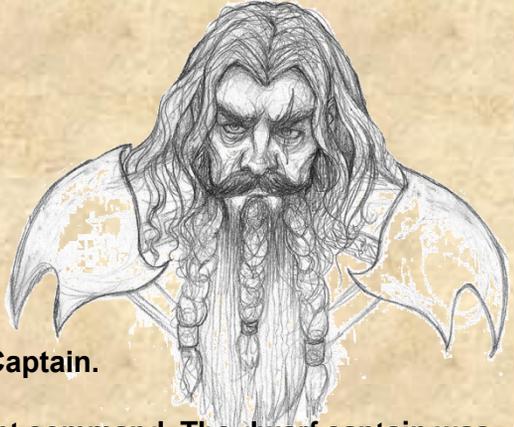


# ***Black Smoke Rises . . .***

The sun was beginning to wane into mid afternoon and the light was losing some of its heat. The limestone walls of the gorge rose towards the sky and trees overhung the edge above. A stream once ran in the bed, but had long since dried up. All that flowed now was a ragged line of a small company on the march.

The birds sang fitfully in the wood, but birds were not the only voice that could be heard.

Trey-ho, trey-ho, trey ho, along the road we go!  
Over crag and down into dale,  
Our feet they wander mile after mile,  
And ever are thoughts all the while  
Dreaming of sweet, brown dwarven ale!  
Trey -ho, tre...



“HALT!”

Bulin’s voice died in his throat at the order from his Captain.

The company halted as Gorgil raised his hand in silent command. The dwarf captain was silhouetted against the sky atop the rise as he looked out over the land that rolled out before the gorge mouth.

The brothers Grandin and Grundan came forward to stand next to their leader.

“What is it?” asked Grandin squinting into the distance.

“Smoke on the horizon. Can you smell it? Fouled.” Replied Gorgil.

“Gather the company”

The brothers swung away and barked an order. Instantly the dwarves fell in and came to attention.

Gorgil stalked down the rise back into the gorge and faced his company.

“Dwarves! The settlement yonder seems to be aflame. We know of only settlements of Man and Halflings in this land. Allies of ours both.”

The dwarves in the company eyed each other. The veteran Hadhod allowed a smile to play on his lips, though it was unseen under his Khazad war mask - he knew what was coming.

“ Our Lord put together companies such as ours to watch the dwarf roads and aid our friends when in need. We Waywardens are duty-bound to seek the source of this foul, black smoke. Make ready to move at speed. Check your steel, make it keen. Dwarves, we move!”

Gorgil led his company out of the gorge and towards the burning horizon.

But, was it to be a rescue or a trap?

**Baruk Khazad, Khazad a Menu!**

# Meanwhile. . .

From under the boughs of the trees thick shadows moved and gathered in the dark under the leaves. The massed blackness stamped to a halt with heavy booted feet.

“Smoke from the settlement - it burns!”

“ I can see that worm, I got eyes in my ‘ead”

A huge Uruk grabbed the man by the scruff and roughly shoved him into a nearby tree trunk, knocking the wind from him. The Dunlending dragged himself upright and steadied his composure.

“What ya wan’ t’do, boss?” Asked another one of the Orcs, a thick limbed Uruk with a heavily scarred face and arms.

The Captain sneered over his shoulder.

“Down there *snaga* - be plunder and loot. And, better still - pink skins and man flesh!”

The orc almost winced at his Captain’s insult. He drove his company hard, but they’d followed him far and wide and he’d been better than the last. Even, if their current Captain had cut down the old one.

An almost gleeful hoot went up from the company.

The captain eyed the wildman with disdain.

“You got the guts to cut some of your own?” He grunted with venom.

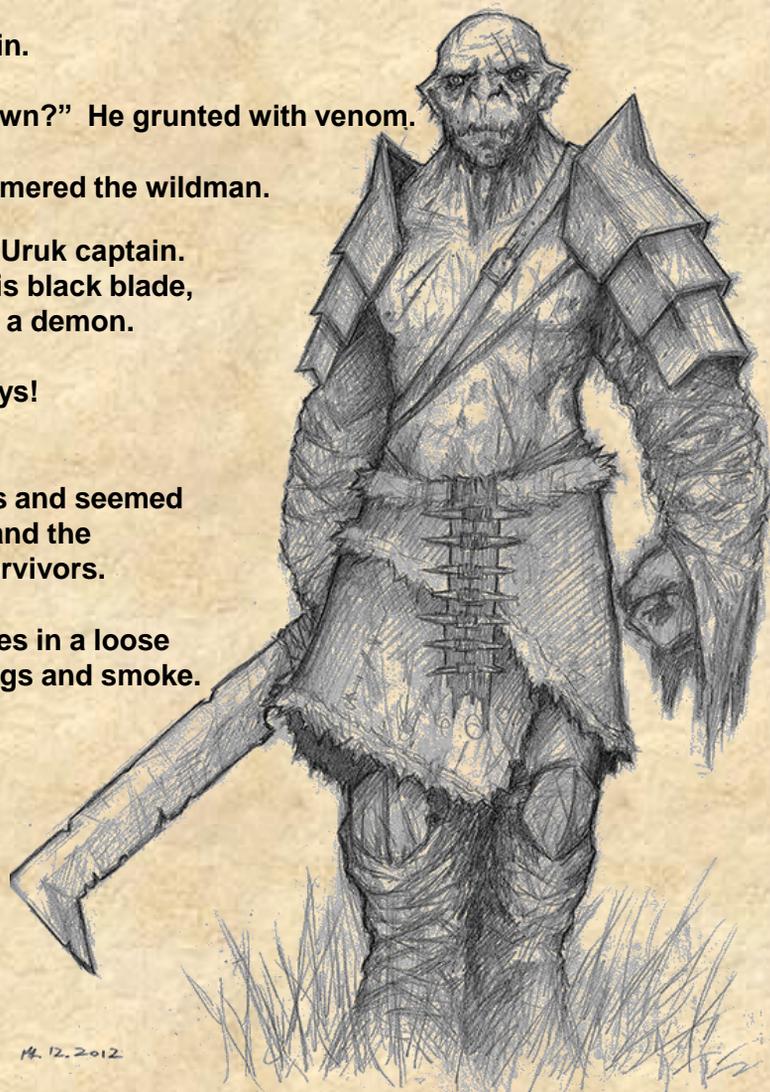
“Course! Aand tthey ain’t my own” stammered the wildman.

“Huh! filavhausan wreavch” snarled the Uruk captain. He rounded on his company and drew his black blade, Holding it above his head, he roared like a demon.

“Looks like meat’s back on the menu boys!  
There be knife work needs doin’!”

All the heinous band drew their weapons and seemed to slather at the prospect of bloodshed and the destruction they could reek upon any survivors.

The Orc and his gang broke from the trees in a loose run heading towards the burning buildings and smoke.



# The Scenario - Black Smoke Rises ...

## Description

The settlement is burned to the ground and the smoke still rises. This was a recent attack. Be aware, those who put the town to the sword and flame may still be within.

## Participants

The warbands from our campaign

## Layout

The board is a standard 4' X 4' board. On the evil player edge there is thick wood along the whole edge. The models set up no more than 2" from the woodland edge. On the good players edge there is cliff, scrub and scattered rocks. The models set up no more than 2" from the gorge edge.

There is a cluster of buildings with scattered debris in the middle of the board covering about 18" square. 4 "loot" counters are placed randomly within the buildings. All over the board the players may take turns to place a piece of terrain. No one terrain piece may be more than 3" X 3" and can only consist of natural features. IE - no further buildings, river sections or walls etc.

Each loot counter gives 5gc and 2exp for each model that has one at the end of the game.



## Objectives

Both sides must get into the building control area and find loot counters. The winning side is the side with the most models left at the end of the game.

OR the side that has the most loot counters at the end of the game.

OR the side that does not flee first due to casualties.

## Special Rule

Each side may deploy up to 2 of their models an extra 6" in from their table edge and must be placed behind a piece of terrain. These are scouts sent ahead of the company.

## Optional Rule

The wild wolves and beasts have smelt the burning flesh and come to look for scraps. If you wish you can add this aspect to the scenario. At the end of turn 4, two wolves come in from each of the two sides that the company's did not start on. The wolves head directly toward the building in the centre and will attack any model they come into contact with - good or evil. Each wolf will continue to attack the nearest target until they are slain or kill all the models.

## Starving Wild Wolf

M	F	S	D	A	W	C
10"	3	4	4	1	1	3

