
The Book of Britanan



Relican Enclave Collection

1st Edition

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The World of the Britanan

1. *Unglandan - Where Madness Rules*

The tiny island kingdom of Unglandan is the home of the humans of the Britanan Empire and is located in the north west of Relicia. It is the cornerstone of King Jorjes Empire and is surrounded on all sides by the restless, untameable oceans which have provided the humans with an effective barrier of protection from outsiders for many hundreds of years. It is impossible to navigate the tempestuous waves that batter the coasts of the north, the west and the east and as such there has been very little outside influence on the humans since the Gods abandoned Relicia so long ago.

The sea to the south is much calmer and there are a few select currents there that have proven to be safe time and time again and the neighbouring regions of both Eard and Encartria have always been easily accessible to the marauding humans of Britana.

The Gods were first drawn to the island due to the strong resonance of Maaj that still to this day radiates from the southern region of Britana and the seemingly idyllic untouched landscape of old was like a blank canvass which the Gods were able to paint their own unique visions upon.

The Unglandan utopia of old is mostly unrecognisable today and the growth of the human empire has altered the natural state of the landscape forever. At the peak of their civilisation, the humans densely covered all of Britana and millions of town houses and work factories were constructed across the land to accommodate the swelling population. The constructions commissioned by the Kings of old were not limited to just simple homes though and many other wondrous buildings were erected during this time as Unglandan rapidly grew and became heavily industrialised.

One of the most impressive architectures still standing today is the Palace of Britana, the current residence of King Jorje. It was built upon the highest point in the land by the great King Rodrik and although the wars of the past have left it in a terrible state of disrepair, it is still operated today, as any palace worthy of a King should be. Even though there are only limited resources available and the strength of the empire has massively decreased over the years, King Jorje is unwilling to sacrifice even the most simplest of pleasures. Many of the surviving humans are responsible for the day to day running of the palace and are at the absolute mercy of Jorje and his fanciful whims.

Those lucky enough to escape his personal attentions will usually find themselves fulfilling roles available within the Britanan military, the most privileged of these positions being the rank of the Loom Master and his apprentices. The loom houses are of vital importance

to the empire and were constructed during the aftermath of the Great Collapse, they churn out hundreds of puppet soldiers every day and they are granted the most powerful protections and wards by the higher-ranking sorcerers and officers of the Royal Academy.

Despite all of this, Unglandan is a damned forsaken place and is a pale shadow of the glorious society that it once used to be. The damage caused by the Vaettir has scorched the landscape and the sickly Maaj has collected and festered in pockets of energy akin to pus in a wound. These dark pockets of energy linger and fester until their poison eventually seeps out into the land, corrupting all that it touches and rotting the fragile framework of the crumbling empire ever more.

Many of you will be surprised to learn that during my travels and observations of Relicia and its people, my short time spent with the Empire of Britana was not the pleasant experience I had initially imagined it would be. In fact, there was an incredibly unnerving and somewhat terrifying atmosphere that lingered in the air of Unglandan and I have absolutely no desire whatsoever to return to the region anytime soon. Infiltrating the Britanans was relatively easy, although my options for disguise were incredibly limited. It was clear from the outset that my height would not allow me to pass comfortably as a Trooper or a Grenadier and for a while I toyed with the idea of passing myself off as a Dragoon. That idea may have worked quite well actually but after much deliberation I decided that it would be far too uncomfortable for me to stay in the crouched position for any length of time. In the end I opted for the most obvious disguise available and hid myself amongst the hordes as a lowly Puppeteer in the service of his majesty King Jorje.

In hindsight it was not the most suitable position for me to be in and the rank of Puppeteer was far too high profile for my purposes. I was despised by my superiors and mocked by the lower ranks. Still it was an experience to remember and one that I feel lucky to have survived. At one point during my adventures I was sure I had been rumbled by the Arcanum Guard and I braced myself for death, convinced that the Company Sergeant Major would order my death by firing squad at any moment. As luck would have it, the revealing moment that would have sealed my doom was quickly overshadowed by a mass brawl that had begun with some heated exchanges between two rival Highlander regiments and I managed to make my escape as the chaos unfolded.

2. The Stranger

All eyes were upon the stranger as he wandered wearily into the camp. He walked with an awkward hobble, like an old beggar; yet he was cloaked in a fine robe of expensive silk. Colonel Phillyps wandered if he was some sort of privileged leper, an expendable embarrassment sent out to do the dirty work for some spineless toff. His blackened hood shielded his face completely from the inquisitive eyes of Phillyps, the seasoned Colonel

thought it all the better; judging by the repugnant odour emanating from the stranger he was certain the features hidden beneath would be positively grotesque.

Phillyps broke the silence abruptly before it became uncomfortable.

“Make your plea quickly old man and be gone from here. We have no need for mercenary wares, nor shall we be persuaded from our current disposition. We are operating under the strict orders of his Royal Majesty King Jorje so whatever it is that you seek, you are not likely to find it here!”

The stranger stood unflinchingly and raised his hands slowly in a mocking gesture of surrender.

“I ask for nothing sir, I have something for you to see.”

His voice, hollow and unnatural, made the hairs on Phillyps’ neck jolt upright. A mixed look of fear and disgust contorted his face as he struggled to respond.

“S-s-s-something for me to see?”

“Yes.” The stranger responded dully, a hint of annoyance in his tone. “For all of you.”

He gestured his hand in a flamboyant sweeping motion, making his intentions to address the company as a whole undeniably clear. The men shuffled nervously and averted their eyes away from the stranger within their midst; fear seemed to wrench at their hearts with every insidious word that fell from his lips.

“Listen. Can you hear that?”

A single shot rang out into the night, shortly followed by another and then another. The stranger took a step towards Phillyps as the sound quickly turned into a barrage of gunfire.

“Can you hear skinny man? Can you hear?”

Phillyps, unequivocally struck dumb, was unable to answer the stranger’s threatening question.

“Your woven soldiers are destroying father’s beloved creations! Do you think this pleases us? It does not!”

The stranger seemed to grow taller as his anger rose; a black shadow engulfed the camp as ranted. The fires burnt out unexpectedly as the gunfire began to die down leaving Phillyps and his men feeling as if the darkness had swallowed them whole.

The silence seemed to last a lifetime before it was once again broken by the aberrant words of the stranger. “Listen now.”

The gunfire had ceased.

The stranger's calm voice was just as sinister as his angry voice, in some ways even more so.

"My kin have breached your defences."

Fear paralysed Phillyps and his men, some tried to scream but their throats failed to make any sound, almost as if they were gripped in the dream state desperately trying to awaken from their nightmare. A slimy mass of twisted flesh grew out from beneath the stranger as he revealed his true form. A sickening emotion of smug delight shone through as the creature relished in tormenting their minds in their final moments.

"Now, we wait for the screams."

3. The Woes of Doyle

The Royal Guard flanked Lieutenant Doyle as he entered quietly into the Kings chambers. King Jorje was grinning widely at him and appeared to be in a jovial mood, his unusual jolly demeanour unsettled the already nervous Lieutenant causing him to hesitate for a short while before dropping to one knee at the foot of the throne. King Jorje dismissed the reverent gesture and idly motioned him to stand.

"Glad to see you back so soon Doyle, good news you've got for me, is it? Finally removed the savages blocking our border, have you? I knew you were the man for the job Doyle! I've always admired your strength of character and thought you were a credit to my nation. If I had a hundred of you Doyle I'd bet my kingdom that all the wars in the land would be extinguished within a week".

Doyle shuffled embarrassingly, uncomfortable with the praise his monarch was bestowing upon him. He paused for an instant before reluctantly answering.

"Your Majesty, my battalion was decimated, only a handful of us managed to escape" the words lingered in the air for a moment as the advisors of the Kings court exchanged awkward, frightful glances.

Jorje rose from his throne, placed a hand upon Doyle's shoulder and continued with his pleasant, almost sympathetic tone.

"Ah Lieutenant Doyle, you're such an idealist, these things happen from time to time. It's an unfortunate necessity but there will always be casualties as long as there is resistance from these savage nations that trouble us. At least they are all dead too, now we can turn our attentions to more important matters and push on with the expansion again, yes?"

Doyle lowered his head and hushed his voice, not daring to look the king in the eye.

“I am regretful to inform you my liege but we have failed, there were too many of them. They still occupy the passage in the east; we could not break their defences with the limited forces you have made available to me. I am deeply sorry my lord“.

“What...” the king's smile dropped from his face and was replaced with a bitter grimace

“WHAT?! Do speak up Doyle because I fear that my hearing is deceiving me in my old age, what do you mean ‘Failed’?” the final word passed his lips through gritted teeth.

“B-b-begging your pardon Your Majesty but there were just too many, if only...”

“Shut up, you idiot!” the king cut him dead mid-sentence.

“How dare you interrupt me when I’m talking! I always thought you were a bloody fool Doyle but you are really excelling my expectations today. Do you honestly think I’m as bloody stupid as you are, you wretched little maggot?! You will cease your pitiful whining and you will muster some reinforcements and you will go back out there and you will rid me of this infestation that is halting my expansion, DO YOU HEAR ME? I will hear no more of this childish nonsense from you today. Now get out there and win me this war!”

He stomped his feet as he spoke, his tone akin to that of a spoilt child who had just been deprived of its favourite plaything.

Doyle dropped to his knees pleading with his monarch “Forgive me Your Majesty but I am afraid that the task you have set is impossible to achieve.”

King Jorje raised a finger to his lips and gritted his teeth “Impossible”

his face flushed a deep red as his anger grew “Impossible” he continued

“IMPOSSIBLE! There’s no such bloody word!”

His rage exploded and the veins in his neck bulged as he screamed in the face of the lieutenant, his temper reaching its threshold as he paraded angrily around the chamber. He poured himself a goblet of wine in an attempt to calm his tantrum and greedily took a large gulp from it, dribbling it down his chin as he drank; only to then launch it and its remaining contents furiously in the direction of Doyle who narrowly avoided being hit by the improvised missile. Its sticky red liquid absorbed into the already tarnished carpet behind him and the cup rattled against the door for a moment before finally settling into place. King Jorje intensely gasped for air and took a few moments to compose himself before continuing his verbal assault.

“Do you know what a traitor is Doyle? Well do you?”

The lieutenant continued to stare into the ground and passed no comment nor did he make any gesture of understanding. He was too frightened to do anything at this point, the terror causing him to be frozen stiff to the spot. The king eyed him suspiciously before

launching into a fresh tirade “Allow me to educate you then you simple buffoon. A traitor is everyone who does not agree with me. Is that understood?”

He grabbed Doyle by the chin and turned him to face him, staring intently into his eyes until the troubled lieutenant returned him a cautious but respectful nod.

“Now listen up and listen well, you snivelling little cretin! It would be in your best interests to adjust your attitude to one of a more agreeable nature because if you don’t I shall have you castrated or hung or burnt; or maybe all three together. Maybe I might even chop off your head and decorate the walls of the palace with your innards, plus whatever else I can think up in the meantime! You don’t want to test my imagination as you have tested my patience do you, Doyle? No, you don’t Doyle, you really don’t! Now remove your disgusting presence out of my sight you bloody shambles of a man!”

Lieutenant Doyle hastily arose to his feet and swiftly but silently exited the quarters, the guards shoving him through the doorway as he went. He was barely out of the room when King Jorje appeared in the arch.

“Doyle, just one more thing before you go. One final thought to squeeze into that tiny, diseased lump in between your ears. Do not fail me this time whatever the cost, it will be better you die out there serving the empire than ever darken my kingdom with your depressing miserable face and your dismal reports of failure again. You know I won’t stand for such uselessness, you treasonous coward! I expect better of you, show some proper Britanan grit will you man?”

The King slammed the door shut abruptly and returned to his throne. Doyle sauntered down the corridor dejected, a miserable expression etched into his face and the Kings words of dread still ominously echoing in his head.

King Jorje was correct in his assessment he thought, believing himself to indeed be the fool that he was proclaimed to be, he was most definitely a fool for having considered the absurd idea that nutty King Jorje would have ever listened to his reasonable requests.

He resigned himself to his fate and readied the reinforcements for war. King Jorje’s final words of encouragement were most affective in Doyle’s motivation, he decided at once that it would be far better to fall in battle in the name of the glorious Britanan empire than to meet his end by a grisly macabre method of the mad Kings own twisted design.

Forces of the Britanan



1. Arcanum Guard

The grand scale and infinite potential of King Jorje's vision of the Britanan Empire was finally realised with the creation of the Royal Arcanum Guard. Originally, each one was hand stitched personally by his majesty himself, it is a passionate indulgence for him and into each he interweaves his own wisdom and cunning and all too abundantly his furious hatred for lesser creatures. The magic that is employed by the King to ignite the spark of life within the Arcanum Guard is an ancient craft known by few; those that are learned in its ways are usually reluctant to harness its power as its effects can cause

unpredictable side effects.

This is somewhat true in the case of King Jorje, some random element of his spells have left him with the ability to see through the button eyes of his prized creations as if he is there on the battlefield himself, this phenomenon can be a gift or a curse dependant on how active the Royal Arcanum Guard are from day to day, more often than not though, the abundance of visual information that is seen through the Kings eyes is too much to comprehend as the might of the Britanan Empire pushes forward in every possible direction.

Able to operate independently upon the battlefield, the Royal Arcanum Guard are an inspirational sight to behold, their skilled manipulation of magic allows them to offer a measure of protection for the Troopers they command yet they are also quite capable of harnessing its more destructive qualities to wreak havoc upon the forces of their enemies, instilling dread terror in their hearts as they march upon them

2. Company Sergeant Major

The best Sergeant Majors were strict but fair and knew full well that good advice and encouragement were far more beneficial than punishment when dealing with slacking soldiers, although they would not hesitate to use disciplinary procedures on the typically foolish boys of the platoons who would attempt to deliberately provoke their anger.

It didn't take the King long to decide on a suitable design for his new puppet Sergeant Majors and they were swiftly stitched together with the minimum amount of fuss and integrated into the ranks of the growing Britanan army.

The Company Sergeant Majors are an important link in the Britanan chain of command and an inspiring sight on the battlefield. Their loyalty to the King and the empire are unrivalled and they are willing to make whatever sacrifices are necessary to succeed.

Company Sergeant Majors come in many shapes and sizes, and the longest serving ones always tend to be the most... eccentric. Riding hounds or tiny chariots, observing the battle from a distance or getting up close, and even taking on somewhat strange mannerisms are all part and parcel of the older Britanan.



3. Puppeteer

In battle the Puppeteers weave sporadically through the ranks of the amassed Britanan armies like mock effigies of the puppet King, their bloodshot eyes peer out through their grotesque masks and roll in their heads as they mutter the secrets of their indecipherable incantations and spells, their insane mumbled chanting enticing the soldiers of King Jorje onwards to war

and glory.

During the heat of battle, an unbearable madness takes hold of the Puppeteers mind which makes them a danger to all around them; it numbs their senses and often causes them to completely lose control.

4. *Colour Party*

The practice of carrying regimental standards onto the battlefield came from the need for a rallying point for the brave boys of Britana. Soldiers needed to be able to determine easily the location of their unit amidst the smoke and dust of battle because the ability to keep its formation could be potentially critical to the regiment's success. The banners they carried would be inscribed with the names of battles or other symbols representing former achievements and were treated as sacred items. The banners carried into battle today are aged badly and could easily be mistaken for simple rags; they are still highly magical items though and continue to play an important part in the success of the Britanan battle plan.

Alongside the Standard Bearer is the Colour Party Drummer, whose merry tapping accompanies the steady march of the Britanan Army to war. Mostly the drummer's responsibility is to keep a consistent beat in accordance with the steps of the soldiers when on the march. In battle, their role is much less specific but they assist their commanding officers in various ways, often increasing the pace of the beat when required to force march the soldiers onwards into the fray





5. Heavy Dragoons

In the glorious days of Old Britanans expansion, the heavy cavalry had played a pivotal role in ensuring countless victories in the name of King Jorje, but like so many others during the great collapse, they were decimated and their loss was greatly mourned throughout the kingdom. Witnessing the charge of the Heavy Dragoons Brigade is a breathtaking experience and they are able to smash through their opponents with remarkable ease, crushing bones and ripping through armour simply through impact alone.

The reinforced armour of the Heavy Dragoons goes a long way in protecting King Jorjes prized assets and their extra weight adds a much needed punch to the Britanan assault. They are one of the Empires most resilient regiments and are able to easily shrug off all but the most devastating injuries due to this thickly plated armour. This is further reinforced by using the favoured tactic of forming up into an armoured column formation that greatly increases the strength and effectiveness of their incredibly tight knit defences.

6. Dragoons

The replacement of his mounted forces was a personal challenge for King Jorje as he had loved nothing more than seeing his troops and their noble steeds charging around the battlefield, providing support where needed.

The look of the Dragoon was a happy coincidence. When King Jorje was trying to perfect the puppet horses, his throne room was scattered with numerous failed attempts.

A Guard rushing in to give the King a



message tripped over one of the reject designs and became entangled in the mess. When the Guard finally managed to stand up the King quickly ran over with needle and thread, stitching and laughing manically. The end result is what now charges around the Britanan Empire.

With the fastest movement of Britanan's current armed forces and their skill with the carbine, the Dragoon is the perfect combination of lightly armed cavalry with the speed of horses, specializing in hit and run tactics to keep them out of range of any enemy foolish enough to try and catch them.



7. Grenadiers

Larger, more imposing and elite than its common Trooper brethren, the Britanan Grenadier form up into units that are designed to stop the enemy from hanging back and forcing them to try and close on you. Armed with the powerful grenade launcher, the Britanan Grenadier can fire a barrage of devastating blasts to soften hordes of enemies one minute before switching to a more accurate mode of fire to finish off the survivors.

The Britanan Grenadiers are not just about the grenade launcher though. If

they get to charge the enemy then the effect of those grenades can be devastation as they throw them into the ensuing melee.

King Jorje has created a killing machine that works up close or from afar. The enemies of Britanan should be glad the Britanan Grenadier isn't as easy to manufacture as its lesser comrades.

8. Troopers

Once King Jorje had come to realise the level of devastation that had befallen his beloved Empire he knew that he had to rebuild his armed forces, and quickly, before the enemies he had garnered over the years of Britanan's conquest took advantage of his weakened state.

The creation of the first battalion of Britanan Troopers was the end result of this rush and it was achieved in a relatively short period of time. The time from design to production was kept to a minimum by crafting the Trooper to a no fuss, bare bones specification.

The Britanan Trooper is below average in the use of its musket and possibly just as effective by swinging the weapon round as a club. The Britanan Troopers real strengths lay in the numbers that King Jorje can field at one time and their fighting in numerous clusters to support each other in taking down a superior foe.

Woe betides the enemy who sees a line of Britanan Troopers approaching and judges them solely on their stature.



9. Marksmen

Plucked from the ranks of the elite Rifle Companies, those who hold the coveted title of Marksman are among the very best soldiers nurtured within the Britanan military.

Only the most exceptional sharp shooters possessed of the correct courageous disposition required will qualify as Marksman and advance into the ranks of the esteemed Schwarz Corps, a highly secretive organisation that has existed for centuries and is still to this day chiefly responsible for

carrying out Britanas darkest operations.

In present day Relicia there is far less mystery surrounding the affairs of the rebuilt Schwarz Corps puppets and they are seen much more frequently than in the days of Old Britana. Most of the largest Britanan armies are usually accompanied by a good number of Marksman and the skills they bring with them are highly valued by their commanders.

10. Highlanders

The puppet Highlanders that fight under the banner of King Jorje today are macabre versions of their ancient predecessors stitched with kilts and occasionally daubed with crude war paint. Their skills in the use of the broadsword are legendary and in the full swing of battle they will make short work of all who dare venture into their path, easily cleaving through multiple opponents with each mighty swing.

The furious charge of the Highlanders is a tactic that has been adopted from the methods used by the brave warriors of old Britana and it is still as effective today as it was back then. The daunting reality of facing a highland charge is enough to unnerve even the most disciplined opponent and many panic and flee in fear of their lives, it is a somewhat futile gesture however as the Highlanders are astoundingly fast when pursuing those who would dare show such blatant displays of cowardice.





11. Rangers

The puppet rangers of Britana are the finest all terrain outfit in King Jorjes army and are able to navigate their way through any environment with incredible ease. It is in the murky swamps of Relicia however where their skills needed the most and whenever a Cthu uprising is detected they are always amongst the first regiments that are deployed in response by high command. Rojors Rangers are undoubtedly the most famous of all the Ranger Companies but there are many other ranger units that have exceeded expectations to prove their worth. The Rangers of the 14th

Wolvornian Ranger Company for instance are a hardy bunch and unmistakable on the battlefield. Cut from a tougher material than the majority of soldiers within King Jorjes army and laden with an impressive assortment of trophies gathered over the years from countless pivotal campaigns, their faded royal blue patchwork ensures they stand out boldly amongst their puppet brothers.

12. Hunting Pack

Throughout history the humans of Relicia have had a mutually beneficial relationship with various beasts of burden, since before the arrival of the gods even. Of these beasts, none have been more adored than the faithful attack hounds of old Britanna.

When the Vaettir unleashed their Great Collapse upon the world, the bulk of the hunting packs were already deployed on various missions and their hounds and masters alike were decimated in an instant by the overwhelming surge of Maaj. Barely a handful of hounds survived the attack



and then only because they were within range of the hastily built shields constructed on the orders of the King.

Hunt Master Jakob petitioned King Jorje and presented him with a solid argument for the rebuilding of the Hunting Packs. The King listened intently to Jakobs plan and after examining his designs he readily approved their creation.



13. Bomber

Unlike the more strategic units of the Britanan Empire, the Bombers have a very clearly defined and simple objective, to get as close as physically possible to certain selected targets and wait for the inevitable carnage that will be unleashed upon everything in range of the blast that will explode forth from their bodies upon their deaths. I witnessed Bombers in action myself and they are terribly effective in battle, though I often wonder if they are aware of the impending doom that awaits them or if they are instead coaxed into battle blissfully unaware that in order to succeed they must sacrifice themselves.

Not that it is a massively important detail really but it would be satisfying to know the truth one way or another. There is a special blend of different gun powders used to make the concoction that the Bombers are armed and often stuffed with and great care is taken to ensure that the mix is near perfect every time so that they will always explode with maximum efficiency when they choose to detonate. The exact recipe for this powder is a closely guarded secret known only by certain high-ranking officials and members of the Arcanum.

14. Bagpiper



15. Limited Edition Company Sergeant Major

The unique world of Relicia is full of hardship and turmoil. Following the devious actions of mad King Jorje, the Britanan forces have been stitched into a cacophony of shapes and forms in order to fill the ranks of his army. Company Sergeant Majors come in many shapes

and sizes, and the longest serving ones always tend to be the most... eccentric.

Britanan sketchbook

Art, sketches and sculpture drafts





**Britanan
Company
Sergeant
Major 1**

TGRBECM1
BASE: 30mm



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**Britanan
Company
Sergeant
Major 2**

TGRBECM2
BASE: 30mm



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Relics

16 models, 5 accessories



BRITANNAN STARTER SET



TG: RELICS - BRITANAN CONCEPTS I

① Baspipes





BEASTSOFWAR.COM

BRITANAN MARKSMAN: WWW.TORGAMING.CO.UK



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BRITANAN MARKSMAN: WWW.TORGAMING.CO.UK





Britanan Troopers

Squad (9)

16  30 mm



Dice Attack/Range

2 1



2 12"



2 24"

Attribute: Doll (I), Unreliable 2 (I)

Advantages: None

Spells: None



4"



5+



1



Britanan Arcanum Guard

Commander, Independent, Caster (1)

16  30 mm



Dice Attack/Range

3 2



3 6"



4 12"

Attribute: Command 8 (C), Doll (I), Caster 2/7 (C)

Advantages: None

Spells: Reinforced Stitching, AWAY!, The Kings Anger,



4"



5+



2

Britanan Troopers



M: 4
D: 6+
Dm: 1
Mr: +7

D: 2
A: 1

Snapshot 2/12" Aimed 2/24"

Attributes

Attribute 1, Attribute 2, Attribute 3, Attribute 1,
Attribute 2, Attribute 3, Attribute 4

Advantages

Advantage 1, Advantage 2, Advantage 3,
Advantage 1, Advantage 2, Advantage 3



Britanan Starter Set

Pack Includes:

- 1 CSM
- 9 Troopers
- 6 Highlanders
- 3 Counters





CHRONICLES
OF REICIA

A FORSAKEN WORLD.