kingdom

Years gaming: 13

Years painting: 13

Gamer or painter? Yes - at the minute, a painter, but normally both. I'm not a big fan of the distinction between gamer and painter - while I can understand someone wanting to paint figures as display pieces, I can't understand someone who games not wanting to be able to field a painted force. While I may not have agreed with it at the time, the policy GW enforced at one time of you having to work on getting your army painted between gaming evenings is one I sort of agree with now - there isn't really an excuse for not making an hour or so a week, at least, to be able to work on a few figures. It is one of the reasons I decided to start coming down to the Irregulars - it forces me to spend some time painting, that I might otherwise have wasted doing nothing.



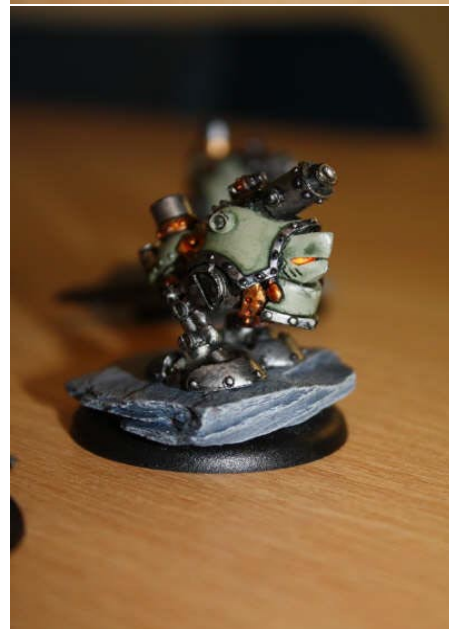
Current army - and for what game? Mercenaries for Warmachine, Dwarfs for Blood Bowl - I'm currently taking part in a tournament, but should be helping to run a league in the near future

Current modelling/painting project? Painting up Alexia, her unit of 20 Risen and 2 Thrall Warriors for my Mercenaries. In theory, I'm working on an Ogrun Bokur at the same time, and trying to finish off my Dwarf Blood Bowl team. Not that I'm piling too much on my plate, or anything.

Favourite painting challenge? I enjoyed what I saw of the April challenge, "Weathering", though - some very nicely executed figures in there.

What's next? Lots of big metal - I've got 4 Heavy Warjacks to paint for my mercenaries, along with a selection of lights and a couple of 'casters. I should really finish my Blood Bowl team off, as they're on a pause now I've got the basic eleven up to tabletop standard (in my opinion).

<http://www.dysartes.com>



Artist Showcase; Roger Bunting

Each issue we aim to bring you artwork to inspire your gaming and painting.

This issue, artist Roger Bunting from Chesterfield, United Kingdom showcases a collection of images inspired by the classic adventure story – Treasure Island by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Roger: I suppose I'd better start by properly introducing myself; my name is Roger Bunting and for three years I studied for and completed a degree in Illustration at the University of Lincolnshire and Humberside in Hull. I originally went to university to study architecture but knew that wasn't really for me and I definitely made the right choice in the end, as I enjoyed drawing and painting.



After graduating, I decided I needed to work on my black and white pictures. The pen and ink stuff I'd previously done were fine but just didn't grab me, but my colour work had developed, by using texture. So, I decided to do this project, Treasure Island. I read the book again, formulated some ideas and put them to paper, doing some rough sketches at first and then deciding to produce eight separate scenes.

I did a spot of research into costumes and buildings of the day and drew up the finished designs, ready to start the painting process. I laid down some textures, which included using



tissue and crepe paper, sand, thick paint - which I could scratch into and filler (or spackle as it's sometimes called). Once that was done I started to add the paint. One thing that differentiates these paintings from painting miniatures is that I applied the paint quite thickly and painted over mistakes, leaving brush marks and so on. For these images, that's just part of the process, something I quickly learnt doesn't work in mini-painting. I would work on each image, adjusting the composition as I painted until I figured they were done - this can be an art in itself. I have been asked why I used different textures, or more to the point, why are there no pre-applied textures on the people.



Well all I can say is the style was still pretty much a work in progress. and I was gradually adding more to it. For some pieces the lack of texture works and others not-so-much, but I'm happy overall with how the pictures turned out. As a project I set myself, to try to use my colour style in my black and white paintings, I think it worked.

Anyway, I hope you've enjoyed looking at them.

Cheers, Roger.



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Writing Guidelines

Short player-focused articles with titles like Plague in RPG, Secret Societies, Martial Art skills, or 10 Unusual Ways to Slay a rabbit and Take Its Treasure. I'd also be interested in new spells (in small, related groups) and in trap articles, feats, skills etc

Monster ecologies of creatures, the more bizarre the better. Articles on the minis/tactical aspect of D&D, 40K, Warhammer Fantasy, WAB, FOW, Hordes and Warmachine such as combat manoeuvre, terrain, or combat in ranks or shield walls. Anything that requires a battle mat, in other words.

Pathfinder, D&D (any edition), Warhammer Fantasy RPG articles. clockwork and steampunk material. Painting tutorials and scenery articles

Historical articles that may be of interest to war gamers, such as military history.

Show Reviews, Game Material Reviews

Short story articles no more than 1500 words
Interviews with industry personnel, painters, sculptors etc
Anything else we may be interested in publishing or not.

PS, those writing gaming articles for a war game system, if photos are available we'd appreciate those as well.

Illustration Guidelines

We will accept any fantasy, historical or Sci-fi art work, either full colour or B/W. We will need a wide range of art to illustrate the magazine, along with photos of well painted minis.

Images should be a minimum of 72 DPI, though this size can't be used for front covers or full page spread. Really most images should be around 300 DPI, either in JPEG, PNG, TIFF or Bitmap.

We will every month have an article focusing on a particular artist, with a 2-3 page spread, if you would like to be considered for this, then we will need several images from your portfolio along with up 1000 words.

All images and text can be submitted via email;
irregularmagazine@gmail.com

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