

Iridia

role-playing games and miniatures, old and new
by Christian Walker

On Point

It makes me happy to be sending Iridia to folks who have been reading my work since I penned the first issue of Scrollworks six years ago. I am also excited to be reconnecting with artists, writers and industry folks. Together we can ensure that Iridia has a long, creative run. Do be sure to e-mail me with any comments at Christian@IridiaZine.net. Feel free to visit the Iridia zine online at IridiaZine.net. :)

Until next time, Christian

The Ruins of Brin

a continuing chronicle of the winter war

Bondsman Keller sat huddled amid the ruins of Brin, a cold rain chilling him to the bone. He was so exhausted he could barely keep his eyes open. He swayed back and forth, his head jerking as he caught himself from slipping into a much-needed slumber. Near him slept the other defenders of the ruined village.

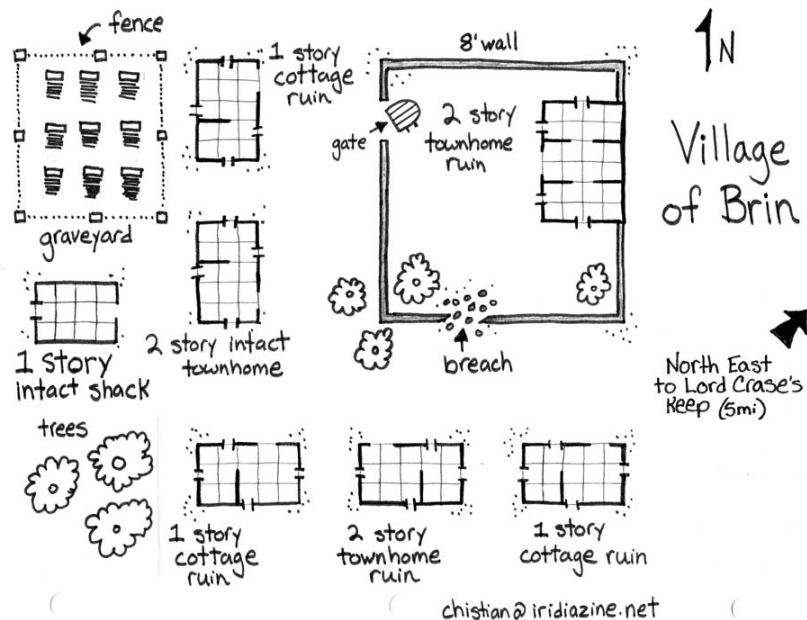
Lord Crase, their hated foe, was relentless. He attacked their position every night with skeletal infantry, then harassed them during the day with wolves. There was simply no way to rest and recover from wounds.

Keller had to stay awake on his watch. Since he was from the Fallen South, home of the Necromancer Lords, he had to fight twice

as hard as anyone else to prove his value. The other defenders were all from the Northern Kingdom. In their eyes he was an expendable sell-sword. Still, the two silvers he earned each day were worth it. After a year or so he might have enough saved to free his soul from a necromancer's curse. If he failed, well, his corpse might very well be one of the shambling forms sent against Brin.

As these thoughts ran through Keller's troubled and weary mind, the shadows of the day grew long. Soon, the undead would come.

At right is a sketch of the ruins of Brin, a battleground along the border between the Northern Kingdom and the Fallen South. Using the modeling techniques from last issue, I'm building terrain to match the map. I'll share the final product with you, along with details of the defenders and their undead adversaries, in future issues.



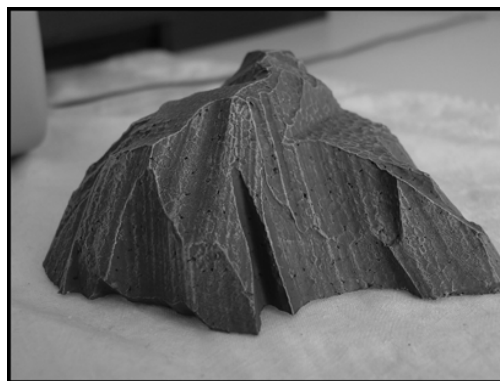
I dream in 25mm.

miniatures and terrain

Last week I shared the story of how Devon Ashwood, Aithne of Far Isle and Abel Artone set off against a lone ogre. The ogre was hiding behind a large rock, which allowed it to launch a surprise attack against the trio of adventurers. To recreate the battle, I made some boulders with Styrofoam and paint. I'd like to share with you my construction techniques so that you can build your own.

I built rocks using Styrofoam I fished out of a dumpster. The higher the density, the better. Do not use the porous foam used by florists! To shape the rocks, I employed a foam cutter that cost \$7.49. Powered by D batteries (\$3.49), a foam cutter slices through foam easily, sealing as it cuts. The wire that burns through the foam is extremely hot (ask me how I know) so be careful!

When I had obtained an appealing shape, I painted the rocks with Games Workshop paints. I started with a base coat of Fortress Gray (\$3.50). Next, I did a dry brush with Codex Gray (\$3.50), followed by another with Space Wolves Gray (\$3.50). The boulder is finished! Placed upon a sheet of green felt, this is the easiest way to build a decent-looking battlefield.



Iron Rations

basic d&d

Devon Ashwood stood motionless. *Terrified*. The ogre towered above him, saliva dripping from a mouth full of rotten teeth. The filthy rags covering its body emanated a revolting stench that caused Devon's eyes to water. Nearby, Abel lay sprawled on the ground, unconscious after sustaining a savage blow from the ogre's club. Devon wondered if the human was dead. He certainly looked that way.

"Aithne, help me! I can't do this!"

Aithne, looking rather amused at Devon's plight, coached, "Do your best, young warrior. This is the type of danger and excitement you were looking for, correct?"

"No!" screamed Devon. "HELP ME!"

Aithne let out a deep sigh. "Very well. Allow me to aid you, but you are in my debt."

Aithne stepped forward, a look of determination in her eyes, magical energy electrifying the air around her...

Below are stat blocks for the three heroes. Enjoy!

Devon Ashwood, Level 1 Elf;
Alignment: Lawful; Abilities: Str 9, Int 14, Wis 12, Dex 16, Con 9, Ch 15; AC: 5 (leather armor, -2 dex); Hit Dice: 1; Hit Points: 6; Attacks: short sword (1d6), short bow (+2 to hit, 1d6 damage); Move: 90'; Spells: Charm Person; Languages: Common, Elvish, Orcish, Hobgoblin, Gnoll, Gnomish; Special Abilities: +1 on initiative, +1 adjustment to reactions, elf abilities.

Aithne of Far Isle, Level 3 Elf;
Alignment: Neutral; Abilities: Str 9, Int 16, Wis 15, Dex 16, Con 9, Ch 12, AC 5 (leather armor, -2 dex); Hit Dice 3; Hit Points 12; Attacks: dagger (d4) short bow (+2 to hit, 1d6 damage); Move: 90'; Spells: Sleep, Charm Person, Web; Languages: Common, Elvish, Orcish, Hobgoblin, Gnoll, Gnomish, Dwarven; Special Abilities: +1 on initiative, +1 vs. magic-based saving throws, elf abilities.

Abel Artone, Fighter 1; Alignment: Neutral; Abilities: Str 15, Int 9, Wis 9, Dex 10, Con 16, Cha 8; AC: 4 (chain mail, shield); Hit Dice: 1; Hit Points: 10 (+2 from con); Attacks: long sword (+1 to hit, damage, 1d8+1); Move: 60'; Languages: Common; Special Abilities: +1 opening doors, -1 adjustment to reactions.



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