

# SLAVE RAID

A scenario to recreate a Dark Elf slave expedition  
by Steve Hambrook based on an idea by Stephan Hess

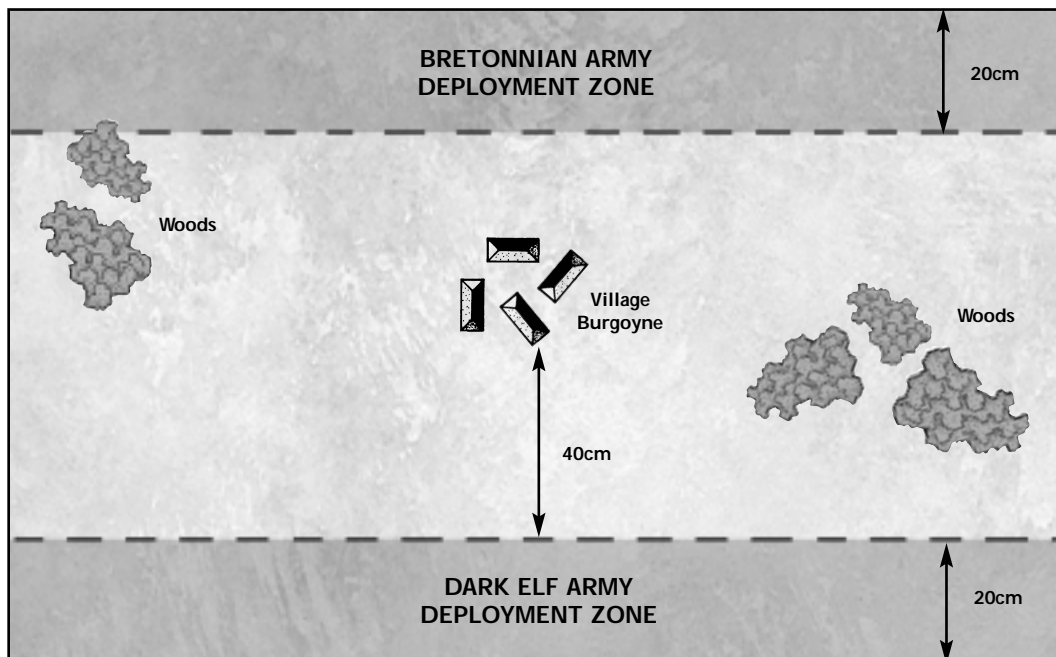
*The Dark Elves are a notorious race of slavers who ply the seas in their sinister Black Arks raiding the coastal settlements of the faraway lands of the Known World. They drag entire races back to their fell land of Naggaroth in chains to either work to death in the mines or be slaughtered to their dark gods in ritual sacrifice. This is reflected in their methods of fighting – lightning raids in which they hit their enemies with such incredible force that it leaves them stunned and easily overwhelmed for the Dark Elves to capture and take back to Naggaroth and an existence worse than death.*

*In the Imperial Year 1267 the Black Ark, Ecstasy of Pain, led a series of raids along*

*the north Bretonnian coast ravaging outlying coastal settlements and capturing vast numbers of slaves. The Duke of Lyonesse, Phillippe le Fair, mobilised his knights to see off the threat posed by the piratical raiders and brought them to battle at the small village of Burgoyne just inland from the coast. In the ensuing battle the Duke fell and his knights were slaughtered to a man, leaving the village of Burgoyne and much of the surrounding countryside to be pillaged by the victorious Dark Elves. It is said that it took a whole generation for the area to recover after the dread Druchii took most of the population away in chains never to be seen again.*

The attackers (Dark Elves) deploy first along their table edge and take the first turn. The attacker may deploy up to two units of Dark Riders and an accompanying Hero or Sorceress up to 40cm onto the table to represent their scouts. The defenders (Bretonnians) set up second along their table edge. The village of Burgoyne lies in the centre of the battlefield between



*Slave Raid*

the two opposing armies. The defenders must deploy three units of infantry within Burgoyne to represent the villagers and local militia. The attacker may pillage buildings in the village by having a stand from an infantry unit touching a building. As this is supposed to be a lightning raid the game only lasts for six turns.

**SPECIAL VICTORY CONDITIONS**

Brettonnians are awarded Victory points as normal

Dark Elves do not get any Victory points for enemy units reduced to half strength.

Dark Elves do not get any Victory points for enemy units/characters destroyed with missile fire or magic.

Dark Elves get double Victory points for units destroyed in close combat, as they are considered enslaved (remember to keep those units destroyed in close combat separate from those destroyed by other means).

Dark Elves get +50 points for each building pillaged in the village.

This scenario represents just one such Dark Elf raid against an outlying coastal settlement somewhere in the Known World and can be played against any Warmaster army if desired.



## Slave Raid

### The Slave's Tale

*My name is Hargan, my second name is of little consequence.*

*Once I felt the tenderness and love of a warm, caring family, but they are gone. Whether they still live or not is of no importance, for emotion is a luxury that has long since been lost to me.*

*Once, in what seems like another lifetime, I remember I was scribe to the Burgomeister of Marienburg. It is with trembling hands that I now put quill to paper. Much of my soul they destroyed, but my ability to write, they could not vanquish that. Not without severing my hands, but I would not then have been able to labour night and day for them, toiling without nourishment or rest. Who are the faceless 'they' I talk of? They are evil incarnate, they are fear in its purest form. This I write in order that others may learn of them. They must be stopped. Who has the power to defeat them I cannot say.*

*My home was once a small village on the outskirts of Marienburg. They came in the dark of night, striking with the swiftness of a falcon, silent and in small numbers. They did not need many, such was their skill and stealth they were upon us before any alarm was raised. My only solace was that my wife was visiting relatives in the next village. From my bed they dragged me outside, I remember how my neighbour's child cried, his mother trying to comfort him, but the child sensed his mother's fear and his wailing did not cease. They tore the screaming child from his mother's arms and took him away. I remember the silence that followed and how haunting it felt. No one ever spoke of the child again and his mother was silent in her despair.*

*At knife-point we were led to their dark vessel. A great mountain, blacker than night loomed before us. Tall spiked towers reached into the sky, obscuring the constellations. It was then that I knew that our gods had forsaken us. On a small boat we were carried to the nightmarish floating citadel. At times the calm sea would be broken by the gigantic ripples of some terrible beast beneath the surface. What horrors lurked in the waters where I had once swum I dared not guess. On reaching the fortress we were chained together, and so it was we were taken single file down into the depths of the Black Ark. Silent, save for the ominous rattle of our chains, we stepped down a steep spiral stairway. For what seemed like an eternity we marched into the bowels of hell. Occasionally a hideous scream from one of the passageways off the stairwell would chill my soul with a deep fear. It was the fear born of the knowledge that some time soon the despair I felt in my heart would join that chorus of pain.*

*Like cattle we were crammed into a dark chamber. On wooden racks we slept; there was no latrine, nor was there enough room for a man to stretch to his full length. For how long we were kept like this I cannot tell nor do I choose to guess. The filth that covered us soon developed into sores and before long disease was rampant. Our sleep was disturbed by the cries of those suffering from delirious fevers. The man chained next to me, a simple goatherd from our village, grew weaker with lack of sustenance. For many nights his body was wracked with a heavy fever before he was finally granted*

*peace in death. By the time they finally unchained him from my side his corpse was bloated and maggots feasted on his putrid flesh. Others would occasionally join us, some of them races that I knew not from where they came. There was no conversation between us. I remember two of the foreigners were caught in conversation by a guard. He drew his wicked blade and sliced their tongues from their mouths. Both died a few hours later from choking on their own blood.*

*Slowly I succumbed to the nameless disease that crept upon us. In a delirium of fever I can vaguely remember being led from the chamber back up the stairway. How my legs were able to carry my emaciated body I cannot say. My first sight of the dark city of Har Ganeth was one tinged with the madness of my condition. Each of the tall towers was crowned with a hellish skull that tormented me in my delusion. Visions of our mortal future, they mocked me. Death was amongst us and my mind had little trouble conceiving that we had been transported to hell. Only three of the thirty slaves who had been taken from my village remained alive. We were separated into groups and sharp barbed spears prodded us towards our new masters who stood waiting at the end of the dock.*

*"Kehmor is my name, I am the slavemaster of Lord Ruerl and that is all you pitiful wretches need to know of me. Gone are the days when your lives were made complex by the choices that freedom allowed you. Your life will be simple now, obey me or die."*

*I recall his words well, even though my mind was clouded by illness. As each of us passed him he branded our left chest with the mark of Ruerl. A black rune now scars the spot where I once perceived my heart to lie. Our new quarters were little better than those on the Ark. Cold stone replaced the wooden racks but we were still chained and crushed together. We were to work in the mines, digging the ores that would enable this race to forge more of their weapons, more power with which they could pillage and conquer. It was an endless cycle of despair. Night and day became concepts that existed only in my dreams. Soon I ceased to even dream. We were chained together by solid steel-spiked neck collars, more like beasts than men. If one of us tired from the solid work he would be whipped until his back was raw. If one of us should collapse from exhaustion the guards would sever his head from his body with great blades, rather than unlock his collar.*

*Even in our brief times of rest they would appear. Sometimes they would give us raw meat on a plate. Where it came from I dared not think, eating it with savage greed like some feral beast. Sometimes they would enter the cell and take one of us away. Of the poor soul's fates I cannot say. Screams of pain would usually follow such abductions. For how long I continued to slave in the mines I cannot estimate, but one morning I was led out of the cell by the guards. My mind raced with visions of the torments that I was about to suffer, but fate spared me any real anguish. I was taken to the forests where I was to cut down the mighty pines that covered the mountainside. Their girth is such that it would take ten men to link arms around even the smallest of these giant firs. For countless centuries these ancient trees had grown but, as is the wont of these dark masters, they were cut down in spiteful greed. We would be forced to work in the savage*

## Slave Raid

rain and biting snow with just torn rags for clothing. Though the fierce weather of Naggaroth nearly killed me, it was these same foul conditions that granted me freedom. On one wet cold morning I found an old dagger at the foot of one of the trees. Tempted as I was to slay my evil master I knew that swift retribution would follow. The damp mines and the rain had gradually caused my collar to rust. That night I used the dagger, which I had smuggled into my cell, to work loose my shackles. The next day as soon as we reached the forest, I broke free and fled.

Up into the mountains I ran and, though my legs ached with exhaustion, I found strength in the knowledge that I was free. Behind me the beast-like hounds of my masters bayed. Through the icy streams I swam, to turn their keen nostrils from my scent. For many days they pursued me. A lone slave was of no great importance to them – they hunted me down for their own pleasures. Occasionally I would spy my former captors riding atop great monstrous lizards. The thought of being caught would send a shiver of pure fear through me. These beasts looked capable of tearing me apart as though I was a piece of parchment. High in the jagged dark mountains I hid, always heading west. I did not know to where, but my destination was any place away from the murderous attentions of those who sought to enslave me.

My captors called the mountain range the Spiteful Peaks. They were aptly named for they gave no nourishment to me. Neither beast nor plant survived in these accursed rocks. On the third day a monstrous shadow passed overhead. I do not know what manner of creature it was, but its head was that of a lion yet it flew with the wings of a great wyrm. In my past I would have thanked Sigmar that he made the beast blind to my presence but Sigmar had long since deserted me. That evening I spied tendrils of smoke rising into the sky. Cautiously I approached: if it were my hunters then I would face them and with my dagger take as many as I could to their graves. As I neared the encampment it was not the cold sharp tongue of the Druchii that met my ears. In the stranger's conversation I heard the unmistakable accents of Tilea and Estalia. Then my heart rose as I heard the familiar rough accent of a Middenlander. I dared not approach immediately, but instead sat for a while listening to their talk. Much time had passed since I last heard warm conversation

but finally the lure of cooked meat bade me approach.

Now I sit here in those very same hills. Over the past months many others have flocked to our group. Rumours of a slave army have given heart to many and have lent them the will to escape and join us, but now they have also brought the enemy to us. We have amassed a small amount of equipment from raids into enemy encampments, but I would be loath to call us an army. We are ill-nourished and have only hatred of those who seek to enslave us as our weapon. Still, if we are to inspire any hope for others we know that we must go to war. As the most learned member of the group I have been chosen as their leader, yet I have no experience of war. I write this on the eve of battle with my former master Lord Ruerl. In our hearts we know we are defeated, yet should this letter manage to find its way into safe hands then know this. It is better to die fighting this cold, evil race than suffer the unthinking torment that they will surely inflict upon you. With this I leave to meet my fate on the field of battle, but know this, whatever may pass I will not be taken alive.

