

In Pursuit ...



Gorgil called his band to him and commanded them to search the remaining buildings for signs of the Orcs - there was none, they had left the hamlet.

The skirmish had been bloody for both sides and those wretched wolves had tested his warriors dearly. All the hairy terrors had been dispatched by arrow or axe.

Hadhod, the Khazad Guard limped over to his Captain.

Gorgil was joined by Grandin who looked gravely at the guardsman and glanced at Gorgil.

“Hadhod, you alright, laddie?” asked Grandin

“Are you injured?” enquired Gorgil

“Nay, just a scratch and a rattled helm. I’ll be fine. I did find this though Captain”

He offered Gorgil a scrap of material covered in filth and grime. Gorgil opened it out and saw the vague symbol of Othrikar, a small dwarven outpost in the Northdowns.

“So, there were dwarves here - traders from the Northdowns by this banner. Any bodies?”

Grundan had joined them and shook his head at the question and looked at his brother, Grandin.

“Not that we’ve found Captain” replied Grandin.

Just as Grandin uttered the words a shadow crossed his face, he spun and notched an arrow aiming it skywards.

“*Rawk*, Vemu Khazad, *rawr!*” Came a harsh croak. A black raven landed on a post not three feet from Gorgil.

“I seek the dwarf they name Thunderhead, Gorgil Thunderhead, *rawk!*”

“I am Gorgil, Captain of these dwarves, what business have you Raven?” Gorgil replied.

“A message i bring you Thunderhead. *Rawk* Othrikar is attacked! *Rawk* I flew over orcs fleeing from here not a quarter hour past. You are commanded to pursue and kill this warband, lead by a giant black Orc. One they call Ugluk - Hellion of Isengard!

“Commanded - by who?!” demanded Grundan

“*Rawk*. By Lord Longbeard himself. *Rawk*. These orcs have been sacking and killing many free folk in this land and must be stopped. As for here...*Rawk*. This was an arm from Angmar!”

All the dwarves look stunned at the mention of the death lands of Angmar. They looked to their Captain.

The whole band had now gathered around Gorgil and the Raven.

“Captain? What of Othrikar?” asked Hadhod, replacing his war helm. Gorgil’s face was set and grim.

“We have our orders!” Gorgil proclaimed swirling to face his warriors.

“We have Orcs to hunt! Raven - lead us on!”



Meanwhile . . .

“Halt, you maggots!” Roared Ugluk.

The group came to a staggered halt in a clearing not far into the tree line. Breathless, they looked at one another. The fight had been tough. The dwarves had been hardier than the Orc boss had thought, but he had slipped in, got loot and escaped right under their noses. Stupid dwarves! Ugluk’s eyes roamed back the way they had come and the wheezing Dunlendings just coming into view.

“We should cut them loose Chief!” croaked Ugmog, one of Ugluks Orcs.

“They have their uses.” replied Ugluk.

“What loot did we get pink skins?” demanded the black Orc.

“Well, some coin, blades, cheese and three shanks of mutton.” spoke one wildman with a grin. “And some dwarven blood!”

“Hah! Maybe you are getting better, *Manling*. Yes, those Gorgúns took a beating. The wolves helped our knife work enough. That demon axer was felled for sure!”

The Orc devils hooted their agreement and clanked their weapons together in salute.

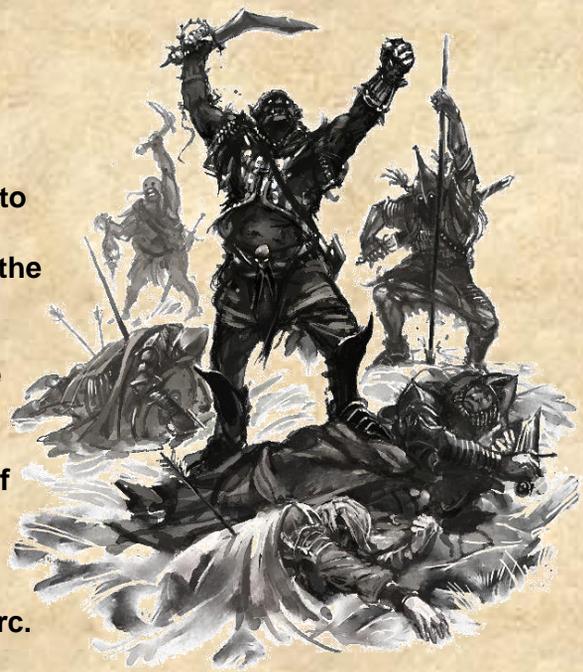
“Chief!” The orc, Radluk, came ambling into the clearing. “Looks like we is followed - the beardslings want some more!”

Ugluk chuckled, then suddenly grimaced and held a hand up to his torso. Blood. His fingers were covered in thick black liquid that he began to lick from his thick claws. His thoughts turned to vengeance for the wound.

How he hated the dwarves, it burned in him like Dragon fire.

“Them Gorgún will have to catch us first and then they will only be runnin’ to their deaths. I want ‘em dead, every last one. But their chief...yeah, their chief, he’s mine!” He snarled.

The Orcs roared and clamoured and set off once more.



The Scenario - In Pursuit ...

Description

The trees part in front of the escaping warband. The enemy hot on their heels, can they make it out of reach before it's too late? Or will they stand and cut down their hated enemy?

Participants

The warbands from our campaign.

Layout

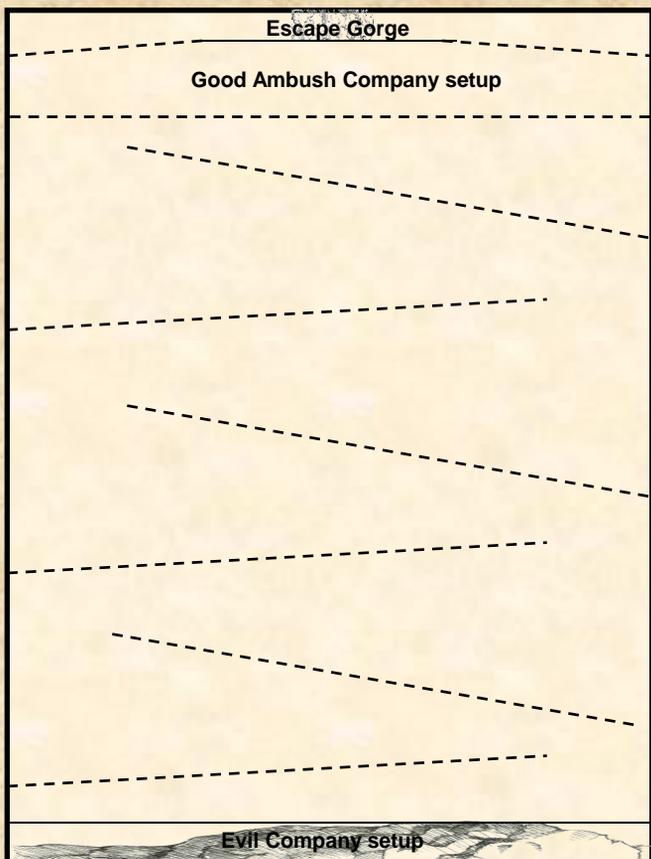
The board is a 4' X 6' board.

The evils player is attempting to get away from the pursuing warband. The evil warband sets up as indicated on the board map.

The good players warband comes onto the same location after the evil players first turn.

The table is scattered with trees, rocky outcrops and hills of any size terrain, but the far end of the table is a narrow pass that the evil player must exit through a narrow gorge (3" wide) funnelled by sheer, unassailable cliffs.

Note - place the terrain as to make no clear straight route to the escape point, line the dotted lines with "obstacle terrain" - pebbles etc. Use the diagram below as a guide.



Objectives

The evil player wins if **all** still in play models escape off the table edge.

OR The side with the most models left at the end of the game.

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

Special Rule

The are obstacle rocky canyons to cross over the course of the pursuit. An "Agility" test must be passed to get over the obstacle. The player must roll the models Fight value or less to get over the obstacle. The model is then placed at the other side of the piece and no remaining movement can be used.

Optional Rule

The Raven has given the dwarves aid to try and cut off the fleeing orcs using hunters paths that he can see from the above.

Up to 4 dwarves may setup 12" in from the escape gorge edge, but must be in cover. This is where the dwarves lie in wait to try and slow the escape.