



# WIRY HAVIC!

THE CHRONICLES OF THE WORLD OF RACKHAM



## NEWS

January-February releases & previews  
Spring 2006 sneak preview

## RACKHAM WORKSHOP

Painting Guide: The Centurus Clone

## STRATEGY

Battle Report: The Temple of the Four Winds  
*Where the goblins defend one of Rat's sanctuaries against an attack by Tir-Nâ-Bor*

## UNIVERSE

Portrait: Ayane  
No-Dan-Kar: The Empire of Rats, from the original prophecies to Yakûsa's revolt

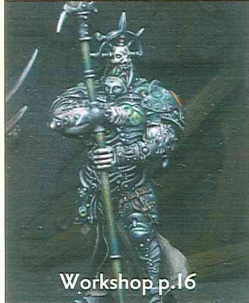
## GAMING AIDS

The Way of Rat  
Campaign for Confrontation 3: The Gates of Hell

## 5 EXCLUSIVE CARDS



One after the other the gray-skinned warriors presented themselves before the stone of blood that Damrahl had had raised near their camp. Thrusting his hands into holes that opened in the stone, the wyrd pulled out organs and cut off limbs that he tied to the chest or back of the fighters using strips of skin. A few meters away Wandyr was watching the scene, irately throwing pieces of a corpse to the hound of Scáthach accompanying him. All of these rituals made him lose time. He knew that this ceremony was very important to the wyrds. The mutilation of the faithful weakened the gods. Yet on this day of hope Wandyr wasn't thinking about vengeance. His visions had led him to this place. He was convinced that Cernunnos had stayed not far from this village and he was counting on finding the traces of his last king.



|   |    |
|---|----|
| <b>EDITORIAL</b> .....                            | 03 |
| <b>NEWS</b>                                       |    |
| January 2006 .....                                | 04 |
| <b>PREVIEWS</b>                                   |    |
| 2006 .....  | 07 |
| February .....                                    | 08 |
| Roleplaying Game: <i>Cadwallon</i> .....          | 10 |
| <b>WORKSHOP</b>                                   |    |
| Painting Guide: The Centurus Clones .....         | 16 |
| <b>STRATEGY</b>                                   |    |
| Rag'narok: The Temple of the Four Winds (*) ..... | 22 |
| <b>RULES</b>                                      |    |
| Confrontation 3: F.A.Q. ....                      | 40 |
| <b>UNIVERSE</b>                                   |    |
| Portrait: Ayane .....                             | 44 |
| The Empire of Rats .....                          | 46 |
| The Ways of Rat .....                             | 48 |
| Nine Tribes to Rule Them All .....                | 52 |
| The Mysterious Adventure of Master Sulfur .....   | 54 |
| The Art of War .....                              | 60 |
| The Yakûsa Clan .....                             | 66 |
| The Archipelago of Zoukhoï .....                  | 68 |
| <b>GAMING AIDS</b>                                |    |
| The Way of Rat .....                              | 71 |
| The Gates of Hell .....                           | 72 |

\*Army sheets available at <http://confrontation.fr>



**CARDS**

- Holok (Black Rock)
- Lo'Nua (Pandemonium)
- Janos the Banished (Pandemonium)
- Sumotoro the Brute (Ogre champion)
- Yakûsa the Rebel (Yakûsa goblin)

These cards cannot be sold separately from *Cry Havoc!*

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**CAUTION!**  
 Some articles in this issue mention accessories that must be handled extremely carefully: the modelling knife with which one can cut oneself, the cyanoacrylate glue that bonds very quickly... We recommend that the youngest players and collectors only do the following activities under adult supervision and always carefully read and follow the instructions supplied with this material.

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# editorial



**W**ith the coming of the New Year comes the time for good resolutions. *Cry Havoc* isn't an exception to this rule and has changed format!

After two years of being released every three months, your magazine will now be available every two months. Yes, a magazine and not a booklet. What does this change? Everything? No, this editorial is the opportunity to present the assets of the new format.

**The News section** will now cover the releases of the current month, events in which  $\Delta\text{CKH}\Delta\text{M}$  is participating, as well as the most enthralling initiatives that you tell us about.

**The Preview section** will present sneak-peeks at visuals of future releases: miniatures being produced, concepts, and much more.

The separate *Gaming Aids* booklet has completely disappeared, but not its contents, which will now be included among the *Cry Havoc* articles. Thus, army sheets will now follow articles on armies, new rules will accompany the concerned Universe articles, and so on.

**The Strategy section** will no longer be limited to a battle report summarizing a real game. It will now include details on a specific aspect of the rules: launch of a new edition or a new gaming mode, strategy guide for an army, official errata, tournament or themed event rules, etc.

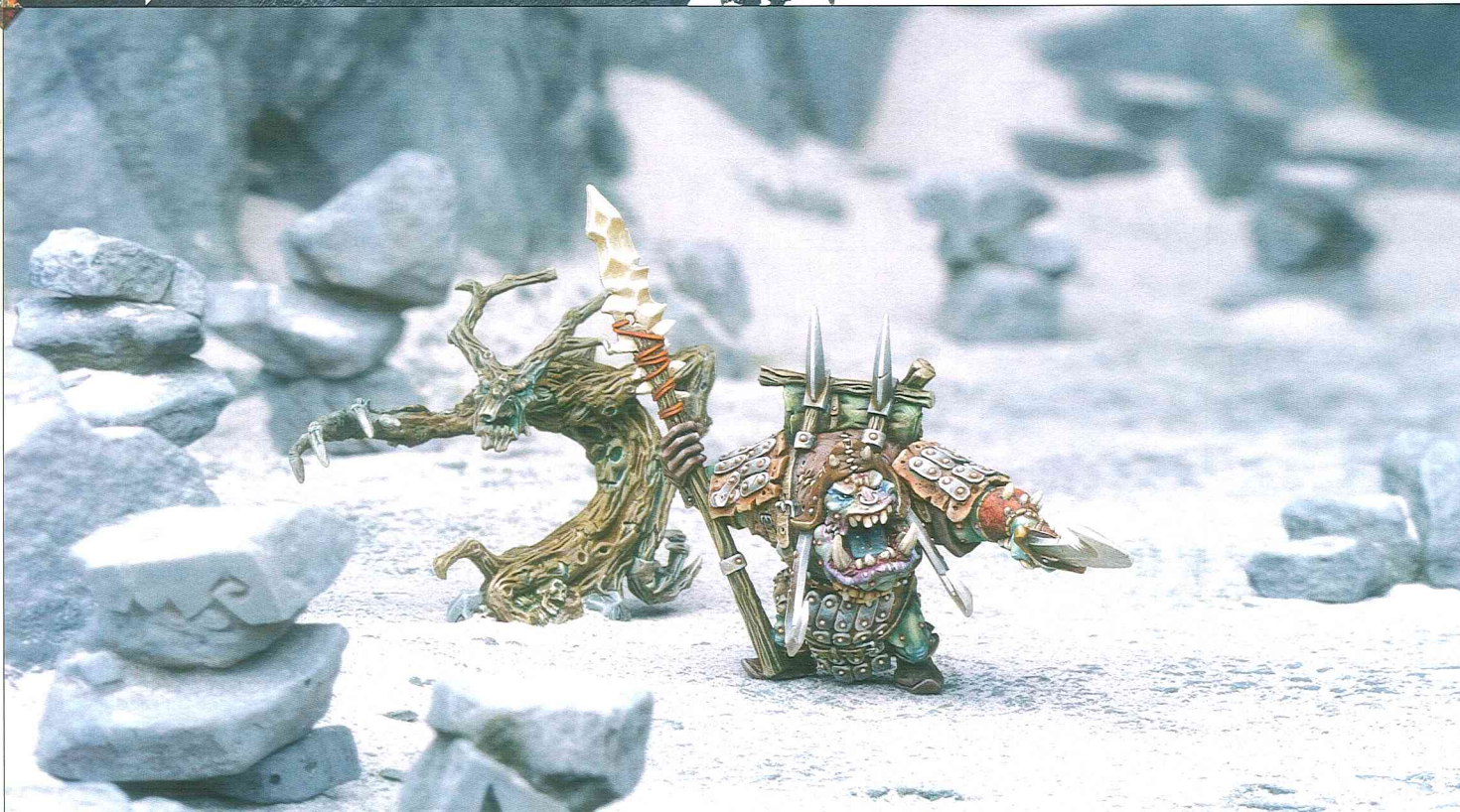
**The Universe section** will now propose either a special report on a hot spot (such as Kaiber in *Cry Havoc*, vol. 2) or on a people (such as the goblins in this issue), or several articles on various armies.

This section will also include short stories, portraits... In short, there will be all kind of information about the heroes of your universe. It will also regularly include thematic galleries: previously unpublished illustrations, customizations made by enthusiasts, new paintjobs, or even scenery and settings built by our studio.

We have also reduced the number of cards provided in each issue, for they helped make it a bit pricey for many of you to collect this magazine.

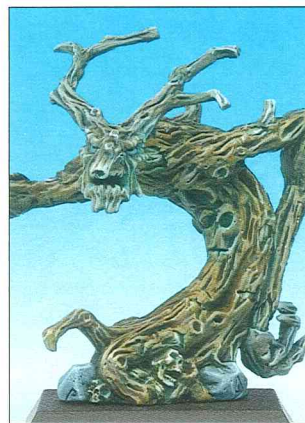
*Cry Havoc* is looking forward to seeing you in May 2006 for another issue in its new format. Until then, don't spare your enemies from anything.

Enjoy!



THE ORCS OF THE BEHEMOTH

GRAKKHA, KAMAHRU'S CHAMPION



ORLV 02

After having lived for centuries in the foothills of the western mountains, the orcs of the tribe of the Behemoth have been caught up by the violence of the Rag'narok. The great Tree-spirit has allowed the reincarnation of the prophet Kamahru to guide the tribe through the final battle. Grakkha is his champion and the sanctuary of the Behemoth's protector.

This box includes all you need to assemble a miniature of Grakkha, Kamahru's champion, accompanied by the reincarnated Kamahru.

THIS BOX INCLUDES:

2 MINIATURES AND 8 CARDS: GRAKKHA (REFERENCE CARD), KAMAHRU'S CHAMPION (REFERENCE CARD), KAMAHRU REINCARNATE (REFERENCE CARD), GRAKKHA AND KAMAHRU (EXPLANATORY CARD), THUNDER-ROCK (ARTIFACT, 25 A.P.), THE HIDE OF THE BEHEMOTH (ARTIFACT, 20 A.P.), BLOOD OF THE TREE-SPIRIT (ARTIFACT, 13 A.P.)

GRAKKHA  
RANK: ORC ELITE CHAMPION.  
TRIBE OF THE BEHEMOTH.  
139 A.P.

KAMAHRU'S CHAMPION  
RANK: ORC LIVING LEGEND.  
TRIBE OF THE BEHEMOTH.  
269 A.P.

KAMAHRU REINCARNATE  
RANK: ORC LIVING LEGEND.  
TRIBE OF THE BEHEMOTH.  
75 A.P.



## THE ALCHEMISTS OF DIRZ

### NEFARIUS CLONE



SCBO 09

The Nefarius clone, born of the machiavelian minds of the Scorpion scientists, is the embodiment of the conquering will of the empire of Syharhalna. No other creature on Aarklash offers such a mix of sly intelligence, killer instinct and bloodthirsty ferocity.

This box includes all you need to assemble a Nefarius clone for the army of the alchemists of Dirz. It also contains a nexus card and a reference profile that allows you to play this creature in *Hybrid*.

#### THIS BOX INCLUDES:

1 MINIATURE (CHOICE OF 2 HEADS) AND 4 CARDS:  
NEFARIUS CLONE (REFERENCE CARD),  
THE NEFARIUS CLONES (EXPLANATORY CARD),  
ALCHEMICAL COLOSSUS (NEXUS),  
NEFARIUS CLONE (HYBRID REFERENCE CARD).

NEFARIUS CLONE  
RANG : SCORPION CREATURE.  
105 P.A.

1000th  
Rackham  
miniature



OPTR 01



**OPHIDIAN ARCHER**

1 MINIATURE AND 1 CARD:  
OPHIDIAN ARCHER

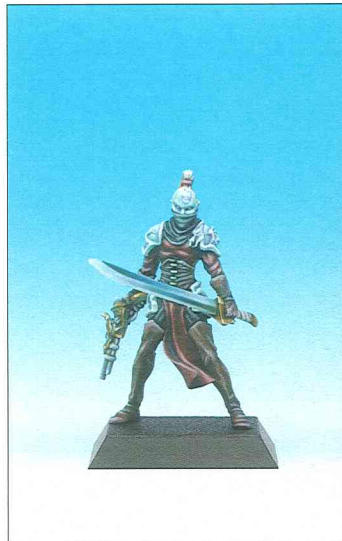
RANK: OPHIDIAN VETERAN.  
45 A.P.

The shots of the ophidian archer positioned at the top of the hill were decimating the Lion's ranks. The troop's magician had been killed and every new shot took the life of another brave warrior. Three reapers attacked the creature from behind, the thought of their reward for bringing back a trophy attesting their victory already going to their head. Yet they hadn't counted on the reptile's extraordinary senses. The ophidian spun around and, after having nailed a scout to a tree like a butterfly to a board, he threw himself at his opponents.

Endowed with AIM 4 and an ophidian bow / STR 7, range 30-50-70, the ophidian archers are true hunters who can stalk and eliminate the toughest opponents. In addition they have Consciousness, Harassment and Toxic / 3, which are all abilities that make it very hard to get near them.



CYTR 02



**SELSÝM KESTREL**

3 MINIATURES AND 1 CARD:  
SELSÝM DUELIST

RANK: CYNWÁLL VETERAN  
25 A.P.

At the signal of their officer the selsým kestrels rushed at the Akkyshans in scattered ranks.

Each one had already marked his target and was concentrated on this only goal. The Cynwáll's fast advance brought them into the battle like a gust of wind blowing through the forest while whistling. The breeze became a storm when they discharged their pistols just a few meters away from their opponents. Some finished off their victims with a shot to the heart. Others dodged the attacks of the furious widows to rush at their true goal: the witch who was leading the sinister sisterhood.

The selsým kestrels are versatile and subtle: they are equipped with a helianthic pistol / STR 6, range 15-20-25, which, when combined with AIM 4 and the "Assault fire" ability, makes them the ideal troops for a rapid engagement (MOV 12.5). Once in contact with their enemy they use the "Feint" ability to neutralize their opponent and bring them to their mercy.

Úraken's wisdom is immense and his ruse is limitless. He teaches his disciples a new way of living and dying. To the strongest ones he gives a weapon and armor as well as the promise of an honorable death. To the most numerous of them he gives a weapon and a shield as well as the opportunity to become a hero in his name. To those who are neither strong nor numerous he gives the shadows, silence, and the license to kill in the most dishonoring way for the opponent.

The ninja goblins are true daggers that are ready to be stabbed into an enemy's back. Indeed, these goblins have Assassin, Vivacity, and especially Reinforcement, which lets them have a chance to return to the battlefield once their dirty deed has been done. They can furthermore be given a specialty: either Macabre Crow with Leap or Deadly Rat with Toxic / 1.

The Dogs of War card pack contains 16 cards designed for the Dogs of War supplement of Confrontation. Among them there are several event cards to be drawn during the game and three Mercenary profiles that can be used for any army.



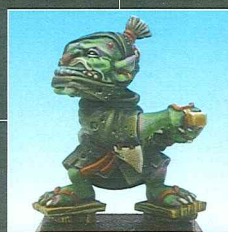
GBSP 08/GBSP 09



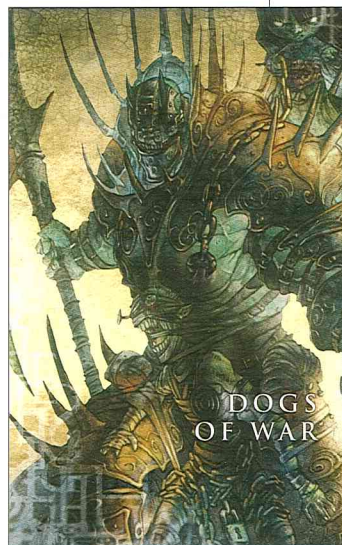
**NINJA GOBLIN 1&2**

2 BLISTERS OF 2 MINIATURES  
AND 2 CARDS EACH:  
NINJA GOBLIN (REFERENCE  
CARD), THE NINJA GOBLINS  
(EXPLANATORY CARD).

RANK: GOBLIN SPECIAL.  
ÚRAKEN 22 A.P.



PDOW 01



**CARD PACK  
DOGS OF WAR**

15 CARDS, INCLUDING:

KELT ARCHER  
RANK: KELT REGULAR  
14 A.P.

WOLFEN NOMAD  
RANK: WOLFEN REGULAR  
30 A.P.

ESCORT DWARF  
RANK: DWARF VETERAN  
23 A.P.

THE BEAUTIFUL FAIRY TREMBLED FOR A MOMENT. NEXT TO HER THE EMERALD WARRIOR TRIED TO BE REASSURING. BOTH OF THEM WERE SECRETLY WATCHING THE KELT TRIBE AND ITS DRUID OPEN A PASSAGE TO AN ELEMENTAL REALM. "THEY'RE GOING TOO FAR. WE MUST DO SOMETHING."

"BUT THERE ARE MANY OF THEM."

THE WARRIOR ANSWERED WITH A HUNGRY SMILE. HE TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT THE FOREST OF SPEARS AND SWORDS WAITING IN SILENCE BEHIND THEM. MANY OF THESE FIGHTERS WERE WORRYING ABOUT THEIR DISTANCE FROM QUITTHAYRAN, YET THEY WERE ALL SURE OF THEIR MISSION'S VALIDITY.

THE WARRIOR RAISED HIS ARM. THE DAÏKINEES MOVED UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL WITH A CHITINOUS CREAKING.

THE WARRIOR BROUGHT DOWN HIS ARM AND AARKLASH'S WRATH CAME CRASHING DOWN ONTO THE KELTS.

## THE GUARDIANS OF QUITTHAYRAN

The guardians of Quitthayran are entering a new cycle. The Rag'narok is disturbing the cosmic balance of Aarklash; the Elemental Realms are spilling onto the continent and the Sihirs, such as Na'Goth, are now walking on the same land as the elves. This must cease and King Mnyrl is answering nature's call. Though the Akkyskans are still threatening their borders, the Daïkinees must protect Aarklash from the devastation of the Rag'narok. No matter that this struggle will lead them to their demise; they will save the world, for this is their destiny.

In addition to their fierce determination, the Daïkinees have many strengths at their disposal. A MOV of 12.5 allows them to spring from the Emerald Forest to rush at their enemies. Protected by their tough scarabaeid armor, their elite warriors slay their opponents using symbiotic weapons. And when the skirmishes turn into battles, these elves use their insectan artillery. The sap of Aarklash flows in their veins, giving them extraordinary vital energy. Therefore the elves of Quitthayran live longer the closer they are to their birthforest and can heal the worst of wounds (they all have the "Regeneration/X" ability).

The Daïkinees aren't fighting alone. The Emerald Forest also shelters fairies, the beautiful people that accompanies the elves in combat. The efficiency of these immortal beings is only matched by their beauty, be they graceful elite warrioresses or sorceresses manipulating fayery and dreams. Hand in hand, Daïkinees and fairies will fight to the end.

### REGENERATION/X

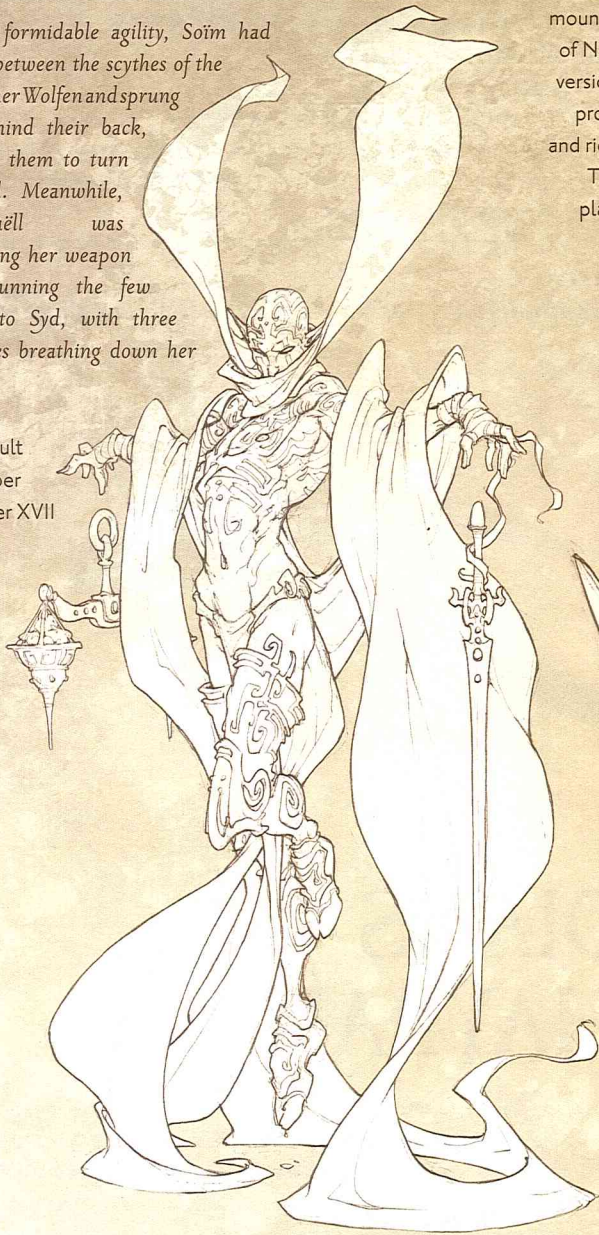
During every maintenance phase, 1d6 is rolled for every wounded fighter who has Regeneration/X. On a result of X or higher the fighter's Wound level is improved by one degree.

**EXAMPLE:** A Critical Wound becomes a Serious Wound.



“With formidable agility, Soim had dived between the scythes of the two other Wolfen and sprung up behind their back, forcing them to turn around. Meanwhile, Nelphaëll was reloading her weapon and running the few yards to Syd, with three zombies breathing down her neck”

The Fault of Kaiber  
Chapter XVII



This box contains a Master and his troll mount for the goblins of No-Dan-Kar. Two versions of Sulfur are provided: standing and riding a red troll. The latter can be played on its own.



The **paladins** embody the kingdom of Alahan’s ardent desire for justice. Loyal to the ideals of the Lion, they travel the roads and march with the armies to provide help for the oppressed and battle the minions of Darkness.



**WORK IN PROGRESS  
CYNWÄLL DRAGON**

The next Titan will be for the Cynwäll elves. This **dragon** will have two exclusive titan capacities: Wing Beat and Dragon Fire.



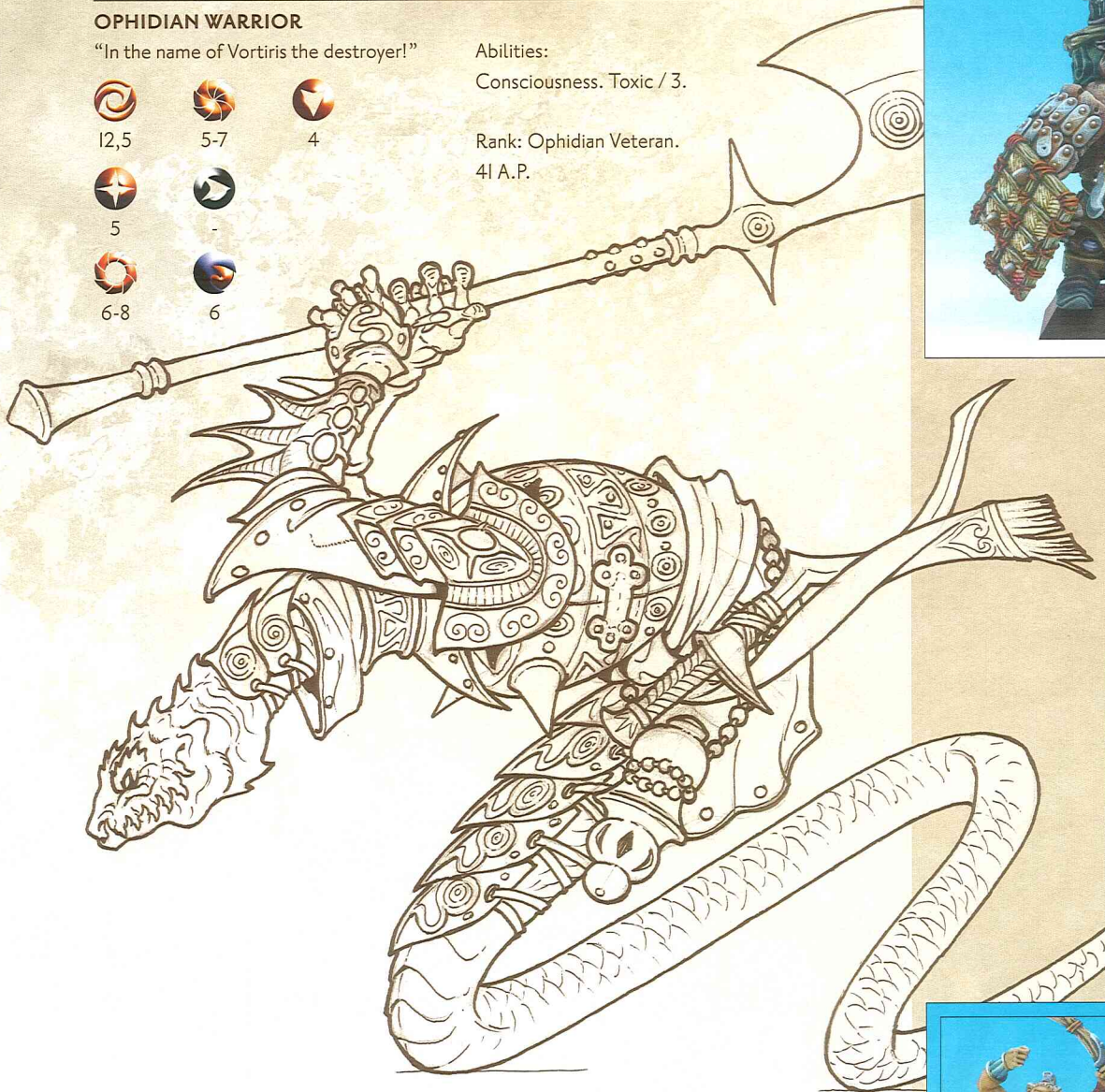
**OPHIDIAN WARRIOR**

"In the name of Vortiris the destroyer!"

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |
| 12,5  | 5-7   | 4   |
|  |  | -   |
| 5   | -   |   |
|  |  |   |
| 6-8   | 6   |   |

Abilities:  
Consciousness. Toxic / 3.

Rank: Ophidian Veteran.  
4 I.A.P.



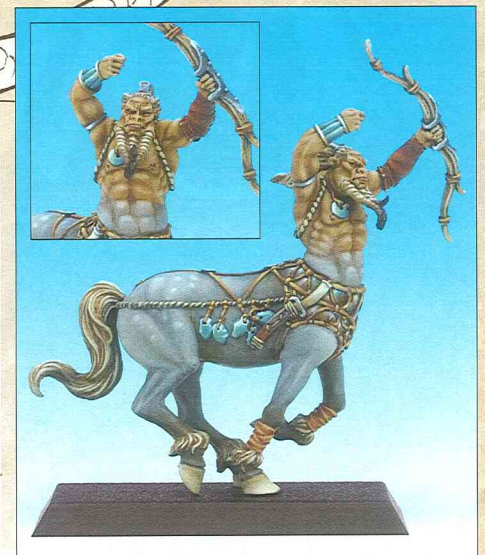
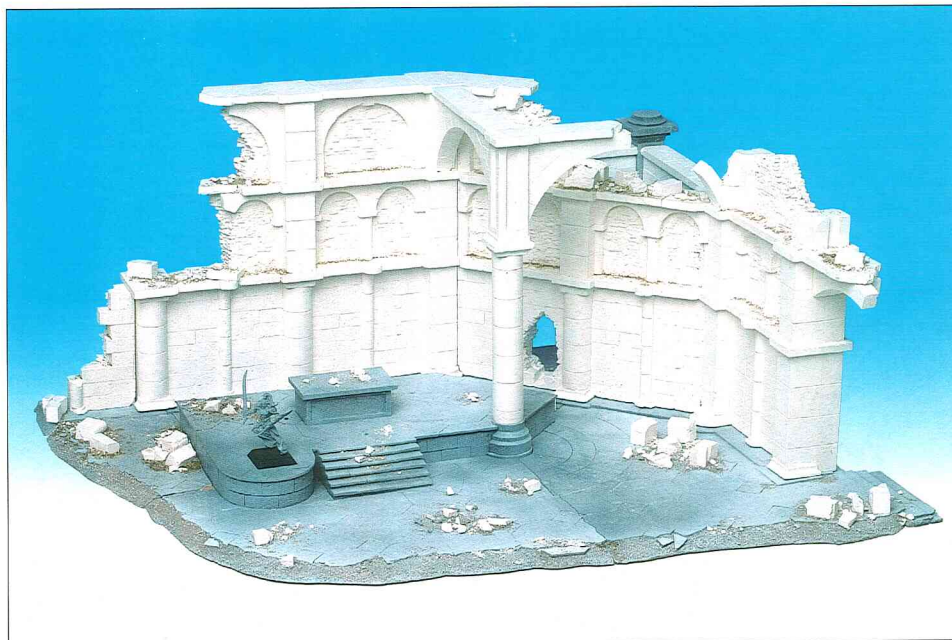
**MOUNTAINER OF THE BEHEMOTH**

**KELT SHAMAN MERCENARY**

Offered as a sneak preview to the visitors of the 2006 Paris Open. This miniature will also be available at the 2006 Gencon.



**SETTING: ABBEY OF THE CRUSADES**



The terrifying children of the goddess Danu, the **centaurs** roam the plains of Avagddu at the sides of the Kelts of the Sessairs clan. Ready to fight in the name of their ideals, they are the symbol of fierce and limitless freedom.

This box contains all you need to assemble 3 centaurs for the army of Sessairs Kelts (three possible profiles).



THE FREE CITY  
CADWALON

THE PLAN

“We were no longer expecting you!”  
 Garwyn had stood up when his Wolfen companion arrived. Because the latter had to stoop to enter the attic, the Drune was facing him eye to eye. The Wolfen pulled up his chops, baring his huge fangs. Urum got between his two partners; his presence seemed to calm them down.

“We have all night to act. Kargyl, tell us what you know.”

“The documents truly are upstairs as we have been told. The bad news is that the house has employed a new captain of the guard, and he is very disciplined. The good news is that the guards who aren’t on duty don’t sleep on the premises but in a house two blocks away.”

Urum threw Garwyn a worried glance.

“We aren’t Free Leaguers for nothing. We’ll get there.”

“We’ll go through the catacombs?”

“No, too risky. This fief’s tunnels are crawling with strange creatures.”

Urum heaved his chest.

“In my tribe we aren’t scared of monsters!”



The Wolfen and the human answered in unison.

“We’re not in Bran-Ô-Kor, we’re in Cadwallon!”

“Yeah, I guess so. Do you have a plan?”

Garwyn smiled.

“As usual. I enter, I sneak around, I pick the locks. You follow me at a good distance and Kargyl keeps a lookout in the street to hold back any reinforcements, should the alert be given.”

The Wolfen growled.

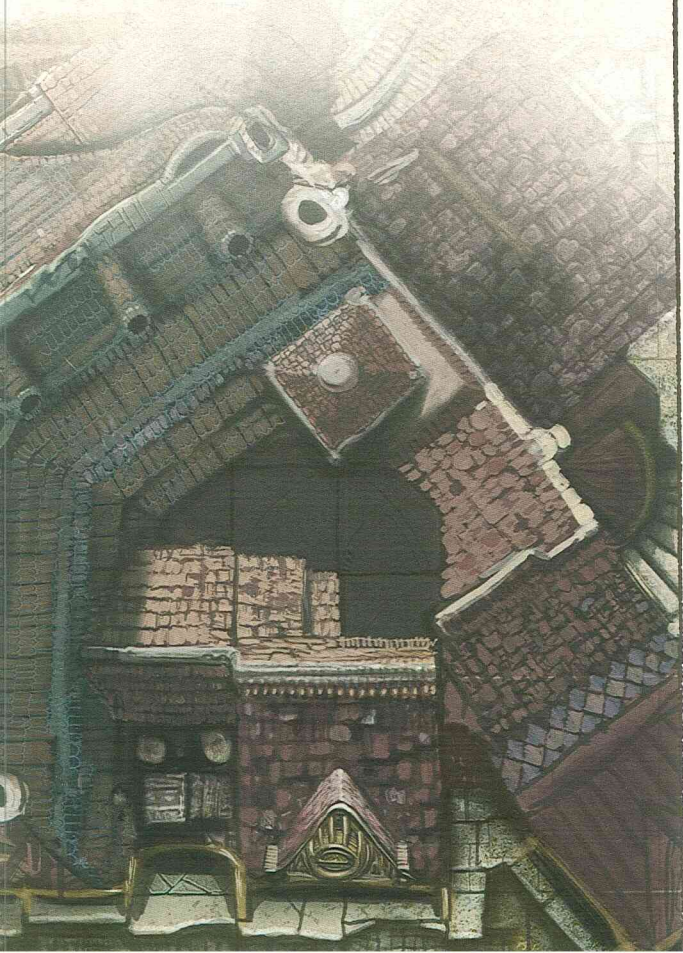
“It’s not my fault if the houses weren’t built for Wolfen.”



You have the right, I have the right, we all have the right. Until the militia arrives.



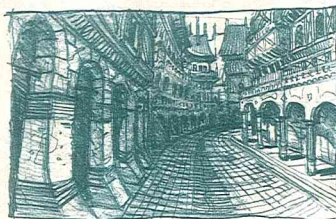
Gathered on this day as equals, we profess ourselves to be Free Leaguers and pledge allegiance to the Duke. We recant all servitude, regain our status of free men, and defy anyone to take it from us.



## THE MISSION

Garwyn moved with the agility of a cat. When he reached the corner of the wall, he quickly threw a glance around it. Seeing the guards moving away, he gestured Urum to come nearer. Cramped in his armor and a huge axe in his hand, the orc made as much noise as a brontops. The Drune sensed that the guards were becoming nervous, yet not enough to sound the alert. He picked the lock on a door and entered the master of the house's office.

There in the half-light he searched a chest. He found a carefully rolled up parchment and...



"Charge!"

In a split second Urum pounced on the approaching guard. With a single blow he split his skull. Too late. Between the Bran-Ô-Kor war cry and the sound of the corpse hitting the ground, the shout that they so feared was heard.

"Alarm!"

In the street Kargyl was getting ready for the worst. He saw reinforcements running towards the house. The Wolfen calmly got in their way and invoked the power of Water to trick his enemies.

"It's only a false alarm."

Some of the guards stopped in their tracks, yet the others attacked. Kargyl flashed his fangs. He could handle the guards, but the militia would soon arrive.

Upstairs Urum was running as fast as he could while carrying Garwyn unconscious on his back and the parchment under his arm. To motivate himself, he imagined that he was running across the arid lands of Bran-Ô-Kor. The window was only a few more strides away, and on the other side lay the promise of freedom.

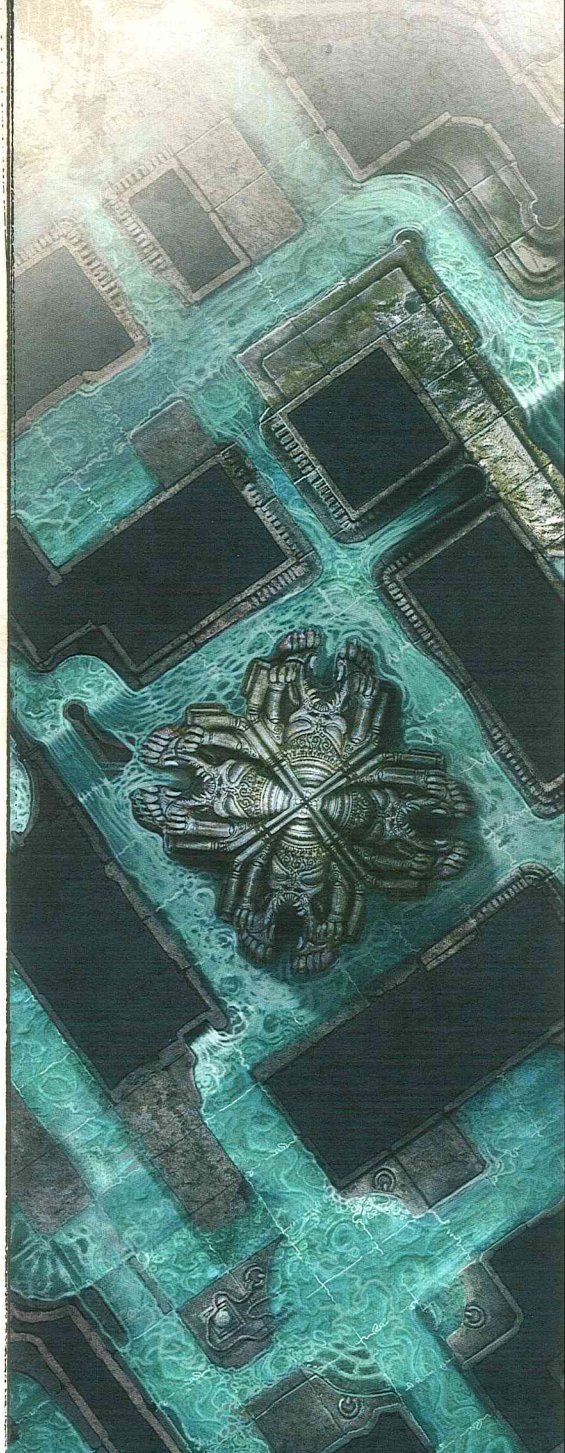
Suddenly a guard burst into the room, a crossbow in his hands. A bolt went flying into the orc's knee. Urum nevertheless jumped through the window and landed as well as he could in the street.

When he raised his head he was face to face with five militiamen.

GARWYN

I missed my hit job at noon 'cause I got totally trashed last night, so I'd better bury the chump with my next shot or else I'll have to lie low for a while.

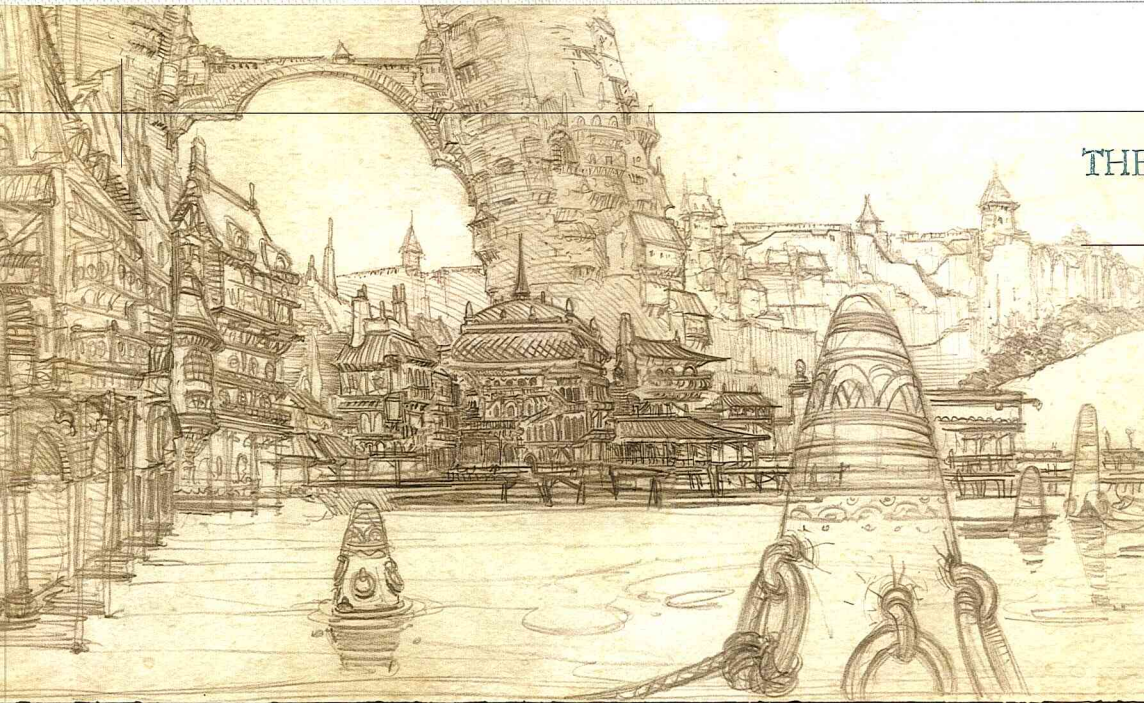
ADAWALYN



My kingdom for a ducat!

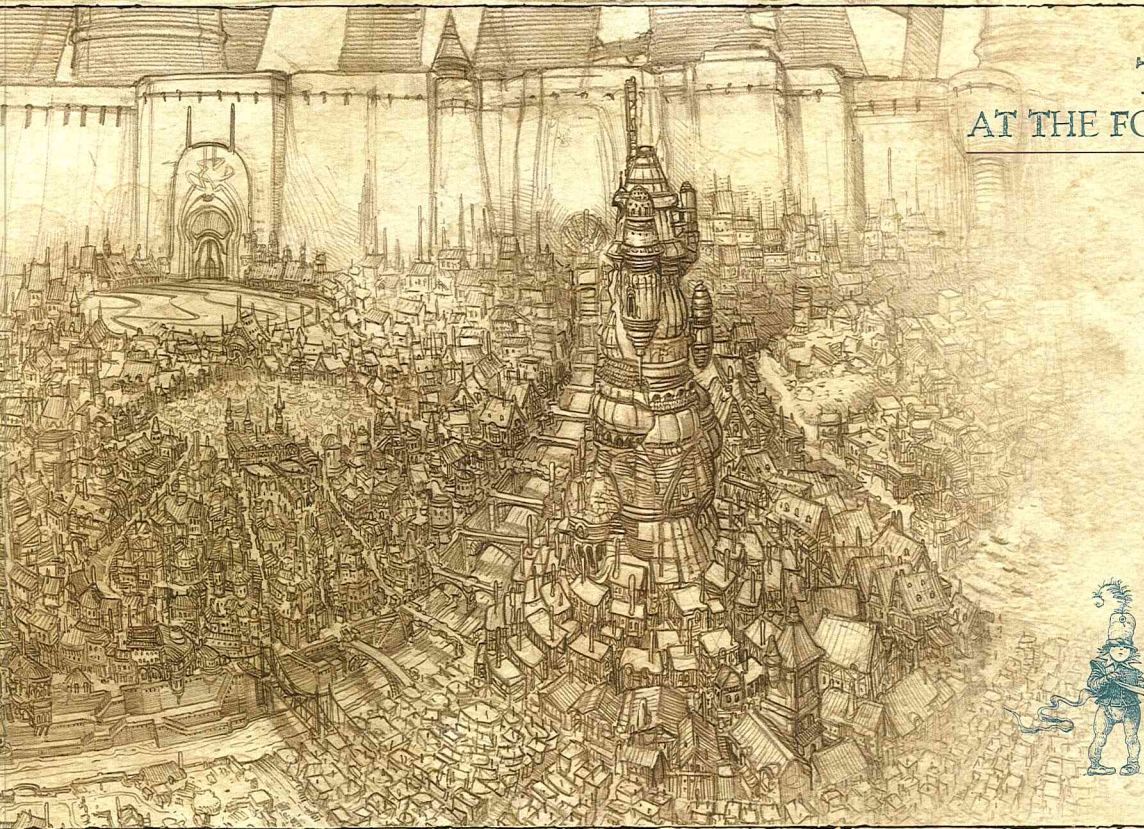
## THE LAKE OF THE UPPER CITY

On the shores of Lake Cadwallon the upper city's wide avenues give way to romantic lakeside streets. A simple afternoon stroll or a rowboat ride lets the Jewel of Lanever's most beautiful houses as well as some of its monuments, such as Vanius's mausoleum, be admired. In the distance to the right one can glimpse the Garden of Desire and its luxuriant vegetation.



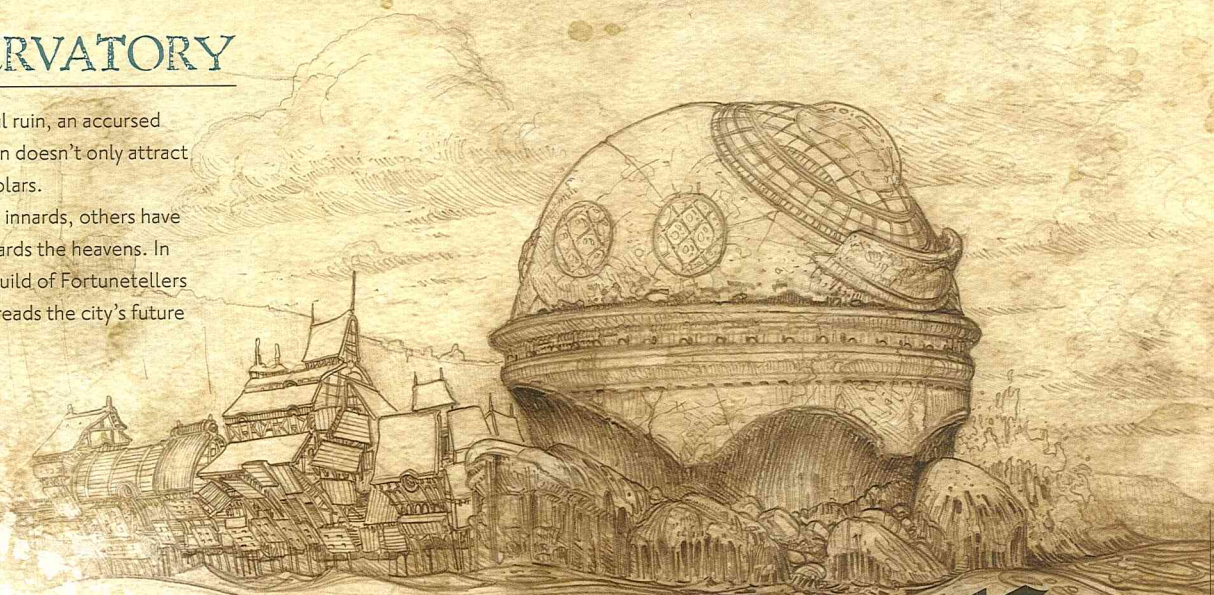
## THE LOWER CITY AT THE FOOT OF THE RAMPARTS

In the shadows of the Cynwäll towers of Cadwallon do their trade. Teeming, intoxicating or dangerous, the lower city never sleeps. It gives the same chances to all, yet a different fate to everyone, be one an honest merchant or an extraordinary swindler, a dirty tramp or an outstanding Free Leaguer. It's up to you to seize opportunity when it comes



## THE OBSERVATORY

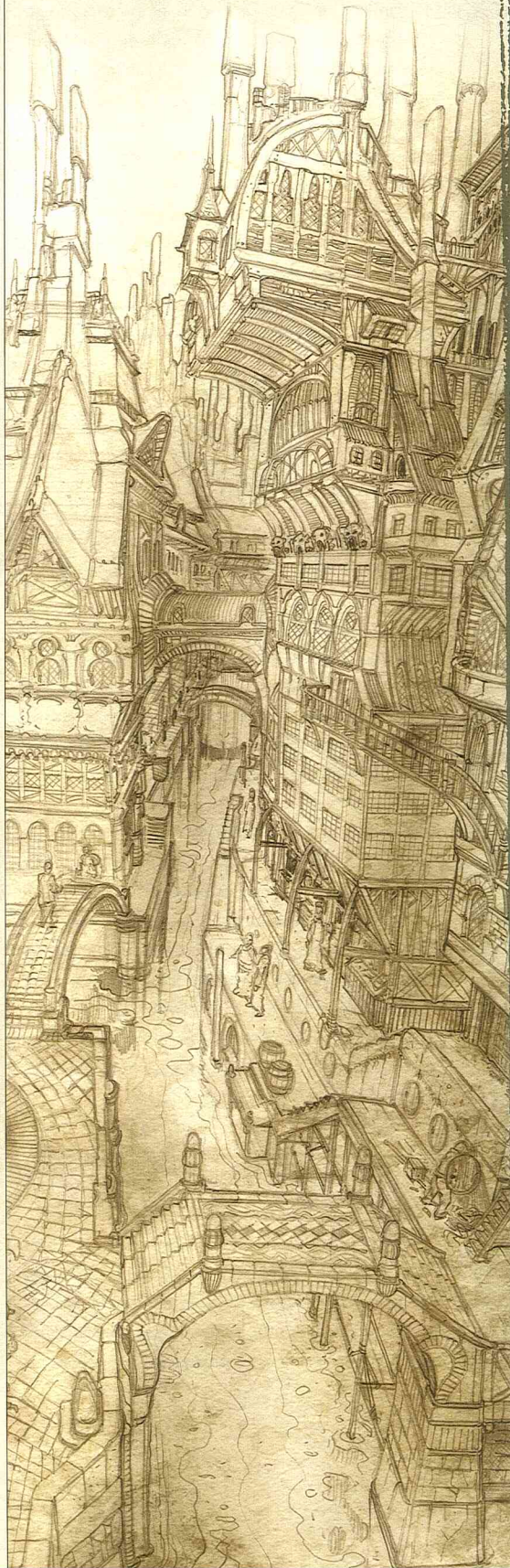
An archeological ruin, an accursed city, Cadwallon doesn't only attract pillagers but also scholars. While some search its innards, others have their gaze turned towards the heavens. In this observatory the guild of Fortunetellers observes the sky and reads the city's future in the stars.





## AN UPPER CITY STREET

The thirst for conquest remains strong among the descendents of the Dogs of War. In the upper part of the city, Cadwallon never stops growing over the lake's waves. At every imaginable height dauntless bridges cross canals... or emptiness. Every one of them is an invitation to take an unusual walk.



## THE PRISON

It was cold in the Ten Thousand Paces. And it stank. Garwyn had been woken up by the stench without being able to tell if it came from the prison or from the drunken militiaman sitting behind the desk.

"Last name, first name, place of birth."

"Garwyn, the Black Woods."

"Next."

"Kargyl, Quithayran."

"Next."

"Urum... Cadwallon."

Kargyl was dumbstruck. Garwyn couldn't believe his ears.

"I thought you came from Bran-Ô-Kor!"

"Err... yup... My blood's from over there. Jackal guides each one of my footsteps."

Kargyl and Garwyn blasted the Cadwë orc with their gazes. The militiaman got up.

"You'll be judged tomorrow by the peer..."

"We're Free Leaguers," Garwyn interrupted.

"Yeah, right, and I'm the duke of Cadwallon."

With an annoyed and weary gesture the three associates pulled out the ducat that they had hanging around their necks. On seeing the bloodstain decorating each one of them, the militiaman finally gave in.

"Very well, I'll inform your steward. This doesn't change anything and as long as I haven't seen other ducats you'll stay right here. Those are the rules."

"Everything can be paid for," the Free Leaguers answered together.

A few moments later all three of them were in a big cell. Kargyl took a look at the establishment's other guests.

"Hey, the three guys over there remind me of something."

Urum raised his head.

"Yup, those are the guards that you bit earlier on." Urum squinted. "I've seen the skinny one before somewhere."

"Not surprising," rumbled Garwyn while getting up. "He's the guard who shot you in the knee while you were running like a brontops from Bran-Ô-Kor."

Urum didn't answer. Kargyl sniffled distractedly.

"He must know where the parchment's next hiding place will be."

The three Free Leaguers exchanged glances of complicity.

"Hey, buddy, how would you like to join a league?"

In Cadwallon,  
everything can be  
paid for.







## PAINTING GUIDE THE CENTURUS CLONES

THE CENTURUS CLONES ARE UNSTOPPABLE KILLING MACHINES. THEY TIRELESSLY ROAM THE CORRIDORS OF THE SYHAR LABORATORIES, PROTECTING THE HERETIC SCIENTISTS, THEIR IMPIOUS KNOWLEDGE AND THEIR MACABRE SECRETS. THE TIME HAS COME TO RENDER HONOR TO THIS PIECE, WHICH IMPRESSES DUE TO ITS SIZE AND THE AURA OF STRENGTH THAT IT RADIATES.

### PREPARATION

The Centurus clones are voluminous and complex miniatures that must be prepared correctly (trimming, filing, sanding, assembly). Special attention has to be given to make sure that the various parts fit together perfectly, but the arm holding the voulge is not glued to the rest of the miniature yet. This element is painted separately and attached to the rest later on. This allows the piece to be understood before it is painted and avoids making certain details inaccessible.

The painting of these miniatures sometimes requires great finesse so it is important to work using a high-quality paintbrush with a flawless tip.

Once it has been assembled, the miniature is given a white undercoat.

### INSPIRATION AND TECHNIQUE

The source of inspiration for this piece is, of course, the cover illustration of the third issue of *Cry Havoc*. It just takes a few moments to understand that the Centurus are ruthless killers devoid of all emotions.

To show this, the miniature should be painted in a sober way with a color scheme dominated by shades of gray. Thus, a 50/50 mix of *Gray of Darkness* (045) and *Accursed Black* (002) is made to get dark gray, which is then found in practically all the tones used. To create a certain harmony these tones must complement each other.



The miniature can be divided into four different zones: the armor, the cloth, the skin and the head. Each zone is to be treated completely before passing on to the next one. The work is to be done in layers: the hollow parts are painted before progressively moving to the more exposed parts. This technique allows a zone to be treated without having to worry too much about accidentally going over the edge to the bordering areas. What more, when painting the next layer it's easier to leave the hollow parts intact. When there is "contact" between the hollow parts and the exposed parts, the exposed ones "cover" the hollow ones so as to make it easier to follow their contours.

Regarding the Centurus, the zones are to be painted in the following order: the skin, the cloth and then the armor. The details, such as the tubing, the face and the skull, are done last.

After having applied each zone's bases, each one is worked in the same way: darkening using wash, a first lightening with the base layer, consecutive shading to "raise" the light, outlining done with the same mix used for the wash (to better define the zones and strengthen the darkening). And finally a last lightening is done to get a clean rendering and to correct any smudges there may be in the outlining.



### THE BASE LAYER

Once the undercoat has been applied, the whole miniature is covered with a wash made with a 50/50 mix of *Gray of Darkness* and *Accursed Black*, which makes the details as well as the limits of the various zones stand out. What more, it also slightly tints the base layer, which perfectly suits the ambiance that is being sought.

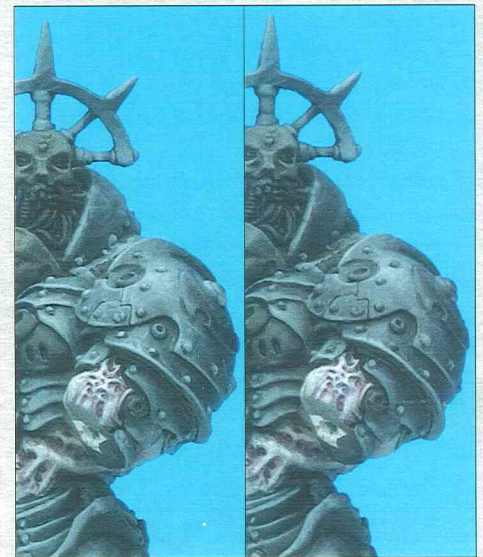
A base layer is then applied to the skin, armor, blades, skull, face and cloth. A 70/30 mix of *Pearly Flesh* (031) and dark gray is used for the skin, dark gray is used for the armor, *Gray of Darkness* for the blades, an 80/20 mix of *Gray of Darkness* and *Kallienne Yellow* (023) for the face and skull, and a 10/30/60 mix of *Accursed Black*, *Chasm Green* (016) and *Soil of Avagddu* (022) for the cloth. While applying these bases, the various parts to be lightened and darkened are noted

### DARKENING

The skin is tinted with a thin wash of *Arcavia Red* (035) mixed with *Divine Purple* (006) and the rest of the piece gets a black wash. In addition to darkening, the latter allows the various zones to blend with each other by linking the shadowy parts together.

## ARMOR

Being the most visible part of this piece, the armor requires particular attention, especially the rivets and plates. The first step is to apply a layer of a 50/50 mix of *Gray of Darkness* and *Accursed Black* over the black wash. While doing so one should locate the areas that will be treated using bronze. This layer is to be applied in a “chaotic” way while avoiding the very dark areas. On the other hand one should insist on the crests and volumes.



Progressive shades are made by adding *Sharp Gray* (043) to the dark gray. These shades are made lighter and lighter until reaching 95% of *Sharp Gray* (practically the final lightening). The “chaotic” paintjob and the unavoidable accidents are taken advantage of to create fine *trompe l'oeil* scratches all over the armor.

Then one insists on the crests and on the most visible scratches. The paint should be slightly more liquid than the base coat, yet not necessarily as liquid as when doing regular shading. The armor will be worked again later on in consecutive layers of glazing, which will make the shading finer while adding color to the metal.

## THE SKIN

The skin is lightened for the first time with the mix that was used for the base layer. Only the hollows are not covered. The parts that are hit by light should be insisted on and those that remain in the shadow are worked less. The basic flesh tone is then progressively added to this mix as the consecutive shadings are applied. This mix is then brought to *Noesis White* (041) in successive shadings. Then the shadows are colored again by transparency using the basic mix.

Before reaching almost pure *Noesis White* one does the outlining using *Soil of Avagddu*. This mix is applied in such a way as to clearly define the skin zone (while letting the brushstrokes cross over onto the areas that haven't been treated yet) along the armor plates and the cloth, the blades, the skull and the face where applicable. This outlining can be stretched into the dark areas to accentuate the contrast and highlight the lighter parts.

Once this operation has been done, a last touch of almost pure *Noesis White* is applied to get a clean result (while going over any smudges in the outlining) and to finalize the lightening.

## THE CLOTH

Another layer of the 10/30/60 mix of *Accursed Black*, *Chasm Green* (016) and *Soil of Avagddu* is applied to the wash while leaving the latter visible in the hollows. Then successive shadings are applied on the cloth's folds while mixing more and more *Kallienne Yellow* (023) to the 10/30/60 mix of *Accursed Black*, *Chasm Green* and *Soil of Avagddu*, and finishing with pure *Kallienne Yellow*. Then it is shaded to *Sharp Gray* (043). All that's left to do is give the cloth texture by carefully and sparingly applying fine and relatively transparent crisscrossing lines (using very liquid paint). Then the cloth is made to look even more tattered by going over some of these crisscrossed lines again because the more they're visible the more the cloth looks worn.





A first glazing is done using dark gray on the intermediary parts of the armor and around the rivets. The glazing is stretched at its extremities to make it blend with the previous coat. After the dark gray one a black glazing is applied to blend the previous one in the shadows. Each of these glazes is applied two or three times in order to make the shading smoother.

To blend the dark gray glazing with the lighter areas it's better to push back the paint than to stretch it in order to preserve the luminosity. These glazes make the crests stand out and allow each zone to be clearly defined anew.

To finish, a glaze made with a 40/40/20 mix of *Chitin Green* (019), *Migol Blue* (005) and *Accursed Black* is applied, which tints the armor (one or two coats). The lighter parts will become bluish and in the darker parts the gray and black will take on color. By tinting the armor, a colored counterpart is given to the brown cloth.

Then touches of *Arcavia Red* (035) are applied in the hollows and between the plates of armor. This color looks like rust, makes the shapes stand out better than black and responds to the armor's blue.

And last but not least the first sparkles of light are applied using pure *Sharp gray* on the crests and scratches with very liquid paint. The scratches are given depth using a mix of *Accursed Black* and *Sharp gray*.



## THE ARMOR'S DETAILS

These details are the bronze parts of the armor, the tubing, the spheres and the symbol. Each one is treated differently.

The bronze is gotten using a 15/15/70 mix of *Gray of Darkness*, *Accursed Black* and *Forgotten Gold* (025) stretching towards pure *Forgotten Gold* and then towards almost pure *Eternal White* (001). The bronze is oxidized using *Antique Green* (013) in the shadowy parts and then made lighter using *Antique Green* and *Eternal White*.

One then gets back to the mix of *Eternal White* and *Forgotten Gold* to give the finishing touch to the sparkles of light.



The smooth tubes take care of the clone's blood circulation, so some are painted in reddish tones while others are given bluish ones. They are all first based with a 50/50 mix of *Antique Green* and *Forgotten Gold*. The "blue" tubes are shaded with *Chitin Green* and the "red" ones with *Fusion Red* (037). They are then lightened by going progressively from *Alchemical Yellow* (047) to *Wizard Blue* (007) and then to *Eternal White* to make them look transparent.

The spheres should have a strange appearance. They are simply painted using *Accursed Black* and a glossy varnish. To make them stand out a mix of *Rackham Red* (036) and *Accursed Black* is placed into the hollows and on the parts facing downwards.

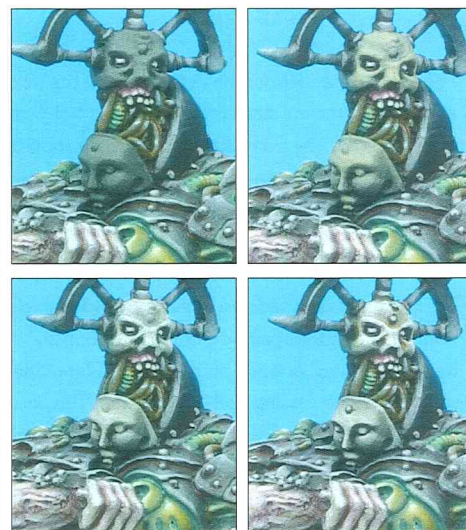
The symbol is red and should remain dark. It is therefore only made lighter on its crests so that it doesn't stand out too much. It is given a *Natural Leather* (034) base. This color is drawn to *Rackham Red* and then the crests are highlighted with *Lahn Yellow* (040).

## THE HEAD

The teeth, gums and eyes are treated before painting the head to make it easier to reach them. These parts are given a *Chasm Green* (016) base that is lightened using *Sharp Gray* and then *Noesis White*.

The gums are based with a 40/60 mix of *Arcavia Red* and *Parchment Yellow* (026) before being made lighter with *Fiend Flesh* (033) and then *Eternal White*. The eyes are painted *Eternal White* and then a bit of *Celestial Pink* (046) is added to the upper part of the eye sockets.

By giving it a different treatment the face is differentiated from the skull and spine. The former is made to look like stone whereas the latter two are made to look like bone.



A balanced mix of dark gray (50/50 mix of *Gray Of Darkness* and *Accursed Black*) and warm gray (80/20 mix of *Gray of Darkness* and *Kallienne Yellow*) is applied to the whole as a base and is then progressively shaded towards pure warm gray. One must take care to leave the shadows on the face clearly visible so as to preserve the stone's rough aspect. The skull's shading can be finer. *Noesis White* is then used to lighten.

The skull and spine are made even lighter using almost pure *Eternal White* (90%).

The rivets on the skull and face are treated the same way as those on the armor.

## THE VOULGE

The blade is based with *Gray of Darkness*. The voulge's shaft is treated in the same way as the bronze parts (see above). The grip and the part attaching the blade to the shaft are treated in the same way as the armor.

The voulge is fixed to the rest of the miniature before proceeding with lightening so as to better distinguish the parts that are exposed to light and those that are in shade.

## FINAL SPARKLES

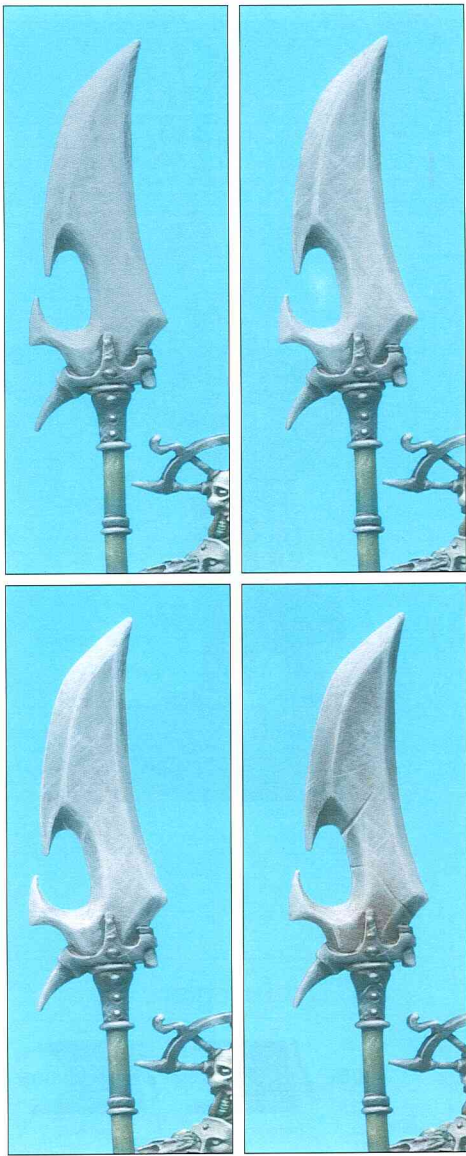
When the miniature's paintjob is almost done the last sparkles of light are added using pure *Eternal White*. Each zone is gone over using very liquid paint while insisting on the main crests as well as on certain scratches. This is done two or three times to "melt" the sparkles of light.

## THE BASE

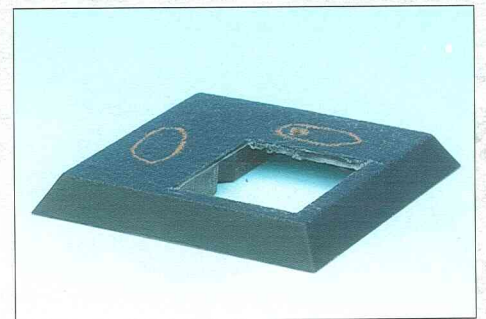
The Centurus's base should highlight him and reflect the ambiance that one wanted to give to the miniature. The idea is to give the impression that the clone is standing in the same scenery as the illustration. Therefore the base should look like a part of a laboratory of the Hybrid Project.

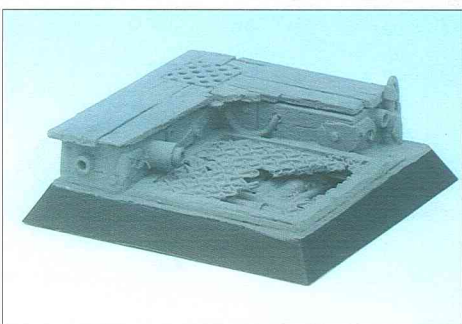
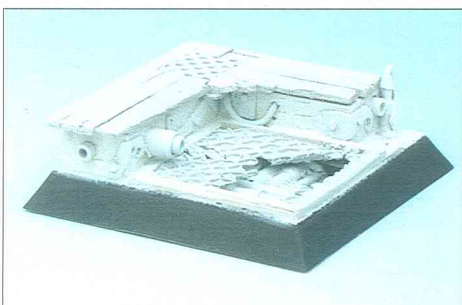
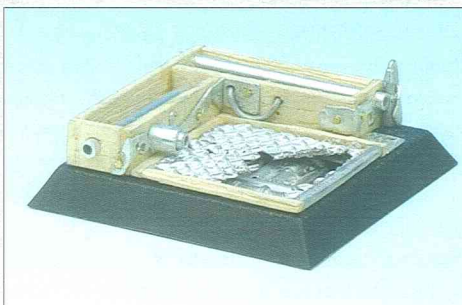
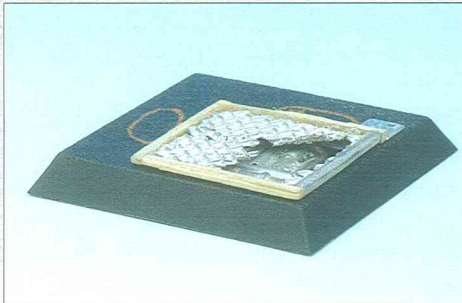
The impression of depth is given by cutting a hole in the base in which a network of pipes can be seen through a broken grating. Using the little bit of space available under the base allows another dimension to be given to the piece. The presence of cables, pipes, rivets and metal plates takes you to a mechanical underground complex. The wooden enclosure gives the miniature added height, thus making it more imposing. It also gives a colored and symbolic answer to the metal that is complementary to the rust since it is more "organic." Yet this aspect is minimized by the presence of mechanical grime and oil stains (made using glossy black paint).

The paintjob should remain rather basic so as not to rival that of the miniature itself. Here the whole is treated with a restricted range of colors that are less vivid and therefore more discreet. Now that this is done, it's up to the Centurus to make history.



The blade is lightened using *Gray of Darkness* to reach *Sharp Gray* on its most luminous parts. The intermediate zone is colored again with an *Accursed Black* wash on its lower parts. A coat of *Kallienne Yellow* wash gets rid of the stains left by the black one and makes it softer while tinting the blade to give it a rusty aspect.





## Useful colors

|   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
|  001<br>Eternal White    |  002<br>Accursed Black |  005<br>Miquil Blue       |
|  006<br>Divine Purple    |  007<br>Wizard Blue    |  013<br>Antique Green     |
|  016<br>Chasm Green      |  019<br>Chitin Green   |  022<br>Sail of Δναρδδδ   |
|  023<br>Kallienne Yellow |  025<br>Forgotten Gold |  026<br>Parchment Yellow  |
|  031<br>Pearly Flesh     |  033<br>Fiend Flesh    |  034<br>Natural Leather   |
|  035<br>Arcavia Red      |  036<br>Rackham Red    |  037<br>Fusion Red        |
|  040<br>Lahn Yellow      |  041<br>Naesis White   |  043<br>Sharp Gray        |
|  045<br>Gray of Darkness |  046<br>Celestial Pink |  047<br>Alchemical Yellow |

TO SERVE,  
PROTECT  
AND KILL.





# THE TEMPLE OF THE 4 WINDS

DWARVES AND GOBLINS HAVE HATED EACH OTHER SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME.

THE FIERY BAZÛKA HAS CONVINCED THE EMPEROR OF NO-DAN-KAR TO REVISE HIS IDEA OF MILITARY STRATEGY AND THE GOBLINS ARE COMING OUT OF THEIR GHETTOS TO HARASS THE INHABITANTS OF THE REGIONS OF AARKLASH WHERE THEY ARE ESTABLISHED.

SEEING IN THIS GROWING ENTHUSIASM THE SIGNS OF COUNTER-NATURAL DEVELOPMENT, THE DWARVES OF TIR-NÂ-BOR HAVE DECIDED TO ATTACK THIS EVIL AT ITS ROOTS. THEY HAVE HATCHED A CRAZY PLAN: SURPRISE THEIR OLD ENEMIES BY BURSTING FROM THE GROUND THERE WHERE THE GOBLINS LEAST EXPECT THEM.

IT'S AFTER A LONG JOURNEY THROUGH UNDERGROUND TUNNELS THAT CRY HAVOC REACHES THESE TWO ENEMY ARMIES FOR A RAG'NAROK BATTLE REPORT. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY FOR IVO AND SEBASTIEN TO PRESENT A NEW EDITORIAL STYLE FOR THIS COLUMN.





## THE RUMBLING MOUNTAIN

### UNIT DW 01: The Hammer of Fom-Nur

- Tan-Kaïr, the Fist of Fom-Nur equipped with a tel-luric weapon
- 10 Khor warriors

### UNIT DW 02: The Anvil of Fom-Nur

- Brognir, defender of the plains
- Musician of the plains
- Standard-bearer of the plains
- 19 soldiers of the plains

### UNIT DW 03: The Hunters of Naël-Tarn

- Aegher the Brief
- 6 hunters on razorback

### UNIT DW 04: Mountain-warrior

- Mountain-warrior

### UNIT DW 05: The Mountain's Fire

- Armored chariot
- Magnus the Mystical and his clairvoyant familiar, endowed with an Earth Elemental (spell), Crash Concentrate (spell), and Supernatural Quagmire (ritual).
- 1 thermo-priest

### UNIT DW 06: First Eruption

- 4 dwarven bombardiers

### UNIT DW 07: Second Eruption

- 4 dwarven bombardiers

**ARMY'S COST:** 1994 A.P. for 52 miniatures

SEBASTIEN: "When one is lucky enough to have a Living Legend (DIS 12), who gives Regulars the 'Reinforcement' ability, in one's army then one uses him! The dwarven bombardiers (STR 10 + 2d6) being Regulars, the choice of playing Tan-Kaïr as Commander-in-Chief imposes another choice: to mobilize as many of these artillerymen as possible. Because dwarves don't believe in doing things half-way I have decided to deploy an armored chariot on the battlefield. In previous battles I was able to realize how much impact this war machine had on the battlefield and also on my opponent's morale!

Ten Khor warriors are definitely a good escort for a Commander-in-Chief who has decided on taking actively part in the battle (Possessed; Implacable/2). At this point in the building of my army I have to check to see where I'm at: almost 1000 A.P. have been mobilized for only 18 miniatures!

Yet I can't resist the idea of enlisting a mountain-warrior. I like the idea that the dwarves have an Enormous fighter at their disposal who dominates the fray with his Very Large Size. Now I have easily passed the 1000 A.P. mark, so I must start thinking about the heart of my army made up of Regulars who can benefit from my Living Legend's Reinforcement: soldiers of the plains.

The dwarves are also famous for their mastery of incantation. I have decided to assign a council to the armored chariot. My magicians will be safe inside such a machine (8 S.P.; RES 20; Inalterable).

I won't be using game effects that affect Khor weapons. I prefer being able to summon an Earth Elemental and a Supernatural Quagmire, which is a ritual that's always useful when the dwarves are engaged in a scenario with objectives. Furthermore, a spell with modular damage always comes in handy.

I therefore decide on taking Crash Concentrate. This council will be more of a support, an element of surprise, than a true part of my strategy.

Speaking of which, my strategy can be summed up simply as going all out with my Regulars (Hard-boiled; Reinforcement)."



*Tan-Kaïr knew that his victories over the dwarves of Mid-Nor had made him a living legend. His officers never got tired of repeating the stories that their troops told around the campfires. Everyone knew that most of these tales were exaggerated due to the effects of their drinks, yet no one ignored the fact that there was some truth in every one of these fabulations. Tan-Kaïr had defeated the enemy in the heart of the Abyss itself. So he would beat the enemy's rising leader. Under his command the dwarves of Tir-Nâ-Bor would put an end to No-Dan-Kar's plans of expansion.*



## THE GUARDIANS OF THE TEMPLE

### UNIT GB 01: In the Shogun's Name

- Bazûka, the Tyrant of the Ūraken clan armed with Tzûnami
- 10 goblin bûshis
- Hoosû Ūzo endowed with Power of the Swarm (communion)
- 2 goblin prophets

### UNIT GB 02: The Cream of the N.B.A.

- 6 noble Strôhm knights

### UNIT GB 03: Baron Ozôhn

- Baron Ozôhn (rider) armed with an experimental rifle

### UNIT GB 04: The Butt-pokers

- 1 goblin bûshi (Leader)
- 15 goblin spearmen
- 1 goblin semaphore (minelayer of the mountain-breaker)

### UNIT GB 05: The Mutants

- 1 goblin bûshi (Leader)
- 1 psychomutant endowed with Juicy Appendix
- 10 goblin mutants

### UNIT GB 06: The Armripper

- 1 black troll

### UNIT GB 07: The Conscription of the Ūraken Clan

- 1 goblin bûshi (Leader)
- 16 goblin ashigarûs
- 1 goblin semaphore (minelayer of the mountain-breaker)

### UNIT GB 08: The Protectors of Ūraken

- Kûmité endowed with a Ūraken Ideogram of Protection
- 1 ashigarû standard-bearer endowed with a Ūraken Ideogram of Protection
- 1 ashigarû musician endowed with a Ūraken Ideogram of Protection
- 19 goblin hoheitais

### UNIT GB 09: The Ogres of Zoukhoï

- 6 dai-bakemonos

### UNIT GB 10: The Prune-spitters

- 1 goblin bûshi (Leader)
- 2 mountain-breakers
- 6 goblin minelayers

**ARMY'S COST:** 1993 A.P. for 106 miniatures



Ivo: "The goblins have a huge number of combinations and profiles. I have chosen a compromise between outnumbering and strike force. To start I'm raising four well-supplied Units (ashigarûs, hohei-

tais and spearmen) to bog down the opponent and comfortably spread out all over the battlefield. I'm also adding an ashigarû war-staff to my forces with its champion Kûmité to parry any frantic retreats. Furthermore, in order to give more punch to my Regulars and surprise an enemy who is too confident, I'm calling on the Zealot of the Ūraken clan: Hoosû Ūzo. Endowed with the 'Power of the Swarms' communion, he can turn his frail fellow beings into formidable rockets.

As for the Commander-in-Chief, I have decided on Bazûka. Indeed, with bûshi Leaders heading several Units the Tyrant of the Ūraken clan benefits from +1 in DIS for his Tactical rolls (and even +2 with enough Units that are led by bûshis). What more, Bazûka is rather tough and has exceptional Courage for a goblin.

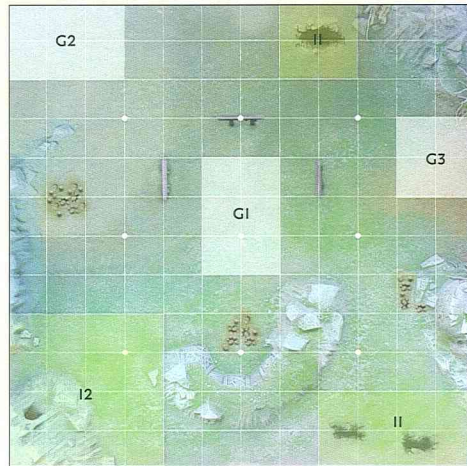
Once most of my troops have been selected I'm recruiting half a dozen dai-bakemonos (with Implacable/1) and a black troll just to show the enemy that the goblins aren't only a bunch of skinny wimps. The Ogres of Zoukhoï and the Armripper provide good support for the Regulars and can take care of enemy elites and creatures.

I can't resist the charm of the noble Strôhm warriors. These fighters are fast, cheap, strong (for goblins) and endowed with Reinforcement. I'm choosing their Fierce profile, which shouldn't have trouble annoying the enemy by handing out a few slaps before vanishing... just to come back a bit later and give another dose of slaps.

With two mountain-breakers for support, Baron Ozôhn's new marksman profile to blast away Independents, and a small Unit of goblin mutants shouldered by a kamikaze Warrior-mage, this army has everything it needs to make an all too confident opponent tremble with fear."

## THE BATTLEFIELD

The dwarves of Tir-Nâ-Bor appear near a goblin temple that has just been finished being built under the protection of the Úraken clan. This scenario can of course be adapted to other armies, which is why it is presented here in a generic way.



## SPECIAL RULES

The two players are the Invader and the Guardian (of the temple).

The Invader has three deployment zones at his disposal (I1, I2 and I3).

**I1:** Up to 20% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed here, meaning at most 400 A.P. in this battle report.

**I2:** Up to 50% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed here, meaning at most 1000 A.P. in this battle report.

**I3:** Up to 30% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed here, meaning at most 600 A.P. in this battle report.

Units can obviously be placed in reserve at the beginning of the game. The Commander-in-Chief must be on the battlefield right from the first round of the game.

The Units that enter the game after the first round must be placed in one of the three Invader zones.

The usual reserve rules do not apply.



## CONTROLLING AN OBJECTIVE

Each objective is bound to a perimeter in which the fighters must be standing to be considered close enough to participate in its control. To check if a camp is controlling an objective, the Numbers and Strength of the troops inside this perimeter are calculated.

A camp's Numbers depends on the number of its fighters standing inside a given zone at a given moment. The value bound to the fighters when calculating the Numbers varies depending on their Size:

- **SMALL AND MEDIUM SIZE:** 1
- **LARGE SIZE:** 2
- **VERY LARGE SIZE:** 3

Some abilities also act as modifiers:

- **COLOSSAL:** +1
- **GIGANTIC:** +2

The Strength is equal to the sum of the strategic values (in A.P.) of a camp's fighters standing within the control perimeter. Spells, miracles and

artifacts are included in this total. However, the fighters subtract 5 A.P. for every Wound level that they have lost.

- Miniatures that are fleeing or flying (at Level 1 or 2) are not counted in the calculation of a camp's Numbers and Strength.
- Summoned fighters are included in the calculation of a camp's Numbers and Strength unless they were summoned during the round in which these calculations are made.

An objective is controlled by a camp if its Numbers and Strength are both strictly superior to those of the opponent. In case of a draw the objective isn't controlled by either of the camps present.

The same miniature cannot be counted for the occupation and/or control of several zones. If a fighter is straddling the control perimeters of several objectives, then the player he belongs to must decide for the control of which objective the fighter is counted

The Guardian has three deployment zones at his disposal (G1, G2 and G3).

**G1:** Up to 40% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed in the sanctuary, meaning at most 800 A.P. in this battle report.

**G2:** Up to 20% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed here, meaning at most 400 A.P. in this battle report.

**G3:** Up to 10% of the army (in A.P.) can be deployed here, meaning at most 200 A.P. in this battle report.

The rest of the army is placed in reserve at the beginning of the game. The Commander-in-Chief cannot be placed in reserve.

The Units that enter the game after the first round are placed either in zone G2 or zone G3.

Reserve Units and reinforcements always enter by the edge of the battlefield in one of their army's deployment zones. Unlike in the *Rag'Narok* rules, the fighters they are made up of are not restricted to a 10 cm strip along the edge of the battlefield and can be deployed anywhere in their arrival zone.

## STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES

**OBJECTIVE 1:** Control of the sanctuary (G1).

To do so, use the rules explained in *Cry Havoc*, volume four, which are summarized in the box above. Taking control of this objective gives:

- 3 victory points to the Invader
- 2 victory points to the Guardian

**OBJECTIVES 2, 3 AND 4:** Destroying/preserving barrels of naphtha (4 S.P.; RES 5; Explosive). Each of these objectives is represented by four Large Creature bases and is of Very Large Size (firing difficulty -1). If one of these objectives is destroyed, then the Invader player wins one victory point. The Guardian player wins two victory points for every objective that is preserved.

The death of the enemy Commander-in-Chief provides one victory point.

## VICTORY CONDITIONS

This scenario is to be played in five rounds. The player with the most victory points at the end of this duration wins the game. In case of a draw, victory goes to the player with the most army points still standing on the battlefield.

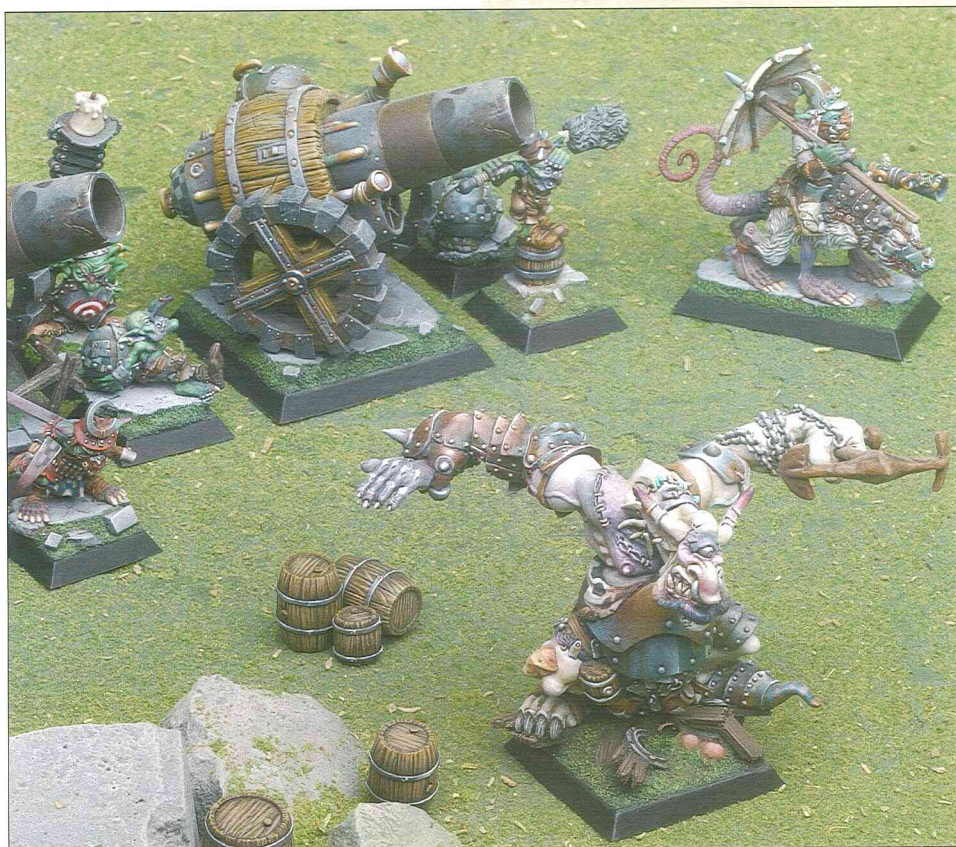
### EXPLOSIVE

When an Explosive element of the scenery is destroyed, a Damage roll (STR I2) is made for all fighters standing within 10 cm or less of the concerned element.

## APPROACH AND DEPLOYMENT

This scenario's deployment conditions force Ivo and Sebastien to place some of their Units in reserve. Ivo decides not to deploy the Protectors of Úraken (GB 08), the Ogres of Zoukhoi (GB 09) and the Cream of the N.B.A. (GB 02).

**Ivo:** "The scenario's constraints don't allow me to deploy all of my Units onto the battlefield. My strategy is based on placing my army's strongest troops in reserve and deploying a large number of goblins in the middle of the battlefield. Once the game begins my Units will leave the sanctuary to bog down the enemy troops coming from the various sides. If I manage to pull it off, then the central zone will remain unreachable and the clashes will take place near the barrels of naphtha. That should make Sebastien think twice about the destruction of these objectives."

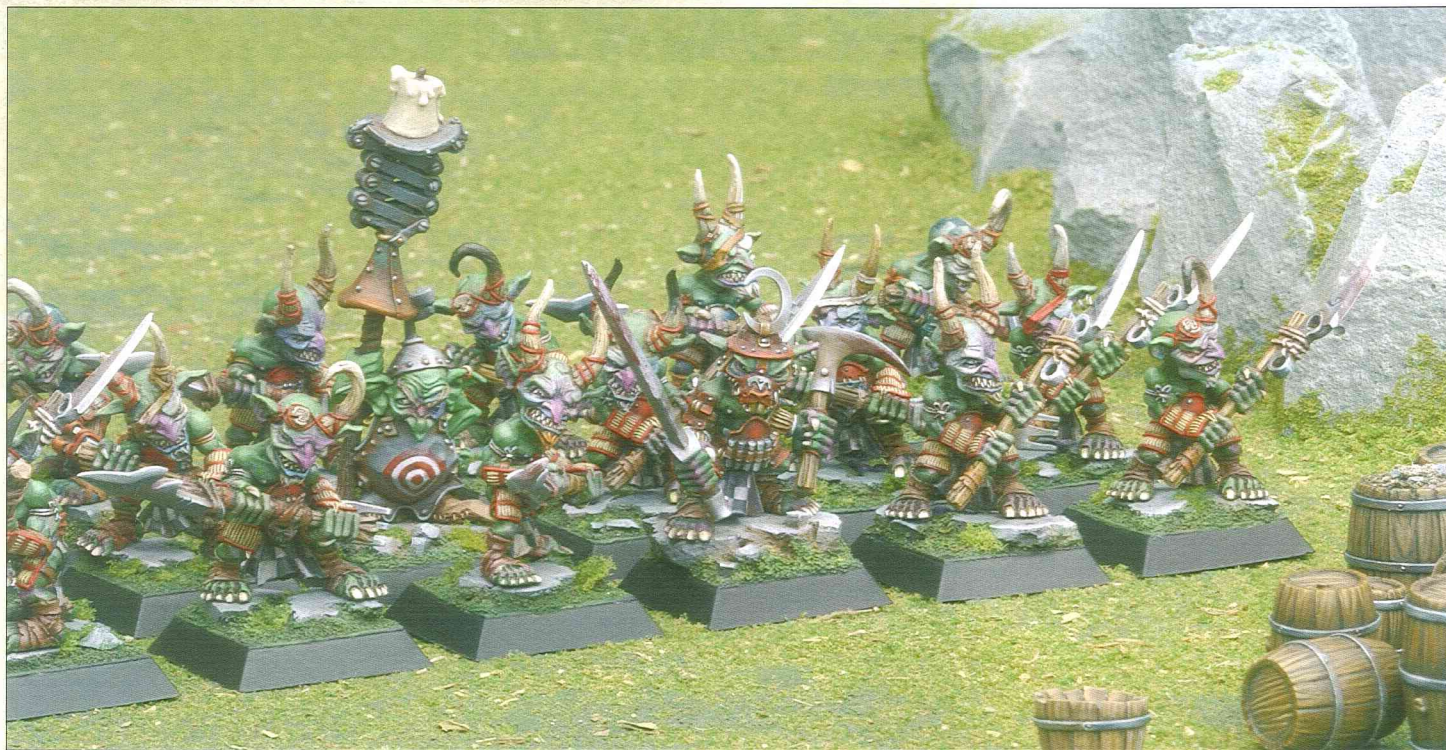


### MINELAYER

When he is deployed, a minelayer has two counters: a Trap and a Decoy. During deployment these counters can be placed face-down within 20 cm or less of the war machine to which the Minelayer is bound. From then on any miniature that comes within 5 cm or less of one of these counters triggers it.

- If it's a Decoy (🎲), nothing happens.
- If it's a Trap (🧨), a mine explodes. All miniatures whose base is even partially within 10 cm or less of this counter suffers a Damage roll (STR 6). If several mines are triggered by the same fighter, then the Damage rolls are made one after the other.

A Minelayer's mine cannot be triggered in any other way.



Sebastien decides that the Hunters of Naël-Tarn (DW 03) will join the battle later on.

**SEBASTIEN:** “My Units can’t all be deployed due to this scenario’s restrictions. The problem with the dwarves is their lack of speed, so I don’t have any other choice than to place my army’s fastest Unit in reserve. I hesitated between my cavalry, my mountain-warrior and my armored chariot, but I think that the latter two will influence Ivo’s decisions in the first two rounds. Morale, always the opponent’s morale...”

## BEGINNING OF THE GAME

*The goblins looked all around themselves. The dwarves weren’t many but they were appearing all over the place. The búshis managed to get their troops organized.*

*Bazúka couldn’t help himself from smiling when he thought about the semaphore minelayers hidden among the ashigarús and spearmen. He imagined the surprise in the his enemies’ eyes when the mountain-breakers unleash a deluge of gravel onto their hard heads.*

*Suddenly the whistle of a steam chariot could be heard.*

**Ivo:** “I’m counting on my reserves to overthrow the steam machines (always a good thing when fighting dwarves) in the middle of the game. I’ll use the first rounds to paralyze the enemy army and pound it with bombastic strength, even if this means losing some of my own troops. The ‘Reinforcement’ ability

will let me replace my losses. I hope I won’t forget the positions of my Trap counters during the game – I’m counting on them to dissuade the dwarves from getting near my artillery.

All that’s left to do is pray Rat that the enemy bombardiers make their boilers explode and don’t destroy the barrels of naphtha.”

## THE RED DRAGON’S OPINION

*Ivo shouldn’t depend so much on his reserves. Lacking in discipline, the goblins are not specialists in rapid entries in the middle of the game. What more, ogres or Ströhm knights would be very welcome in the first rounds of a scenario in which objectives have to be protected.*

**SEBASTIEN:** “My Commander-in-Chief assures me an Order for each of my Units, but I like having a choice. That’s why I’m planning on quickly moving certain Units, such as the bombardiers of the First Eruption (DW 06). The two Units that have a commander (DW 01 and DW 02) occupy a big area. I hope that the Orders to come and the way the first rounds unfold will allow me to take advantage of the strike force of these foot soldiers.

I’m glad that the mountain-breakers have so little protection. My dwarven bombardiers should manage to finish them off and my foot soldiers should be able to advance easily toward objective 3.

With 2000 A.P. available, this is the opportunity to have some fun with the armored chariot... We’ll see what happens.”

## THE RED DRAGON’S OPINION

*Sebastien has made a curious choice for his first two Units. Inverting them on the battlefield would have let him protect Tan-Kair’s advance toward objective 3 from the wave of goblins that will certainly flow in his direction.*

*In this case, not only will the soldiers of the plains not hold out long while being bombed by the mountain-breakers’ shots with zone effect, the Khor warriors will be bogged down by a huge number of inoffensive goblins.*



# THE TEMPLE OF THE FOUR WINDS

## ROUND 1



Ivo and Sebastien proceed with the Tactical roll. Sebastien gets a...  while Ivo, who wins the roll, bursts out laughing.

**SEBASTIEN:** "Argh! Luckily Tan-Kaïr is a Living Legend, so this  nevertheless gives me two additional Orders. I don't give the mountain-warrior (DW 04) or the chariot (DW 05) any Orders. These Units have good Movement values, so they'll catch up their delay in the following round."

**IVO:** "That's a good start. Their failure on the Tactical roll will hinder the dwarves' progress on the battlefield and I'm planning on taking advantage of this to advance my blocking Units as much as possible."

Tan-Kaïr was hesitating. As he had expected, the enemy was concentrated in the heart of the sanctuary. However, it wasn't just one mountain-breaker that was bombing the advance of the dwarven troops, but two! This surprise made him lose the initiative.

In the sanctuary Bazúka was thinking about the big surprise the dwarves were in for. How stunned the bearded ones with steam would be when the Ströhm cavalry and the ogres took them from behind!!

Before any of the units made the slightest move Baron Ozöhn gave his mount a sharp jab with his stirrups. The giant rat bolted forward toward the dwarven bombardiers while its rider opened fire at the enemy gunners. The typical whistle of his experimental rifle accompanied the bullet as it flew out of the gun barrel. In a blink of an eye the projectile crossed the distance between the rifle and its target. One of the bombardiers fell to the ground. The baron was right on target. The bullet flew on and bounced off one of the mountain-warrior's metal leggings.

At the other end of the battlefield the dwarves were grabbing hold of their bombardiers. They could still hear the order that Tan-Kaïr had screamed into their ears: "Don't wait for the war-staff to have taken position in the sanctuary. Rush to higher ground, set up your bombardiers and blow those barrels to smithereens!!"

The ashigarús were gazing at the immense size of the mountain-warrior standing in front of them. Their chief, a bûshi trained by Bazúka himself, was speaking with the minelayer accompanying him.

"A mountain-breaker is made to break mountains, right?"

"Surround the giant.' Those are your daimyo's words."

The bûshi couldn't disobey. He hadn't renounced becoming a Ströhm to dispute his lord's orders.

"Charge!" shouted the bûshi, sure that death was awaiting him under the giant's huge feet.

Tan-Kaïr sniffed the air carried by the wind. His gaze fell on the mountain-warrior's impressive shape.

"These goblins won't understand anything about my plan. They'll run out of patience and will regret it."

Not far away a bagpipe player turned toward Brognir.

"What are we waiting for, chief?"

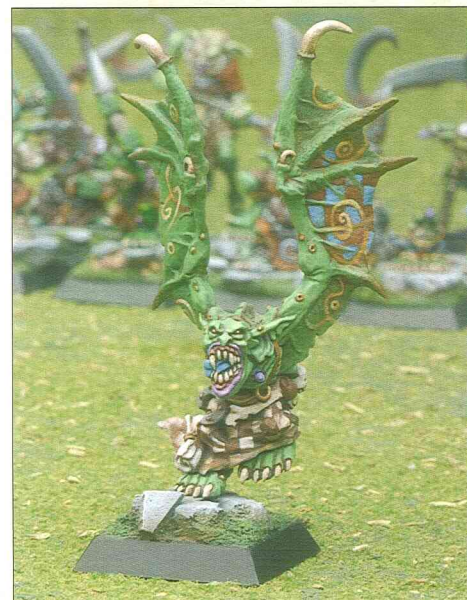
"For the right moment."

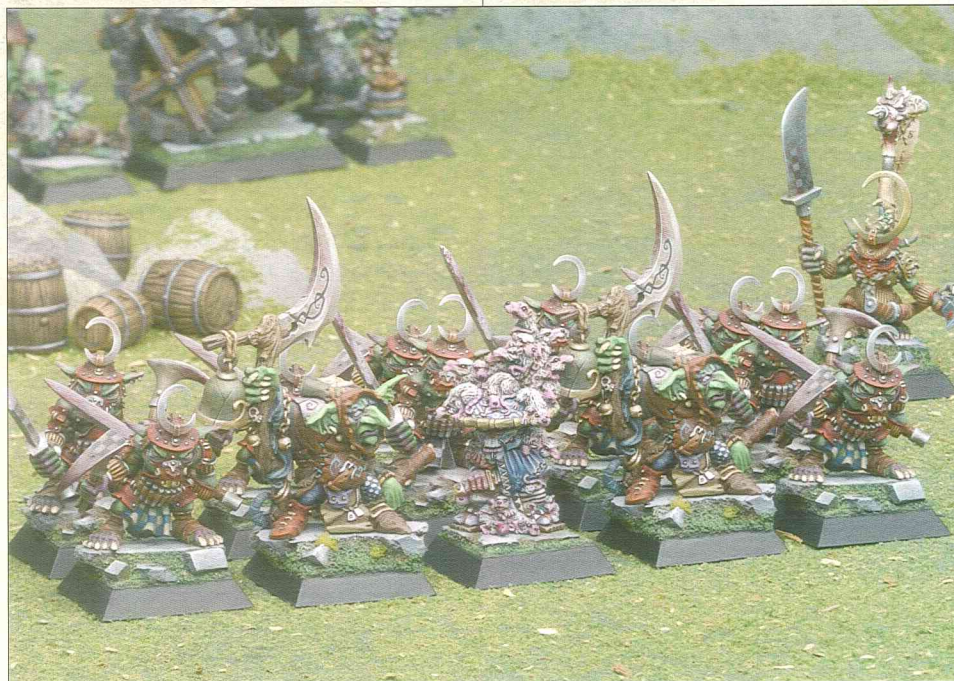
Brognir looked at each of the members of his war-staff and felt confidence rise in his men.

Seeing their opponents hesitate, the spearmen ran as quickly as their feet could carry them, yet not to flee. Instead they sped toward the dwarves standing in front of them. At the same time Bazúka gave his bûshis the order to rush at the barrels that the enemy would surely reach very soon. While he ran among his men, he couldn't help himself from thinking about the shogun's words: "Come back home quickly. I'm counting on you to subdue Yakûsa."



Tan-Kaïr couldn't believe his eyes. He would barely have been surprised to see the possessed dwarves of the Abyss carry out such a maneuver, but not goblins! He hadn't thought them mad enough to give him such an opportunity to charge them. The dwarven commander-in-chief drew his telluric weapon from his belt and shouted: "No mercy!"

The Khor warriors answered his cry by banging their weapons against their shields and then threw themselves into the fray





## MOUNTAIN-BREAKER: SHELL

On a  on the Aim test the devastating (yet instable) shell risks exploding inside the cannon's barrel. In this case the die is rolled again. Another  means that the shell explodes. The mountain-breaker is then destroyed. All miniatures located within 5 cm or less of the machine suffer a Damage roll (STR 15).

If the shell hits its target or strays, place the dispersion template at the point of impact, but do not remove it immediately because when exploding, the projectile (heavy artillery) frees two additional cannonballs. Once the damage of the first explosion has been determined, two additional dispersion rolls are made. The damage caused by the two other cannonballs (light artillery) is then determined: Damage roll (STR 7).

Nearby the goblin artillerymen were busy getting the mountain-breaker ready. Their preparations would still take a bit of time.

**SEBASTIEN:** "Ivo won't dare use shells against one of my Units standing near his artillery. He would risk having them stray toward the barrels of naphtha."

"Now!" shouted Brognir, and the soldiers of the plains rushed toward their objective.

The servants of the dwarven bombardiers were pushed against the bodies of their unlucky companions. They were getting ready to avenge their brothers slain by Baron Ozöhn.

### POWER OF THE SWARM

**ASPECTS:** 2/2/2

**CULT:** Rat

**DIFFICULTY:** 10

**AREA OF EFFECT:** One friendly Unit.

**RANGE:** 40 cm

**DURATION:** Until end of round.

The members of the targeted Unit benefit from +1 in STR until the end of the round. This bonus applies to the STR when charging and to the STR of the range weapons printed on the cards of the targeted Unit's members (excluding artillery and weapons with zone effect).

The conclave can use this communion up to three times per round. The bonus in STR is then cumulative (maximum: +3).

**FERVOR:** 3

The mutants were becoming agitated and impatient. When they heard the noise of the enemy cannons they rushed toward the sanctuary. Their orders were simple: hinder the mountain-warrior's advance. At the same time the black troll threw himself at the dwarven bombardiers who had already been weakened by Baron Ozöhn.



Hoosû Ūzo threw a knowing glance at the prophets accompanying him. The two monks had heard the craziest rumors about the faithful of Zoukhoï. The rats obeyed him to the word. The faithful started chanting a high-pitched song to the glory of Rat that galvanized the spearmen standing a few meters away. The power of the swarm took hold of the goblins, who suddenly saw their forks become as sharp as Rat's teeth.



The goblin minelayers were giving their all and stuffed the mountain-breakers with shells. Their terrifying machines opened fire at the soldiers of the plains who were advancing toward the naphtha reserves.

Right at the first shot the artillerymen panicked. A shell was stuck in one of the cannons. The machine's servants threw themselves to the ground but the mountain-breaker didn't explode. The goblins got back up and danced a jig, happy to have survived the incident.

The second shot hit the dwarves. Five of them are killed in action, blown to bits by the deadly shell whose fragments burst all around and injure other dwarves.

"Brognir is hit!"

"Stay the course!" shouted the dwarven commander while getting back up.



The dwarves were busy setting the right level for their boilers. They had to inject enough steam into their bombardiers to send the enemy to kingdom come. The slightest mistake in their calculations could be fatal.

A high-pitched whistle was heard for a few moments before a thunder-like noise escaped from the bombardiers. The dwarves were thrilled. The steam had sent their cannonballs flying with power and precision.

The black troll watched the glowing hot balls of steel appear from the cloud of steam that now surrounded the enemy troops. Two projectiles smashed into his belly. The troll barely coughed and stared at the dents made by the impact in his huge belt. He smiled, realizing that he was unscathed.

The spearmen surprised their opponents with their skill and the formidable precision of the thrusts of their forks. One of them, who was especially thrilled to be fighting under Bazûka's orders, let out a shout of joy when his ridiculous weapon stabbed a Khor warrior in the eye. The dwarf barely had the time to understand that a kitchen utensil-cum-spear had just slain him. His companions-in-arms angrily brought their weapons down onto the brave goblin.

The battle was only beginning...

# THE TEMPLE OF THE FOUR WINDS

## ROUND 2

Ivo and Sebastien proceed with the Tactical roll. Ivo gets a [1]. Sebastien gets five additional Orders.

The soldiers of the plains who were killed by the shells in the previous round can attempt to return to the game (Reinforcement) thanks to their Commander-in-Chief. Sebastien rolls the die... [1].

**SEBASTIEN:** "Just my luck."

**IVO:** "It's not as if I just failed my Tactical roll."

The earth began to shake with the brutish charge of the hunters of Naël-Tarn who just appeared near the Temple of the Four Winds.

Bazúka looked around himself expecting to get support from the ogres of Zoukhoï or the Ströhm knights. Yet nothing came...



The dwarven bombardiers haven't lost hope of annihilating the giant rat rider who had killed their companions.

As for Baron Ozöhn, he raised his rifle again and shot into the cloud of steam that was clearing up. At the last moment he realized that he was facing one of the enemy bombardiers and quickly made his rat jump to the side, thus protecting the famous hunter of No-Dan-Kar behind the imposing mass of the black troll.

"Fire!" shouted a dwarven artilleryman while Baron Ozöhn vanished into the troll's shadow.

The bombardier spat a spray of steam and then a shell. "Missed! We'll try again..."



On hearing the roar of the dwarven bombardiers the mountain-warrior quickly ran the distance between him and the goblin mutants, who suddenly had the impression that a curtain of clouds was blocking Lahn's light. Either brave or foolish, they didn't give in to panic when the gigantic foot landed next to them.

"The battle has begun, Magnus."

"All the better," answered the magician.

The chariot's driver spun one of the wheels that controlled his vehicle's compressor. The steam made the whole machine shake. The razorbacks pulling it could feel a scalding burst of steam run through their harnesses. Their strength increased by the steam injection, they sped up their pace and the chariot started going into full swing. Within seconds they reached a dizzying speed. Nothing except its driver could now stop the chariot.

Aegher the Brief held the banner of the pacifier up high. On seeing this signal his companions jabbed their heels into the flanks of their mounts. The hunters of Naël-Tarn were charging!

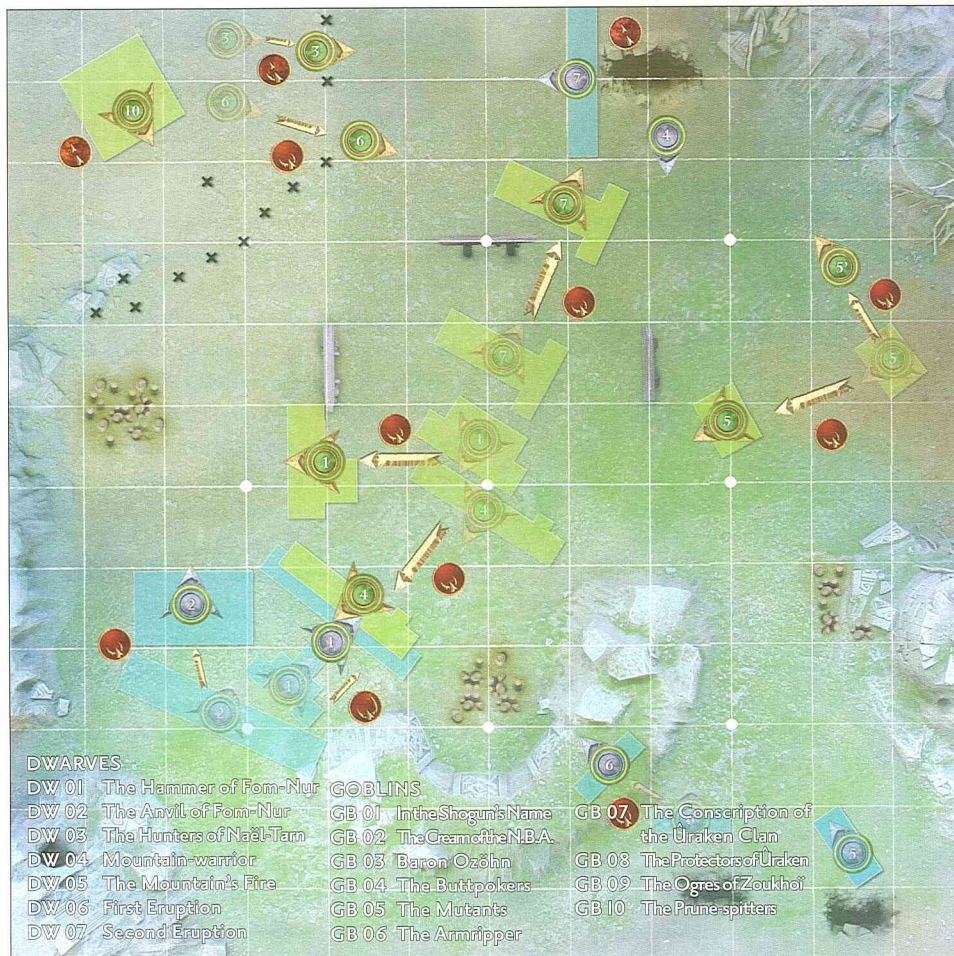
The Tyrant of the Úraken clan held Tsunami above his head. The búshis instinctively reacted to this signal. They rushed at the soldiers of the plains who were

threatening the naphtha reserves. Hoosú Úzo and his two disciples had a hard time keeping at a distance. They feared that the combats would jeopardize their prayers. At that very moment the dwarves turned in their direction. They let out a cry of anger that echoed throughout the valley. While the búshis crashed into their unit, the dwarves deployed in a semi-circle as if to envelop the enemy charge. The goblins were about to be surrounded. Hoosú Úzo motioned his two acolytes to slow down.

Finally understanding where the small iron cannonballs that kept tickling him were coming from, the black troll threw a glance at Baron Ozöhn, who was hiding behind his back, and then rushed toward the bombardiers with heavy footsteps. The dwarves watched the creature come toward them at unexpected speed.



The goblin prophets and Hoosú Úzo once again placed their faith in Rat. They called on the power of the swarm and the búshis' blades began shining with a strange glow. Their god hadn't abandoned them.





## CANNONBALL

When the mountain-breaker is loaded with a regular cannonball, the rules on heavy artillery with zone affect apply to the Damage roll (STR 16).

"We don't change anything!"

"What do you mean, 'we don't change anything'?"

The cannon is jammed!"

The goblin who the bûshi leader had chosen to "volunteer" to unblock the shell stuck in the cannon of one of the mountain-breakers couldn't hear this conversation. When he was told about it after the battle he demanded a risk bonus for his services.

In the end the goblin artillerymen had the good sense of using only one of their machines for the second salvo. An enormous cannonball came crashing down on the dwarves' chariot.

Inside the strange vehicle the thermo-priest turned to Magnus.

"Magister! Did you hear that?"

"Someone's knocking on the door?"

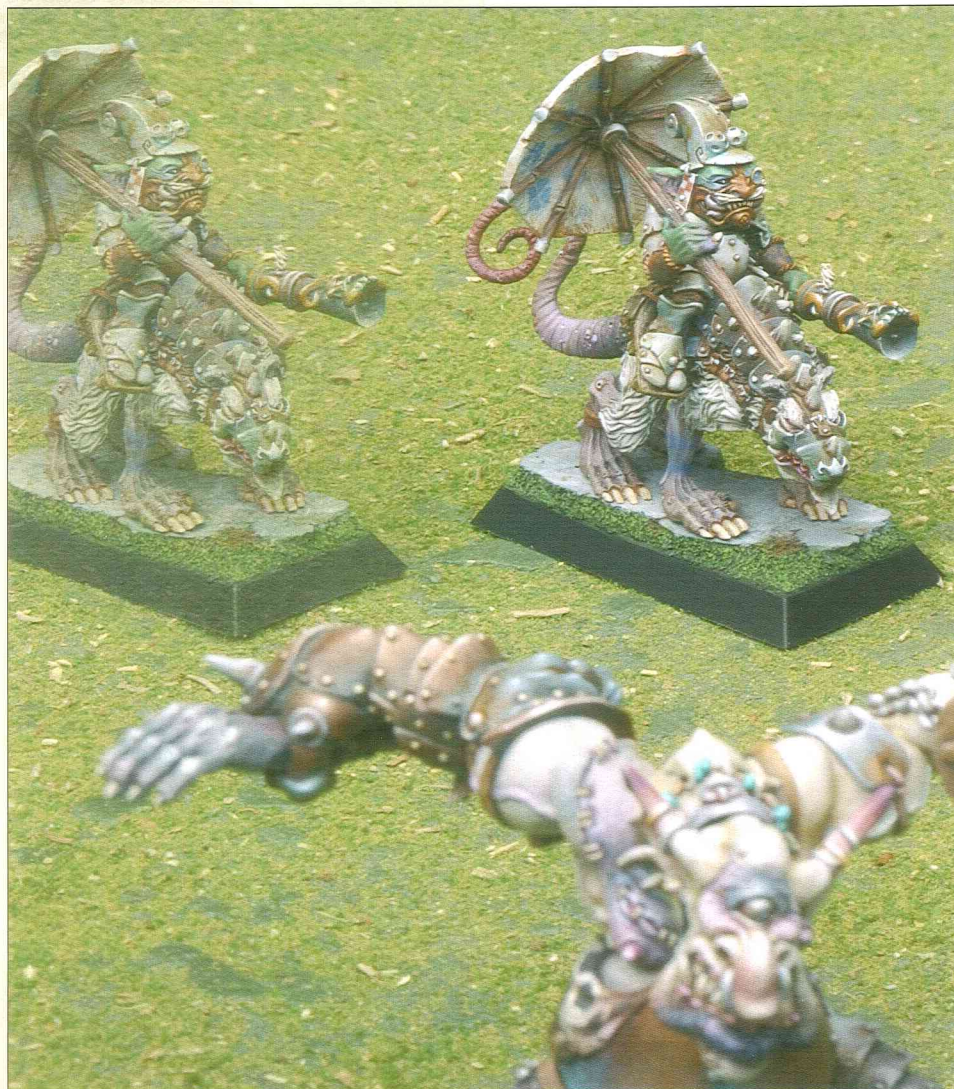
"No. We're being fired at!"

"So?"

Magnus the Mystical had as much faith in the technology of his people as he did in his own magic.

A few minutes later the bombards that the dwarves had positioned on vantage points opened fire at the naphtha reserves close to the sanctuary. One of the machines overheated, but the barrels were nevertheless blown to bits. The blast of the explosion put an end to the lives of six goblin spearmen and finished off two Khor warriors.

In war as in war, thought Tan-Kaïr.



"Get me that Bazûka!"

With these words from their commander-in-chief, the Khor warriors smiled beneath their helmets.

Stunned by the power of the blast in the sanctuary, the Khors and the goblin spearmen didn't manage to strike a single blow. Annoyed by such lack of resilience, Tan-Kaïr pulled out his telluric weapon and brought it down on the three goblins surrounding him! The spearmen's blood sprayed onto their companions. Only the fear of being executed by Bazûka himself kept the unlucky survivors from fleeing the fray.

At a neighboring frontline the bûshis took the dwarves by surprise. They killed four soldiers of the plains as well as the bagpipe player who had been getting on their nerves ever since the start of the battle. Furious, the dwarves struck back violently and sent five bûshis to the land of their ancestors. In the confusion of the fray Bazûka didn't notice a dwarf who had slipped in to his left. With a stunningly quick move the soldier of the plains struck the goblin commander-in-chief with an exceptionally strong blow. Blood flowed from his wound, staining Bazûka's kimono and causing his face to twist into a horrifying grin.

Dumbstruck, the mountain-warrior realized that the goblins at his feet had additional arms and legs that they were using to attack as well as to defend themselves. The Immortal nevertheless managed to squash two of the creatures that were trying to avoid his powerful blows. Then the giant advanced toward the survivors who were looking at him as if stupefied.


**SEBASTIEN:** "You aren't pushing on?"

**IVO:** "This monster has Implacable/2. No way will I let him crush six mutants per round!"

Nearby, the black troll grabbed one of the bombards, using it to hit the other one. The dwarves who were operating these machines died in a crash of mangled steel.

At the same time the hunters of Naël-Tarn charged a unit of ashigarûs, convinced of being able to finish them off quickly. They strike away at their opponents, killing three of them.

## ROUND 3

Ivo and Sebastien proceed with the Tactical roll. Ivo wins it thanks to a series of two .

A group of fresh and rested spearmen came running down the hills that isolate the Temple of the Four Winds from the rest of the world. At the same time, Kûmité and his hoheitais entered the battlefield. These veterans of the Zoukhoï campaign were here to give support to their commander-in-chief's troops. In the meantime, dwarven artillerymen and their terrifying bombardars reinforced the weakened forces of Tir-Nâ-Bor.



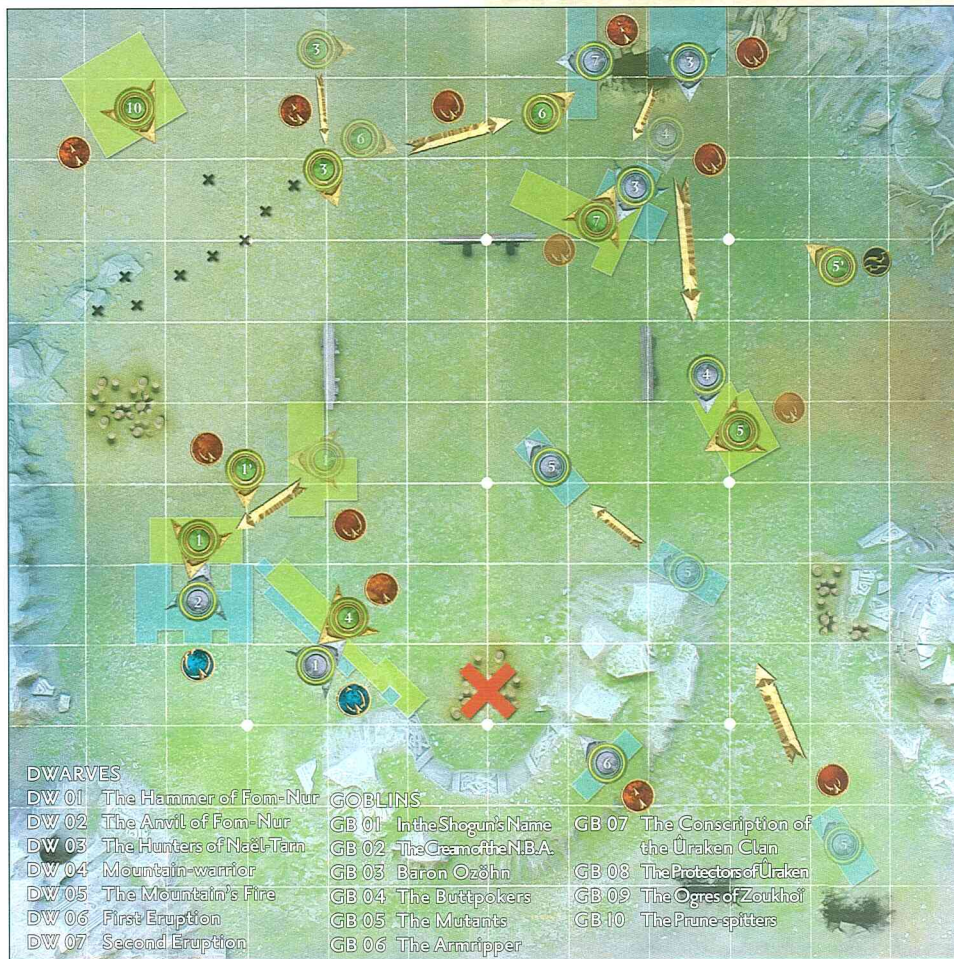
The dwarven bombardars changed strategy. The artillerymen turned their death machines in the black troll's direction. Baron Ozöhn took advantage of this to fire a shot under the creature's arm. His rifle started overheating, its barrel becoming as red as Master Sulfur's troll. Another bombardar collapsed onto the bodies of its dead carriers while the echo of the detonation could still be heard in the mountains. The two bombardars that had arrived as reinforcements take the opportunity to fire at point blank at the black troll, yet to no avail.

"I told you not to aim so high!" shouted one of the dwarven crewmen.



Kûmité gazed at the plain lying before him. He knew that a team of minelayers had mined the terrain. The hoheitais' commander checked his map, wondering why those idiotic brats had taken their notes upside down. Itching to fight with the bearded ones, he ripped up the map and turned toward his troops.

"Banzaaaa!"



The veterans of Zoukhoï began running, their sabers held high and their hair flowing in the wind. When they were halfway down they heard explosions all around them. The map wasn't upside down after all!

Once they got out of the minefield, Kûmité stopped to measure their losses: 15 hoheitais, a musician and a standard-bearer.

Ivo: "Hekuva job! I knew that those darn mines would play tricks on me. The dwarves wouldn't have done any better. There really are days when goblin rhymes with cretin..."



"Hold your positions!"

Tan-Kair's order was carried all over the battlefield with lightning speed. The dwarven commander-in-chief silently praised himself for his army's discipline.

Psshht!

"What's that noise?" Magnus asked the chariot's driver.

"Which noise?"

Another "psshht" was heard.

"That? That's nothing, just the compressor singing. It does that when it's about to stop or... to explode."

The thermo-priest gulped.

"Is there a problem?"

"No, I... I just feel a bit hot."

The Adept dwarf couldn't stand it when the reliability of his people's technology was questioned.



The psycho-mutant jumped toward the hunters of Naël-Tarn. Only a few more meters and these dwarves would have to deal with his juicy appendix.

## JUICY APPENDIX

2 

**PATH:** Mutation

**DIFFICULTY:** Free

**AREA OF EFFECT:** One goblin mutant

**RANGE:** 25 cm

**DURATION:** Instantaneous

**FREQUENCY:** 1

The targeted mutant, as well as all fighters whose miniatures are standing within 5 cm or less of his, suffer a Damage roll (STR equal to the spell's difficulty).

**INTENSITY:** 3

On the sanctuary's higher ground the bombardiers were being repositioned to fire at a different target. The dwarven artillerymen use the time to make some adjustments.

"There! We're at short range."

"You sure?"

"Just shut up and reload..."

All over the battlefield units were moving toward each other, hoping to move into range or to get into position. The goblin conclave got nearer to Bazúka's búshis to exalt these believers who were in a difficult situation.

Very rare were the dwarves who allowed themselves a bit of respite. The contrary was true in the goblin camp. Many of them remained where they were, telling themselves that when reinforcements arrived they'd still have enough time to throw themselves headlong into the battle.

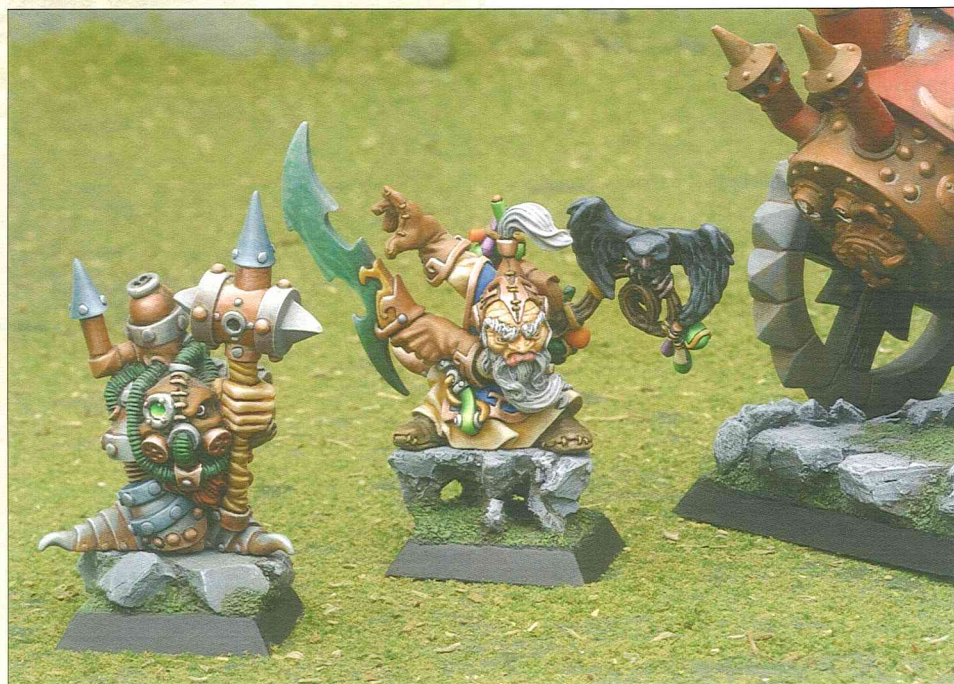
Rat answered the call of the goblin prophets and their eminence three times. Feeling their strength grow, the búshis became more confident again. Their commander-in-chief would lead them to victory.



The magician dwarves had left the chariot through its back door. From their position they couldn't see much of the battlefield. Magnus the Mystical concentrated on his familiar for a moment. He then got a bird's eye view of the sanctuary and saw that it was now in the dwarves' control. Taking these positions had been easier than expected.

"I don't like this," grumbled Magnus. "Those dirty mushroom eaters are hiding something from us."

The magician took hold of his gem of Earth and closed his eyes, becoming one with the underground elemental power. He dropped the stone and felt it take



on a shape. The ground began to shake and a huge shadow blocked out the sun. Magnus opened his eyes. An Earth Elemental was standing in front of him. Their alliance stood the test of time.

The mountain-breakers opened fire at the Khor warriors. Standing at the front line, Tan-Kaïr was targeted by a deluge of shells. Luckily the second shot strayed onto the battlefield. When the dwarven commander-in-chief got up again, injured by shrapnel, he saw that two Khor warriors and two goblin spearmen had been killed. Not far away, the groans of his loyal soldiers of the plains were covered by the roar of the bombardiers.

"Missed!"

"This target seems harder to destroy than the previous one. Let's send more steam into the boiler!"

"Er... Are you sure?"

"What's the matter? You scared of getting a heat stroke?"

Taking advantage of the chariot's stop, the driver made the turret turn toward the mountain-breaker. Then he loaded the cannon with ammunition with zone effect. The chariot didn't budge an inch when he fired at the enemy. Alas, the two shots flew off into the scenery.

The driver, realizing that he was a bit too far away, went back to his controls.

"Plan B: go crashing into the fray at full throttle!"



A brave bombardier dwarf managed to harm the black troll by taking advantage of a moment's inattention. The mountain-warrior slew two mutants with his axe, splattering the rest of the goblin unit with a spray of blood and guts. Nearby these two fights, the hardy hunters of Naël-Tarn decapitated two ashigarús and killed a third one who thought that he was sheltered.

Alas, one of the riders was bumped off by goblins who gave each other a boost in order to reach him. Aegher the Brief used the opportunity to skewer an enemy with his banner of the pacifier.

At the other end of the battlefield the Khor warriors were fighting some especially tough spearmen. Tan-Kaïr, sure of his troops' imminent victory, left the fray after one of his elite soldiers poked the eyes out of an opponent who was standing in his way. He knew that at this point in the battle the enemy could strike at any moment. He was also convinced that the artillery of No-Dan-Kar wasn't of the most reliable sort. Yet Tan-Kaïr had learned to beware of assassins and backstabbers. He therefore preferred to join Magnus the Mystical in the sanctuary. There the magician's incantations would protect him from any bad surprises and, as a last resort, the chariot would be able to get him out of a too dangerous situation.

While the troll's wound healed, Magnus the Mystical concentrated on his gems of Water and could feel the mana fill his stones. He now had to prevent the goblins from taking back their sanctuary.

The lookout got down from the mountain-breaker. The goblin was so excited by what he had seen that he was completely out of breath. The other artillerymen were impatiently waiting.

"So?"

"Their chief... He's..."

"Are you giving birth to a brat or what?"

"Tan-Kaïr..."

"We know his name, fool."

"He's alone and out in the open!"


The goblins shouted for joy. In the distance the ogres of Zoukhoï heard their cry. They would have to speed up their pace.

## ROUND 4

Ivo and Sebastien proceed with the Tactical roll, which is won by Sebastien.

The artillery reinforcements of the dwarven army were delayed. Tan-Kair was worried about their absence, yet no goblins arrived to strengthen the enemy's ranks. Those miserable green creatures had surely realized that the end was near.


Suddenly a concerto of bellows was heard and a group of ogres entered the battlefield. Tan-Kair held back a scowl. Bazûka hadn't said his last word yet.

**Ivo:** "The dai-bakemonos have finally arrived, but I'm unlucky with the Ströhm knights. For a change I got a pathetic  on my Discipline test for the entry of reserves."

**SEBASTIEN:** "Hey, have your rats gone to get the Ninth Pump\*?"

Baron Ozöhn jabbed his heels into his rat's flanks and lifted his rifle. He carefully aimed at the head of a dwarven artilleryman. His expert finger slowly pulled the trigger, yet at that exact moment his mount decided to frantically scratch itself. This sudden movement caused his experimental rifle to become deregulated. The projectile nevertheless hit its target, yet with so little power that the artilleryman probably had the impression that he was struck by a pebble in the forehead. Realizing his failure, the hunter of No-Dan-Kar rushed toward the enemy bombardiers with the hope of blocking their line of sight.

Stoic and determined to finish off the black troll, the dwarven artillerymen didn't change their plans. They opened fire at the creature, which collapsed like a sack of potatoes.

**SEBASTIEN:** "Double !"

**Ivo:** "What a bummer... That brave troll nevertheless managed to prevent the dwarven bombardiers (including reinforcements!) from blasting away at my mountain-breakers for four rounds."

As for the dwarves, Magnus and his thermo-priest acolyte started the incantation of the supernatural quagmire ritual, which would slow the goblins down in their attempt to take back the Temple of the Four Winds.

### SUPERNATURAL QUAGMIRE

4 



**PATH:** Elemental

**DIFFICULTY:** II

**AREA OF EFFECT:** Special

**RANGE:** 50 cm

**DURATION:** Until end of following round

The council creates a muddy area that slows down the troops' movement. This ritual's initial cost in mana is of 4 . A *Confrontation* card is to be placed within 50 cm or more of the council member who is the origin of the incantation. The zone covered by the card is considered to be encumbered ground. By increasing this ritual's cost by 3 , another supernatural quagmire can be created. This one is to be placed touching the first one. The cards are placed with their narrower edges touching. The council can create as many supernatural quagmires in this way as allowed by its mana reserve.

**INTENSITY:** 3

Sensing the tide turning, Tan-Kair ran toward the chariot's massive shape, hoping to find refuge inside the machine's metal shell. Not accustomed to running fast, he stopped in front of the access door to catch his breath.



**SEBASTIEN:** "I'm in front of the access ramp. Now I'm entering..."

**Ivo:** "Are you kidding? You're too far away!"

His juicy appendix bloated like an overstuffed otter, the psycho-mutant folded his wings in mid flight and let himself fall onto the enemy hunters who didn't see him coming.

In the meantime the dai-bakemonos rushed toward the armored chariot to try to put an end to the machine's unstoppable advance.

The goblin minelayers finished cleaning their cannons before letting a hail of cannonballs rain down on the dwarves' hard heads.

Pshhht!

The armored chariot's driver finally came to believe that the engine had a valve problem, yet this didn't prevent him from cranking up the pressure and speeding with his vehicle in the ogres of Zoukhoi's direction. Unfortunately he was right; one of the valves really was damaged and this malfunction prevented the armored vehicle from reaching the enemy. The chariot stopped short in its tracks within a few meters of the ogres, who didn't take this kind of show of strength very seriously.

\*see "The Ways of Rat..."; p.49

**Ivo:** "It looks like there's a slight inversion in the flow of steam."

The last búshis got ready to die with honor as worthy representatives of the Úraken clan. Wounded, Bazúka also felt that his end was near. He had already known this feeling on other battlefields. Turning around to look at Rat's sanctuary he saw Magnus the Mystical having a discussion with his acolyte. He also saw the spearmen who had arrived as reinforcements who, without the slightest hint of hesitation, were running toward the Earth Elemental.

**SEBASTIEN:** "I had second thoughts about charging the spearmen."

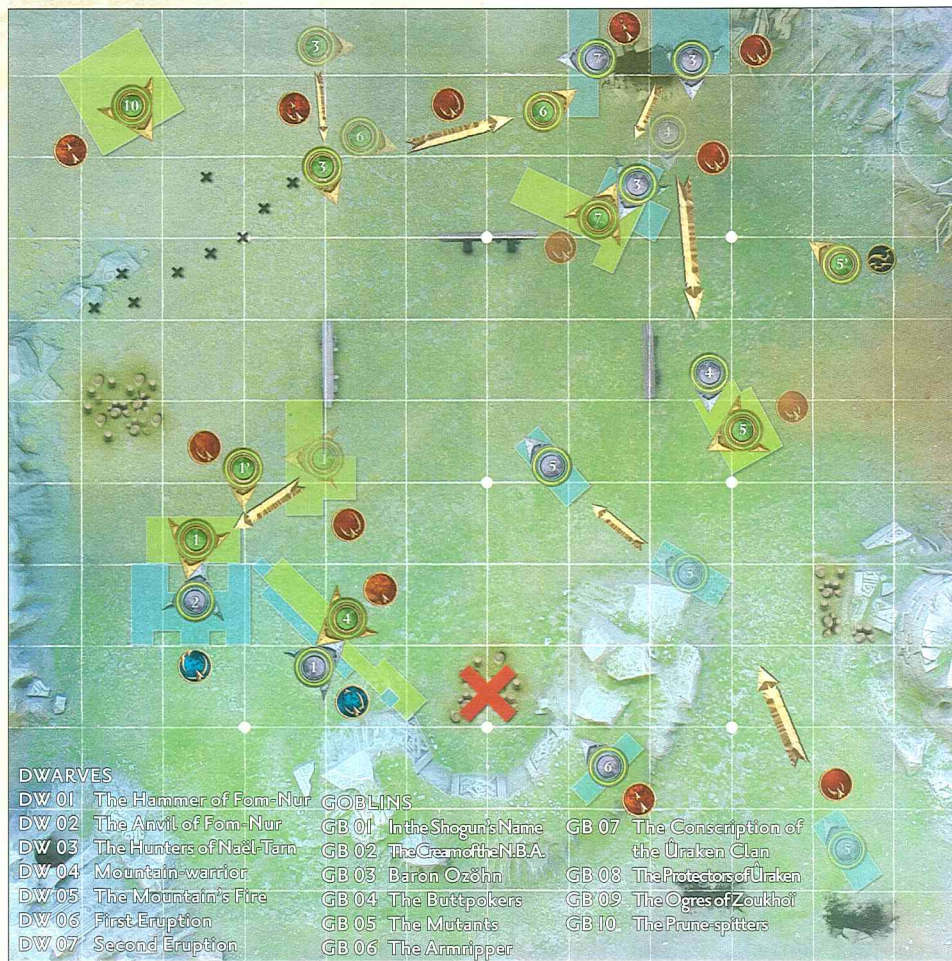
**Ivo:** "If the Elemental had charged my spearmen, I would have revealed my reaction: retreat (which would have moved the Elemental away from the sanctuary and reduced Sebastien's chances of controlling the objective)."



The ashigarú, busy fighting the dwarven hunters, received the order from their leader to hold strong and pursue any opponent who seeks to leave the fray. The reinforcements of soldiers of the plains continue on their race toward the last stock of naphtha.

The goblin mutants sensed that the mountain-warrior was no longer going to waste his time fighting them. Their leader made it clear to them that they would have to catch up with the giant if he tried to join Tan-Kaïr in the sanctuary.

At the same time the dwarven bombardiers once again adjusted their formidable weapons, hoping that their next shot would blow up the last remaining barrels of naphtha.



Nearer to the sanctuary, at the heart of an inextricable fray, goblin spearmen, soldiers of plains and Khor warriors were getting ready to hold out against their opponents and pursue them until extermination if necessary. The goblins' unexpected resistance had completely paralyzed the dwarves and Tan-Kaïr was furious at seeing his best elements waste their time with such worthless combat.

On the other side of the battlefield Kúmité ordered the survivors of his unit to hurry toward the sanctuary. When the battle was over he would give the minelayer who had drawn the map of the minefield a good thrashing. While running, Kúmité asked himself which of that ignorant brat's fingers he would cut off first.

Hoosú Úzo and the goblin prophets once again begged their god to transmit his strength to the sanctuary's keepers. The búshis received the power of the swarm, yet the bond with Rat was progressively becoming weaker.

**Ivo:** "Only STR +!"

**SEBASTIEN:** "The tides were bound to turn..."

The psycho-mutant squeezed the enormous juicy appendix that had grown on his body with all his might. The giant boil burst, splattering a nauseating and corrosive substance all around the warrior-mage. Two dwarven hunters, as well as the psycho-mutant himself, were wounded by the liquid's projection. As for the ashigarú who was holding out against the hunters, he perished while suffering atrociously.

The dwarven bombardiers shelled the naphtha reserves, yet their cannonballs only dented the tough barrels.

Magnus the Mystical and his council tried as well as they could to call for rain, not a drop fell from the sky. The presence of the temple nearby surely had something to do with this unexpected failure.


**SEBASTIEN:** "The ritual failed, so now I'm counting on Ivo's legendary bad luck."

The goblin artillerymen were forced to use all their ruse to make Magnus the Mystical the target of their shots. They had to send lookouts to the top of their cannons to manage to spot their target. Unfortunately, the servants' excessive excitement caused a series of incidents that saved the dwarf's skin.

## LOOKOUT

At the beginning of the firing phase a servant (or a substitute) in contact with the cannon can climb onto its barrel. He isn't counted in the number of miniatures handling the machine, but the line of sight is determined as if the marksman were of Very Large Size. Remove the lookout's miniature from the battlefield: he cannot be targeted but he is killed if the cannon is destroyed while he is on it.

Put the lookout back in base-to-base contact with the cannon at the end of the firing phase.

**Ivo:** "A double  on the Aim test and the same for the only Damage roll caused by this pathetic salvo... Tomorrow I'm quitting."

Even though Magnus emptied his gem of Water, all he managed to get was a drizzle that didn't paralyze the enemy army in any way.

The dwarven bombards, on the other hand, had more luck and destroyed another naphtha reserve. A spearman perished in the explosion, paying a high price for his excessive curiosity.



The spearmen struck first, yet their weapons only scratched the Khor warriors' heavy armor. The latter's retaliation swept away the rest of the goblin marksmen. Their leader, a surrounded bûshi who was aware of what fate had in store for him, didn't give in to fear.

The hunters of Naël-Tarn killed three ashigarûs before losing one of their own to the goblins' repeated blows. Seeing this, Aegher the Brief massacred two more enemy fighters and got ready to become even more brutal in response to the opponents' spinelessness. He tried to disengage from the mass of ashigarûs to help take the sanctuary. Jets of steam burst from his harness, yet the dwarf was unable to control his mount.

Bazûka's bûshis left the advantage to the dwarves. Their feint worked and a soldier of the plains was skewered. However, because their enemy outnumbered them, the goblins' fine tactics became useless and three of them lost their lives.

In the confusion of the fray, Bazûka was assaulted by two dwarves who, despite the goblin commander-in-chief's tenacity, managed to slay him. The death of their chief immediately caused the surviving bûshis to panic.

**Ivo:** "What rotten luck. Sebastien wins one victory point. I have to get Tan-Kair's head, and fast!"

Confronted with the insignificant spearmen, the Earth Elemental had no trouble causing a victim among its opponents, yet this didn't diminish the goblins' ardor in any way.

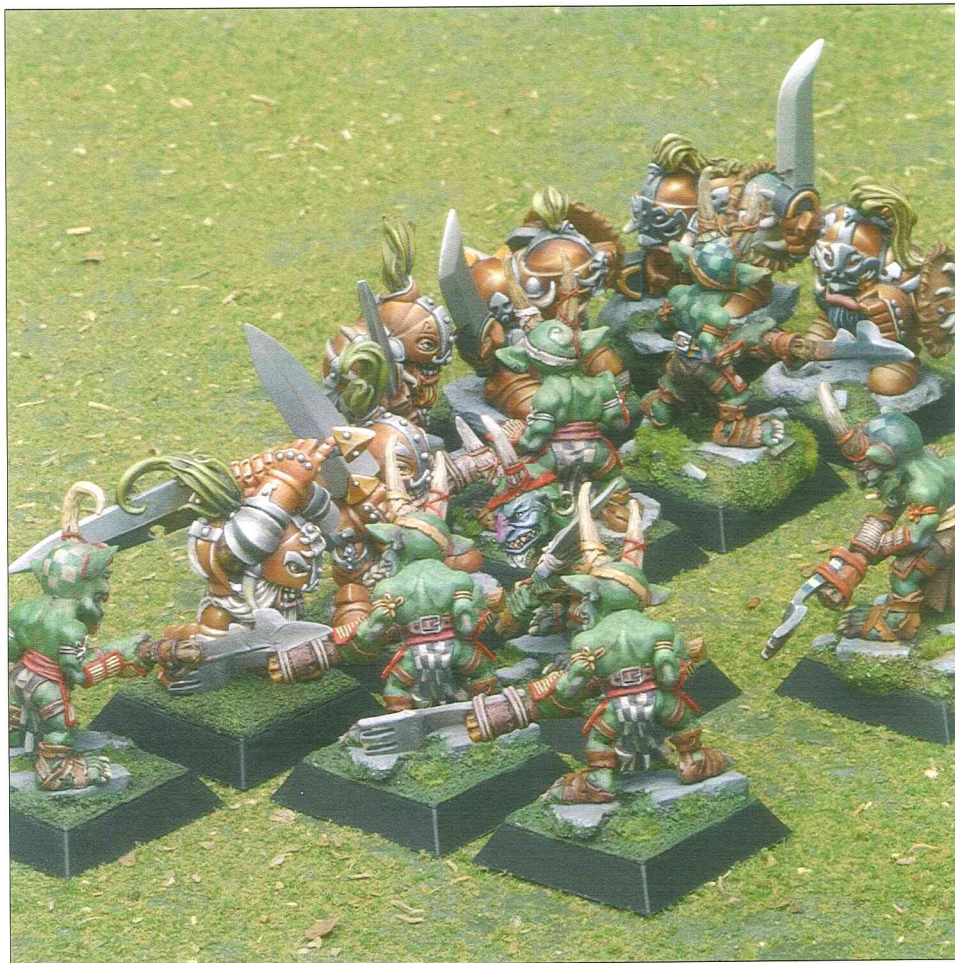
Made insane by the abuse of mushrooms that were prohibited to consume, one of the goblin mutants rushed at the mountain-warrior's heel and thrust his weapon deep into it. Caught off guard, the giant was unable to react.

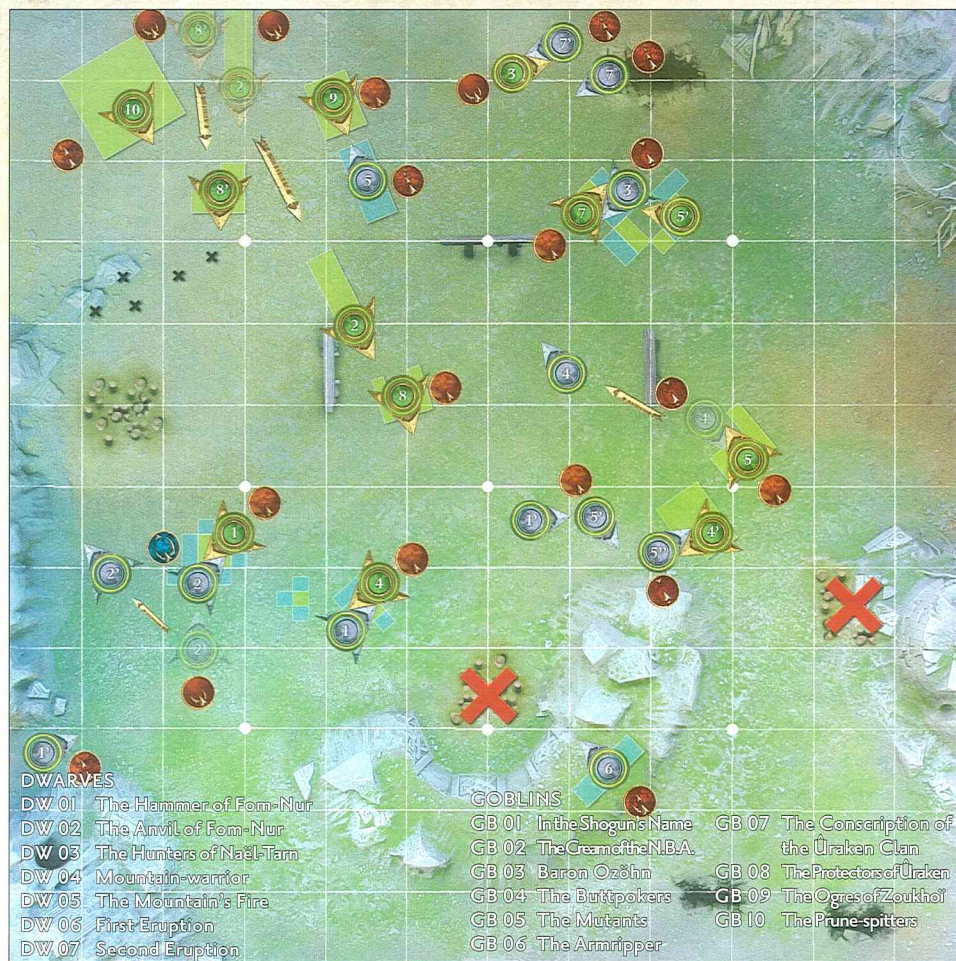
**Ivo:** "This proves that a mountain-warrior is not invincible."



The two Warrior-mages present on the battlefield take advantage of a respite to recover their mana gems. They each recover two points. Magnus the Mystical recovers five gems.

**SEBASTIEN:** "Everything will be played out in the sanctuary if I don't manage to destroy the last objective. Now's the time to open the valves!"





The dwarven artillerymen stationed on the rocks aimed their bombards at the naphtha reserve, hoping that their shots would be more precise than the previous ones.

Looking forward to putting dents in the chariot's armor, the dai-bakemonos let out a terrifying roar and ran off toward the dwarven war machine. As for Kûmité, he ordered his hoheitais to ready themselves to receive an enemy charge.

The reinforcements called for by Brognir were advancing at a fast pace toward the barrels of naphtha while the goblin servants were preparing their cannons. Magnus let out a grunt of satisfaction and decided to wait patiently for the mountain-warrior to arrive in the sanctuary. With a simple hand gesture he called back to him the Earth Elemental, which immediately left the combat with the spearmen and returned to its master.

Seeing this, the noble Ströhm knights attempted to make up for their delay by galloping at full speed toward the sanctuary, closely followed by the hoheitai reinforcements.

The goblin conclave again called on Rat's benevolence and he once again granted the bûshis the power of the swarm.

Intoxicated by his incredible luck, the psychomutant again made a juicy appendix burst. The corrosive fluid held in the outgrowth finished off one of the already wounded dwarven hunters. At the same moment the goblin minelayers saw the Earth Elemental that had gotten near Tan-Kair. Seeing this as an opportunity that they couldn't miss, they opened fire at the creature. Hit squarely by two projectiles, the Elemental was literally pulverized in the sanctuary. The small cannonballs held in the shells spare Tan-Kair and Magnus, yet slay two spearmen.

Ivo: "Despite the constant [ ] I have managed to vaporize the Earth Elemental. With a bit of luck Tan-Kair and Magnus could also have been killed."

Magnus the Mystical hastily prepares a crash concentrate, which he hopes to cast on Kûmité. Yet his hurry has disastrous consequences. In his rush he drops the potion, which explodes at his feet.

Taking their time to aim, the dwarven artillerymen fire at the last naphtha reserve...

In vain.

Before the Tactical roll, Ivo has to name a new Commander-in-chief. He chooses Baron Ozöhn.

Ivo and Sebastien then proceed with the Tactical roll, which Sebastien wins.

Despite Baron Ozöhn's pleas the reinforcements didn't think it was necessary to intervene and returned to Klüne. Only several hoheitais arrive to help their brethren on the battlefield.

Ivo: "A festival of [ ], as usual."

As for the dwarves, they happily welcome new teams of bombardiers.

"Fire!"

The order shouted by the dwarven commander-in-chief echoed against the rocky foothills. The dwarven artillerymen deployed in the north opened fire at Baron Ozöhn and the Ströhm knights. Injured, the new goblin commander-in-chief has some difficulty regaining control of his giant rat. The Ströhms manage to get away unscathed.

A spooky creaking sound was heard all over the battlefield. The dwarven chariot's gunner was turning the turret as quickly as possible and then opened fire at the last barrels of naphtha. The projectiles unfortunately didn't hit their target and strayed into the landscape.

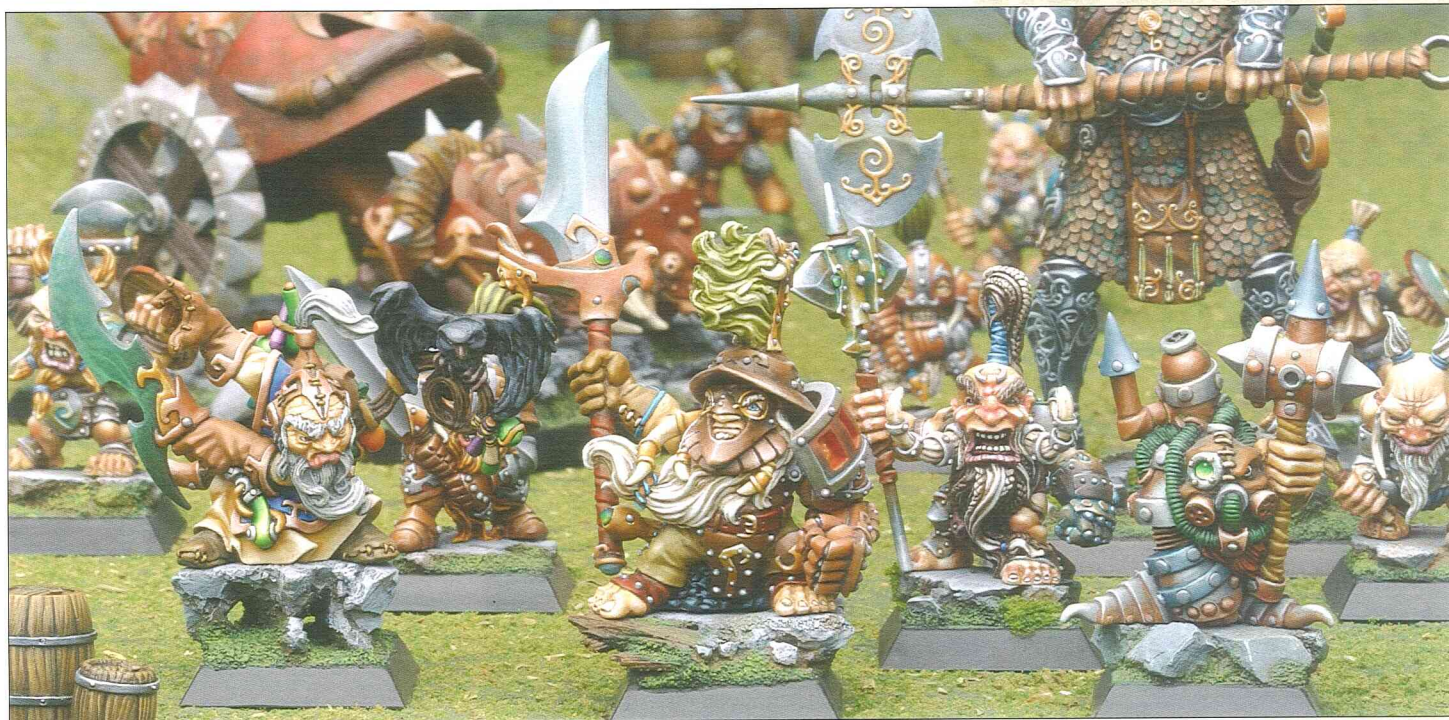
To the south-west the bombards that arrived as reinforcements also fired at the barrels, yet without any more success than the chariot.

Aegher and his mounted troops tried to disengage to be able to rush toward the sanctuary, yet they were unable to cross the wall of goblins blocking their way.

Baron Ozöhn put away his rifle and rushed toward the enemy bombards while the mountain-warrior disengaged from the goblin mutants and joined Tan-Kair in the sanctuary.


The last spearman of the Butt-pokers, determined to become a legend, was getting ready to die stoically at the hands of the Khor warriors.

## CONCLUSION



**Ivo:** "My strategy was based on keeping the enemy at a good distance from the central zone and on the entry of reserve troops in the middle of the game to prevent the destruction of the barrels of naphtha. My troops managed to contain the dwarves for almost five rounds despite their numbers being limited by repeated failures on reinforcement and reserve rolls. This feat is impressive considering the goblins' reference profiles! Thus, the spearmen literally nailed a Unit of Khor warriors whose strategic value was clearly higher than theirs, and the mutants valiantly resisted the mountain-warrior.

As for the *bûshis* and the *ashigarûs*, they did their job well and succeeded in holding back their opponents. Yet I think that the *bûshis* get much better results as support for a Unit of Regulars than when attacking directly. Indeed, their capacity to remove enemy combat dice can really hurt against outnumbered Elite troops.

The black troll and Baron Ozöhn hindered the bombardiers' shots that threatened my mountain-breakers, thus allowing these marvelous pieces of artillery to cause a carnage among the enemy ranks, and this in spite of the bad luck I had every time I rolled the dice. If I hadn't collected so many , Tan-Kaïr would be dead, as well as Magnus and a greater number Khor warriors and soldiers of the plains.

The bombards were the problem that was the trickiest to manage. Thanks to Tan-Kaïr they had good chances of returning to the game and shell the naphtha reserves. I often hesitated about how I should handle them, not really knowing if it was better to destroy them or to bog them down with several regulars.

It's clear that I shouldn't have counted on my reserves as much. The goblins' DIS isn't high enough to guarantee an entry at the right moment. However, had the ogres of Zoukhoï and the Stars of the N.B.A. arrived earlier, then this battle surely wouldn't have ended in the same way. The Ströhms' phenomenal maneuverability would have prevented the dwarves from blasting away at the naphtha reserves, and the ogres could have blocked (and maybe even destroyed) the chariot inside the sanctuary. What more, the entry of these fighters of Large Size could have allowed me to block enemy lines of sight.

I won't get into the details of Kûmité's catastrophic arrival in the game... The lesson to be learned is simple: never forget where the traps are! This being said, this incident nevertheless gave us a good laugh with its very 'goblinesque' character.

I was also impressed by the strength of faith in this army. With such a big number of fighters, it's a real pleasure playing faithful. You can allow yourself to call a communion two or three times in the same round, and Power of the Swarm can turn the 15 A.P. *bûshis* into terrifying warriors (ATT/STR 3/8).

A last word on Bazûka. I learned at my expense that he didn't manage as well as a Killyox or an Yhïbenseth in a fray, yet his profile is nevertheless an asset for the goblins. With *bûshi* Leaders in most of his army's Units he gets up to +2 in DIS on the Tactical roll. Furthermore, his combat characteristics are exceptional (for a goblin). Like the *bûshis*, he's better at support than at frontal attacks.

In conclusion, this battle shows well that the army of No-Dan-Kar is not an opponent to be underestimated. The variety of troops it now includes, the strength of its Creatures and artillery, as well as the

capacity to paralyze the enemy for several rounds with very cheap Units, are all assets that allow you to take on any opponent without worries. The mistake to avoid is to overestimate certain fighters. The important Units should never face the enemy without any kind of support."



**SEBASTIEN:** "I wanted to try playing the dwarves without Kael the Irascible's usual war-staff. After all, when one collects an army it's to be able to vary one's pleasure. Well, I'm not disappointed.

Next time I'll change this army's organization a bit by giving more Khor warriors to Tan-Kaïr and by dividing my Unit of soldiers of the plains in two. Like this I will have three groups that advance slowly but can cover the battlefield better. If this configuration proves to be good, then I'll add Khor warriors on razorback and their war-staff.

The army of Tir-Nâ-Bor is so complete that it deserves to be used to play games with more A.P. During this game I couldn't decide how to use the armored chariot. Should I have let it crash into the fray to take advantage of the strength that its speed and the laws of gravity give it? A difficult choice that, to stay loyal to the 'dwarven spirit,' would be easier to make by deploying two armored chariots! This build up would naturally lead to adding a couple of Uren's sons as a complement to the mountain-warrior to increase strike force. Several armorer dwarves would also be welcome to support the bombardiers.

In short, here I go for an army of 3000 A.P."



# F.A.Q. CONFRONTATION THIRD EDITION

THIS DOCUMENT GATHERS THE MOST FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS AND HELPS CLEAR THEM UP. THE QUESTIONS ARE ORGANIZED BY THEME....

## GENERIC RULES

### RANGE OF EFFECTS


#### Rounding of distances


**Q:** Should the measured distances be rounded to the higher or lower whole number?

**A:** The distances shouldn't be rounded at all. A fighter standing 60.5 cm from a marksman who has a maximum range of 60 cm is simply out of range.


### DAMAGE ROLLS


#### ♦ Double and location

**Q:** Is a double  considered to be located at the head?

**A:** No, a double  is a special Exceptional Wound whose location is not taken into account.

#### ♦ Double and sacred armor

**Q:** Does sacred armor make its wearer immune to Exceptional Wounds? Does this also work with a double ?

**A:** Yes, a double  is an Exceptional Wound so the wearers of sacred armor are immune to it.

### ACTIVATION

#### ♦ Number of miniatures represented by the same reference card

**Q:** Is it possible to represent from 1 to 3 miniatures per reference card, no matter how many miniatures are supplied in the blister pack or box?

**A:** Yes. A card can represent from 1 to 3 miniatures no matter the situation and even if the text on the card says otherwise (the Wolfen great fangs are therefore not limited to 2 miniatures per card).

#### ♦ Preparing the activation sequence

**Q:** Are the cards in each activation sequence to be shuffled at random or does each player freely choose the order in which they are placed?

**A:** Each player organizes his activation sequence as he pleases.

#### ♦ Reserve maximum

**Q:** Some game effects allow additional cards to be placed in reserve. Is the reserve's capacity limited to a certain number of cards?

**A:** No.

#### ♦ Reserve: A contradiction in the example?

**Q:** In the section on "Drawing Cards", on page 29 of the *Confrontation 3* rule book it says that the player who has the lead must do one of the following actions, including this one:

*"Place the top card of his activation sequence in reserve and play one or several cards that he already has in reserve."*

Yet the following sentence is found in the section entitled “The Reserve” (further on the same page in an example):

“Yet [the player] cannot place another card in reserve, even if he plays the one that he previously placed there.”

Isn't this contradictory?

**A:** No, because in the example from which the second excerpt is taken the player has lost the Tactical roll and can therefore place only one card in reserve. At the beginning of the example it is explained that the player has already placed his first card in reserve. When he gets the lead again he therefore can no longer place cards in reserve, even if he plays the one already there.



#### ♦ Accumulation of force during a simultaneous charge

**Q:** For a charge by several fighters against the same opponent to be considered as being simultaneous, do the charges have to take place during the same activation phase or during the same turn?

**A:** For several charges to be simultaneous (and the force of the fighters to be accumulated), they must take place during the same turn.

#### ♦ Rout

**Q:** If a fighter in rout is charged or engaged before his activation, he flees. It is also specified that a fighter in rout flees as soon as he is activated if he is free of any opponents. Does this mean that a fighter can flee twice in the same round?

**A:** No. If a fighter flees before his card is played, he is considered to have already been activated.

## INCANTATION AND DIVINATION

### AREA OF EFFECT OF SPELLS AND MIRACLES

#### ♦ Friendly fighters

**Q:** Can spells and miracles with an area of effect of “one friendly fighter” be used on the magician or faithful himself?

**A:** Yes, unless mentioned otherwise. It can happen that “This spell/miracle can be cast on the magician/faithful himself” is specified. This detail is added if applying the effect to the magician/faithful may seem unclear.

## ABILITIES

#### ♦ Fencer

**Q:** Some abilities, such as Bravery and Fanaticism, give the fighter a bonus when he places all his combat dice in attack. Can this bonus be acquired if the fighter keeps one combat die in reserve thanks to the “Fencer” ability?

**R:** Yes. However, the bonus is only applied once the fighter has assigned the reserve die to attack. For example, if he uses the reserve die for his second attack, then the bonus does not apply for his first one.

**Q:** Let's say a fighter has three combat dice and the “Fencer” ability. When placing his dice, the player controlling him places one die in attack and one in defense. The third one is kept in reserve as permitted by the “Fencer” ability. Before his opponent's first ATT roll, he announces sustained defense. This causes his reserve die to be automatically placed in attack. He therefore ends up with more dice placed in attack than in defense, which normally forbids him from using sustained defense. How should this situation be managed?

**A:** The rule says that to be able to use sustained defense the fighter cannot have more dice in attack than in defense when placing his combat dice. In this example the second die is placed in attack later on, so the fighter therefore has the right to perform a sustained defense.

#### ♦ Harassment

**Q:** What exactly are the exceptional movement and firing possibilities that a marksman with the “Harassment” ability has?

**A:** A marksman with the “Harassment” ability can:

- Walk, fire, and then walk again.
- Fire and then run

**Example:** A Kelt hunter with a MOV of 10 and the “Harassment” ability can

♦ Move 10 cm (or less), fire, and move another 10 cm (or less).

♦ Fire and then move 20 cm (or less).

#### ♦ Scout

**Q:** Let's say an undetected Scout is standing on the only path that one of his opponents can take. Can the latter ignore him and pass through or is the Scout an obstacle?

**A:** The Scout is an obstacle. His opponent therefore cannot pass through or engage him; he is surprised by the ambush.

#### ♦ Sequence/X

**Q:** If a fighter has the “Sequence/3” ability but his ATT and DEF values are respectively 6 and 5, can he nevertheless benefit from three additional combat dice by reducing his ATT to 0 and his DEF to -1?

**R:** No. A characteristic can be reduced to 0 but can never have a negative value. In this kind of situation the only way for the fighter to be able to get the three additional combat dice thanks to Sequence/X is by having a one-point bonus in DEF.

#### ♦ Toxic/X

**Q:** How is the “Toxic/X” ability to be used when making a master strike?

**A:** The use of the “Toxic/X” ability can be announced before any Attack test, be it a master strike or a normal attack. If the use of this ability is announced before making a master strike, then this attack simply benefits from the effects of Toxic/X.

## ARTIFACTS

#### ♦ Downloadable Artifacts

**Q:** Can the cards that were downloadable from the *Confrontation* web site still be used?


**A:** No

#### ♦ The Asterion (Zeïren)

**Q:** Seeing that the attacker no longer sets the difficulty level for his attacks, how is the Asterion to be used?

**A:** When Zeïren succeeds a counter-attack he can activate the Asterion's power (this choice must be announced before the Attack test gained thanks to the counter-attack is made). If this attack is successful, then the strength of the blow is increased by a number of points equal to the final result gotten for the attack that was the object of the counter-attack.

**Example:** Zeïren (DEF 6) is fighting a goblin bûshi (ATT 3). The bûshi is getting ready to attack and the Devourer player announces that he is attempting a counter-attack with Zeïren. The bûshi gets a  $\square$  on his Attack test, which gives him a final result of 6. To counter-attack, Zeïren has to get a final result of

8 (6 + 2) or more on his Defense test. He rolls a , which gives him a final result of 10. His counter-attack is therefore successful. Before proceeding with the attack gained thanks to the counter-attack, the Devourer player announces that he is using the Assterion's power. If Zeïren's attack is successful, then the blow's Strength is increased by +6 since the final result gotten by the bûshi for the attack that was the object of the counter-attack was 6.

## ♦ Runes of healing (generic artifact)

**Q:** It is specified that a rune of healing can be given to a magician or faithful, even if he isn't a Character. Does this mean that they cannot be given to Characters who are not magicians or faithful?

**A:** No. All Characters have access to runes of healing. In addition, all magicians and faithful (including Warrior-monks and Warrior-mages) can take them, even if they are not Characters.

## ARMIES

### CADWALLEN

#### ♦ Firebrand ogre

**Q:** On the ogre's card it says that the goblins can fire even if the ogre is moved by more than his MOV value. Yet the *Confrontation 3* rules specify that engaging and charging are exclusive actions that forbid firing. The firebrand ogre therefore cannot do an assault and fire during his activation

**A:** No, he cannot. However, this capacity allows him to both run and fire during his activation.

#### ♦ Dwarves of Tir-Nâ-Bor

**Q:** In *Confrontation 3* the mountain-warrior has lost his capacity to reduce Wounds. Does he benefit from the "Hard-boiled" ability instead?

**A:** No.

### DRUNES

#### ♦ The hound of Scathâch and demonic auras

**Q:** Being a formor, can the hound of Scathâch be given a demonic aura (like the formor friends)?

**A:** No. Only the fighters for whom they are specified can use these auras.

### DAÏKINEE ELVES

#### ♦ Arrows of alabaster (Kaëliiss the Silent/Wolfen clan box)

**Q:** Is arrows of alabaster reserved to Daïkinee Characters or can it be used by any Daïkinee equipped with a bow?

**A:** Arrows of alabaster is an artifact. Consequently, it can only be used by Daïkinee Characters equipped with a bow.

## GEBLINS EF NE-DAN-KAR

#### ♦ Black troll: The Armripper

**Q:** When a black troll wounds his opponent in the arms, is the loss of a combat die immediate?

**A:** Yes.

**Q:** When a black troll makes his opponent lose a combat die during a combat, which player decides if an attack or defense die is lost?

**A:** The player controlling the victim

**Q:** Is the loss of a combat die following the ripping off of an arm permanent?

**A:** Yes. The victim has one combat die less available for every combat in which he is involved.

## LIMBE EF ACHEREN

#### ♦ Zombies

**Q:** Are the Crâne warriors considered to be zombies?

**A:** Yes.

## DWARVES EF MID-NER

#### ♦ Colony of Ephorath: War-staff

**Q:** Is it possible to include a standard-bearer and a musician in an army of the colony of Ephorath?

**A:** No, these items are not a part of those that can be bound to this colony. On the other hand one can form a war-staff with Yh-Karas if the army is not specifically bound to the colony of Ephorath.

#### ♦ Colony of Ephorath: Characters

**Q:** It says that for the colony to be considered complete, it must include one Character for every 200 A.P. Does this mean that an army of 399 A.P. can include only one Character?

**R:** No, this rule only implies a minimum of one Character per 200 A.P.; it does not impose a maximum limit. An army of the colony of Ephorath can include as many Characters as you wish, as long as their accumulated value isn't more than 50% of the army's total value.

## ORCS EF BRAN-Ê-KER

#### ♦ Trackers of Bran-Ô-Kor

**Q:** If a tracker is equipped with incendiary jars and doesn't have an AIM value, does he gain the "Assault fire" ability and the "Rapid reloading" capacity?

**R:** All Character warriors are endowed with these two capacities. Those who don't have a range weapon simply can't benefit from them. If a Character warrior acquires a range weapon, then he can use Assault fire and Rapid reloading.

**Attention!** Only Character warriors are endowed with these capacities. Non-Character trackers, pure magicians and pure faithful therefore can't use them, even if they are equipped with incendiary jars.

## ORCS EF THE BEHEMETH

#### ♦ Endurance

**Q:** The "Endurance" ability is not mentioned in the appendices of the *Confrontation 3* rule book. Is this an omission? Do the orcs of the Behemoth still have the right to use it?

**A:** This ability is specific to the orcs of the Behemoth. It still works in *Confrontation 3* as described in the gaming aids of *Cry Havoc*, volume 2.

## WELFEN

#### Wolfen packs

**Q:** The generic rules on "factions" have been revised and leveled. The text is supposed to replace the one on each faction's introductory card: by replacing "faction" with "Wolfen pack" one therefore gets the rules that now apply.

Nowhere does it say that exceptionally for the Wolfen, the pack leader gets Leadership/15 as was the case before the third edition was released.

Does this mean that the pack leaders who don't have Leadership/X printed on their card don't have Leadership at all any more (even if this prevents them from getting the mark of savagery)?

**A:** The generic faction rules are revised in *Confrontation 3* to make the use of these particular armies clearer. In no way do they cancel the specific capacities bound to the factions of a people. The "Pack leader" rule described on the back of the "Wolfen packs" card therefore still applies.

## THE HERDE EF DUN-SCAIH

#### ♦ Allegiance of the horde

**Q:** In a band of Dun-Scaith, can Nemetis use the litanies of the Meanders of Darkness (the horde being affiliated to this camp) or can he use the litanies of the Paths of Destiny (the Devourers being affiliated to this camp)?

Hence, can the faithful summon ira tenebraes or sylvan animaes?

**A:** The rules say that no Immortal of Destiny can be included in the army's composition. This means that neither of them can join the horde's ranks before the battle. They can, however, be summoned in the usual way.

In short, Nemetis cannot call miracles that are bound to Darkness, yet he can call those of the Paths of Destiny, including the summoning of Immortals.



## SPECIAL CASES

### ARTIFACTS

#### Potions

**Q:** Does each potion count as an artifact if it is the same type of potion? For example, can a Regular Character who normally can have only one artifact be given five minor potions of strength?

**A:** Each potion counts as an artifact, even if it is the same potion.

#### ♦ The celestial robes (Meliador the Celestial)

**Q:** This artifact's "Flash" effect prohibits a fighter from attacking the magician. What exactly does the term "attack" cover?

**A:** The fighter affected by the "Flash" effect cannot take the magician to be the **direct** target of any of his actions: assault, attack, fire, spell, miracle or special capacity.

### EQUIPMENT

#### ♦ Sacred weapon against sacred armor

**Q:** Is the wearer of sacred armor immune to Exceptional Wounds inflicted by sacred weapons?

**A:** Yes.

#### ♦ Sacred armor

**Q:** Do the effects of sacred armor also apply to blessed armor?

**A:** No.

## SPELLS

#### ♦ Celestial scourge

**Q:** How does the "Light artillery" effect of the "Celestial scourge" spell work?

**A:** If the target is eliminated by the spell, then the magic projectile continues on its trajectory in a straight line and automatically hits the first miniature in its path. It continues on like this over a maximum distance of 30 cm as long as it eliminates its targets.

#### ♦ Putrescence

**Q:** Does this spell work against fighters endowed with the "Immunity/FEAR" ability? If yes, with which value is the target's RES to be replaced if its COU/FEAR and DIS values are noted as "-"?

**A:** Yes, this spell affects fighters with the "Immunity/FEAR" ability. On the other hand it has no effect on fighters whose COU/FEAR and DIS values are noted as "-". (See *Errata*.)

**A:** Simply by enlisting fighters with a higher Strategic Value, such as Characters, Creatures or Elite troops.

## INCARNATION AND ADVENTURE MODE

**Q:** Some cards, such as experience cards, mention an "adventure" game mode. Where can I get the rules of this mode?

**A:** These rules are no longer published. A new, similar concept is currently being developed and will soon be released.

## CARDS THAT ARE UNUSABLE IN CONFRONTATION 3

The list of cards that can no longer be used in *Confrontation 3* can be found on page 153 of the rule book and at the following address:

<http://confrontation.fr/c3cards.htm>

## ARMY COMPOSITION

### CONTINGENT

#### ♦ Limitations of the contingent

**Q:** In the rules it says that an army shouldn't have more than five miniatures for every 100 A.P. How can miniatures with a low A.P. cost be played?



## AYANE

There, right in the middle of the fight, the gun barrels pointed at me, I saw the clock in the square come to a stop. My hands, made blue by the cold of the season of whispers, could barely hold my blade, yet I felt so proud! Ayane had her back to mine and was whispering reassuring words that I couldn't hear, yet which went straight to my heart.

Ayane... my mentor, my love, my mistress, who depended on me in this precious moment, who needed my support. For whom I counted.

We didn't have the slightest chance to survive. I was going to die. The snow would cover my curled-up corpse like that of a big dog and would be forgotten. I was going to die with her and this thought made me feel good.

The first bullet hit me in the chest. All this snow was turning so red. My gosh, I was going to flood the whole street! The Free Leaguers laughed. They shouldn't have.

Ayane spoke into my ear. She smiled gently while saying "1... 2... 3!"

I was dead, it was obvious. Obvious and crazy. The dead don't get up again. They don't scream and pounce on the marksmen who had ambushed them. My body was acting on its own. I had become the Machine. I had entered her world where darkness shone brighter than the suns of Aarklash.

Pain had given me strength, it had revealed another me that I didn't know. I slew the first Free Leaguer, making his crude laughter end in a disgusting gurgle. He was still looking at me, dumbstruck, while I slid my blade under the gorget of another one to slit his throat.

"Militia!" shouted one of them while fading away in Ayane's arms.

Then all hell broke loose. They were coming from all over. The noise of boots, the smell of gunpowder, orders mixed with moans of agony. There couldn't have been so many of them. I counted silently. I had killed eight of them. Ayane was fighting furiously, surrounded by a group of six others. But against who were we fighting?

I only understood at the end when the square was filled with white silence. I saw the uniforms of militiamen. The captain's cap was floating in a puddle of mud. The two lying at my feet were no older than 16. All my joy vanished, I fell to my knees and started weeping and vomiting at the same time.

Ayane was screaming. That scream. A scream of dreadful pain. Yet also of triumph. She was striking a corpse with a hail of unruly blows. She had gone mad. She turned to me and I saw that she was also crying.

I was riddled with bullets. She came nearer and carefully undid the hauberk of chained leather to look at my wounds. I don't know what she found. Five, maybe six bullet wounds.

"You were great, Caplan."

Her voice was so soft! I brushed my hand through her hair and she bent forward to drink the bad taste from my mouth.

She unfastened the silk bodice around her chest and gave me her breast like to a baby. While she removed her metal thigh boots with a clinking sound, I felt myself drifting off into a black whirlpool. Only my state of arousal kept me awake.

I tried clumsily to resist. I didn't want to satisfy my desires among the corpses, on the soiled ground of the scene of a massacre, yet without realizing it, I was already slowly floating off into unconsciousness.

Here and there she bit my numb shoulders very hard and slapped me with all her might. She was doing some strange things that caused all the muscles in my body to tighten and rekindled the flames in my dying veins. Her cold and steady gaze pinned me to the ground like a butterfly to a board. At that moment I would have killed myself without a moment's hesitation had she asked me to do so. She was everything and I was nothing. Did she want to make me feel that way? Did she want to make her victory absolute by including me among her victims?

The Ferrymen's reinforcements arrived. In slow motion Ayane got up, gathered her silk and metal attire, and left the square without saying a word or throwing me a glance. The Ferrymen put me in a wagon and then I passed out.

That was the last time I saw you, Ayane. Since then, every day I ask myself why you did that. But now I know the secret: love and death are all that count in this world; everything else is just futile.



As soon as she was out of sight, Ayane began running. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. She retched spasmodically while fleeing, thus attracting the attention of charitable souls in the street leading to the quarter of the Good Mine. A few yards further she collapsed in the shelter of a carriage entrance.

"Are you OK, my little lady?" asked a flour-covered baker's apprentice who stopped in front of her.

Ayane already knew pain. Very strong pain. She had always been able to take it. He was watching her. She couldn't give in, not here, not before this kid.

"Were you attacked, ma'am?"

People started gathering. She pulled her last strength together and got up.

"I'm fine."

And what if she was becoming like him? All she could think of was one thing: the baths. Their floral scents and the water that would cleanse everything and make her new, intact again.

Ayane continued on her way, stumbling. She was almost naked, her sword held unsheathed in one hand, her belongings pressed to her body with the other. She had no more pride, no more feeling of self-worth. She saw the troglodytic buildings and the passer-bys of the posh quarters through a haze.

At the underground entry to the baths she collapsed in the strong arms of the minotaur who was guarding the door.

"Miss 'Yane can't come in like that."

"Let me... let me in, Dôzer."

Dôzer scratched his head. The situation was tricky and he liked Miss 'Yane very much. She had once saved him. And she was crying. The colossus then did

the only thing he could: he removed the sword from Ayane's hand and dressed her himself.

"Now you're my little girl, Miss 'Yane."

As an answer Ayane only gave the huge brute a hug and then vanished under the arches towards her favorite pool all the way at the back of the cavern. It was a pool of black water that only she used.

She was nude in seconds. The warm water covered her light skin and formed an opaque film. She let herself go, floating and sinking in the pool as the turbulence took her. She closed her eyes and saw an ophidian plunge its tongue into the heart of rare orchids. She was this snake and was about to shed her skin.

Ayane felt like she had been raped. She remembered Caplan's gaze, his mouth screaming "you're killing me!" while she desperately tried to keep him alive. He believed her to be so strong. How wrong he was...

The whole scene was played before her eyes in short flashes. The slaps, the bites, the square's cobblestones digging into her knees, the blood flowing from all the holes in Caplan's chest, and her praying to all the gods at once, she who had never believed. "Oh Salauël, Merin and Vortiris, keep him awake. I pray you, keep him awake."

It was horrible how his blood was pouring out, but he had to be saved and the only solution that Ayane found was to use the force of desire. She had manipulated the ferryman's feelings while she was unable to have any herself. But what had he thought? That the smell of blood aroused her? That she enjoyed taking pleasure in the middle of a carnage? Poor fool. One day she'd kill him for that. Life was indeed a very strange thing, thought Ayane while remembering that she had saved Caplan by giving him her pain. She shrugged her shoulders and curled up on the cold stones around the pool. She liked their hard touch, which felt almost like a protective shell.

Appeared at last, she fell asleep like a child.





# THE EMPIRE OF RATS

SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE GOBLINS NEVER LOST THEIR ATTACHMENT TO THE NAUSEATING SWAMPS THAT HAD PROVIDED THEM WITH THEIR FIRST REFUGE. THESE SWAMPS HAVE INFLUENCED GOBLIN CULTURE EVEN MORE PROFOUNDLY THAN THE AEGIS MOUNTAINS.

the mangroves are the domain of insects, witches and mutants, and are where the spirits roam.

## THE BANKS OF THE ZOKORN

The Zokorn River\*, fed by the waters of Lake Zok, carries its alluvia all the way to the sea while crossing the whole plateau of No-Dan-Kar. On its way it divides into numerous branches that carry the ferrous silt in its water all over the plains of the goblin country, turning them into ponds and bogs. Its muddy banks teem with dangerous river creatures that slip into the ponds and swamps near mushroom villages to feed on the local population.

River pirates are just about the only ones who dare brave the Zokorn's countless whirlpools all along its course. Their presence along the river has caused the appearance of temporary shelters that are used as dives and brothels where the least commendable goblins offer their shady deals. More officially, the merchants' flat bottom barges transport all kind of merchandise under strong escort, hiring the services of bodyguards to bring their products to the markets of the furthest villages. Sometimes the two trades meet in cities on stilts and form questionable alliances at the water's edge.

## THE MUSHROOM SETTLEMENTS

Legend has it that the goblin villages, the mushroom settlements, appear and disappear as quickly as a summer rain. Indeed, all that's needed is a very high level of humidity and a thick curtain of vegetation to see a forest of giant mushrooms sprout in the shadows. These places rarely remain abandoned for long, for goblin spotters know the swamps well and detect their appearance very quickly. They then sell their discovery at a high price and the goblins of the overcrowded cities soon colonize these places. This phenomenon of urban exodus, which mainly affects Klüne the Overflowing, takes on various shapes. The strange principle of goblin architecture, which accumulates without destroying, has caused the building of shantytowns around the big cities, whereas the inhabitants of the swamp villages usually leave the mushrooms they discover as they are.

Yet no matter their location, the mushroom villages are all built around the initial vegetation, which they always respect. The dwellings are perched on the top of wide caps, built against the stems or carved in the bulbs. More rarely, some villages make the most of the characteristics of unusual mushrooms and are used as shelter by mutants.

The villages' inhabitants make up the biggest part of the goblin population. It's from them that the empire draws its incredible amount of reinforcements, replacing every fallen soldier with thousands of new lives. Some villages vanish in one night, the victims of fungivorous insects or of mysterious phe-

## THE BEGS OF NE-DAN-KAR

The central part of the goblin homeland is occupied by bogs. These vast marshes, through which the Zokorn River and its countless tributaries wind, are constantly changing, thus causing population movements that obey needs that are incomprehensible to the other peoples of Aarklash. At the heart of these bogs, Klüne throbs with endlessly renewed life, sprawling a bit further with every season, from one run down shack made of plants to the next shantytown made from scavenged material. Yet the coasts are preserved from the goblins' unstoppable expansion:

For the inhabitants of the plains of Alahan or of Akylannie, the plateau is a huge bog. Hasn't the expression "the swamps of No-Dan-Kar" become a part of everyday language? Rare are those who are interested enough in the goblin people and the geography of Aarklash to know that in reality the lands of the rats form a composite mosaic that fully justifies calling them the "goblin empire." The goblin territory, which is relatively small, has a more varying landscape than the baronies of Alahan or the faraway Syhar lands: it's full of plains, steep hills, woods, forests and coasts that give birth to just as many cultures and unique traditions.

\* Zo, Zou. Adj. (Goblin slang): marine, maritime.  
Korn n. 1: (Old Goblin) Eel. 2: (Xherus's system) Snake, plate, bell rattle.

nomena that haunt the swamps. A good number of these disappearances can also be caused by the mushrooms themselves, whose hallucinogenic spores rarely spare their inhabitants. Yet new villages spring up every day in the most unexpected places, thus ensuring relieve.

## THE MANGROVES

The mangroves, where land and sea meet, are spared by the goblins who fear entering them. Their landscape of aerial roots and perpetual fog give shelter to their ancestors, who supposedly haunt them, and to countless insects. Mushrooms don't grow there, with the exception of extremely rare brain-shaped, slimy and warty species that attract the mutants in their hopeless wanderings. In the deepest parts of the mangroves, black and white stretches of rotting vegetation testify to the influence of Darkness in these places. Opalescent worms and purple phasmids, two necrophagous species, thrive there on beds of dead insects and the remains of goblin civilization carried there by the river's treacherous currents. Rumor has it that these cesspools hide unusual concentrations of mana gems, and strange expeditions of sorcerers and thieves sometimes venture into them.

*"... IN REALITY THE HOMELAND OF THE RATS IS A COMPOSITE MOSAIC THAT FULLY JUSTIFIES THE NAME OF 'GOBLIN EMPIRE'."*

## THE PLATEAU OF BURROWERS

Bigger than the bogs, the grassy western steppes of the Plateau of Burrowers are a lot less inhabited. The ancient presence of trolls and other giant cousins of the goblins, as well as the dangerous proximity of the Drune and Sessairs Kelts, have given this area an unwelcoming reputation, thus keeping away most of No-Dan-Kar's population. Yet some have developed a certain original culture there, which goes against the principles of the swamp, and they regularly threaten to secede.

## MACREMEGAS

The descendants of the giants of the past or unusual goblins coming from the caves of the Aegis, the trolls occupy the Plateau of Burrowers that dominates the Wall of Giants. They are an integral part of the goblin people in which they play both a dominant and a subordinate role. Dominant because it is rare that goblin troops vanquish without their help, and subordinate because they are systematically placed under the orders of goblin leaders who use them as beasts of burden and cannon fodder.

This military organization reflects their position in goblin society, which integrates them while remaining wary of their brutality. A tacit agreement gives them the Plateau of Burrowers to live in and also gives them the duty to defend it against incursions coming from Avagddu.

Usually solitaries, the black trolls form whole tribes in the temperate steppes where some still live in a savage state and don't distinguish between goblin and invader.

## THE MOORS OF BURROWERS

The few goblins that live on the Plateau of Burrowers have adapted to conditions of life close to those found in the plains of Avagddu. Their hamlets fortified by log walls are built on promontories and have a panoramic view that helps protect them. The goblins of the Plateau, being more exposed to attacks by Kelts, wild trolls and Barhans, have a strong martial culture, even though their crude nature generally forbids them from using sophisticated weapons and armor.

The moors' temperate climate gives these goblins an abundance of food and water, so they have turned to agricultural activities that are foreign to the people of Rat. Some towns, in which trolls, goblins and Kelt mercenaries mingle, have become rather important little trade centers. They are withdrawing from the emperor's authority and strengthen their local particularities through bloody uprisings. Yet their days are counted because the swamp is slowly spreading toward the plains, thus causing settlements to be established right in the middle of the temperate steppes in a new wave of goblin colonization. The poorest of the cities' poor go there to settle, constantly threatened by invasions, raids and jealous expeditions from the towns of the goblins of the plateau.

## THE EASTERN BORDERLANDS

Barg marks the eastern border of No-Dan-Kar, right at the edge of the Wolfen of Yllia's huge forest. For most of Rat's children this frontier remains the theater of the bloody massacres of the past. Yet thinking that they would leave this place would be forgetting the extraordinary vitality of the goblins who migrated here at the beginning of their exodus.

## THE HAUNTED CIRCLES

Before falling back on the bogs the goblins coming from the Aegis Mountains entered the forest of Diisha where, after bumping into the Wolfen, they quickly turned around. Yet small groups of fanatics more determined than the others ventured deep into the undergrowth until they

reached a Wolfen stone circle where they met an atrocious death.

Under the shamans' influence the Wolfen abandoned the stone circles that were tainted by the goblins' arrival and ritually removed their sacredness. After this act the forest retreated by a few leagues to give way to murky swampland. The broken stones stick out of the slimy mud in certain spots among the heaps of goblin corpses, causing chaotic magical phenomena. This place, which is said to be haunted by the ghosts of the goblins killed in action and by the shamans' spells, is full of will-o'-the-wisps and other eerie glows. It is hardly ever visited except by Wolfen lonewolves and the bravest of goblins who sometimes form forbidden alliances there...

## THE FOREST TRIBES

In the far north of Diisha a small part of the goblins fleeing the Aegis Mountains ventured into the edge of the woods without meeting any of the terrifying Wolfen. Forgotten by all, they settled the furthest reaches of the forest by cutting themselves off from the rest of the exodus, which moved on toward No-Dan-Kar. There they created a tribal life style as hunter-gatherers with the help of dreadful poisons taken from the sap of mushrooms.

Extremely xenophobic, the goblins of the forest tribes have attacked all newcomers, burning, if need be, the mushrooms that could have been used by other goblins as shelter. They live in a perpetual dream fed by the mushrooms vapors and the magic tattoos that they wear.

Though they can no longer ignore the world at war around them, the forest tribes are no less determined to preserve their way of life by allying themselves with other goblins resisting the empire.







# THE WAYS OF RAT ARE UNFATHOMABLE...

INSPIRED BY DELIRIOUS DREAMS OR BY SIGNS THAT ARE MEANINGLESS TO THE PROFANE, THE GOBLIN PROPHETS LEAD THEIR BRETHREN BY THE THOUSANDS ON FEVERISH EXPEDITIONS TO CARRY OUT THEIR GOD'S GRAND DESIGNS. VULGAR PILLAGING TO SOME, THE QUESTS OF THE RATS OF NO-DAN-KAR ARE NEVERTHELESS THE TESTIMONY OF A GENUINE AND DEEPLY FELT FAITH.

## WE WERE STARVING TO DEATH, REALLY

Life sure was tough that winter. All the troops had gone far to the east to fight the dwarves. They said that we had to take back the sacred caverns. So, Klûne was all full of pomp, with noble knights, the Ströhms and the militias, decorated with standards and even music. Ah, it was a beautiful sight all right, except that we were dying in the mangroves. My brats were sweeping the waters for roots and one little urchin went to meet Rat last year. Glanders of the swamps got the best of her. And glanders don't pardon nothing, plus it sure ain't a nice sight to see.

Without any real reasons them Kelts started attacking us in our mushroom villages and nobody came to help us. Us, the hicks of the bogs don't count

for much. We were starving to death, really. I tried to knock up Bonnie to get us some extra hands, yet we wasn't going to hold out long. In the evenings we prayed for Rat to come an' help us out a bit, at least to be able to eat, and that he helps our emp'ror see that we needed him to think about us.

That's when Rat helped us. His chosen prophet came, all dressed in rags and bent over a bone that looked like a troll's an' he spoke to us about Rat who had freed us, and about us, that we were just like slaves in our little huts. Rats were running all around him and in his tattered shirt. For a whole week he sat in the village square and told stories about god. People came from far yonder to see him. Bonnie an' me, we also went when we could to pray to Rat. He looked at the sky, the mud and the mushrooms, but he never looked anyone in the eye. We realized that he was blind an' deaf an' that the rats were his eyes

an' ears! Listening to him really made us happy. We finally counted for someone important.

By the end of the week we was more than a hundred and the marauders had come to join us. I felt proud 'cause I told myself "if them Kelts arrive we'll kick their butts." I didn't see any further than the end of my nose. The prophet kept on speaking an' told us of his life, how he had found the Great Rat's bones in a city an' how he had hidden for years to decipher the engravings on the rib bones. His name was Xherus an' he was a visionary. Now he had left the city an' he wanted to read us Rat's messages an' translate them for us. Since we didn't have no books, we didn't un'erstand what he was doin' here, so he explained it to us: the world be full of messages, you just had to listen.

Me, I was really struck by what he said an' I suddenly felt like a poet. I had a strange shiver and my

hairs stood up straight. Even today I still ask myself what got into me that day. I got up an' I said "Xherus, prophet, I feel like a poet." That really blew him away. He started walking sideways while going ring-a-ding with his little bell and he shouted "The Ninth Pump!" an' then fainted.

When he woke up he called me to him and said: "It's Rat who spoke through your mouth. Your words are the first ones I've heard with my own ears in ten years an' they have shown me the way. Misery ain't no fatality, not any more than hunger an' disease. Come with me an' together we'll go looking for the Ninth Pump of Rat to give birth to abundance. With it no land'll be able to resist the flood of our people an' you, you'll plough the furrows of the future in it."

## BUT TOMORROW WOULD BE BETTER

So I left everything behind. Bonnie waved good-bye while crying. It broke my heart, but I still followed the prophet. That's the last time I saw Bonnie, an' since then it makes me sad when I think that maybe I lost her for nothing.

But tomorrow would be better. That's what we believed. Each one of us pictured the Ninth Pump in his own way: to some it was a shoe that could summon giants, to others it was a slipper of fertility. Me, I was smarter: if it was one of Rat's pumps, then it couldn't be a normal one; it had to be gigantic an' have nine toes. Xherus didn't tell us nothing and his silence made us come up with even wilder theories.

Our faith was giving us wings. In every village we passed through we recruited by the wagonload and didn't reject anyone. Xherus told us that god had given him new strength. Then rats were following us by the thousands an' he, he spoke to them all. He had become aware. We were one hekuva gang, with deserters from the militia, seasick filibusters, and vil-lagers out for a good time.

I wasn't the only one obsessed with the Kelts. Others thought the same so we started moving toward the plains with our prophet following behind. He didn't say nothing no more an' we didn't know where to find the Pump. We just stupidly said "The Kelts have it, they just have to." That's how we ended up rushing into Kelt villages while screaming that we wanted our Pump back. We went totally crazy: sometimes we fought, sometimes we danced with them. We did just anything, hoping that it would please Rat an' that he would speak to the prophet.

In the ninth village, drunk on Kelt mead and prayers, we thought that it would be good to celebrate an' we raised a gigantic pole on which we stuck wish lists. We dictated them to the prophet an' he wrote them in the universal language of Rat, an alphabet that only he could read but which we all pretended to know. We added a few bells, trinkets and Kelt heads – at least those of the ones who had

gotten on our nerves – to the pole. It looked really cool. So cool that we decided to take it with us. The prophet told us that we had made the figure-head of a fabulous ark and that the ark's inhabitants was us. We didn't un'erstand nuthin', but it sounded serious so we all agreed.

Before we had the ark, we sang songs of the temples' choirs, we signed ourselves three or four times and we shook bells to make us feel religious, an' that was enough. But now, when we carried the figure-head, we realized that, like, it was a divine mission, an' not just pillaging to have fun with a bunch of friends. I hadn't left Bonnie an' the brats behind to just joke around.

That was the first step, the beginning of the predication.

## THE PREDICATION

Xherus had found the inspiration he was looking for. He spoke all the time while rubbing his temples, and he sometimes shouted out formulas as loud as he could. We were really into it: in the middle of meals we would start thinking about life, the gods or the world. We ask ourselves questions like "why is there the sky?" or "what happens before life?" We ask ourselves these things all the time, even the day when we slaughtered the fiannas of Danu's horde of vengeance. I also remember having ask a minotaur that was charging me if he had already seen a horned hare, seeing that the day before the prophet had said that "life is like a horned hare: you can look for it but you won't find it," but I never found out if he had seen one or not because while he was thinking about it we were twelve to pounce on him and finish him off.

We was just a bunch of poor folks and we had decided that we wouldn't be like the others an' that we'd share everything an' not have a chief. At first it worked well, but then we thought that it would be really smart to give a bigger share of the loot to the most faithful members of our gang. The old system was: "you find some stuff, you run fast, an' it's yours." Then it became: "you find some stuff, the whole gang jumps on you and those who pretend to pray the hardest snatch it from you." Obviously, this didn't please the fastest runners among us. The biggest cheapskates suddenly became the most devout. They said that they got scarred by their prayers. To appear authentic they crawled on the rocks or whipped their backs an' showed the others how scarred they were. We all tried to outdo each other; we wore the skin off our backs by flagellating ourselves an' we spent hours staring ecstatically at ferrets coming out of their burrows. Things really started to smell fishy.

The prophet was over-excited. We was running all over the place while shouting mysterious words into the air. He liked me a lot. I believe that he thought that I had been chosen by Rat and I got triple rations at every stop we made. We didn't find any

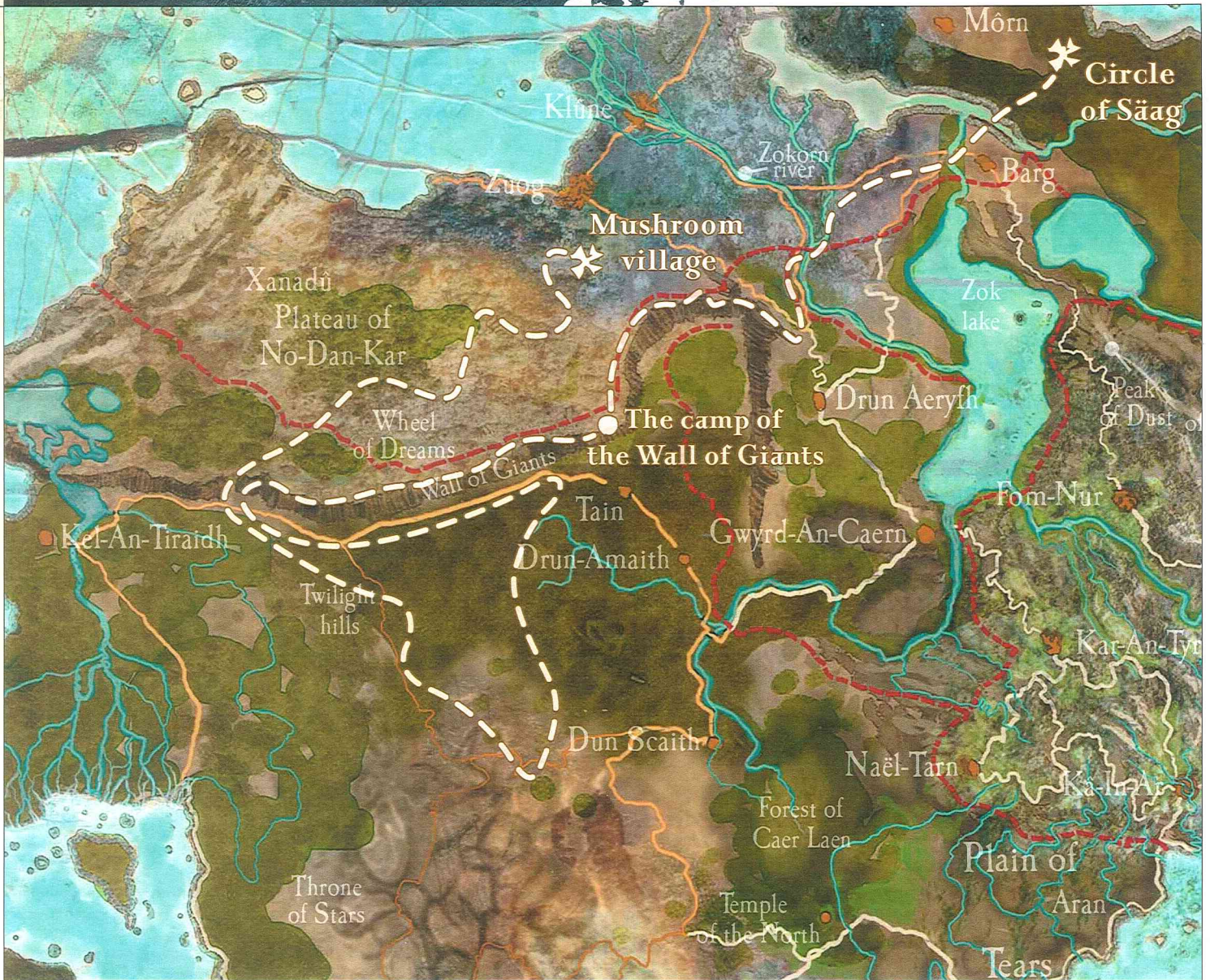
signs of the Ninth Pump, but the prophet's efforts and the wonders that he performed were enough to give us confidence. He provided us with more an' more grub, summoned rats by the thousands, healed the sick an' banished bad spirits. We didn't fear nuthin' no more. Me, well fed an' close to Xherus, I thought less about the poorer members of the gang an' about my brothers in the bogs. In the end I believed that this was the life of a faithful and that this was the way things were. I had to appear to be as mad as the others, an' seeing that this was to my advantage, I didn't ask myself any questions. It's funny that after having ask myself thousands of questions I no longer doubted anything since I had all the answers.

## ON THE ROAD TO RECONQUEST!

One morning we decided to make a move. We held the ark's figurehead up high and tore our clothes. Xherus let out a terrifying cry and said: "Rat doesn't want to answer us because the priests have led his call astray. They have abandoned our temples to the enemies of our god. Rat doesn't want these iniquitous priests. My brothers, faith makes us strong, faith makes us invincible. Let's go to the temples of the Wall of Giants and take them back, one by one, from the arrogant people who have made them theirs! Rat will guide us and while we're at it we'll find the Ninth Pump!"

That was it. Finally! We set off in a long column filled with shots and singing. The squeaks of the





faithful mingled with the noise of the bells to produce the sound that pleases Rat all along the road toward the Wall of Giants. And everywhere the Kelts fled before our tide.

When we arrived in front of the first temples, Rat's official priests were awaiting us. They preached us, saying that we had to leave the temples to respect an agreement made by the former emperor. Us, we didn't give a damn about the old agreement; these temples were ours, after all!

The priest started getting all mixed up, rambling on about Kelts who had set up shops inside an' that the price of cheese would crash an' cause all kind of invasions. So we nailed two or three of them to the ark's figurehead to show them that we weren't kidding, an' then the others finally said that we were probably right after all: this figurehead truly was miraculous.

We used it to ram the temples' gates an', sloshing through whey and ewe cheese, we threw them Kelts out. They must've really hated us, them Kelts. Every

time we conquered back a temple, all kind of rats joined us as a sign of our god's favor. I saw shrews, giant rats that were three meters tall, hamsters that were no bigger than my thumb, an' even lemmings that came to die. We declared that the rats had been sent by god and that killing a rat equaled killing a goblin. All day we filled the air with smoke using incense that we rolled in rat droppings or by burning whole blocks of dried rat turd carried by brats in bowls. The smell alone let us win battles without even having to get out our cleavers.

Temple after temple we became a true army. Two weeks later all the sites of the Wall of Giants had been taken back. The nights were constantly filled with the sound of chimes and the moans of the faithful who had stuffed themselves with the indigestible cheese of Avagddu. The fires of our gang could be seen burning on all the ridges. We were in control of the region. We were now important people.

## WE WERE IMPERTANT PEEPLE

Our victories had attracted all kinds of goblins. Me, I didn't like the newcomers too much. They looked like conspirators to me. They whispered in the evenings around the campfires and the bells were rarely heard any more. There were loads of rumors being spread about the arrival of the Kelts or of the Ströhm guards, about whom we weren't sure if they'd rally us or slaughter us. When walking around the temples I passed groups of masked militiamen who I had never seen before. Once in a while small naphtha bombs exploded in some camp or another and the whispers became ever louder. In short, agitators had joined our gang, and agitate they sure did.

I was worried an' I decided to talk to Xherus about it. To make me feel better he told me that he had just informed the Emperor in Klüne, asking him to rally to the quest for the Ninth Pump. He was very proud of his idea, but I must admit that I didn't like it very much.

Two days later we heard the imperial march and the noble Ströhm knights arrived at the command of several officers of the N.B.A.\* Nine heralds riding on giant rats opened the way for them. They sure made us feel like small fry! They headed straight to the temple where Xherus was praying an' they spoke with him for several hours. In the end they came out with the smiling prophet an' announced: "By order of Emperor Izothop your mission has been declared a 'holy quest of No-Dan-Kar.' We have been charged with ensuring Xherus the Visionary's security against agitating elements that have found refuge among you and to protect him from the dangers of the Rag'narok during his divine mission of taking back the Ninth Pump from the scourge of our people. Also, from now on we will take care of communicating all of the prophet's words to this gathering of the faithful."

Xherus was waving his hand behind them, so we thought that everything was OK and obeyed.

After that the atmosphere changed a bit. The Emperor's soldiers were bombed night an' day by the agitators and lived holed up inside the temples. Us, we slept in the square with the rats an' we prayed Rat, hoping for a sign that would guide us to the Pump. We had completely razed the villages an' we had taken control of the Wall, yet Rat remained silent. Could we have been wrong?

## A CIRCLE THEE FAR

Maybe the Emperor thought that things had lasted long enough or maybe Rat is a practical joker. Whatever it is, after several tense weeks the heralds woke



\* N.B.A.: No-Dan-Kar Battle Academy

## THE "9" IS ALIVE!

Of all the superstitions bound to the cult of Rat, the one concerning the number "9" is the strongest one. The goblins thus make the distinction between "dead" numbers and the nine, the only "living" number. As a consequence they try to gather nine copies of everything that they consider to be important: cult objects, brats, clothing and other belongings. To give credit to their way of seeing things, it is troubling to observe that the ninth part of a whole is systematically hard to obtain: the ninth brat is hard to conceive, the ninth bell disappears, etc. The goblins have naturally deduced that the 9 only intervenes whenever it feels like it, at its own initiative. On the other hand the lucky owner of nine of anything is seen as a

chosen one marked by the most auspicious sign. So the fact of getting a 9 in a game of luck is a sure sign of an upcoming victory, and the goblins who get it shout "The nine is alive!" to rejoice in advance in their future success.

This superstition is the origin of an ancient struggle between the clergy of Rat and the Brotherhood of the Red Cannonballs, an organization dependant on the N.B.A. which forbids the deployment of nine cannonballs in the same squad for security reasons.

us up to deliver the prophet's words: the Wolfen were the ones who had the Ninth Pump an' they were keeping it in the Circle of Sâag, a stone circle close to Mörn.

I didn't feel too good about this whole Wolfen circle thing, but I had already gone so far... What did I have left to lose? The Ströhms army swore that they would help us in our mission and that didn't make me very happy. I had heard too many stories about what they did to agitators.

On the road to Mörn the goblins of the villages we passed through cheered us on, but the Ströhms prevented them from joining us. We're all gonna die, I thought, we're all gonna die. With this idea stuck in my head, we neared the great forest and we met our first Wolfen at its edge. Their hunters harassed us. We wanted a massive direct battle to be able to submerge them, yet they didn't give us the opportunity to do so. We entered the forest of gigantic trees, filled with fear, and marched on for days. We almost thought that the Wolfen were all hunters since we didn't see any others. We started becoming more sure of ourselves again.

We would reach Sâag the next day. And that's when we understood. Everything. The Ströhms left us smack in the middle of the forest within a few hours march from the stone circle. That was their plan: to send us to the Wolfen that they finish us off.

Us, we comforted Xherus who they had abandoned on an old stump. We prayed together an' decided to go for it anyways. We was gonna go all the way. We hollered, "To the Ninth Pump!" an' we charged toward the circle. There, it was no longer the hunters that were awaiting us. It looked like the whole army of Mörn was there. I can't remember the battle. Every time I think about it I see a flood of red, dead goblins everywhere, guts and tears, but I just can't tell what happened.

I'll never forget what then happened. Xherus ran, all alone, towards the middle of the circle and he

returned with a gigantic horn shaped like a pear. The horn was attached to a bellows that was heaving with a hoarse noise. The Pump. The Ninth Pump of Rat. It wasn't a shoe but a gigantic pump, like the naphtha pumps but with this horn attached to it. It REALLY was in the Circle of Sâag! The Wolfen couldn't believe it. It looked like they didn't even know that it was there.

I can still see what then happened in slow motion: the huge wolves running toward Xherus, the prophet pumping like a madman and grabbing the horn... and then that sound. The noise of the end of the world. A noise so loud that it rattled your bones. The Wolfen scattered in all directions and we grabbed them by the fur to get outta there as fast as possible. We hid in the trees and some even ripped off their ears to prevent themselves from hearing the noise. Xherus squeezed the Pump while bursting into laughter. The worst, when I think about it, was that all it reminded me of was the sound of a whoopee cushion, the "fart" that makes brats giggle... except that here it went "FAAAAARRRT."

Back in the village there are some who have been terrorized by snakes. They shake all over when they hear a hiss. Me, it's "farts": if some joker comes by with a horn he can send me hidin' under my bed in tears, and I'm sure there are some Wolfen that became like me. That thought comforts me. I think about them with their fancy killer names like "great predator of destruction" and I can see them again running off like rabbits because of the prophet, MY prophet, and all I can say is "Thank you Xherus, thank you Rat."

Ever since then I no longer fight, I no longer go on quests for god, yet I have remained faithful to our original dream. I take care of the temple in our village with Gouzon, who replaced my Bonnie, and every night I again hear the Pump's horrible "FART" and I weep like a brat.



# 9 CLANS TO RULE THEM ALL

*THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE STRÖHM DOESN'T FORM THE UNITED WHOLE THAT THE OTHER PEOPLES EXPECT TO FIND. ON THE CONTRARY, ALL SORTS OF CLANS SHARE POWER IN IT.*

**N**o one really knows where the nine clans originally come from. The most devout never stop telling how nine goblins followed Rat into the chasms of the Aegis while others insist on the importance of the number nine. In any case the goblin nobility is invariably structured around its nine kinglets who are trying to build the terrifying heterogeneity of the goblin people. It's this desire for controlling variety which is the source of complications on the road of those who wish to get a noble title (even if they have the means to pay for it). Yet many pretenders manage to bypass the hurdles imposed by the kinglets by taking advantage of the trickery of less scrupulous nobles. After all, the clans are as varied as the rest of goblin society. A few things do, however, distinguish them.

## THE CLAN OF THE CHIMES OF BRONZE

Mainly founded on titles of nobility bound to lands crossed during the exodus and lost since then, the clan of the Chimes of Bronze is the most disorganized one of them all. It gathers freebooters and marauders led by adventurers in a shared hunger for riches and exploration that often keeps it away from the capital. For this reason this clan is spared from intestine struggles and it gets by by using the diaspora's staging posts.

## THE DAMMED SWAMP

The militia of Klûne doesn't depend on the emperor's direct authority, but rather on that of the clan directing it: the Dammed Swamp. Organized into patrols and squads, it is directed by highly colorful personalities who don't make much of traditional titles of nobility and replace them with titles of brigadier, sergeant, captain, major and commander, as well as with a multitude of intermediate titles that are absolutely incomprehensible to outsiders. The Dammed Swamp plays an important role in the intrigues of Klûne and often sells its services to the lords of the other clans, which explains why it can be found all over Aarklash and is fully involved in the Rag'narok.

## THE BLACK TOOTH

The pirate clan of the Black Tooth no longer needs to be presented. Built on Captain Krill's vast fortune, this clan has recently acquired a good number of titles that had fallen into disuse and were all given to Captain Krill. For good reason, many wonder about this accumulation of titles, yet never out loud. The captain, unable to remember all of his titles, has transformed them into sailor's vocabulary and given himself the enviable name of Captain Krill de Tain de Purple de Nur-An-Kor de Bisotte de Mna Scaith de Trabuc, which is often shortened to "Captain Krill."

The Black Tooth is now moored in Cadwallon.

## THE CLAN OF THE THUNDERING BELLS

The clan of the Thundering Bells includes the most fervent worshippers of Rat. Specialized in mystical quests and in spiritual designs, this clan floods Aarklash with its random and sudden tides. Though faith can move mountains, it sometimes fails, and to make up for this the clan abusively uses the mountain-breaker. This fault, combined with the point of honor the clan places in simultaneously firing nine cannonballs in every confrontation, gives an especially random aspect to the battles its wages. It is therefore not unusual to see the clan completely destroy its own army, turning its opponent into the spectator of its self-destruction.

## THE X CLAN

The X clan unites the goblin mutants in a same group dominated by the preoccupation of anonymity. Its titles refer to parts of the mangrove that are occupied by villages of mutants that the clan makes a point of honor of defending. Hard to understand for common goblins, the X clan's interests often cause it to participate in the goblin people's military excursions into faraway lands.

## THE CLAN OF THE MOUNDS OF DIRT

The indestructible bastion of the Ströhm nobility, the clan of the Mounds of Dirt, as the Aegis Mountains are affectionately nicknamed, has a great love for chivalrous ideals. Its troops, almost all Ströhm, obey the sacrosanct precepts of the N.B.A. under all circumstances and indulge in displays of courtesy in the backwaters of the swamps where this clan's fiefdoms are located. Yet one shouldn't be misled, for the Ströhm are formidable opponents and their titles are among the most important ones of goblin nobility. This clan alone checks and balances the emperor's absolutist tendencies.



## THE CLAN OF THE BLACK RATS

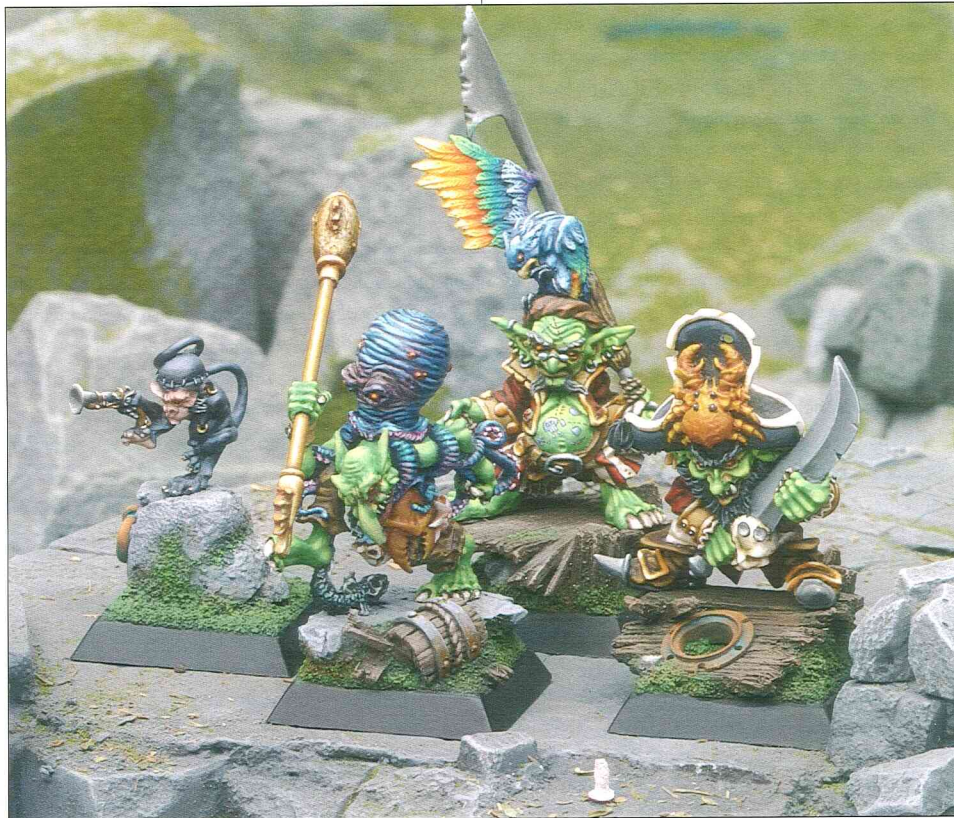
Totally turned to technological innovation, this clan, which gathers the owners of land near Bran-Ô-Kor, has specialized itself in ranged combat. Filled with sharpshooters, gas-blowers and others of the sort, it is often used as support for the other clans and is in a strong position to sell its services at a high price. The whole clan is totally and utterly devoted to its chief, Golborak.



## THE ÚRAKEN CLAN

The Úraken clan is not counted as one of the nine. The shogun's exile and its cultural distance prohibit this faction from being counted among the pillars of goblin nobility. Worse yet, Úraken's recent return is seen by the Ströhm nobility as an attempt to replace it in its military functions.

Emperor Izothop, who is well aware of how fragile power has become due to the clans of No-Dan-Kar, is counting on Úraken to slowly wear away the nobility's privileges to clear the way for absolutism. Nobody, however, knows what Úraken's true plans are.



## THE CLAN OF HELLDIVERS

A motley group of disgraced marauders, the clan of Helldivers seeks the riches underground that its brothers look for at the surface. It has taken the clan years to gather the resources required to buy the titles that make it up. Closer to Darkness than to Destiny, this clan makes extensive use of forgotten artifacts, which ensures it of the respect of its peers.



## THE MERCENARY COMPANY OF THE BURROWERS

The natural extension of the log cabin villages of the Plateau of Burrowers, this clan prefers being called a mercenary company for business reasons. It also includes Kelts, trolls and even a few Wolfen pariahs, thus fully justifying its denomination.



# THE MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE OF MASTER SULFUR

*FAR FROM THE UNIVERSITIES OF ALAHAN THE GOBLIN SORCERERS OFTEN LIVE AS RECLUSSES, SOMETIMES EVEN HAVING A SHADY REPUTATION. THEY CAN THEREFORE BE THOUGHT TO BE WEAKER THAN THE OTHER PRACTITIONERS OF INCANTATION. YET THIS ISN'T SO. ISN'T THE BABAYAGOB ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MAGICIANS OF AARKLASH?*

The brat was holding his breath. He wasn't making the slightest sound or movement. Or almost. He placed his eye against the small hole in the barrel to see what was happening outside. Nothing. None of his eight playmates was nearby.

He was proud of his hiding place. Who would bother looking inside a barrel in the port of Zuog? This time it was sure that he would win their game of hide-and-seek! He could already see his companions' vexed expression and started laughing loudly. A curse was suddenly heard high above his head.

"Can we finally get some quiet around here?"

The brat stopped laughing and poked his head out of the barrel to face the danger: an old goblin leaning out the window of his hovel.

"Can't you see what time it is, you stupid brat? It's nighttime, so keep it down!"

"Shut up, old goblin!"

"What the... This is no playground! Brats are prohibited around here!"

"Oh yeah?"

"Look over there!" With his cane the old goblin pointed at a leaning tower at the other end of the port. "A powerful wizard lives over there... and he eats brats!"

With those words eight brat heads popped up from eight barrels standing nearby and they all shouted together, "What?"

"Yes, a powerful wizard lives in that tower!"

"That's just a tale told to scare brats!"

"You don't believe me? Well then gather 'round and I'll tell you the story of Master Sulfur."

## ONCE UPON A TIME...

... there was a young cook named Sulfur who worked hard to earn a living in Klûne. He spent his days and sometimes his nights in the kitchen of a dive on skid row. Tired, exploited and badly paid, he was harassed every day by a swarm of brats who were just as exploited as him, if not more.

"Hey Sulfur! You're really big for a brat!"

"I'm not a brat, I'm a goblin!"

"Oh yeah? Then why do you do the same work as we do? You suck."

The brats teased Sulfur. They pelted him with over-ripe fruit and rotten vegetables. The cook tried to protect himself as well as he could with his kitchen utensils, yet to no avail. There were just too many brats. Every day Sulfur ended up with a stained apron and a sad expression on his face.

"You'll see, one day I'll get revenge. One day I'll be the most powerful wizard of Aarklash!"

"But of course! And who's your magic teacher, huh?"

"I... I don't have one... for now. But one of my ancestors was a wizard. I'm sure that mana flows in my veins. By the nine bells of Rat, I will become a wizard who is respected by all!"

"You're talking a bunch of garbage. You can have all the ancestors you want, without a master or a book to learn magic, you'll never get anywhere!"

And the brats continued making fun of Sulfur, who was nothing more than a cook.

## THE CALL OF ADVENTURE

Yet one day Sulfur's life was turned upside down. "A boiled kraken for table nine!" Right away Sulfur grabbed the dish and when he opened the door, a brat spat into the sauce. Sulfur wanted to slap him, yet he knew that he shouldn't keep the customers waiting. The boss, an old, one-eyed ogre, didn't like when his customers complained about the service.

So Sulfur went toward table nine and saw two pirates sitting there. They were arguing loudly and didn't notice the young cook.

"But of course, I'm telling you, she lives on Zoukhoi!"

"No, her broom is from Zoukhoi, but nobody knows where she lives."

"Smart aleck, nobody knows where she's from, but she's got to live somewhere."

"Smart aleck yourself! Have you ever been there, on Zoukhoi?"

Sulfur was listening to their conversation as intently as a brat listening to a fairy tale, without moving.

*HE HAD TO FIND THE BABAYAGOB! ONLY THE MOST POWERFUL SORCERESS OF THE WHOLE EMPIRE, OR EVEN OF ALL AARKLASH, COULD MAKE HIM A MAGICIAN WORTHY OF BEING CALLED ONE.*

"Sulfur! You overgrown brat, get back into the kitchen!"

Standing behind the counter, his boss had noticed the cook who couldn't bear not hearing the rest of the discussion. He pretended to go back to the kitchen and then quickly slipped under a table. He then crawled like a militiaman in combat to get nearer to the two pirates again.

"I swear, he heard with his very own ears what the other guy said he saw with his very own eyes. She lives near a volcano to harvest gems of Fire from it."

"Humph... And where is this volcano?"

"On the island of Nonga Nonga!"

On hearing these words Sulfur couldn't hold back his joy. He suddenly got up and shouted a cry of victory while spilling razorback tail soup all over the clients.

While the brats laughed and guffawed, knowing that a massacre was coming, the boss came around from behind his counter...

## THE BIG DEPARTURE

Back at home, Sulfur was in very bad shape. His nose was swollen, his face covered with bruises and his apron torn. Luckily he had begged his boss so much not to fire him that he still had a job... though he had lost his dignity.

Sulfur wasn't hungry. Standing on his bed, which took up nearly all the space in his room, he was leaning on the windowsill to look at Yllia. He pictured a sorceress flying through the sky on her magic broom. He had to find the Babayagob! Only the most powerful sorceress of the whole empire, or even of all Aarklash, could make him a magician worthy of being called one.

Cheered up, Sulfur gathered his two rags and three klûs, which is all that he owned. He packed his stuff and got ready to leave for Zoukhoi.

Zoukhoi... It's an island. It's far away. It's inhabited by strange goblins with a reputation of being completely insane. On his doorstep, and therefore at the foot of his bed, Sulfur paused and put down his pack. How would he be able to make such a journey? He would have to sleep outside, hunt to feed himself and live without a klû.

"Without a klû!"

Without a job he would be poor, even poorer than he already was, scorned by the other goblins and brats. Sulfur started crying. The tears were rolling down his bruised and swollen cheeks. Every part of his body hurt him.

The pain made his anger rise. He was already scorned by the goblins and brats. And by ogres, too. He had to get revenge. Sulfur screamed, "Vengeance!" beneath the moon. Galvanized, he picked up his pack again, abandoned his shanty and hit the road to Zoukhoi.

## ENCOUNTER AT THE TOP

Sulfur traveled for several weeks before reaching the island of Nonga Nonga, having miraculously avoided pirates, the ashigarûs and the shigobis of the Yakûsa clan. Once there, he became familiar with the local customs and bargained with the natives to get them to tell him where the sorceress's lair was.

Thus, on a moonless night, the intrepid goblin entered a forest with gnarly trees and a nauseating stench. With every step he took, his legs threatened to spin around and rush off back to Klûne, yet Sulfur hadn't come all this way for nothing. He quickly realized that he was lost...

While he was wandering aimlessly around the forest, he noticed a parchment nailed to a tree. Hoping to find some kind of directions, he rushed toward this unexpected clue. Before Sulfur was even near enough to be able to read any message that was written on it, the parchment burst into flames in a huge explosion.

Stunned, the young goblin was relieved to see that he was only slightly injured and covered with soot. As he got up while grumbling, he noticed strange glows moving around in the underbrush. They were moving toward him. He instinctively hid behind a tree.

He then saw three beings no bigger than brats running toward the booby-trapped tree. These creatures seemed to be made of fire: either their hair was of flames or their pants were on fire or some other kind of magical absurdity. Sulfur thought that his final hour had come and made himself as small as he could.

Not finding their prey, the flaming creatures became annoyed. They breathed fire and threw flaming stones all around themselves. One of these burning projectiles landed near Sulfur who, no longer being able to control himself, ran off screaming. Like a single goblin the flaming creatures followed him, also screaming, but for joy. Suddenly something flew through the sky so quickly that Sulfur couldn't tell what it was. He stopped for a moment to check if it wasn't another monster. The thing streaked across the sky again. It looked like it was someone. Stupefied and worried, Sulfur didn't know what to do. Suddenly the unidentified flying object shot across the sky again and landed near the goblin.

There she was, standing in front of him straddling her magic broom, horrible and terrifying: the Babayagob. The flaming creatures bowed before her and Sulfur decided to do the same.

"Who are you, horrible brat?"

"I'm not a brat, I am Sulfur the goblin, Lady Babayagob!"

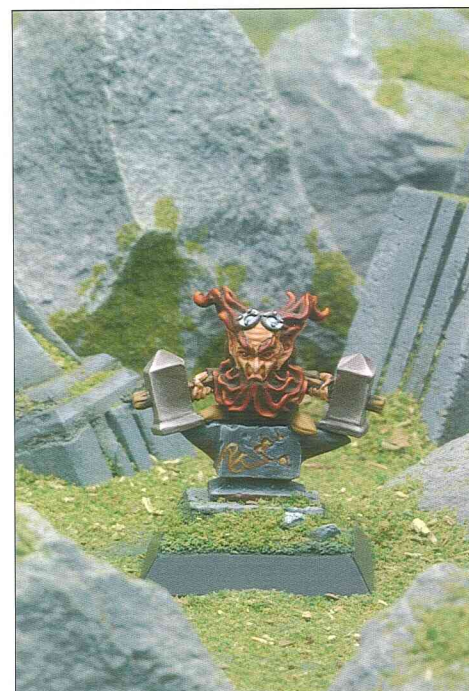
"And what are you doing in my lands, Sulfur the brat?"

"I... I want to learn sorcery!"

"I don't take apprentices. Burn him!"

The flaming creatures got up, ready to attack him.

"No, pity! I'd do anything for you to accept to teach me magic!"





"And what do you know how to do?"

"Umm... I used to be a cook."

The Babayagob licked her lips at the thought of the fine little meals that would soon replace her own, which were often overcooked.

"Very well, you will be my apprentice, young brat."

## THE APPRENTICE SORCERER

After his encounter with the Babayagob, Sulfur became her apprentice, her cook, her latrine cleaner and her porter. He spent his time in the old goblin's kitchen and almost had the impression that he was back in the dive in Klûne. At least here there were no brats to pick on him.

Yet Sulfur didn't let himself become discouraged. Every evening, once he had finished his chores, he went to see the sorceress and asked her to teach him magic. And every evening the Babayagob found some excuse to avoid keeping her promise. Yet one evening, more tired than usual, she gave in to Sulfur's ardor.

"By all the bells, why do you always harass me like this?"

"I want to become a great sorcerer!"

"You're too dumb to become one. Cooks don't learn sorcery."

"I'll do everything I have to. I'll work real hard."

"Really?"

"I don't know fatigue."

"Hmm. Here, take this."

The sorceress handed Sulfur a spellbook that was heavier than nine brats together. The poor goblin returned to his room with the thick book and began reading it straight away. From then on, every evening, instead of bugging the Babayagob, he went back to his room to read the spellbook, his first book of magic.

A month later Sulfur went back to see the sorceress.

"You ripped me off!"

"Huh?"

"I read the whole book and..."

"Good, here's another one..."

The Babayagob stretched her hand toward her bookshelf.

"No!"

"Excuse me?"

"I read the first one and I very well understood that I needed a gem. You didn't tell me that, you old rat!"

Normally the Babayagob would have incinerated such a disrespectful apprentice. Yet Sulfur's stubbornness never stopped surprising her.

"You want a gem?"

"Yes!"

"Very well, but you're going to have to find it your-

self. That's the rule for apprentices."

"OK."

"Tomorrow you'll climb to the top of the volcano Mata Kata. There you'll find a gem of Fire. It'll be yours, if you come back alive."

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"- I WANT +EI BECAME  
A GREAT SORCERER!"

"- YOU'RE +EII DUMB  
+EI BECAME ONE. COOKS  
DEN'+ LEARN SORCERY."

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## THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE

The next day Sulfur left for the volcano. Cutting his feet on the sharp stones, he walked until the volcano became as steep as a mountain. He then started climbing up the steep cliffs, making his fingers bleed on the rough lava stone.

Sulfur was hot, tired and scared. He could almost feel the lava rumbling inside the mountain. Many times the apprentice sorcerer thought he was going to die, but he finally saw a bright red glow at the volcano's peak. With this gem in sight his strength returned. He climbed frantically up the cliff and quickly reached what he had come looking for.

The gem was lodged tightly in the rock at the top of the mountain. Sulfur bit his lips and tried to get a good grip. He tried to dislodge the gem but slipped and nearly fell backward off the cliff. There was nothing to do; the gem wouldn't budge.

Sulfur took a deep breath and put one foot against the cliff to be able to pull harder on the gem. He pulled and pulled but to no avail. The gem just wouldn't move. Finally he placed both his feet on the cliff on either side of the gem and pulled again with all his might.

The gem suddenly gave way and Sulfur fell with it into the void.

While falling, Sulfur did the only thing he could think of: he held the gem as tightly as he could so as not to lose it. All the way at the top a torrent of lava was spurting from the hole left by the gem. The lava hit the ground before Sulfur did and dislodged many huge stones. While the apprentice sorcerer was screaming prayers to Rat, he felt his body bounce against the cliff. Then a second time. And even a third one. Then he landed on one of the rocks floating in the lava and, holding the gem in his mouth, he held on to it for dear life.

He was now floating along on a huge stone slab in the middle of a river of molten rock. He could feel the rock melt away beneath him and his clothes

started bursting into flames. Still screaming, he bit down onto the gem, which was more important than his own miserable life.

The gem suddenly started to glow and the lava came alive. A huge explosion was heard. Sulfur, his rock and his gem were shot up into the air and landed several seconds later at a good distance from the lava flow.

Grateful, Sulfur stroked his gem of Fire.

## GREAT-GREAT-GREAT- GRANDFATHER MAGNEZIUM

The river of lava triggered true panic all over the island of Nonga Nonga. A bit reluctantly, the inhabitants asked the Babayagob for help. Thanks to her powerful witchcraft and to Sulfur's help she managed to repair her young apprentice's blunders. She didn't tell the inhabitants of Nonga Nonga anything about her former cook's responsibility in the eruption.

The Babayagob saluted Sulfur's bravery and gave him permission to come and go as he wished from her lair. After his chores, he continued learning new spells and soon discovered what could be done with Air.

Wishing to draw from the knowledge of his ancestors, he "borrowed" a gem of Air from the sorceress and secretly summoned the spirit of Magnezium, his great-great-great-grandfather. After having accidentally summoned an Air Elemental, the sorcerer's ghost finally appeared before him.

"Magnezium?"

"Himself!"

"I'm your descendant, Sulfur."

"And where are we?"

"At the Babayagob's place."

"Who that?"

"The greatest sorceress of No-Dan-Kar."

"And you, what are you doing here?"

"I'm her apprentice."

"What? There's no way my descendants content themselves with cleaning a witch's latrines. You must take your fate into your own hands and become a sorcerer by your own means!"

"Oh?"

"Your sorceress here, does she have magic trinkets?"

"Yes."

"Good, take them all and run off back to Klûne to make a fortune."

"Huh? I can't do that," protested Sulfur.

"Oh really," sniggered the dead wizard. "And why not?"

"The Babayagob would kill me! And anyway, it's not right to steal her treasure."

"Oh yeah? And this gem of Air, is it yours?"

Sulfur looked at the gem. He thought about all his chores and looked at Magnezium's ghost.

“And what do we then do with all this?”

“We open a shop!”

Sulfur again thought about all the klûs earned by the Babayagob. All that he had was the gem for which he had nearly died.

“It’s a deal!”

He spit into his hand and shook Magnezium’s ectoplasmic one. Later in the night, while the horrible sorceress was snoring, he stole everything he could and left without turning back.

## SULFUR’S BEUTIQUE: MAGIC ARTIFACTS AND TRINKETS

A few months later Sulfur was running a respected shop in the city of Klûne. Thanks to the trinkets stolen from the Babayagob he was making astronomical profits. What more, he didn’t need any employees because Magnezium was working for him for free. Yet one beautiful morning everything changed when a goblin with a gray complexion entered his shop carrying a brat in her arms.

“Are you the boss here?”

“Yes, ma’am. How can I help you?”

The other customers held their ears open to listen in.

The goblin simply held her brat toward Sulfur. He had a third eye in the middle of his forehead and his lower lip was oversized.

“What a beautiful brat!”

“Don’t you dare give me none of that, he wasn’t like that before my husband bought a good luck toad from you.”

The customers were now whispering amongst themselves while throwing worried glances at the brat.

“And where is he, your husband?”

“At home. He has mutated so much that he can’t move anymore.”

“And what do you want me to do about that?”

“You’re the one who sold us this junk, so it’s up to you to repair the damage!”

The customers were hastily leaving the shop.

“Shush! Horrible hag, you’re scaring my clients away!”

“I don’t care. I want you to make all of my family’s mutations go away.”

Sulfur thought about it. The good luck toad was once the Babayagob’s. In fact, he wasn’t even sure if it really brought good luck. And he couldn’t allow any bad rumors about his business to spread. So he left Magnezium in charge of the shop and went with the goblin to her place, wanting to perform this customer service spell as quickly as possible and get over with it.

## CUSTOMER SERVICE SPELL

Unlike Magnezium, Sulfur didn’t like working for free. Yet confronted with the scandal the goblin risked making, he didn’t have a choice. When they arrived at the hag’s place he took a look at the brats and her husband. He had to admit that the whole family was in bad shape. Sulfur also examined the good luck toad and found that it definitely didn’t look like a lucky charm.

Using his mystical knowledge, Sulfur understood what he was dealing with. The mana vapors coming from the toad were the cause of the husband’s mutations. Yet concerning the brats, Sulfur wasn’t sure if their ugliness was really due to any kind of mutation. A bit reluctantly he wrote some words of power onto several parchments, gave one to each brat and to the husband, and drew from his gem of Air to repair the damage. He then made sure that everybody was doing fine and left with the toad, which he quickly got rid of by throwing it into the city’s sewers.

When he got back to his shop, Sulfur saw a whole crowd in front of it. In it he recognized some good customers as well as the objects that they were hold-

ing. From the noise of the crowd he could also tell why they were there: the customers were unhappy. On the long run all of the trinkets he had stolen from the Babayagob had terrifying side effects. The only thing preventing the clients from ransacking his store was the presence of Magnezium’s ghost.

Having faith in his powers, Sulfur climbed onto a barrel standing there and took his gem of Fire into his hands.

“What’s going on here, peasants?”

“You ripped us off, vile sorcerer!”

“Yeah, you’re gonna give us our money back, charlatan!”

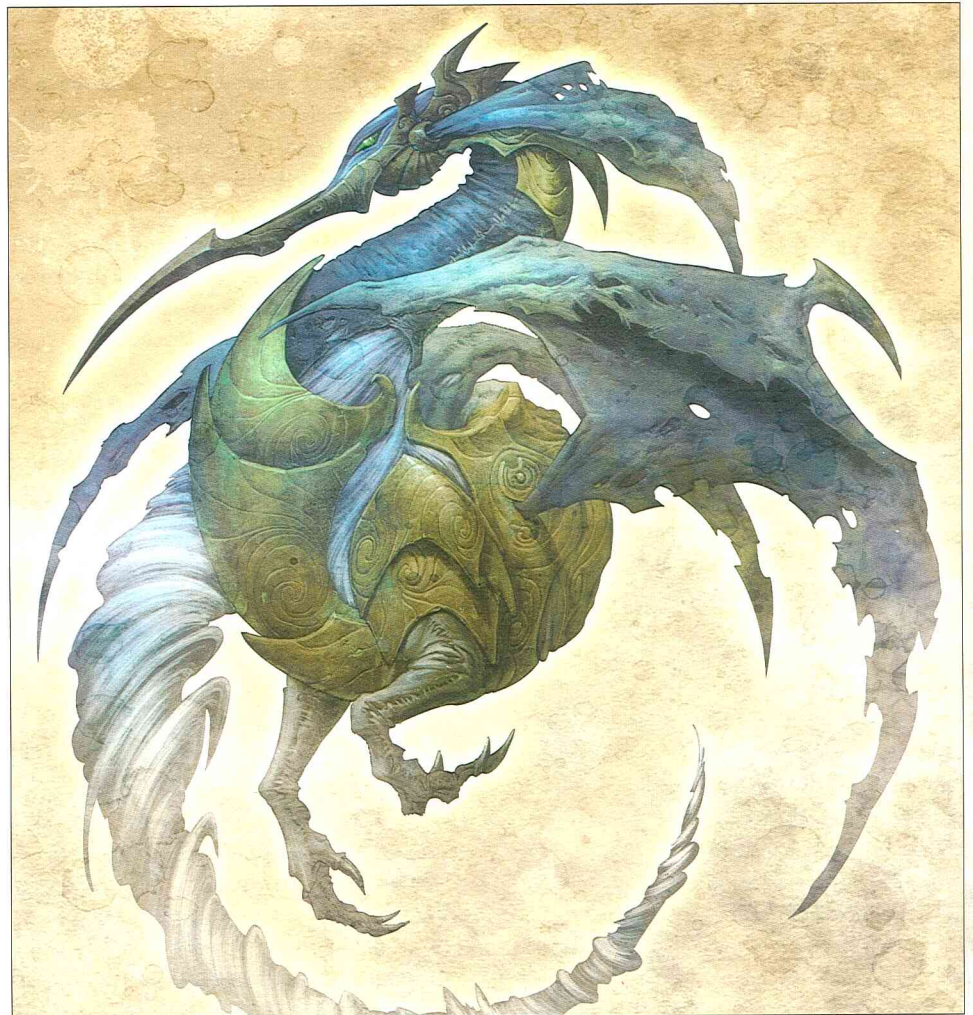
Give money back? On hearing these accursed words Sulfur’s blood began to boil.

“You’re going to pay for this affront, bunch of fools!”

Sulfur bit one of his fingers and pulled a parchment from his pouch with the other hand. With his blood he wrote a word of power onto it. Flames burst from the parchment, hitting the houses and his clients. Most of them ran off on seeing this, yet this assault only fanned the hatred of those who remained.

“At him!”

Sulfur quickly fled, tightly holding his two precious gems that were now empty of mana.



## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

Sulfur ran aimlessly all over the slums of Klûne for the rest of the day. As the hours went by the crowd of those discontent kept on growing. Most of them weren't affected at all by the sorcerer's trinkets, but were simply glad to participate in the chase. Poor Sulfur finally managed to hide in an abandoned shack in the most run-down part of town. There, in the darkness, his ancestor finally joined him again.

"About time!" shouted Sulfur.

"Sorry, but you run so fast. I couldn't keep up with you."

"We're ruined! What're we going to do now?"

"Get out of here fast and think of some new shady deals somewhere else."

"No way, I've had enough of..."

Suddenly a group of militiamen burst into the shack. They couldn't see Sulfur due to the darkness, yet they would soon discover him.

"Quick, gramps. Go get some help!"

"Help? Where? And who? I'm the only one who cares for you."

"Do whatever you can, I'll hold them back."

The ghost did as ordered and Sulfur stood up as tall as his meter allowed him to. His gems were glowing softly.

"Flee, bunch of larva, from the power of Master Sulfur!"

"Charge!"

Sulfur grabbed a parchment, scribbled a word of power onto it and held it in front of his opponents. A wall of fire instantly blocked the militiamen's attack... and set the whole shack ablaze.

Sulfur and his pursuers got out of the inferno, which was now spreading all over the neighborhood, as quickly as they could. Alerted by the fire, the crowd of those discontent arrived and a dreadful battle began.

After almost an hour Sulfur's gems were empty once again. Most of the goblins had fled, yet there were still some left. Drained of all his strength, the sorcerer collapsed. A militiaman was spinning his sword above his head, about to finish him off.

That's when she appeared from out of nowhere. Beautiful, graceful, terrifying. Sulfur had never seen such a magnificent goblin. In her left hand she was holding a parchment; with her right one she was skillfully writing a word of power and zapped a militiaman with a mana bolt. No more was needed to scare the last fighters away from this hellish place.

"Who are you, beautiful stranger?" mumbled Sulfur, still in a state of shock.

The female goblin smiled.

"Asphyxia, sorceress of the sabbath of Klûne."

"Sabbath? What's that, beautiful damsel?"

"You're a sorcerer and you don't know that? Who's your master?"

"It's... It's complicated. Me, I'm Sulfur, and him,

he's Magnezium, my ancestor."

The ghost pointed at himself, proud of having brought such seductive reinforcements.

"You're cute, both of you. Tomorrow night there's a full moon. Come and see me, I'll show you my sabbath."

Not aware of what this could be, Sulfur excitedly took the note that Asphyxia was handing him. A date!

## EVERYTHING OK?

The next day at dawn Sulfur was prey to fits of excitement while he wandered thought the streets of Klûne.

"She's going to show me her sabbath! She's going to show me her sabbath!"

"Yes, but you know, a sabbath, that's not..."

"Oh c'mon, ghost, stop bugging me. Tonight I want to be alone with her."

"But either way, you..."

"Leave me alone!"

Facing such stubbornness, Magnezium vanished the way that only ghosts can. A few minutes later Sulfur was standing in front of the giant mushroom indicated on the note. A psychomutant was standing at the door.

"Gem."

Sulfur showed him his gem. Without saying a word the psychomutant opened the mushroom's door and gestured Sulfur to walk down some steps. The sorcerer was thrilled. He would soon see his darling again. And what a lady she was! Such a big home and a servant, too!

When he reached the bottom of the staircase, Sulfur was in a dark hall filled with goblins and she-goblins. He couldn't even see Asphyxia.

"Welcome to the sabbath!" a tipsy goblin shouted at him.

Suddenly Sulfur remembered one of the Babayagob's rare lessons: sabbaths are meetings of sorcerers! Disappointed, he started looking for his beloved. He found her on the dance floor waltzing with some dandy. She was dancing with grace, her hair swirling in the air like sublime streaks of mana.

Sulfur mustered up all his courage. He moved onto the dance floor in such a way as to be seen by Asphyxia. To his great relief the sorceress forgot the dandy and turned towards him.

"Do you waltz, Master Sulfur?"

"I will learn, Lady Asphyxia."

And the two sorcerers began dancing. They waltzed for so long and so good that they didn't notice time passing by. Suddenly a sorcerer spoke.

"Please give a warm welcome to tonight's special guest, the famous, the horrible, the breathtaking... Babayagob!"

The gathering of sorcerers applauded the formidable sorceress when she appeared in the hall. As for

Sulfur, he didn't know what to do any more. He tried to flee, yet he bumped into the dandy who, getting out of his way, revealed the unfortunate sorcerer to the Babayagob.

"Vengeance!" shouted the old witch when she recognized her runaway apprentice.

Without further warning she unleashed an inferno of Fire and Air at poor Sulfur. He tried to counter the sorceress's attacks, yet to no avail. Overwhelmed by such power, he stood up straight, ready to defend his green skin in a dreadful duel of sorcerers. The other goblins got into a circle around the two rivals, thus forming a mystic arena. The clash was surely going to be amazing.

"Militia!"

Suddenly countless Klûne militiamen burst down the steps.

"The neighbors called the authorities. You're making too much noise."

Asphyxia stood firmly before them.

"So?"

"Militia, shackles, prison."

---

*PLEASE GIVE A WARM  
WELCOME TO TONIGHT'S  
SPECIAL GUEST,  
THE FAMOUS, THE HORRIBLE,  
THE BREATHTAKING...  
BABAYAGOB!*

---

The sorcerers reacted in unison and shot dreadful fireballs at the militiamen. As one could have expected, reinforcements arrived and Sulfur was once again in the middle of a deluge of Fire and Air. This time, however, he was fighting back-to-back with the Babayagob. Faced with such a big number of opponents he doubled his efforts and rivaled his former master in aggressiveness. When the militia was finally forced to retreat, Sulfur quickly went looking for his dear. He found her safe and sound, her gems still full.

They exchanged some tender words and were embracing each other when the old witch roared.

"Halt! We still have to get even, worthless brat."

Petrified with fear, Sulfur inspected his gems: empty! The Babayagob got closer.

"What have you done with my trinkets?"

"I sold them."

"What?!? To who?"

"To the inhabitants of Klûne. But they didn't work. They were all cursed and they all wanted me to give them back their money. They burned down my shop and almost killed me."

"Serves you right! That'll teach you a lesson."

The Babayagob looked Sulfur up and down.

"Humph. You almost look like a real sorcerer."

"Thanks."

"You're the only apprentice who ever survived, so I won't kill you."

"Thanks!"

Sulfur hugged the old goblin.

"OK, OK! Let's not get too sentimental either."

"Thanks, Babayagob."

"Good bye, Sulfur."

And the Babayagob flew off on her magic broom.

"Ahem..."

Magnezium was back.

"Yes, gramps?"

"It looks like you managed very well without me."

"Yup!"

"It's a bit my fault, everything that happened to you."

"No it's not, gramps. And anyway, all these fights with the militia were fun."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. I don't think there's much left for me to do in the world of the living. And anyhow, she's right, you're a bona fide sorcerer now, so you don't need me any more."

"So you're going to leave too?"

"Yes, but you know how to get my approval."

"Good bye, gramps."

Once again, and for the last time, Magnezium vanished the way that only ghosts know to. Sulfur turned toward Asphyxia. While other militiamen were arriving the two sorcerers slipped away. They even fled the capital and settled over here in Zuog to avoid trouble. And they lived happily ever after and had many brats... and ate them.

## EPILOG

"Your story sucks!"

"Yeah, it's not even believable! The Babayagob would never have let him live!"

"Pfff!"

The nine brats laughed and walked away from the old goblin's shack. They exchanged mischievous glances and then ran to the end of the pontoon.

A few moments later they were lifting each other up so that one of them could peek into one of the windows of the leaning tower. The brat discovered a huge circular room covered with a glass dome revealing the starry sky.

A goblin and a she-goblin were there in each other's arms, ready to do a devilish dance.

Recognizing Sulfur and Asphyxia, the nine brats ran off, screaming.





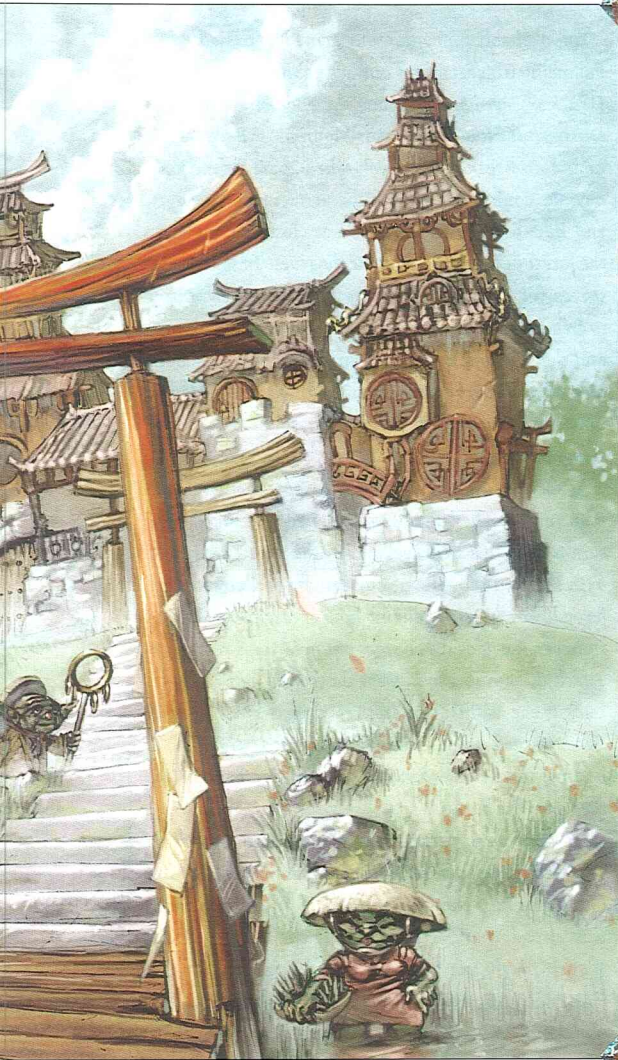
# THE ART OF WAR

FOR MANY, GOBLIN STRATEGY IS LIMITED TO THE SO-CALLED "GREEN SWARM" TECHNIQUE. UNTIL RECENTLY THIS PRECONCEPTION WAS NOT UNFOUNDED. YET THIS HAS CHANGED WITH THE ARRIVAL OF ŪRAKEN, A GOBLIN WARRIOR WHOSE RUSE IS ONLY EQUALED BY HIS STUBBORNNESS. THE FOUNDER OF A MILITARY SCHOOL, HE HAS DEVELOPED A NEW ART OF WAR FOR THE GOBLINS, ART OF WAR THAT WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF NO-DAN-KAR, AND MAYBE EVEN THE COURSE OF THE RAG'NAROK!

## DUTY

A strong spurt of blood splattered onto Kiritsû's mask. For a moment the bûshi gazed at his opponent's stunned expression, and then he turned away from the soldier, whose lifeless body slumped to the ground. He blocked another dwarf's swing of an ax while moving back toward his ashigarûs. He heard shouts behind him but he didn't pay attention to them. Letting out a Ūraken war cry, he did a feint and then skewered the dwarven soldier. Yet this wasn't sufficient and the boor continued cursing as he fought on. Kiritsû moved back some more, seeking to come back-to-back with his ashigarûs. A new shout was heard behind him while he did another feint. This time his blade hit the boor in the head. Stunned, the dwarf couldn't parry the next blow and collapsed after a final, deadly wound.

Kiritsû scanned the battlefield around him. Only two ashigarûs were still left with him. He couldn't even make out the others in the piles of corpses lying all around him. His troops were frightened by the losses suffered. Kiritsû barked orders to reassure them. Fearing their chief more than their enemies, the ashigarûs positioned themselves behind the bûshi, ready to continue fighting.



Kiritsû smiled. The dwarven forces on the bridge were divided and the last Khor warriors on it couldn't hold out against the ashigarûs' pressure. His pursuers tried to return to their position on the bridge, yet Kiritsû followed them and put them to death. He looked around for a unit that he could join.

"Kiritsû-san!"

A bûshi was motioning at him from the other side of the river. At the same time the reinforcements were rushing toward the main part of the fray. Kiritsû wanted to join them.

"Kiritsû-san, your presence is required in the camp!"

Orders are orders. Kiritsû crossed the bridge and followed the bûshi.

A few minutes later he entered the camp's main tent. An envoy of the Shogun and his uncle Sempai were waiting for him there. Kiritsû bowed respectfully. The envoy cleared his throat.

"You are the bûshi Kiritsû?"

"Yes."

"Where is your unit?"

"It has been decimated."

The envoy frowned.

"At least we won't have to find it a new leader."

"Excuse me?"

"The Shogun requires your transfer to Klûne."

Kiritsû preferred to say nothing.

"There," the envoy continued, "you will take charge of a unit of militiamen and will be under Bazûka-san's command."

"Militiamen? Why not ashigarûs? They by far outclass all the fighters of Klûne!"

"Orders are orders. You will participate in a campaign of strategic importance and you will train your men in the art of war!"

"Yes."

The dwarves had submerged the Ūraken clan's lines of defense. Kiritsû could see the Khor warriors' armor shine in the sun as the earth rumbled under the hoofs of the charging razorbacks. Yet in the middle of the fray the bûshi could see the clan's standard. The war staff was holding strong and that was all that mattered.

Taking it on himself to change the course of the battle, Kiritsû noticed the last bridge that the dwarves hadn't destroyed yet. A Khor unit was relentlessly pushing back the goblin reinforcements that were trying to cross the river. Drawing from his knowledge of the art of war, Kiritsû decided that if he managed to take the dwarves from behind on the bridge, then the reinforcements would be able to reach the main part of the fray and would save the clan.

With a simple hand gesture he ordered his troops to follow him. After a short sprint toward the bridge he sounded the attack. Busy holding back the ashigarûs who were trying to cross the bridge, the Khor warriors didn't see Kiritsû's detachment approaching. Yet the bûshi's and his companions' blades bounced off the dwarven armor and the Khor unit rapidly reorganized itself. Within seconds the two ashigarûs were slain and Kiritsû was all alone facing the terrifying dwarves of the Aegis. Once again the bûshi moved back to avoid his enemies' blows. The dwarves followed him without leaving him a moment of respite.



The envoy left. Kiritsû turned to his uncle.

"Have I displeased the Shogun in any way, my uncle?"

"Not at all."

"Then why am I being punished in this way?"

"This isn't punishment but an honor."

"I'll never manage to command militiamen! This is a maneuver to dishonor me!"

"Don't worry, you'll manage. And if you have any trouble, just let me know and I'll see if I can use my influence to help you."

Partly reassured, Kiritsû left the tent, then his clan, and traveled to the imperial capital.

## ORDERS

*First day of the campaign.*

*My uncle,*

*I'm sorry to bother you so soon. Be assured that this missive is sent because of a serious problem: this military campaign has neither beginning nor end.*

*I don't wish to insult the wisdom of Bazûka, our commander. Actually, everything that has to do with our army's organization and the enlisting of troops is done precisely according to the art of war. The presence of this illustrious warrior is the only thing that reassures me ever since I arrived here.*

*Unfortunately everything else is influenced by the foolishness and disorder that are typical of our cousins of the other clans. The nine militiamen whose command I have been given seem more like a group of bandits than a squad of soldiers. The other bûshis and I have to constantly bark orders and reprimand the men so as to be sure that the convoy remains in a state to march.*

*In effect, this military campaign involves a journey. For a moment I had hoped that our clan had received permission to land on Zoukhoï to destroy the traitors of the Yakûsa clan, yet the time for this visibly hasn't come yet. It's toward the east that we are marching. And to top it off, we're traveling over land, which only raises my perplexity. Why can't the imperial navy transport us? This being said, to answer this question I would have to at least know our destination. For that is the most absurd part of all this: I don't even know the objective of this operation! Have you ever seen anything more idiotic? I'm convinced that the commander knows the reasons for all this, yet the Emperor has surely forbidden him from revealing them.*

*How am I supposed to prepare my troops if I don't even know what I have to prepare them for?*

THE TRACKERS  
OF BRAN-Ô-KOR

My nephew,

I can understand your surprise and I am aware of the respect that you have for your commander. Yet must I remind you that you are also to show the same respect for the Emperor and his soldiers? You represent our clan through your feats of arms, yet also through your words. Don't forget that the whole Empire's gaze is turned toward you.

Above all, don't get your loyalties confused. Tell yourself that the drive you show to serve Bazûka is nothing in comparison to his devotion to serve Emperor Izot-hop. Don't stray like that vile traitor Yakûsa!

As for the secret surrounding the campaign in which you are taking part, it is probably acceptable. This is the first large-scale operation in which our clan is participating. It is probable that the Empire's enemies fear confronting troops commanded by Bazûka. Thus, the army you are a part of is surely being spied on or is infiltrated by enemy agents. War is based on lies. Victory is also achieved through spying. By hiding your journey's destination from your soldiers, Bazûka is making sure that he preserves the advantage of surprise for as long as possible and avoids being caught in an ambush.

So don't doubt the importance of your engagement. If it's any reassurance, I have personally heard that our orcish allies have recently visited the imperial palace. My sources have reported the presence of the clan of trackers among these emissaries, and notably that of Carbone. Even a young bûshi like you has probably heard of this exile and his companions who watch over the canyons of Bran-Ô-Kor. The presence of such glorious individuals can only mean that your objective is of prime importance.

Have trust in your chiefs and follow their orders to the letter.

## PREPARATION

Thirteenth day of the campaign.

We are still advancing toward the east and we will soon reach Barg. Ever since our departure I try to teach the basics of the art of war to my troops at every halt.

Right on the first day I got busy with this task. I asked the war staff to allow my men to bear the colors of the Ūraken clan, yet my request was turned down. I therefore carefully reread the Treatise on Martial Discipline and began their training. I explained to them that they had to vanquish their fear of death, that in reality they were already dead for this is the destiny of every warrior. I must admit that their reaction sur-

prised me a lot. Some sniggered, others looked at me with incomprehension in their eyes, yet the attitude of most of them revealed a deep fear, the same fear that I was encouraging them to vanquish.

I was severely reprimanded for having executed those who had dared make fun of me. Luckily the Empire has many troops at its disposal and my request for reinforcements was accepted.

Having failed to harden their minds, I tried to strengthen their bodies. To my great relief the goblins of the other clans seem to be as tough as our ashigarûs. This being said, I quickly realized that this training was useless. My men seriously lack discipline. They only work reluctantly, do their exercises only halfway and never waste an opportunity to shirk away. I can shout at them as loud as I want, I can't get anything out of them.

However, despite this disaster, I'm reassured by how the other bûshis accompanying me are doing. Many of them are also leaders and they are bumping into the same difficulties as me. I even have the impression that I'm doing a better job than the others. In any case, Bazûka hasn't said anything to me even though he has watched several training sessions that I was trying to successfully lead. I pray Rat that our first battle doesn't bring me to shame.

THE ARMY  
IN CAMPAIGN

Thirtieth day of the campaign.

I'm sorry that I haven't written earlier. This letter will probably reach you after the worrisome rumors that you have surely heard. I sincerely hope that you haven't worried about me too much. As you can now tell, I'm still alive.

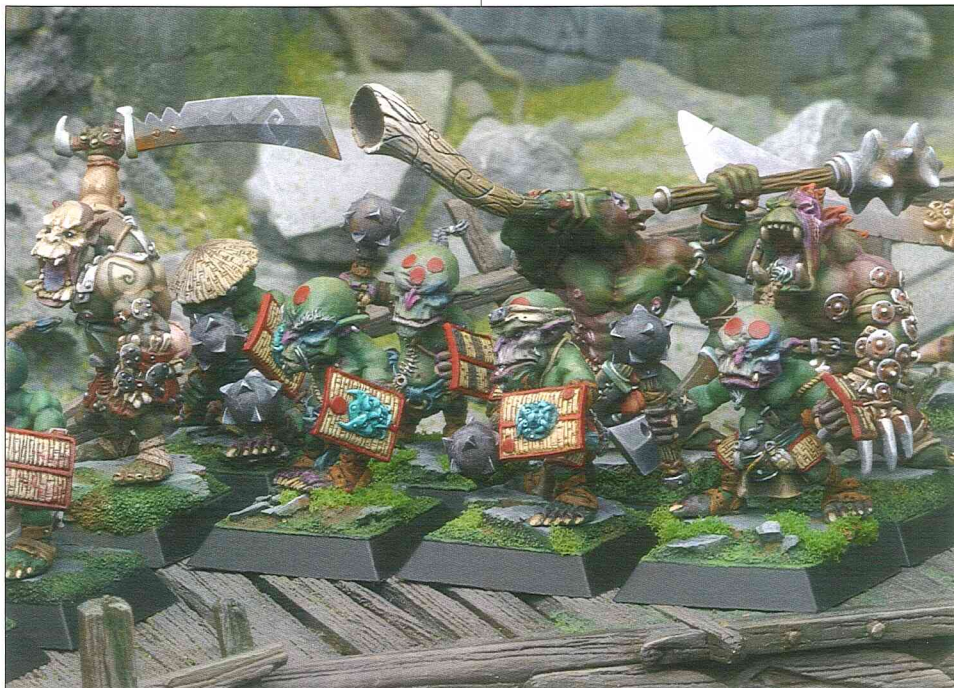
You probably know that our army has passed Barg. Following itineraries set out by the merchants of No-Dan-Kar, we marched along the edge of the forest of Diisha at the foot of the Aegis Mountains. Because our mountain-breakers had been taken apart for the journey, we couldn't rival with the artillery of the Aegis, and Bazûka decided to remain as close as possible to the forest in order to avoid the dwarves. In this he was successful, yet the Wolfen were awaiting us. I continue to believe that we were greatly superior in numbers and that, in spite of the terrain, we should have been able to push back the assailant without encountering much opposition. Yet this wasn't so. It was a true slaughter...

As soon as the first Wolfen was spotted my militiamen ran off. They were so frightened that their green skin turned to a sickly yellow. By the time I caught up with them to rally them, our convoy had already suffered heavy losses. Realizing how precarious the situation was, I ordered a charge, but my troops refused to attack the hunters who were destroying our chariots. Luckily the Wolfen couldn't resist their killer instinct and charged themselves. This caused my unit to become totally disorganized, yet at least it forced my men into the battle.

My men were petrified by fear and none of them survived this massacre. I nevertheless managed to slay one of the hunters and to finish off another one who was already hurt. Unfortunately the third and last Wolfen fought me with unrivalled savagery. Alone I wasn't able to resist and my blood was spilled in this wild land. I thought that I was going to die over there in that dark forest, yet my assailant fled when the rear guard arrived in reinforcement.

I would have preferred to die that night. My involvement in this battle is a true disaster. As soon as I'm strong enough I will perform seppuku to avoid you shame. Farewell.





## STRATEGIC IMPERATIVES

Forty-third day of the campaign.

It seems that death doesn't want of me. As soon as my wounds were healed I asked Bazûka-san for permission to put an end to my days. A few hours later, when I saw my commander enter the hospital tent, I thought that he was here for the ceremony, but I was wrong.

Bazûka questioned me on the causes of my failure. I explained how the militiamen of Klûne had fled and what bad soldiers they were. He shot back that the soldiers are never as bad as their leader. This answer hurt me harder than a Wolfen's claws. Bazûka-san then explained that an army's strength doesn't only depend on its numbers and on its commander's competence, but also on its virtue, meaning the relationship between a leader and his troops. I answered that in the clan I never had any problems, that my troops always strictly obeyed me. He then asked me where the last unit of ashigarûs under my command now was. I was about to answer when I realized that its annihilation would only confirm the commander's remarks. So I remained silent.

The commander avowed me that though our campaign had a real objective, it was above all a test. It was supposed to prove to the Emperor that the Ūraken clan could bring order and discipline to the imperial army. It was to prove the validity of our art of war. And to do so, Bazûka needed us, the bûshis of the clan.

I therefore wasn't given permission to kill myself, for the commander didn't have anybody to replace me. He gave me the command of a new unit that had arrived as reinforcement and ordered me to lead my troops to victory for the honor of the Ūraken clan. Bazûka-san assured me that he would let me cleanse myself of the shame of defeat once the Empire has been convinced of the usefulness of our art of war.

You see, my uncle, my shame is so great that I cannot honor the memory of my ancestors. This new command sounds like punishment, a trial that I must successfully pass to find my dignity again – at least enough of it to be able to present myself before Rat. I must succeed!

## IZETHEP AND ŪRAKEN

My nephew,

I can understand your feeling of helplessness as well as the difficulty of the situation you are in. This being said, I wonder if your analysis is correct. You haven't really been defeated since your convoy is still advancing toward its objective. It's true that you have suffered losses, yet isn't that something all commanders have to deal with?

By forbidding you from putting an end to your life, Bazûka-san is first and foremost preventing you from being carried away by your hotheadedness. It's probable that, in his opinion, there is no dishonor to be cleansed of.

On the other hand, I'm convinced that his remarks concerning the importance of your behavior are sincere. There have been rumors galore ever since your commander's departure, and it seems that Ūraken himself met with the Emperor before naming Bazûka to lead your army. I now know that this meeting caused loud protesting in the other clans. Many still consider our chief to be a deserter and a madman.

I don't know the exact nature of the deals made between our clan and the Empire, but Ūraken's involvement in this campaign suggests that we have been called to play a more important role in the march of our nation. To get this honor it's probable that

Ūraken gave something of high value to the Emperor. Yet our clan is far from being as rich as those of Klûne and Barg. Our only fortune is the art of war.

In exchange for a place next to the Emperor, Ūraken has promised him a whole new imperial army and victory over our enemies. The campaign that you are now waging is to be the proof that he can succeed. Yet he cannot provide this proof without good officers. It therefore seems that with this campaign the Emperor is testing Ūraken, who is testing Bazûka, who is testing the bûshis.

Our clan's fate depends on your ability to lead your next unit.

## RESUPPLYING

Seventy-second day of the campaign.

My uncle,

An event that is so incredible has happened that I can't help myself from telling you about it: I have seen the goblins of No-Dan-Kar in a brand new light. Since my last letter everything has gone as planned by Bazûka-san: I have gotten over my injuries and I was given the command of a unit of thirteen marauders. At first they behaved like a bunch of brats and I didn't manage to teach them anything about the art of war. What more, the situation quickly became worrisome. The Wolfen's attack having seriously reduced our supplies, we had come to realize that we would run out of provisions long before we reached our destination.

We could have entered Bran-Ô-Kor to ask our allies for help, but for some reason the commander decided to continue traveling along the Aegis Mountains.

That's how, by chance, we discovered a village of Akkylannian colonists. From several leagues away we spotted the steeples of their churches. Right away Bazûka ordered an attack, counting on the Akkylannian supplies to replenish our own. When this was announced, I thought that I saw the soldiers mutate right before my eyes as they were taken by an incredible frenzy and a terrifying war cry rose from our ranks: "Grab the prize, grab the prize!" They seemed like a bunch of fierce pirates getting ready to attack a ship.

I must admit that, being troubled by this sudden enthusiasm, I wasn't a very concentrated leader. My marauders didn't seem to need me anyhow. They charged with ease, ignoring fear, and slew all the conscripts that got between them and their warehouses with amazing determination. There was something terrifying yet beautiful in their destructive stubbornness. Of course, we were far from the restraint characteristic of an army's conduct, but I must say that these goblins know how to fight when they really want to.

I have the feeling that the solution is near.





## THOUGHTS

After the pillage, my goblins again became as incompetent as before. I was unable to make them reach this state of rage again. I don't know how to make them get over their apathy.

I must use the art of war. I must speak the same language as they do. I must understand their goals as if I were an enemy commander. I must give them what they want while forcing them to give me what I want. What do they want? They want riches. And they especially want to profit from them. If I explain to them that a rapid victory will ensure them a rapid return to No-Dan-Kar, then there is nothing they won't do in my name.

That's the solution.

## THE LIE

Eighty-eighth day of the campaign.

We are now in the canyons of Bran-Ô-Kor. We have been joined by orcish troops and Devourers. They look more like hunters than soldiers, and I think that I have recognized this Carbone you have told me about. Our campaign also seems more and more like a hunt than like a military campaign. And only Rat knows what we're hunting.

Whatever, it doesn't really matter. I have applied my theories to the training of my marauders. To my great satisfaction it works. As soon as it's a question of saving their own skins, my troops use rare ingenuity worthy of our best generals. Thus I have been able to teach them formations and discipline, making them understand that giving in to fear is the best way to get oneself killed. This time they reacted well, especially the young Oxyd, who is more intelligent than the others. Also, I have noticed that the regular Carbur, if he

remained calm, was able to suffer many blows before falling. They are good goblins. I regularly lend them my Treatise on Martial Discipline so that they can become familiar with the teachings of Ūraken.

And, to crown this success, I am pleased to announce that I have seemingly become an example for my peers. Many other bûshis have come to ask for my advice and, when he inspects my troops, I think I can see an expression of approval on Bazûka-san's face. There is no doubt that every day our soldiers are becoming more familiar with the art of war and that our commander will keep his promise.

## THE NINE REVERSALS

Ninety-second day of the campaign.

Today we fought in the canyons of Bran-Ô-Kor. In the morning our orcish and Devourer scouts spotted an enemy formation and Bazûka-san ordered us to go track them down in the rocky gorges. Having faith in my unit of marauders, I didn't hesitate to volunteer to lead the expedition.

The sun was barely beginning to set when we found our enemies. It's Oxyd who saw them first: two Skorize warriors who were observing our convoy's advance from a promontory. I remembered their blades, which were carefully folded behind their backs so as not to reveal their presence. They were two; we were fourteen. I ordered the charge and the marauders charged without flinching. Despite this success, I should have noticed that they lacked the conviction that I expected.

The first attack was dreadful. Despite his small size, Oxyd was cut in two by the dorsal blades that were deployed in the blink of an eye. Most of the marauders were wounded and I had a very hard time upholding their valiance. While I was hoping to lead a second, more victorious attack, a horrible cry was heard behind our position. Hideous, patched-up dwarves were rushing at us from a gaping chasm in the rock. Only Carbur and I managed to resist the cold sting of fear. All the others fled. The Skorize chased us and killed two more of us, but I was able to restore order in our ranks. I reminded these cowards that they had to hold strong to survive and I managed to organize an efficient defense against the enemy's charge. Thanks to our numbers we were able to defeat the two Skorize and I ordered another charge against the dwarves of the Despot, who were already retreating. Yet this was useless, for the marauders refused to listen to me: they were willing to defend themselves, but they refused to attack.

The minions of Mid-Nor fled, taking with them valuable information on our presence and the direction we were moving in. Bazûka-san didn't like this complication very much. According to him, if the fiends of Darkness reached our destination before we did, then this meant a serious battle ahead.

Unlike what I believed, I haven't understood the real profit that our cousins of the other clans are seeking. Greed for money is enough to motivate them and push them to defend themselves, yet on a battlefield you can't just try to survive. You have to kill. It's like in a duel: if you just try not to lose your sword, you will never be able to kill your opponent.

Faced with this new failure, I have lost all hope once again. Can you help me?



## GLORY AND HONOR

My nephew,

Your last letter intrigued me. I have taken care to have a little conversation with one of our few cousins who enjoy the clan's recognition: Baron Ozöhn.

By listening to him I understood that the goblins of No-Dan-Kar aren't greedy or avaricious. To them the klû is a means, not an end. The baron made me realize that our cousins grant as much value to social recognition as we do to honor, and that these two notions are closer than may seem. Their wealth is only used to buy titles, just like our feats of arms allow us to rise in the clan's hierarchy. What others think is just as important to our cousins as it is to us.

I hope that this will help you and, above all, that this letter will get to you in time. May Rat be with you.

## KILLED IN ACTION

Honorable Sempai,

The imperial army of No-Dan-Kar regrets having to inform you that your nephew Kiritsû was killed in action. I add my sincere condolences to those of our Emperor and I insist on assuring you that bûshi Kiritsû died honorably with his weapon in his hand.

We were waging a hopeless battle, far away from our lands and our brothers, and your nephew was the leader that I had been waiting for. Thanks to him and

*all the other goblins who died on that day, our army was able to win a decisive victory against our enemies and gain a strategic advantage that will be, I'm sure, decisive in the battles to come.*

*I particularly insist on letting you know personally that thanks to your nephew's sacrifice and virtue, among other things, the Ūraken clan has been covered in glory by the Emperor. The success we had in the canyons of Bran-Ō-Kor has allowed us to show the whole Empire the superiority of our art of war. There is no doubt that the Ūraken clan will play a key role in the future of our nation.*

*We also owe this success to your nephew, the honorable Kiritsû.*

*Sincerely,*

*Bazûka*

## PROFITS

The shells were falling as if they were rain. With every explosion the night was lit up like on a night of celebration. Yet none of the marauders was in the mood for laughing, not even Carbur. Kiritsû often threw quick glances over the top of the trenches to gauge the situation. The course of the battle wasn't turning to the goblins' advantage.

Kiritsû cursed and looked at his troops. They were all terrorized not only by the possessed fighters, but also the number of clones, the noise of the fire-spitters and the imminence of defeat. Kiritsû considered charging the enemy by himself, but the months spent in the convoy had taught him that this kind of undertaking was usually bound to fail. He would have to find a way to encourage his troops.

"Marauders, we have to get out of this trench and attack the fire-spitters of Mid-Nor!"

A shell exploded nearby.

"No way, we'll be chopped to bits by the clones!"

"So what. If we don't do it, then our whole army will perish!"

"That's not certain!"

"Imbeciles! Bazûka and the others are trapped in the canyon. They sent us here precisely to neutralize the fire-spitters. We must carry out this mission!"

Another explosion made dirt rain down on the marauders.

"We'll be dead before that! I don't want to die. I want to go home to No-Dan-Kar!"

In spite of the darkness and exhaustion, Kiritsû noticed that this attitude garnered the whole unit's approval, maybe excepting Carbur.

Another thunderbolt split the sky. Maybe fatigue was playing tricks on him, but Kiritsû could swear that he heard the shouts of the other goblins far below in the canyon being slaughtered by the fire-spitters' shots. He began to laugh. Carbur turned to him, worried.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing. I just remembered that when I first became a bûshi I dreamed of being in a situation like this."

"Huh?"

"Yes. Leading my troops into a hopeless battle. Being face-to-face with death and laughing in his face."

The marauders were becoming ever more worried.

"My sensei," he continued, "once told me about the siege of Kokyo. The first goblins of the Ūraken clan had been besieged by Yakûsa's army. They were fighting while outnumbered by a hundred to one. They fought on for days and days against death and fear."

"And?"

"They all died."

"And that makes you dream?"

"Today, after all this time, all the bûshis of the Ūraken clan can tell you by heart the names of the 37 last bûshis to have defended the city."

At the other end of the trench a marauder leaned forward to get a better view of his leader.

"Do you remember their names?"

"Zuriken, Uzuma, Wazami, Mushi..."

"Were they dukes?"

"No."

"Marquis?"

"Nope, not either."

"So they were counts?"

"They didn't have any titles."

"And you can remember them?"

"They're heroes."

One could hear the marauders' minds thinking while flaming cannonballs continued raining down all around them.

"Do you think we're at a hundred to one here?"

"It's as if. They're shredding us to bits."

"Do we have a chance of becoming heroes?"

Kiritsû smiled.

"I guarantee that if we leave this trench, charge the fire-spitters and save Bazûka-san, then there will be a street in Klûne that'll bear your name."

Kiritsû could now see the soldiers' eyes filled with wonder.

"And all I have to do for that is die?"

"Yes."

"I don't have to kill any enemies?"

"That would be better."

"The more I kill, the higher up I am in the list?"

"Yes."

The goblin immediately got up to charge. The fragment of a shell hit him in the head and splattered his brain all over his neighbor.

"What was his name again?"

"Doesn't matter, nobody remembers the names of those who die in the trenches."

"So what can we do?"

"We'll wait for them to reload. At my signal we'll charge and we'll pray Rat that we can engage the

clones before the possessed have finished reloading. Once we're in contact with them, they'll no longer dare fire at us."

"We'll have to kill all of the clones!"

"No, we just have to push to get an opening at the fire-spitters. Simply the possibility of them being engaged will force them to leave their positions. We will be heroes."

The marauders were ready. Kiritsû turned toward Carbur.

"If I fall, you'll be their leader."

"Yes, sir."

Kiritsû stood up and gave the order to charge.

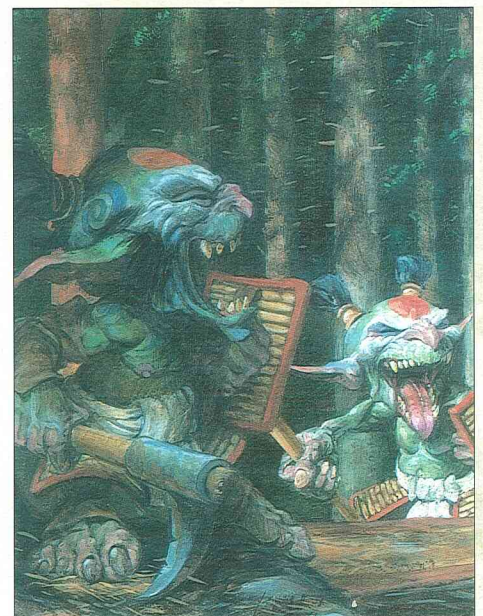
The marauders rushed forward like a single goblin. As planned, the fire-spitters couldn't shoot. As planned, the marauders engaged the clones of Dirz. Yet during the first assault a blade split Kiritsû's helmet in two and sent the bûshi flat to the ground, neutralized.

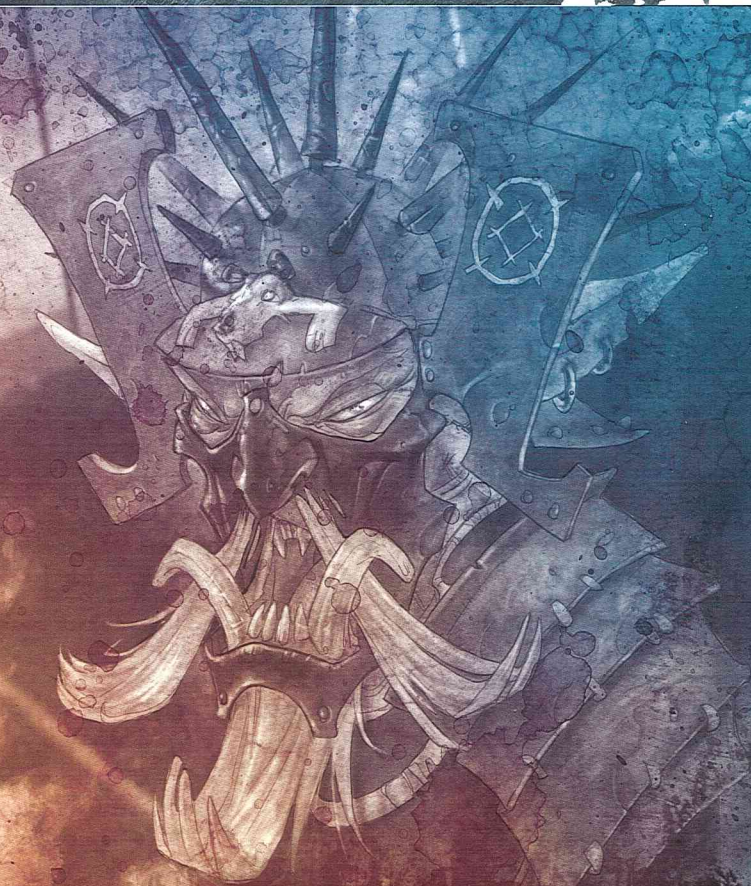
Blood was pouring onto the goblin's face. Fleeting visions of the Ūraken School flashed before his eyes. In the distance, further below, he caught a glimpse of the main fray. Without their allies' bombs, the troops of the alchemical empire couldn't hold out against Rat's tide. Kiritsû passed out.

The bellow of a horn woke the bûshi up. He was hallucinating. In the canyon he could see a gigantic creature, bigger than the biggest of trolls, being ridden by orcs and a goblin. He was sure that it was Carbone. For a moment he pictured this gigantic creature, harnessed for war and mounted by bûshis. He smiled and had enough strength to turn his head.

A few meters away the marauders were fighting against the fire-spitters of Mid-Nor. Unlike in most situations, they didn't have the advantage of outnumbering their opponents. Yet they didn't falter and Carbur was leading them with just as much confidence and virtue as Kiritsû would have done.

Victory!





# THE REVOLT OF THE YAKÛSA CLAN

*A DISSIDENT GOBLIN COLONY THAT HAS RECENTLY BEEN EXILED TO A VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE NORTH OF THE PLATEAU OF NO-DAN-KAR, THE YAKÛSA CLAN DEMOLISHES ALL THE COMMON PLACES THAT ARE GENERALLY ATTRIBUTED TO GOBLINS.*

*COWARDICE, SPINELESSNESS AND TREACHEROUSNESS, ALL THE FAULTS THAT USUALLY GIVE THE RATS OF NO-DAN-KAR THEIR UNIQUE CHARM, ARE FOUGHT THERE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY WAR CHIEFS OF THE GOBLIN NATION: SHOGUN YAKÛSA.*

Several years before the Dawn Ritual, which marked the beginning of the Rag'narok, while the omens were becoming ever clearer and the nations of the whole continent were readying their armies for the inevitable, a simple soldier named Úraken would, without knowing it, start preparing the ground for a revolution that would soon shake the empire of No-Dan-Kar.

## THE COMING OF THE MASTER

In the year 986 of the imperial calendar, Úraken underwent trial by fire during the campaign led by Emperor Izothop, the first one to use this name, against the dwarves of the Aégis Mountains. This operation, which aimed to conquer the fortified city of Fom-Nur to make it the spearhead of a huge invasion, was a horrible disaster. For the two years that this madness lasted, more than 800,000 goblins perished due to the flagrant incompetence of their generals.

Úraken survived only thanks to an absolutely extraordinary rigor and lucidity for a goblin. He was thus one of the few soldiers who were able to testify to the scope of the defeat suffered by the armies of Klúne. Disgusted by the goblin war staff's calamitous display of ineptitude, Úraken deserted with the firm intention of coming back one day to change things.

For almost six years he roamed the continent, looking at all times to refine his art of combat. He served as a mercenary in various free companies where he was able to observe the tactics of unknown yet talented strategists. Initiated to many different combat techniques by his companions-in-arms, he devoted all his free time to rigorous training and, when he wasn't practicing the handling of weapons, he worked on writing his Treatise on Martial Discipline in which he set down the principles of the way of the goblin warrior.

After these years of wandering he returned to Klúne, wishing to pass on the fruits of his work by teaching at the No-Dan-Kar Battle Academy. The coming of a visionary preaching total reform of the rules of war made so many teeth grind in the N.B.A.'s board of administration that Úraken's application was rejected. Furious at being confronted with the army's stupidity and failure to act once again, Úraken nevertheless didn't give up. He gathered around him a small group of disciples who were attracted by his vision of the martial arts and he began training them without anyone showing the slightest interest. For three years no one in the high spheres of power heard about Úraken or his students. They only reappeared for the first time in 995 during one of the first great battles of the Rag'narok.

Once again defeat seemed inevitable and the goblin troops began giving in to a horde of berserk barbarians. Appearing from nowhere, Úraken and his warriors then rushed into the fray wearing strange armor and spinning like demons. Their intervention caused so many losses and such disarray in the enemy ranks that the course of the battle was inversed and the goblins ended up winning. After this feat Úraken was received lavishly in the imperial court, not without having first been the target of an assassination attempt ordered by an officer who was jealous of his prestige. Emperor Izothop gave him the authorization and financing he needed to establish his own school. Thus was founded the Úraken School whose renown never stopped growing.

Unlike the N.B.A., which is known for its corruption, the Úraken School selects its students according to very strict criteria. Its classes are taught with unequalled rigor, and its graduates are usually hired for a steep price by the imperial army to instruct the recruits and inculcate them with some discipline, which is in such shortage in the goblin armies. Its most brilliant students are directed toward higher responsibilities in the war staff of the armies.

Today Úraken can therefore take pride in having carried out a gargantuan task and not many would

dare deny his success. Yet there was once a goblin among his most assiduous students who believed that his master had strayed from the path that he had himself laid out.

## THE STUDENT'S TREASON

Yakûsa was one of Ûraken's first disciples, and was surely one of his most talented ones. His sense of rigor and discipline was equal to that of his master, and while certain students simply contented themselves with following the precepts of the way of the goblin warrior without really understanding them, Yakûsa had a very clear vision of them.

This was so much so that when Ûraken pledged allegiance to Emperor Izothop, Yakûsa accused him of denying his very own philosophy to submit to a power that was corrupted by the thirst for wealth and the ambitions of the ruling classes. For Yakûsa, the way of the goblin warrior shouldn't be in the service of a mortal power, but of that of their god, Rat. He tried to persuade Ûraken to subscribe to his point of view, yet without success. His master remained inflexibly loyal to Izothop.

The schism between the student and the master was sealed when Ûraken unraveled a plot thought up by Yakûsa to take the power in Klûne and establish a new order. In spite of the protests of the goblin high dignitaries, Ûraken decided to spare the life of Yakûsa and his partisans. They were nevertheless condemned to exile on the island of Zoukhoï.

When they got there, Yakûsa and his companions were confronted by goblins who already lived there, cut off from the rest of the world since dozens of generations. The arrival of these armored warriors wearing masks in effigy of Rat impressed the natives so much that they welcomed them as divine envoys who were there to release them of the yoke of the demons that had forever been oppressing them. These demons were in fact a community of ogres that already lived on Mount Zoukhoï before the first goblins even arrived. Wishing to place his authority over the archipelago, Yakûsa defied and vanquished the chief of the ogres in single combat. He gained the respect of these creatures by sparing his opponent's life and thus sealed a solid alliance with them.

From then on the islander ogres and goblins consider him to be the unchallenged master of the island and unconditionally subject themselves to his authority. The new order of Rat was ready to see the day.

## THE WAY OF RAT

Yakûsa claimed Ûraken's philosophy for himself, enriched it with his own precepts and taught it to his followers. Furthermore, not being limited by the structure of a simple school, he was able to apply the discipline of the way of the goblin warrior to a



whole society by dividing the population into castes according to each individual's aptitudes.

The *bizhus* are the lowest caste of the clan. They take care of mundane tasks: agriculture, raising livestock and various hard and annoying jobs. The castes of warriors have total power over them and even have the right to take their life for any reason whatsoever (or even without having one). In addition to their chores, they are forced to undergo military training, which is the only way for them to climb a few rungs in the clan's hierarchy.

Indeed, the way of the goblin warrior is based on the notion of an all-powerful martial elite. The most promising individuals are chosen to undergo intensive training that will make them *bûshis* or even *samurats* for the most skilled among them. These fanatical fighters consider themselves to be those chosen by their god, Rat, to reestablish his domination over the goblin people and the whole continent. Their arrogance only being equaled by their valor in combat, they treat their fellows with incredible scorn and only account for their acts before Yakûsa and Rat himself.

In addition to the classical art of combat, some warriors undergo special training, for Yakûsa hasn't abandoned his plans for a coup d'état. With this in mind he supervises the training of assassins nicknamed "Yakûsa ghosts." The corrupt aristocracy of No-Dan-Kar has already learned to fear darkness even more, for notables have been found assassinated, the mark of the rebel clan carved in their skin!

Nowadays Yakûsa is no longer in exile. His warriors have made several incursions on the continent and have launched raids on merchant caravans to steal supplies as well as to show their strength and determination.

And it works! In Klûne they are beginning to worry about exactions committed by these renegades, especially since there are rumors that they have supporters in the various secondary cities and even in the imperial capital. The palace guard has been tripled and the emperor regularly sends spies to the island of Zoukhoï. Until now all of their heads have been sent back in beautiful wicker baskets...

## THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

Becoming ever more paranoid, Izothop has recently commanded Ûraken to bring back Yakûsa's head or risk being disgraced. Loyal to his allegiance, Ûraken didn't dispute the order. Yet deep inside him the same doubt that had pushed him to spare Yakûsa the first time came back to the surface. What if his disciple was right? What if he had made a mistake when swearing loyalty to the emperor? Prey to torment, Ûraken took time off to meditate. To make Izothop happy he nevertheless charged his first lieutenant, Bazûka, to chase off the rebels.

Ambitious and cruel, Bazûka doesn't let himself be affected by his master's moods and sees this as an unexpected opportunity to win the emperor's favor. So it's with great zeal and ferocity that he leads the hunt every time a raid by the Yakûsa clan is reported. It is even whispered that he is planning a punitive expedition to crush the rebellion on the island of Zoukhoï.

Of course, Yakûsa is aware of all this, his network of spies being just as efficient as the emperor's, if not more. These rumors of a landing don't frighten him. Attacking him on his own turf would be the worst mistake that Bazûka could make. Yakûsa now knows the mountains of Zoukhoï like no one else. He has had many caches built, as well as a network of tunnels from which his clan would be able to wage an insurgency that Bazûka would be unable to suppress. Yakûsa is a thorn that Izothop has stuck into his own side and which is now impossible to remove. And, little by little this thorn is digging ever deeper, for Yakûsa has more and more allies in Rat's clergy on the continent. Soon, with the priests' help, he will be able to raise a true army and then he will march on Klûne!

# THE ARCHIPELAGO OF ZOUKHOÏ

IN JUST A FEW MONTHS THE ARCHIPELAGO OF ZOUKHOÏ HAS BECOME A STRATEGIC POINT OF VITAL INTEREST FOR ALL THE PEOPLES OF AARKLASH. THE SEVEN REGIONS OF ITS MAIN ISLAND AND THE MULTITUDE OF ISLETS AROUND IT ARE THE STAGE FOR THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN BAZÛKA'S FORCES, WHICH ARE LOYAL TO THE EMPEROR, AND THE DISSIDENT CLAN OF THE TERRIFYING YAKÛSA.

It is said that that the echoes of the biggest waves travel across the oceans before dying on some unknown land to which they bring the clamor of the continent they originally came from. Maybe that is how everything started. Maybe the Dawn Ritual was one of these waves, carrying the noise of the Rag'narok over the seas to the most distant shores.

Or maybe the opposite is true: One morning a whimsical butterfly flew over Mount Zoukhoï and caused a conjunction that was favorable for the alchemical ritual in the Syhar desert. That's the version preferred by Yakûsa and all those who, like him, see the future of the Rag'narok on Zoukhoï.

Barely any bigger than the Chasms or the stone circles of Môrn, the archipelago of Zoukhoï forms a unique concentration for the strategic interests of all the peoples. Depending on their theories, the various nations have all elaborated a different view of this northern territory. Yet all of these views have an essential point in common: they place Zoukhoï at the heart of their preoccupations.

The Drunes, who are looking for signs of the Horned-One, have named this land the "last retreat," the one where the barrow dwellers, the mysterious Do-yaks of a thousand masks, dance in the glow of the eternal flames. The children of the Despot call it the "Eye of

Blood" and have dug thousands of tunnels under the volcano from which the archipelago gets its name. To the other peoples – Sessairs, Lions of Alahan, Griffins of Akkylannie, Cynwälls, Syhars and dwarves of Tir-Nâ-Bor – Zoukhoï is just a soulless piece of land. Yet it is a piece that cannot be ignored.

The rush has made thousands of troops land on this small island covered with pitch and soot where the fierce natives fight for every acre that is won. On the biggest of the islands the war is becoming bogged down before it has even begun like a miniature version of the conflict of the Age of Darkness. The other islands hold many secrets and surprises for those who hastily try to claim their riches.

## THE ISLAND OF THE SEVEN SEALS

*The beautiful Sâa of the Conchs, the wife of Eü, the Little Father of Flames, fell in love with Tobo-Sahta-Sahta, the king of apes. When Gham of the Breezes saw the couple in each other's arms on the island of Zoukhoï, which was then called Banaii, he reported it to his king, who was no other but Eü. When Eü learned about his companion's treason he broke the*

island into seven pieces before skipping them on the water like pebbles. Then he repudiated the beautiful Sâa of the Conchs and killed the king of apes.

Sâa lived in the ocean. That's where she bore her children and placed each one on one of the pieces of the island scattered by her jealous husband. Because Gham saw Sâa becoming older due to her sadness and felt the day coming that she would have to leave the world, he had pity and showed her how to patch back together the scattered pieces of Banaii. Following his advice, Sâa roamed the surface of the earth to seek the powerful charms that would put the pieces back together. That's how she discovered the seven wonderful magical seals and gave them to her children on the seven islands. With the power of the seals the pieces were reunited and Sâa began dreaming of seeing her family together again for her departure. Alas, their long stays on lands that were so far from each other had transformed them beyond all resemblance. Her sons fought her sons, waging a merciless war for the possession of the seals. Worse yet, Eü the rancorous sunk into the ground to shatter the island again, yet the seals' power was so strong that he didn't manage to do so.

Still today Eü grumbles beneath Mount Zoukhoï to bury the children of Sâa and the tribes of the island's seven regions battle each other every time they meet.

### Legend of the Manuis

Beyond the naïve theories of the Manuis (the only peaceful people of the island of Zoukhoï), the first visitors have made long descriptions of each of the seven regions as if they were unique lands almost separate from their neighboring areas. High mountain chains even divide some parts of the island from their bordering zones, seemingly giving the legend a certain root in reality.

More profoundly, the seven seals of Sâa are surely one of the main reasons that the peoples of Aarklash are drawn to Zoukhoï. The most informed adepts and faithful see this Manui tale as a metaphor for the primordial elemental conflicts that evoke the secret of life. They are aware that in every legend there is a piece of truth. No one knows what the seven seals are or where on the island they are hidden, yet the powers that they are said to have are enough to cause many to grow a taste for exploration.

### SEAL OF OBSIDIAN: MOUNT ZOUKHOÏ

The black slopes of Mount Zoukhoï, a volcano of impressive size, are continually swept by swirling and blazing winds. The ground, which has become a carpet of chalky ash, gives life every day to lush new plants that form multicolored forests in the scorched surrounding brush. Vampire trees and snake vines, both animated by the same strange creeping, slither there looking for prey.

The few natives know that this place hasn't always been so, that tribes of men with skin as black as night, the fallen of Obay, beat their skin drums all around the crater before performing their sacrifices. They speak of a time when the benevolent volcano provided fertile manna for the luxuriance of the jungles.

Though these tribes survived for a while as well as they could, these times are now over. No one knows what has happened to the fallen. Some say that they were decimated by diseases that affect all beings that breathe the volcano's poisonous vapors for too long.

## SEAL OF CLAY: THE LAND OF ASHES

Trapped by the uncrossable barrier formed by the peaks that separate Mount Zoukhoï from the Valley of Barrows, the volcano's ashes drift to the steppes in the southwest. These are covered by a perpetual layer of soot and are ravaged by the eruptions of Mount Zoukhoï's two younger sons who reach an altitude of 1500 meters.

These two volcanoes boil with chaotic and violent activity, drowning the scarce rivers with lava flows and sulfur vapor. It's not surprising, seeing the conditions, that this land of ashes has become a true desert.

Yet aridity does not mean the end of all life. The continent's most dangerous insects crawl all over this desolate stretch of land, greedily searching the ground for water and roots.

## SEAL OF ALABASTER: THE VALLEY OF BARROWS

Protected from the ash-laden rains coming from the three huge volcanoes in the north of the island, the Valley of Barrows is a stark contrast to the nightmarish steppes bordering it. Benefiting fully from the nearby cold currents that flow along its pebble beaches, it stretches along the coast in a landscape that is hilly, green and bathed by the sun.

Further inland, however, the underground volcanic activity dries up the vegetation, thus giving birth to prairies of burning straw. There the Valley of Barrows becomes a land of fire dominated by reddish and

golden colors. The eruptions that occasionally shake it destroy vast plains of sun-scorched grasses in the blink of an eye, turning them into carpets of flames for as far as the eye can see.

The *Do-yaks*, a barbarian people, haunt this valley, performing their sinister rituals around the fires. These warriors wear huge horned masks carved from the wood of the scattered bits of jungle that remain in this inferno. This tribe maintains the relations required for its survival as a people and for the continued practice of its religion, which is based on human sacrifice.

Recently Drones have been spotted in the region, most probably to try to take up contact with the *Do-yaks* whose horned god can remind of Cernunnos.

## SEAL OF EMERALD: THE HAUNTED JUNGLES

The Haunted Jungles cover a large central part of the island. High volcanic hills drown their foliage in eternal mists deployed in stringy layers pierced by the rays of the low-lying sun. There the song of the *soogloo* – a bird whose cry sounds like its name – rivals that of the tree-dwelling peacock in an eerie duet that can't be heard anywhere else in the world.

The rains that drench the jungle cause such lush vegetation to grow that all paths are quickly hidden. Therefore this region is a dangerous trap for all enemy armies.

The goblins of Zoukhoï lived there in bands united by the fear of ogres before Yakûsa's arrival. Úraken's former disciple has subjugated these tribes, which now form the biggest part of the clan's *bizhus*.

Yakûsa's guerilla army is far from being the only threat faced by the Haunted Jungles. Indeed, the latter get their name from the presence of Tobo-Mahta, the great white ape. This gigantic creature is worshipped like a god by the most backward tribes of native brats, the ones that never wanted to follow Yakûsa. These pygmies, who are fiercely independent, have abandoned the cult of Rat for the one of the great white ape to whom they sacrifice their prisoners. In no way is Tobo-Mahta an animistic philosophical principle; he is very real and attracted by the smell of blood. He is constantly on the move and is therefore hard to locate. What more, the

strong protection that his brat worshippers grant him (out of fear that enemies provoke his wrath) makes meeting him very hazardous.

The pygmies use the venom of the religious spider, a poison that is mortal even for a Wolfen or an ogre. This increases the difficulty of combat against the primitive tribes that don't hesitate to use the slightest confrontation as a magnet to attract Tobo-Mahta and leave the enemy at the creature's mercy.

## SEAL OF BONES: SKULL BAY

The region of Skull Bay, a wide inlet of the sea deep into the land, is covered with rice paddies structured into artificial terraces by hordes of *bizhus*. Its well-kept roads made it much easier for Bazûka to invade from the Southern Jungles.

The envoy of No-Dan-Kar's bloodthirsty troops have deployed all their strength against these "villages of resistance" and have destroyed them, straw hut after straw hut, while plundering and killing all those who fell into their hands.

The attitude of Bazûka's goblins has pushed the *bizhus* who were still hesitating to flee to Yakûsa, who they have been starting to worship like a god. Their road to the south being blocked by the imperial troops, they had to cross the Valley of Barrows, travel along the mountains and enter the haunted jungles to join the guerillas.

During their long march the *bizhus* had to confront the fierce *Do-yaks*, insects, disease, snakes, spiders and, worst of all, Tobo-Mahta. They were 5000 when they left, but only 30 managed to join Yakûsa at the limit between the Haunted Jungles and the Cliffs of Howls.

The *bizhus* remain convinced that their flight wasn't useless. Indeed, as soon as Yakûsa was informed of their ordeals in Skull Bay, two enormous tsunamis crashed onto Bazûka's victorious troops, killing more than half of his army and forcing Izothop's envoy to retreat toward the Southern Jungles.

These two events have turned the region of Skull Bay into a huge salt swamp, a true no man's land. Taking advantage of the opportunity, the *Do-yaks* have invaded the region. There they prowl in long dugouts, looking out for any signs of enemy movements... meaning for any signs at all.

## SEAL OF JADE: THE SOUTHERN JUNGLES

The shores of the Southern Jungles could have been one of the most enchanting landscapes of Aarklash. Giant palm trees wave in the warm winds over acres of lush jungle buzzing with thousands of forms of life. Pools of cool water spread between the blooming magnolias and reeds, echoing with the guttural mating call of the storm-toad and the cries of the golden lemurs.

## THE GUERRILLAS

The attempts to take the Yakûsa clan by surprise from the Haunted Jungles (which have been made often since Bazûka's arrival) have met the resistance of the guerillas. Guided by a native tracker, the troops of the dissident clan seem to be everywhere at once, using all the mystical and technological means at their disposal and working together with contingents of ogres. They transport

pieces of light artillery through the jungle and gather around torii erected as signs of courage. Split into small units, they strike and then retreat to their countless hideouts where they wait for the rain to become stronger again before striking their assailants again.

The guerillas' mastery of the terrain thus largely makes up for their numerical inferiority.

The war has turned this paradise upside down. This is where Bazûka and his bûshis landed, chopping down the trees to cut a passage to Skull Bay and the Cliffs of Howls. The stench of naphtha quickly replaced that of floral essences when the troops of No-Dan-Kar encountered the island's first pygmy brats and enslaved them. The resistance, organized by Yakûsa, peppered the jungle with deadly traps that decimated the invaders as well as the natives with equal efficiency. Among the pygmies some were even drugged, strapped with naphtha bombs, and hurled at the columns of Bazûka's troops.

Since then, the rebel clan has been holding the higher grounds, spotting enemy troops thanks to kawaiï spies. They then send small contingents, which include everything from the upholders of the sacred art of war to the most dangerous assassins of the goblin empire, to eliminate them in their final struggle against the imperialist movement.

## SEAL OF GRANITE: THE CLIFFS OF HEIWL

Yakûsa's troops and their orcish allies of the Black Rock tribe use the unreachable region of the Cliffs of Howls, located at the southeastern tip of the island of Zoukhoï, as their main base.

Here the war has eliminated all native forms of life. The landscape has become a barren land of barriers, trenches and ditches filled with spikes or naphtha.

## THE FAR REACHES OF THE SEA OF SILK

*The flight of the crows,  
Decorates the summer boat.  
The whole sea blood red.*

**Mi Sao, poet at the court of Iga.**

The Sea of Silk begins at the northern tip of Zoukhoï and stretches to the confines of unexplored lands. The big island from which the archipelago gets its name is surrounded by smaller islands, which each have their own traditions.

## IGA WITH THE MISTY PEAKS

Not far from Zoukhoï, the island of Iga lives isolated from the clamor of the Rag'narok. That's surely why this is where Ûraken found the source for his new philosophy of martial discipline.

The steep slopes of Iga are spotted with palaces that serve as fortresses for the leaders of the families opposed to Izothop's.

The island's peaks, which are hewn with steps and ramps, are the sacred places of the most fantastic of Aarklash's pilgrimages. Every year pilgrims from all over Iga and the surrounding islands climb the paths

that lead to the summits to leave offerings on the altars of Rat. The order of Kaolin, which is made up only of warrior monks, has built many monasteries on Iga and teaches its martial arts to the visitors who are worthy.



The island is peopled with goblins as well as humans who are heirs of the people of Kel's traditions. There are also several groups of marauders of Vile-Tis. They all live together under the yoke of enemy war chiefs who have been fighting for the island ever since the death of Empress Grenat, their common mother. The endless battles that ravage the countryside of Iga attract all kinds of mercenaries and stateless warriors, of which some are organized into companies and call themselves the "Blood Brothers."



## TAKE, THE ISLAND OF THE OCTOPUS

All the way to the north of Iga a thin strip of land that is under water during the nine months of the rainy season connects the island to the free port of Tako.

The inhabitants of Tako, who are fiercely independent, have built a huge port that is used as a base for all the pirates of the Sea of Silk. The latter roam the sea in overcrowded junks and attack ships of all sorts using rifles and unique spells. The junks of Tako, emblazoned with a purple octopus on a sand-colored background, cause so much terror that most of the other filibusters have deserted the archipelago's waters.

## KAKUFU, THE ISLAND OF VICE

A small island in the middle of hot currents that make it very hard to reach, Kakufu prospers due to its shady dealings. To get there, voyagers from the four corners of Aarklash take precarious boat lines run by unscrupulous captains or even pirates.

Kakufu is the refuge of all the forms of entertainment of the known world. Its streets, which teem with palanquins and carnival floats at all times, echo with the noise of dice rolling on the famous lacquered tables for which the island's craftsmen are renowned. The natives of Kakufu, who are always smiling and servile, run countless shops in which they provide carnal pleasure, comedy shows and gambling.

The colorful clientele that crowds the brothels and gambling houses are of great interest to the recruiting agents of the "Blood Brothers" who have settled on the island of Iga. Indeed, on Kakufu you can find adventurers of all sorts attracted by easy money and the many conflicts shaking the archipelago.

## NENGA NENGA ISLAND

The island of Nonga Nonga, in the far north of the Sea of Silk, hasn't been reached by civilization yet. Aboriginal tribes live there, united in a shared violent fervor inspired by a local god who encourages cannibalism and demands that victims are regularly thrown into the crater of Mata-Kata.

The untouched jungles of Nonga Nonga teem with rare birds and red trolls, which are the most dangerous and least docile of all the trolls of Aarklash. The natives of Nonga Nonga, who are mainly goblins, also have bright red skin. They live in villages built on mats of woven palm leaves floating in the lagoon.

The peaks of Mata-Kata are dotted with many troglodytic sanctuaries that date from before the arrival of the aboriginal people. These caves, which are sometimes gigantic, suggest that the volcano was a sacred place for the giants of the Winter of Battles.

Some of these sanctuaries lead to tunnels that reach deep beneath the waters to the undersea lairs of forgotten marine monsters.

# THE WAY OF RAT

The Yakûsa clan has a reputation of spawning the most ruthless and determined goblin warriors. Rebels against the imperial authorities, these dissidents put their lives and their art of combat in the sole service of the god Rat.

The following rules allow the formidable goblins of the Yakûsa clan to be played in *Confrontation 3* and *Rag'Narok*. Two cards in this seventh issue of *Cry Havoc* present the reference profiles of two Characters of this new goblin clan: Yakûsa the Rebel and Sumotoro the Brute.

The Yakûsa clan is a goblin faction. As such, it is subject to the rules on themed armies in the *Confrontation 3* rulebook. Due to its isolation and its rebel status, this army is additionally subject to special rules.

The Yakûsas cannot have any Allies or be played as Allies in a different army, nor can they hire Mercenaries (except for orcs of the Black Rock).

To make up for this, the goblins whose reference card mentions «Ûraken» can be played as members of the Yakûsa clan (they must nevertheless pay the cost of the two faction capacities). Characters can also be integrated, yet they lose their reserved advantages (artifacts, «Personal enemy» ability, etc.). These rules also apply to *Rag'Narok*.



**CLAN / SURVIVAL INSTINCT (1 A.P.):** The goblin fighters with Reinforcement who are bound to the Yakûsa clan lose this ability and acquire Survival Instinct. If a fighter already has these two abilities, then he loses Reinforcement. In return he gets +1 on the result of all his Survival Instinct rolls.

**SOLO / MARTYR OF RAT (1 A.P.):** This capacity can be given to any Regular goblin fighter bound to the Yakûsa clan. He acquires Martyr/1. In *Rag'Narok* this ability can only be used if all goblin Regulars in the Unit bound to the Yakûsa clan have this capacity.

**SOLO / KAMIRAZ YAKÛSA (5 A.P.):** This capacity can be given to any non-Character goblin spearman bound to the Yakûsa clan. Once per game, when firing, he can replace his normal firing sequence with a single rocket launcher / STR 6, range 20-40-60. Light artillery / Zone.

In *Rag'Narok* all the spearmen in a Unit must announce this special shot at the same time. A Unit that has fired its rocket cannot join a Unit that hasn't done so, and vice versa.

**SOLO / KYUDO YAKÛSA (2 A.P.):** This capacity can be given to any non-Character goblin archer bound to the Yakûsa clan. The bow included in his Equipment is replaced by the following range weapon: Kyu bow / STR 3, range 20-40-60.

**SOLO / KYU-TAGADA (0 A.P.):** This capacity can be given to any non-character Ströhm knight or non-Character noble Ströhm knight bound to the Yakûsa clan. He acquires AIM 3 and Harassment. He replaces his specific equipment (lance or sword) with the following range weapon: Tagada bow / STR 4, range 15-30-50.

**SOLO / YAKÛSA MONK (2 P.A.):** This capacity can be given to any non-Character goblin prophet bound to the Yakûsa clan. His «The Children of Rat» special capacity is replaced by the following special capacity.

• **Confrontation:** When the armies are being built, the player selects a bûshi or samurat bound to the Yakûsa clan for every Yakûsa monk in his army. The selected fighters acquire Loyal / 1. The same fighter can be selected only once.

## CYANHUR, THE DAGGER OF THE GOD RAT

A fervent worshipper of Rat, Cyanhur is the most secret and the most deadly of the Yakûsas. When he is played with this clan his Strategic Value is equal to 120 A.P. instead of 128 A.P.

**CHIEF:** Yakûsa the Rebel.

**Attention!** Each member of the Yakûsa clan must acquire the following two faction capacities, unless he already has the associated ability.

**CLAN / FANATICISM (2 A.P.):** The fighters bound to the Yakûsa clan acquire Fanaticism.



# THE GATES OF HELL



The Gates of Hell is a campaign for *Confrontation 3* that takes place on Zoukhoi, an island to the north of No-Dan-Kar. It involves two to five factions that confront for the control of this insular territory.

Two of the factions benefit from special rules for this campaign: the Yakûsas, whose headquarters are the island of Zoukhoi, and the Pandemonium of Janos, a necromancer who has been haunting the northern part of the island for decades.

The other factions are invaders of unspecified origins so that the players can use the armies of their choice.

## CHOICE OF FACTIONS

Up to five camps can be involved in this campaign. However, there cannot be more than three factions of *invaders*.

## START OF THE CAMPAIGN

The placement of each faction depends on its affiliation. See page 74 for more details.

## A DAY OF CONQUEST

This campaign begins with the arrival of the invaders. It is divided into days and continues until one of the factions has conquered the island or has eliminated all of its opponents. The number of days is unlimited.

A day is divided into four steps:

- 1/ Creation of contingents
- 2/ Troop movements
- 3/ Battles
- 4/ Reinforcements

### 1/ CREATION OF CONTINGENTS

At the beginning of each day the players must reorganize their troops in accordance to their coming movements and battles. To do so the players must assign their fighters to groups called “contingents.” Each contingent must be identified by a name, a letter or a number, and its exact composition is to be written down on a piece of paper. Its numbers are not limited. However, to be able to control a territory the contingent in it must have a Strategic Value of at least 50 A.P.

**The Red Dragon’s advice:** *It can be useful to represent each contingent with a counter on the back of which its name or number is written. These counters can then be used to represent the groups on the map of Zoukhoi.*

### 2/ TROOP MOVEMENTS

During this phase the players can move their contingents from one territory to another.

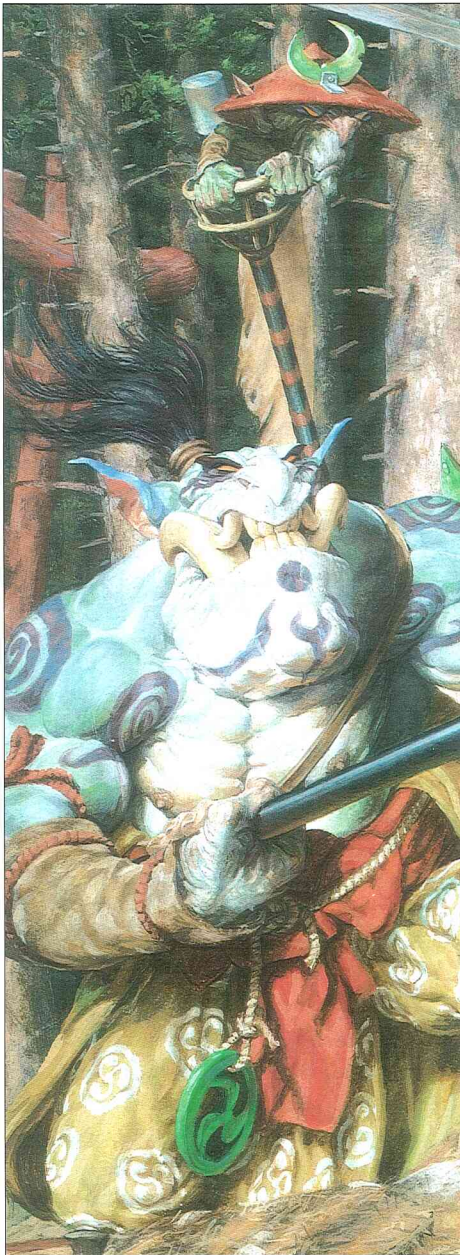
The distances covered are expressed in trips. One trip represents the distance between two adjacent territories. The trips are only made by traveling over land.

The troops can be moved from one territory to another under one condition: that the territory of departure and that of arrival have a common border that is crossable.

A contingent can make only one trip per day of the campaign.

Contingent movements are all made simultaneously. Each player must write down exactly which troop movements he is counting on making during the day by listing for each one:

- The contingent’s name
- The contingent’s territory of departure
- The contingent’s territory of arrival



Once all players have written down their movements, they are revealed. The possible consequences are the following:

- If no opponent is on the contingent's territory of arrival, then it moves and stays there.
- If there are opponents on the contingent's territory of arrival, then a battle takes place.

If enemy contingents meet and pass each other when moving, nothing happens. A battle only takes place when a contingent arrives on a territory that is already occupied by an enemy contingent.

## 3/ BATTLES

The battles are resolved using the *Confrontation 3* rules. Yet it can happen that a battle involves three factions for the control of the same territory. In this case the rules described in the *Dogs of War* extension are used.

## CONTINGENT DEPLOYMENT

Each territory is associated with a map that details the contingents' deployment zones depending on their territories of departure. The zone labeled "Garrison" is reserved to the contingent that already is located on the territory being attacked.

It can happen that the same faction attacks from two different territories. In this case each contingent is deployed in the specified zone. Also, if a faction sends a contingent to a territory that it already controls and, during the same day, this territory is attacked, then the contingent is deployed in the zone that corresponds to the territory it arrived from.

**Example:** *The Cliffs of Howls territory is controlled by the Yakusa faction. During a day the Yakusa player sends a contingent of reinforcements from the Haunted Jungle to the Cliffs of Howls. At the same time a contingent of invaders arrives from the Southern Jungle. For the ensuing battle, deployment is done in the following way:*

- The Yakusa contingent that was already on the Cliffs of Howls is deployed in the "Garrison" zone.
- The contingent of Yakusa reinforcements is deployed in the "Arrival from the Haunted Jungle" zone.
- The contingent of invaders is deployed in the "Arrival from the Southern Jungle" zone.

## THE BATTLE'S OBJECTIVES

Each battle lasts **six rounds**.

Victory goes to the camp controlling the highest number of deployment zones at the end of the game.

If several camps control the same number of deployment zones, then victory goes to the one whose A.P. value is the highest (see *Confrontation 3*, p. 124).

If a camp annihilates all of its opponents, then it is also victorious.

## EVENTS

Some territories are bound to events (volcanic activity, attack of hostile natives, etc.) that can happen during the battle.

Each of these events is bound to a value. At the beginning of each round of the game (except the deployment phase), before the strategic phase, 1d6 is to be rolled for every possible event. If the result is lower than the event's value, then nothing happens. If it is equal to or greater than the event's value, then the effect associated with the event is to be applied.

Some territories can be the theater of several events. If this is the case, then the determination of events is to be done in the indicated order.

The various possible events are the following:

**Natives:** *The ogres and goblins aren't the only inhabitants of the island. Several human tribes share the jungle and fiercely defend their territory.*

If this event happens, then the fighter who is nearest to one of the edges of the battlefield (no matter which camp he's in) is attacked by a native. The native's miniature is placed directly into contact with his target, which is then considered to have been charged. If several fighters are at the same distance from the same edge of the battlefield, then randomly determine which one is being charged.

**Tobo-Mahta:** *Tobo-Mahta is a monstrous creature that prowls the island's jungles. The natives worship it and fear it more than anything.*

If this event happens, then the fighter who is the closest to one of the edges of the battlefield (no matter his camp) is charged by the Tobo-Mahta. If several fighters are at the same distance from the same edge of the battlefield, then randomly determine which one is being charged.

## THE NEUTRAL FIGHTERS OF ZOUKHOÏ

|        | MOV | INI | ATT / STR | DEF / RES | AIM | COU | DIS |
|--------|-----|-----|-----------|-----------|-----|-----|-----|
| NATIVE | 10  | 3   | 3 / 4     | 3 / 3     | -   | 4   | 1   |

**Ability:** Medium Size.

The natives can be represented by Kelt warriors.

|            | MOV  | INI | ATT / AIM | DEF / RES | AIM | COU | DIS |
|------------|------|-----|-----------|-----------|-----|-----|-----|
| TOBO-MAHTA | 12,5 | 3   | 6 / 12    | 4 / 9     | -   | 9   | 0   |

**Ability:** Immunity / Fear. Large Size.

Tobo-Mahta can be represented by any miniature of Large Size (such as the Cyclops of Mid-Nor). It is not a Character.



Tobo-Mahta is a unique being. Once it has entered the game, the dice are no longer rolled for this event until the end of the battle. If Tobo-Mahta is Killed Outright during the battle, then this event does not repeat itself again during the rest of the campaign.

**Volcanic eruption:** *Many volcanoes remain active on the island of Zoukhoi. It regularly happens that one of them erupts in a salvo of “volcanic bombs.”*

If this event happens, then 1d6 is rolled for every fighter standing on the battlefield. On a or the fighter is hit by a piece of molten rock: he suffers a Damage roll (STR 10).

**Earthquake:** *The island is in a zone of seismic activity and earthquakes aren't rare.*

If this event happens, then 1d6 is rolled for every fighter standing on the battlefield. On a a fault opens up beneath the fighter's feet and he tumbles into the depths of the earth. He is Killed Outright.

**Tsunami:** *The many tectonic phenomena that shake the island sometimes cause gargantuan tidal waves that ravage the coastal areas.*

If this event happens, then a Resilience test (difficulty 8) is to be made for every fighter standing on the battlefield. If this test is failed, then the fighter is swept away by a wave and is Killed Outright.

## OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE

At the end of each battle the fighter who were Killed Outright are definitely eliminated. The survivors' Wounds are all healed. The fighters who fled the battlefield are treated differently depending on the battle's outcome.

- If at least one fighter in their camp was still standing on the battlefield at the end of the last round of the game, then they return to their contingent.
- If not, then they are definitively eliminated.

Fighters who were summoned during the game are eliminated at the end of the battle.

No matter how many contingents participated in the battle, the survivors of the same camp form a single contingent at the end of the game.

At the battle's outcome, the player whose camp controls the territory checks that the Strategic Value of his contingent's survivors is equal to at least 50 A.P. (The Strategic Value of fighters summoned during the battle is not taken into account.) If this value is less than 50 A.P., then the contingent occupies the place without actually controlling it.

The survivors of the defeated camps must retreat toward an adjacent territory that is either neutral or controlled by their faction.

If a defeated contingent cannot retreat, then it is ruthlessly annihilated! However, the Yakûsas can escape this fate thanks to the “Guerillas” special rule.

**Attention!** *All battles are supposed to be taking place at the same time. To represent this, the retreat of contingents is only done once all of the day's battles have been played.*

## 4/ REINFORCEMENTS

Once all the battles have been played, each faction can, under certain conditions, get reinforcements. These conditions vary from camp to camp. They are explained in the section on each faction.

## END OF THE CAMPAIGN

The campaign ends when a faction controls all of the island's territories at the end of a day or when all enemy factions have been eliminated. The conditions of elimination vary depending on the camp:

- **Elimination of the Pandemonium of Janos:** This faction is eliminated if Janos and Lo'nua were both Killed Outright.
- **Elimination of the Yakûsa rebels:** The rebels are eliminated if Yakûsa was Killed Outright and not a single territory is under their control.
- **Elimination of the invaders:** The invaders are eliminated if their chief was Killed Outright and not a single territory is under their control.

## FACTIONS PRESENT

### THE YAKÛSA REBELS

**Chief:** Yakûsa the Rebel

**Territory of departure:** Cliffs of Howls

**Initial Strategic Value:** 600 A.P.

**Army composition:** Yakûsa the Rebel must be a part of the initial army.

The rest of the troops must be bound to the Yakûsa clan, with only one exception: up to 30% of the army's fighters (in numbers) can be orcs of the Black Rock being played as Allies.

**Islanders:** A prolific people, the goblins are the most numerous of the island's inhabitants. To represent this, the Yakûsa faction benefits from a higher amount of army points at the beginning of the campaign. On the other hand, it can't hope to get any outside help. To get reinforcements the Yakûsas have to control territories in order to rally the goblins and ogres that inhabit the island.

During every reinforcement phase the Yakûsa player rolls 1d6 for every territory under his control. The result determines the Strategic Value of the reinforcements that can be added to the contingent stationed on the territory:

- : 30 A.P.
- : 40 A.P.
- : 50 A.P.

These reinforcements can only include non-Character troops of the Yakûsa clan, and in no way can they be orcs of the Black Rock.

If a magician or a faithful is included in these reinforcements, then he can be given spells and miracles whose value is also subtracted from the reinforcement points. These points cannot be used to give new spells, miracles or artifacts to a fighter who is already in play.

The reinforcement points obtained must be used immediately. They cannot be kept from one round to the next. All reinforcement points that aren't used during the round are lost.

**Guerillas:** Expecting a clash with the imperial forces of Klûne, Yakûsa has had countless tunnels and secret caches built on the island. Furthermore, his partisans are experts at guerilla warfare.

If the Yakûsas lose a battle, they aren't forced to retreat. They can remain where they are and hide there while waiting for reinforcements. In this case they cannot move until another contingent of their faction arrives on this territory. If this happens, then the guerillas join the ranks of this contingent as soon as it enters the territory they are hiding in. If this intervention causes a battle, then the hidden Yakûsas take part in it.

When they are hiding, the Yakûsas can do absolutely nothing. Even if their opponents leave the territory they are hiding in, they must wait for reinforcements to arrive before they can take control of it or move.

A territory in which Yakûsas are hiding can be under the control of a different faction. If there are still Yakûsas hiding on certain territories and an enemy faction is in control of the whole island, then the guerillas are ignored and the faction in question is victorious.

## PANDEMNIUM EF JANOS

**Attention!** This faction can only be played in this campaign. The profiles of Janos and Lo'nua cannot be used in official Confrontation and Rag'Narok tournaments.

**Chief:** Janos the Banished

**Territory of departure:** Mount Zoukhoi

**Initial Strategic Value:** 400 A.P.

**Army composition:** Janos the Banished and Lo'nua must be part of this army at the beginning of the campaign. The rest of the fighters can be chosen among the troops of Acheron, with the exception of the following ones:

- Centaurs and heavy centaurs of Acheron
- Wolfen zombies
- Dwarf zombies
- Black paladins
- Quaestors of Acheron

No other Characters but Janos and Lo'nua can join this army.

**Recluse:** Janos has been living hidden on this island for hundreds of years, protected by monsters. His only contact with the outside world is his apprentice Lo'nua, a native witch of a human tribe from the north of the island. At the very beginning of the campaign this faction has a total amount of army points available that is lower than that of the two others. This disadvantage is, however, compensated for by the fact that Janos and Lo'nua can summon reinforcements between each battle. Furthermore, their territory of departure can be reached from only one side and is therefore easier to defend than all of the other ones.

**Summoners:** Janos and Lo'nua are able to summon creatures to make up for the losses they suffer. During every reinforcement phase the player playing this faction must roll 1d6 for Janos and 1d6 for Lo'nua and apply the effect corresponding to the result (see the table below):

If a magician or a faithful is included in these reinforcements, then he can be given spells or miracles whose value is also subtracted from the reinforcement points. These points cannot be used to give new spells, miracles or artifacts to a fighter who is already in play.

Janos and Lo'nua each summon reinforcements separately. Their points cannot be combined unless they are both on the same territory when the roll is made. The reinforcements join the contingent located on the territory of their summoner.

### Examples:

- ♦ When the roll is made, Janos is on the "Mount Zoukhoi" territory and Lo'nua is on the "Valley of Barrows" territory. The player gets a [1] for Janos and a [3] for Lo'nua. This means that up to 65 A.P. of reinforcements can be added to the contingent on Mount Zoukhoi and up to 60 A.P. to the one in the Valley of Barrows.
- ♦ This time Janos and Lo'nua are both on the "Hills of Ash" territory when the roll is made. They can therefore combine their forces. The player gets a [4] for Janos and a [1] for Lo'nua. Up to 120 A.P. of reinforcements can therefore be added to the contingent on the Hills of Ash.

The reinforcement points obtained must be used immediately. They cannot be kept from one round to the next. All reinforcement points that aren't used in the round are lost.

**Resurrection:** If one of the two sorcerers is killed, then the one who is still alive can attempt to resuscitate the other. This act replaces the summoning of reinforcements in the round being played. The player rolls 1d6.

- ♦ If Janos is trying to resurrect Lo'nua, then he is successful on a [4] or more.
- ♦ If Lo'nua is trying to resurrect Janos, then she is successful on a [4] or more.



If the Character is resurrected, then he returns to the contingent on the territory on which the necromancer who brought him back to life is located.

If the resurrection fails, then another attempt can be made during the next reinforcement phase. If Janos and Lo'nua are both dead, then no resurrection roll can be made.

| D6 RESULT | JANOS                     | LO'NUA                    |
|-----------|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| [1]       | 60 A.P. of reinforcements | 50 A.P. of reinforcements |
| [2]       | 65 A.P. of reinforcements | 55 A.P. of reinforcements |
| [3]       | 70 A.P. of reinforcements | 60 A.P. of reinforcements |

## INVADERS

The faction of Invaders can be affiliated to any people except for the local factions (Yakûsa and Pandemonium of Janos).

**Chief:** The army of invaders must include at least one Character who becomes its chief. If the army includes several Characters, then the player selects which one will lead the faction.

**Territory of departure:** Before the first day, the invaders must land on a territory with a beach. If the campaign involves several invader players, then each one rolls a die to determine who gets to choose his territory of departure first.

**Initial Strategic Value:** 500 A.P.

**Army composition:** The army list can be made up of any troops of the chosen people.

**Reinforcements:** The invaders get 100 A.P. of reinforcements during every reinforcement phase.

If a magician or a faithful is included in these reinforcements, then he can be given spells or miracles whose value is also subtracted from the reinforcement points. These points cannot be used to give new spells, miracles or artifacts to a fighter who is already in play.

These reinforcements arrive by the sea and can only land if their faction is in control of a territory with a beach. If this is not the case, then the reinforcements are lost.

All reinforcements must land on the same beach.

The reinforcement points obtained must be used immediately. They cannot be kept from one round to the next.

## THE WAYS OF LIGHT

Goblins have recently attacked a village of the **Kelts of the Sessairs clan** while its men were gone hunting. They have captured their women and children and have taken them to an unknown location. One of the survivors has described in great detail the strange weapons and armor that some of the goblins were bearing.

For years the heart of the **Alliance of Light (Lions and Griffins)** has been trying to establish bases at the strategic points of Aarklash. One of its projects is to implant a garrison on Zoukhoï in order to surveil the barbarian lands of Caer Maed, the forest of Dii-sha and the swamps of No-Dan-Kar.

Under the cover of an operation of pacification, the Griffins and Lions have dispatched a war fleet to take position off the coast of Zoukhoï. Their objective: to bring the peace of Light to this region of Aarklash.

Intrigued by the Ûraken School's philosophy, several **Cynwäll elves** have gone to No-Dan-Kar to study and observe. After countless setbacks they have settled on the island of Zoukhoï. There they



have become friendly with the monks of the Yakûsa clan who share some of the principles related to the martial arts. Adept of the Cynwäll *shenras* (see *Cry Havoc*, vol. 6) and of the Ûraken *gobojuitsu* have been able to compare their respective techniques. The Cynwälls were thinking of installing an embassy on Zoukhoï, yet the war has countered their plans.

## THE MEANDERS OF DARKNESS

An armed force led by a chief of the **Limbo of Acheron** (House of Hestia) has landed on Zoukhoï with the firm intention of stealing his secret from the necromancer Janos. The arrival of the Dark Ones on board of the *Nyx*, a gigantic warship, hasn't gone unnoticed. The Hestias, true to their reputation, are fighting their way to the volcano. In the hold of the *Nyx* is a clandestine passenger: the Gorgon. This necromancer is on the trail of an Atrocity and the clue she's looking for is held by the Yakûsa clan.

**The alchemists of Dirz** have sent a detachment of the Noctis Project (see the *Laboratories of the Scorpion* card set) to collect genetic samples of the various species on Zoukhoï.

**The Kelts of the Drune clan** have never given up their quest. The bravest among them group together and go looking for Cernunnos at the slightest sign of a possible clue fallen upon by chance. One of these clues has led a huge band of Drones to Zoukhoï. The burial mound that they are seeking is in the territory of the do-yak natives (see the *The Archipelago of Zoukhoï*). Has Cernunnos formed this savage tribe with the forgotten descendants of the people of Kel?

**The dwarves of Mid-Nor** are the necromancer Janos's "suppliers." After many years of careful planning, they have decided to attack and take control of the volcano, at the heart of which there are stones of unrivalled purity.

## THE PATHS OF DESTINY

**The dwarves of Tir-Nâ-Bor** once celebrated the war between the goblins of the Yakûsa clan and those of the Ûraken clan. Yet they quickly became disenchanted: the natives of Zoukhoï suddenly started selling huge quantities of precious metals in the form of ritual objects, jewelry and ceremonial weapons. These treasures flood the market to finance their dirty war and go against the interests of the dwarven nation. The dwarves, being pragmatic, have therefore sent a small army to take control of the diamond mine located near Mount Zoukhoï.

On orders of the emperor of the **goblins of No-Dan-Kar**, shogun Ûraken has mandated Bazûka to crush the Yakûsa rebellion. Supported by the infantry of No-Dan-Kar, this renowned bûshi has landed with a huge fighting force on Zoukhoï with only one thing in mind: to vanquish in the name of Ûraken and Izothop.

These goblins, loyal to their emperor, aren't aware that the rebels have been warned of their attack by Cyanhur and that they have set up a true guerilla army.

On Zoukhoï the **orcs** are represented by the tribe of the Black Rock.

Athanra, a young and vigorous **Wolfen of Yllia**, is the chief of a wandering pack. One night the pack's shaman had a vision: a faraway island where a stone circle that has been abandoned for centuries would soon awaken. After a very long journey across the elemental realms, Athanra's pack has reached the island of Zoukhoi. It will have to defend its new territory.

**The Devourers of Vile-Tis** don't have a protectorate. Even though they are not numerous, taking control of a territory would allow them to be recognized as an emerging nation. That's why Zeiren and his half-elf companion, the assassin Scrupule, have decided to take advantage of the conflict on the island of Zoukhoi to sell their services to either camp. Their goal is to eliminate the victor once the war is over and to take over the island.

## THE TRIBE OF THE BLACK ROCK

If there's one thing the orcs respect, then it's a warrior's valor in combat, even if he is their enemy. Although until now they have only shown disdain for the cowardice of their distant cousins of No-Dan-Kar, they have recently been led to take a fresh look at the little (yet formidable) warriors in red armor who were adepts of the new way of war.

Chief Kal-Torog of the tribe of the Black Rock has been struggling for a long time against the goblin diggers who soil and ravage his land in their search for naphtha. Many goblin expeditions have failed thanks to him. Under pressure of the merchants of Klûne, Izothop has recently decided to send an army corps of the **Ûraken** school to Bran-Ô-Kor to protect an exploitation site. Surprised by the valiance and skills of the disciples of the new way of the warrior, Kal-Torog decided to learn more about them instead of trying to chase away the intruders. Thanks to the many goblin merchants and peddlers who travel through Bran-Ô-Kor it didn't take him long to learn the story of **Ûraken**. More interesting yet, he heard about Yakûsa's rebellion and his exile on the island of Zoukhoi. Grabbing this opportunity, Kal-Torog ordered his most loyal lieutenant, Holok, to leave with a small group of warriors in order to form an alliance with the goblins of the Yakûsa clan and learn their art of war.

Seeing this as the occasion to rally the clans of Bran-Ô-Kor to his cause, Yakûsa eagerly accepted the orcs' offer. The tribe of the Black Rock is an orcish faction. As such, it is subject to the rules on thematic armies explained on page 197 of the *Confrontation 3* rulebook.

In *Rag'Narok* an orcish army can be made up of fighters bound to a faction and fighters free of all bonds. It can gather several tribes. One tribe can be

chosen for every even incomplete 1000 A.P. in the army. With the exception of Characters, the fighters in the same Unit must either all be bound to the same tribe or all be free of bonds.

**Chief:** Kal-Torog

**Tribe / Survival instinct (2 A.P.):** The members of the tribe of the Black Rock get the "Survival instinct" ability.

**Solo / Master strike (2 A.P.):** Any member of the tribe of the Black Rock can be given the "Master strike / 0" ability. If the fighter already has this ability, then the value bound to it is increased by one point.


**Solo / Sequence (3 A.P.):** Any jackal warrior or Amok slayer of the Black Rock tribe can be given the "Sequence / 1" ability. If the fighter already has this ability, then the value bound to it is increased by one point.

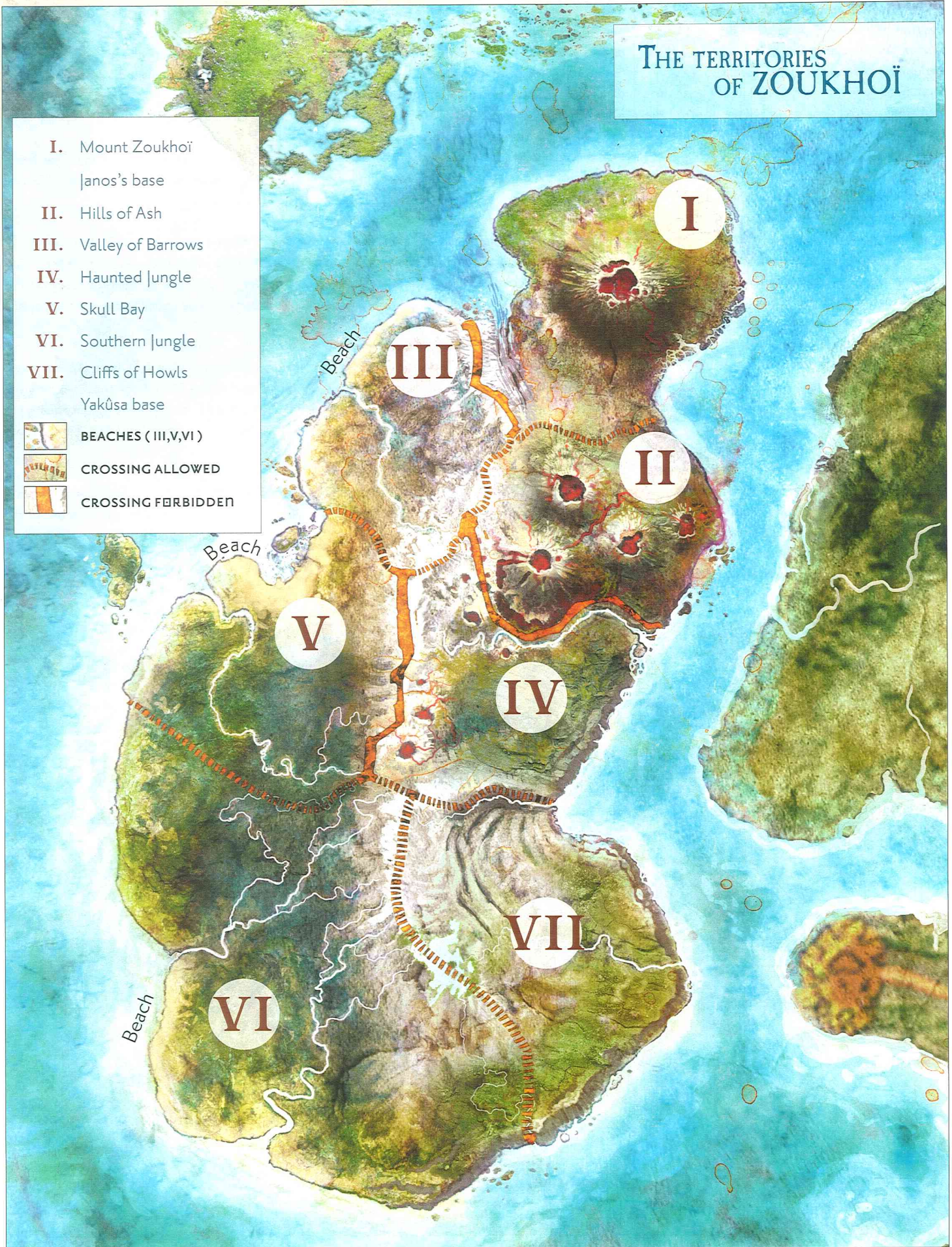
The Character Holok's profile already includes all the modifications bound to the tribe of the Black Rock. He cannot benefit from any of the Solo capacities.



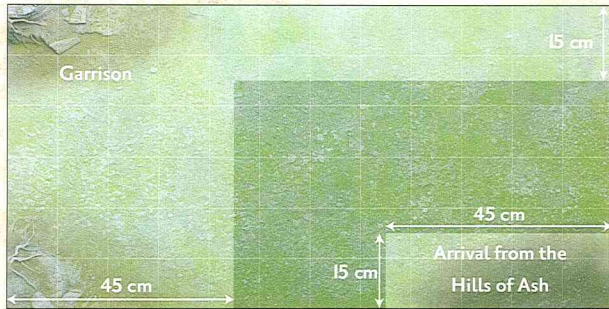
THE TERRITORIES OF ZOUKHOÏ

- I.** Mount Zoukhoï  
Janos's base
- II.** Hills of Ash
- III.** Valley of Barrows
- IV.** Haunted Jungle
- V.** Skull Bay
- VI.** Southern Jungle
- VII.** Cliffs of Howls  
Yakûsa base

-  BEACHES (III,V,VI)
-  CROSSING ALLOWED
-  CROSSING FORBIDDEN

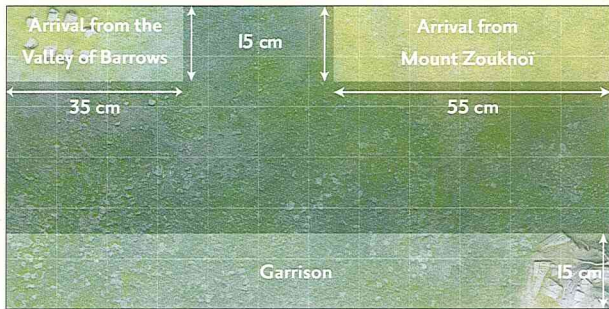


## MOUNT ZOUKHOI



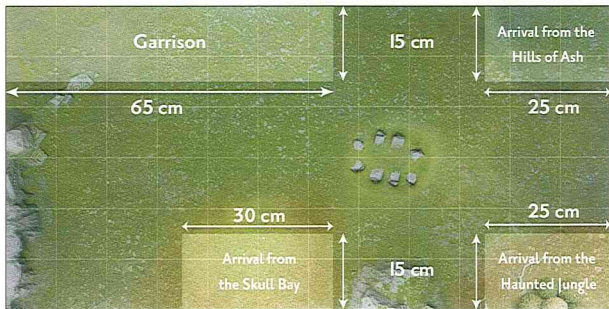
EVENT: Volcanic eruption / 5

## HILLS OF ASH



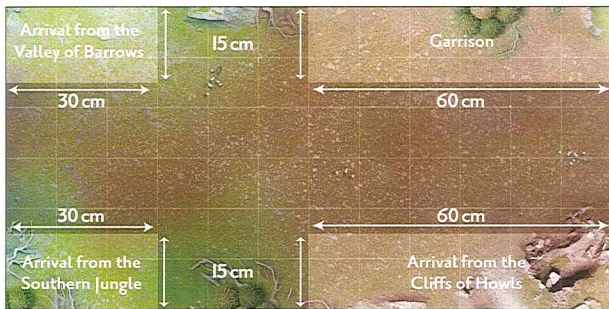
EVENT: Volcanic eruption / 5

## VALLEY OF BARROWS



EVENT: Volcanic eruption / 6+  
EVENT: Natives / 4

## HAUNTED JUNGLE



EVENT: Volcanic eruption / 6  
EVENT: Tobo-Mahta / 5. Tobo-Mahta is attracted by the smell of blood. As soon as a fighter is Killed Outright the event becomes "Tobo-Mahta / 3".

## SKULL BAY



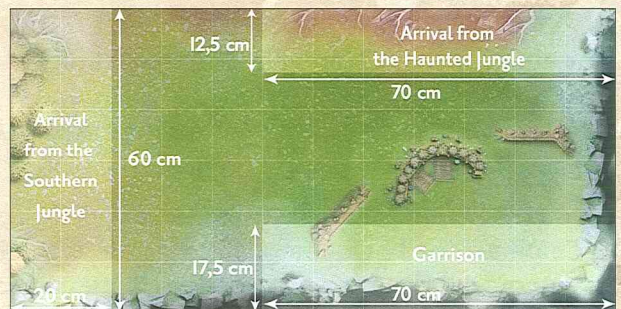
EVENT: Tsunami / 6  
EVENT: Natives / 4

## SOUTHERN JUNGLE



EVENT: Tsunami / 6  
EVENT: Natives / 3

## CLIFFS OF HOWLS



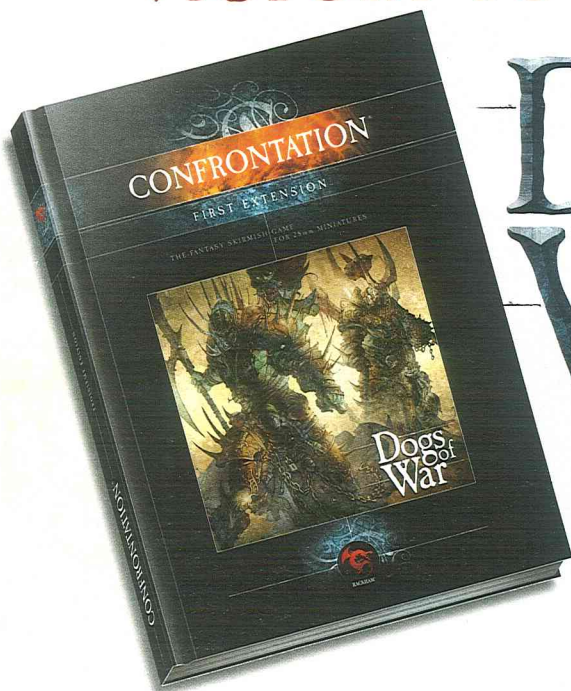
EVENT: Earthquake / 5

Note: These seven battlefields measure 60 cm x 120 cm.





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