THE IX AGE FANTASY BATTLES



Map Pack

2nd Edition, version 2021 RGB EN1 – June 12, 2021



The 9th Age: Fantasy Battles is a community-made miniatures wargame. All rules and feedback can be found and given at the-ninth-age.com

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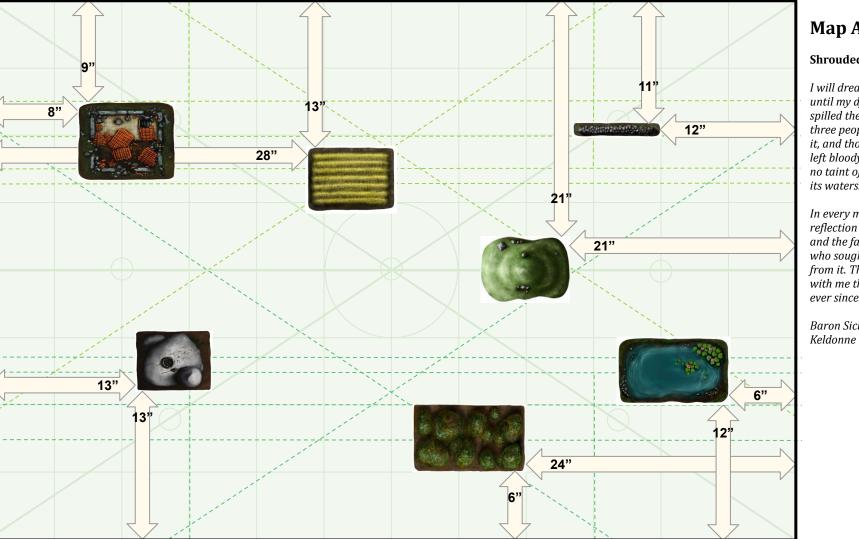
How to Use this Document

The maps in this pack are an optional alternative to the Building the Battlefield section of the Rulebook. Map in this document have been created* and vetted by the community together with the rules team. These maps do not purport to be the correct or only ways to distribute Terrain Features and should not be taken as a recommendation regarding the density or type of terrain that should be present on tables. A total of 16 maps were created, intended to be used for games with randomised Deployment Types and Secondary Objectives. This version is the full colour version. The black-and-white printer-friendly version can be found here: https://www.the-ninth-age.com/community/filebase/index.php?file/1183-map-pack-bw/

Terrain distribution

The table giving an overview of the terrain distribution on all maps.

Terrain Type	Figure	Recommended Size	Map A1	Map A2	Map A3	Map A4	Map A5	Map A6	Map A7	Map A8	Map B1	Map B2	Map B3	Map B4	Map B5	Map B6	Map B7	Map B8
Hill		15×20 cm	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	1
Forest		15×25 cm	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	2	2	1	2	2	1
Ruins		20×20 cm	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	2	1	2	0	1	1
Impass Boulder	0	15×15 cm	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	1
Impass Building		15×20 cm	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	2	1	1
Water		15×25 cm	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	2
Field	Description (STATE)	15×20 cm	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	1	2	2	1
Wall	elegenment (file)	2.5×20 cm	1	1	1	1	0	2	1	2	2	2	1	3	2	1	2	0

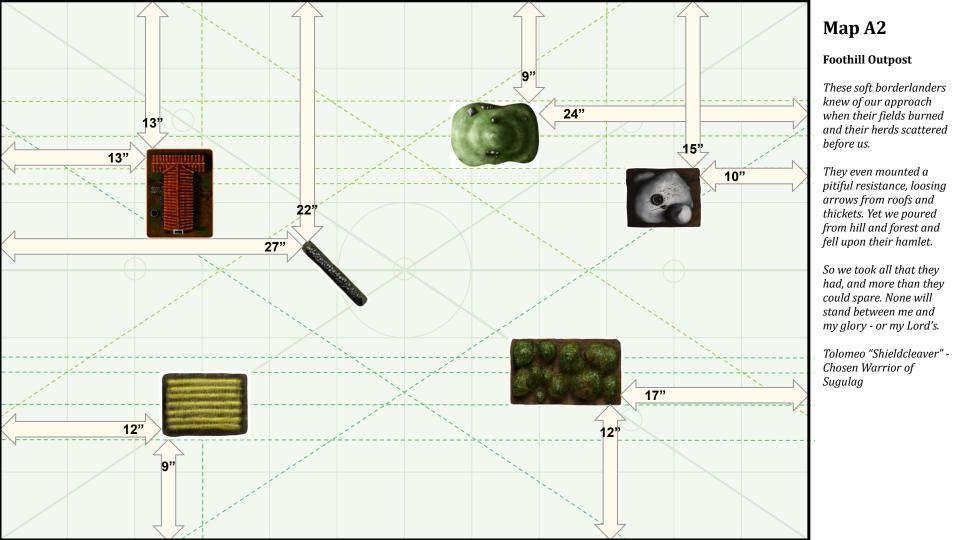


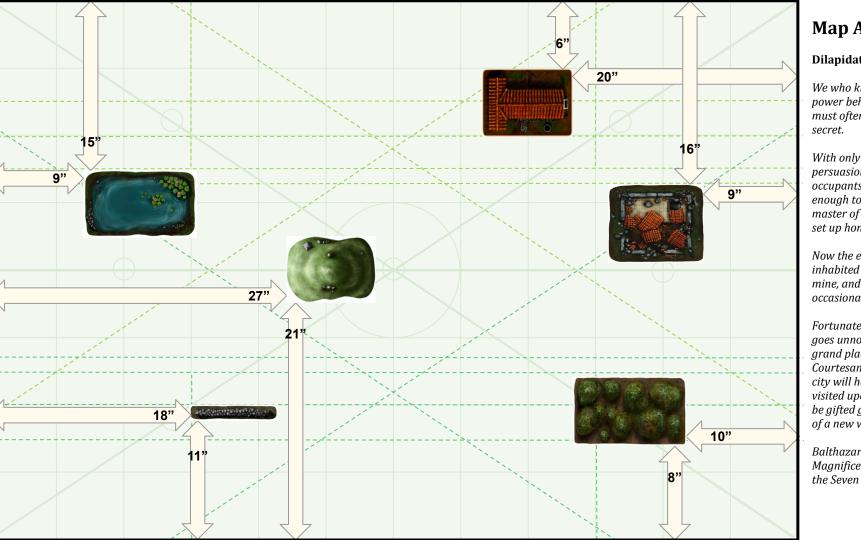
Shrouded Pool

I will dream of this pool until my dying days. We spilled the blood of three peoples to reach it, and though my steps left bloody footprints, no taint of gore touched its waters.

In every mirror I see my reflection in its surface, and the faces of the foes who sought to keep me from it. The Lady was with me that day, and ever since.

Baron Siclebald of





Dilapidated Manor

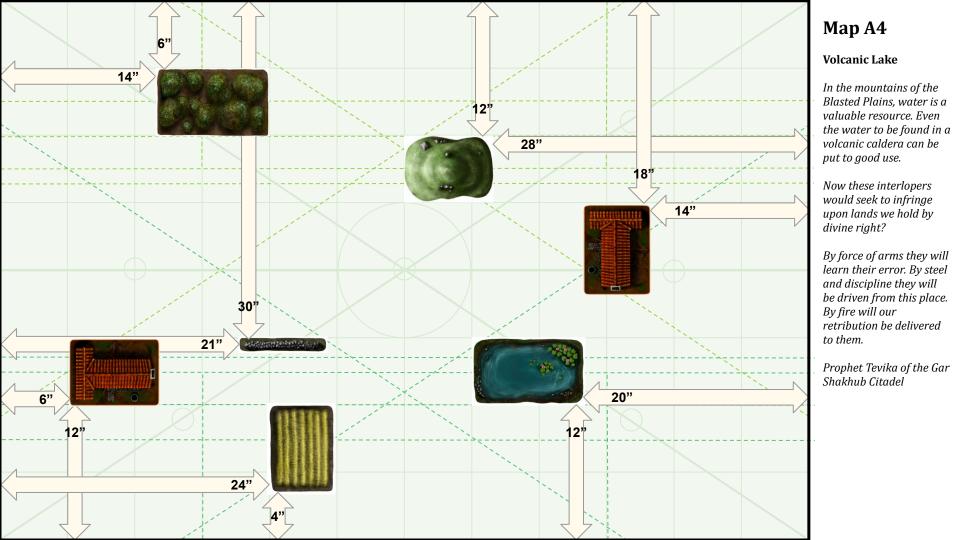
We who know the true power behind the world must often work in

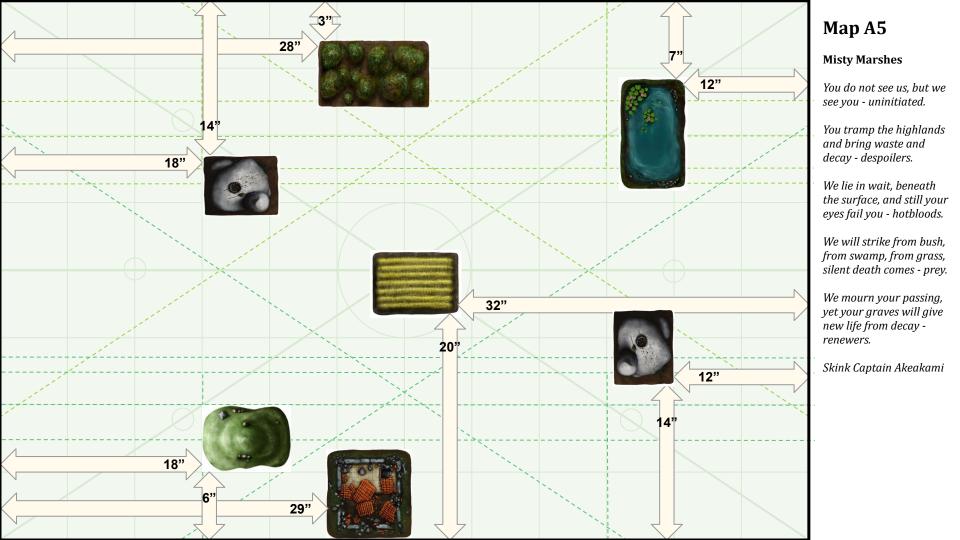
With only a little persuasion, the former occupants were kind enough to allow this master of mysticism to set up home.

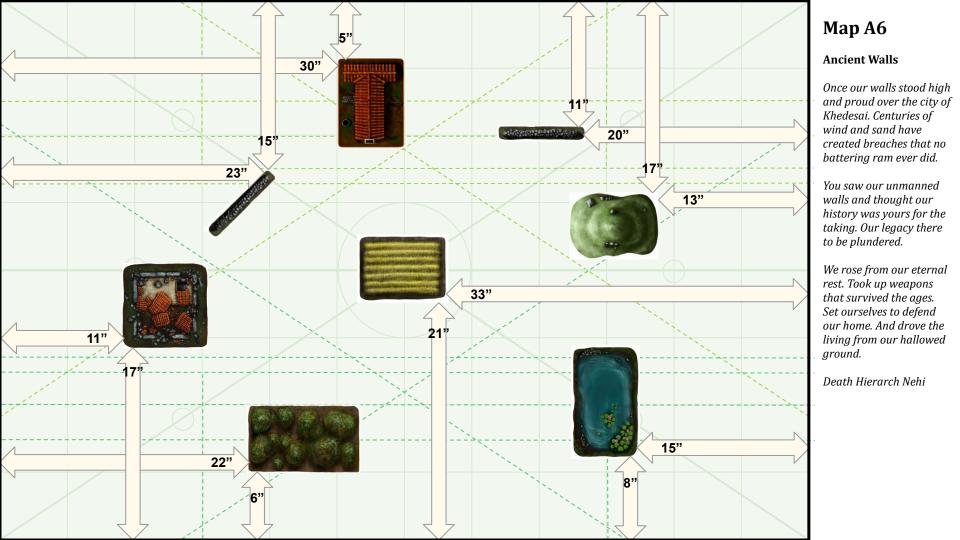
Now the estate is inhabited by friends of mine, and our occasional...guests.

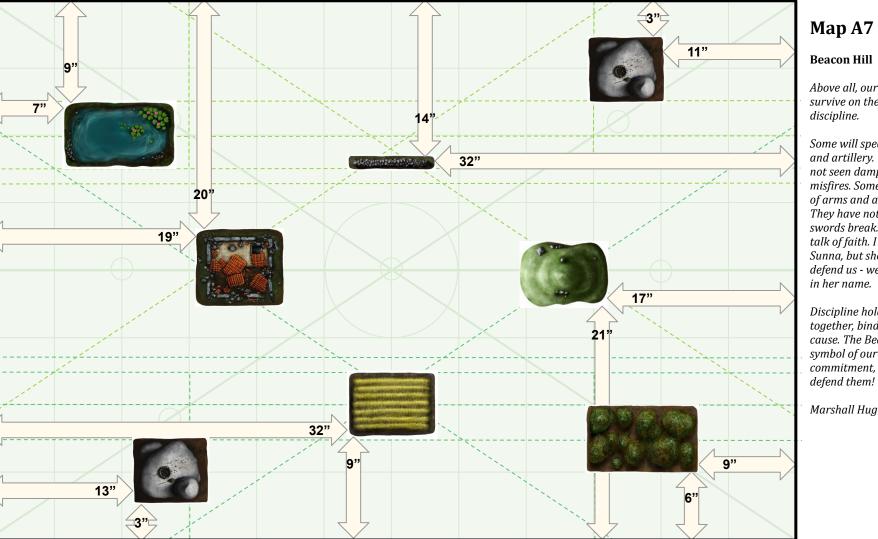
Fortunately, their arrival goes unnoticed in this grand place. Once the Courtesan arrives, the city will have such havoc visited upon it, they shall be gifted glorious visions of a new world.

Balthazar the Magnificent, servant of









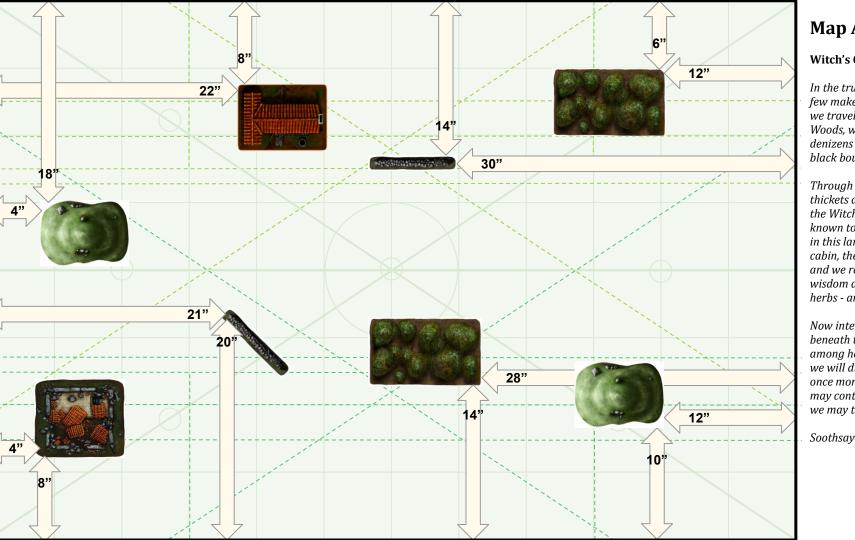
Beacon Hill

Above all, our people survive on their

Some will speak of guns and artillery. They have not seen damp powder or misfires. Some will speak of arms and armour. They have not seen swords break. Some will talk of faith. I honour Sunna, but she will not defend us - we must fight in her name.

Discipline holds us together, binds us to our cause. The Beacons are a symbol of our commitment, and we will

Marshall Hugo Hafer



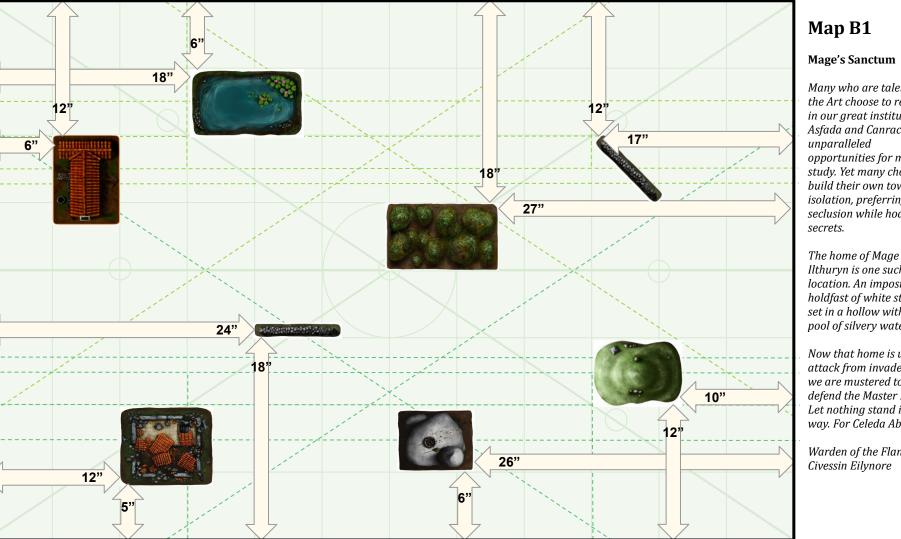
Witch's Cottage

In the truly wild places, few make their home. As we travel the Dark Woods, we know all the denizens beneath the black boughs.

Through the tangled thickets and dire beasts, the Witch's story is known to all our people in this land. From her cabin, the Witch sees all, and we respect her wisdom and her trade in herbs - and ales.

Now interlopers walk beneath the canopy, among her gardens, and we will drive them back once more. That her story may continue, and that we may tell it anew.

Soothsayer Bremen



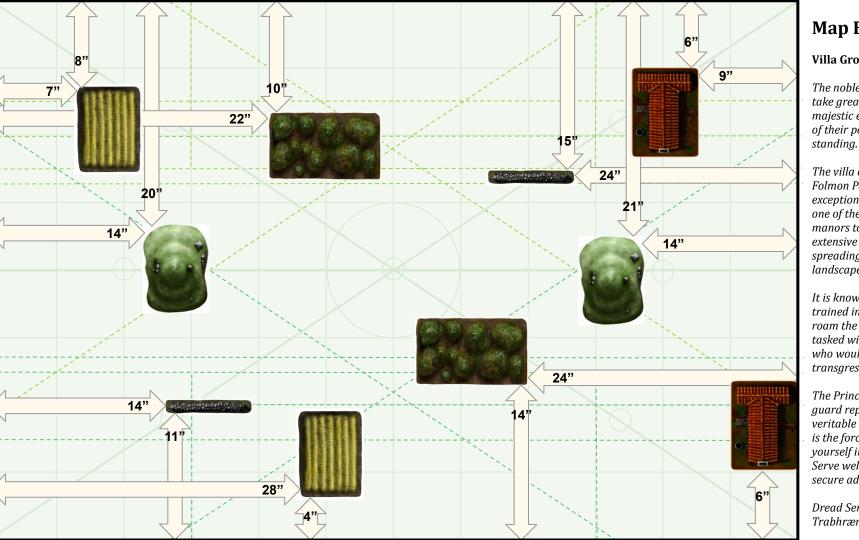
Mage's Sanctum

Many who are talented in the Art choose to reside in our great institutions. Asfada and Canrac offer unparalleled opportunities for magical study. Yet many choose to build their own towers in isolation, preferring seclusion while hoarding

Ilthuryn is one such location. An imposing holdfast of white stone, set in a hollow with a still pool of silvery water. Now that home is under

attack from invaders, and we are mustered to defend the Master Mage. Let nothing stand in our way. For Celeda Ablan!

Warden of the Flame Civessin Eilynore



Villa Grounds

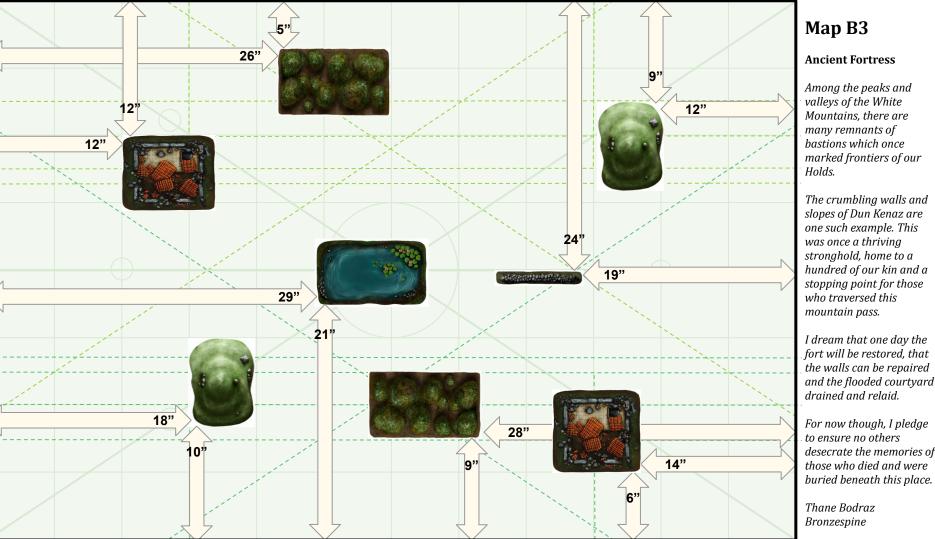
The nobles of Dathen take great pride in their majestic estates, displays of their position and

The villa of Prince Folmon Perxina is no exception. He commands one of the grandest manors to be found, with extensive grounds spreading out across the landscape.

It is known that beasts trained in the Menagerie roam the holdings, tasked with savaging any who would dare to transgress.

The Prince's personal guard represents a veritable army, and this is the force you now find yourself in service to. Serve well, and you may secure advancement.

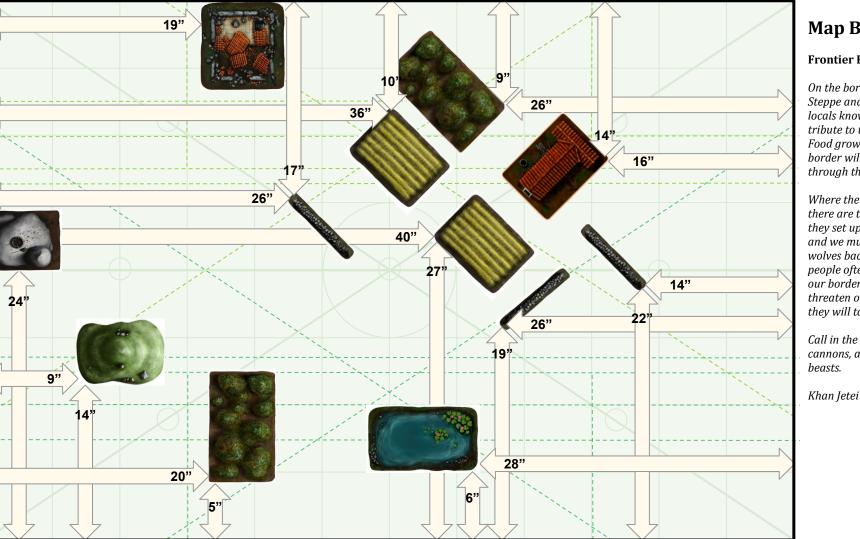
Dread Sergeant Trabhræn Crislain



Among the peaks and valleys of the White Mountains, there are many remnants of bastions which once marked frontiers of our

was once a thriving stronghold, home to a hundred of our kin and a stopping point for those who traversed this mountain pass. I dream that one day the fort will be restored, that

and the flooded courtyard drained and relaid. For now though, I pledge to ensure no others desecrate the memories of

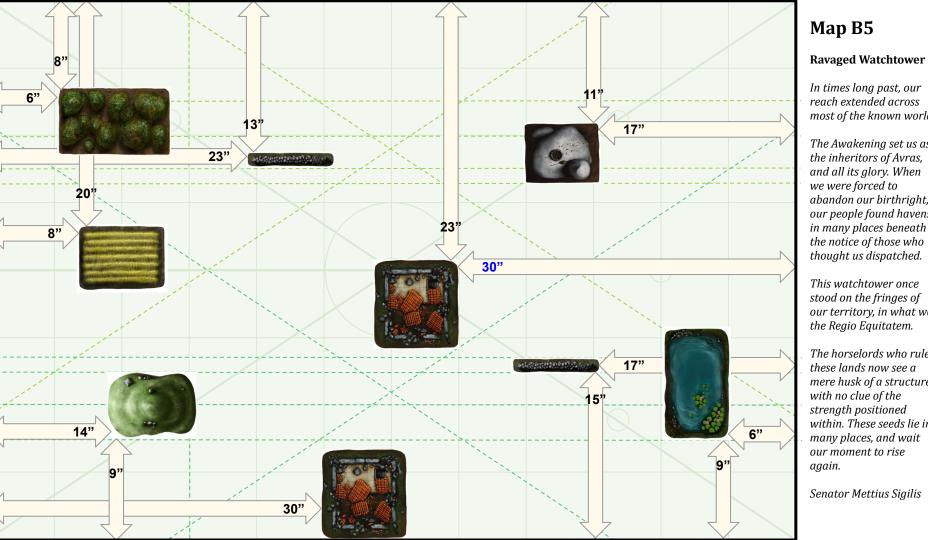


Frontier Farm

On the border of the Steppe and Tsuandan, the locals know they owe tribute to the Great Khan. Food grown along the border will feed our tribe through the harsh winter.

Where there is value, there are thieves. Now they set upon our people, and we must drive the wolves back. Longjing's people often press along our border, but when they threaten our sustenance, they will taste our wrath.

Call in the tribe, ready the cannons, and prepare the



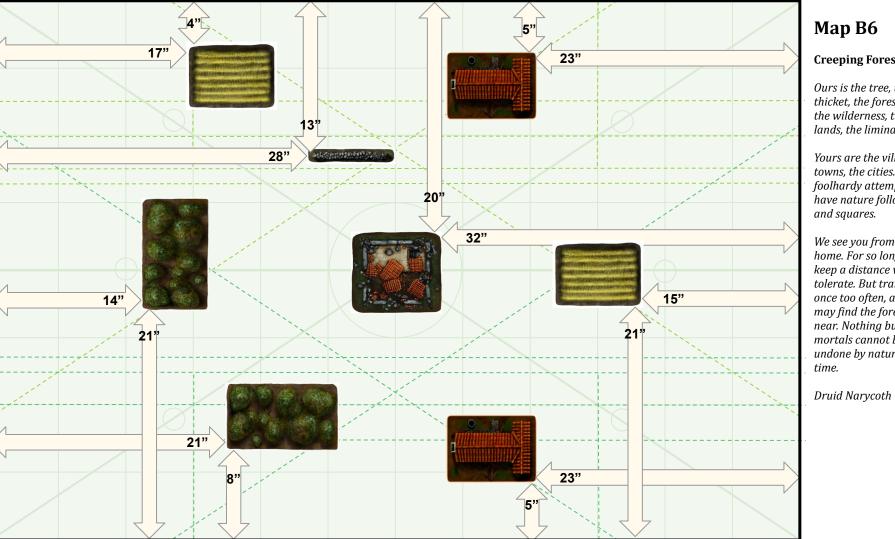
In times long past, our reach extended across most of the known world.

The Awakening set us as the inheritors of Avras, and all its glory. When we were forced to abandon our birthright, our people found havens in many places beneath the notice of those who thought us dispatched.

This watchtower once stood on the fringes of our territory, in what was the Regio Equitatem.

The horselords who rule these lands now see a mere husk of a structure, with no clue of the strength positioned within. These seeds lie in many places, and wait our moment to rise

Senator Mettius Sigilis

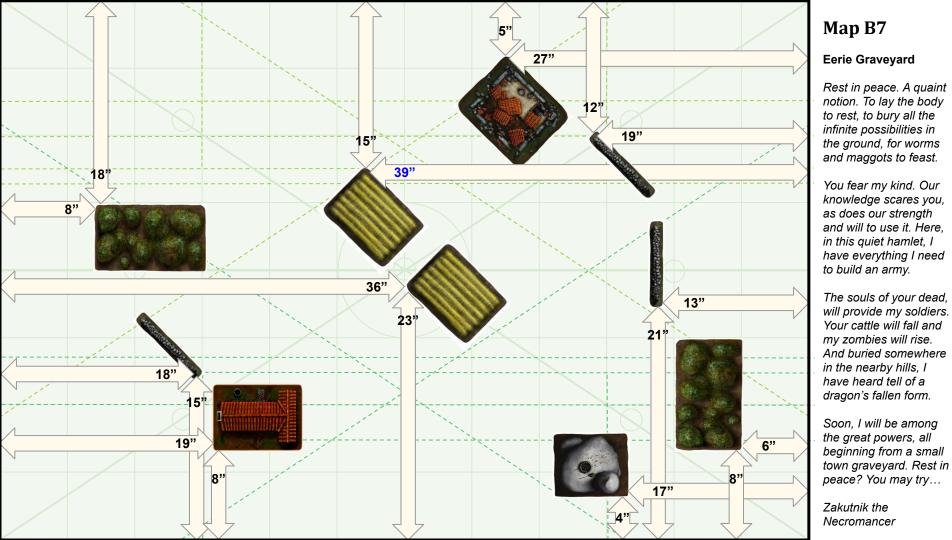


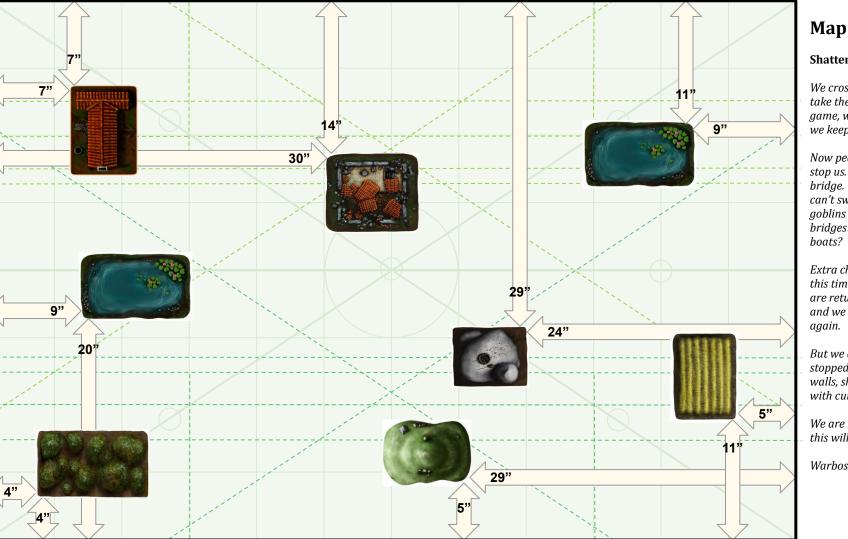
Creeping Forest

Ours is the tree, the thicket, the forest. Ours is the wilderness, the sylvan lands, the liminal places.

Yours are the villages, the towns, the cities. The foolhardy attempt to have nature follow lines and squares.

We see you from our home. For so long as you keep a distance we tolerate. But transgress once too often, and you may find the forest draws near. Nothing built by mortals cannot be undone by nature and





Shattered Bridge

We cross the bridge, we take the town, we win the game, we take the loot, we keep moving.

Now peaceborn want to stop us. Break their own bridge. Think Warborn can't swim? Think goblins not make bridges? We can't build

Extra challenge for all this time. Maybe some are returned to the Sleep, and we wait to see them

But we are not easy stopped. We will break walls, show strength, win with cunning.

We are born of war, and this will be best war yet!

Warboss Urbul