



## PROFILE DESIGN CONTEST !!!

### Rules of engagement !

Here is something to keep you mulling over for the next days, a profile contest. It's up to you to give life to Dante, by imagining his stats, special abilities, CP, etc.

#### Rules:

In order for your profile of this freedom fighter to stick to the game universe, you must follow these indications:

- He must be balanced as well as possible
- He must fit the above miniature
- He must stick to the universe of the game in general and to the following story in particular
- You can submit more than one profile, but only the latest one will be taken into account
- Your profile must be posted in the dedicated section of the Eden forum before midnight of the 31st of March : <http://www.taban-miniatures.com/forum/>

#### Judgement:

- The Team Eden will be the judges
- Judgement will take into account the respect of the above indications

#### Reward:

- You will receive 3 copies of the mini.
- And, of course, the eternal glory of making your contribution to the world of Eden!

### The story about....

The night had shrouded the wastelands of ashes of a second skin of darkness, letting ruins and dead trunks twist themselves under the moonlight. A cursed land, the slopes of the old volcano did not offer any more a refuge than for pariah and wild animals, and it was here that the black Order had found the track of the renegade slaves' troop which had wrecked chaos in the former Capua a few dodecades earlier. Inquisitor Claudia was simmering with rage, since her troops were so ineffective at catching this pack of infidels. Such revolts were normally repressed hastily, but under the orders of a former slave called Dante, the insurgents succeeded in fleeing the city and in surviving in the hostile territories.

Living of ambushes and robberies in the surroundings of isolated matriarchal communities, the rebels, and particularly their boss, too quickly became a symbol of hope and freedom for a number of slaves and other oppressed people.

Claudia had been appointed to pursue the heretics and dispense them Sybille's mercy, but everything went wrong. Several skirmishes and desertions even gave birth to the rumor that the Order was losing its hold on its male 'subjects', a rumor which made the Inquisitor smile, but had started a slave war such as the Matriarchy had not known in years. And if the dead cannot boast to be free, Dante and his renegades still escaped the Sisters, sowing doubt and hope...

Two silhouettes skipped among the shadows, silent at night, hidden sometimes by ruins and masses of fallen rocks, sometimes by the fumaroles rolling from the earth's scars. They crawled until they reach an overhang dominating the camp of the Matriarchy. The plain was studded with fires, as so many omens of stakes. One of the silhouettes indicated a part of the camp, where the fires were denser.

« The command is over there, whispered Dunbar, I was able to see the banners of the Blacks and the Whites, but no Reds. They did not seem so numerous back then, but by the time I came to warn you, they had to receive reinforcements. It seems they really want to put an end to it.

«Oh yes, they want to end it all. But I doubt that they received reinforcements,» murmured Dante.

«They simply lit more fires and put up empty tents. An old trick.»

Dunbar cast a doubtful glance at Dante. Sure, this man is a hardened fighter, to have survived the arenas of the Matriarchy was the proof, just like the rare scars he deliberately reveals, even if nobody knows if his plates of armor are not hiding past defeats. Dante maintained his own mystery as for his strength, but it was clear that he had not escaped relying only on his muscles. The bearded man demonstrated that he



Dante !

Original sculpt Gael Goumon, original painting Raphaël Chemouny



know how to use his head, as he and his Emancipated slaves vanquished the Sisters more than once, an inconceivable feat as long as you haven't seen their boss leading his brothers of misfortune with a rare intelligence.

«You really want to bet on that? I want to say, if it is not a bluff...»

«I know the Blacks well, they do not move without many slaves.»

His eyes shone with anger when saying that.

«But they cannot risk to bring too many, for fear of desertions.»

«That's what I don't understand well, why engaging rene...

Sorry, Emancipated ones, with guys who risk to switch sides right at the beginning of the fight?»

«Exactly, this is why the Whites are here. They are going to give drugs to all the men before the battle. Maybe, they don't even know why they are there. And I bet that there should be men suspected of treason in the pack. It is quite their thing, to send those they want to see dead in the thick of battle. Two birds with one stone,» he says bitterly.

Both men crawled away, then merged with the night. Dunbar wondered about the chances of victory of the former slaves in an open confrontation, he had promised Dante his help, but did not want to die in a hopeless fight. As if he felt the anxiety of his scout, Dante slowly told him:

«you helped us a lot, up to now. Could you give us another hand?»

«Well, you know that you already promised me...»

«I need somebody to scout the lands eastward, to look for a withdrawal road, a place to hide, this kind of things. You can take some guys if you want, and I shall pay you twice our agreed price.»



Dunbar remained silent for some time, as he did not want to show that he was scared to face the sisters, nor to abandon the Emancipated ones at the worst moment.

«Well, OK, I'll do your reconnaissance mission,» he said finally.

«But alone, I prefer, and you will need all your guys to face this army.»

«You're not wrong.»

«You should also try to contact other guys, and propose your help, as I do. It's a good way

to harvest stuff to survive, and then you won't have to fight these whores alone, as there are a lot of people who would be delighted to help you, and I know some of them.»

Both men kept on walking towards the hiding place of the Emancipated ones, the big warrior thinking about his battle plans, and about the suggestion of Dunbar as well.

Jürgen was leading the three men to the tent of the Conveyor, nervous at the thought that behind him were former slaves, tough veterans as it is true that weak ones do not survive for long backing the Sisters, so facing them... If the rumors were true, they had overcome the army of Inquistrice Claudia and freed about fifty slaves at the end of the battle. Their strength kept increasing since this remarkable deed, just like the hatred of the black Order. Why had Heinrich accepted this meeting? When they arrived at his chief's tent, Jürgen nodded at the guardian, inviting him to stay alert, then he made the Emancipated ones pass inside and followed them.

Heinrich was waiting for them, seated at a round table, with Liesl at his right. Three chairs were arranged for the envoys, but they did not sit down immediately. They seemed uneasy by the presence of a woman during this interview, the weedy one, the one wearing some sort of straitjacket as a toga, even seemed to tremble nervously and did not dare to look at her. Nevertheless, Heinrich greeted them and invited them to sit down.

«So you are the famous Dante. I must say that I am surprised to see you personally, a man shrouded in so many mysteries. But things change...»

«It's true,» admitted Dante, «things change. I learned to trust for a start, hence my presence here. But believe me, that would not be the case if I was not sure of your loyalty.» He looked at Liesl while saying that, then smiled. «I bear no grudge against your woodstalker, but my companions were



Heinrich



Liesl

freed only recently, so please excuse their behavior.»

If the weedy one was indeed keeping his head down, the most sturdy, built with muscles and covered with scars, had kept his eyes on the woman since they entered. When Dante pushed him with the elbow, the brute turned around and grumbled incomprehensible words.

«Everything goes well, you can relax,» Dante told him. «He had his tongue cut off, as many others. These whores of the Inquisition do not need their warriors to speak, just that they let their wrath explode when they order it.»

«I imagine,» said Heinrich. «But you did not come to show us the exactions of matriarches, that we already know.»

«Their exactions maybe, but their lies? You know the rumors they propagate on us?» scolded Dante.

«The rumors are known too,» intervened Liesl.

«But we hardly take them into account. The news which we and the other convoys' Trackers collect are the only ones I believe.» She turned to Heinrich. «The matriarches suffered a heavy defeat at the volcano, even if they try to hide it, as for this tall tale of degenerates who would have battled alongside the Emancipated ones...»

«They'd go to any length to pass you off as sadistic barbarians,» concludes Heinrich.

«Slandering us... monsters, hardly men. While they...» Dante clenched his fists.

«No, we want to be free, but each new deserter is an additional mouth. We cannot survive on our own anymore, we're too many.»

Heinrich scrutinized the man in front of him over the top of his glasses.

«I can propose you foods, blankets, but it would be easier if you joined a convoy.»

«No,» declared Dante categorically. «We conquered our freedom, we'll keep it. We must find something else, some kind of help maybe.»

«Maybe, but you have nothing to offer us in exchange except your hands, so you could 'work' for us. If that doesn't oppose your idea of freedom.»

«Well, I had that kind of agreement in mind,» said Dante slowly while stroking his beard. «A good one, as long as you don't run afoul of us.»

«No, of course I won't. As a matter of fact, I have exactly the mission for warriors like you. Not an easy task, mind you, I want

you to go hunting in bamaka territory. I'll back you with two Trackers as scouts, you can keep one third of the game and the payment will be in water. What do you say?»

Dante consulted with his companions, pondered for a short time, but agreed to take care of the mission in the end. A handshake sealed the deal, then the conveyor invited the Emancipated slaves to go quench their thirst. As these were leaving the tent with Jürgen and Liesl, Heinrich held Dante back.

«I'd like to you ask yo some more personal questions, if you don't mind, for a small bonus.»

Dante was taken aback by this request, what kind of information concerning him could only interest the conveyor? Heinrich looked him straight in the eyes.

«Do you know anything about a certain Ilsa?»



Dunbar

