

A SEERS WORDS

Advice for Eldar players when faced with the Necron threat

by **BRAD BELL**

After listening to the complaints of my fellow Eldar players and reading the last BFG Magazine, it is obvious that the Eldar need some assistance in fighting the Necron foe. I spent some time looking over the rules and fleets lists, and then proceeded to go on a massive gaming spree. After twenty battles with the Necrons, and a record of twelve won and eight lost, I came up with a formula that seems to work pretty well.

I typed it up as a short piece and posted it at the local gaming store. Since then complaints about Necron invincibility have dropped, although I am not certain if this is due to my advice or because the other Eldar players gave up fighting them...



Farseer Kinyr sighed and stared out the crystalline window at the field of stars before him. There was silence around him. Not that silence was unusual, since the Kraken, most of Iyanden had fallen silent.

He had survived that, like he had survived a great many trials for his people. Even as the Eldar reckoned time, Kinyr was ancient. He could vaguely remember events which happened dozens of monkeigh generations ago. He had witnessed the slide of the Eldar and knew that they were a doomed race. The fates had not been kind and the runes did not show any change in the near future.

"Farseer?" The soft voice asked, not wishing to disturb his contemplations.

He knew who it was, and was too old to jump at the sound of her voice. As far as he could tell, Farseer Kisandria floated. She certainly never made any noise unless she spoke. She was another sign that Iyanden grew deathly silent, a place where mirth no longer existed.

"Yes?"

"I have cast the stones as you requested. All three times the signs of metal and the skull floated in orbit around each other."

Kinyr shook, he knew what that meant. He had hoped to be part of the Infinity Circuit with the other Farseers before that sign returned to plague the Eldar race.

"What does it mean?" Her voice was always

that soft whisper. It had taken him fifteen monkeigh years to recognise the differences in her moods by the slight variations in her voice. She was actually nervous right now.

"The Necrontyr have returned."

The nervousness was still there when she asked, "What shall we do?"

"Assemble the Fleet Princes, I have words for them."

"Yes, Farseer Kinyr."

A short time later, the Fleet Princes stood in the room with Kinyr, their eyes following his past the wraithbone frames and out the crystalline windows into the nether regions of space. Farseer Kisandria stood nearby, although he only knew that because he could sense her mind.

"The Necrontyr have returned."

This was greeted with murmurings.

"They are an ancient foe. Over the millennia they have learned how to fight us, and their weapons seem designed to ignore our defenses. They will know how to fight us, it is time we remembered how to fight them."

"But we know how to fight them," one of the younger captains argued.

Kinyr brought a hand up and silenced the youth. Since the Kraken, the few who spoke on Iyanden ignored traditions and respect more often than not. Iyanden was dying, but Kinyr was going to make sure it was not the Necrontyr that destroyed them.

"There are some basic truths to fighting the Necrontyr, some of them apply to fighting only them; others are common for all our foes."

No words interrupted him, so he continued,

"First, they are a foe that can match our speed, and in the right circumstances our manoeuvrability. Therefore, any time we encounter them, a fight will be short and violent. There are few survivors on either side." He frowned, any Eldar lost now was irreplaceable, but the galaxy pushed them ever on.

Casting aside the gloomy thought, he added, "When fighting the Necrontyr, the advantage of numbers will almost always be ours."

"I understand, it is odd to speak of outnumbering a foe, especially since the Kraken, but it is true. Rely on the strength of our escorts, and array them in small squadrons of a few ships each. This way they can swarm around their prey and direct their fire more efficiently. Of foremost value against the Necrontyr are the Hemlock destroyers. The pulsar lance of the Hemlock will force the Necrontyr to either brace or risk destruction."

The talkative captain spoke up again, "That is common practice, why do you think we would not do that anyway?"

Kinyr rolled a runestone between his fingers. Kisandria had handed it to him earlier, saying that it rose just beneath the metal and skull stones, and had orbited counter to them. She had not said what it was, merely gave it to him for further consideration.

He stopped rolling the stone and answered the youth, "When fighting our ancient foes, Hemlock destroyers should comprise the majority of your forces, with Aconites in reserve to lay down additional firepower. Most importantly, the Hemlocks should always fire before other ships, forcing our foes to brace."

Keeping the Necrontyr ships braced and their stealth systems disabled is the surest path to victory. While it makes them very hard to destroy, it drastically reduces their options. Defeating the Necrontyr is a matter of depriving them of choices until they disengage on their own."

One of the Fleet Masters spoke, "You make it sound as if we cannot defeat them, only make them flee."

Kinyr shrugged, "In a sense, we can only drive them back into their slumber. For untold millennia we have fought them, and even before the Fall we Eldar could never completely destroy them."

He fixed his gaze on the Fleet Master who had spoken, "Usually it is not necessary to defeat them. Remember always the reason for taking to the stars. If you are escorting a convoy,

seeing the convoy to safety is more important than defeating them. If you are running through a gauntlet of enemies in order to reach the safety of Iyanden, then escaping the enemy is more important than fighting them. Never forget your reason for fighting the Necrontyr, because anyone who neglects their charge and merely 'fights' the Necrontyr is their own worst enemy."

"Also remember that our ships are more manoeuvrable than the Necrontyr; use that to your advantage. Try to break their fleet into smaller and more manageable formations. Never forget the importance of asteroids, gas clouds, and planets." He paused, he was not normally this long-winded, but he was the only one left from the last time they had fought the Necrontyr, and was not about to have this generation re-learn the same mistakes again.

Kinyr continued, "The monkeigh have a phrase, 'cat-and-mouse' and all battles with our ancient foe must obey that phrase. The Necrontyr are the monkeigh 'cat' and you never wish to be too close to the 'cat' when it is ready to strike."

"Our torpedoes and attack craft are of less use than normal against this foe, but never neglect an opportunity to use them. Always fire everything available to you, because eventually something will cause their defensive systems to crack."

The Farseer felt tired suddenly. These attacks of fatigue had been growing steadily worse over the past century. "I leave you with a last piece of advice; always consider the final tally before giving victory to the Necrontyr. They are a powerful foe, but they can be defeated, especially if they are forced to abandon vessels on the field for us to recover."

Kinyr's eyes closed, the tired feeling would not go away for a couple hours. He hated that sensation. Kisandria spoke up, "Farseer Kinyr thanks you for your attention, please heed his words."

Their footsteps he heard, he only knew the other Farseer had left because her mind grew more distant. Before reclining on a bench to rest until the fatigue passed, he glanced at the small stone she had placed in his hand. It was the symbol of rebirth. Kinyr had not seen that stone in any auguries for close to eight hundred years. He was too old to feel optimism, but he prayed things would improve. Iyanden had too many problems without adding Necrontyr to the list of foes.