

## Dark Omens Scenario #1: Plain of Thorns

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Players vow their allegiance to one of two competing sides each month, and their battle results will directly affect the Mage Knight™ story line. Each participant, for the cost of shipping and handling, will receive a great new LE figure representing the actual Warlord that player decided to fight for and a special enamel pin representing that player's chosen side in the campaign. There will also be exclusive LE figures for the weekly champion and sportsmanship winner! Sign up at your local Mage Knight retail store to play, and shape the future of Mage Knight with every victory!

### The Prizes:

	<b>Champion Awards</b>	<b>Valor Awards</b>
<b>L E</b>		
	<b>Stiletto</b>	<b>Splinter</b>
<b>P I N</b>		
	<b>Redemption Awards</b>	<b>Redemption Awards</b>
<b>L E</b>		
	<b>Wolfwitch</b>	<b>Torg Boneknitter</b>



## The Background :

Wolfwitch and Torg Boneknitter clash in the Blasted Lands in the name of two of the strongest Factions in the Land! Only one warlord will survive to conquer the haunted land and unearth the truth behind the dreams of awesome power emanating from the western deserts!



### **Wolfwitch, Sect Sorceress**

The Dark Prophet has divined a hidden cache of ancient artifacts in the heart of the Blasted Lands, and it is up to Wolfwitch to claim the treasure in the name of the Necropolis Sect! Shown the path to the hidden location by visions of dark prophecy, Wolfwitch must reach the heart of the Blasted Lands before her adversary Torg Boneknitter—at any cost!

**VS**



### **Torg Boneknitter**

Prophet-Priest Tremelen, leader of the Elemental League, has sensed a great power rising in the distant western deserts of the Blasted Lands. The Prophet-Priest orders the Medicine Troll Torg Boneknitter and his veteran warriors to travel to the Blasted Lands and prevent the Necropolis Sect from unleashing evil across the Land!

## The Story:

### **Scenario #1: Plain of Thorns**

#### **Wolfwitch, Sect Sorceress Necropolis Sect**

The Atlantean merchant lay sleeping in his soft featherbed, blissfully unaware that death lurked overhead. A Spirit Taker, one of the fabled shadow-assassins of the Necropolis Sect, gazed down from her perch in the rafters, contemplating her target. Soft, plump, rich – and slated for robbery and death by the Necropolis Sect. The merchant would soon be deep in his final sleep.

Then, next to her, as if she'd always been sitting there, appeared a haggard apparition in a night-black cloak. Badly startled, the assassin nearly dropped her blade.

"Do you know how long it took me to find you, Stiletto?" the witch demanded. Below, the merchant stirred restlessly at the noise. With an irritated gesture, she froze him in place, forcing his weak mind back into the realm of sleep.

Stiletto dropped from the rafters, landing without a sound on the stone floor. "Wolfwitch, you meddling hag!" she snarled. "I should cut out your eyes for this!"

"Hush, Stiletto. You know my power. Don't test me." She dropped down beside him, landing just as quietly as the Sect warrior had. "You know I would only interrupt your task for a reason of the utmost importance."

She sighed. "And what is the word from the Necropolis?" she asked, resigned.

"The Dark Prophet has divined a horde of artifacts in the heart of the Blasted Lands," Wolfwitch said. "I have been ordered to gather a select group to recover the treasures. You are my first choice, as you have certain ... talents that I require. Come. My visions are never wrong, and the omens do not lie. Soon all will be revealed, and we must be there when it is."

Cursing the Hag's prophetic babble and her own ill luck, Stiletto reluctantly headed for the door. "Aren't you forgetting something?" Wolfwitch asked sweetly from behind her. A blush rose to color the assassin's pale cheeks, and a quick flick of his wrist buried her namesake into the merchant's heart, stilling him instantly and forever. The Wolfwitch nodded in silent approval and then conjured a web of sorcery around them, vanishing the pair into thin air.

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### **Torg Boneknitter, Medicine Troll Elemental League**

Hidden in a stand of thorny, bug-infested underbrush, a sight that was unfortunately all too common in the Blasted Lands, the Elven Ranger kept a close eye on the Sect members crouched at their campfire. His group of League warriors had been observing the Dark Elves since they had first crossed into the Blasted Lands. Behind the Ranger, the Medicine Troll Torg Bone-knitter glared at the Sect warriors with hatred in his eyes.

"What do your keen senses tell you, Bright Eyes?" the Troll asked. The Ranger hushed the Troll with a finger to his lips. Even at a whisper, Torg's voice was unnervingly loud.

"It looks like they are preparing some kind of ritual," the Elf whispered back. "There are dark powers at work here. That hag has been casting magics into the flames, and the fire ripples with a greenish glow. She stares into it blindly, as if she is communing with evil spirits."

The Troll growled. "So fervent is their black faith that they believe themselves to be the keepers of Tezla's Avatar," he spat. "They insist that the Sun-Father instructs them to walk the dark path. Honored Tezla, protector of the Land, would never command such blasphemy!" Bright Eyes tried to clamp his hand over the Troll's mouth to silence his diatribe. But it was already too late.

"Who goes there?" challenged a voice from the fire. The cloaked figures rose swiftly, drawing their swords from their sheaths. The hag at the center of the circle vanished without a trace, the shadows cast by the fire swallowing her whole.

The Troll drew himself up to his full height and bellowed the order to attack. Bright Eyes stood as well and let fly his arrows at two of the assassins racing toward their position. "Sisters be merciful," he said, praying his arrows would strike true.

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### **Background**

Discovered while spying upon the Sect forces, the Elemental warriors must destroy the Necropolis patrol. The region is filled with spiky thorn bushes, and movement through the dense undergrowth is both difficult and painful.

### **Objective**

Engage and eliminate the enemy forces.

### **Army Size**

2-player game, 200 points per player. Single-dial figures only. Player 1 is the Elemental League player. Player 2 is the Necropolis Sect player.

### **Rule Set**

*Mage Knight Unlimited*

**Time Limit**  
50 minutes

**Setting the Scene**

Set up terrain per the *Mage Knight Unlimited* rules. Castle pieces are not used in this scenario.

**Special Rules**

- 1) The Elemental League player must have at least one figure from the Elemental League Faction in his army. The Necropolis Sect player must have at least one figure from the Necropolis Sect Faction in his army.
- 2) Any figure that ends its owner's turn with any part of its base in hindering terrain takes 1 click of damage. Toughness and Invulnerability prevent this damage in the normal way.

**Victory Conditions**

Use the standard *Mage Knight Unlimited* victory conditions.

**Battlefield Map:**

