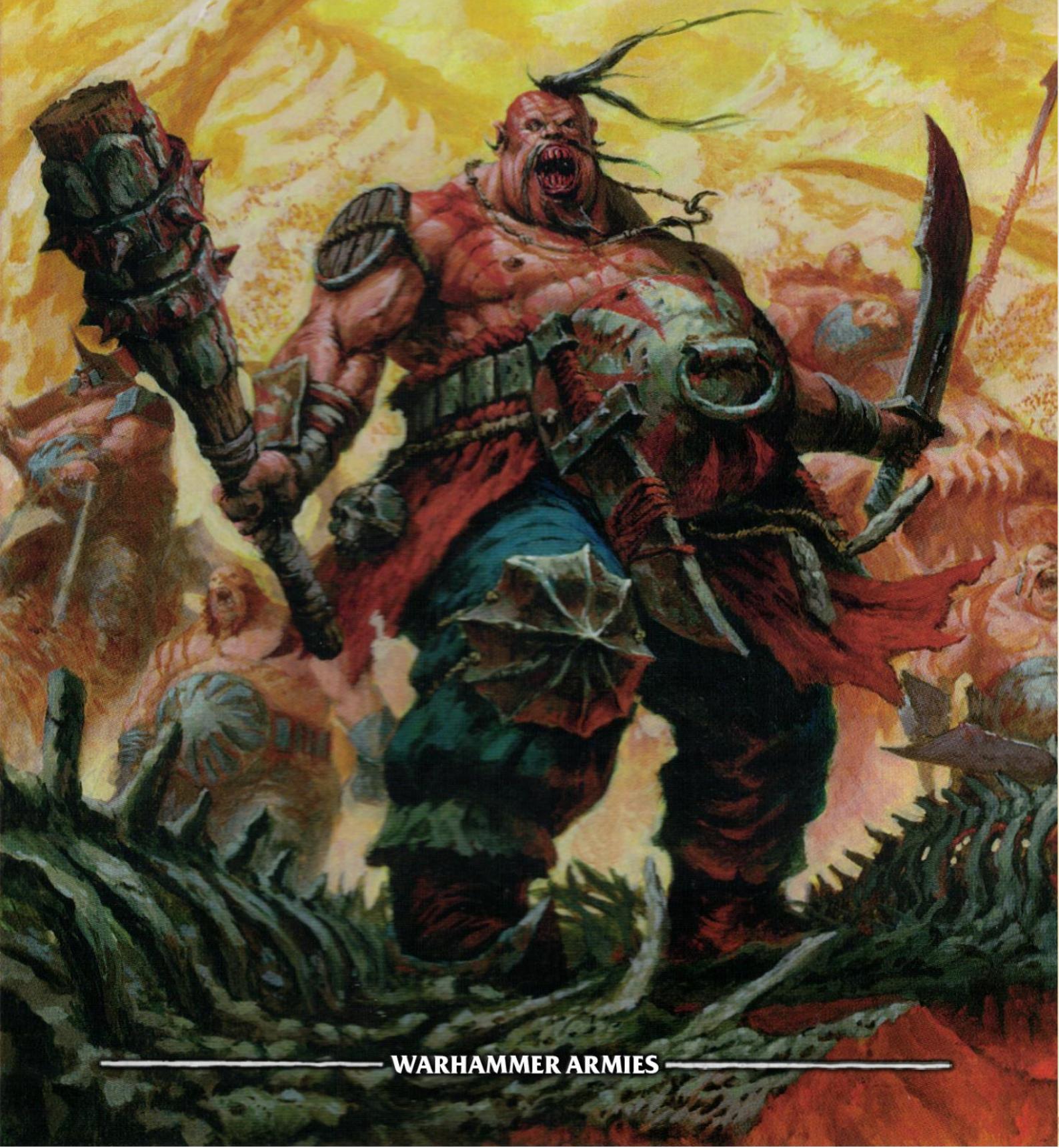


WARHAMMER

OGRE KINGDOMS



— WARHAMMER ARMIES —







OGRE KINGDOMS



By Mathias Eliasson

v.1.0



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INTRODUCTION

With a heavy tread, they stomp into battle with but one thought - to smash, pulverise and club anything that dares to stand up to them. Welcome to the Ogre Kingdoms. This book provides all the information you need to play an Ogre Kingdoms army in a game of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT OGRES?

Ogres are great hulking monstrosities with a real appetite for destruction. They are utterly ruthless and enjoy using their massive brawn to dominate others. The way Ogres figure it, their enemies have two choices — surrender their treasures, or get flattened and then surrender their treasures — and Ogres aren't bothered about which option their foes pick. Ogres combine a mercenary outlook and a bullying nature with an insatiable gluttony — a voracious hunger for food, wealth and power.

An Ogre army is a fearsome sight — a sweaty mass of colossal warriors backed up by primeval monsters and shaggy tusked beasts from an ice-ridden age that still prowl the world. On the battlefield, Ogres don't just defeat their enemies, they break them, grind them and then consume them in great gory chunks. Then they look for more...

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer Armies books are split into sections, each of which deals with a different aspect of the army. Warhammer: Ogre Kingdoms contains:

- **Big and Brutish.** This section describes the background of the Ogres: their bloody history, most famous battles and legendary leaders. Also included

are details on Ogre tribes and an exploration of their realm — the monster-ridden Mountains of Mourn, also known as the Ogre Kingdoms.

- **The Lumbering Hordes.** Each and every unit type in the army is examined here, with a full description of each entry, alongside its complete rules. This section also includes the Ogres' Tools of Destruction (magic items) and the Lore of the Great Maw (the Ogre spell lore).

- **Ogre Kingdoms Army List.** This list takes the troops, war machines, and infamous individuals from previous sections and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as Characters (Lord or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Ogre Kingdoms* contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com







BIG & BRUTISH

They first arrived from the east, stomping as they came. They spread across the world, heedless of borders, barging through even hostile territory as if they already owned it. Although they have established kingdoms in the Mountains of Mourn, they wander where they please, extorting what they want and taking by force all that isn't freely given. They war constantly, not out of malice, but for profit and sustenance - for such are the rights of the powerful and strong.

They are the Ogres, and to stand before their collected might is to confront a landslide.



OGRES

A way to the east of the Old World lie the savage Ogre kingdoms. Amongst the frozen and desolate mountains of this realm live the Ogres; big, ugly, brutish monsters with coarse features and an imposing presence. Ogres excel at two things, eating and fighting, and the latter normally only because there is a good meal at the end of it. An Ogre is easily recognised by his massive frame and boulder-like gut, but any that come across one would do well to stay off its path, for an Ogre will, more often than not, club to death and messily devour any living thing it can reach.

The first thing anyone notices about Ogres is how big they are. A full-grown Ogre Bull stands almost twice as tall as a man at ten feet tall and is almost half as wide at the gut. Some have been reported to be even taller, though given the Ogre's intimidating look, this could easily be an exaggeration. An Ogre's body shape bears significant resemblance to the peaks in which he makes his lair. His lumpen, heavy-set frame is swathed in great rolls of blubber acting both as insulation and a crude form of natural armour. Their grayish, flabby skin conceals tough muscle and alarming endurance. They have massive well-muscled frames, huge limbs, jutting jaws and thick bony foreheads. His armpits run with vile-smelling sweat, his facial hair is matted with gobbs of old food, and his pallid chest and arms are covered in a sticky grease, for hygiene is a foreign concept to an Ogre.

Atop this mountain of iron-hard muscle and rubbery fat sits a blunt, nasty-looking head, crested with a topknot of lank black hair in the manner of the barbarian tribes. Under a craggy brow glint piggy eyes that search for the next meal, and within a cavernous and rot-flecked mouth are rows of yellowing teeth that chomp and chew and grind. His powerful arms are as thick as a man's chest, and are capable of smashing through the

walls of a house. Their thick arms end in great ham-fisted hands that wield large clubs with lethal ease. The clenched fist of an Ogre is larger than a man's head and his grip is vice-like and tenacious. An Ogre's legs are stout and tireless, the better to carry his lumpen frame, and his teeth are broad and fang-like like the tusks of a beast. His body hair is lank and greasy, and although it is common for an Ogre to be as bald as a boulder, it is rare indeed that one can be found without facial hair, presumably cultivated to trap morsels of food that escape being shovelled into his mouth by his great grasping hands. Amongst most folk, this combined with their bristle-like hair and poor personal hygiene is enough reason to shun these crude beasts.

Ogres are large, loud creatures that go out of their way to make a formidable impression. Even in a violent world used to constant warfare, it is hard not to be in awe of a creature that can smash a man's ribs and send him flying through the air with a single swipe of an iron-bound club. Though if raw strength alone isn't enough to cause a stir, the sight of an Ogre reaching out a meaty hand to lift up and consume his recently broken victim in great, greedy bites is sure to register horror in all but the boldest of hearts.

Ogres are anything but refined, belching and scratching their way through the times when they are not caving in someone's head or gobbling up a corpse. Those who deal with Ogres find they chiefly exhibit two distinct expressions — that of glum intimidation and a sinister grin, which is far worse. Aside from rancid meat-breath that can startle a Dwarf sober, Ogres have flat, overlapping teeth that are unusually strong — they can bite through the bark of a sturdy Drakwald Oak as easily as if it was the skin of a roast chicken. When an Ogre grins, it has little to do with mirth and everything to do with showing the victim what is going to happen next.

Ogres are tough creatures who neither need nor desire the comforts of civilised living. They prefer to avoid cities and towns, and make their camps among the rocky mountains. Ogres do not especially like other races, and will sometimes hunt down stray Orcs, Trolls and even men who wander into the mountains.

GUTS AND GLORY

Only a fool would mistake an Ogre's sheer bulk for fat, for though he is well insulated against the elements, underneath this tissue lies an extensive lattice-work of muscle. His skin is as rough as a cured leather breastplate and twice as thick, and such is his resilience that even impaling an Ogre upon a lance is no defence against having one's head caved in by the return blow. However, the most notable feature of the Ogre is his gut.



Corpulent and fleshy, Ogres will gobble down anything they can shovel into their mouths with their great grasping hands. There is little that Ogres cannot eat and their large guts attest to this. They are eternally hungry, and over time their massive guts are capable of digesting anything from plate-clad warriors to the bristle-haired mammoths that roam their homelands. Possessed of an insatiable hunger, even a single Ogre can devastate a village when its boulder-like belly is empty. Such is their voracious appetite that when the Ogre tribes are on the march they can devour armies, crush cities, cripple empires and still have room for more. It is often said that the only way to save yourself from a ravenous Ogre is to convince him you can provide more food alive than dead.

To Ogres, a gut is of utmost importance to its owner — socially, physically and even spiritually. An Ogre, with a large gut is seen as wealthy and strong, for he has obviously eaten well to ensure such impressive girth. The Ogre religion revolves around eating, and the gluttonous Butchers believe that they can commune with their primitive god through this simple act. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the Ogre's vital organs are situated far lower than a man's deep within his belly. These organs are protected by a thick interlocking skein of musculature and can grind and crack with terrific force, allowing the Ogre to digest almost anything he cares to toss into his cavernous maw. The largest and most impressive guts belong to the Tyrants, the leaders and tribal kings that rule large groups of Ogres. All Ogres protect their innards with a large, circular 'gutplate' worn over the protrusion. These are usually made of metal beaten into shape or even cast in a mould, but poor Ogres are known to use hide-skins, cast off cart wheels, or even ones made of bone. Gut-plates will commonly depict an icon important to the owner's parent tribe. The gut-plate is secured around the Ogre's waist by a heavy belt that is often used to store the Ogre's eating tools.



Aside from the gut-plate and a pair of functional but filthy breeches, it is unusual for a common Ogre to wear much in the way of clothing. With thick skin as resilient as cured leather, Ogres can survive cold environments and are extremely tough, able to shrug off minor wounds. For this reason, only the richest and most elite Ogres bother with armour beyond their gut-plates and instead stride to battle bare-chested. It is common amongst many tribes to tattoo themselves or daub themselves with crude tattoos and warpaint when they go to war, although, as Ogres are not hygienic in the least, it is hard to distinguish what is a tribal marking and what is post-dinner gristle. They wear iron-shod shoes that come in useful when kicking things to death, and when travelling into the snowy peaks of the mountains they will wear the pelts of the animals that prowled the slopes.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

There is one belief that unites Ogres across the world, beaten into them at infancy and carried with them to the grave, might makes right. A strong creature may take what he likes from a weaker creature, including life and limb. Every aspect of the culture of the Ogre kingdoms revolves around this central tenet, engraved on the mind of every inhabitant from the scrawniest Gnoblar to the mightiest Tyrant.

Ogres go to great lengths to illustrate their prowess, although an Ogre's status can quickly be assessed by his physical size and the dimensions of his gut. Nonetheless, Ogres adorn themselves with trophies taken from the cavebeasts they have defeated, daub warpaint on bare flesh to indicate tribal allegiance, take names that refer to their personal strengths, and ritually scar themselves to prove they feel no pain. A full-grown Bull arrayed for battle is a daunting sight; a leader such as a Bruiser or Tyrant positively terrifying.

All this self-aggrandisement is not just posturing, however. Ogres frequently challenge each other to contests of physical strength, especially on feast days or during a bout of Ogre games. These contests are also used as leadership challenges. They range from the relatively light-hearted belching contest, where the worst an Ogre can expect is to be showered by gobbets of saliva and half-eaten food, to bouts of pit-lighting, a lethal blood sport that has even gained popularity in the Old World. It is permitted, in fact expected, that an Ogre pit-fight will involve weaponry of some sort. This generally includes ironfists, heavy chains, punch daggers and bladed helmets. Suffice to say, the pit fights staged by Mankind, are pale in comparison; bloodless and tame next to the extreme violence of an Ogre bout.

Another favourite Ogre game is gut-barging, held in higher esteem than such pastimes as face-cracking or fist-splinter, for it is as much about girth as it is might. Each Ogre grabs hold of his opponent's belt and attempts to force his opponent to the floor with a combination of strength and weight, his efforts centred on the gut. Sinews strain and muscles bulge, with neither combatant giving an inch, until after much belching, spitting, threatening and roaring (much of which comes from the audience), one Ogre finally buckles and is forced into the dirt.

If both challengers survive an Ogre game, the winner is permitted to eat part of the loser as the spoils of victory. Should the contest be recreational or merely to ascertain who gets first cut of a slain foe, this may only be a couple of fingers, an ear or a nose. However, if the game in question is brought about by a leadership challenge, an argument over land or personal grudge, the rivals will remove their gut-plates before the bout — a very serious sign. The victor in a 'guts-out' contest will invariably beat the loser to death with his bare hands and eat his bloody corpse then and there in front



of his cheering audience. In this way, the Ogre not only gains the strength of his vanquished opponent but also the respect of his tribe.

Many of these games are staged during or after an Ogre feast, when the tribe is well-fed and the games therefore less likely to turn into a full-scale brawl. Feasts are of religious importance to the Ogres, and given enough meat, they will take any excuse to hold one. The guest of honour at these feasts will sit at the right hand of the Tyrant's throne, and is therefore permitted the second finest cut of the meat – in practice, this is often the hunter that has brought the meat back to the tribe in the first place.

Hallmarks of an Ogre feast include fireplaces the size of stables and massive trough-like trestle tables around the edge of a maw-pit – a stinking hole in the ground filled with a morass of rotting meat, body parts and rusted weaponry in which the Ogres fight their violent games. Although other races might employ minstrels at a feast, Ogres have no real concept of music, and prefer volume above skill - an Ogre who can shout louder than his fellows is considered a gifted performer. Their feasts resound to bellowing, hollering and belching as well as the omnipresent crunch of meat and bone – the food devoured at an Ogre feast invariably being red meat. However, the Butchers know full well that their tribe appreciates diversity of diet as much as the next cave full of predators. Whilst the traditional eating songs resound through the feast halls, the Butchers

punctuate steaming platefuls of cavebeast with raw Bretonnian in wild garlic, tough Dwarf-meat served in a gromril case, thick sausages stuffed with the finest Empire soldiery, and – widely seen as a delicacy – tender Elf legs fried in horse blood. This is usually washed down with Ogre beer, a thick, viscous and foul concoction, with equal quantities of honeycomb and hornet swimming in its murky depths. Ogre beer is toxic enough to hospitalise a Dwarf, and is commonly taken from a drinking horn snapped from the skull of a beast the owner has killed himself.

The greatest feasts are staged after the defeat and subsequent ransacking of a great caravan, the mile-long trading convoys that crawl through the Badlands towards the Ogre kingdoms and finally Cathay. These armoured land-trains are invariably well defended (often by rival Ogre tribes), but when a predatory Ogre tribe does finally manage to conquer one, it finds itself knee-deep in luxury goods, gold and quality firewood. An Ogre tribe can subsist on the sacking of a single great caravan for a full month, and the subsequent feast is often a week-long orgy of food and drink that is heard for miles around. Sadly, these occasions are becoming rare, as the iron rule of Tradelord Greasus Goldtooth the Overtyrant forces the tribes into a new era of mercenary activity and cooperation with the human race. Slowly but surely the Ogre kingdoms have become aware that gold is just as valuable as meat, and far more likely to last the winter.



CRUDE INGENUITY

Rumour has it that by putting an ear close to an Ogre's head, it is possible to hear the ocean. This, however, seems unlikely speculation, as no one in their right mind would dare to put his ear that close to such a ravenous creature's mouth. It is true that most Ogres are somewhat dim and not great builders — learned scholars describe them as 'thick as two short planks', although they do also note that Ogres can beat nearly anything to death with two such planks and even have enough intelligence to nail the planks together and beat the observer to a bloody pulp. There is some truth to this, for although the race is unable to create anything of beauty or lasting worth, they do have a knack for cobbling together crude weaponry out of whatever is to hand, and even using the machineries of war they take, trade or earn from other races. That said, the Mountains of Mourn are so inhospitable that nothing that makes its way into the Ogre kingdoms is wasted - if an object is not immediately edible it will invariably find another function within a few hours of its discovery.

Every Ogre owns a club, normally used for knocking out prey so that it can be dragged back to the cave with minimum blood. These clubs are crudely fashioned with bindings, spikes and studs, and the craftsmanship of the club an Ogre wields is an indication of his status - an Ogre using a simple log is generally seen as desperate or extremely poor. An Ogre trusts his club, and will eat it only in the direst of circumstances.

Ogre clubs are an example of the race's crude ingenuity, for although they are blunt instruments that are simple in design and function, they are all 'improved' by their bearers. Some are topped with rocks or curved blades, or strengthened with chains. Other clubs have their 'sweet spot' — the part that hits with the greatest force — enhanced with bound iron, knobby metal protrusions or even the teeth of one of the many enormous monsters that Ogres like to hunt. To use a mere unadorned tree bough in battle would be a bit embarrassing. These simple upgrades are indicative of all Ogre-built items, from their machines of war to the skin huts they set up at their camps. The Ogres' quick and ready ability to use natural resources, mixed with whatever scrap or war detritus is on hand, has come from their roving ways and the inhospitable terrain in which they periodically settle.

The weaponry and armour used by Ogres betrays much of their character. Though their swords and cleavers are cumbersome, inelegant and frequently rusty, they are all solid and robust enough to reduce a foe to a bloody pulp. The elite of the Ogre tribes, known as Irontugs, go one step further by going to battle with great scimitars and ironbound clubs almost as tall as they are. So strong are the Irontugs that they can crush a fully armoured knight into the dirt with one swing, often breaking his horse's back into the bargain.

WANDERERS FAR AND WIDE

Creatures of wanderlust, Ogre armies have always waged war across the world in search of new and exciting things to devour. Ogres their tribes are nomadic - ready to move camp at the drop of a well-gnawed bone. Ogres often wander far from their homelands, and when their armies are on the move, they leave behind them a trail of wreckage and little else. The great crump-crump-crump sound of an Ogre army on the march is not a welcome one, for they will attack and plunder any settlement they come across. In this manner, armies resupply on the move, consuming any who are foolish enough to stay to defend their homes, and then devouring all the livestock and anything else that looks vaguely edible. Any meat not devoured immediately is carried off, so Ogres and their enormous war beasts are often seen with huge haunches of meat and unplucked rib cages tied to their bodies. As dangerous as a tribe on the march is, a halted tribe is even worse...

Ogres have an insatiable appetite for destruction as well as for food, and even in times of relative peace they will hunt and kill the vicious cave-beasts that dwell in the mountains, as well as war constantly amongst themselves. While they may be brutal and can eat nearly anything, Ogres are not evil per se. Although slow of mind and not especially quick or agile in their movements, once Ogres decide to act they are as unstoppable as a vast boulder rolling down a mountain chasm. Since dumb muscle is welcome in almost any army, Ogres can be found throughout the Old World. Because they are such good fighters, many races attempt to recruit Ogres into their armies, promising food or gold and whatever else the Ogres want in return for their services. Their natural ability as warriors and rudimentary grasp of monetary systems makes them highly sought-after mercenaries, for Ogres fight a good sight better than they count. Bands of ogre sell-swords are a common sight in the Empire, Tilea, and the Border Princes. They have also been known to fight with Orcs, Goblins, and the forces of Chaos, as Ogres are notoriously unbothered who they fight for. Entire tribes of Ogres often fight at the behest of other races, providing they get first cut of the battle-meat afterwards, and plenty of shiny coins to boot.

Ogres are well known for their tendency to travel, and can be found across the four corners of the world, fighting in small mercenary groups and picking on those weaker than themselves, which, to be frank, is nearly everybody, though they ultimately leave comparatively little evidence of their passing. In contrast, a full migration of Ogres can be devastating, stripping all life from the lands they come across and devouring entire populations in a matter of days. It may take decades before the desolation left in their wake begins to recover, but full-scale Ogre migrations are mercifully rare.





Ogre armies are a familiar sight all across the world, but in recent decades even this tendency to roam has not been able to prevent the overcrowding of the Mountains of Mourn. The Ogre race has grown numerous once more upon the tough, dense meat of the fauna inhabiting the region. They have learnt the value of gold, and many of the tribes have grown rich from gathering together into great brutish armies, smashing the living daylights out of the soldiery of other races and taking anything they cannot eat for themselves. To the dismay of the civilised races, the Ogre populations in the mountains have grown so large that they have begun to foray into the outside world, no longer in groups of two or three, but in their hundreds. As a result the Ogres are marching westward once more in a great migration, uncounted tribes flowing out of the mountains and heading straight for the Old World with the express intention of killing and eating everything they find there.

TAKING A HEAVY TOLL

The Ogres establish their camp by erecting flea-ridden hide tents and digging out a massive ceremonial pit in the camp's centre. Then it's time to 'get down to business' — and business, for Ogres, means either intimidating others into giving them food, or waging war to take what they want. Lookouts are posted along roads, mountain passes or other obvious travel routes and a toll is exacted upon any thoroughfare, those who can't pay are eaten. Ultimatums demanding steep tithes are delivered to nearby settlements.

Most Ogres these days are sophisticated enough to demand payment in either gold or in food stock, although some tribes are stuck in the old ways and have not yet learned the value of monetary systems. Any that refuse to pay are dealt with swiftly, the Ogre Tyrant ordering an all-out attack to crush them wholesale. To stave off their own destruction, many of the oppressed willingly hand over herd animals to the demanding Ogres. Sometimes, especially with the more unscrupulous races, a settlement will betray a portion of their own population to avoid a hopeless battle against the Ogres. Ogres excel in their role as aggressive bullies, and they are demanding during negotiations. As most Ogres are not especially bright, they can be duped, but only the very slowest can be caught out by the same trick twice.

A BRUTAL PRACTICALITY

Ogres are straightforward, being wholly untroubled by such things as morality or worries over questions of good or evil. If Ogres can get what they want (food and wealth) without fighting, they will do so, but if it's more advantageous to annihilate and eat their opposition, then so be it. Ogres go about their business with little or no malice and, although far from bright, they have an uncanny business-like sense to recognise if their victims are worth more alive than dead. It is a plum situation to have nearby villagers pay a tithe of livestock every cycle of the moon in order to prevent an Ogre attack. Over time, such arrangements pay more



than if the Ogres had descended en masse and eaten the whole lot.

Particularly successful tribes have many tithes on the go at once, meaning a rich stream of food pours into their camp without them lifting a pudgy finger. At one point, after settling in the Badlands, the Ogres of the Thunderguts tribe were collecting bounties from six greenskin tribes, as well as a hefty payment from the fretful men on the other side of the Blood River. Should a deal go bad, such as when funds are short or double-dealing is detected, the Ogres have no qualms about making a bloody example out of anyone.

Ogres, being completely illiterate, rely on crude cave paintings and a tradition of storytelling (or just plain old boasting) to convey the folk tales and legends of their civilisation. One of their earliest myths concerns Old Stoneguts, an Ogre that caught and ate the sun one evening but, due to the heartburn it was causing him, threw it back up the very next morning. Ogres place great stock in feats of strength, and the mythology of the Ogre kingdoms is continually fuelled by the Herculean (and often extremely exaggerated) tasks undertaken by its inhabitants.

THE BRUTISH HORDES

A lone Ogre is capable of besting a dozen men in a fight and a dozen Ogres can overwhelm a village of men and eat the better half of its defenders. A whole army of Ogres, however, is something else altogether. Each Ogre regiment is a sweaty, bellowing mass that

builds up fearsome momentum that slams home like a ton of bricks. An army is made up of many such regiments and it hits like an avalanche — a great, sweeping wave of crushing destruction. But Ogres do not stomp to war by themselves, they bring with them lumbering cave creatures, hairy and long-tuskined monsters from the wild mountains, and all manner of ferocious beasts. The reason Ogres find warfare so much to their liking is that as they crush and conquer their way across the land, they can seize everything they need to survive, and more to spare. Where does an army full of ten-foot tall, musclebound monsters go? The answer, naturally, is 'wherever it wants'. So Ogre armies, led by the largest and most ferocious of their kind, trudge the world, seeking riches and endless supplies of fresh meat. And no matter how much food or loot they seize, it never satisfies them for long.

In battle, Ogres form large battle lines and surge towards the foe, moving with a speed that belies their lumbering forms. Ogres wade into an attack with the same gusto they show when eating and they are proficient fighters that excel in the use of bludgeoning weapons, such as clubs, hammers and even their massive bodies. A backhanded swipe from such a brute has enough force to break a horse's back, and a single charging Ogre can smash a shield wall asunder. If their initial impact does not scatter a foe, Ogres will press on in the grind of close combat. With their great size and thick skin, Ogres can soak up a lot of punishment too, as they are as tough as their mountainous homes — indeed, fighting Ogres is like battling a landslide.



The Ogre Tyrant Gragus Brawlhammer, of the Big Club tribe, belched a deep-throated discharge. As the echoes of the mighty expulsion reverberated from the surrounding mountainsides, Gragus made his ceremonial announcement.

'I've been all over the world and Poe eaten everyfing that walks. But it weren't 'til we came back to these mountains that I almost met my match. This beast,' said Gragus while waving a haunch of Wyoun-meat that would require a dozen men to lift, 'nearly ate me. But I killed it, and tonight we will eat it.'

This, naturally, brought raucous cheers from the tribe, who raised their own mighty hunks of meat into the air in salute. By Ogre standards, that had been quite a long speech and the tribe was glad to get back to eating. Yet their Tyrant had one more thing to say.

'I ain't never met my match,' said Gragus, and I never will.'

No sooner had his boast been made than a distant peal of thunder sounded across the nearby peaks. The Ogres looked up to see the peak of Mount Grimpoint above them illuminated by a streak of crimson lightning, followed by what seemed an unearthly roar. It is not unusual to see strange auroras over the mountains and fierce storms blow out of the Chaos Wastes, so the event went unremarked by all except the tribe's Butcher, who felt his gut twist in premonition. He knew that battle was coming... and soon.

The searing bolt had smote the summit of Mount Grimpoint, and from the resultant fissure arose a Daemon, a glowering Bloodthirster wreathed in smoke. Thus was Krraggaxx sent again to the material world to do the bidding of his master, Khorne; to beat the unbeatable, to humble the mightiest of mortals. Burning with an incandescent fire, Krraggaxx unfurled his wings and howled his bestial challenge into the night. A vast daemonic host materialised at his bellowing call and darkness filled the skies, blotting out the stars. Krraggaxx sniffed out the direction of his prey and began the long descent of the mountain — the deep snow melting with a hiss before his oncoming rage.

The first native creatures that the Daemons encountered were a herd of Rhinoxen. This particular herd lay between the Daemons and their target, and the clash was inevitable. Although they could not see what was coming down the mountain towards them, the Rhinoxen could scent the danger, so they did what they always do... they turned to face their assailants and broke into a lumbering charge. Krraggazz clove into the herd with axe and horns. With a resounding impact, half-a-dozen beasts were scattered high into the air, hurtling off the mountainside into the darkness below. Krraggazz's axe chopped through hardened muscle and bone effortlessly. The Daemon legions followed, turning the slope into an abattoir; Rhinox-flesh and Daemon-gore splattered everywhere.

Many pairs of eyes watched the slaughter for, like most of the great mountains of that range, caves pockmarked Mount Grimpoint. From entrances obscured by deep snow and ice, Ogre Hunters emerged to urge on the many predators at their command. Sabretusks prowled the edges of the Daemon army, pouncing on any that became separated from their formations. Sometimes these beasts were met by claw or hellblade, yet many a Daemon was dragged off to its doom.

At the foot of the mountain, Gragus' Ogres sighted the oncoming danger and dispatched their Mournfang Caotalry up the slopes to meet the threat. When the gibbering Horrors finally drove off the ravenous creatures with baleful magic, many Daemons had been crushed or driven back to the ether. Even more of the hellish host was lost to icewyrm pits or ambushing cragbeasts, but it was the

Stonehorn that did the most damage. Urged on by Gargog the Red, its Hunter, the Stonehorn lumbered out of the ice-fog like the avenging spirit of the mountain and ploughed through the crimson ranks of Bloodletters, squashing them beneath its powerful limbs. With every angry twist of its head, the vast stone horns sliced lithe Daemonettes in hag; their return blows barely scratching the beast's rock-hard flanks.

Up until then, Krraggaxx had been unconcerned with the mounting losses among his minions and had pressed ever downwards, his only concern the boastful Gragus. But now he was forced to ascend to face the Stonehorn, and his roared challenge shook the mountain. Gargog turned the great beast to face the Bloodthirster. Pitting brute strength against battle incarnate, the two powers clashed. Krraggaxx drew first blood, an axe blow that bit deep into the broad shoulders of the Stonehorn. Wrenching back, the Stonehorn forced one of its horns through the Daemon's midriff black ichor burning the earth as it spilt. Each combatant strained to topple the other when, with a sound like a cracking glacier, Krraggaxx broke the horn in twain, freeing himself to once again swing his axe. Strengthened by his own mounting fury, the Bloodthirster rained axe blow after axe blow until finally the Stonehorn collapsed. Gargog himself was dispatched in short order. Only then did the Bloodthirster pause to pull the massive broken horn out of his body. For a moment Krraggaxx seemed to flicker, his very being appearing momentarily translucent. Then, smouldering with the effort, the Daemon roared his triumph and solidified once more amidst his vanquished foes.

The skies were brightening with dawn when the beleaguered Daemonhost entered the valley below Mount Grimpoint. There they found the Big Club tribe arrayed before them, prepared for battle. At the head of the Ogre horde stood the Tyrant, Gragus Brawlhammer — his boulder-club nonchalantly slung over one beefy shoulder. For a moment each side eyed the other, appraising their might, before hurtling forwards to kill or be killed. The mauling bludgeons of the Ogres were pitted against the death-dealing hellblades of the Bloodletters; the lumbering might of Giants against the quick-slicing claws of Daemonettes. Leadbelchers fired devastating volleys into brass-armoured Juggernauts, whilst Ironguts matched rusted blades with foul Plaguebearers. At the epicentre of the maelstrom were Krraggaxx and Gragus, the two towering leaders trading blows while the onslaught surrounded them.

And that is where the Ogre legends begin to differ. Some say that Gragus defeated the Bloodthirster and went on to enjoy a long and illustrious career. Others say that Krraggaxx smote the Tyrant and claimed his skull for the throne of his dark master. The majority of Ogres, however, believe the matter is still undecided. As one story goes, the din of battle was so fierce it caused an avalanche, burying both sides. Although most perished beneath the impossible weight, Gragus and Krraggazz still duel on in some subterranean catacomb, trading axe blow for club strike. Tribal elders point to ground tremors that periodically shake the area as proof of the legend.

Whatever the truth, it cannot be denied that Mount Grimpoint bears a great black fissure at its peak, or that the valley beneath it is buried in a landslide of colossal proportions; nor can any deny that a great, eightpointed monolith now protrudes from the piled rubble. Neither side, however, has ever returned in force — preferring to leave that part of the cold realm well alone. Fate spoke that day, for truly if the denizens of the Ogre Kingdoms don't get you, the mountains themselves will...



THE GREAT MAW

The Ogres worship an all-devouring god they call the Great Maw. Their relationship with this entity is not just one of devotion, but also one of fear, for the Great Maw was once responsible for the near-destruction of the entire Ogre race.

For many thousands of years, the Ogres lived far to the east of the Mountains of Mourn, in an area of great sweeping steppes. On the borders of far Cathay was a fertile and rolling grassland that spread endlessly across the horizon, and there the Ogres thrived and multiplied, fearing nothing and feeding on anything they could find. They lived in nomadic tribes that followed the plentiful herds of grazing gnu-beast and lumbering yak that roamed that open country, providing an ever-replenishing supply of fresh meat.

With no natural barriers to divide their kingdoms, the majority of the Ogre tribes lived as nomads, trading almost as often as fighting. The great secret of fire and basic metalworking was passed to them by their Cathayan neighbours, who in return began to recruit the more intelligent Ogres into the Grand Imperial Army, and there were no conflicts along their shared border. Tribe upon tribe prowled the rolling steppes as their numbers grew. However, the barbarian Ogre civilisation prospered to such an extent that Ogre raids soon began to stray into Cathay itself, preying on the simple peasant children working in the rice fields. As more and more tribes stalked the steppes for food, it was only a matter of time before Ogre raids entered into Cathay and some Ogres preyed upon their neighbours, and before long many Ogres had acquired a taste for Cathayan flesh. This was something which His Most Excellent Majesty Xen Huong, Celestial Dragon Emperor of the Imperial Palace of Grand Cathay, took a very dim view of indeed. With the peaceable relations eroding away, the Celestial Dragon Emperor changed his opinion of the Ogres.

Whether Xen Huong's coven of ancient astromancers had anything to do with the catastrophe that befell the Ogres remains speculation, but not too long after the children of that land began to go missing and bloodied bones littered the paddy fields, a great burning light appeared in the sky. At first it was visible only at night, but with each passing day the object grew brighter until it shone like a second sun. At night the blazing orb grew more luminous, until it eclipsed the light of the twin moons. Over the weeks, it grew to be a baleful, glowering orb that crackled and spat above the plains, turning night into day and driving the wildlife of the steppes mad with fear. A corona of sickly green light shone as the comet daily grew closer, and fanciful observers even claimed that the new celestial body had a face or, more accurately, a mouth.

One fateful night, the comet slammed into the Ogre homelands with such force that it was felt on the other side of the world. All life around the impact site was obliterated in an instant. Two-thirds of the Ogre population was annihilated as the steppes liquefied under the hammer-blow of an angry god. Only those near the edge of the plains escaped immediate destruction. The raging, blinding firestorms that followed the comet's fall incinerated everything for miles and distant witnesses said that it seemed as if beasts of living flame hunted the lands. Could any have been close enough to peer into the massive crater left by the comet's descent, they would have seen that the comet had not stopped on contact, instead burrowed deep into the heart of the world.

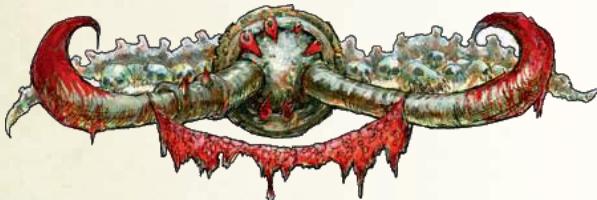
Not all the Ogres were destroyed — those farthest from the impact survived, but for them the worst was yet to come. The once vital plains were reduced to a searing desert of howling sandstorms and baleful energies that stripped the skin from their bones. Other than the remnants of the Ogre population, only a few species of insect had the resilience to survive the disaster. The grasslands were gone, the beast herds were dead and there was nothing in this wasteland to provide nourishment, so the remaining Ogres soon fell to starvation. The surviving tribes degenerated into cannibalism, falling upon each other in fear and hunger as the drought and lack of food gnawed away at their once-full bellies. Perhaps the whole disaster was engineered by the Dragon Emperor's coven of astromancers, or perhaps it was some ill turn of fate that crashed the comet directly into the heart of their homeland. To the Ogres it seemed that a vengeful deity had fallen upon them, consuming all before it: a great and terrible maw that existed purely to feed. Thus, the



insatiable and merciless god of the Ogres was born, for the Ogres had finally found something to fear. From that day on the Ogres were completely in thrall to their appetites. Their hunger, always a defining characteristic of their race, became unnaturally pronounced, and the Great Maw gnawed at their souls.

A HARSH NEW ERA

The remaining Ogres were greatly reduced in number, but the survivors proved to be the strongest of their species — for the weak did not last long. The hardiest Ogres found that the gnawing hunger visited upon them at the time of the Great Maw's landing would not leave. With aching bellies, desperate tribes wandered the barrens seeking any kind of sustenance, while keeping wary eyes on the sporadic storms that scoured the empty plains. Those without the muscle or fortitude to make it were soon eaten by their own tribes. Yet no matter how much the Ogres gorged, they could never fully satisfy their eternal appetites. Mired in the barren wastes with no food and suffering endless hunger pangs, there was little choice for the survivors but to move elsewhere. No longer able to cross into Cathay due to the poisonous desolation left in the comet's wake, the majority of the survivors migrated into the mountain ranges to the west in search of new homelands and respite from the great drought.



THE FIRST PROPHET OF THE MAW

Ogre legend tells of Groth Onefinger, a prophet amongst his kind who, before departing the old lands, dared to lead his tribe on a journey across the deadly desert to look upon — and offer sacrifice to — this new and powerful god. It was no easy matter travelling to the collision site. Hunger, flesh-tearing cyclones and nameless monsters plagued Groth and his tribe. As they neared the impact zone, the fierce winds suddenly changed. Instead of swirling aimlessly, the wind now rushed inwards towards the crater's hole. So strong was that pull that the Ogres had to fight for every step, lest the intake suck them into the great pit. When Groth and his tribe reached the edge, hunkering down and gripping the edge for dear life, what they saw was astounding, and has since been depicted on countless gut-plates and banners, and is forever etched into the consciousness of the Ogre race.

The gaping hole that stretched before Groth was immense, like some newly grown inland sea, except there was no water within, only empty and plummeting

blackness. Its edge was filled with ridge upon ridge of jagged teeth and rippling, convulsing muscle that stretched down into vast nothingness. Here was a gullet so bottomless it could swallow the Ogre race into oblivion and still hunger for more. It exists there even now, a vile, pulsing god visited upon the face of the world by the vengeful heavens. This geographical horror is known to the Ogres as the Great Maw, and they revere it to this day, for it must have been mighty indeed to devour so many in such a short time.

Groth and some few survivors returned with tales that filled the remaining Ogres with awe. Thousands of years have since passed, but many Ogres still follow the footsteps of Groth, for the Great Maw exists there still, a vile pulsing god visited upon the world by the vengeful heavens. Not all who take that journey return, for the trip is deadly. Where once vast herds grazed, now giant razor-limbed insects lurk, waiting to burst from under the wasted land to attack unwary prey. Large carrion birds ride high on the thermals above, keen eyes searching for their next meal. Most deadly of all, however, is the Great Maw itself, for it still hungers.

To this day many Ogres follow in the footsteps of Groth, first prophet of the Maw, in a pilgrimage to their deity. Few return, for the Great Maw still hungers. Its presence writhes like a malevolent worm in the mind of all Ogres, beckoning them onward one by one, to stand upon that mighty precipice. So it is that the Ogres travel the world, subconsciously obeying the restlessness planted within them by their gluttonous god at the time of its birth, forever seeking to escape from that whisper in the back of their minds that pulls them back to their gluttonous, yet insatiable god. Those that have crossed the oceans sometimes claim that there is another Maw on the opposite side of the world, a vast, fanged whirlpool that devours any ship that strays too close, but these claims are usually dismissed by the civilised races as superstition, for how could a comet have gnawed its way through the core of a planet?

Some Ogres, those that have travelled around the globe, even claim that there is another Maw in the ocean on the far side of the world — a vast, fanged whirlpool that devours any ship that strays too close.

Such is the reverence and awe in which the Great Maw is held that the Ogres dig stake-lined pits wherever they travel, throwing in bloody hunks of red meat as offerings to their god before they begin each feast. They regularly fight to the death in the stinking, meat-filled maw-pits dug into the heart of their feast halls, hoping the blood spilled in their cannibal rites will appease their deity. Yet no distance is great enough to escape the pull and lure of the Great Maw, no ritual or feast can fully appease its eternal appetite and, whilst it hungers still, its barbarous sons will feed and feed and feed until they consume the world...



THE BIG MIGRATION

The tribes that were not destroyed in the coming of the Great Maw at first remained in their homeland, but with naught but each other to eat in a land wracked with unnatural storms, many Tyrants chose to lead their tribes away. The Ogres headed westwards, beginning their ascent of the mountains of the Ancient Giant Lands. The going was hard, for the Ogres had to contend with frigid weather, avalanches, howling ice storms, and always the steep and precarious climb. It was the beasts of that land, however that proved the most dangerous. For long years the Ogres had enjoyed the bounty of the plains below, where fat herds proved easy hunting and, of the few predators, the Ogres were by far the largest and most fierce. This was no longer true in the high places of the world.

OGRE ORIGINS

Where exactly the Ogres come from and how they fit in with the other races of the world is a question many scholars have asked. Of course such questions never occur to the Ogres themselves, for they are not scholarly in the least, being unable to read or write. Ogres do value legends — often exaggerated tales of bravado told around campfires — and they do record major events with their cave drawings, but to an Ogre, history means their last meal and ancient history is the feast before that. They are far more concerned with obtaining their next repast than with a debating how or why they came to be.

Elven loremasters believe that the Old Ones, the mysterious beings who shaped so many of the creatures that walk the world, made the Ogres to join the fight against the rising powers of Chaos. However, the Elves theorise that quite a bit was left unfinished with the race when the polar gates collapsed, ushering in a tide of Chaos powers to the world. To the Elves, this explains the rude and intolerably vulgar nature of the Ogres, and hence the graceful rulers of Ulthuan generally disdain them as a lowly and dim-witted race. Human scholars, led by the strangely prophetic Imperial philosopher Albrecht of NuIn, believe that Ogres are close kindred to the race of Halflings, perhaps coming from some common stock, but somewhere in time splitting into two divergent species, perhaps through some foul mutation. There are many similarities: both races are resistant to the effects of Chaos, both have a comparable and all-consuming need to search out their next meal, and both bear unusual behavioural traits — for Ogres the need to smash and eat everything, for Halflings the compulsion to swipe anything not nailed down.

During those gruelling and steep marches, those Ogres who straggled or fell behind were never seen again. Sabretusks, enormous hunting cats with long tusks for eviscerating prey, waited in ambush to pounce upon the unwary. Herds of shaggy Rhinoxen and overly belligerent Stonehorns wandered the slopes, all too willing to flatten anything that strayed too close. During the frequent snow squalls, vision was reduced to only a few strides ahead. In the relative blindness it was not unusual to hear the sounds of a great mauling near to hand, although further inspection would often reveal only bloody smears in the snow, a path of gore indicating the direction in which an Ogre had been dragged off. At first, the cave openings seemed a welcome relief to the Ogres, for even their tough hides could not withstand the endless cold of such high altitudes. However, though they longed for refuge, they soon learned to give the rocky fissures a wide berth, as more often than not they proved to be the lairs of great clawed bear-like creatures, the dreaded Mournfangs, or if the Ogres were especially unlucky, an enormous Cave Drake or Chimera.

A FEAST OF SKY-TITANS

Those Ogres who made it past the first few peaks made a fateful discovery. The upper mountaintops were permanently wreathed in mists, but once that cloud cover was breached, it could be seen that those mighty mountains soared higher still, surely standing as the highest and steepest range in the world. There, far above the clouds, the Ogres first observed the Sky-titans and their vast herds.

The Sky-titans were an ancient race, much taller (and far more intelligent) than the Giants of today. The Sky-titans had hewn vast fortresses into the mountains themselves - blunt, megalithic citadels that overlooked shimmering seas of clouds, pierced by great islands of rock on which stood other castles. Hermitic by nature, the Sky-titans had long ago forgotten about the other races of the world, for they were content in their reclusive realm, hidden from others by the sheer inaccessible nature of the peaks and their shrouding cover of cloud. The Sky-titans rarely descended below the treeline, save only to tend their herds of cave-beasts and enormous mammoths. It was these gargantuan beasts that the Ogres first encountered, and the ravenous Ogres at first thought that they had reached some golden realm of plenty, a veritable promised land of red meat. They were utterly unprepared for herd animals as fierce and dangerous as these, however, and many Ogres found that, instead of a gluttonous feast, they were instead gored by mighty tusks, or stomped to death beneath thunderous hooves. The Ogres swiftly learned that the only way to pull down such creatures was to work together, separating a single beast from

the pack — much as they had observed the giant wolves hunting the snowy slopes.

Noting the growing losses amongst their herds, the Skytitans were soon made aware of this ugly new threat that had climbed the mountains to assail them. Although alarmed, the Skytitans were far from helpless, and they unleashed lightning storms and avalanches, slaying many Ogres and driving others off the mountainside to fall to their doom. Thus began what the Ogres call the War in the Sky, pitting the last surviving Ogre tribes against the Skytitans. Always the attackers, the Ogres surrounded and besieged each peak while the Skytitans defended their castles with enormous cannons, their largest and most loyal herd beasts and, finally, their vast bodies — stomping upon Ogres or snatching them up and hurling them great distances so they plummeted through the clouds and fell many miles to their deaths.

Although their population had been drastically reduced, the Ogres still outnumbered the Skytitans by hundreds to one and, what's more, the Ogres attacked together in tribes whilst the Skytitans lived alone in their fortress-like peaks, too solitary to ever unite under a single banner. The war was a bitter one, but with every victory, the Ogres grew stronger, as every battle provided an absolute glut of flesh. One by one the isolated mountaintop keeps fell and bloody feasts took place in their colossal halls. The more fortunate victims were already dead when the eating began, but by no means were all so lucky.

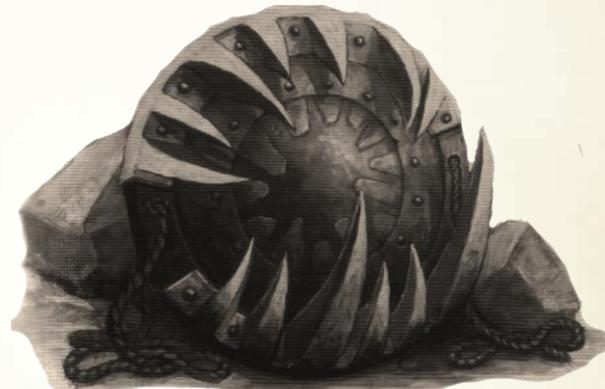
As the Ogres rampaged further into the mountain range, they noticed that not only did the mountains tower ever taller, but that the Skytitans also grew larger and larger. The most ancient of that long-lived race grew to enormous sizes, yet over the great ages of their lives the Skytitans became ever more sedentary, until finally becoming like the mountains themselves. Many Ogres believed that the final peaks they climbed in the Ancient Giant Lands were not mountains at all, but instead the eldest of the Skytitans, now permanently enthroned in living stone. If this was so, they were the last of their kind, for the Ogres could find no more and they reckoned that they had devoured the entire race down to the last finger bone. There was rumour of the final few Skytitans unfettering their mountaintops and sailing away on the clouds, but if this were true, none could say to where the refugees fled or if they ever arrived there safely.

THE SHIMMERING HEIGHTS

Not content with destroying their foes utterly, the Ogres slaughtered their herds of beasts and rampaged across the peaks, toppling castles into the valleys below. Today only a few shattered stone shells and a wide scattering of immense ruins on the valley floors give any evidence of the once proud race of gentle giants and the amazing heights they had reached with their architectural marvels. For a while, the Ogres were

content to stay put, sprawling out atop the shattered halls of the Skytitans and dining on the dwindling and now shepherdless creatures. Yet there, on the very roof of the world, the Ogres began feeling the ill effects of living at such heights.

Great clouds of debris from the explosive coming of the Great Maw continued to be carried upon the wind from the east and it fell heavily onto those highest peaks. At night the skies shimmered with an unnatural aurora and, instinctively, the Ogres knew they must press onwards. Some few foolhardy ones stayed, choosing to live high up above the clouds despite the premonitions many felt. Although Ogres have proven particularly stubborn to the mutating effects of Chaos, they are by no means immune. Over the centuries, the Ogres that stayed to eke out a living amongst the dust tainted sky-castles regressed in nature until they became feral and bestial. They evolved white shaggy fur and long talons and a new affinity for the harsh cold in which they lived. Thus was the mountaintop race of Yhetees born, and although rare, the abominable creatures have spread to many other high places of the world, where they prey on all who dare those frosty realms.



A NEW HOMELAND

As the majority of the Ogre tribes descended the colossal mountains of the Ancient Giant Lands, they headed further westwards into the range known as the Mountains of Mourn. There the Ogres found the air more wholesome, for the unnatural storms and their mutating effects spent their fury on the taller slopes they had left behind. The peaks and valleys of the Mountains of Mourn were rich hunting grounds, harbouring a dizzying profusion of creatures. The Ogre tribes settled in, establishing lairs and campsites amidst the craggy valley floors. Although there were many battles to drive out monstrous creatures, and full-scale wars with tribes of greenskins, Skaven clans and even a few far-flung Dwarf mines that needed to be broken into and given a good scouring, before long the Ogres came to dominate the lands so fully that the area became known as the Ogre Kingdoms.



The Ogres were born a long time ago
Big, strong and fat
The little round ones by our side
We ate and drank till our guts filled

Then came the plains and the tribe
Beasts, sun, grass, wind,
The Sunrisers gave us fire
We fought for them and ate their young

A great toothed comet came
It grew closer by the day
Fire roared in the sky
Killed the night and drove the beasts mad

The Maw was born from the fire
The earth shook at its coming
The flames ate many tribes
To the mountains some fled'

The hungry flame sat, in our guts
We ate the mountains to put it out
But the fire was still there
We climbed further still

We ate Tall Ones' herds
Cavebeast is good meat
We climbed the peaks
Above the giants dwell

The War in the Sky began
They were strong and tall
But the Ogres were many
We ground their bones in their halls

The giant feasts lasted many moons
But it is not good above the cloud sea
We toppled their castles
We threw them down into the skies

There was magic in the peaks
Some were born sickly and fierce
Some changed into ice beasts
The rest followed the sun

The sun took us to deep valleys
Below the cloud sea
The world looked small
We would take it and eat

The new mountains gave shelter
We made fire in their mouths
We killed many beasts
The tribes grew well

Little ones came from hills
Green of skin and useful
They were too stringy to eat
We put them to work

The thinlings came in great wheel huts
We ate them and took the shiny things
They gave us small metal suns
Bad to eat but good for trade

The tribes split the lands
The Tyrants roared and fought
There were many kingdoms
It was good for many winters

The tribes grew and grew too much
Now we follow the sun once more

- traditional saga of the Ogres, as depicted on many cave walls throughout the Ogre kingdoms, and interpreted by the notoriously untrustworthy Marienburg trader Yohan the Honest. Rumour has it that he and his entourage were eaten when he tried to cheat the Angry Fist Tribe.

The Ogre Kingdoms



THE OGRE KINGDOMS

If an explorer were intrepid or foolhardy enough to cross from the Old World into the Worlds Edge Mountains and beyond, he would find himself travelling through the ash-choked plains of the Dark Lands. Were he then to negotiate his way past hosing, oily quagmires and cradling rivers of lava, all the while avoiding roving bands of Hobgoblins and Goblin wolf riders, he might survive long enough to reach the Howling Wastes. Should he travel safely along the passage between the Chaos Dwarf citadel of Daemon's Stump and the squat, malignant shadow of the Black Fortress, a vast mountain range would appear on the horizon. If he could complete his trek across the acrid, parched earth of that realm and cross the pollution-choked River Ruin, he would enter the Ogre kingdoms, and it is there that the real dangers lurk.

Wandering armies of Ogres can be found wrecking their way across the globe, and they have many strongholds in far off and exotic realms. Despite their widespread nature, all Ogres refer to the scattered kingdoms along the slopes and river valleys of the Mountains of Mourn as their homeland. The Ogre kingdoms themselves are situated within the craggy valleys and cave networks of the Mountains of Mourn. It is here, amongst those peaks and lowlands, that the Ogres rule over their own brutal domain; hunting, eating and sometimes riding to war upon the cavebeasts that dwell there — shaggy Rhinox and



Mammoth being the most common.. Although they may spend years plundering the four corners of the world, hiring out as mercenaries or stomping trails of destruction across various nations, an Ogre will always seek to return to the Mountains of Mourn, if for nothing else than to boast about his exploits.

The Mountains of Mourn are a vast and sprawling range known for their harsh climate and deadly inhabitants. The snow-covered peaks rise up from the ashen plains of the Dark Lands and stretch to the east before being overshadowed by the gargantuan mountains of the Ancient Giant Lands. The mountains are of such size that they sustain several distinct groups of creature, depending on altitude – it takes a far hardier beast to weather the wind-lashed peaks than it does the rolling foothills around the base of the mountain ranges. To climb the Mountains of Mourn is to leave the treeline below and enter a realm of ice and snow, a craggy land of stony outcrops and sheer cliff faces. Immense slabs of rock jut upwards to jagged heights, reaching far above the clouds. Before passing up into the dense mists, it is possible to look westwards and see the pall that hangs over the plains of the Dark Lands, punctuated by far off tongues of glowering orange flames — volcanoes, or the great forge-factories of the Chaos Dwarfs. At such heights the winds howl, swirling in all directions and bringing abrupt weather changes; the impossibly blue skies of high altitude can, in an instant, be replaced by blinding snow squalls, blizzards and ice storms that can freeze even an Ogre solid in moments.

THE BEASTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

Despite the inhospitable weather, the Mountains of Mourn teem with life. Herds of great woolly beasts are plentiful, crisscrossing the boulder-strewn slopes and snowy plateaus seeking food. They are primeval creatures that have existed unchanged since the world was still covered in ice. Due to their harsh environment, the beasts are hardy, but the weather and steep heights are not the only danger — a host of large and especially fierce predators stalk the mountainsides. To survive against the host of carnivores, even the lowliest herd beasts have developed tremendous size, great strength or some other defensive trait to combat the red-toothed hunters.

In the upper mountains, the Yhetees stalk their blinding white world of snowdrifts and merciless ice storms. Only a creature with a supernatural tolerance for the elements can survive in the upper peaks for any length of time. But the Yhetee is a creamer born of the mountains in ages past when the Ogre race was young and adaptable. In their icicle encrusted lairs, they pick the bones of men and beasts that have fallen prey to their freezing breath and iron-hard claws.



There are richer pickings still further down the mountainside, for where the elements allow flora and fauna to thrive, the great beasts of the mountains shamble and prowl. Shaggy ice elk butt razor-sharp antlers in fierce leadership challenges. Sabretusks stalk the passes, pouncing upon any creatures foolish enough to stray from the pack and ripping them apart with foot-long teeth. Rhinoxen wander the slopes in great migratory herds, flattening anything that threatens them with devastating charges, the ground shaking under the thunder of their hooves.

It is said that there are a thousand ways to die in the Ogre kingdoms, but in truth a good half of those involve disappearing down something's gullet. There are species in this inhospitable world that cannot kill a full-grown man, but they are few in number. The Mountains of Mourn crawl with predatory species, and even the few herbivorous cave-beasts that prowl the slopes are equipped with lethal natural weaponry. But it is the valleys that harbour the most dangerous denizens of the Mountains of Mourn; the Ogres themselves, who pose the direst threat to an unwary traveller straying upon their territory. There is not a single species of beast in the mountains that has not been hunted, killed and eaten by Ogres in the past. With fire, iron-shod club and a determination born from deep within their bellies, an Ogre hunting party can bring down anything from a cave bear to a towering frost giant. Not a day goes past without a network of bloody trails staining the snow, as the Ogres bring a constant supply of fresh meat back to their caves.

Whether predator or prey, hunter or herbivore, all the beasts of the mountains grow large and ferocious. The weak do not live long, succumbing to the elements or prowling monsters, their carcasses left to be picked over by the carrion-eaters. Even among this low tier of animals, the skulking scavengers grow menacingly large in the Mountains of Mourn. While blood vultures or fangweasels are little more than a nuisance to an Ogre, such pests are more than capable of taking down and slaying an unwary Gnoblar. Nestling amongst the cracks and crevasses of the Ogre kingdoms are the shanty towns of the Gnoblars; Greenskins that have migrated from the foothills of their ancestry to live under the dubious protection of their Ogre masters. The Mountains of Mourn are rife with Gnoblars, particularly around Ogre camps where the thieving creatures live a parasitic existing in the cracks and crevices. The hills are still infested with the verminous and greedy race, stealing spying and occasionally even raiding the caravans that pass through their lands. Individually, more threat is likely posed by a brooding fangweasel or an irate wolf cub, but the Gnoblars are wont to swarm from their dens in an evil smelling tide. Once a region becomes riddled with Gnoblars it is very difficult to get rid of them. Close relatives of Goblins, Gnoblars are tolerated by Ogres, who find them too scrawny to eat, at least if there is anything else around.

Some Ogre tribes even allow the little runts to fetch things or tag along to battles.

A LAND OF CAVES

Many caves are riddled into the Mountains of Mourn and there is fierce competition to claim them. Some of these rocky dens are home to mutated monsters — the tri-throated calls of the Chimera or the rock-splitting roars of an enraged Manticore are not uncommon. The lairs of particularly ferocious monsters have become landmarks — such as the ice caverns where coils the serpentine wyrm, Ymirdrak, a Frost Dragon so powerful its breath once froze an entire Ogre tribe into a glacier-like block of ice, where they were plucked out and eaten at the creature's whim. While most avoid such notorious dens, they are a magnet for foolhardy Ogres out to prove their prowess. The stone statues outside the Hissing Pits are a testament to the legions who have aspired to slay Balorith the Rockeye, a large and deviously treacherous Cockatrice that has haunted that region for several centuries.

Most Ogres see caves as places to hunt or, if the fissures are lower down the mountainsides, convenient places to hurl their wastes. Although not a race suited to underground living, Ogres do use caves to take refuge from the fiercest of storms and a few tribes even dwell in them. Those that live in caves high up amongst the peaks are some the toughest of all Ogres, for they persevere in frigid climates and constantly battle enormous beasts for possession of the best lairs.

THE EVER-CHANGING LANDSCAPES

Unnatural phenomena are commonplace in and around the Mountains of Mourn, for the proximity of the Chaos Wastes plays havoc with the landscape. It is not unusual to see mountain-sized glaciers form in the northernmost ranges and move south. These frozen masses are often created by the eruption of frost volcanoes, great conical mountains that spew not magma, but instead rivers of ice.

Untainted by the powers of raw Chaos, a glacier might take decades to form and the ice mountain would travel only a modest distance. Yet in the Mountains of Mourn, glaciers can form in a day and move as rapidly as a charging Rhinox, eradicating all in their path — camps, roadways, and even mountains — it is a land where even the summits seem to be at war. The Ogres tell of living mountains, colossal, rocky titans as once walked the lands. To Ogres, all quakes or tremors are merely signs of the enormous creatures waking up or showing their displeasure. The most famous of all the sentient peaks is Mount Thug, and Ogres place great store in scaling its lethal heights. Mount Thug is as malevolent as it is vast, and most who dare its slopes are crushed by avalanches or caught up within stony jaws as the mountain feeds. To the Ogres, these occasional shifts are just another danger to overcome.

The nomadic tribes keep a wary eye for oncoming threats and, more importantly, for opportunities that might arise, such as a newly uncovered mountain pass or recently made migratory route for tasty herd animals.

VALLEYS OF DEATH

Most Ogres reside in the valleys, where they are less subject to the severe cold and wild beasts of the higher altitudes. Each separate valley is considered the territory of a single tribe. Ever straightforward, an Ogre Tyrant defines his kingdom by the distance he can see in all directions. This might seem like an incredibly vague and impractical method of declaring borders, but the steep, sheer-sided valleys frame one's vision and offer (at least to an Ogre) clear-cut demarcation. Natural borders such as mountain passes and the tributaries that flow down to the River Ruin also play an important part in the division of one Tyrant's territory from another. Best of all, this approach leaves opportunities for ambitious Tyrants to crane their almost non-existent necks and thereby expand their realm. Mountain passes or rivers that cut through the valleys allow greater vistas and naturally form contentious hotspots between neighbouring tribes.

THE GRAND FEAST

At the heart of each Ogre kingdom is a great moss-covered menhir with the tribe's own sigil carved into its side, known as a Mawtooth. These are not religious in their own right (for the Ogres use their maw-pits as a focus for their sacrifices) but rather serve to connect the Ogre kingdoms on a spiritual level. When each tribe brings its Mawtooth to the Grand Feast every year, they are placed in a wide circle to form the teeth of the Great Maw. The Grand Feast is traditionally a festival that runs for at least a week on the slopes of the volcano known as the Fire Mouth.

It is a great honour to carry the Mawtooth, and only the Tyrant, his Bruisers and his Ironguts will make the journey, taking it in turns to carry the burden until they are in the shadow of the Fire Mouth. When the circle of Mawteeth is complete, the feast begins in earnest. All disputes between Tyrants are fought, gutsout, within this circle of monoliths, and settled in blood. These are by far the most vicious duels seen throughout the year, and cause great excitement, weeding out any animosity between tribes before the week of eating and drinking takes place.

The Mawtooth of Greasus Goldtooth himself is (somewhat predictably) made of purest gold, and set at the top of the circle. So it is that many rich Ogres will hammer a chunk of gold into their gums to replace a lost tooth, the better to resemble the incarnation of their deity.

Disputes are settled by fighting — either by battle between tribes or a challenge between Tyrants. With a race as warlike as the Ogres, such disputes are common and bloody, with the weaker tribes driven out or devoured. Thus the Ogre system mirrors that of the beasts of the higher mountains: only the strongest survive.

Indeed, when the Ogres first vented in the Mountains of Mourn, several centuries of tribal war saw the Ogre population decrease to a third of its original size before territory became less of a problem. The more prosperous the Ogre race becomes, the more the strife of those times is likely to resurface. This limiting factor keeps the Ogre population in check and also helps weed out the weaker tribes, who are invariably eaten by their stronger neighbours.

But times are changing in the Ogre kingdoms. Through sheer strength of will, force of personality and size of coffers, Greasus Goldtooth, the current Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms, has managed to unite the tribes under one gut. This newfound unity is due in part to his exceptional network of Gnoblar spies and messengers. Any Ogre tribe that declares outright war against their neighbours will soon find themselves on the end of an attack by the Goldtooth clan itself, the most numerous and best equipped of the Ogre tribes, until order is restored once more. It is because of this enforced truce amongst the kingdoms that the Ogre population is brimming over, and the tribes have begun to migrate west once again. Once a year, this truce is strengthened by the Grand Feast held by the Overtyrant on the sacred Meat Day.



Ogre camps are found in the sheltered valleys but to get to the majority of the game they must travel further up the slopes. With iron-shod clubs and a determination born deep within their bellies, Ogre hunting parties ascend the mountains daily to secure vast quantities of fresh meat. Ogres hunt anything and everything and there is not a single species in the Mountains of Mourn that has not been hunted, killed and eaten by them. Hunting parties must be wary, however, as blinding snow storms can sweep out of nowhere and there are always other carnivores on the prowl, either beasts large enough to confront a large group of Ogres, or stealthy creatures that will pick off any stragglers. On occasion one of the enormous predators of the upper reaches will venture downwards, daring to enter the Ogre-dominated valleylands and prey upon the tribes. Ogres are well accustomed to fighting such monsters and only the largest and most ferocious of their kind ever survive long enough to return back up the mountain.



Amidst the lowlands and boulder-strewn vales are found the only trees that grow in the Mountains of Mourn — tall stands of pines whose gnarled bark forms leering faces and, higher up on the crumbly shale slopes, groves of wind-buffeted conifers, their twisted roots clinging tenaciously to the mountainside. Ogres value such hardwoods because the Mourn-woods make the sturdiest clubs. Trees are also felled for use in other constructions, such as banner poles, tent frames, crude feasting tables and even the ramshackle war machines that are hauled to battle by Rhinoxen.

ROADS AND MOUNTAIN PASSES

Many routes lead into the Mountains of Mourn, but few go through to the other side. Most are little more than crude paths, worn by the migrations of beast herds, although some are crumbling stone roads, doubtlessly of ancient Dwarf-make, for they wind upwards towards long-abandoned mine workings or, more mysteriously, end at cliff walls. There are numerous dusty, boulder-lined paths between kingdoms, although to enter another kingdom without leave of its Tyrant (and payment of a hefty fee) is a declaration of war.

There are a few well-known roadways, although to call them trade routes implies they are better maintained and travelled than is true. The most renowned route is the perilous Ivory Road, a trail that enters the Mountains of Mourn at the Giant's Rocks — a crude ford in the River Ruin made of colossal stones hurled into the raging current to form a rare, if dangerous, crossing. It is an ominous sight, for from there the road passes between two immense pinnacles that frame the most accessible entrance into the mountain range. This is the Valley of Horns, a steep-sided vale littered with the petrified remains of enormous beasts, many of

which can only be relics from a different age of the world. At one point the Ivory Road passes through the ossified ribcage of a creature so large it defies belief. Elsewhere, the largest of ancient tusks have been stood on end to form imposing archways, which even a Giant could easily walk through without stooping.

All tribes covet the valleys through which the Ivory Road runs, as steep fees can be demanded from any who dare travel along it. There is such competition for these prime locales, that only the strongest of tribes can maintain control over such plum territories for long. Currently, the largest tract of the Ivory Road runs through the kingdom of the Ogre Over tyrant, Greasus Goldtooth. As this road is the best path for Ogres taking a pilgrimage to the Great Maw, there is always revenue streaming into the coffers of Greasus.

THE IVORY ROAD

The continent-spanning trade route known as the Ivory Road is often said to be the only traversable way from the Old World through the hazards of the East and into the heartlands of Grand Cathay, and even then the journey is fraught with peril. The caravans that travel it are almost like nomadic towns; such is their scale that a Great Caravan can reach a full mile in length. They are heavily defended, as they have to travel through some of the most dangerous and hostile areas on the face of the world. Caravans are regularly beset by marauding wolf riders, Chaos Dwarves, Skaven, Giants, Goblins, Ogres, Black Orcs, cave-beasts, Hobgoblins, giant scorpions and dark things that stalk the shadows in the moonlight. As a result, a caravan will typically employ whole families of Ogre mercenaries to act as caravan guards — a very prestigious occupation as far as Ogres are concerned, for the combination of gold, good food and near-constant danger is a powerful draw.

The Ivory Road passes from various cities of the Old World through the Worlds Edge Mountains, past the dwarven hold of Karak Drazh and along Death Pass. It winds through the treacherous, haunted mountains until they pan out into the Dark Lands, where it passes to the north of the Goblin-infested Mount Griffang and angles north-east towards the Howling Wastes. These desolate plains are plagued by near-constant gale force winds that shriek and 'scream across the blasted heath — some whisper that these are the voices of those that have died in this evil land. In the midst of this realm stand the gigantic standing stones known as the Sentinels. As the journey to this landmark passes through the heart of the industrial wasteland that are the Chaos Dwarf realms, only a heavily guarded caravan stands any chance of arriving in one piece.

A pair of enormous rock formations jutting out of the ashen plains, the Sentinels are deep in the Howling Wastes. They are the only area of relative safety in this nightmarish landscape, despite their relative proximity to Black Fortress and the Daemon's Stump; a ghastly citadel where the scions of Chaos gibber and prowl.

The Sentinels acts as a trading post for Rhinoxen, furs, provisions and other equipment necessary for a sustained trek through the mountains, and a caravan often change guard in this location before heading off on the next leg of its journey. The sheer faces of these standing stones, eroded by aeons of harsh weather, have countless winches, lanterns, tunnels Gnoblar nests, smuggling holes and pulley systems set into them, and harbour so many adventurers and entrepreneurs that they teem with activity day and night.

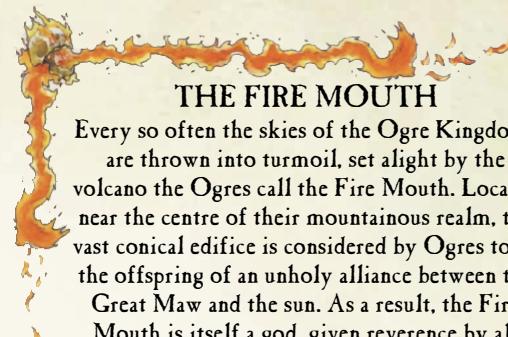
From the Sentinels, the Ivory Road forks, with the main road continuing east, and the secondary road — the Spice Route — travelling south to the trading settlement of Pigbarter at the mouth of the polluted River Ruin. This is by far the safer route, for once a traveller has made his way past the stinking sulphur pits of the Desolation of Azgoth, he finds himself in the wild and largely deserted homelands of the Hill Goblins until he reaches civilisation, or something approaching it.

From Pigbarter the Spice Route heads east into distant Ind, the Land of a Thousand Gods. It snakes through the far north of Ind, at the tail of a great mountain range, where the monasteries of the Celestial Dragon Monks are to be found. Mystical but highly aggressive, these legendary warriors practice enlightenment through violence, and through strict meditation and training have even mastered the ability to breathe fire and run across water without breaking its surface.

The Ivory Road itself runs alongside one of the tributaries of the River Ruin high into the mountains. There it faces a new set of dangers, amongst them the tribes of the Ogres and their Gnoblar slaves. Bizarrely, it is the latter that pose more of a problem to the caravans: 'civilised' Ogres, and especially those under the rule of Greasus Goldtooth, have a healthy respect for the great caravans and in general will not attack them unless in direst need. Not only that, but it is easy to see an Ogre raid coming and defend accordingly. Not so with the Gnoblar scrappers: a light-fingered, mean-spirited subculture of Hill Goblins (often called Magpies by the caravan's staff) that seem to get just about everywhere and make off with anything they can carry for their own tiny imitation scrapcaravans. If a Great Caravan makes it through the Ogre kingdoms, fending off predatory sabretusk packs, feral Gorgers, hungry cave bears and worse, all the while withstanding the harsh climate and sub-zero temperatures, it will eventually cross the Mountains of Mourn and emerge into the Ancient Giant Holds.

THE ROAD TO THE GREAT MAW

All Ogres are drawn to return to their ancient homelands, to see the wastelands of legend and to stand before the great precipice of their living god. Constant battle, arduous travel and, most of all, glutinous feasts can temporarily drive thoughts of the



THE FIRE MOUTH

Every so often the skies of the Ogre Kingdoms are thrown into turmoil, set alight by the volcano the Ogres call the Fire Mouth. Located near the centre of their mountainous realm, the vast conical edifice is considered by Ogres to be the offspring of an unholy alliance between the Great Maw and the sun. As a result, the Fire Mouth is itself a god, given reverence by all Ogres and especially worshiped by those tribes that have witnessed the power of its titanic eruptions. Many pilgrimages are made to the volcano when it is impossible for an Ogre to seek out the Maw itself.

The volcano even has its own blazing priests, the Firebellies. The majority of the Firebellies cluster in a small tribe at the foot of their molten-hearted god where they lead many rituals. After years of service to their god, Firebellies often become possessed with wanderlust and will join other tribes throughout the Ogre Kingdoms, or even travel to far distant realms. Along the way, Firebellies will spread the word of their angry god before returning, leading a pilgrimage of many Ogres. Never truly at rest, the Fire Mouth periodically bubbles and spits thick streams of lava down its sides like an over brimming meat pot. Its major eruptions are always seen by the Ogres as a sure sign that it is time for war.

The Great Feasts that are held in its shadow inevitably result in the deaths of those Ogres that cannot stomach an entire week spent doing little else but eating meat. Towards the end of the Great Feasts, there are always a few who refuse their food, whose guts leave distended and split under the pressure of constant consumption.

These Ogres are seen as heretics, committing the cardinal sin of refusing to eat in the shadow of an Ogre demigod, and are hoisted bodily up the slopes of the Fire Mouth to be thrown into the hissing lava below. Such is the fate of all that disrespect the Maw during the Grand Feast.

Great Maw away, but they always return. If an Ogre lives long enough, that is to say, if battles or prowling monsters don't take him first, they eventually must answer the siren call. Most often this happens to individuals or small groups, who typically just drift away to begin their trek without saying a word. On occasion, entire tribes become smitten and will pack up camp for the long journey.

The Ivory Road winds through steep valleys and climbs up mountain passes. In places the trail is marked by large menhirs, many of which bear the scrawled sign of the Great Maw, or perhaps the marks



of passing tribes. Along the roadway, Gnoblar shanty towns crop up; settlements made of sticks, broken axles and piled rubble. Here, the sneaky creatures sell scraps, skins and pilfered items to the sporadic pilgrims that slog by, naturally taking every opportunity to scavenge and steal anything they can get their grasping fingers upon. Innumerable dangers haunt the road and Mournfangs and Sabretusks are constantly on the prowl. Where the path winds below the mist-shrouded peaks of the Ancient Giant Holds the path often skirts vast ruins of shattered masonry before it comes, at last, to the edge of the desolate wastes. A last trading post — Shambletown — teems with Gnoblars and cast-offs, hawking dubious haunches of meat and counterfeit trinkets claimed to be Maw-charms or lucky stones that the Great Maw spat out, or perhaps the very club that Groth Onefinger carried. It is a dangerous route and many do not make it to the end. Fewer still return from their journey, either lost in the wastes, or consumed by the almighty Great Maw itself.

THE ANCIENT GIANT HOLDS

The mountain range to the east of the Ogre kingdoms is colossal in scale, making even the mighty peaks of the Mountains of Mourn look small by comparison. Even their lower slopes are so far above the cloud-line that very few know of their true scale, and the air is so thin at such jaw-dropping altitude that a normal man could not explore a fraction of their majesty before his lungs collapsed. And yet, back when the world was young, they supported an entire civilisation of intelligent Giants, known as the Skytitans. The Sky, titans hewed and crafted the mountains into megalithic castles that climbed high into the crystal blue sky, enabling them to look out across a sea of cloud punctuated by great islands of rock on which other citadels perched. These Sky-giants lived a hermitic existence, ignorant of the younger races, and only descended onto the slopes to shepherd the herds of great mammoth that inhabited the plateau below.

Hundreds of miles away, the coming of the Great Maw triggered the first of the Ogre migrations, sending thousands of confused and starving Ogres up into the mountains in an attempt to escape the lethal attentions of their new god. Their arrival heralded violence of unprecedented scale in the mountaintops. The Ogres were as a plague of locusts to the Skytitans, for they ate everything they could find, stripping the mountains of all life and slaughtering their mammoth herds with abandon. A bitter war raged above the clouds for years, but the Ogres were far more numerous than the Skytitans, and soon grew strong on their flesh. Eventually the Ogres overthrew the Skytitans, devouring the entire race down to the last fingerbone in grand feasts, sometimes whilst their unfortunate victims were still alive. Not content with destroying their foes utterly, the Ogres-rampaged through the peaks, toppling their castles into the valleys below.

The only shreds of evidence of this once-proud race's existence are the immense ruins that have tumbled down into the mountain passes at the feet of the mountain range. The famous trade route known as the Ivory Road joins one of these passes, winding around enormous chunks of masonry that were once the foundation stones of a city of coshes in die sky. The deserted city of megaliths is amongst the safest areas the Ivory Road passes through, as the Ardent Giant Holds are haunted by little more than shadows and movements seen out of the corner of the eye.

THE BALEFUL DESERTS

Once the caravans have passed through the mountains and emerged on the other side, they rumble into the Baleful Deserts in the north-east of Cathay heavy metal screens are erected to protect against the hazards of this barren desert, and much of this period of the journey spent sealed within the caravans. After all, almost nothing lives in the deserts aside from the odd Ogre pilgrim and the razor-limbed, black-carapaced giant insects that burst from under the vitrified sand in showers of glass to attack unwary prey. Nonetheless, there are a host of other dangers the caravan faces on its way through the desert, and all are far more insidious. Sickness, cabin fever, starvation, dehydration, mutation and poisoning, are all likely to occur as the caravan makes the last leg of its journey before desert finally turns to rice field and the caravan rumbles into Great Cathay. It is a testament to the vast riches that can be amassed by a successful caravan trading mission, or perhaps to plain human greed, that such a hazardous journey should be undertaken in the name of commerce.

MOUNT THUG

The infamous Mount Thug is enormous in scale a huge and forbidding peak that stretches far above the clouds. It is widely regarded by the Ogres as a living thing because those foolish or brave enou.0 to attempt to scale its glacial sides are usually buried under hundreds of tonnes of boulders and wet snow before they leave the lower slopes To the denizens of the Ogre kingdoms this is bow the mountain feeds on its victims -jaws of jagged rock dosing on those that dare to rouse it from its sleep. Even the sounds of a pick impacting oar the vertical face of a glacier is enough to send an aspiring limber to an icy tomb, so any Ogre who dares challenge the mountain is forced to do so with his bare bands it is seen as a feat of great prowess to reach the upper slopes of Tug and any who do so inevitably go on to become Tyrant of their tribe.

A more learned observer might comment upon how the unusual shape of Thug could lead to a greater number of avalanches than usual, and how this could lead to its daunting reputation in a primitive society. But the Ogres know the truth – Mount Thug is as malevolent as it is vast.



THE IVORY ROAD

Perilous adventure in the wild lands of the Ogre Kingdoms

Being a collection of excerpts from the journal of noted explorer and eventual Firemaster of the Angry Fist Tribe, Reuben Kyte.

Sigmarzeit 12th, the year of our Lord Sigmar 2502

I'll be a happy man if I never set foot on a boat again! By all the gods, that journey nearly finished me — a mere three days after we set off I concluded that I would rather have walked naked through the Dark Lands than attempt the coast by schooner again. The stinking, sweltering hold, the appalling squalls that drove me down there, the swarthy, opportunistic sons-of-goats that pass as crew, and maggot-riddled rations that I wouldn't offer to a rat. All topped off with the constant rolling of the seas that forced my beloved stomach to endure a fortnight of torment. I couldn't even write a sentence without my quill spattering and scattering ink. Bregh seemed unbothered throughout, but quite how young Ergo survived the ordeal so well I shall never know. He assures me it has to do with a low centre of gravity, but I'd wager the Halfling race is a good deal hardier than it likes to appear. I kissed the sweet shores when we finally moored the schooner, so pleased I was to be able to stand on dry land — my legs feel like they are made from no more than gristle and spit even now. My mapmaking of the kingdoms of the Ogre had better earn me a pretty penny, for all this effort and hardship.

Sigmarzeit 13th

Well, the journey has certainly been entertaining so far. It is good to be back on dry land (I can walk in a straight line again) but the Scalded Delta is pressing home how it came upon its name. I don't know if it's due to volcanic activity below the surface of the world, all this sulphur that makes the place stink like a devil's armpit, or an industrial by-product of the dark Dwarfs who plague the plains to the north, but the water is near boiling point — Ergo badly scalded his hairy little feet when trying for a quick paddle in the pungent waters of the River Ruin. Or so he says — is it happy coincidence that he gets to spend the next few days reclining on the bedding rolls atop our mountainous guide's backpack? I doubt it, though Bregh doesn't seem to mind the extra weight, or come to that the other annoying insects that hover over his head night and day. There seems to be a peculiar kinship between them. The usually silent Ogre has even spoken to the Halfling on more than one occasion, an honour he has yet to extend to any of us mere humans.

Sigmarzeit 19th

Pigbarter is in sight! I can hardly wait for a hot meal and a decent bed. The crew just laughed when I said I was looking forward to getting back to something approaching civilisation, but it's a major trading post — how bad can it be?

Sigmarzeit 20th

Pigbarter is without doubt the foulest sewer of a rotting excuse for a town I have ever stepped into in all my eight years as a traveller of the world. The whole place is choked with a fug of yellow, acrid-tasting smoke from the River Ruin, slouching its way past buildings raised on stilt-like legs.

Each habitation is rimmed with sharp shards of glass and sharpened nails that have been hammered into the wood of the foundation timbers and supporting beams, presumably to prevent nocturnal raids from the Gnoblars that infest this benighted town. These beams are almost without exception riddled with woodworm, centipede and louse, and as a result a good third of Pigbarter's buildings have collapsed to form a ramshackle floor of shanty towns housing said Goblins. Quite how man and greenskin can coexist in this manner is incomprehensible to me; surely the two-level division can only accomplish so much.

I stayed the night in a lice-infested hut no larger than our berth on the good ship Fraulein, my fitful dreams of a hot bath and a comfortable feather bed with a comely wench on either side of me constantly interrupted by the deafening bellow that Bregh considers a snore. Still, rather the brute blocks the door than we leave our goods undefended and wake up to find that everything from our swords to our socks has been pilfered by grasping greenskin fingers during the night.

Sigmarzeit 21st

Although Frederico assures me that Pigbarter is the best place to purchase supplies hereabouts I can't wait to get back on the open road. This town stinks — a combination of dead fish and the dead greenskins slowly shrivelling on the roof of each dwelling place. The citizens (if I can use such a term for the wretches that wade through the flows of detritus) take great pains not to see their ill-gotten goods disappear in the night — shabby-looking but well-trained eagle owls circle above the huts, entrusted with the duty of mauling any light-fingered Goblin upon a nocturnal raid. My host's own owl, Bok-bok, is larger than a hound and can see perfectly in the dark — quite capable of picking a thief from the shadows even without the looming presence of our Ogre manservant. Those caught are strung up on the roofs of the huts, a gourmet treat for our avian policemen. No doubt the screams of these unfortunates serve as a warning to others who might feel tempted to raid the dirty stilt-shacks.

By midday the whole place is in pandemonium; a shouting, bleating, baying, oinking marketplace that stretches over a mile in every direction. I must confess I stayed in my hut rather than brave the crowded streets, bristling with boars that rut freely below the huts and fierce-looking, sallow market stall owners. In retrospect I regret having missed the so-called 'pig-jousting' event that our mercenaries had such a fine time betting upon.

Sigmarzeit 22nd

A most eventful night — somehow a Gnoblard had managed to penetrate the defences of my host's hut whilst its partner in crime diverted the attentions of Bregh and our resident eagle owl. Word must have spread that we were spending gold coins, for I awoke to find thin fingers creeping around my money belt. Whilst I feigned sleep, Ergo slowly reached out toward the egg-encrusted breakfast skillet, bringing it down upon the misshapen head of the little thief with such a resounding clang that he



awoke not only the whole household, but those on either side. The greenskin hit the floorboards with a thud, its eyes and needle-fanged mouth open wide. Despite the fact that our little visitor now languishes above me on the roof. I did not sleep well after having those sharp little teeth so near my throat. All I hope is that we do not encounter the larger cousins of these greenskins on our journeys to the north.

As the sun sets across the broken rooftops, we have supplies. I have my solitude, and we have purchased a functional set of pack horses for the next stage of our journey — the foothills of the mountains themselves.

Sigmarzeit 23rd

For the next week or so we travel through the hills, Gnoblar country as it is known to the inhabitants of Pigbarter. It seems pleasant enough, a green and fecund place in comparison to the brown sludge of the township. I imagine this place once teemed with the little blighters, but now most of the Goblin warrens are deserted altogether. Now and then we see a hovering arrowhawk, viciously beaked killers who feed not only upon the Gnoblars but also on any of the children of Pigbarter who stray too far north. This, combined with the alleged slave raids that take place in these parts and the townspeople's fondness for the javelin-based sport of runtspike, may have driven the Gnoblars to pastures new.

Sigmarzeit 31st

As usual, we made camp under the open skies, cold and damp without a fire to warm us — both Frederico and Bregh assure me that far worse things haunt these hills than Gnoblars and we would do well not to attract them. I must confess I do not like such dark hints, I am an explorer of some repute and do not scare easily to bedtime tales of bogeymen and boggarts. The nights have been pretty uneventful, in any case.

During the course of the day we passed a Gnoblar scrap caravan on its way to Pigbarter, pulled by quite the biggest beast of burden I have ever seen. This, according to Ergo and his new Ogre friend, was a Rhinoxen, a hairy slab of muscle and temper with four legs like tree trunks, a long knobbed head sporting two great horns of bone, and beady little eyes that seemed to fix me to the spot as it thudded past. Tied to the beast's haunches by rough straps of leather were the remains of a chariot, every inch covered in scrap. The bric-a-brac ranged from battered pots and pans to blackened timber spars to shiny horse brasses and jangling chains, all jealously guarded by hissing Gnoblars with beringed fingers and nasty-looking scars. This was the first of many such wagons, all tied to the one in front, a caravan of some length that clanked and rattled its way past our little entourage on its way to the markets. I suppose that, to a pauper greenskin, even a shiny spoon is a thing of great wonder and value. If they only knew what lay secured tightly within the depths of my bedroll!

Sommerzeit 1st-12th

Largely uneventful days travelling through the deserted foothills of Gnoblar country. The warrens hereabouts now contain nothing more than hare and bristlehog. Ergo and myself practiced with our shortbows from the backs of our respective mounts — the tally now stands at eight hares to three in favour of the Halfling. Amazing how his 'badly wounded' state has not affected his aim in the slightest. Lazy little opportunist.

Sommerzeit 13th

The Sentinels are in sight - we have made good speed. That, unfortunately, is the only piece of good news relating to the current leg of our journey.

Early this morning we emerged from the hills and valleys into the flat, desolate landscape known as the Howling Wastes. And not without good reason. These bleak plains are forever plagued by a thin, devil-spawned wind that whips across the blighted landscape and pulls at ones clothes and hair like the grasping fingers of mean-spirited children. Upon this wind are carried voices, horrible voices that whenever the wind picks up rise into a wailing clamour like the protests of the damned. Even our pack horses are on edge, as there is something unnatural about this place obvious to even the most thickskinned of our party.

The sight of the twisted and infamous Black Fortress to the east has not helped our spirits either. Frederico kindly regaled us with tales of flesh-eating Dwarf slavers who wear masks of iron and take their blacksmith's tools to their captives in brutal and lengthy displays of torture. If there is any truth to this then I can well understand why the local Gnoblar populace upped sticks and headed to the mountains. I intend to do the same at the earliest opportunity, once we have reached the city in the standing stones and recruited our guards. The barren, ash-choked plains and the threat of being enslaved by daemon Dwarfs do not compliment the realisation that we are nearly entirely out of rum.

Sommerzeit 14th

We arrived at the Sentinels scant hours ago, but I really must put pen to parchment before my initial impressions of the place fade. What a remarkable city! I have never seen its like before and doubt I will again. Two great standing stones rise high into the sky, presumably erected before the dawn of man by some unknown race of giants. Around the bases of the Sentinels are clustered mesas and spires of both naturally occurring rock and yet more standing stones, forming a network of crevasses, tunnels and chasms in which I now rest. The whole place has been hollowed out and inhabited by countless adventurers, entrepreneurs and brigands who scurry on their urgent business through the darkened passageways, reminding me strongly of a nest of termites I once encountered in the south. Goods are transferred to the upper tunnels by means of great winches set into the sides of the stones themselves. Lines of red meat and dried fish are strung between each stone wherever there is shelter like an Altdorf washerwoman's linen (I swear I saw a few corpses amongst the meat) and a constant stream of scruffy Gnoblars scurry underfoot from shanty town to nest. Almost every nook and crevice is occupied, not with birds as one would expect, but with the diminutive thieves intruding upon our journey with alarming frequency. Horses, mules and Rhinoxen fill rough paddocks on the outskirts of the stones, tethered to great rusted rings set deep into the rock and traded so often they seem to change hands by the hour. At night, great strings of fat-burning lanterns illuminate the main streets and caverns, lending the place an almost magical glow. The whole place is alive with commerce, an oasis of colour and light in the forbidding darkness of the plain.

Through the main passageways stride the Ogres themselves, more Ogres than I would have ever seen in a lifetime of living in the Empire. They seem almost like another species here, instead of the clumsy, bellicose oafs I am used to, these Ogres seem almost self-possessed, masters of their own environment, and woe betide any who get in their way. When saying my farewells to Bregh I had to press myself flat against a sandstone wall to allow one particularly obese specimen to pass - clad in

once-fine brocade, now bloodstained and dusty, the heavily scarred, snarl-tusked brute walked with an easy menace that spoke of decades of fighting as well as eating. These are the Ogres we are here to hire; those experienced enough in the ways of the mercenary to cooperate with us Empire types in exchange for good honest gold without succumbing to the urge to eat us in our beds.

Sommerzeit 15th

As well as the more mundane provisions for such a journey, it seems I have had some luck in recruiting a band of Ogre Mercenaries (rather worryingly referred to by their Gnoblars runner as 'maneaters') to guide us into the hinterlands of the Ogre Kingdoms. The Eyebiters tribe, led by the infamous Malron Eyebiter, have been protecting Empire caravans for over sixty years. Procuring their services was simply a matter of listening to the right Gnoblars runner, giving him a pfennig to show me to his master - a fiercely ugly brute with burns all down the right-hand side of his face who answers (some of the time) to the name Thrug the Deaf. Despite the fact I had to roar at the top of my voice to make myself heard, he was inclined to trust me, apparently because of my weight problem. I must admit I've never found my waistline to be advantageous in negotiations before but, after laughing long and hard at the Fat Thinling and his rotund little companion (this passes for the height of wit in Ogre circles, evidently), Thrug and his fellows gave us a decent price for their services. I recruited them then and there, biting into the same ragged hunk of raw meat as Thrug to seal the deal. Quite disgusting.

I still have my half - even as I write, it soaks the straw of my cavechamber floor sticky, congealed blood. Though I am damned if I will eat it, I dare not throw it into the streets, lest a watchful Gnoblars report back to Thrug and I find myself the very meat used for his next business venture.

Sommerzeit 18th

Damn but those Ogres can march. Despite having a good steed to keep pace with, I am so exhausted and saddle-sore I can barely lift my quill. Nevertheless, I must recount our method of crossing the River Ruin. We crossed some two miles south of the Ivory Road, where the polluted river boils past at something approaching a fordable rate.

I saw broken pieces of rusted metal in the depths and the occasional corpse bob in the flotsam of the river, and the air was filled with an acidic tang. The discoloured yellow froth that boils onto the banks of the river had scoured away even the tough black lichen common to this land.

None amongst us wanted to lead our little caravan into those blistering waters. So, when they got heartily sick of our protestations, the Ogres simply grabbed us carried us across. And the horses. And the grain. And all the caravan wagons.

The strength of these beasts is truly incredible. How I am glad they guard us, and are not our foes.

Sommerzeit 20th

The first of the mountains looms ahead! One of the smallest, according to Thrug, but it still looks about the size of a World's Edger to me. Bear Mountain, they call it - one of our Ogre guards had a chained Sabretusk that he assured us would see off any mere bear.

We started well enough, making good time; I think we would have a lot more to worry about than the odd scattering of pebbles from an overhanging crag or set of beady eyes peering

from the cracks in the mountainside if we were not surrounded by vicious-looking Ogre mercenaries.

But things began to grow more difficult when we reached a fork in the road. Thrug and his lieutenant Yuri had a long and heated argument about whether to take the left or the other left - although this gave me a great opportunity to add more detail to the map, neither Ogre would give ground, and the discussion soon drew in the rest.

I could see which way things were going and, fearing we would find ourselves guarded by a team of irritable invalids instead of a well-drilled unit of mercenaries, attempted to intervene.

I did this by jumping up and down, waving my arms to try and get their attention above the clamour, and when this failed I clambered onto the lead caravan and blew a mighty blast on the coach-horn loud enough to get their attention, even Thrug the Deaf.

They turned as one, looking extremely unhappy, and I confess that my bowels turned to water at the realisation of what I had done. The sight of six angry Ogres staring with undisguised rage at me will stay with me till the grave.

Nevertheless it had the desired effect. By a silent mutual assent, they shambled off down the mountain slope to settle their differences in typical Ogre fashion. I sent Ergo to spy on them so I may record the ritual, though anyone with a sharp pair of ears can hear the roars and bellows well enough from here.

They have been gone well over half an hour now, and I am beginning to worry. Frederico says he can see small, flitting shapes in the dark. I fear it may be time to put down the quill and pick up the dirk...

Sommerzeit 21st, in the year of our Lord Sigmar 2502.

Good Sigmar's breeches, that was a close run thing. Those Hill Goblins can be vicious as cornered rats when they gather in numbers, especially if there are shiny things around and no Ogres in the vicinity. Like now, for instance. I take a very dim view of mercenary guards who disappear to beat each other round the heads in primitive rituals every time they have a disagreement amongst themselves. We have lost good men as a result. The problem is voicing that displeasure to a towering thug, who is quite capable of finding alternative employment in the region, without having one's head caved in. On reflection I shall hold my peace.

The ground around us is littered with dead and mangled Gnoblars, for at twilight the Ogres we had employed to guard our caravan marched down the side of the mountain to solve some trivial dispute. Almost immediately after this, a good three-score Gnoblars crept out of the nooks and crannies of the mountains with the intention of robbing our trading caravan and making off with some choice items with which to fuel their barter economy.

I would say that the coincidental nature of these events was highly suspicious, but even the relatively intelligent Ogre mercenaries would struggle to coordinate a plan with a bunch of Goblins of any stripe. So we were ambushed.

Luckily the caravan is not without comparatively reliable human guards, and Frederich and his men mounted a sterling defence. Most of the Gnoblars attacked in a great wave, clawing, biting and laying about themselves with improvised weaponry, only to fall back as soon as they took a few casualties. As it



turned out, this was purely a distraction so that their brothers could creep up from the other side of the caravan and pilfer as much loot as possible whilst their friends capered and stabbed. I knew that if any of them got into the quartermaster's caravan they would not fare well, for that is where Ergo was stationed and it is a really bad idea to attempt to steal food from a Halfling. For my part, I would have unchained our Ogres' Sabretusk if I had been certain that it would not simply have pounced on me instead, so I stayed on top of the caravan and took the odd pot-shot with my flintlock.

Ultimately a Gnoblard is no match for an Imperial swordsman, and we saw them off. That said, several of our number are nursing sore heads, having been wounded or even knocked unconscious by the near-constant hail of sharp projectiles hurled into our ranks during the raid. These keep coming up; within the last five minutes we have found a cat skull with a rock inside it, a sharpened horseshoe, and a fleur-de-lys paperweight that, as I could judge from the engraving upon it, once belonged to a Bretonnian ambassador.

Speaking of junk projectiles, the most surprising element of the raid was the appearance of one of those gigantic beasts of burden; a Rhinox, towing a wooden contraption that looked like it would fall apart at any moment. With a great twang, part of the machine whipped forward, sending a host of projectiles sailing through the air towards us. As they landed I realised the projectiles were weapons, swords, spears and lances! They fell short of us, but once the strange contraption had found its range we were likely to be under a downpour of rusted blades! I for one did not fancy this, and ordered the cannon disengaged from its housing in short order. Most of the guards were busy repelling our light-fingered assailants, but the cannon was prepared nonetheless. And not a moment too soon.

Another rain of rusted blades descended upon us, and this time it was on target. I saw one sword blade slice through the canvas roof of the caravan I was sitting upon, embedding itself in a cheese, and another stick straight through Josiah as he stooped over to slit a Gnoblard's throat. I saw a half-spear thud straight through Carsen's helmet and into his skull. I saw the back of a hatchet knock Tobias from his feet — if it had landed the other way round it would have split his head like a cooking apple! The rest of the weapons bounced from the rock of the pass with a sound like an earthquake in a smithy. But by this time the cannon was loaded.

Thank goodness for Olfric's eye; if his uncanny guesswork had not been so accurate we might have had to endure another rain of rusted steel. As it was, the cannonball thundered out, scaring off most of the Gnoblars on my side of the caravan, smashing into the Rhinox-drawn contraption, sending spars of timber flying in all directions. At the demise of their beloved war machine, the Gnoblars made their escape. I feel sure our Ogres, upon their return, will treat the whole situation as if it is beneath their notice. After all, what real damage can a gaggle of larcenous Hill Goblins cause?

Carsen and Josiah know the answer to this, I fear.

Sommerzeit 22nd

This mountain is too damned steep. The air is too damned cold. The food is too damned scarce. The wildlife is too damned dangerous. And our Ogres are too damned thick in the head to care.

I'm going to bed, before my fingers freeze and break off.

Sommerzeit 27th

Ye gods, this is hard going. All the goods in our caravans keep sliding to the back into a great disorganised pile, such is the incline of these passes. My only consolation on this cold morning is that we found the broken body of a Gnoblard stowaway, presumably left over from their little raid two days ago. It had been crushed by the weight of a chest full of gold (and gilded lead coins — we explorers have our tricks too) that it was trying to prise open. The rewards of greed were ever thus.

I feel like the air itself is my enemy. Every breath is like a draught of freezing water, and yet it seems to contain a good deal less nourishment for the lungs than good, honest Empire air. Even Ergo agrees with me on this, which is worthy of note itself. He misses the Moot dearly, poor chap.

The one consolation is the view. It is nothing short of spectacular. We can see right down into the valleys, where a cold band of blue snakes between the kingdoms of the Angry Fist tribe (through which we now travel) and the Ironskin tribe, who apparently have a fearsome reputation. Their Tyrant (the leader of an Ogre tribe — a highly appropriate name) rides to war upon a great mechanical beast, if that is to be believed. I find it hard to see how an Ogre would possess the artifice to construct such a wonder.

Sommerzeit 28th

We were treated to a rare sight today. For the last couple of days we have been trudging through light drifts of snow, and have had to stop the caravan on a tiresome number of occasions in order to dig out a wheel or move a boulder. Luckily our Ogre mercenaries seem adept at dealing with such obstacles.

However, the last of these obstacles seemed to be outside the mouth of a fissure. Crusted with great icicles, the cave had rather a lot of bones strewn outside it, and given the fact that it had snowed only hours ago I was quite keen to leave the vicinity at speed. But the obstacle in question seemed almost like it had been fashioned; a great wall of boulders and snow that was taking Thrug and his boys a long time to clear. One of them roared in exertion as he pitched a particularly large boulder down the side of the mountain, and his roar was answered from within the cave. It was a much, much bigger roar.

My heart nearly gave out when something that resembles a bear, in much the same way a wolf resembles a poodle, came out of the fissure. It ran towards us, pounding the snow with massive, clawed paws. Its jaws were open wide, and thick ropes of saliva came out of the bear's mouth. We were trapped, with an almost sheer drop behind us, and the caravans neatly barricading any retreat from the fissure.

It took me a while to realise it was not us who were trapped. Thrug released our straining Sabretusk, and the thing bolted towards the cave bear like a tawny-furred streak of lightning. The bear reared up, levelling a blow that would have torn the 'tusk in two if it had landed, but it did not. The Sabretusk ripped upward with its tusks into the bear's belly, and was rewarded with a burst of gore. The bear jumped back with surprising agility for something so huge. The Sabretusk ran up the thing's back, leaving great claw marks in its flanks, and clasped its jaws around the beast's neck as if it were trying to bring down something the size of a horse. It did not work. The bear swung its head violently, flinging the Sabretusk into the snow, and reared up, its jaws open wide.

There was a brief twang, and a barbed spear burst through the cave bear's head, sticking grotesquely out of its upper jaw. The

harpoon was tied to a thick rope, and its owner, a black shape on the slope above the fissure, yanked hard. Combined with the backward momentum of the bear rearing up, this was enough to pull the beast onto its back! It writhed for a second before a flint tipped spear the width of a small oak tree thudded down into its soft belly. A second passed, and another plunged down into its chest. Slowly, ever so slowly, the bear got up. For a second, I thought it would survive against the odds, and renew its horrible assault. But its chest heaved; it gave a great cough, spattering blood across the snow and it slumped down, dead.

The figure that had slain the bear was a monstrous warrior clad in furs, slid down the side of the mountain, dropping the last 20 feet to land with a heavy thump. The icicles nearest him snapped and fell at the impact. Thrug roared a great challenge, and stomped forward toward the battle-scarred newcomer. I grabbed my hip flask in anticipation of a front seat at another clash of the titans. But as he grew closer, Thrug threw his arms wide, and the two headbutted each other in some kind of greeting ritual. They were friends! The Sabretusk ran up to the Hunter and started to lick his hand. As it turned out the beast belonged to the Hunter all along. He had been hunting the great bear for the last week, and had used us as his bait. That took the shine off the incident for me, I can tell you.

Sommerzeit 29th

Our new acquaintance, who it turns out is called Jhared (not his original name, he chose it after some Hunter of old), told us that we were straying too far into the territory of the Angry Fist tribe. He was a very taciturn fellow, and completely ignored me even when I asked him the most direct of questions. The cheek! Well, one doesn't travel with Ogres expecting good conversation, I suppose.

Oh well, no turning back now.

Sommerzeit 30th

I had to bury many brave souls today. We were ambushed, this time by Ogres. Believe me when I tell you that it is a world apart from being ambushed by mere Gnoblars. Initially, we saw a good dozen Ogres walking down the slope ahead of us, and we were heartened, for Thrug had sent one of the Hunter's gaggle of Gnoblars ahead to let the tribe know we were passing through their lands. At first we assumed that this posse of Ogres was a welcoming party, or at least that they came to trade with us. We could not have been more wrong.

As they walked towards us, Thrug cried out a greeting, sounding to me like a great barking shout. He was lighting some sort of foul-smelling cigar, presumably in celebration. But his call was not answered. As the Ogres approached us, calmly and surely, we began to feel the cold a little more keenly. They were not replying. They just kept on marching towards us. They really were awfully large, especially the obese brute at their centre, all folds of flap and muscle, who wore a chainmail veil over his armoured head. As he came closer I could make out the two rough eye-slits cut into the veil. There was something about his walk that did not sit well with me, not well at all.

I threw caution to the wind, calling the alarm and marshalling the soldiery we had left to our defence. The cannon was unshackled, but by this time the approaching Ogres were breaking into a run. They closed ranks, virtually treading on each other's toes as they picked up pace, a wall of muscle and steel that would surely hit us with the force of a steam tank. I fired my flintlock at one of the oncoming brutes, scoring a hit,

but I feel I may have only made him angry. With my heart in my mouth, I waited till the last second and launched myself from the buckboard over the Ogres' heads, somehow clearing them. Perhaps fear lent me wings. I don't feel any shame in telling you I was petrified. A noise like a battery of cannon discharging announced the death of the caravan, and as I hit the ground our own Ogre mercenaries counter-attacked, and the scene erupted into chaos.

I tried to scamper out of harm's way, praying that I didn't get trodden on or, worse still, noticed. I saw a scarred, barrel-chested brute bring a two-handed scimitar the length of a rowboat down into the quartermaster's carriage, breaking it apart and sending planks of wood in all directions. I saw one Ogre bringing a petrified, whinnying horse down onto poor Getsev and Ilfric. Another barged past me, chasing after a screaming Ergo, only to receive Thrug's ironfist right in the throat. The blow was so powerful it took him off his feet.

I remember Ulisse, the Tilean duellist who had fought with Frederico for years, nimbly climbing up the wreckage of a caravan to thrust his rapier into one of the ambushing Ogre's ears, to no noticeable effect. Releasing his sword, the Tilean kicked its hilt with all his might, and it was only when the blade came out of the Ogre's other ear that the brute slowly toppled over and fell to the floor.

The battle raged on, and soon there was as much red snow on the road as there was white. To my shame, I confess I tried to make myself hidden, even trying to burrow into the snow, for the carnage was incredible. Not only that, but our own Ogres were badly outnumbered. One of them was laying about himself with a great slashing sword far too finely crafted to be Ogre-made, but Ogre-sized nonetheless. He was keeping three of the ambushers at bay. But the veiled brute that led our assailants was like a force of nature.

Disarmed by a lucky blow, I watched him wrench the metal-banded axle from an upturned caravan — he just ripped it clean out, one-handed — and start laying about himself with it, knocking two of our mercenaries onto their backs before kicking a third in the kneecaps so hard the iron-shod boot nearly took his leg off. I cried out — it looked like Thrug's lieutenant, Grutsk, was ransacking the caravan rather than defending what was left of our expedition.

Then suddenly Grutsk wrenched something free, a great metal barrel, and threw it hard at Thrug. Thrug caught it easily, and there was a moment's incomprehension as Thrug spun it round and pointed it at the obese brute smashing his way through the fight towards him. I realised that what Thrug had in his mouth was not a cigar after all, but a taper. He dipped his burnscarred head, bringing the taper to the touchhole of his blackened cannon, and with a tremendous explosion it fired. The enemy leader's own head burst apart in a spray of blood, fragments of thick bone scything out in all directions. His headless body swayed, standing free for a second before its knees gave, and with them the resolve of the ambushing Ogres. They loped off into the snow, the jeers of our proud Maneaters ringing in their ears.

A victory of sorts. But without a caravan, without provisions and without any real way to control these brutes, I have to ask myself — how long can we survive out here? The future is looking decidedly bleak.





OGRE TRIBES

Ogres have lived in tribes since their earliest days on the plains. These bands allow Ogres to take what they want, whether in battle or on the hunt, as few can stand against a bulky wall of oncoming Ogres. A tribe can range in size from a few dozen individuals to larger groups comprising many hundreds. Yet regardless of a tribe's size, it is organised according to a recognisable hierarchy and follows proud Ogre traditions.

To ensure their tribe stays strong, any weak or gangly offspring are weeded out by throwing them into the caves as offerings to the Great Maw. It is a grim but practical outlook, for Ogres require a lot of food and only those strong enough to hunt or fight can survive.

LARGE AND IN CHARGE

Tribe leaders are known as Tyrants and are the biggest and most dominant individuals. They naturally rise to rule and do so with an iron fist (literally, for Ogres commonly wear bladed gauntlets just for this purpose). The next largest

FEASTS FOR THE STRONG

There are a great many rituals shared by all the tribes that make up the Ogre Kingdoms, of which, the most important are feasts. Feasts are special meals with the entire tribe present that can last for days or even weeks. Consuming meat is a religious matter for Ogres, for to eat a thing is to show superiority over it and it is a way of emulating the Great Maw, their all-consuming deity. Feasts aren't just about eating, and central to any major event are contests — some are light-hearted sport for boasting rights, such as belching contests or Gnoblar flinging, but most are strength tests such as gut-barging, face-cracking and the like. Championship rounds are fought in the pit while the rest of the tribe cheers and jeers. Leadership challenges and personal grudges are often fought during special feats and, regardless of the outcome, whoever wins will doubtlessly hoist himself out of the maw pit and call for yet more feasting.

Only an Over tyrant can call a Great Feast, a gathering of all tribes. The top Ogres from every tribe travel vast distances to make a Great Feast, dragging with them the largest game they or their associated Hunters can kill. Especially gifted Ogres (the loudest Bellower, for instance) are given the honour of carrying the tribe's Mawtooth. Upon arrival at the Great Feast, each Mawtooth is placed around the maw pit, recreating the fanged hole that is the Ogre deity. Greasus Goldtooth, the current Over tyrant and ruler of the Goldtooth tribe, is especially known for his massive weeks-long events, where gifts are given to loyal tribes, and the disfavoured often meet misfortune in bloody and spectacular fashion.

Ogres under the Tyrant are known as Bruisers and these contenders for tribal power assume lesser command duties. Dissension within a tribe (or without for that matter) is handled with sudden and predictable violence, and any who question a Tyrant's decisions must be prepared to fight the leader in a match to the death. Before such a duel, each Ogre removes his gut-plate — an ominous sign, as the victor in such a contest is expected to feast on the guts of the loser. Ogres refer to this traditionally as a 'guts out' challenge.

Ascension to tribal rule is not hereditary — all an Ogre has to do is to defeat the current Tyrant. As the most powerful Ogres tend to sire the strongest offspring, a Tyrant's fiercest challenges come from his own progeny. Thus begets a generational cycle of violence where a Tyrant eventually faces his most ambitious son in a challenge, and to remain as ruler, he must beat down and eat his own rebellious offspring, or be eaten in turn. Ogres being what they are, find this normal and speak proudly of relatives who put up a good showing.

THE WANDERERS

Some Ogres have branched out of the Mountains of Mourn, often hiring out as mercenaries and following the lucrative call of battle. Ogres can be found throughout the Old World, in the lawless lands of the Border Princes, the greenskin-infested Badlands, Araby and even Naggaroth. Those who leave intend to return one day, although whether they survive to do so is another matter. Ogres remaining in the Mountains of Mourn always welcome back such travellers, eager to hear tales of foreign battles and exotic things to devour. Some Ogres settle in these far away places for a time, enticed by the promise of rich pickings.

The Iron fist tribe, for instance, has established residence at the eastern side of Peak Pass in the Worlds Edge Mountains, and many tribes frequent Gristle Valley, an Ogre stronghold in the Grey Mountains. Ogres are bold; the Backbreaker tribe infamously set up its camp within a few hour's march of the city of Altdorf piling up many toll fares before being driven off by an army led by Emperor Karl Franz himself.

TRIBAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Ogre Kingdoms are made up of hundreds of different tribes, each with their own ways and violent reputations. As Ogres are blunt and obvious, the tribal name often reflects the most overt tribal traits. For instance, the Skultaker tribe have attained prominence for their successful hunts, and the borders of their kingdom are well marked with the skulls of beasts so large they defy belief. The Treehammers tribe is known for carrying oversized clubs and the Bloody Fists are recognised by their distinctive war-markings made from the blood of their enemies.



Each tribe attempts to better its own reputation — a feat most often done the traditional Ogre way, that is, through prodigious acts of violence. For example, the Fleshgreeders, led by their immense Tyrant Nogflag the Gouted, would pile everything in a conquered territory that couldn't be carried off or immediately eaten into a single immense mound before erecting a crude throne atop it. Nogflag would climb the pile to sit imperiously atop the throne during the victory feast. Following the festivities, the Ogres would stomp off, leaving their enormous monument of destruction behind, clearly marked with their tribal symbols. It was possible to follow the trail of the Fleshgreeders when they left the Mountains of Mourn — for they left behind them mounds of the various villages, fortresses, lairs and strongholds they dismantled.

Regardless of their differing traits, most Ogre tribes reside within their own valley in the Mountains of Mourn, at least for a time. Ogres rarely spend too long in a single location, a combination of their wanderlust, nomadic heritage and the general perception that remaining sedentary attracts the ire of their frightful deity. Although never spoken aloud, it is an Ogre belief that 'if you stay in one place too long, the sky will fall on you'. While in a valley this means travelling between campsites, packing and resetting their great hide-covered huts, digging new maw-pits and the like. After a while, however, even this becomes too cramped and a Tyrant will lead his tribe on a journey — sometimes going far off into the world at large, wreaking much destruction as they go.

Besides their weapons, Ogre tribes typically carry few possessions and so are ready to move at all times. One

of a tribe's most valued items is its Mawtooth, a stone that bears the tribe's scrawled marks and sigils. This icon is carried to every new location and placed prominently in every new camp — often near the Tyrant's hut, or in the ring of giant stones that encircle some Ogre camps.

WORKING TOGETHER (OR NOT)

Ogres see other tribes as competitors for food and it is best to demonstrate to others that your tribe has larger and more powerful warriors. To this end Ogres constantly engage in highly visible feats of strength, such as climbing sheer cliffs, hurling immense boulders or pulling Hydras out of their rocky dens. Fighting between tribes is common and usually concludes with the weaker tribe being absorbed by the victor. Tribes do not always battle and there are occasions when it is advantageous to work together. For example, when the barbaric men from the north last swept down from the Chaos Wastes in great numbers, they were repelled by an alliance between the Bloody Fists and the Mountaineaters. That great victory is still celebrated by the two tribes, who meet yearly to hold a Spawnroast.

At times the tribes have been united beneath an Overtyrant — a ruling king that holds power over all the other Tyrants. It takes a powerful individual to hold even minor leverage over distant tribes, much less rule over them. When there is an Overtyrant, it is far more common for multiple tribes to band together to conquer larger territories — vast armies of Ogres descending upon the world and smashing aside all opposition to take what they want.



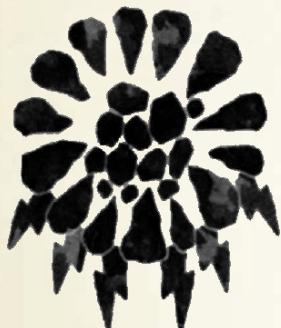
TRIBES OF LEGEND

The Ogre Kingdoms are made up of hundreds of different tribes, each widely known by their reputation, as tales of a tribe's feats, heroics and gastronomic exploits are passed up and down the valleys. The Ogre Kingdoms is a place alive with the reputations and renown of many an Ogre tribe, the tales of which can serve as a territorial boundary, or as a dire warning to those foolish enough to wander the mountain passes and foothills unprepared. It is typical for an Ogre tribe to adopt a bold visual, most often a repeated icon seen on banners, gut-plates, tattoos and other surfaces. Here are but a few examples of some active tribes. Each tribe marks the boundaries of their territories hunting grounds with their sign.



THE GOLDTOOTH TRIBE

Since the days of the infamous Tyrant Gofg, the Goldtooth Ogres have gained notoriety as the wealthiest of all tribes. Now under the rule of Overtyrant Greasus Goldtooth, the Goldtooth tribe has grown yet richer. Ever eager to show off their top status, the tribe is given to ostentatious displays — from a vast mountaintop feast hall to their solid gold Mawtooth. The Goldtooths boast legions of Ironguts, who are renowned for the precious metals and gemstones worked into their armour or gutplates and, naturally, have at least one of their teeth replaced with a gold one. Most other tribes have learned (the hard way) that it is 'best not to mess with them Goldtooths'.



THUNDERGUTS TRIBE

All Ogres cut a brutal path of devastation when they cross the land, but none have earned a greater reputation for smashing and grabbing than the Thunderguts tribe. Occasionally the Thunderguts try to hold an enemy town or stronghold for ransom, extorting them so that they might hand over long strings of livestock to the Ogres. However, such plans continually fail; the over-greedy tribe proves either too impatient to wait for their ransom, or they simply eat their payment and then renege on their pledge not to attack. Many are the Empire towns and Orc forts that were levelled soon after they thought their freedom bought. Having recently returned to the Mountains of Mourn from a long journey into the Badlands and beyond, it can only be a matter of time before the tribe moves off again.



CROSSED CLUBS

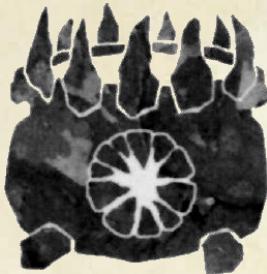
Every tribe produces Maneaters, those far-ranging Ogres who have fought in many lands. The Crossed Clubs tribe, however, is infamous not only for the sheer number of its Ogres who have fought as mercenaries, but also for the prodigious lies the veteran warriors can shovel out (making much of their renown dubious at best). While many Ogres bear battle scars, the presence of so many hard-fighting veterans in the Crossed Clubs ensure the tribe is full of Ogres with hook hands, eye patches, peg legs and the like. Add to this the outlandish wargear collected from the four corners of the world, such as turbans from Araby, shell-tipped clubs from the coasts, or enormous lizard skull helmets from the Southlands, and the Crossed Clubs are unsurprisingly one of the most disparate and unusual looking of all Ogre tribes.



THE SONS OF THE MOUNTAIN

While most tribes prefer to stake their camps in the valleys of the Mountains of Mourn, the Sons of the Mountain take great pride in residing near the top of the Tusk — a particularly high peak on the borders of the Ancient Giant Lands. There, the tribe has grown famous for hunting the many beasts that live in the mountains, and their trade in ivory has made them rich indeed. The Sons of the Mountain wear distinctive white warpaint, as they claim it better camouflages them in the eternal snow of their mountaintop home. Unusually, many Yhetees and other mountain-dwelling monsters reside with the Sons of the Mountain, and the Ogres themselves seem to share an affinity with these creatures, even going so far as to hunt with the Yhetees in the wilds.





THE FEASTMASTER TRIBE

The well-fed lowlanders of the Feastmaster tribe are famous for two things: the quality of their food and the Halflings that live amongst them. Their heavily jowled Tyrant, Blaut Feastmaster, captured a string of the small folk during his many travels and, in a display of foresight and extreme selfcontrol, brought them home for the lads instead of eating them then and there. The Halflings, in perpetual fear of ending up 'in the trough', fulfil much the same role as Gnoblars, but in addition to fetching, they also help to prepare the food. As long as they keep making top-notch meals, the Halflings won't end up being a light snack themselves (probably). For who knows their way around a larder better than a Halfling?



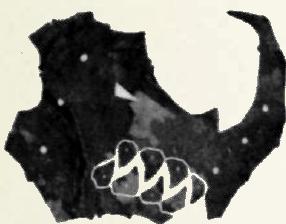
THE ROCK SKULLS

The Rock Skulls are amongst the toughest of all Ogre tribes. Each year at the Great Feast, it is inevitably a Rock Skull who wins the boulder-butting contests — where Ogres try to split the most enormous of rocks using only their heads. Coincidentally, the Rock Skulls are also amongst the most dim-witted of Ogres and they have been tricked or swindled many times over by a great many opponents. Skarsnik, the Night Goblin Warlord of the Eight Peaks, notoriously hired a large contingent of Rock Skull mercenaries to fight in his battles against the Dwarfs. After being thoroughly bewildered during the contract talks, the Rock Skull leader ended up paying Skarsnik for the honour of aiding the greenskins.



THE BLOOD GUZZLERS

Led by burly Tyrant Bul Mallet-hands, the Blood Guzzlers tribe rules the Vale of Webs in the middle of the northern region of the Mountains of Mourn. Having settled in a valley notoriously haunted by enormous spiders, the Ogres have become expert arachnid hunters. Blood Guzzler Butchers brag that they can roast, de-leg and devour even the largest of Spiders in mere moments and the huge piles of many-segmented legs and empty exoskeletons that are left after a typical Blood Guzzlers feast attest to that skill.

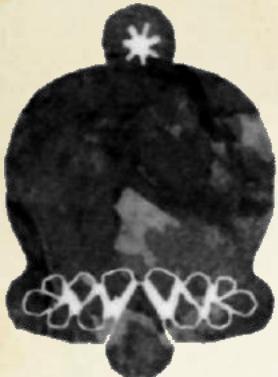


THE IRONSKIN TRIBE

In the north of the Mountains of Mourn is the Ironskin tribe, a kingdom of Ogres with unparalleled ties to the citadel of Zharr Naggrund. This tribe valued iron more than gold long before they even began to trade with the Chaos Dwarfs, and typically wear black iron gut plates, have metal teeth and mix iron filings into their warpaint. With scores of Leadbelchers in their ranks, even the Ironskin Bulls adorn themselves with as much metal as they can, but it is Ghark Ironskin himself who is responsible for the tribe's fearsome reputation. Having traded slaves for decades with his Chaos Dwarf allies, Ghark rides to war in a massive fitted suit of plate mail with great curving horns, seated atop a hissing mechanical Rhinox that some whisper is possessed of a daemonic sentience.

The Ironskin Ogres are a fierce lot, known for their hard-hitting charges and their penchant for black iron gut-plates. The tribe's speciality is to launch massive avalanche-like attacks onto their foes, smashing into them in a single sweeping crush. During such assaults, they always seek to grab as many prisoners as they can, and then march them quickly home to their deep valley in the northwestern range of the Mountains of Mourn. So prodigious and successful are these attacks that the Ironskin tribe can afford to trade a goodly portion of their grabbed slaves away, instead of just eating them all.





THE LAZARGHS

The Lazarghs are one of the oldest Ogre tribes, being descended from the first prophet of the Great Maw, Groth Onefinger himself. Living on the south-eastern edge of the Ancient Giant Lands, the Lazarghs are now twisted and malformed creatures, choosing to adorn themselves with chains and piercings studding their flesh, and wrap themselves in filthy sackcloth to avoid the unhealthy winds that still sweep off the desolate wastes that used to be the Ogre homeland. They are extremely devout, regarding the Great Maw as their Tyrant, and the sound of their bells haunt the passes that lead to the Maw itself. Many tribe members begin to lose their teeth to the debilitating energies of that strange land, but the Lazarghs simply hammer black rock directly into their ravaged gums, lending them a distinctly horrifying appearance. Theirs is the last valley on the road leading to the Maw itself, and the tolling bells that hang from the totems marking their territory haunt all the Ogres that pass through the fetid site on pilgrimages to visit their unforgiving god.



THE MOUNTAINEATER TRIBE

Bauldig Mountaineater rules his kingdom up in the peaks with irresistible will and complete authority. He is a living legend, and the tale of the Mountaineater has spread far and wide throughout the kingdoms. Bauldig has sought out and conquered many of the most menacing peaks found in the Mountains of Mourn, including the much-dreaded Mount Thug. In his quest to scale the indomitable Mount Thug, Bauldig found a yawning fissure and followed it into the gloomy depths. What he found at its end is not certain, though Bauldig insists it was the Heart of the Mountain - a great stone-skinned warrior that he wrestled to the ground and finally devoured. The evidence of this feat is upon Bauldig himself, for his skin has taken the consistency and appearance of a lichen-speckled crag. Naturally drawn to such a tough and charismatic leader, the growing Mountaineater tribe imitates Bauldig by eatings rocks with every meal so they can become as tough and stubborn as their Tyrant. Often underground, the Mountaineaters have developed a taste for the races they habitually find there, actually preferring Dwarf, Skaven or Night Goblin meat to all others. Bauldig's Ogres wear heavy stone gut-plates and eat rocks at every meal so that, they can all grow as tough and stubborn as their master.



THE EYEBITER TRIBE

One of the many terrors of the Dark Lands, the Eyebiter tribe dominates the region around the Sentinels, the great rocks that tower over the crossroads where the Silver Road, Spice Route and Ivory Road meet in the Howling Wastes. There, in addition to heavily tithing the waypost traders set up in shanties and burrowed into the great rocks, they range out to capture slaves, smash any settlements they can find, and to hunt the dreary plains for the many foul monsters that live there. The Eyebiters have been monitoring the safe passage of the Empire Great Caravan for over sixty years. The tightest-knit of all the Ogre kingdoms, the biters are ruled over by the infamous Grandfather Malron Eyebiter, rumoured to have sired more offspring than any other Ogre. The close family ties of the Eyebiters are a tremendous advantage in their long-standing deals with the Empire traders, and they rule the Badlands waypost of the Sentinels with uncompromising force. It is said that to ask the favour of the Eyebiter tribe is sit put yourself in very deep debt indeed and tales abound of double-crossing Caravan Masters who have been found decapitated, the errant head found in their own horse's feed hag the following morning.



THE TRIBE OF SHREWD FULG

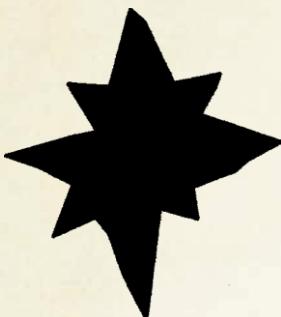
Shrewd Fulg is a hunchbacked and Tyrant who, although far from the strangest of his peers, is as cunning and evil as a serpent. He rules the lands to the north-west of the Mountains of Mourn with an iron fist, ensuring those who annoy him eat poisoned meat or fall foul of the monstrosities he keeps in his menagerie. The Ogres under his rule dare not even break wind in his presence, for Shrewd Fulg cannot abide any kind of challenge to his authority and will have anyone that crosses him turned into a Rat Ogre at the first opportunity. As he has strong ties to the beastmasters of Clan Moulder, even his Iron-gut bodyguards live in fear of waking to find themselves transformed into something horrible by the Skaven master mutators.





THE ANGRY FIST TRIBE

When two Empire explorers stumbled across the Angry Fist tribe, they made history. Having displayed a hitherto unseen mastery of fire, considerable culinary prowess and strange flat stones that showed perfect reflections – all before dinnertime – they managed to convince their captors they were of more use alive than spitted and eaten (although the Ogres reasoned they only needed one, and roasted the other). The survivor, Rueben Kyte, went on to make highly valuable tinderboxes for the Ogres of the Angry Fist and eventually became their Firemaster – the closest a human could ever get to Tyrant. Kyte's memoirs make for illuminating reading, and the once-barbaric Angry Fist tribe is now one of the most culturally and technologically advanced of the Ogre kingdoms, with everything from working kilns to modern toilet facilities (and the appropriate Gnoblars) at their disposal.



THE GREAT TRIBE OF GHUTH SPAWNCHOMPER

In the far northern wastes of the world, under the watchful eyes of the Chaos gods, the Great Tribe of Ghuth Spawnchomper attack and devour anything that they can find. Many of the Great Tribes have come to bear the mark of Chaos in some way, but this is not a stigma in Ogre society – an extra arm is regarded as extremely useful, whereas an extra head is a distinct advantage in an eating contest. Ghuth himself long ago developed a predilection for fried Spawn tentacles, and his unusual diet has begun to take its toll; not only has he sprouted a crown-like frill of gesticulating fingers across his forehead, but he has also begun to bring the legendary Dragon Ogres, much maligned by Ogrekind in general, into the ranks of his tribe.



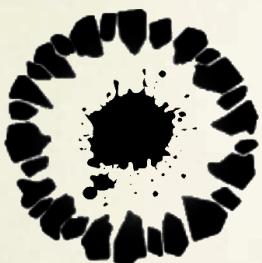
MOONBITER TRIBE

Infamous for their terrifying use of night attacks, and the savage carnage they inflict under cover of night. The Moonbiter tribe believe that the power of the Great Maw is displayed as it eternally devours the moon Mannslieb, which is renewed only to be consumed again, and that one day the blackness will be turned into a night eternal in which the Maw and its worshipers will cover the world in blood-glutted darkness.



SKULLTAKER TRIBE

This fierce tribe of Ogres regularly raids across the river of Ruin. Their tyrant prefers to attack the villages and settlements by night, making full use out of the ghostly white face paint that adorns all the warriors from this tribe. Any slaves that they capture are taken back to their camp and held in great pens until the Great Feast. The Great Feast is started by the Butcher sacrificing the body to the Great Maw and the butcher sucking the flesh and brains of the victim. The skull is then rammed onto pikes that circle the village.



BLOODED GUT TRIBE

This tribe proves their strength and toughness by having shards of metal on the inside of their gut-plate. This leaves constant open wounds that bleed during battle. Their enemies are demoralized as the blood that they see flowing from behind the gut-plate seems to have no effect on the Ogres fighting ability.



DEATHMAW TRIBE

The Deathmaw tribe do not venture far from their lands which is near the Skycastles, instead the tribe spends most of its time worshiping the Great Maw. Bull whelps that draw blood instead of milk from their mother's teat are taken to the tribe's Slaughtermaster who resides in a great pit that is covered with scattered bones and remnants of meals. They then have to survive the daily beatings the Slaughtermaster dishes out to them. Once they have survived this ordeal they can rejoin the tribe.



GNOBLARS

Gnoblars stand little taller than a man's waist, and are relatives of the common Goblins that plague the Old World. These highly unpleasant creatures are possessed of a malicious but limited cunning that entirely fails to make up for their lack of physical strength. Their gnarled bodies are topped with large, bulbous heads, and they have scrawny arms that end in wide and dextrous hands. Despite their slender frames, Gnoblars have a disproportionate amount of strength in their legs and backs, having been selectively bred for load-bearing by their masters' tendency to tread on those who fail to prove themselves useful.

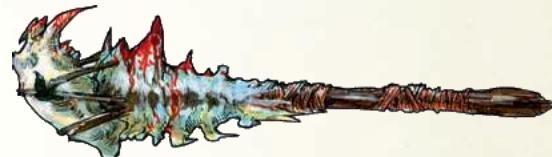
The most remarkable feature of a Gnoblar is probably his nose, a massive protuberant lump that can smell an approaching predator before it has a chance to pounce. This is complemented by an acute pair of ears; large, triangular appendages that swivel independently at the slightest sound. A Gnoblar down on his luck will have drooping ears, whereas one ready for a fight will have them perked up expectantly, perhaps to make himself larger and more threatening. However, the Gnoblars found out a long time ago that the best way to make themselves look larger and more threatening is simply to stand between the legs of a well-fed Ogre.

Despite the fact there is very little meat on a Gnoblar, they are preyed upon by all and sundry. They are often enslaved by Chaos Dwarf raiders, of whom they are deathly afraid, and not without good reason. The most important step in Gnoblar evolution was the realisation that the Ogres dwelling in the mountains found them of more use as slaves than sustenance. Before long, a mass exodus of Gnoblars leaving their homelands in the foothills saw the Ogre kingdoms infested, with shanty towns springing up in every available nook and cranny. Since that day, the Gnoblars have performed the menial tasks demanded of them by their Ogre masters, and in return, the Ogres ensure that only a comparatively small percentage of Gnoblars meet a grisly and unfortunate death.

When a Gnoblar is claimed by an Ogre, perhaps after offering a tankard of beer or a dead sibling to a prospective master at exactly the right time, that Gnoblar is then earmarked. This involves biting off a portion of the Gnoblar's ear so that the Ogre's distinctive bite-mark is left as a permanent sign of ownership - far quicker and tastier than branding. An earmarked Gnoblar is theoretically above the constant bickering and in-fighting that typifies his species. The fortunate few dress in castoff pieces of clothing taken from the corpses of the Ogres' victims, and even accompany their masters to the field of battle; either at their side or in bickering mobs that pelt their enemies with anything sharp that they can lay their light-fingered hands on.

There is an old Ogre expression; 'I wouldn't trust that one as far as I could throw him', which has its roots in the traditional Ogre practice of hurling a potential Gnoblar servant to check his worth. Varying quite dramatically in size, the larger Gnoblars tend to be independent, even rebellious at times and they cannot be thrown nearly as far should the Ogre wish to participate in a Gnoblar-hurling contest. Small Gnoblars are prized not only because they tend to be more subservient, but also because they can be strapped to a stout branch and passed over the shoulder, scratching those hard-to-reach places with sharp, scrabbling claws. It is common for an Ogre to develop a twisted affection for a prized Gnoblar servant, boasting to his tribe-mates that his Gnoblar is a good little runner with a healthy green hide and a particularly droopy nose. Unfortunately, the more often a pet Gnoblar is around his master, the higher the chance he will be eaten or simply crushed by accident.

Almost every Ogre has a Gnoblar to call his own, and they often echo the characteristics of their master – a Gnoblar belonging to a Tyrant will likely be a bullying little tyke with an ill-fitting helmet, whereas one belonging to a Leadbelcher might have soot-blackened features and a rag in each earhole. It is possible to tell a lot about an Ogre by the Gnoblars he keeps.



GNOBLAR CULTURE

Ogres generate enough rubbish, broken stuff and food remains for a sizeable band of Gnoblars to live like kings. Well, kings of broken stuff and rotting food anyway...

The Gnoblars of the Mountains of Mourn have developed a symbiotic relationship with the Ogre tribes, and most now live either in, or on, the fringes of Ogre settlements. Living so close to the Ogre camps also provides the Gnoblars with security from the many different creatures that would otherwise prey on them, the presence of the brutish Ogres a persuasive deterrent.

What do the Ogres get from this relationship? Well, pretty much anything they want, but Gnoblars have three things in their favour that makes them good servants. First a Gnoblar makes a poor meal; most of their bodies are stringy, tasteless meat and although a few turn up in the cookpot, this is mainly in stews. Most Ogres consider eating Gnoblar on its own a sign of desperation and low status (with the exception of the ears and nose, which are quite tasty).





Secondly, Gnoblars have blind enthusiasm in their favour. A normal slave would have to be watched all the time and killed if it tried to escape, but Gnoblars haven't the will power and long for the security of serving a powerful master. This goes some way to making up for their incredible incompetence and stupidity.

The last factor in the Gnoblars' favour is sheer numbers. No matter how many meet the large variety of violent and bloody deaths the Ogre Kingdoms have to offer, there are always more queuing up and bickering for a chance to serve a master. So close has the relationship between great and small become that Gnoblar customs and traditions have become entwined with the Ogre camps they inhabit and the Ogre masters they dutifully and blindly serve.

THE NATURE OF THE GNOBLAR

Although small in stature most Gnoblars have a spiteful, ugly streak a mile long. Most Gnoblars are twisted little cowards whose animal cunning is bent on keeping them alive in a world where everything preys upon them and their own brethren view them as a threat to their position. Many go out of their way to lure animals and even other humanoids near the Ogres camps where they can drag the injured away to kill slowly. When they do have something at their mercy, it's not very pleasant at all.

Ogres sometimes torture prisoners to work up an appetite, but their great strength, hunger or plain boredom can often end the torment early for their victims. Gnoblars torture living things not only for the fun of it, but because of the sense of power it gives them is highly addictive. It's so rare for a Gnoblar to have an intelligent being at their mercy (other Gnoblars don't count), they drag out the process for as long as possible, often feeling betrayed by the poor victim when they finally expire and cheat them of their sport. Gnoblar whelps often gang together to torture small mammals like bristlehogs and rats, and occasionally even the smallest of their group if they think they can get away with it. The majority of Gnoblar 'sports' are simply ritualised methods of chasing, tormenting and torturing other creatures.

GNOBLAR SOCIETY

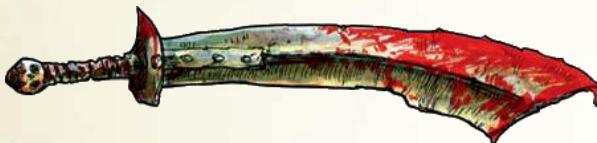
Gnoblar society and status is a complex many-layered thing that changes constantly. There are two measures of a Gnoblar's status — physical appearance, and his place within society. As with their masters, the larger Gnoblars tend to rise to the top of the heap. Overall size, however, is seen as secondary to ear (and to a lesser extent, nose) size. Just as in some societies a long beard or old age is seen to signify wisdom, in Gnoblar society large floppy ears and a huge nose are seen to signify authority and importance.



A Gnoblar with large ears and nose will feel superior to all those around him and will naturally try and take charge at every opportunity. This can lead to endless bickering, as most Gnoblars have an over-inflated view of the size of their own ears. The biggest, meanest Gnoblars are not always those with the largest ears and noses, but however large and tough a Gnoblar is he will always feel inadequate and lacking in authority if his ears aren't particularly big. Some even go mad with paranoia thinking everyone is snickering about their small ears behind their back (which, of course, they are).

Ear and nose size is also the subject of great competition between all Gnoblars, with even the lowliest scum carefully memorising the relative sizes of everyone in their neighbourhood and having nothing but contempt for those who compare unfavourably with him.

As with everything else, Gnoblars try to cheat with ear and nose size and no end of dubious schemes are hatched to stretch, grow or even fake them. This usually results in injury and ridicule, but occasionally something works and the lucky Gnoblar shoots up the social ladder. Some may even be bold or stupid enough to beg their tribe's Butcher for help. This is unwise, as though the Butchers often stick to their word and find ways of making the nose and ears swell, the Gnoblar concerned is very lucky if they live to regret it.



SETTLEMENTS

When a migrating Ogre tribe moves to a new area food is plentiful for everyone. Half-eaten carrion and rubbish litters the camp and the Ogres are generally full and content. New camps are a boom time for Gnoblars; their population rises rapidly and even the weakest can find food. As the Ogres destroy the local habitat and eat or kill everything bigger than a rabbit (Gnoblars tend to wipe out anything smaller), hunting becomes poor and life becomes increasingly harder. A camp full of hungry Ogres is not a safe place to be — food scraps are rare and heavily fought over, and the more enterprising Gnoblars use the injured, the small and the stupid (well, more stupid) to keep the meat topped up. In the shanty town areas, survival often involves pushing a friend or relative into the cooking pot.

SHANTY TOWNS

A shanty town is any area where Gnoblars gather together and live independently of their Ogre overlords. Most shanty towns resemble a cross between a scrapheap and an anthill, with Gnoblars dragging all available junk from their surrounding area to

incorporate into their hovels. Gnoblar homes vary widely; the more advanced Gnoblars have tents made from animal hide stretched across poles, or build crude huts from random junk. The less intelligent simply pile up junk and soil and crawl into or burrow beneath it. Stealing building materials from the neighbours is considered the norm; a lone Gnoblar that leaves his house unguarded for any length of time can expect to come back to find nothing left, or in some case a completely new group of Gnoblars busily setting up home. Gnoblars do, however, have some sense of community spirit. In times of great hardship neighbours will often band together to kill and eat the smallest of their number. Elaborate deals for the division of body parts and shiny things are struck up, and the Gnoblars descend on their unfortunate victim in a bickering mob. Particularly smart Gnoblars have been known to turn the mob upon itself and hopefully take a bite out of a stray limb or two in the confusion.

The Ogre kingdoms are a dangerous place for a Gnoblar, and most Ogre camps represent a constant source of food, scrap materials and safety. Well, apart from the odd Gnoblar that gets sat on, playfully disembowelled, accidentally crushed, kicked to death in an Ogre game, picked off by his fellows, or inadvertently offends an Ogre (a Gnoblar deliberately offending an Ogre is counted as suicide). As a result most Gnoblars like to live as near the Ogres as possible. Most shanty towns start in any available space within the Ogre camp and spread outwards. However, Ogres will not tolerate a gaggle of Gnoblars infesting their own living space. As a result, any empty areas the Ogres have no interest in are treated as prime land. Rubbish tips, rock piles, rubble pits and latrine areas quickly fill up with Gnoblar lodgers. If an Ogre feels a Gnoblar junkpile or tent is too close, he will smash it flat (hopefully with the Gnoblars still inside) and fling the remains away. The smarter Gnoblars have caught onto the potential inherent in this, and often try to trick their larger neighbours into pitching camp in a dangerous area. When all available space within the camps is taken and Gnoblars can pile junk no higher or burrow no deeper, junkpiles start to appear on the far most fringes of Ogre camps. A careful observer (a careless one tends to get a club through the back of their skull or rusty mantrap through their legs) can judge the amount of Gnoblars in any given Ogre camp by how far the shanty town extends beyond the camp. Why anyone would care how many Gnoblars there are in any one Ogre camp is another question entirely.

It is common for an Ogre camp to use several Gnoblars tied back-to-back and hoisted up a tree or flagpole as a kind of early warning system - if a threat approaches the camp the Gnoblar facing the appropriate direction will cry out, raising the alarm. Given the notoriously short attention span and bickering nature of these Hill Goblins, this system sometimes fails completely. However Ogres go to great pains to ensure at least some of the Gnoblars remain vigilant most of the time.





GREAT BATTLES OF THE OGRES

Given their voracious nature and wide-ranging wanderings, it is little wonder that the Ogres have fought so many battles across so many different realms. By dint of their size and strength, Ogres feel they should have anything they want and are always looking for a chance to throw their weight around, consistently taking what isn't theirs. Wherever Ogres march, violence and warfare are sure to follow. Truly, for the Ogres, opportunity knocks with a very large club. Here are recounted some of their most recent major battles.

WHO RULES THE CHALLENGE STONE?

Past the northernmost peaks of the Mountains of Mourn a hulking stone monolith juts out of the snow-covered plains. This landmark has long been established as a boundary between the Ogre Kingdoms and the many barbarous tribes of men that roam the savage wastelands of the north. Yet this marker is more of a provocation than a warning to would-be invaders, it is a symbol by which victors can proclaim their might and display their glory.

To the men of Chaos, the monolith is not just a symbol of triumph, it is a towering icon dedicated to their dark gods. Whilst the great stone is in their possession, it is the site of debased rituals and gruesome sacrifices, its slab-sides washed with blood until its age-worn surface writhes with the foul symbols of Chaos. The base of the edifice is covered in Ogre skulls stacked high — both an offering to the gods, and a promise to their oversized enemies of what will happen should their idol be defiled.

To the Ogres, the ominous rock is known simply as the Challenge Stone — and to claim it as their own they must first smash aside any army that encamps there. The Ogres do this as a test of strength and a chance to show their dominance. When their foe is defeated, the Ogres feast on the remains, and so there is no confusion about who has done the deed, they scrawl their own tribal marks into the stone's rough surface. The tribe that has its mark on the Challenge Stone is known throughout the Ogre Kingdoms, for it is a worthy feat. They are honoured with prime seats at the tables of the Great Feast, and their victories are well rewarded by Over tyrant Greasus Goldtooth.

Over long ages the Challenge Stone has been claimed and reclaimed many times. Each time, as the victors crudely hack their tribal marks into the stone, the eldritch rock shudders, showing the previous marks etched in balefire, visible like scars blazed into the ancient edifice. The stone reforms until only the current ruler's symbols are visible. At present, the Challenge Stone bears the mark of the Bloodmaw tribe, for it was

they, led by their Tyrant, Folg the Mauler, who drove off the armies that gathered to defend it in an epic fight during a raging storm.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLIZZARD

From out of the Northern Wastes a horde of fur-clad men gathered around the Challenge Stone, erasing the marks made by the cave-dwelling Glutmonger tribe. Many rituals were held under the stone's shadow, but the barbarians were not so foolish as to think their actions would go unnoticed. Unafraid, they shook their weapons and fists at the snow-capped mountains to the south. They invited attack — baying for blood and shouting oaths into the steel-grey skies. Yet as their fell leaders gazed over the massive army, they felt sure that this time the Ogres would not dare meet their challenge.

Folg, the Tyrant of the Bloodmaws, assembled his tribe even as storm clouds gathered. The tribe's best Hunter, Targh the Impaler, predicted a heavy snow, claiming all the wild beasts, save for the frost-loving Thundertusks, were hunkering down, a sure sign of foul weather. Folg did not mean to shelter from the





storm, but instead to take advantage of it. Just as the winter tempest unleashed its icy fury, the Ogres marched out of the mountains to war. Although they could not yet be seen, the heavy tramp of Ogre feet could be felt. The forces of Chaos rushed to form battle lines, fur-clad barbarians, iron-encased Chaos Warriors and hulking Dragon Ogres gazed into the swirling snows, seeking the lumbering forms they knew must soon come looming out.

Under cover of the howling snowstorm, it was the Yhetees who drew first blood. Loping forward, the white pelts of the beasts made them all but invisible. To the men it was as if the blinding snow had suddenly grown long and wicked claws. Even as the Yhetees disappeared back into the foul weather, dragging their screaming victims with them, the advancing Ogre army loomed out of the storm. On they came, crashing upon the Chaos lines and driving them back. So fierce was their impact that many of the barbarians were crushed or sent flying by that tide of flesh and muscle.

Into the centre of the enemy line rode Targh, his Stonehorn flattening the foe with every grinding stomp. Not even the black, spiky armour of the Chaos Warriors could withstand those pulverising blows. The largest formation of Bloodmaws was led by Folg himself and they smashed, punched and bullied their way deep into the enemy's midst searching for the Chaos leader. The Chaos Lord's blood red armour stood out like a beacon, seeming to glow from some internal furnace of purest hatred. He rode atop a Chimera, a three-headed monster that was considered fierce even by Ogre standards. Three times did Folg swing his maul, a massive club weighted at the end

CHAOS OGRES

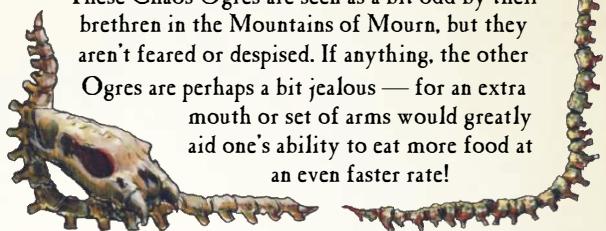
Being warlike and full of wanderlust many Ogre tribes venture into the Chaos Wastes seeking to test their mettle. There they fight the northern tribes and the fantastical denizens of that realm, expanding their diet to include highly unnatural things. Some Ogres even join a barbarian tribe,

revelling in the destruction and the opportunities to glut themselves on the slain.

Although somewhat resistant to mutation, prolonged exposure to baleful energies can twist even Ogres. Those who have spent decades in the Northern Wastes often develop extra heads or limbs, savage horns or strange grasping tentacles. Some Ogres even begin to worship the

Dark Gods as do the humans of those lands.

These Chaos Ogres are seen as a bit odd by their brethren in the Mountains of Mourn, but they aren't feared or despised. If anything, the other Ogres are perhaps a bit jealous — for an extra mouth or set of arms would greatly aid one's ability to eat more food at an even faster rate!



with a boulder. Each blow was accompanied by a mighty grunt, and followed with the pulping sound of one of the Chimera's heads being split asunder. Thus did Folg earn the title of Mauler. It was afterwards said that the Chimera's great canine head was indistinguishable from that of the reptilian or avian head - all were reduced to a crimson mush. The Chaos Lord, half pinned beneath his fallen beast, was trodden to death. But the Chaos hordes were too many to fall so easily. For a full day and full night both blizzard and battle raged, piling snow higher than an Ogre's gut-plate. The fight quickly devolved into hundreds of separate combats spread far across the frozen fields. Through that maelstrom of snow, enemies could come from any angle and such was the fury of that icy deluge that each regiment became separated from its comrades. Small groups and makeshift units formed circles of defence or waded shoulder to shoulder into the blizzard to seek out the foe. The superior numbers of the Chaos army could never be brought to bear and when the storm eased, only the Ogres of the Bloodmaw tribe were left standing in the well-trodden and gore-stained snow. No injured were left behind, as the ravenous Yhetees could smell the blood of even those buried beneath heaped banks of snow. Piling horned helmets against the Challenge Stone, the Bloodmaws actually covered the monolith with their victory tokens before marching back to the mountains.

There have been many battles over this spot, yet none have been so devastating to the enemy. Tales of the wholesale slaughter of the vast and powerful Chaos army has spread far and wide across the northern wastes. Such a challenge cannot go unanswered and it can only be a matter of time before the Gnoblar lookouts left to watch the monolith spy sinister forms



marching out of mists. Then the bellows and war horns will once again echo from the mountains as an Ogre tribe marches down to meet this new challenge.

SLUGFEST AT THE STIRPOINT

The Empire's Stir River is swift and deep and has few safe crossing points. By seizing control of the ferry that operated at Stirpoint, the Ogres of the Rockeater tribe were able to demand a fortune in tolls while stockpiling plenty of mutton and manflesh to eat. It was the good life the tribe had been seeking and over the course of just a single season, the Ogres had been enormously successful, piling in food and riches in equal measure. The fact that they had crippled all trade across a major artery of the eastern Empire didn't raise any alarms with them, for they were hard-fighting, but never especially bright. They intended to milk the lands for all they were worth and it was a disappointment to them when the Elector Count of Stirland interrupted their accommodating situation. He arrived with the rising of the morning sun, a large host of soldiers marching in great columns behind him.

In haste, the Ironblasters were hitched to their Rhinoxen and rushed to stave off the Empire advance. Once deployed, the multiple cannonballs of the Ironblasters made gaping holes in the human lines.

Several Empire formations halted, taking up firing positions and soon the rolling reports of Empire handguns echoed across the battlefield. Guffawing at the tiny pops and cracks from the puny enemy handguns, the Ogres called upon their Leadbelchers. Named for the scrap-packed cannon barrels they carried, the Leadbelchers advanced into range and responded with a thunderous reply, their shrapnel-filled shot tearing through the densely packed Empire troops. Undaunted by their losses, large blocks of green and yellow-clad soldiers advanced to pit their halberds against the Ogres' clubs. Much blood was spilt on both sides, but by mid-day the superior numbers of the Empire soldiers were making the difference, and the Rockeater tribe was forced to give ground until, by nightfall, their backs were against the docks of the Stir River.

Preferring to fight by daylight, the men of the Empire retreated to make camp, safe in the knowledge that their foes were trapped. At first light they would wipe out the last pocket of Ogre resistance. They were even expecting reinforcements to arrive by river during the night, all but assuring that tomorrow would see the annihilation of the Rockeater tribe. Trees were chopped down, gunlines were established and strong picket lines were set — if the doomed Ogres attempted to bull-rush out of their predicament, they would be mown down.



A NEW BEGINNING

The end of the Rockeaters seemed inevitable, but fortune gave the opportunistic Ogres an opening. A contingent of the Stir River Patrol, a ship-borne branch of especially toughened Empire soldiers, was meant to land north of the Ogre position to strengthen their lines for the final assault on the morrow. Yet somehow they got their orders confused and failed to land to the north, instead dropping anchor at the ferry docks. In the dark they did not notice they had landed in the midst of an Ogre camp. Led by a unit of mercenaries and their young captain, an Ogre named Golgfag, the Ogres stormed across the docks. Before the Stir River Patrol could disgorge their own troops, they found themselves attacked and their ships boarded. All the Ogres were soon aboard, and some even had seafaring experience, having plied the high seas as pirates. Although the Ogres had to abandon their remaining Ironblasters and entire herds of confiscated sheep, they captured enough ships to escape. The remains of the Rockeater tribe sailed safely downstream, taking with them what remained of their ill-gotten gains and all of the pride of the Stirland forces.

THE TREASURE OF KARAK AZORN

Ogres are a grasping, greedy lot and once they fix upon a target they are brutally single-minded. The assault on the Dwarf stronghold of Karak Azorn is a bloody testament to Ogre destructiveness and the driving power of their gluttony.

For ages, Dwarf expeditions have struck eastwards into the Mountains of Mourn, seeking the fabled Mountain of Gold. While they have yet to locate it, they have found many sites rich with gems and precious metals. The few mines and fortresses they have established in that hostile region have entrances cleverly hidden amongst the peaks and rock faces, for the Dwarfs rightly fear discovery by the Ogres.

The second largest Dwarfen outpost in those lands was discovered by a far-ranging Ogre Hunter who took word of the settlement back to Thogub Smashclub, the Tyrant of the Angry Fist tribe. Thogub, an immense slab of an Ogre, rubbed his meaty hands together at the news, fair chortling with joy. He had learned first hand of the riches stored within such strongholds and he remembered well his own fondness for roast Dwarf meat from his adventuring days in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Gathering his large tribe about him, the Ogres of the Angry Fist marched for war, aiming to break the gates and plunder the riches within. Breaking into a Dwarf stronghold is a task easier said than done, though. Karak Azorn was a small Dwarffold, yet the Ogres could not crack it. They braved volleys of handgun and cannon fire to batter at the stone gates, they sent Sabretusks sniffing around the mountainside to track down the many secret entrances and sally ports, and the Angry Fist tribe even dragged their Ironblaster to fire at point-blank range, but still the rune-inscribed doors stood. A few gains





had been made — Gorgers had squeezed into a drainage tunnel to terrorise the lower workings before being slain and some headway had been made into a side passage before the Dwarfs collapsed the tunnel, burying many from both sides. The siege dragged on, months turning to long years, until at last the Stonehorns came.

With all the artillery the Dwarfs could bring to bear from their cunningly wrought stone towers, a single Stonehorn might not have survived an assault on the front gate — but three were captured for the job. A trio of such goliaths proved unstoppable. It was short work to turn the previously invulnerable gate to rubble and to enlarge the entrance so that an army might advance into the halls beyond. The Dwarfs defended every step, but were driven ever backwards by the sheer weight of the assault.

With the end nearing, the remaining Dwarfs rallied around their thane and prepared to make their stand in the treasure hall. There, amidst piled rubies the size of a Dwarf's fist, giant mountain pearls, piled gold ingots and more, the Dwarfs waited. But the Ogres, having gutted the upper levels had found their real treasure — keg after keg of Dwarfen ale. A great bonfire was made amidst the gutted great-hall and there the Ogres roasted Dwarfs and swilled ale by the barrelful. Thogub let the remaining beardies leave, for the feast was on. Besides, the stunties aren't renowned for their speed, and Thogub reckoned that, once the feast was over, he'd soon catch up with them — he'd need the exercise, and a headstart was only sporting.

AWAKENING THE FIRE MOUTH

Amidst the constant warfare of the Ogres, one battle stands out; a defining moment where a conglomerate of tribes was forged into a mighty nation whose tread shakes the world. The Great Battle at the Fire Mouth not only galvanised the Ogre Kingdoms, but also roused their dormant volcano god.

It began with a great Black Orc invasion. Since the days when they first escaped the enslavement of the Chaos Dwarfs, many Black Orcs have settled in the Mountains of Mourn. Since that ancient time, Ogres and Black Orcs have fought many battles, but for all their brawn, the Ogres can never fully eradicate the Orcs from their midst. So it has gone, back and forth, for over two thousand years, both sides growing to respect their foe's fighting prowess.

AN INEVITABLE CLASH

Urk Ironskull rose quickly to become the greatest Black Orc Warboss of the Mountains of Mourn. Under his rule, the Black Orcs expanded further than ever, pushing far out from their stronghold of Mount Black Fang. Urk understood how to defeat Ogres and he destroyed many tribes. As Urk Ironskull's onslaught gained momentum, it swelled to a Waaagh!, an invasion that attracted greenskins from all over, including many Wolf Riders tribes from the Dark Lands and Night Goblins from Mount Grey Hag. With each new battle Urk's legions grew and the disjointed Ogres could not hope to stand against the overwhelming greenskin attacks.

At the time Greasus Goldtooth had only recently claimed the title of Overtyrant — the ruler of all Ogre tribes. While he dominated the kingdoms nearest his own, more distant tribes, particularly those to the north, were not yet convinced of Greasus' right to rule. Greasus had performed feats of strength that carried his name across the Ogre Kingdoms, slaying the great Ice Drake Jaugrel (earning him the title 'Drakecrush'), breaking open the stone gates of a Dwarf mine (hence the moniker 'Gatecrasher') and eating an entire herd of gruntalope (earning indigestion, it was simply too many hooves in one go), but he had never fully gathered the Ogres under his command. When Greasus heard of the Urk Ironskull's army, he knew it was the challenge he had been seeking. If he could crush the Black Orc invasion, none could fail to recognise his greatness, or dispute his title.



The voluminous Overtyrant travelled to many valleys to gather support. Under his demand the Ogre tribes all along the Ivory Road and as far south as Gnoblar Country answered his summons, until an army the like of which the world had never seen was assembled. So great was that Ogre host that the valleys quaked as Greasus led the host north. Urk Ironskull had not been idle. More Tyrants had fallen before him as he penetrated deeply into the Mountains of Mourn. When word of the new Overtyrant and his coalition reached Urk, he planned to confront them at a place of his



choosing. With his vast horde surrounding him, Urk Ironskull assailed the Fire Mouth, driving off the strange flame-breathing Ogres that ruled there and planting his war trophies onto the slopes of that smoking volcano. Urk knew this was chance to wrest control of the entire territory — and he planned to deliver the Ogres' defeat while standing upon their living god, so that the brutes would know true fear.

Urk Ironskull reckoned the simple bull-rush tactics of the Ogres would lead them straight into his trap — attacking up a steep slope against superior numbers. The Ogre surge would bog down against a sea-like mass of Goblins. Urk held little regard for Goblin fighting ability, but their great quantity would slow down his foes and buy time for the jaws of his trap to close. Massed Orcs stood ready to close onto either Ogre flank while Urk unleashed his deathblow — an assault by legions of armour-clad Black Orcs, who would charge downhill into the weary Ogres. To amuse himself while he waited, Urk ordered his last prisoners thrown into the hissing lava pools of the volcano.

THE POWER OF GREASUS

Urk had correctly judged the hot anger of the Ogres upon seeing the great Fire Mouth occupied by a mocking foe. Yet for all Urk's cunning, the Warboss underestimated the iron rule of the Overtyrant. Urk was used to fighting disparate Ogre tribes, not a vast host fighting as a single army. After a forced march, the Ogres entered the blackened valley and in the early light of dawn they saw Orcs and their trophies upon their volcanic deity and each Tyrant rushed to be the first to storm the slopes. No other Ogre save Greasus could have halted that charge — yet by bellowing orders that shook the valley, he stilled the battlehungry tribes. With a signal, Greasus called for the Tyrants to gather for an impromptu war council. The pride of each tribe stepped forward, yet each leader was dwarfed beneath the colossal Overtyrant.

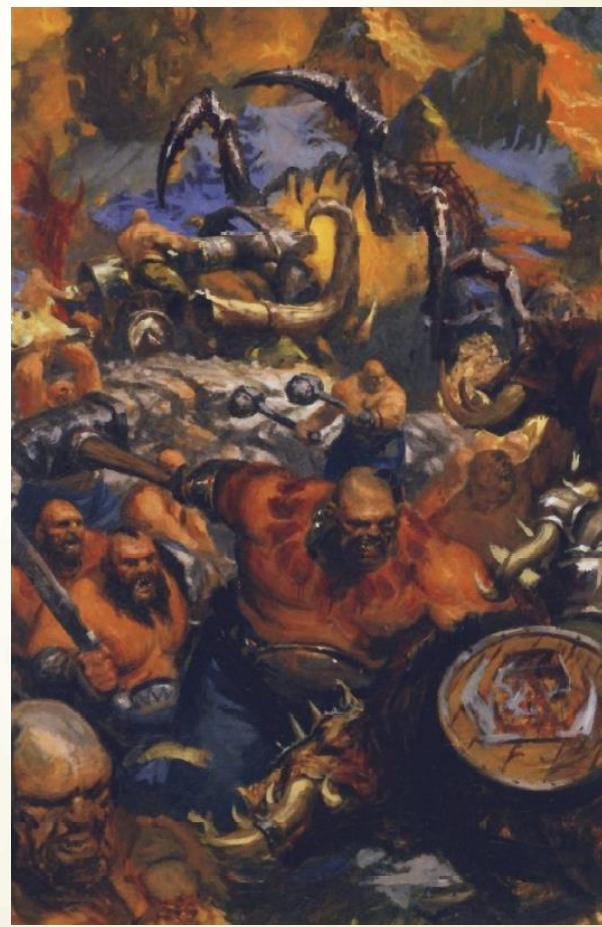
Greasus recognised the trap the Black Orcs had set, yet he was not of a mind to back down. If Urk Ironskull wanted to charge down the Fire Mouth and surround the Ogres then so much the better, it would save a lot of marching. Aiming to teach the Orcs not to bite off more than they could chew, Greasus told the assembled Tyrants his battle plan. Several Tyrants scratched their heads, but most grasped the brutal potential. Once the new formations were assembled, all were impressed with the Overtyrant's plan.

The crux of Greasus' plan was for the great war beasts and Mournfang Cavalry that accompanied each tribe to be massed into a single wedge at the front of the battle line. As there were scores of different Ogre tribes, the monstrous herd was quite large, containing Stonehorns, Thundertusks and other beasts from that primordial land of ice and snow. Behind the formidable front rode a phalanx of Mournfang Cavalry followed by the rest of the Ogres.

BATTLE ON THE SLOPES

Although Urk Ironskull had prepared his minions for the Ogre onrush, what surged up the volcano slopes was like nothing the greenskins had encountered before. The ground shook at their approach, and the unmistakable rumblings of the Fire Mouth were heard, the great volcano stirring as if in approval. The living wall of beasts stampeding towards them panicked swathes of Goblins, who, at best, loosed a few volleys of arrows before fleeing. Urk's plan of wearing down the Ogre impetus began to look shaky, but he still had hopes for his second wave, the large mobs of Night Goblins. As the monstrous herd churned up the mountain, dozens of mushroom-drugged loonies were launched out of the black-clad masses, each whirling a heavy iron ball. The shaggy beasts did not pause, stamping the Fanatics underfoot and routing the Night Goblins utterly. Without breaking stride, the hulking creatures and gore-splattered Mournfang Cavalry crashed into the Black Orcs beyond.

Despite the onslaught, the Black Orcs held, although a third of their number were flattened. Using great axes, the Black Orcs chopped furiously, hacking out trunk-like legs so that some beasts tumbled back down the steep slopes, crushing a path through the oncoming Ogres. Although they halted the stampede and were destroying it, the Black Orcs were pinned in place and could not fulfil Urk's plan by joining the rest of the army as it closed on the onrushing Ogres.



GOLDTOOTH SURROUNDED

Further down the slope the jaws of the greenskin trap closed, the Orcs outnumbering the Ogres by more than six to one. Had the Black Orc centre been able to join the assault then it may have been all over. As it was, the Ogres were hard-pressed. Amidst the fury of the great bloodletting, the Fire Mouth itself spoke, shaking the ground and sending thick plumes of smoke skyward. The midday sun was obscured behind falling ash, and the slopes were eerily lit by the glowing streams of lava or the occasional flame gouts spouted by the Ogre Firebellies, the priests of the Fire Mouth, who had eagerly joined Greasus for the fight.

Despite the press of greenskins, the Ogres dug in their heels and were starting to push back when the momentum shifted again. Having finally brought down the last of the great beasts near the summit, Urk and his Black Orcs at last joined the main fray. Their charge smashed into the Ogres and it was only the incomparable will of Greasus Goldtooth that held the Ogres in place. The Ogres gave ground, consolidating into a knot of resistance.

The Ogre centre remained rock solid, for there fought Greasus himself, surrounded by his bodyguard of Ironguts. The bedrock of the Ogre line, Urk realised that to break the resistance, he must break its heart. The most hardened veterans of either side pounded at each other, giving it all they could. Double-handed club strikes crumpled Black Orcs, while the great choppas of the greenskins cracked gut plates and were embedded deep in rotund bellies. It was here, in the slaughter-filled epicentre that the battle would be decided and both commanders knew it — for they personally pushed to the front, carving paths of carnage as they came.

NONE CAN STOP THE OVERTYRANT

Around their leaders the two armies fought like a pair of raging cave-beasts locking horns atop a mountain peak and heaving with all their might. Disembowelled Ogres strove to smash one last greenskin even while their guts uncoiled from gaping wounds. Black Orcs, their helmets caved in and leaking brain matter, fought to deliver one more axe blow. Greasus swung his diamond-studded sceptre in sweeping arcs that smashed aside ranks of Black Orcs at a time. A grand uppercut from Greasus' club-like sceptre caught Urk's personal banner bearer, snapping his totem and sending the Black Orc flying upwards. It was a prodigious shot of heroic proportions, and for a moment the battered body seemed to hang in the air above the rim of the volcano before plummeting into the coiling smoke. Surviving Ogres still talk of the distance and height of that majestic blow.

Seeing the Ironskull's banner pole snapped and its bearer sent skywards, the greenskin battle line

wavered. Howling in rage, Urk sliced his way through a wall of Ironguts to stand before Greasus on the slopes of the Fire Mouth. It was his battle to win and no Ogre was going to stop him. For the first time during the fight, a smile creased the many jowled face of Greasus, and he bared his bullion teeth. Laying down his colossal sceptre, the Overtyrant grabbed at the Black Orc Warboss. Urk's twin axes bit deep into his foe's meaty chest but, undaunted by his own free-flowing blood, Greasus snatched up his opponent with both hands and squeezed and squeezed, then squeezed some more. The sound of Urk's armour buckling and snapping under the massive pressure was audible even over the cacophony of the battle. So too was the wet cracking that followed.

For long minutes Greasus strained until his bulging arms visibly shook at the effort. The crushed and twitching thing that the Overtyrant finally dropped was unrecognisable, for Greasus had literally squeezed all the fluids out of the lifeless husk. The Ogres cheered, their hoarse bellows answered by geysers of flame erupting from the volcano. This sight was too much for the remaining greenskins, who turned and fled.

FEAST ATOP THE FIRE MOUTH

The Ogres regrouped and, as directed by the Firebellies, gathered the slaughtered for a feast. And what a feast it was — each and every Ogre had to himself a heaped mound of greenskin dead to devour. Greasus Goldtooth had, in one massive stroke, broken the Waaagh! and made absolute mush of its leader. Under the smoky gaze of the volcano god, Greasus had cemented his title of Overtyrant, for even those Ogre tribes that were not at the battle were soon talking of that great triumph and its monumental victory feast. At the end of the week-long celebration, as the Fire Mouth vented molten anger into the sky, foretelling of yet greater battles to come, Greasus gave what to the Ogres amounted as a long-winded speech. To the cheers of the assembled Ogre Kingdoms, Greasus bellowed, 'Today the Orcs, tomorrow the world. Let them all tremble...'.



BIG TIMES

A TIMELINE OF THE OGRES

The vast majority of Ogre myths and legends concern legendary feats of strength or great battles, and it is generally agreed that the best stories contain lots of both. Ogres have no concept of historical dating - therefore all dates are reckoned using the Imperial Calendar and where specific dates are recorded, they are pulled from the annals of the more erudite races.

c -5700 Creations of the old Ones

Elven scholars estimate that at about this time the Old Ones create Ogres to help stop the spread of Chaos.

-2750 The Coming of the Great Maw

A titanic warpstone meteorite plummets from the sky above far Cathay and slams into the homelands of the Ogre tribes preying upon that great nation. Hundreds of thousands of Ogres die in the ensuing impact. When the dust clears, a great fang-lined maw hundreds of leagues across dominates the lands all about. Great Maw is born to forever haunt the Ogre race.

c -2749 A Butcher Is Born

The Ogre prophet, Groth Onefinger, makes a pilgrimage to see the Great Maw and holds a banquet of his own disciples on the lip of the glistening, pulsing gullet.

c -2748 Maelstrom in the Sea

The warpstone comet finally burrows its way through the world, emerging in the opposite hemisphere and causing the ocean there to boil. Few who see it live to tell the tale.

-2745 to -2735 War in the Sky

The remaining Ogre tribes head west to ascend the colossal peaks where they encounter the Sky-titans, whom they systematically destroy and eat in a decade-long war.

c -2720 The Mountains of Mourn

Most Ogres leave the Ancient Giant Lands, driven away by the unnaturally shimmering skies. They descend the towering peaks and arrive at the Mountains of Mourn.

c -2600 The Ice Beasts Cometh

First sightings of the supernatural race of Yhetees – the mutated Ogres who remained in the Ancient Giant Lands.

-2523 Mourngolian Beef

The Ogre tribe of Bulg Legeater hunts down and devours the goblinoid horde of Gholg Slitthroat after hearing that Hobgoblin flesh "tastes a bit like beef".

c -2400 The Dragon Ogre Wars

Amidst the peaks, the Ogres discover the ancient creatures known as Dragon Ogres. Enemies at first sight, many battles were waged, toppling many mountains over and finally driving the Dragon Ogres northwards.

c -2300 Great Bull Roast

Great battles are fought with the Beastmen from the Haunted Forest, culminating with the largest Bull Roast ever.

c -2100 The Glacier that Walked

Legends tell of a northern glacier that rose up and fought the Ogres, slaying many. Some say it will rise again when the lands freeze over once more.

-1955 Ogres in the Worlds Edge Mountains

The annals of the Dwarf kings report major Ogre raids into their mines in the Worlds Edge Mountains. At this time, the Dwarfs first hear tales of the mountain of pure gold that resides in the Mountains of Mourn. Expeditions are sent.

c -1700 The Last Sky-titan

A lone Sky-titan is found roaming the Ogre Kingdoms and is hunted down and slain in battle by Buluk Knifefinger, whose tribe feasts on the remains for a month.

c -1400 The Daemon War

A rift opens and Daemons beyond count spew out. Many tribes converge in a furious battle that lasts over a year before the fissure is sealed. Only a Plateau of Bones remains.

c -1000 Gnoblars

A new breed of goblinoid becomes commonplace in the lands south of the Mountains of Mourn.

c -950 The First Overtyrant

Thug the Fist becomes the first Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms and begins the practice of the Great Feast.

c -947 to c -930 The Fire Mouth Speaks

Dormant for hundreds of years, the Fire Mouth erupts. Taking the eruption as a sign to go to war, Thug the Fist leads many Ogre tribes to wreak havoc across the lands.

c -800 Slave Trade

To avoid being enslaved by Chaos Dwarfs, Gnoblars purposefully lurk near Ogres. The plan pays off, as Ogres find Gnoblars more useful as servants than as nutrition.

-734 to -700 The Ash Battles

Many Ogre tribes are driven from the Dark Lands in a string of bitter battles with the Chaos Dwarfs.

-100 Black Orc Invasion

The Black Ores rebel and are eventually driven from Zharr Naggrund. Many make their new lairs in the Mountains of Mourn beginning the first of many battles with the Ogres.

121 Slaughter on the Mountain

Attempts to clear out the monster-ridden Bloodpeak fail, resulting in complete carnage and the destruction of several Ogre tribes. Especially large beasts still thrive there today.



223 Battle of Daemon's Stump

Chaos Dwarfs and Daemons fight the Ogres for possession of the Daemon's Stump. The Ogres are defeated and routed as they attempt to cross the River Ruin, which runs red for a week after the slaughter.

590 The Fall of Karak Vrag

After near constant battles over hundreds of years, the Dwarf hold of Karak Vrag finally falls when the Ogre Tyrant Trug Legchomper leads a dozen Giants into the fray. They succeed in smashing a series of guard towers and finally the front gates. After taking a Dwarfen cannonball to the gut and not being able to eat for a week after the battle, Trug goes on to invent the Look-out Gnoblar.

702 The Ivory Road

Some Ogres travel to the far east where they learn that the great horned trophies worn on many of their helmets are highly valued in far off lands. The resultant transaction gives a new name to the road to the east - the Ivory Road.

c 920-940 Rat Wars

Infestations of Skaven crop up throughout the western edge of the Mountains of Mourn. Most are found and destroyed, Sabretusks proving particularly adept at sniffing out the many tunnel entrances into Skaven lairs.

1001 Knight's Quest

One of the first Questing Knights, Sir Baldrin of Brionne, rides into the Ogre Kingdoms in search of monsters. He finds them. His grisly end is recounted by Empire minstrels in the parody 'Quest's End'.

1401 The Battle of Kurgel's Gulch

Inspired by Dwarf war machines after the bearded warriors slaughter tribe upon tribe of Gnoblars, Ma the Grub, a Gnoblar scrap-lord, embarks upon a quest to create a war engine of his own. Later that year, the first Scraplauncher is built. Later versions are pulled into battle by Rhinoxen, and prove to be unexpectedly useful.

1877 Ogres At the Dark Tower

Ogre mercenaries make it to Naggaroth where they are captured. The astounding part is that they impress the Dark Elves so much that they aren't tortured as is customary, but are instead hired into the Tower Guard.

2302-2304 The Great War In the North

Known in the Old World as the Great War Against Chaos, it is no surprise that Ogres find their way into this colossal battle that pits Chaos-worshipping northern barbarians and their Daemon and Beastmen allies against an alliance of the Empire, Dwarfs and Kislev. Both sides can boast of fielding a fair number of Ogre tribes.

2305 Ambush at Mount Cragg

A broken Chaos army seeks egress to the Northern Chaos Wastes via the Pass to the East. They are ambushed by Ogres in the shadow of Mount Cragg and are never heard of again, though Gnoblar Scrappers are seen sporting fragments of Chaos armour for decades afterwards.

2420 Leadbelchers

After defeating an artillery train out of Nuln, the Loose Tooth Ogre tribe captures six Empire Great Cannons. They find they can carry a cannon into battle, and although many Ogres are killed in the learning process, soon the first Leadbelchers are born. Later, in deals with the Chaos Dwarfs, the Ogres purchase Leadbelcher cannons of their own.

2480 Halfling Chefs

Blaut Granitetooth captures an entire string of Halflings and forces them to take the role of Gnoblars in his kingdom. The Tyrant takes the name 'Blaut Feastmaster', and his tribe - now named for their corpulent leader - swiftly becomes legendary for the quality of its nosh.

2482 The Rise of Greasus the Great

Greasus Goldtooth claims the role of Tyrant for the Goldtooth tribe by eating his father, Gofg, after a challenge.

2487 Greasus Goldtooth Triumphant

Greasus declares himself Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms, which have been without an Overtyrant since the demise of Donner Gutbag in an avalanche some 100 years earlier. Through the education of Greasus, gold is finally recognised as being just as valuable as red meat throughout much of the Ogre Kingdoms and a new reign begins.

2496 Skrag

The Butcher, Skrag, is banished from his tribe, his hands severed from his wrists. In the Gorger-haunted labyrinths below the mountains, he has a revelation, and becomes the latest incarnation of the Prophet of the Great Maw.

2500 to 2510 Golgfag's Rise to Fame

At different times, Golgfag Maneater fights both for and against Orc Warboss Gnashrak Badtooth. Golgfag's many deeds during these battles, namely victory at the Battle of Broken Leg Gully and his decision to loot the Dwarf Lord's treasury, led to the Ogre's growing infamy and his rising reputation as a daring and unbeatable mercenary captain.

2512 Armies of the Crimson King

The Undead legions of Imrathepis, the Crimson King of Numas, stride out of the Land of the Dead, sweeping through the Badlands and into the Mountains of Mourn. The Tomb King is defeated after the Thunderhoof Tribe unleashes a Rhinoxen herd into the narrow Daggertooth Valley, crushing the skeletal army to powdered bones.

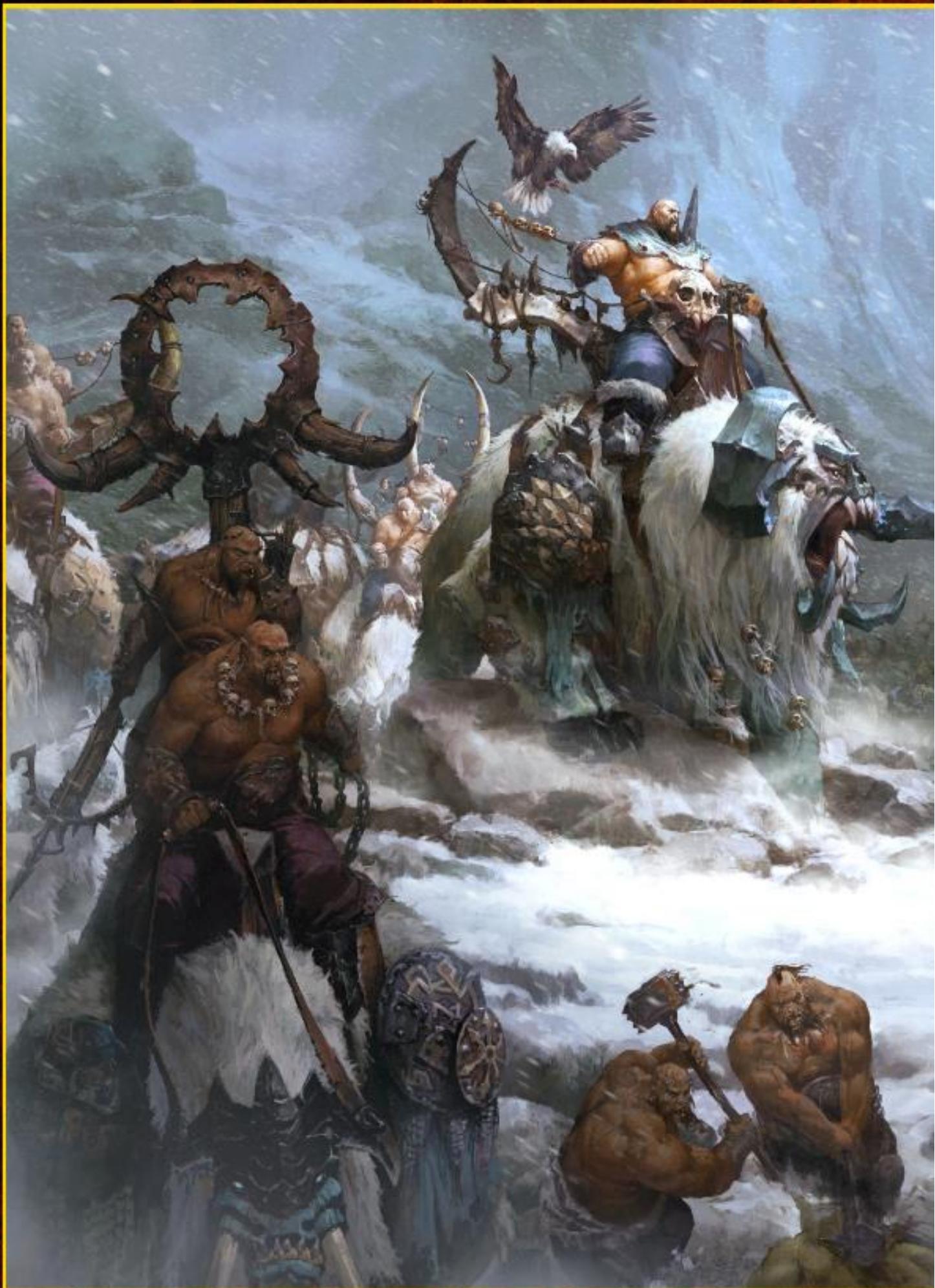
2518 We're All Maneaters

Golgfag Maneater's reputation grows to such an extent that all Ogre mercenaries take the name 'Maneater', finding that it leads to more frequent employ. Many fake 'Golgfags' spring up across the known world as a result.

2521 A New Migration

The Ogres, having grown ever more numerous and wealthy under the rule of Greasus Goldtooth, find their population is becoming too large for the Mountains of Mourn. As the Fire Mouth erupts, Greasus orders the conquering of new lands and soon the heavy footfalls of marching Ogres is heard throughout many realms.







THE LUMBERING HORDES

Ogres are big, ugly brutes that excel at two things: eating and fighting. When an army from the Ogre Kingdoms stomps out to war they bring a full load of destruction and an appetite that can devour armies, flatten towns, crush cities and consume empires. And they'll still have room for more.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used by an Ogre Kingdoms army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core Units to Special Characters.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

On this page, you will find all of the rules that apply either to the entire army or to several units in the army. These rules are integral to the way that an Ogre Kingdoms army works on the battlefield. Special rules that apply to just one or two units in the army are instead covered in the separate Bestiary entry for those units.

OGRE CHARGE

Given the chance, an Ogre will barge into combat, using its great lumbering mass as a weapon. When working together, Ogres can harness the tremendous momentum of their formation to deliver an overpowering impact on anything they collide with. It is a living avalanche, an immense tonnage of muscle and fat behind heavy iron gut-plates that slams the enemy before the Ogres begin to lay about themselves with their brutal weaponry.

Each monstrous infantry model on foot with the Ogre Charge special rule that successfully charges an enemy has the Impact Hits (1) special rule. Models with this special rule that are part of a unit with ranks add their current Rank Bonus to the Strength of the Impact Hits they inflict.

BELLOWERS

Perhaps the only sign of status in Ogre society unrelated to sheer physical strength is the amount of noise he can make — the quality of Ogre music is decided by pure volume, not melody or skill. The loudest Bulls of each tribe are called Bellowers, and are more than capable of relaying orders at deafening volume over the din of battle. Many Ogre units don't have musicians that carry an instrument, such as a drum. Although crude musical instruments are used, some Ogre 'musicians' belong to a special caste known as Bellowers. As their name implies, a Bellower's instrument is his voice and lungs, with which he can make an incredible noise, even if only another Ogre would find it musical!

For the purposes of the rules, an Ogre Bellower follows the rules for musicians.

OGRE WEAPONS

Ironfists: Originating from the traditional Ogre sport of pitfighting, Ogres often cover their off-hand with some kind of shield, spiked gauntlet or heavy glove. This can be used to bat aside even the strongest attacks in a similar way to a giant buckler, or merely to smash an enemy's face into an unrecognisable pulp.

An ironfist can be used as either an additional hand weapon or a shield in close combat, even when mounted. You must choose which function you want to use at the start of each close combat round.

Chaintrap: Some Ogres use these deadly contraptions in battle, which essentially comprise a huge steel mantrap attached to a lengthy chain.

A chaintrap has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6"	6	Quick to Fire, Killing Blow

Harpoon Launcher: Originally invented by Crobat One-and-a-Halfwit, the harpoon launcher's crude appearance belies its potency in the hands of an Ogre Hunter. Crobat One-and-a-halfwit was an Ogre Hunter who slew many famous beasts, although he is perhaps best remembered for something else. After destroying a Goblin raiding party, Crobat kept the bolt thrower that wounded him as a souvenir. He learned to fire it from the hip and the first harpoon launcher was created.

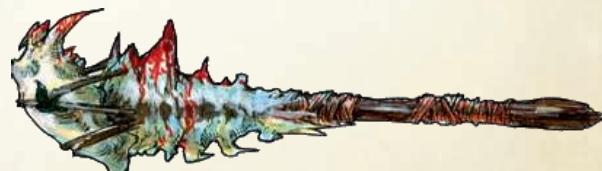
Based upon the heavy crossbows used by the lesser races but far too large and tough for a puny human to use, the launcher is capable of firing a barbed bolt as thick as a man's arm, to which coils of rope are attached. Ogre Hunters use these weapons to harpoon their cave-beast prey, digging their heels in and dragging the creature to the ground in a titanic tug-of-war before smashing their prey's cranium with a blow from their trusty club.

A harpoon launcher has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	5	Move or Fire, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Ogre Pistols: Ogres that have sold their swords across the Empire often pick up specially modified black powder weapons as recompense for their efforts; these are regarded as symbols of great status due to their ability to emit noise and violence in equal measure. Such is the size and strength of their owners that Ogres use these with the ease a human uses a pistol. The most common of these customised weapons is an Empire handgun with a massively enlarged trigger and guard; most Maneaters have at least one of these devices in their possession and some may sport a brace of these handguns across their puffed-out guts.

Ogre Pistols follow all the rules for normal pistols, but have a range of 24".



GNOBLAR UPGRADES:

Luck-Gnoblar: Ogres often come to the point where they believe certain long-lived pet Gnoblars are lucky charms. Occasionally, this proves to be true after all, it can be considered lucky when a foe's blade opens up a pet Gnoblar's skull rather than the Ogre's throat.

An Ogre with a Luck-Gnoblar may re-roll a single Armour or Ward save, once per battle.

Sword-Gnoblar: The most influential Ogres of each tribe often manage to secure themselves a Gnoblar or two worth more than the dung on their oversized boots. These Gnoblars hide between the legs of their master, poking sharp implements into the flesh of whoever is occupying his attention during the battle.

An Ogre with a Sword-Gnoblar benefits from one extra Strength 2 attack per close combat round, at the Weapon Skill of the owning model (the opponent's attention is elsewhere!).

Tooth-Gnoblar: Ogre Butchers usually surround themselves with bloodstained menials that do the Butcher's bidding and, one way or another provide ingredients for his shamanic magicks. These Gnoblars thread a thin tightrope between usefulness and palatability.

One use only. Before attempting to cast a spell from the Lore of the Great Maw, a Butcher with a Tooth-Gnoblar may choose to sacrifice one to get +1 to his casting value.

Look-out Gnoblar: Gnoblars are often bullied into makeshift crow's-nests at the top of Ogre standards. If an enemy is targeting the Ogres below, the Gnoblar can either give advance warning of the threat, or fall to his death.

Any character or champion in a unit with a Look-out Gnoblar benefits from the 'Look Out Sir!' special rule as long as there are three rank and file models of the same troop type remaining in the unit.

Name-Gnoblar: An Ogre's name may change over the course of his life. For instance, Gulg the Hungry, upon his fifth change of gut plate to accommodate his spreading girth, decided to adopt the name Gulg the Fat. Some Ogres have almost comically long and overcomplicated names, but these mighty individuals invariably have enough status to keep a Name-Gnoblar or two around to remember the Ogre's title.

For each Name-Gnoblar an Ogre has, he can choose an additional Big Name up to 15 points.

Scalp-Gnoblar: Scalp-Gnoblars serve as a Butcher's or Slaughtermaster's ritualistic attendants, preparing various ingredients for the more complicate, gruesome rituals and assist in performing more delicate tasks than simply throwing limbs and body parts in a pot.

One use only. A Butcher with a Scalp-Gnoblar may re-roll a single dice when attempting to cast a spell from the Lore of the Great Maw.

BELLY OF THE BEAST

Ghusk Longstrider. Tyrant of the Gutrippers, loomed over the arrangement of skulls, gut-plates, bones and other detritus on the floor of his evil-smelling tent, its lice ridden walls fashioned from the hides of the livestock the tribe had eaten over the last few days. His Ironguts gathered round in the cramped confines of the tent, their Gnoblars pecking out from between massively muscled legs and rusted metal gut-plates.

"Right then," said Ghusk. "Iissen. That sheep skull is the thinlings. Those bull skulls is the bulls. That gut-plate is you lot, the Ironguts. Them chicken bones is the Gnoblars, and that leafy thing is the trees. This is the plan." Ghusk paused, shoving the items representing the Ogres forward until they met the human skull representing the defenders of Gutenbad. "We leg it across the field. Then we kill 'em." Ghusk's beady eyes transfixed each of the Ironguts in turn. "Got it?" he rumbled.

"Yer, we just charge 'em," said Big Vusk, the Gutlord.

"Yep. Lob and his Leadbelcher lads can take the left flank. Hogtusk and them can take the other left. Any riders come up shootin', they shoot 'em back. Bang, problem solved." The Ironguts around him chuckled, though it was irritating having to pick Leadbelcher ammunition out of a good torso.

There was a commotion outside, and a great slab of an Ogre forced his way into the tent. His face was burnt and blackened, blisters crowded above his right eye and several

of his fingers were missing. It was Grobl, one of the tribe's Leadbelchers.

"Oi, Ghusk? One of the Gnoblars just spotted somethin'. Somethin' bad."

"Well?" bellowed Ghusk, annoyed at being disturbed in the intricacies of his planning. The returning Empire troops were mere hours away, and Ghusk wanted this village as a staging post for his invasion.

"They've got Ogres," said Grobl, his eyes cast down.

"What? Another tribe?" spat Ghusk, stamping heavily down into the skulls on the floor and backhanding the nearest Irongut in the face in pure frustration. "How many of 'em?"

"Gnoblar says two and two and two, boss."

"Oh. That's not many. Thought we might have a fight on our hands there. Right!" said Ghusk, banging his fist into his palm.

"Everyone out. It's time get some blood on yer." He stooped and effortlessly wrenched the leg of a captured Empire outrider out of its socket.

"I'm not going to battle on an empty gut."

TYRANTS

Ogres call the leaders of their tribes Tyrants and it is easy to see why. As with many of the less civilised races of the Warhammer world, Tyrants are the biggest, strongest, fiercest and most commanding individuals in a hulking race that prides itself on these physical features. To claim rulership over a group of Ogres requires a mighty brawler, a creature powerful enough to wrestle a Giant to the ground or smash his way through a fortified gate using only his bare fists. An Ogre Tyrant uses his tremendous size and brawn to dominate, earning the right to command the tribe by displaying prodigious feats of what the Ogres respect the most — strength, violence, extraordinary girth and a healthy, all-consuming appetite. The largest Tyrants are quite capable of wrestling a Giant to the ground or smashing their way through a fortified gate with their bare fists — if a Tyrant wants you as his next meal, then the only thing that can come between you and his vast sprawling gut is a fast horse and an awful lot of luck.

The title of Tyrant is not a hereditary one. To become a tribe's Tyrant an Ogre simply has to beat the existing Tyrant in single combat; usually done in traditional one-on-one 'guts-out' fights in the maw-pit before the assembled tribe. These conflicts are no-holds-barred displays of bone-crunching violence. A challenge to a Tyrant's authority can result in one of two fates for the challenger; if all goes well for the pretender to the throne, he will beat the incumbent Tyrant on his own turf through pure strength and consume his broken body, taking his place as the head of that kingdom. If the Tyrant proves stronger, it is the contender who is beaten down and messily devoured. The way Ogres see it, such a battle is unrivalled entertainment and one of the two fighters will get a good meal to boot.

"He's the boss. That's that. You'll do what he says like the rest o' us. We all do. You just try and give 'im lip. He'll pull yer arms off and eat 'em before you've shut yer trap."

Parts of the challenger's skeleton are then added to the collection of bones and trophies worn by the Tyrant as a lesson against further insurrection, and some of the oldest Tyrants bear whole necklaces of bone taken from those foolish enough to challenge their rule over the years. As the dominant male of the tribe, a Tyrant will frequently sire a host of strong offspring — the whelps of the largest Ogres usually grow to maximum size as well, a worthy challenger to his father's post. Thus it is not uncommon for a Tyrant to face his progeny in the maw-pit and a successful Tyrant will often devour several of his own young over the years in a particularly harsh example of 'tough love' parenting.

All Ogres are greedy, but none more so than a Tyrant. A gnawing hunger drives Ogres to feats of greed and nobody embodies this insatiable, gluttonous behaviour more than a Tyrant. The longer he holds the title of Tyrant, the more ravenous an Ogre leader becomes, and a Tyrant's desires go beyond just food to also include hoarded wealth and power.

The longer they rule, the more Tyrants become consumed with their status. To this end, the massive rulers accrue the best wargear in the tribe, and will generally be armed with at least one 'favourite' weapon — often outlandishly large weapons and cumbersome armour. It is regarded as the height of folly for any Ogre to touch a Tyrant's prize possession - assuming he objects to the idea of being force-fed his own hands. A Tyrant will have earned his weaponry on his travels or taken it as plunder; Ogres generally reach their physical peak after a couple of decades of mercenary activity. Tyrants dress ostentatiously by the standards of Ogre society. This does not mean they sport fine silks, delicate

jewellery or other such foppish affectations, but rather their armour and weaponry is larger and more cumbersome than those of other Ogres. Tyrants are often heavily tattooed and scarified to denote their status, and their prodigious stomachs are protected by gut-plates that put even those of their Irongut bodyguards to shame. A Tyrant's gut-plate must not only cover his gut, but also be more impressive than anyone else's. Beyond elaborate arms and armour, Ogre Tyrants can think of little else to spend their plunder on — however, this does not stop them from adding to their stash.

Even when a Tyrant has filled his hidden hoard-cave, he will still readily go to war to snatch up yet more. As with all fully mature Ogres, Tyrants will often have a boastful title as the latter part of their name, indicating the particular accomplishments of that Tyrant during his ascent to the throne. As a successful Tyrant's reign of bloodshed extends, so does his name, often resulting in long lists of violent superlatives. Take the now-legendary Olflab Stonecruncher Fatgut Deathcheater, an Ogre who remained Tyrant of his kingdom for over ninety years before choking to death on his great grandson's skull.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyrant	6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.



BRUISERS

Aside from the Tyrant himself, a tribe's Bruisers are the most imposing Ogres in terms of sheer size and strength, and are often related to the kingdom's ruler. Bruisers usually act as enforcers or under-chieftains, and they spend a great deal of their time smashing and pummelling in the name of their Tyrant. As payment for using their fighting skills and brawn, Bruisers have many privileges in the tribe. Not least of these is the license to smack seven shades of dung out of any Ogre not toeing the line, not eating messily enough, or spending too much time playing with his Gnoblars. This bullying behaviour doesn't make them popular with the rest of the tribe, though most Ogres have learnt that it's better to keep their mouths shut — at least while the Bruiser is within hearing distance, anyway. Occasionally an Ogre will fight back, and in the unlikely event that he wins the resulting brawl, he will be allowed to take the Bruiser's place. This right of challenge serves to keep the Bruisers in line, and ensures that they don't take too much advantage of their privileged position.

In battle, it is the Bruisers who generally maintain discipline within the Ogre ranks when the Tyrant's eye is elsewhere. They are physically massive, and are generally the champions of the Ogre games that play such a large part in their social organisation. Many Bruisers will seek to grow their reputations by performing great feats of slaughter upon a battlefield. Nothing suits a Bruiser better than being the one who singlehandedly turned a fight around. Stopping a chariot with their bellies, breaking entire formations by themselves

or squishing the life out of the enemy's mightiest champion are the kinds of deeds that a Bruiser must do to build up his name! With the exception of the Tyrant, Bruisers get the pick of the spoils and equip themselves with the best gear of war, including outlandish items plundered from afar.

Occasionally, a Bruiser will place a leadership challenge to the incumbent Tyrant, but it is equally common for a Bruiser to be content with the pure violence of his position without the hefty burden of non-gut related decision making.

Occasionally a Bruiser will place a leadership challenge to the incumbent Tyrant, but it is common for a Bruiser to be content with the pure violence of his position without the hefty burden of non-gut related decision-making. As a preference, a Tyrant's Bruisers will be huge, muscle-bound bullies with no ambition and the brains and temperament of a Rhinox. Not all Bruisers are simpleminded brutes, however. Many are veterans of dozens of campaigns who have travelled through the Old World and beyond, learning the hard way what works on the battlefield and what does not. These veterans have seen it all, and are content to act as loyal advisors and henchmen to the Tyrant. He, in his turn, is grateful to have at least one or two followers he can trust to do the right thing at the right time. Top fighting Bruisers are often found as the captains of mercenary bands of Ogres, having enough intelligence and experience to negotiate a good deal, while still having the brute strength needed to make sure the rest of the crew do exactly as they are told.

Bruisers are sometimes entrusted with the tribe's standard, a massive banner hung with trophies and tokens of the tribe's bloodiest victories and accomplishments — symbols that rouse great feelings of pride and aggression in his fellow Ogres. These banners are so robust that they are often used as weapons themselves — having a metal-bound pole smashed into your head by a Bruiser will hurt no matter what's hanging from it. When an Ogre war party does not contain a Tyrant in its number, a Bruiser will often step to the fore purely by dint of his ability to pummel those who disagree with his plan of action (this usually involves the word 'charge' and little else).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bruiser	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.

THE CRUSHERCUTS

It is possible for Bruisers to attain big reputations although few would claim to be more famous than Blogg Crusherguts, the huge enforcer for the Rock Skulls tribe. Blogg perfected a move that others called 'the Crusherguts' in his honour. Upon entering battle, Blogg could hurl his bulk so that it struck like a beefy thunderbolt, breaking a battle line with a resounding crash. It was said that foes struck by the Crusherguts were so shocked by the impact that Ogres could just reach down and pluck them off the ground for eating.



BUTCHERS

Ogres approach magic and the worship of their gods in ways that are not easily understood by outsiders. Hideous and mean, Butchers are the Ogre equivalent of a tribal shaman, although their role is more that of holy man than magic-user. They have a direct link to the Great Maw, and are able to channel a small portion of the Ogre deity's insatiable thirst for gluttony and violence in a practice known as 'Gut Magic'. Through the gory ritual preparation and consumption of meat, Butchers channel a portion of their fearsome deity's eternal hunger into feats of magic. Even the most junior Butcher can brew up all manner of concoctions in his meat pot, a gigantic metal cauldron that is the closest the Ogres have to a religious artefact. But it is in Gut Magic that the true strength of the Butcher lies – simply by devouring the appropriate item and invoking the power of the Great Maw and the single-minded strength of their god, Butchers can instil unnatural vitality to their comrades, swelling the Ogres' muscles and toughening their skin. They can even turn their wrath upon the foe, project waking nightmares, shatter his enemies' bones within their bodies, or cause the ground to open up and swallow their foes.

Butchers are immense, corpulent hulks, typically more rotund than an average Ogre. They have appalling personal hygiene and like nothing more than wallowing in meat, guts and gore regardless of its source. Butchers often resemble walking larders, such is their propensity to carry chunks of meat and other less savoury ingredients around with them. They typically sport a bewildering array of meat hooks, cleavers, filleting knives, tenderisers and other culinary implements tucked into a leather apron, or even pierced through their flabby skin. These find equal use on living and dead prey alike. A Butcher must be prepared to use these items in their gore-soaked rituals at a moment's notice. Furthermore, of all true Ogres, Butchers traditionally do not try to hide their sprawling, flabby bellies with gutplates, trusting the blessing of the Great Maw to be protection enough.

BUTCHERS' TEETH

It has been known for Butchers to replace their tusks with flints that they literally hammer into their jaws, adding to their fearsome and unnatural appearance. Other Butchers have several different sets of teeth for different types of food, invariably hung around their neck. These range from fine needle-sharp fangs to strip the delicate flesh from a well-filleted human merchant to massive bear-trap sets that can chew through a Dwarf Ironbreaker. Particularly dedicated Butchers may have a Tooth-Gnolar or two in attendance to carry their spare sets, and always have the right teeth for the job.

Although not as mighty as a Tyrant, a Butcher is an emissary of the Great Maw and they are treated with an equal mix of reverence, awe and suspicion by his tribe. Blood-covered and primal, a Butcher is also directly responsible for preparing his tribe's Feasts, the closest the Ogres have to a religious festival, celebrations in which all Ogres take great pride — eating and worshipping are considered the same thing. While the Great Maw cannot ever truly be sated, a Butcher's best offerings can somewhat lessen the eternal gnawing within an Ogre's gut. Finally, during their induction into the cult of the Great Maw, the Butchers are taught how to tame fire. As firemaster, shaman and head chef, Butchers wield an amount of influence within each Ogre kingdom second only to the Tyrant himself.

Twinned with their malign intellect, it is not uncommon for the hoarse whispers of a tribe's Butcher to dictate the bellowed commands of his Tyrant. Around camp a Butcher is given a wide berth, for it is best not to get too close in case he is looking for extra ingredients, as fingers or whole limbs have been known to go missing. In battle, however, Butchers are most often found right in the thick of the fighting, where they use their cleavers and magic to great effect.



It is said that an Ogre whelp that draws blood instead of milk from its mother's teat is marked by the Great Maw. Any infant that conforms to the recognised portents will be immediately taken into the custody of the tribe's Butcher, who will bite deep into the whelp's gut to claim it as his own. The Butcher will then allow the whelp to glut itself continually on blood and raw meat until his protégé has grown fat and strong. During the whelp's upbringing, it will be initiated into the secrets of the Great Maw, and taught to gulp down and digest the most foul and poisonous substances to build up a tolerance to poison, ranging from ragged hunks of rotten meat to ground-up bedrock and the slimy, toxic intestines of stone trolls. Butchers spend every day of their lives ingesting all manner of grisly items. An adult Butcher takes pride in the fact he can consume substances that would ravage the digestive systems of even his fellow Ogres and even kill a normal Ogre Bull. A Butcher can withstand practically any bodily affliction and, with the favour of the Great Maw, can even shrug off arcane poisons that would rot a man from the inside within seconds. They also learn the art of grinding bones to meal, and discovering which parts of a beast to devour to augment different magics. This gastronomic fortitude is a great source of respect from the rest of the tribe, who believe that to cross a Butcher is to cross the Great Maw itself and therefore doom themselves to premature reincarnation as a hot and nourishing stew.

Some Butchers show an inclination towards magics other than the Great Maw. Some take powers from the very animals they cull, while those who dream of an oncoming fiery comet have a penchant for reading the future and controlling the weather in destructive ways, whilst always looking to the heavens for some sky-

GUT MAGIC

Ogre Butchers practice Gut Magic, shamanic spells that can inflict the predations of the Great Maw upon their enemies or bolster the strength of their fellow Ogres.

Known to the scholars of the Old World as Shamanic Gastromancy, Thaumaphagy or Corpomancy, Gut Magic is quite unlike the arcane arts used by human wizards. Ogre Butchers use shamanistic rites that revolve around devouring parts of their victims, the items acting as fetishes that channel the raw power of the Great Maw. These Gut Magic spells explain why the Ogre Butchers often appear to be walking larders, as to cast one of his shamanic spells the Butcher must physically eat anything from a nice healthy heart to a stinking pile of guts. In this act, he communes with the power of the Great Maw, taking some of it for himself and bestowing the rest upon his comrades that they might run roughshod over their enemies, or inflicting painful curses upon the heads of his foes.

borne disaster. Still other Butchers revel in the final act of their killing work, and their spells focus on death and dying. Regardless of their focus, Ogres believe that to cross a Butcher is to cross the Great Maw itself, a certain recipe for a painful doom. The largest, most fearsome and most powerful Butchers are given the additional title of Slaughtermaster, and there are few things that walk or crawl that such expert killers have not chopped up and prepared for a ritual feast.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slaughtermaster	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8
Butcher	6	4	3	4	4	4	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Butchers and Slaughtermasters are Wizards that use spells from the Lore of the Great Maw, the Lore of Heavens, the Lore of Beasts, or the Lore of Death. However, if you field any Butchers and/or Slaughtermasters in your army, at least one of them must choose his spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.

UPGRADE:

Butcher's Cauldron: If your Slaughtermaster is using spells from the Lore of the Great Maw, he may take a Butcher's Cauldron. A Butcher's Cauldron uses the following profile:

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Butcher's Cauldron	-	-	-	-	-	6	4	-	-

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

A Slaughtermaster with a Cauldron gains the Stubborn special rule and will count as part of the crew, and may never leave the unit.

Blessing of the Great Maw: A Slaughtermaster with a Butcher's Cauldron receives a Ward save (5+) and receives +1 to Cast spells.

Hunger of the Great Maw: *The Slaughtermaster can channel the Great Maw's eternal appetite into his spells through the presence of his Cauldron, spurring on his fellow Ogres to desperate deeds, as hunger is the most terrible feeling Ogres can experience.*

Innate bound spell, power level 5. The **Hunger of the Great Maw** is an *augment* spell with a range of 12". Until the caster's next magic phase, the target unit may re-roll failed rolls To Hit, as they desperately try to kill – and subsequently gorge on – the enemy. If the unit does not win a round of combat until then, each model in the unit must pass a Toughness test or suffer 1 Wound with no saves allowed, as even the ogres imposing constitution cannot withstand the Great Maw's appetite for too long.

FIREBELLIES

Firebellies are the roaring, blazing priests of the Ogre deity known as the Fire Mouth. Quick to mirth and anger alike, Firebellies are garrulous and vital individuals who are readily welcomed into any Ogre tribe. Fire burns within these larger-than-life prophets in a literal as well as metaphorical sense. Bald and broad, their ruddy skin glows from within, and their bare chests are tattooed extensively with symbols of destruction. When a Firebelly's wrath is roused, he can breathe out a cloud of billowing flame so fierce that it can melt through chainmail in seconds.

The Fire Mouth is the largest and most powerful volcano in the Mountains of Mourn. It is an important figure in Ogre mythology, revered alongside the Great Maw by all Ogres and worshipped fervently by those tribes that have witnessed the violence of its mighty eruptions first hand. Every year dozens of Ogre pilgrims flock to the sides of the Fire Mouth and announce their presence to the small but influential tribe that makes its home in caves nestled into the volcano slopes. As magma courses down the sides of the Fire Mouth like drool from a Butcher's gob, the aspirants dare to undergo the gruelling Flame Trial – a mysterious ritual held by the Firebelly tribe as their volcano god rumbles in his sleep.



As with all other religious occasions in the Ogre Kingdoms, this trial by fire begins and ends with the act of ingesting something. First, the hopeful Ogre must gobble down an entire cauldron full of flametoad and devilpepper curry; a repugnant mixture also useful for ending protracted sieges. Even as his gut burns, he must then catch one of the carthorse-sized fire beetles that burrow through the lava streams and devour the critter in a single sitting. It is the final task, however, that is deadliest of all.

Before being accepted and becoming a Firebelly, the aspirant must drink the blood of the Fire Mouth. The supplicant first climbs atop the caldera of the titanic volcano. The sight of the lake of bubbling, hissing magma below is impressive enough to take the breath away, even before the sulphurous stench assails the nostrils. Many contenders flee at this point, but those with the courage to continue are slowly lowered on thick chains inside the mouth of the volcano. The heat is such that their hair is burnt from their bodies and their eyes boil in their sockets, but the truly faithful will persevere, scooping up a skull-full of roiling lava. After being hauled back up to the edge of the Fire Mouth, the Ogre must gulp the molten rock down in a single draught. This last act is lethal even for the most gastronomically inviolable Ogre; only those with the blessing of the volcano god can survive.

The survival and subsequent initiation of a new Firebelly happens perhaps a few times every decade, and often coincides with a major outburst of flame from the Fire Mouth itself. This is seen as a sure signal that it is time to make war on the lands of the weak, with the size of the battles to come coinciding with the strength of the eruption. In war, the Firebellies are well equipped to aid the Ogres, for the disciples of the volcano inherit supernatural powers.

Firebellies bear a measure of protection against the fiercest conflagrations, can breath out an inferno upon their foes and can even cast and control flaming spells.

The Fire Mouth has only a few priests on hand at any time, for they are never many and most of their kind journey alone into the Ogre Kingdoms. There, a Firebelly will join a tribe for a time, spreading the creed of their molten-hearted god and bringing fiery destruction to their foes. They are lively and popular transients and fill Ogres full of wonder with their ability to bleed magma and cause a wreath of flames about their bodies with each burst of explosive flatulence.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Firebelly	6	3	2	4	4	4	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Firebellies are Wizards that use the Lore of Fire.

SPECIAL RULES: Flaming Attacks, Immunity (Flaming Attacks), Ogre Charge.

Fire Breath: All Firebellies have a Strength 3 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.



HUNTERS

Hunters are among the most massive of their kind, and think nothing of climbing to the peak of a mountain whilst tracking a wounded great mammoth or bull rhinox. Ogre Hunters are solitary wanderers, outsiders from their own tribe. An Ogre becomes a Hunter either by temporarily severing his ties to his tribe to sate his wanderlust, or by being exiled to the harsh white wilderness of the mountain for some slight to his fellow Ogres. Either way these ties are not completely severed, and a Hunter that excels at his solitary lifestyle will drag an impressive kill or two back to the caves on important feast days. Some Hunters return to the tribe of their origins, while others wander throughout the kingdoms. Those that survive become fiercely independent warriors and savvy stalkers of beasts. Bereft of a tribe's protection and beefy companionship, the lone Hunter must learn to track and kill, while simultaneously not becoming prey to any ferocious beasts — it is all too common for the Hunter to become the hunted!

A Hunter is generally covered in a network of scars and tattoos, overlaid by the thick pelts of his prey as protection from the arctic conditions of the Mountains of Mourn. He decorates himself with the tusks, claws, fangs and skulls of the cave-beasts he has single-handedly killed and eaten. A Hunter will typically have a great beast's skull affixed to his gut to illustrate his prowess. To ward off the severe cold of high altitude, Hunters dress in layers of skins and pelts and can also be recognised for their tendency to carry an arsenal of weapons, trapping gear, and skinning knives. When one's days are spent stalking Ogre-eating carnivores, it is best to be prepared. Hunters are incredibly proficient with their specialised gear, able to kill beasts on the move even at range.



A Hunter must learn how best to stalk his quarry. Each beast is formidable in its own right and a Hunter must discover techniques to deal with monstrous creatures of all sorts. For instance, it takes great patience to creep into an ambush position near the caves of the great bear-like cragbeasts, while it takes fast-paced double-tracking trickery to throw off a pack of Sabretusks once they have caught your scent. Knowing how to escape the first blast of icy breath from a Frost Drake or where to aim a throwing spear to best dispatch a Mournfang are lessons that a Hunter must pick up quickly. All Hunters bear horrific scars suffered from their many battles with the monstrous denizens of the mountains — those few errors that don't prove fatal still hurt!

Hunters are mysterious figures that occasionally turn up in camps hauling beasts of prodigious proportions. Naturally, they become figures of awe to many Ogres and tales of famous Hunters are popular. They are popular visitors, for not only do they drag down some of the largest carcasses, but they liven up any feast with their rich funds of stories about life on the mountaintops. Hunters tend to be very popular amongst the Bulls of the tribe, earning themselves a heroic reputation with their feats of strength. There's always good eating when a Hunter's around; this fact alone has seen many exiled Hunters brought back into the fold. The profusion of horrible scars and displays of beast skulls and impressive tusks also go a long way towards earning the respect of a local tribe. Before long, a Hunter's solitary ways will take over and he will amble back up the slopes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge, Scout.

Loner: Hunters cannot join any unit except a Sabretusk Pack or Cragbeasts, and can never be the General of an Ogre army.

EQUIPMENT:

Great Throwing Spear: *Hunters are armed with massive throwing spears, which they can hurl at an opponent.*

A great throwing spear has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	As user	Quick to Fire

UPGRADE:

Blood Vulture: *The blood vulture is a large, predatory bird that lives high in the Mountains of Mourn. Although primarily scavengers, blood vultures have no qualms about attacking living creatures, swooping and slashing at their victims with their sharp claws and powerful beaks. Ogre Hunters capture and tame blood vultures, and use them to hunt down prey or attack their foes in battle.*

A blood vulture is treated as a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	4	Ignore Cover, Quick to Fire.



SABRETUSK PACKS

Red in tooth and claw — an apt description for a Sabretusk, as this powerfully muscled hunting beast is a creature perfectly evolved for slaughter. These giant, agile felines often have tusks jutting from their lower jaws, for ripping out the guts of beasts larger than they are. Those that prove too difficult to domesticate instead provide both a good fight and a good meal for their would-be keeper — it is a rare Hunter indeed that cannot boast a set of claw-scars somewhere about his person. They hunt individually or in small packs and are known to be aggressive carnivores. A lone Sabretusk will bound into the midst of its prey, slashing and stabbing with its elongated tusks, seeking to sever arteries and disembowel its quarry. The snarling assault that follows is a fury of pounces, bites and ripping claws. Should an entire pack of Sabretusks attack at once, then even the largest beasts that haunt the Mountains of Mourn — they have been known to track and kill beasts as big as Ice Mammoths — can be quickly brought down in a howling flurry, leaving a red mist hanging in the frosty air.

Sabretusks are opportunistic hunters that prowl the slopes and valleys of the Mountains of Mourn. They are silent stalkers, preferring to stealthily work towards unguarded flanks or rear positions before springing their attack. When conditions are right, a Sabretusk

prefers to spring from ambush, or at least stalk its prey, patiently awaiting an opportunity to attack from unawares, leaping upon the victim. Once it commits to an attack, the Sabretusk does so with a savage ferocity.

However, a hungry pack is more than bold enough for a straightforward clash, and Ogres admit that even their most numerous hunting parties are not safe from the predations of Sabretusks. Although soundless while stalking its victim, upon slaying its mark a Sabretusk will proclaim its kill to the pack with an enormous roar and rasping roar while baring its blood-stained tusks — a frightful sound that echoes off the peaks. Despite their savagery Sabretusks are fickle like all felines, and are not above turning tail and bolting should their initial assault go against them.

Sabretusks are most associated with colder climes and can regularly be found prowling the mountain slopes above the treeline, however, the canny feline hunters will trail wherever their prey takes them. Packs of Sabretusks are known to regularly descend into lowland areas in pursuit of large game. There are tales of the predators stalking the tar pits and ooze geysers of the Dark Lands, where they make easy meals out of anything foolish enough to get stuck when the bubbling pits erupt. No matter where they are found, many hunters seek Sabretusks, for their distinctive striped hides are covered across the Old World and as far away as Ulthuan.

Ogres first encountered the Sabretusks during the big migration from the ruined plains. Although many stragglers were picked off and eaten by the predators, the Ogres have found much to admire in the Sabretusk and may have even learned how to take down large creatures by watching a pride work together to slay a beast many times their own size. It is said that the greatest of Ogre Hunters, Jhare the Red, was the first to keep Sabretusks in order to help him sniff out and hunt cave-beasts. In honour of Jhare the Red, many Hunters still tame their own Sabretusks. Large sets of claw-scars are common sights amongst such Hunters, for some beasts simply refuse to be domesticated. Once broken into service, a Hunter will send his Sabretusks to chase down vulnerable or wounded victims, or to soften up the foe ahead of his attack.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	4

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear.

Their Master's Voice: Sabretusk Packs can not be joined by character models other than Hunters.

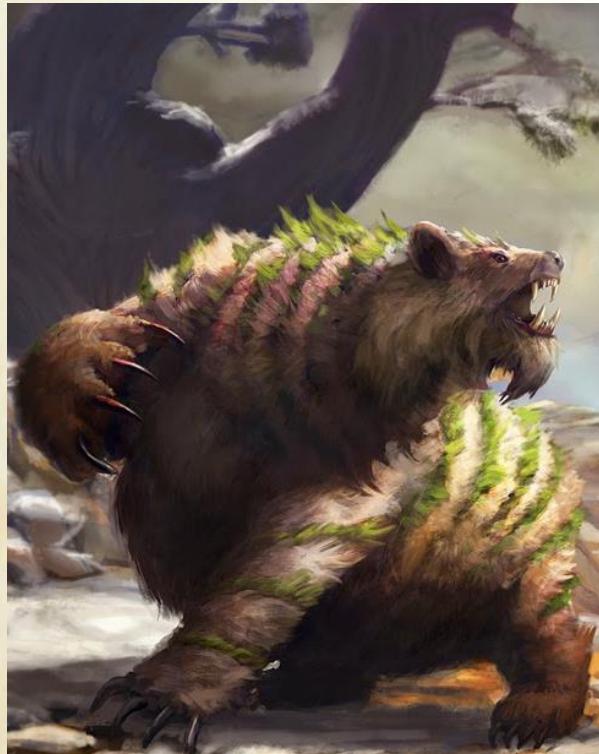


Cragbeasts

Cragbeasts are enormous, bear-like monstrosities which easily grow to match the size of Kislev's famed Great Bears, and often outgrow even these massive creatures. This gigantic growth is partially caused by the very nature of the Mountains of Mourn itself, where everything that isn't simply big or extremely ferocious is quickly hunted down and devoured by the more adapted predators. This, paired with an appetite that easily matches an Ogre's makes Cragbeasts a sought-after companion for Hunters and basically every Ogre.

Cragbeasts not only share the Ogres' appetite but also their physical constitution. Under the long, matted fur is a thick hide, which together with large layers of fat not only protects a Cragbeast from the unforgiving elements of the Mountains of Mourn but also serves as a natural armour against potential rivals and the many dangers roaming the mountain valleys and peaks. Underneath all this lie strong strands of muscle, allowing the beast to easily track its prey and strike it down with a powerful swipe of its heavy paw. The victim's carcass is then torn open by its mighty jaw and long, iron-hard claws. After devouring the unfortunate prey, a Cragbeast will set off again in search for more food.

These creatures lead a simple life, consisting of a mating-eating-sleeping cycle. After the territorial and mating clashes of two Cragbeasts, the victor will inevitable gorge itself on as much food as possible. Herby no distinction is made between fresh meat and carrion, roots or vegetables. As soon as a certain, most immense, amount is wolfed down, the Cragbeast will find itself a cave where it settles



down for a deep slumber, recovering from the wounds and exhaustion of the mating process and slowly digesting the copious amounts of food. It is only then that a Hunter might try its luck and skill to capture and "tame" one of these creatures. He will try and bind the sleeping Cragbeast with ropes as thick as a grown man's thigh. Such a task is no easy one, for Cragbeasts can be disturbed from their hibernation when they sense danger and a groggy, enraged Cragbeast spells certain doom for any unfortunate creature that happens to cross its path.

However, should a Hunter be lucky and tie the beast down without wakening it, he will then wait until the eventual awakening. Should the cords then still prove their worth the actual taming commences, which is nothing more than a combination of feeding the ensnared beast with scraps of meat and thumping its head with a heavy club until the menacing growling subsides. From then on the Cragbeast regards the Hunter as its new companion. While a Hunter can perform almost complicate hunting maneuvers with a well-trained Sabretooth pack, a Cragbeast is not capable of such tasks. More often than not it will charge the Hunter's prey or enemies headfirst, while the master will move in a position to flank their target.

On rare occasions, a Hunter will gift a captured Cragbeast to a tribe of his choosing. This is always well received and while the Hunter will be regarded in high standing for a long time coming, the Cragbeast itself becomes the Tyrant's pet and the whole tribe's mascot. It will participate in the tribe's eating contests and even serve as an opponent in tests of strength. Most Tyrants attribute a high status to their most favorite pet and any challenger who can wrestle a Cragbeast down in a guts-out fight will be elevated to a tribe's Bruiser. In battle the whole tribe is watching their beloved mascot swatting the enemy down and all Ogres cheer for every mauled, trampled and broken foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cragbeast	7	4	0	5	5	3	3	4	4

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Natural Armour (5+), Their Master's Voice.

'We threatened to grind their bones up to make bread if they didn't pay. 'Course that's just a threat – it takes too long to grind 'em and most of this lot are just as 'appy to eat 'em raw.'

- Olag Skullcracker, Tyrant



OGRE BULLS

The term Bull is used for any adult male Ogre. Bulls make up the majority of any Ogre kingdom, an unwashed mass of muscle and fat that can flatten landscapes as well as settlements when they gather in sufficient numbers.

"That's us lot. Clubs an' guts an' tusks. Best not get in our way, unless you wanna be eaten. Oh yeah, and yer bones ground up to make our bread, hur bur..."

Big, brutish and extremely violent, Ogres are simple and straightforward creatures; they know what they want and use their brawn to take it. Ogres don't do contemplative head scratching, preferring to smash things they don't understand. The bull-charge forwards is their favoured way to smash any opposition and greedily grab what they like. And what Ogres want is power, respect, wealth and, perhaps most of all, an endless supply of meat to feast upon. It is the Ogre way to take more than their share, in fact, the Ogres have a bully mentality that pushes them to take as much as possible. The only way to stop their aggression is a show of superior force. As Ogres are a bit slow on the uptake, it sometimes takes a few applications of that 'show of superior force', but they will eventually back down before a stronger opposition.

A Bull is far taller than a human whilst retaining a massive girth and heavily set frame. Mature Bulls always have pot bellies, ranging from the merely rotund to the prodigious. These heavily muscled paunches, unlike the human equivalent, contain little fat. An Ogre's gut has thick bands of muscle across it that ripple and grind when the Ogre is digesting something particularly solid. In Ogre society, a large gut is a sign of status and strength (after all, he's caught and eaten a lot of prey, or even other Ogres, to get that large), and the towering, blood-hungry Crushers that lead each pack of Bulls on the battlefield are wealthy, strong and mean.

Ogres exhibit a practical, if self-centred, approach to their lives — so long as they are doing well, then all is fine. This isn't saying that Ogres are evil-minded beings or that they are good-hearted either, Ogres are just above (or perhaps beneath) morals altogether. Ogres are out for themselves, and their first and only inclination is to act in the way that will benefit them the most. If invaders attack a tribe from a neighbouring kingdom, other Ogre tribes might ally together to repel the attackers or they might pile on and join the invading side. A third option, chosen by the most veteran Tyrants, is that they might wait until both sides



are weakened before smashing them both. Ogres are opportunists and the choice depends on what offers the most reward for an acceptable risk. Ogres are not duplicitous, not because they feel such guile is wrong, but because they lack the quick wits or mental agility to think of such tricks in the first place.



Ogres excel at fighting and this, along with their greed and lack of concern about right or wrong, means that an Ogre army is always ready for a battle against anyone, anywhere. History is replete with examples of Ogres being paid to fight (and even sometimes being paid not to join a fray). When they do enter combat, Ogres make frightening opponents, for they are savage and can sometimes devour the fallen where they lie. In the heat of battle, this horrifies their opponents, who must fight the blood-splattered vanquisher of their former comrades.

Ogre weapons reflect much about the character of their owners — big, solid, and often exceptionally blunt. Although rusty blades are popular, most Ogres prefer the club, which they wield to awesome effect with their great ham fists. Almost every Ogre, be he Bull or Tyrant, carries a club about his person somewhere. These clubs range from simple hardwood boughs to banded, studded and spiked bludgeons as brutal-looking as their wielders. The reason for the popularity of this ubiquitous weapon is, of course, culinary: clubs and bludgeons are ideal for killing prospective meals without spilling tasty blood all over the place on the journey home. After all, Ogres appreciate succulent

EATING ON THE MARCH

The expression ‘an army marches on its stomach’ is an Ogre catchphrase that has attained a more widespread usage. It can now be heard in use amongst the veteran soldiery of many nations of men in the Old World — albeit in a somewhat less figurative fashion.

meat as much as the next ten foot killing machine. Ogre clubs are used to bludgeon and dislocate and, as such, conventional armour offers little protection against them. Many warriors struck by an Ogre club have found their shield arm mangled beyond repair or have their buckled breastplates shatter ribs and damage vital organs even though their armour remains whole. Although cumbersome, a club delivers a reliably heavy blow and will only break or splinter after a great deal of use. For most Ogres a club is not only his first weapon, but also his most trusted one. An Ogre treats his club like an extra limb, and will only eat it in the most dire of circumstances.

On the battlefield, Ogres form up into blocky units and the sweaty stink of a hulking formation is imposing in its own right. As a mirror image of their tribal life, the largest Ogre in a unit is in charge and if he is powerful enough, the title Crusher is applied to him. Some Ogre formations take pride in their past victories and carry a banner so that the rest of the tribe can recognise exactly who it is that is performing such great deeds of strength. These standard poles are ideal places to hang skulls, trophies or other evidence of their battle prowess.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre Bull	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.



IRONGUTS

Ogre Ironguts are the Ogres of any given tribe that have the most status and the best armour and weapons. They go into battle armed with massive two-handed weapons, be they enormous scimitars, rocks bolted to tree boughs with iron bands, or simply gigantic versions of the traditional Ogre club. Ironguts wear large, ornamented gut-plates to show off their elite standing, and cover their meaty arms and boulder-like heads in heavy armour plating cobbled together from various conquests over the years.

"If you've got the stomach for it, you might make it to Irongut one day. That said, you better like chewin' on metal and rock 'cos that's a light snack to them boys."

Although not markedly superior in strength to their fellows, Ironguts are afforded great respect, as they are usually handpicked by the Tyrant himself. For this reason, a unit of Ironguts may well include the Tyrant's immediate family, where another might be comprised of his favourite drinking cronies. That said, it's not unheard of for the bulk of some especially formidable Ogre tribes to be made up of Ironguts. This is especially true amongst rich or powerful Ogre tribes,

who can afford the expensive equipment and weaponry needed to equip a unit of Ironguts.

Very little can stand before a full-blooded Ironguts charge. Any enemy troops that aren't hurled to the ground by the impact of the collision are subsequently smashed, pulped or hacked apart by the massive weapons the Ironguts carry. Any who survive that barrage of brutality risk being stomped into the dirt under by the Ironguts metal-shod feet.

Ironguts are often used to spearhead an important attack, or are held in reserve by some Tyrants and used to bolster the battle line. A common Ogre saying when things are going badly is that it's 'down to the Ironguts'. Regardless of when or where they are deployed or how badly they are outnumbered, there is always a chance such a rock-hard formation can batter their way to victory.

At the Battle of Magma River, the Rocksplitter tribe was ambushed by a huge Skaven horde. Hemmed in on all sides and outnumbered hundreds to one, the Ogre army was being slowly driven back towards the river of red-hot lava from which the battle took its name. Just



when all seemed lost, a furious charge by the army's Ironguts broke a hole in the Skaven line. Swinging to left and right, the Ironguts enlarged the breach while splattering gore in sweeping arcs. Realising their centre was gone beneath the battering swipes of the Ironguts, the entire Skaven army lost heart, turned tail and bolted for it, securing both a great Ogre victory and the ensuing feast of magma-roasted ratmen.

It was a unit of Ironguts that broke through the gates when the Ogres found a Dwarf mine atop Cragspike Peak and it was the Ironguts that held on and finally defeated the black-armoured Warriors of Chaos in the Battle of Bloody Ice and drove back the northern tribes in the long year without sun. Perhaps because of exploits like these, Ironguts are typified by an unshakeable belief in their own superiority. This stems from their undeniable prowess in battle, and also from the extensive eating contests that Ironguts go through to prove themselves. Such feats are both a crude type of initiation ceremony for the unit and also a chance to show off to the rest of the tribe during feasts.

Ironguts are also typified by an unshakeable belief in their own superiority. This stems from the extensive eating contests that Ironguts go through to prove themselves, both in a crude type of initiation ceremony, and occasionally just to show off. The Ironguts will display their intestinal prowess by eating a range of

unpalatable items ranging from rusty nails and hot gravel to iron-banded cartwheels and chain-mail armour, which is particularly troublesome to chew. It was one of these contests that gave rise to the myth of 'When Bolgut Fell III', a favourite amongst Ogre whelps due to its fanciful nature. After all, as everyone knows, there is very little an Irongut cannot digest.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Irongut	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8
Gutlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.

Down to the Ironguts: If a friendly unit of Ogres within 6" breaks and flees from combat, the unit may re-roll 1's when rolling To Hit and To Wound in their next close combat phase.

'Be it food or be it foe,
Ironguts can down it.
First we're gonna beat it,
then we're gonna eat it.'



RHINOXEN LIFTING

The practice of Rhinoxen Lifting is a great tradition amongst certain Ogre tribes. When a relative of a wealthy Ogre Tyrant is young, he is often given an immature Rhinox and express instructions not to eat it. This Rhinox, having been reared from birth by Ogres, is relatively tame, hardly ever destroying everything in its path. If the Ogre can pass the first test of not killing and eating the beast, every dusk and every dawn the Ogre will lift the Rhinox above his head. This is relatively easy whilst the Rhinox is a calf weighing only a ton or so. However, the Rhinox grows along with the Ogre, and lifting the beast, in theory at least, becomes more and more difficult. But because the Ogre lifts his Rhinox twice a day, the increments in weight increase that the Ogre has to contend with are tiny, so his strength gradually builds in proportion to the size of the Rhinox. By the time the beast and its master are fully grown, the Ogre is not only capable of truly incredible feats of strength, but also has an extremely large and juicy steak to look forward to at his coming-of-age feast.



LEADBELCHERS

Leadbelchers are a comparatively recent addition to the armies of the Ogre kingdoms. Few in number, these filthy and unhinged Ogres are equally obsessed with destruction and noise, and arm themselves with great portable black powder weapons called Leadbelcher cannons. These are gigantic guns either scavenged from the remains of enemy artillery or earned as a reward from the great forges of the Chaos Dwarfs. Although they are diverse in pattern and prone to deterioration in the coarse and clumsy hands of their owners, each Leadbelcher cannon makes as much noise as it causes damage — not all of which is confined to the Ogre's target. In any right-minded Leadbelcher's opinion, it's well worth sacrificing a couple of fingers or an eye for the sheer destructive power these weapons afford.

"BOOM! Hur hur hur..."

Ogres have long been on the receiving end of artillery fire, and they have grown to respect and admire its tremendous killing power. Indeed such weapons are everything an Ogre admires — they are big, loud and have a tremendous ability to smash things. However, making any kind of cannon is beyond the ken of Ogres and for years they had to make do with the salvaged remnants from battlefields, ripped off their carriages and carried by the massive creatures like handguns.

There are many Ogre legends about these early pioneers in the art of gunnery and the tales of the Loose Tooth tribe and the army of Nuln, or the Ironstompers and the attack on Karak Unfirth are often the first to be told.

Units bearing such looted weaponry were unreliable, but produced enough spectacular results that Ogre Tyrants were always greedily seeking to get their hands on more artillery pieces. It wasn't until the Ogre Kingdoms began to regularly trade with the Chaos Dwarfs that specially forged barrels became readily available. Now it is rare to see a tribe without a unit of Leadbelchers, the Ogre term for both the weapon and the unit that carries them. Their potential to cause destruction and the sheer joyful noise of their blasts is simply too great for most Ogre tribes to pass up.

It is easy enough to spot Ogres from a Leadbelcher unit, for they have scorch marks all across one side of their bodies, they bear severe powder burns, have tattered ears, regularly feature eye patches and often resort to protective metal plates hammered into their faces. This is the legacy of a series point-blank of detonations and an imperfect, if not downright clumsy, understanding of black powder. Regardless, these hardy and noticeably deaf Ogres feel it is well worth sacrificing eyebrows, an eye or even a few fingers for the chance to level such devastating weapons at a foe.



These disfigurements are worn as a badge of pride by these elite troops just as another Ogre might display scars earned from hunting or a favourite battle wound. In fact, Leadbelchers without some scorching are looked down upon as novices by the rest of the unit until they manage to blast off a few chunks of themselves.

To fire their weighty guns, Leadbelchers fill their cannon's barrel with shovel-like handfuls of crude black powder, metal shot, rusty nails, an assortment of wickedly bladed weaponry and occasionally an actual cannonball or similar sized boulder. The Leadbelchers go to battle with smouldering tapers pushed through the flesh of their scalps or held between their teeth. Others employ scorched, frightened and profoundly deaf Torch-Gnoblars that perch shaking on their master's shoulder as he strides into battle. Small groups of Leadbelchers will then prowl the battlefield until a prospective target comes into range, whereupon they will touch their tapers to the sparkholes of the cannon and loose a salvo of hot metal, noise and pure concussive force that invariably shreds or blasts apart their opponents. If all goes well, these shots will blast apart the target or shred it with a salvo of chopping blades. Entire ranks have been blown to smithereens before the hellish firepower of the Leadbelchers, but if it goes poorly, a volley will merely inconvenience the foe with hot wind, smoke and a pinging sound as small metal fragments fly out of the thick coils of smoke that momentarily hide the Ogres.



After discharging their guns, Ogres will immediately move to reload, scooping yet more scrap iron into the maws of their firearms. Those enemies that survive the lethal barrage barely have time to reorient themselves before a group of bellowing, half-mad Ogres barge through the smoke toward them, swinging their massive cannons from their bindings just as lesser mortals might use a morning star. Should the enemy close too quickly, Leadbelchers are not at all averse to hefting up the iron barrels and using them as massive clubs to smite their enemies. It was this muscle-bound technique that the Leadbelchers of the Bigclub tribe, a unit notorious for their poor aim, used to beat to death the giant mutated war beast that the ratmen of Crookback Mountain unleashed upon them. Although the Leadbelchers maintained that most of the damage was done at range, everyone present was more impressed by their prodigious close-quarter prowess.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7
Thunderfist	6	3	4	4	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.

EQUIPMENT:

Leadbelcher Gun: *The portable cannons of the Ogre Leadbelchers are one-shot weapons packed with black powder; sharp metal objects and even second-hand cannon balls. Lit by thick fuses as the Leadbelchers close with their enemies, these weapons make one bell of a noise. And a volley can cut down entire ranks of troops before the Ogres hit home.*

The Leadbelcher gun is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Move or Fire, Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Shots (D6), Slow to Fire

Leadbelcher guns ignore the To Hit modifiers for Multiple Shots.

ABSOLUTE VIOLENCE

Ogre Tyrants are bullies of the first degree and unleashing abrupt violence helps them keep an iron rule over their tribe. A common tradition amongst Tyrants is to pull a limb or two off anyone who offends them — such as those who speak too much or any Ogre that accidentally eats one of the Tyrant's favourite Gnoblars. The commonly used phrase 'that will cost an arm and a leg' stems from this practice. The arms or legs in question are most often eaten, but some Tyrants use them to bludgeon the offender. The Ogre Tyrant Malbob Mountainsmasher even earned the name "Bigarm" after pulling a Giant's arm out during a friendly dispute. From that day on, Malbob used the massive limb as a club. Until it started to go off, that is... then he ate it.



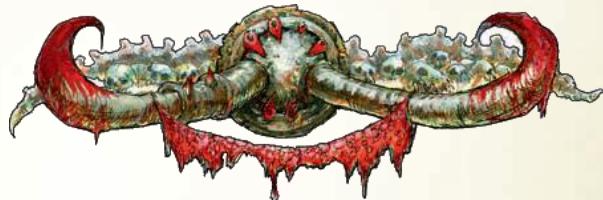
MANEATERS

Ogre Maneaters are veterans of many campaigns that have travelled the length and breadth of the world and fought in far off lands. Mercenaries beyond peer, they have spent decades accruing scars, tall tales, wealth, exotic wargear and new skills before heading back to the Ogre Kingdoms and the tribe from which they came. Maneaters have fought throughout the Old World and beyond and many races attempt to recruit such fighters into their armies, promising food, gold or whatever else the Ogres want in return for their services. It is the pay that matters, not the foe, although with some contracts Maneaters are awarded fallen enemies to eat, so in those cases the enemy may matter. Ogres will eat anything, but they have preferences!

Maneaters inherit the cultures of the lands they visit rather than spread their own. These mercenaries learn the fighting skills and adopt the style of dress appropriate to the lands in which they fight. In this manner, a Maneater that fought in the Grand Empire of Cathay might wear fine cloth under lacquered bamboo armour and wield a finely-balanced Cathayan longsword, a Maneater in the Empire might wear breeches and an ostentatious feather with a brace of huge pistols across his chest. A Maneater that fought

extensively in the jungles of Ind might go into battle decorated with gold jewellery and wielding a finely crafted curved sword, whereas one that fought in the savage wastes of the far north might have an extra arm or head to show off alongside his battle-scars. A Maneater campaigning in the Southlands might go into battle as the Savage Orcs do, that is, wearing an undersized loincloth, a gut-plate and nothing else but smeary warpaint, although more civilised folk might not want to visual that...

It is common for Maneaters to operate in small groups that have fought together for years, and despite the fact that they may look outlandish, these tight-knit groups excel in the fine art of breaking heads. At the Battle of Koffler's Gap, a small unit of Maneaters held out against invading barbarians for an entire week, allowing the Empire to muster an army and counterattack. When the Empire forces finally battled their way through to the Ogres, they found them surrounded by huge piles of dead, with the body of the northern chieftain merrily roasting over their cooking fire. All they would say about the siege was that the Marauders were 'good eating,' and wanted to know where they could find some more.



It's rare for any two Maneaters to fight or be equipped in exactly the same manner, and opponents find themselves fighting against a dizzying array of different weapons and combat techniques. The only real factors uniting the individualistic Maneaters are their monumentally inflated sense of self-worth and their capacity to smash aside lesser creatures without breaking a sweat. They have fought everything from Lustrian jungle-dragons to hellish Daemons. Backed up by their hugely inflated opinions of their own capabilities, the Maneaters rarely run from those they see as 'walking food'.

When they finally return to their tribe (as all Ogres are driven to do), Maneaters take any opportunity to bore their tribe-mates with long fanciful war stories, some of which are even true. Although such tales are tiresome, an Ogre Tyrant is always happy if he can call on the services of one or two units of Maneaters to aid his tribe. They will be used to lead important attacks, or hold a vital part of the battle line. Maneaters are famously stubborn opponents and usually prefer to fight to their last breath rather than flee. After all, they have learned the hard way that if they run off in the course of a battle, they won't get paid!



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Maneater	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	8
Maneater Captain	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge.

Been There, Done That: When selecting a unit of Maneaters, you must note down on the roster sheet two different special rules from the following list. The rules you choose represent traits, skills and abilities the unit has picked up during its travels, and apply to all Maneaters in that unit. If your army includes more than one unit of Maneaters, then each must choose different skills — you may not choose the same special rule more than once in your army.

- Immunity (Psychology)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Scouts
- Sniper
- Strider
- Stubborn
- Swiftstride
- Vanguard

Motley Crew: The models in a unit of Maneaters are often armed with a variety of different weapons. When removing casualties, you must choose a model to remove from the rear rank (or either end of a single line) as usual, no matter what the model is armed with — you can not apply individual Wounds to different models, or randomise Attacks, etc.

"Maneaters. Been around those lads I have. They been there and killed that. Now they're back to tell you about it."



THE GOLDEN TOOTH

After many battles and with more loot than even the greediest Ogre could imagine, Golgfag Maneater and his mercenary band were headed back to the Mountains of Mourn. But as they crossed the treacherous gloom of the Dark Lands, Golgfag grew suspicious that they were being followed...

Golgfag's Maneater Captain, the somewhat blunt, but nonetheless dangerous Dolgrum Offaleater, had unknowingly acquired a treasured artefact from the Tombs of King Pharakh. It just so happened that the sacred dagger of Imophrak the Great was made of gold, and Dolgrum, having recently lost a tooth, found the soft metal just malleable enough to smush into shape and jab into his gums. Thus, the once sacred ceremonial blade, an item symbolic of the very Kingdom of Pharakh, was now firmly wedged into Dolgrum's mouth.

Although now misshapen, the Dagger of Imophrak still held the ancient spells that were woven onto sacred items, allowing the thieving bandits to be tracked. The Undead had marched far to recover the dagger, and had been commanded not to return without it.

Golgfag, being both cunning and opportunistic, did not turn to face the oncoming horde until he had reached the Kingdom of the Firepit tribe. Using his last few precious baubles, Golgfag paid the toll to use the only path through the deadly Bubbling Pits. Yet before he and his lads could cross that treacherous pit-marked land, an army of the Tomb Kings strode out of the gloom. Never one to back down from a fight, the Firepit tribe eagerly spread out for battle amidst the magma-spewing craters. What followed has become known as the Bloodbath at the Bubbling Pits.

MOURNFANG CAVALRY

High up the slopes of the Mountains of Mourn lives a cave-dwelling beast that has always attracted the attention of the Ogres — the Mournfang. While the howling winds that swirl around the peaks of the Mountains of Mourn are well known for the gloomy plaintive feeling they instil in all who hear them, there are other sounds carried on those harsh winds that are altogether far more ominous. None who have heard the deepthroated roars emitted by a hunting pack of Mournfangs and survived to tell the tale will ever forget it. Even the largest of apex predators that haunt those dangerous lands, such as Chimera, Stonehorns or Ice Wyrms, will do their utmost to avoid being downwind from the pack, and the eldest and wisest of their kind might even seek a dark cave to hide in.

Aggressive predators that stalk the icy slopes, Mournfang packs are led by the largest of their kind and, working together, they can hunt and kill anything that lives in that harsh domain. Mightily built beasts almost hunched with coiled muscles, Mournfangs are straightforward hunters. Upon spying their prey they prefer to charge their quarry, hurtling themselves forward and pouncing at maximum velocity. The impact of such strikes alone can snap a full-grown Ogre in two. Once engaged, a Mournfang will use its



ripping claws and powerful jaws to savage its victim. Working together, a pack of Mournfangs can hunt and kill anything that lives in that harsh domain, and even whole Ogre tribes have retreated before the hungry packs. Their toughened hides and thick, matted fur make them incredibly resilient, but it is their relentless nature that has inspired countless tales. It is said that a Mournfang, even when slain, will not relax its bite — but will continue to hold on in a death grip. Woe to anything that crosses paths with a hungry hunting pack. Mournfangs have a notorious tenacity that makes even the most powerful of creatures think twice about confronting them. Ogres' tales tell of defiant Mournfangs blocking cave entrances or refusing to give ground and every tribe has a story about a beast continuing to fight long after drawing its last breath.

It is this bold resilience that attracts Ogres to Mournfangs — for it is hard not to respect an animal that will continue to bite and slash even when its brain

Ogre Hunters say that Mournfang cubs are born with their eyes open and their teeth already fully

developed — a necessity for such hostile creatures as their own litter mates will devour any not tough enough to vigorously defend themselves. There can be no denying that all Mournfangs are vicious killers, yet even amongst such constant aggression, there are some particular packs of Mournfangs that have earned a reputation for being especially bloodthirsty.

The Mournfang pack that claims the territory of Deathgorge has nearly filled that massive defile with the cracked and picked over bones of their prey — including numerous Giants, Manticores and even the gem-filled carcass of a Stonehorn or two. Although riches galore might be found there, none have yet made it past the hungry beasts to explore. It is said the Mournfangs who live too high up in the Ancient Sky-titan mountains have glowing green eyes and can disappear at will in the misty clouds that crown those majestic peaks. Ogre tribes covet the tiger-striped hunters that range across Mount Bloodhorn, because despite their many attempts, not a single beast has even been captured and ridden. Even more impressive, no Ogre who attempted to capture a Mournfang from Mount Bloodhorn has ever returned. To be the first to break such a violent creature and be seen riding it triumphantly would give any Ogre bragging rights across the Ogre Kingdoms.

has ceased to function. Ogres have tried to capture and break the beasts for mounts since they first encountered the Mournfang — although for centuries every attempt ended in death or crippling injuries for the Ogres. Over the years it has become a sort of rite of Ogrehood, as young aspirants head up the mountains in their attempts to capture one of the savage beasts.

It was Ogre Rolgut Hamfists' discovery of the leadership challenges amongst Mournfang packs that led to the first successful capture. In battles reminiscent of Tyrant challenges in the maw-pit, the largest Mournfangs engage in their own violent fights to claim the pack's alpha position. The victor will be exhausted and have lost a lot of blood as a result of the fight. As Rolgut discovered, this is the best time for an Ogre to vault onto a Mournfang's back. If the Ogre can hold on during the wild ride that follows, and can remain atop the beast until it passes out from blood loss and exertion, he will have done it. For when the groggy Mournfang finally comes to, it will concede to its new master. Ogres that fall off during this violent rodeo are gored and eaten by their quarry.

For the successful aspirants, there follows a period in which the would-be Mournfang rider must remain 'strong in the saddle' at all times, steering the beast with his club. The Mournfang, its walnut-sized brain addled by the repeated blows, finally becomes fully accustomed to bearing a rider. Once a Mournfang has

been broken in this manner, it is nearly possible to domesticate it and the great beast will live and travel with the Ogre tribe. Mournfangs in such captivity do not breed, however, so Ogres must still climb the mountains to seek out Mournfang packs in the midst of their own leadership challenges.

Powered by thick haunches of purest muscle, Mournfangs surge towards the foe at a speed faster than their muscle-bulked frames would suggest, not slowed in the least by the large Ogre or saddle atop its hairy back. Protected by thick skin and coarse shaggy hair, enemy arrows bounce off the oncoming beast or ping off the Ogre's armour as harmless as hailstones. When they do smash into an enemy, the powerful Mournfangs chomp, slash and stamp the foe whilst the Ogres lay about them, swinging ponderous clubs to bludgeon the foe. The results are devastating, with the fallen not just slain, but utterly pulverised, pounded into the bloody ground by a profusion of heavy blows.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7
Mournfang	8	3	0	5	4	3	2	3	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (6+).



GRIMHORN RHINOX RIDERS

The Rhinox is a hard-headed and hyper-aggressive beast of the snow-ritten Mountains of Mourn. Huge, hairy and especially bad tempered, the Rhinox is a large and dangerous horned beast that will ram anything in its way, even the most massive of creatures. The twin horns of a Rhinox can gouge a furrow into a cliff face and no predator wishes to be on the receiving end of charge from a single beast, much less a stampeding herd. Rhinoxen can almost always be found living in the mountainous regions of the world, where they roam the snowy slopes and thunder through the passes in small, but formidable, herds that are given a wide berth but the most ferocious or desperate of predators.

A herd of Rhinoxen will never willingly alter its path for anything – be it rock fall, weather, or monstrous predator. Some of this has to do with their own tough nature, as thick skin and coarse, shaggy hair protects the Rhinox from the elements and all but the most horrendous of damage. Doubtless, some of their fearlessness also stems from the creatures obstinate ways. However, the notoriously bad eyesight of the Rhinox certainly factors into its penchant for walking blindly into precarious situations. As they live in the extremes of high altitude – with numbing winds, snow squalls and the ever present threat of blizzards, visibility is often limited anyway, so the fact that a Rhinox cannot see more than a few strides ahead is not

nearly as debilitating as it would be for a beast of the plains. To compensate for its near-blindness, the lumbering Rhinox has developed a keen sense of smell to catch wind of predators and has learned to lower their heads with their impressively large horns and charge anything that doesn't reek like other Rhinox (which are distinctively foul smelling). On occasion, they will charge even if it does smell like a Rhinox, as the creatures are just that hostile, and the smell really is that bad. Powered by thick haunches of purest muscle, a ram from a charging Rhinox is devastating and those lucky enough to avoid being gored or skewered by its horns can still be flung airborne by the force of its impact. Even a Frost Dragon would move hastily to get out of the way of a stampeding herd of the great shaggy beasts.

Amongst the tribes who carve out a brutal existence upon the harsh upper slopes of the Mountains of Mourn there is a rite of passage undertaken by those Ogre Bulls who have survived to the age of Ogrehood. Each year the toughest and most powerful of them will gather to hunt out the most savage breed of Rhinox, the Mountain Grimhorn; a beast so ferocious that older Ogres avoid it, seeking lesser, more tractable specimens to pull their ramshackle war machines. Aspiring bulls will stalk and hunt an adolescent Rhinox whilst it performs its own violent rite of passage – a brutal leadership challenge that involves high-speed collisions and a lot of blood.

During their annual fights for territory, a protracted Rhinox leadership challenge between sparring Rhinox will usually result in the death of the losing party, as even these bad-tempered hulks of muscle and matted hair will eventually succumb to their wounds, as even these bad-tempered hulks of muscle and matted hair can bleed to death. But the Rhinox, as with all species native to the Mountains of Mourn, is extremely resilient. Even when its brain has ceased to function it will continue to fight, slashing and biting in its death throes. It is at this point the hunting Ogre will launch his ambush.

The victor of a Rhinox leadership challenge will be exhausted and have lost a lot of blood as a result of its ordeal. This is about the only state in which a lone Ogre could expect to find a Rhinox and capture it alive. The Ogre aspirant sprints towards the wounded Rhinox, vaults on to his back and hold on for dear life. Those that ride out the bucking, bellow*ing frenzy that invariably follows will break the beast's will as it slows and eventually concedes that to continue would be to bleed to death. Those Ogres that fall off during this violent rodeo are gored and subsequently eaten by their quarry.



Those Ogres who prove successful can then return to their tribe triumphant, becoming one of its most respected members, but they do not stay for long. There is a fortune to be made as a mercenary for a young Ogre with his own Rhinox, and every spring a few new Bulls from the upper slopes will join together and sell their services as the heaviest shock cavalry known to the Warhammer world, ranked with the most notorious Maneaters as mercenaries.



Rhinox Riders typically carry all their worldly possessions upon their mount, as there is more than enough room, and a broken Rhinox makes an excellent beast of burden. This also serves as a display of their success as mercenaries, showing off the vast wealth they have earned, as although Rhinox Riders can usually secure the victory of any battle they are engaged in, these brutes and their gigantic steeds do not come cheap. They like to advertise their success as Dogs of War, and often wear precious metals to show their wealth. Although Rhinox Riders can usually



secure the victory of any battle they are engaged in, these brutes and their gigantic steeds do not come cheap, and the paymasters of the victorious side have often noted a profound feeling of loss when the spoils of war are shared out. In fact, many paymasters will often be found weeping at the sight of the extortionate share they have to pay out to them.

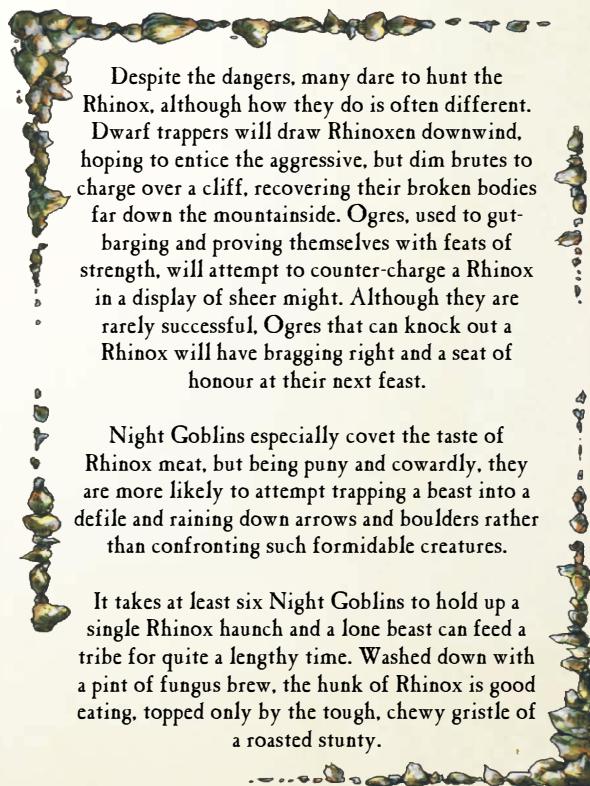
It is a well-known fact that almost all the Rhinox riders abroad in the world hail from the Ironskin kingdom, populated by a tribe of Ogres who revere their mighty Tyrant almost as much as they revere iron itself.

A full-grown Bull Rhinox is roughly the size of a steam tank and almost as difficult to stop, and even those Rhinoxes that have been broken by their Ogre riders have a temper shorter than a Gnoblar's thumb. Even a single Rhinox Rider in full charge is a terrifying sight, the ground itself trembling as the cavebeast thunders into the ranks of their foe. Once a Rhinox has started to move it is quite difficult to get it to stop. This rarely interferes with the Rhinox Riders' strategy, however, which usually consists of 'head down and charge'.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rhinox Rider	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Thunderlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7
Rhinox	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	3	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy (Rhinox only), Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (5+).



RHINOX WAR CHARIOTS

Rhinox War Chariots are ramshackle constructions, simple but sturdy, like the Ogres themselves. Built of heavy, wooden beams and captured wagon wheels, these chariots are held together by thick strands of rope and crude nails, resulting in big wooden platforms, able to carry an Ogre driver (usually chosen through a series of bouts or loud belching contests). Pulled by a powerful but dim-witted Rhinox brought into the fold while still young, these vehicles pose a serious threat to any foe and wreck utter havoc when crashing into the enemy lines. Enemy soldiers are trampled under the hooves and cloves of the beasts of burden, while the Ogre crew swing massive clubs to mow down droves of warriors and smash anyone and anything getting too close. Aside from eating, smashing headway into an enemy formation at high speed is a great pleasure to most Ogres, and with an angry Rhinox at the helm, one can expect to crush even more foes than possible on foot.

Rhinox War Chariots represent the very nature of the Ogre race. They are no aesthetic tools of war when compared to the magnificent chariots of men or elves and are an example of the practicality Ogres are known for. There is no uniform build. Everything close at hand and useful for the completion of a War Chariot is grabbed and roughly assembled together. However, since the big Ogre majority isn't known for its ingenuity when it comes to creating new things and most of their imagination ends at the embellishment of their favourite club, War Chariots are often a former Gnoblar Scraplauncher claimed by an Ogre and ridden of the scrap-launching contraption atop it. The Gnoblars – and their protest – does not matter much in such cases.



Ogres are notoriously known for copying the habits and ways of other races. Shortly after the first Ogres discovered the thrills of charging into battle atop a War Chariot, their entire race became obsessed with the simple joys this brought to them: the ear-deafening noise while advancing towards, the air rushing about them while smashing through enemy armies, the trails of broken bodies left behind, ripe for picking and devouring right after the battle. This obsession has led to one of the most curious things Ogre culture has produced so far. Once every year all the Ogre tribes organize a race through the Mountains of Mourn and the Giant Lands. This race is as diverse as the participants themselves. One year it is a circular course through the mountain range, the next it can be a route from a battlefield in the north to a site in the south, however there is no such thing as an exact route – everybody simply tries to get from start to finish in the quickest manner possible. Every Ogre in the possession of a chariot and mounts can participate.



Each participant brings his very own creation and no two chariots look alike. The same can be said about the beasts pulling (or sometimes pushing) the massive vehicles. Everything can be found from Mournfangs and Rhinoxen to Stonehorns and Thundertusks – the latter usually do not tend to make for very good mounts (in fact none do) but every year there are some Ogre whelps trying. During such races a good number of the participants don't make it to the finish line – they are being devoured by their own draft beasts or get lost in the wilderness. Some chariots are sabotaged, either by more clever Ogre adversaries' or by bands of sneaky Gnoblars, looking for a way to get their revenge on a former master. Others fall prey to one of the many monsters that roam the wild. Tribes living along the way often unleash avalanches just for fun or guide the racer to a deep ravine. The winner is sure to have a honourary seat at the annual Great Feast, although there have been years with no winner at all. The Ogres themselves do not dwell too much on this matter and once such an event has come to end they already dream about next year's Tour of the Mountains.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Ogre	-	3	2	4	-	-	2	3	7
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4 +).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Impact Hits (D6+2).



IRONBLASTER

The origins of the Ironblaster are comparatively recent, and make for a popular tale around the campfires of the Ogre Kingdoms. The Ironskin tribe, famous for their love of metal and the sheer number of cannon-toting madmen in their ranks, held a contest to see who could unleash the most destruction during the Great Gnoblar Purge of 2211.

Amongst their number was Bhograt Seven-Bellies, an Ogre possessed of much physical strength as well as sheer girth and an eye for an opportunity. He left the contest with a wild gleam in his eye, and began the long climb into the mountains, eventually reaching the tumbledown ruins that were once the majestic castles of the Sky-titans. Bhograt remembered seeing something when, a few decades back (when he had a mere three bellies to his name), he had prowled the debris as a youth.

Searching through the rubble, Bhograt unearthed a massive bronze cylinder covered in elaborate friezes that depicted the war in the heavens, like unto a Leadbelcher gun or one of the thinling's cannons, but far larger. This was one of the castle-mounted guns the Sky-titans used towards the end of their war against the



Ogres all those years ago, and Bhograt believed it was high time such weapons were put back into use. Taming a nearby Rhinox with repeated blows of his club, Bhograt strapped the immense cannon to his new pet and sent it down the mountainside, sat astride the enormous bronze cylinder, content to let gravity do most of the work. Rather more quickly than he anticipated, Bhograt returned to his tribe covered in glory (and bruises) — the bronze cannon intact.

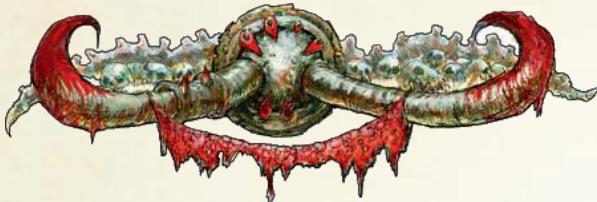
It did not take long for the tribe to catch on to what Bhograt had in mind. The tribe pooled all of its remaining black powder and, priming the giant cannon, loaded cannonball after cannonball into its cavernous maw until it was full to the brim. The enormous gun, which by now had been mounted on a ramshackle chassis and properly secured to the captive Rhinox, was taken to the main entrance of the Gnoblar tunnel-town and wedged into the passageway's mouth. Bhograt was given the honour of setting light to the fuse. Within one blinding, deafening second, the Gnoblar infestation was no more. The shower of green limbs that erupted from dozens of hidden boltholes provided much amusement, and formed a deliciously smoky appetiser for the Ironskin tribe before they headed back for a proper celebration. Pleased to get rid of the Gnoblars, even if it was only for a little while before new ones crept in, the Tyrant allowed Bhograt to sit beside him during the feast.

Since that famous day, many Ogres from the Ironskin tribe have climbed high into the mountains of the Ancient Giant Lands in order to secure more of the Sky-titan's old artillery. It didn't take long for the Ironblaster to be seen and coveted by the other Tyrants of the Ogre Kingdoms. Now many tribes can boast of several Ironblasters, the great weapon wagons usually being crewed by the largest and richest Leadbelcher in each tribe.

The cobbled-together wagon that is used to mount the enormous gun barrel is also used to haul the vast quantities of gunpowder needed. Such is the weight of the vast contraption that the Rhinox which pulls it grunts and strains under the pressure and even the stone wheels that hold it up can only last for a few battles before cracking under the immense weight. Ogres use few things that require maintenance, however the destructive force of an Ironblaster has persuaded many Tyrants to order a search for extra wheels or support horns when the device breaks down, as it is prone to do on the many nomadic moves of a tribe. Between battles, it requires a virtual army of Gnoblars to maintain the war machine and its carriage, the little runts often needing to patch the rotting planks together or use gut-rope to bind the vast horns back into place so the cannon can once again swivel.



When deployed in battle, the Ironblaster is hauled into a good shooting position before blasting out a fiery tongue of flame and a thunderous boom. The multiple cannon balls are able to tear apart a whole regiment in a maelstrom of noise and violence, especially should the Ironblaster get in close. The advantage of getting close is that, with the right encouragement of a few stiff prods, the Rhinox can strain enough to really get the Ironblaster wagon moving quickly. Something that large with so much momentum can really pack a wallop when it hits. If the sheer impact doesn't smash the foe, perhaps the Ogre's blows or the gouging horns of the Rhinox can finish the job.

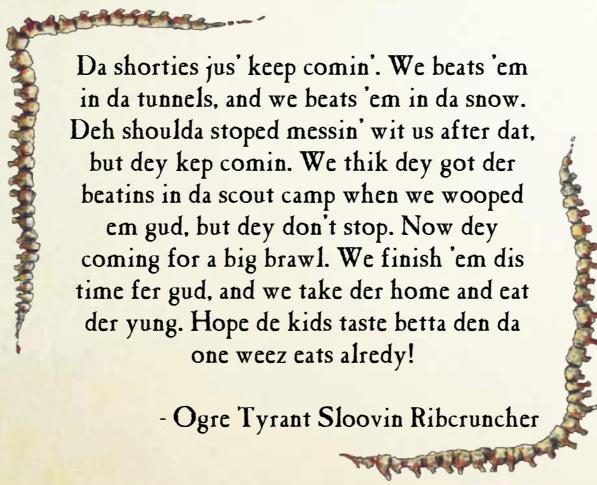


When things go wrong for an Ironblaster, however, they really go very badly wrong indeed. It can be safely said that Ogres do not make the cannier of artillerymen, overloading, underloading, touching flame to the sparkhole too soon, or just plain joyriding, too enthralled with the opportunity to ride in a pulled wagon and firing the largest cannon imaginable. Still, the giant cannons were forged to last, so even after the most horrific of accidents, it is never long before a new chassis is constructed, a new Leadbelcher found to crew the mighty gun and the cycle of violence begun anew.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ironblaster	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Ogre	-	3	2	4	-	-	2	3	7
Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4 +).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Large Target.



EQUIPMENT:

Cannon of the Sky-titans: *The cannon of the Sky-titans, despite being crudely pressed into service by the Ogres, is actually a very robust and sophisticated example of its kind. It can fire whole clutches of cannonballs at once, allowing it to do a tremendous amount of damage, although the range of such attacks is limited.*

Fire the cannon of the Sky-titans in the same way as a normal cannon, using the profile and special rules that follow.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	10	Multiple Wounds (D6)

Massive Grapeshot: Grapeshot fired by a cannon of the Sky-titans has a Strength of 10.

Move & Fire: The cannon of the Sky-titans can fire even if the Ironblaster moves.

Volley of Cannonballs: When rolling to determine the bounce distance for a cannon of the Sky-titans, roll the artillery dice twice and use the highest roll. The cannonballs will fail to bounce only if both dice roll a misfire result.

Ironblaster Misfire table: If a misfire is rolled on the first artillery dice, roll a D6 and consult the following table:

D6	Result
1	Krakabooom! The much-abused cannon finally gives up under constant mistreatment by the Ogres and explodes spectacularly, showering redhot shrapnel and cannonballs in all directions. The Ironblaster is destroyed and all units within D6" take 2D6 Strength 5 hits.
2	Krrack! The cannon splits along its length with an earsplitting crack. It is rendered useless and may not be fired for the rest of the battle.
3-4	Squelch! The Gnoblar attendant, having stuffed several mangled corpses into the cannon to see what would happen, has fouled the mechanism. The cannon may not fire this turn or next turn as the Gnoblar gets the highly unpleasant task of cleaning gore out of the barrel.
5-6	Lurch! Moments before firing, the Rhinox pulling the Ironblaster gets spooked and lurches in its harness, bucking and snorting. Roll a scatter dice and turn the Ironblaster to face the direction rolled. The cannon may not shoot this turn.



GORGERS

Gorgers are stinking, pale and degenerate Ogre-kin that have been condemned to the warpstone-laced labyrinth below each tribe's cave network. When a scrawny Ogre is born, the tribe does not suffer the weakling to live. Those born with gangly limbs or without an Ogre's signature paunch, are given over to a Butcher who takes them to the deepest cave near the campsite. This cave mouth is invariably sealed with a boulder of tremendous size, but when this hefty blocking device is rolled aside, the mewling newborn is then tossed into the gaping, jagged pit into the darkness below, and the boulder heaved back into place once again. In Ogre society weakness is a death warrant and by offering a sacrifice to the Great Maw, the Ogres believe that their god will pass judgement, and those that are sound will be granted their god's blessing. Ever since the Ogres migrated from the plains, stunted births have become common, and many offerings are cast into the darkness.

The caves of the Mountains of Mourn are home to many monstrosities and it would take extreme good luck for a full-grown Ogre to survive for a week. Only pure stealth and savagery will allow the aberrant infant to survive, eking out a troglodytic existence as it devolves into a mewling, tragic mockery of a proper



Ogre. Yet somehow, despite the dangers and the great odds against it, some of the undersized Ogre whelpings live, such is their hopeless vitality to cling to life. The few forsaken that survive their first few days begin to scrape out an existence in the near permanent darkness, scrabbling for sustenance and feeding on the base things that crawl in the dampness — rats, fang-leeches, crustworms and any scraps of carcass thrown into the interconnecting tunnels by other Ogres. Using stealth and savagery born of rock bottom desperation, a small handful of the aberrant infants eke out an unwholesome and troglodytic existence.

The tunnels below the Mountains of Mourn hold more secrets than just unwanted Ogre cast-offs. Unbeknownst to any, save a few clans of ratmen, the under tunnels are laced with warpstone — the strange black or green-glowing rock that contaminates all it touches. The few that manage to scrape a couple of years of life from the dark tunnels quickly become sinewy, filth-encrusted beasts, but it is only the largest, fastest and most violent of their kind that reach full and terrible size. Those Ogre spawn that live long enough learn to survive by snaking their emaciated frames into narrow crevices to avoid predators, which, naturally, include other Gorgers who think nothing about acts of cannibalism. When food is scarce, which is almost all of the time, Gorgers will feast on their weaker brethren without a moment's hesitation. The beasts are so hungry that they will gobble up anything they can scrounge, even the most tainted of things. This unnatural diet speeds their own mutations as they twist and grow into something horrible — what Ogres know as a Gorer.

So it is that if a Gorer emerges from its caves, it is a twisted abomination of muscle and teeth far larger than a Bull; a diet of cannibalism, constant fighting and desperation conspiring to create a true monster from Ogre stock. Even more ravenous than an Ogre, Gorgers are degenerate eating machines consisting of nothing but taut muscle, claws and ferocity. To aid a Gorer in its all-consuming quest to feed, he can distend his jaws in the same way as many serpents do in order to swallow larger prey. If that weren't enough, their mouths are crammed full of teeth that grow rapidly to push through their slimy gums, replacing themselves daily, or sometimes even more quickly.

"There's things down there in the lower caves.
'Ungry, blind things. Things that weren't right
when they was born. They sniff you out and then...
well, there ain't much to eat down there, that's all
I'm sayin'."



Accustomed to the pitch black of underground, Gorgers use their flared nostrils to sniff out prey, which they will stalk relentlessly. Sometimes Gorgers unwittingly happen upon an entrance to another race's cave network, roaming the tunnels of Skaven and Dwarf in search of smaller prey. The Gorger will drag itself through the smallest of openings in order to run amok in such a food rich environment. They will assail all they can find and the wet snapping sounds of broken remnants being devoured will echo down the hallways. Some Gorgers occasionally escape the underground labyrinths into the open night, scampering out when their pits are unblocked or finding new exits that lead outwards. There, in the dark, they will stalk the valleys, lowland forests and moonlit paths of the Mountains of Mourn, sniffing out and devouring unwary travellers as they sleep and ripping them apart in a frenzy of greed and bloodlust, before returning to their caves before daybreak.

When Ogres go to war, Tyrants unblock the tunnels to the outside world and lure out Gorgers with carcasses, allowing them to spill out into the wilderness in search of blood. Gorgers are either captured and dragged to battle in cages, or led in the right direction by a trail of blood-soaked flesh. Some Tyrants prepare them to hunt, and often blindfold captured Gorgers before unleashing them, as the creatures' beady eyes are so unaccustomed to light they howl when exposed to the sun. Gorgers are so used to hunting in the dark that this blindness does not hamper their fighting abilities, as they scent the blood of the foe on the wind. Little more than a loping set of jaws and filth-encrusted talons, Gorgers sometimes have their monstrous claws bound

behind their backs by heavy chains to keep them from lashing out. Sniffing the air, these degenerate monsters bound and clatter after anything smaller than themselves. Needless to say, when a starved Gorger scents blood on the wind and catches up with its prey, things get very messy indeed.

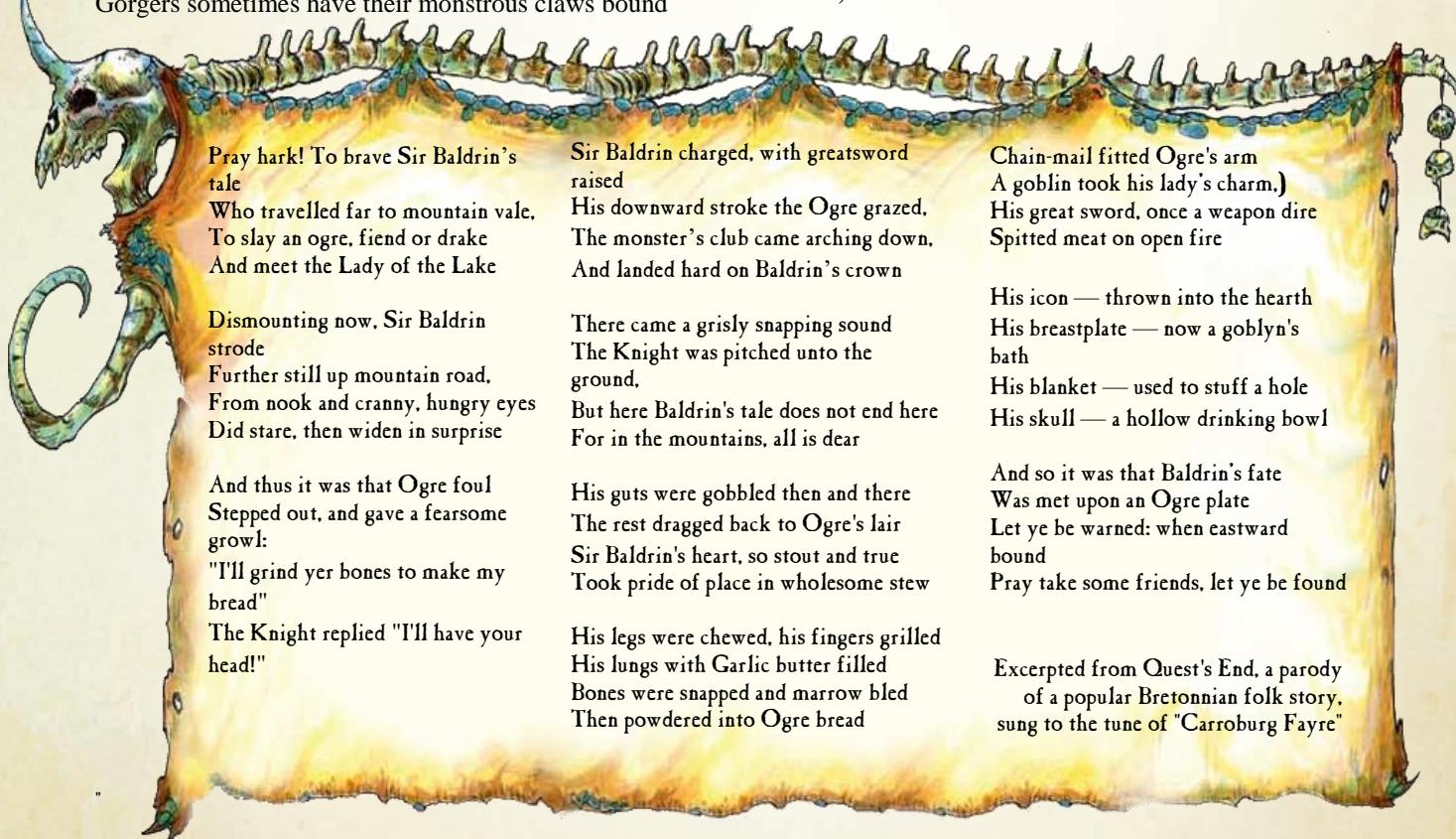
With a profusion of razor-sharp teeth and scything claws, a Gorger attacks with a savage ferocity that frequently lops off heads and limbs, splattering gore and viscera in wide arcs. The powerful, filth-encrusted jaws of a Gorger are more than capable of taking off heads with a single bite, and Gorgers always go for the head. Gorgers completely disregard pain injury in their single-minded quest to devour any prey-thing they can get their talons on.

Gorgers can smell the scent of blood from several miles away, and Ogres in battle tend to spill rather a lot of it. As a result, Gorgers will often enter the field of battle where the fighting is thickest, intent on feeding at all costs. When a Gorger latches onto the scent of fear, it becomes an unstoppable juggernaut intent on nothing other than feasting on a banquet of flesh and blood.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorger	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambusher, Frenzy, Killing Blow, Unbreakable.



YHETEES

Those who travel the mountain passes know the threat posed by the savage packs of creatures known as the Yhetee. Living far above the treeline, Yhetees are hairy ape-armed humanoids with a ravenous hunger for flesh. The Yhetee packs inhabit the highest slopes of many mountain ranges, eking out a sub-tribal existence at the peaks of the mountains. Yhetees are most frequently found in the Mountains of Mourn and, the place of their birth – the towering peaks of the Ancient Giant Holds – but colonies of the creatures are known to have migrated to other mountain chains. There, high on the roof of the world, the Yhetees survive by preying on the beast herds of the highlands. With their pale fur and penchant for lurking buried in the snowdrifts that cap the highest mountains, Yhetees stalk unseen while keeping a wary watch over the highland paths. The pelts of these hairy, ferocious beasts make them hard to spot in the snowy landscape, and only when their shaggy hair is overly matted and blood-speckled are they easy to pick out.

There is a strange and almost supernatural connection between the Yhetees and the high altitude mountains themselves, and they are possibly one of the few species that does so more than the common Ogre. Indeed, the Yhetees exude an aura of cold so powerful



that those attacked by them will find their limbs stiffened and joints frozen, making them easy prey for these fierce and feral mountain predators. When their quarry is spotted – perhaps armed convoys daring passage over the high passes, or herds of creatures such as Rhinox or Ice Mammoths – then the Yhetees surround the prey and deliberately trigger an avalanche in order to trap their prey.



Tons of snow plunges down the mountainside, closely followed by the loping Yhetees, who can scale sheer cliff faces and negotiate steep drops at speed. With their foes crushed by rocks and snow, the Yhetees dig out their half-frozen victims using long, iron-hard talons to lop off limbs and heads, soaking the snows with blood. Some Yhetees use crude clubs heavily encrusted with pure blocks of ice – there are the perfect instruments with which to batter foes to a pulp. The few victims that survive such attacks claim that the Yhetees themselves exude an aura of unnatural frost, causing limbs to stiffen and making breathing laborious in such ice chill.

"Back when the world was young they was our brothers. They ain't much to look at now, too cold by 'alf and no run at a feast. But they're fast, and they ain't forgotten how to kill."

Yhetees have developed long, fused claws that are the natural equivalent of climbing pitons, with dewclaws on the back hinge, allowing them to climb features other races could not negotiate. A blow from a Yhetee's iron-hard claws will rip off limbs and heads with ease and they are also ideal for quickly digging out half-frozen victims buried by snow and ice. Even with their deadly claws, enough of a vestige of Ogre-like behaviour remains in the Yhetees' ancestry to ensure that they still use clubs of a sort, fashioning ice weapons by the simple expedient method of snapping a bough from a tree and breathing pure cold onto it until it resembles a massive ice-encrusted club. Dominant male Yhetees sometimes use pairs of these, smashing apart everything in their path.

It's not uncommon for an Ogre tribe to include some Yhetees amongst its ranks. How or why the Yhetees are convinced to fight alongside the Ogres is a subject of much speculation. Some scholars suspect that Yhetees are a remote offshoot of the Ogre species dating back to the first Big Migration. Others theorise that the Yhetees owe the Ogres a great debt from



somewhere in their distant past, even before they evolved into creatures of ice and snow, and hence their habitual reply to the Ogres' summons to war is one of ancestral honour rather than any kind of learned response.



Whatever the truth of the matter, an Ogre Tyrant is able to summon Yhetees to war by a blast on the Great Horn, a huge curling tusk taken from the largest ice mammoth killed by the tribe. The acoustic qualities of this horn, twinned with the mighty lungs of the Ogre sounding it, send the blast echoing to the peaks of the mountain range. Riding great avalanches of snow, the Yhetees will enter the Ogre Kingdoms, ready for the great hunt that is open war. Yhetees that spend too much time in the lowlands (to them, anything not above the tree line) become lethargic and they will begin to wither beneath a hot sun. For these reasons, once their obligation to the Ogres is complete, Yhetees will return to the mountainous lairs.

Yhetees are powerful, and can sprint as fast as an armoured horse. Because of this they are usually used by an Ogre Tyrant in much the same way the cavalry are used in other armies, to deliver swift attacks on weak points in the enemy line, and to help pursue a defeated opponent from the battlefield. With their sheer brute strength and ferocious nature Yhetees can smash a hole in any enemy battle line or maul any opponent that dares to stand up to them.

"The worst thing about a snowstorm is that Yhetees can be upon you before you know it – it's like the storm itself grows claw."

Gunrek Thorson, Dwarf Ranger

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Yhetee	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7
Greyback	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable.

Aura of Frost: Yhetees have evolved a specific affinity with the subzero temperatures of their mountainside homes. The magical aura of cold that these beasts exhale is enough to freeze the blood of their foes, making them easy prey for the vicious snow-beasts.

While any enemy models are in base contact with one or more Yhetees, they suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill and Initiative. In addition, Yhetees have Magical Attacks.

Scale Terrain: Having specifically evolved the capacity to scale even the sheerest surface with their iron-hard dewclaws and hooked talons, the Yhetee can cover even vertical walls with jaw-dropping speed. Twinned with the Yhetee's loping gait and sheer strength, there is very little that can stand before an avalanche of Yhetees and its prey.

Yhetees treat all undefended obstacles, cliffs, rocks, boulders, scree and woods as clear ground.



YHETEE RIMESPEAKER

The higher regions of the Mountains of Mourn are constantly exposed to warp dust, drifting south from the gigantic, collapsed warp gates at the north pole of the Warhammer World. The amount may wary, the same as the influential reach of the ruinous powers waxes and wanes, but the dust is steadily carried southwards nonetheless. Some scholars claim that the origins of Yhetees, the white-furred cousins of the Ogres can be traced back to the influence of the Warp. These big humanoids still reside in the higher reaches of their homelands and as the mountains themselves change constantly by being constantly bathed in the radiation from the Warp, so did the Yhetees. This transformation took centuries and while the creatures maintained a certain resistance to the foul touch of Chaos, some rare specimen have continued to evolve under the mutating energies.

All Yhetees are more than acclimatized to the extremely low temperatures of the mountain tops and although they thrive in such an environment, a select few of them have developed an even greater affinity for the cold lingering around the high peaks. While the wizards and mages of other races must devote a life-time of dedicated studying to grasp and master the treacherous winds of magic, Yhetees instinctively tap into the cold that surrounds them and which they themselves emanate and can craft icy weapons through their freezing breaths. Yhetee Rimespeakers take this natural ability up a notch and can reach out and shape the cold surrounding them to a much more devastating result than their ungifted brethren. They prove a valuable addition to a Yhetee pack, often leading the pack's hunts, where they assist and impress the others with their uncanny grasp of the cold. The Ogres believe that such Yhetee specimen have been touched by the

Great Maw and that their cold breath is the breath of their deity itself. Rimespeakers are regarded with much reverence from the Ogres. Firebellies instead see Rimespeakers, due to the antagonist nature of each other's powers, as competitors to the Fire Mouth.

By tapping into this natural control of cold, Yhetee Rimespeakers can summon forth punishing snowstorms out of the blue sky, hiding their pack mates and blinding the unsuspecting foe at the same time. They can conjure icy spikes out of the ground or the walls of the countless caves dotting the Mountains of Mourn to slow down game. As razor-sharp ice spears burst upwards from the ground, impaling and crippling fleeing quarry, Yhetees traverse the frozen and treacherous ground unhindered, quickly closing the gap between them and their designated victims. Yhetee Rimespeakers have also been witnessed to use their abilities to craft weapons with nothing more than their freezing breath. While all Yhetees are known to breathe cold air onto branches until they are enclosed in a thick layer of ice, Rimespeakers can form crude clubs and ice spears out of thin air and their own, magical breath. They then throw such a magical projectile with great power to impale their enemies and ensure a kill for the pack. A Rimespeaker's breath is also said to freeze anything and anyone solid ice with just a single, powerful exhalation.

Rimespeaker	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	7	3	0	5	4	4	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Aura of Frost, Flammable, Scale Terrain.**

Ice Breath: Rimespeakers have a Strength 3 Breath Weapon with the Magical Attacks special rule. No Regeneration saves are allowed against any wounds suffered from this attack.

Rimespeaker's Call: Rimespeakers can channel power and dispel dice in the same manner as Wizards. In addition, Rimespeakers know the three spells listed below. They are innate bound spells (power level 5).

• **Ice Spear:** *Ice Spear* is a **magic missile** with a range of 12" and causes a single Strength 5 hit with the Multiple Wound (D3) special rule. No Regeneration saves are allowed against any wounds suffered from the Ice Spear.

• **Ice Spikes:** *Ice Spikes* is a **hex** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 12" of the caster. The area covered by the small template becomes dangerous terrain until the start of the caster's next magic phase. This does not affect Yhetees and Thundertusks.

• **Snowstorm:** *Snowstorm* is a **hex** spell that is cast upon the caster himself and affects all units within 6". Any shooting targeted at units within the Snowstorm suffer -1 To Hit to their shooting attacks.



STONEHORNS

Stonehorns are shaggy-haired beasts that make the foothills of the Mountains of Mourn their stomping grounds. They are massive beasts of muscle and violence, each several times the size of a Rhinox and — if it can be believed — several times as dense. Intelligence is of little import to these great beasts however, for each Stonehorn is quite literally a living fossil, its skeleton hardened by the same rock as the mountains where it makes its home. As legendary as their hardiness is their belligerence; in fact it is said that a Stonehorn will take any opportunity to headbutt something to death and trample its corpse into paste. Such is its colossal mass that the impact of its charge is like a boulder plummeting from a mountaintop, a deadly combination of weight, momentum and a bad temper.

A Stonehorn in a destructive rage is the kind of sight that causes Ogres to gape in slack-jawed wonderment — for it is a display of raw, unthinking strength. It is common in Ogre camps to hear awed tales of Stonehorns pulverise stone, shattering cliffsides or battering down mountain peaks and these are not exaggerations, but everyday occurrences. And that's just what the beast does, smash into the frozen mountainsides, tearing up the terrain in its quest for silver or gold, literally crunching up the rocks and rubble in order to find and follow a rich vein of precious metal. Stonehorns live by 'mining' rock, breaking off suitable chunks by smashing their

impressively horned heads into the largest rock facings they can find. Deposits of precious stone and seams of rare metal are favoured, but the creature will also use its ironhard molars to crunch up mundane rubble or any mammals caught out of their dens. Yet as impressive as such feats are, they pale before the sight of a Stonehorn in combat.

Intolerant to an extreme, they have no patience with other living creatures and charge headlong at them to drive them off or crush them beneath their mighty hooves. A Stonehorn's first inclination is to charge any creature that comes within view. This is no mere bluff or half-hearted measure to scare off any who draw near, but instead a full-tilt attempt to use its horns and bulk to pulverise anything in its way. Few can bear the brunt of such a collision; the Stonehorn can smash mountains asunder, so what hope does a creature of flesh and blood have to stand before such a beast?

Even a substance as hard as Dwarf-forged steel will be utterly flattened beneath the crushing tread of the Stonehorn. A Stonehorn's ferocity is not bound only in its charge. After impact, the great beast will rear up on its thick haunches to deliver crushing blows with its forelimbs — hammer blows that can crack a glacier or smash stone to powder. With growling fury, a Stonehorn will swing its horns in sweeping arcs, seeking to slice foes with the surprisingly sharp ridges that form on its stone prongs.



In their constant quest to headbutt things, Stonehorns often scrape skin, tendon and meat from their faces, leaving bare patches or glimpses of a skull-like stone mask. Fully grown Stonehorns have little or no flesh left on their bony heads, having long ago scraped it off in their constant quest to headbutt the mountains themselves. Stonehorns are unnaturally heavy, their considerable bulk rising from a peculiar affliction. Over their long lives, Stonehorns become more like the mountains upon which they graze, in a slow process of petrification – a process that gradually turns the beast into a living fossil.

That's not the only effect of the Stonehorn's unnatural diet, for their bodies are dotted with mineral deposits the way freckles appear on humans, and the skull of an elder beast can house enough gems to make a merchant prince weep. Getting hold of those riches is difficult — only a fool comes within sniffing distance of a live Stonehorn, and those that die of natural causes are secretive, plodding off to hidden vales before fully transforming to stone. It is said that the upper slopes of the Mountains of Mourn are dotted with such strange

snow-covered statues – beasts that have at last succumbed to old age and turned entirely to rock. Those that stumble across such hidden grounds are struck by the eeriness of the silent statues.

Naturally, Ogres have the greatest respect for Stonehorns, for the mammoth creatures are everything an Ogre aspires to be: big, violent, strong and rock-hard. They never tire of telling and retelling their favourite accounts of a Stonehorn's prowess or of the gory aftermath they leave after one of their stone-cracking charges. Whether it is the wide trails of Dwarfs flattened and squished out of their armour, the wet crunching sounds a Stonehorn makes when plowing through Skaven hordes, or fond remembrances of Giants pile-driven deep into the ground, such blood-drenched tales are greedily called for and laughed about at any raucous Ogre feast.

An Ogre Hunter who has tamed a Stonehorn is a celebrated individual. Stonehorns are oblivious to the most grievous wounds and the only proven way to break one is to take one of its eyes, which is no mean feat given the beast's stone-armoured skull. To achieve this, a Hunter must stand in the path of a Stonehorn charge and, as the ground shakes, stick a spear or land a harpoon in its eye socket. Those who miss seldom live to tell the tale, but those lucky enough to make the shot will be confronted with a rare sight indeed — that of a Stonehorn halting mid-charge as it registers pain for perhaps the first time in its long life. The Hunter can then lead the Stonehorn back to his cave by yanking upon the embedded shaft. After a time, the wound heals, often the eye even grows back, but by then the Stonehorn has been persuaded to allow a rider. A Hunter might keep such a beast as his own mount, or, if he wishes to boost his reputation, he could gift the beast to a tribe, for Stonehorns are much-coveted by all right thinking Ogres.

THE GRANITETOOTH GRAVEYARD

Of all the Stonehorn burial grounds scattered around the Mountains of Mourn, the largest and most sought after is the Granitetooth Graveyard.

Here the chill wind gusts around hundreds of petrified Stonehorns, their statue-still bodies covered in thick layers of ice and snow. In the shadows of these great beasts, sheltered from the worst of the flesh-biting storms, can be found the littered bones of countless adventurers who foolishly sought their fortune in this treacherous land. Beside the skeletons of men lie those of Dwarfs, who believed that the hearts of Stonehorns' transformed into giant blood-diamonds upon their deaths, and Skaven who heard tales that the fearsome beasts turned into solid warpstone.

It is perhaps unsurprising that so many expeditions have ended in disaster, for in the blizzard like conditions that perpetually engulf the Granitetooth Graveyard, it is extremely difficult to tell the difference between a dead Stonehorn whose form long ago turned into stone and precious gems, and a dying beast whose body is still undergoing the final stages of petrification.

These ancient Stonehorns stand virtually motionless amidst the forest of their deceased kin, their frost covered forms indistinguishable from great statues. However, when mining-tools and pick-axes bite into their rocky skin and chip away gemstones, fossilized eyelids suddenly crack open, a sound that is almost imperceptible in the howling winds, and the only warning that the treasureseekers have just made the biggest mistake of their lives.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5
Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Natural Armour (4+).

Earth-shattering Charge: A Stonehorn has the Impact Hits (D6) special rule. When a Stonehorn makes a successful charge, you may roll 2D6 when determining the number of Impact Hits, and choose the highest result.

Stone Skeleton: If an Attack with the Multiple Wounds special rule successfully wounds a Stonehorn, halve the number of Wounds inflicted (rounding fractions up).

THUNDERTUSKS

Thundertusks are creatures of ice and doom, ancient monsters that strode the darkest ages long ago. It is a creature that has survived since a bygone era, a time when the entire world was frozen over and sheathed in ice. However, it has not done so unchanged. Retreating from the sudden warming of the sun, the forefathers of these mammoth beasts headed to the northern plains where they became saturated in the magic that was unleashed in those strange lands. Over many generations, the warping effects of raw Chaos and imbued by those unnatural winds, the Thundertusks became living embodiments of cruel and ever-enduring winter, primordial things from a long-forgotten past. Their hulking mass exudes an aura, a subzero blast of arctic air so cold it congeals blood and freezes their prey. Thundertusks advance as relentlessly as a winter storm, using their numbing airs to slow their victims down, allowing the beasts to bring their cumbersome but crushing mass to bear.

Thundertusks are hulking four-legged beast and solitary wanderers that travel across the cold places of the world, far to the glacier-ridden lands of the far north or high amidst the frozen peaks of the mountains. Needing a great deal of sustenance to sustain their bulk and icy nimbus, they are constantly roaming in search of fresh meat. Named after its most prominent feature, the Thundertusk bears a deadly set of long and curving tusks that jut out from its gaping maw, brutal projections that it uses to smash down obstacles or skewer prey.



But the Thundertusk is not just deadly up close, where it can stomp its frozen foes flat. A Thundertusk's horns attract the elemental power of magic like a lightning conductor. The beast's icy breath mixes with this sorcerous flux, coalescing into swirling spheres of eldritch energy and jagged shards of ice. With a sound akin to the peal of a thunderclap, the Thundertusk can hurl these frozen orbs of arctic air across the battlefield. Upon impact, the glowing sphere of frost shatters, sending lightning-wreathed icicles spinning through the air. The shards scythe into any exposed flesh, cutting bloody holes into anything within a wide radius. This can also freeze distant victims, slowing them down and keeping them in place to allow the gargantuan creature to close. The resulting tusk charge, not to mention the massive stomping feet, will shatter just about any foe into fragments.

Because of its unnatural penchant for frost, Thundertusks become extremely irritable and uncomfortable in direct sunshine. Shedding patches of skin and cultivating coats of icicles upon their pelt can only compensate so much, and so the Thundertusk has developed a unique mechanism for surviving the heat during the relentless fairer seasons when the temperatures rise slightly above freezing. During any prolonged warm spell, a Thundertusk will hibernate within its chosen glacier, hacking and scooping out a crude cave with its gigantic blade-edged tusks until it can retreat from the punishing rays of the sun.

There, in a cocoon of ice, the beast will slow its heartbeat and lower its body temperature further still, allowing the Thundertusk's freezing breath to slowly crystallise the moisture until the beast is completely surrounded in cooling ice. Safe from the predation of the beasts and Ogre tribes of the mountains, the Thundertusk sleeps through the summer in its frozen refuge, healing the damage it sustained during mating season and slowly digesting the massive quantities of meat that it gorges upon before each hibernation period.

When the days begin to shorten and the warmth of the sun retreats once again, the Thundertusk will gradually raise its heartbeat and exert maximum effort upon the glacier around it. Eventually, through sheer brawn, and with numerous shifts of its massive shoulders and muscular haunches, the Thundertusk will burst free in a shower of ice shards and roar its victory over the sun. Hungry beyond measure, it will rampage over the mountainsides generating a shimmering chill that numbs the air. Thundertusks use their great tusks to scoop up any living creatures they can find, tossing them into the air and catching them in their blunt maws to devour.

A Thundertusk was once housed in the Imperial Zoo as part of the Emperor's famous menagerie.

During the first few months of captivity in summer, the Thundertusk was docile and sickly, not moving at all. When the howling winds of winter came, however, the beast roared to life, freezing its enclosure with thick ice, before shattering the walls with its mighty tusks. Enraged, the Thundertusk rampaged through the city. It was last seen heading northwards.

When they meet on the mountainous slopes, Ogres and Thundertusks eye each other warily — for a strong meat-gathering party or a highly skilled Hunter are some of the few predators that can actually bring down such a beast. A slain Thundertusk is a great boon to a hungry Ogre tribe, but slaying one is no easy business — Thundertusks are known to crush, gouge and freeze their way through most attacks. The strength and stamina of Thundertusks are legendary and the Ogres that hunt those northern lands value the creatures as feast-worthy prey, able to feed a whole tribe. Just occasionally, though, a tribe will manage to bring low an injured Thundertusk and, by the use of iron chains the thickness of an Ogre's forearm, stout clubs and copious quantities of red meat, they can train the beast to serve as nigh-unbeatable mounts.



Captured Thundertusks are kept in chains and dragged about for a long time, but can eventually coexist alongside the Ogre tribes and can even be broken in to permit a few riders to sit upon their enormously broad shoulders. Thus a Thundertusk will join a tribe, becoming a living engine of frozen destruction. These massive mounts give the Ogres that ride them an extra twenty tons of brute force to smash things with, an excellent view of the battlefield, and also an ice-cold, walking larder with which to keep their meat fresh.

In battle, Thundertusks are used to blast the foe with ranged attacks and to lend support to the main Ogre battle line. Towering high above the heads of all but the tallest combatants, the Thundertusk and its crew unleash a hail of fire even as they advance upon the foe. A Thundertusk will often aim to crash into the enemy lines at the same time as the bulk of the Ogre attack, supporting their bonecrunching

charge with its own chilling aura of frozen doom, sending waves of freezing air that lap around its mammoth hide, slowing all who dare approach the great beast.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stonehorn	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5
Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (D6), Natural Armour (5+).

Smooth Ride: The riders of a Monster with this special rule does not count as Moving and Shooting.

Numbing Chill: Any enemy model within 6" of a Thundertusk has the Always Strikes Last special rule.

Sphere of Frost-wreathed Ice: The Thundertusk can make a stone thrower shooting attack with the following profile. This attack may be made even if the Thundertusk moves, but not if it marches.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6-24"	3(6)	Multiple Wounds (D3)

Do not use the Stone Thrower Misfire chart if the sphere of frost-wreathed ice suffers a misfire. Instead, a misfire means that the sphere does not fire this turn, though it may still fire as normal next turn.

THE SILVER ROAD IS BREACHED

It was the wrong season for snow and although they were guarding a mountain pass in a watchpost carved into the living rock, they were along the lower reaches — not anywhere near the higher altitudes where the weather changed quickly, and often for the worse. Yet it was snowing and that was a change. And like most Dwarfs, Durrik Lokbur, guardian of the Silver Road and Thane of Cragkeep, hated any sort of change, and hated most of all an unexpected change. It boded ill and the cold damp made his knees ache, which was a bad sign.

Still, even if the snow was coming down in impenetrable sheets it was his duty to guard the Silver Road. And sure as his beard was long (and it was), Durrik felt that something wasn't right. Somewhere further east, in the direction of the storm itself something was coming his way on the stone-paved road. At first Durrik had ignored his qualms, but they had grown stronger over time, until he knew he would have to act. In the end he had alerted the Thunderers, who were out on the walls already, and when word got out that his knees ached, the Rangers had packed up their gear and moved out to see what they could find amongst the storm.

Hours later the snow had not let up and, if anything, had intensified. The winds, too, had picked up and the air itself had an unnatural chill. Visibility was so poor that only when the Ranger Captain cursed loudly and beat for the stone gate to be opened did they realise that the mountaineers had returned. As Durrik had forebode, the report was grim. There was a howling in the wind that sounded like some hunting beast, but nothing they had heard before. The Rangers had worked their way eastwards along the road when they had heard heavy stomping coming towards them and, listening, they felt the stone roadway tremble as something titanic moved their way. Whatever it was, it wasn't far behind.

Then they felt it — a deep rumbling shake. They were Dwarfs, used to the mountains and stones beneath their feet and so they knew, as the Rangers had said — this was no earthquake or avalanche, but was instead something large coming up the Silver Road. The heavy plodding of gigantic feet was coming closer. The watchpost was ready — the stone ports were opened and the cannons run out. Dwarfs peered into the falling snow for a sign of something. Then, like a catapult shot of pure ice, great wintery blasts began to batter into the stone faced tower.

At first the Dwarfs laughed, for boulders could not budge their impenetrable stronghold, much less giant snowballs — but that grim laughter died in their beards, or froze rather. A deep chill, a glacial freezing, followed the exploding shards and the Dwarfs, who prided themselves on their tough ruggedness, shivered. The stones themselves groaned and cracked — the rock itself was freezing cold.

'Ogres!' the Dwarfs cried, and the crack of Thunderers and cannon fire blasted into that stormy night. Then something huge loomed out of the snow, a primordial beast that had walked the frozen earth before the sun had any warmth. Bull-like, it charged the cliff-face in which the watchpost was carved, its enormous tusks smashing into the now-brittle rock. The stronghold was breached and great chunks of the rock fell. The Thundertusk began to feed, sifting through the broken rocks to pluck out the fallen Dwarfs. In moments, the watchpost was just piled rubble and a broken rockface, and the road westwards was clear for the Ogre army to stomp through. There was no stopping them now.

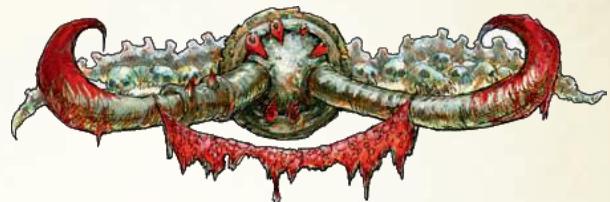
ICE MAMMOTHS

Below the icy peaks, great mammoth lumber through the lichen-covered passes; gigantic hulks of muscle, fat and matted hair that live for hundreds of years. Their tusks are highly valued by the traders of the Silk Road, but it is not only ivory that the Hunters climb amongst the peaks claim. A mature great mammoth provides enough red meat for an entire tribe, and a Hunter that is able to slay such beast and somehow drag its battered carcass back to the Ogre kingdoms is afforded great honour at the subsequent feast, and awarded the privilege of eating the mammoth brain as an appetiser, and its heart for the next three courses.

Ice Mammoths are icicle-encrusted pachyderms of colossal size, each equipped with lengthy tusks, and its trunk ends in two, small finger-like projections used for grasping branches, fruits, and other such small items. They stand about thirty feet tall and is covered in a thick coat of gray, brown, reddish-brown, yellowish-brown, or black fur with a coarse “under-fur” beneath it to protect it in harsh climates.

The approach of an Ice Mammoth begins as a distant rumbling, like thunder over the horizon. Yet, growing steadily louder, the booming thud of the beast's approach causes the ground to tremble in rhythm to the four-legged strides until, at least, the gargantuan creature towers above. The Ice Mammoth is like unto a living mountain, a woolly colossus bedecked with an elephantine trunk and great curved tusks.

Ice Mammoths travel in herds with the young moving in the centre, protected and surrounded by the adults. If danger is present or a threat is imminent, the males move to face the danger, while the females encircle the young. Mammoths generally avoid combat unless provoked or the herd is threatened. If the herd is threatened, mammoths fight by goring with their tusks or trampling. Mammoths fight to the death to protect their young. They have no natural fear of any creature, so do not flee. It would take an entire pack of starving-mad Mournfangs, or something massive like a Frost Dragon, to dare a head-on confrontation with a fully grown bull mammoth.



Ogres hunts these creatures for meat, fur, ivory, or to capture young mammoths to be trained as mounts and beasts of burden. On rare occasions, an Ogre Hunter manages to capture one while young, which they then domesticate to accept a rider. Sitting safely in a howdah on the Ice Mammoth's back, three Ogres goad it towards the enemy line where they let it stomp and gore the enemy with their tusks.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5
Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (D6+1), Natural Armour (4+), Smooth Ride.



Mammoth Attacks*: Ice Mammoths are huge beasts who rely on their near unstoppable mass and tree trunk sized tusks to gouge and crush their foes. When the Ice Mammoth attacks, roll on the appropriate following table to determine its action:

Mammoth attacking Swarms, Infantry, Cavalry or War Beasts:

- | D6 | Attack Type |
|-----|----------------|
| 1-2 | Trample |
| 3-4 | Stomp |
| 5 | Bellow |
| 6 | Pick up and... |

Mammoth attacking any other target:

- | D6 | Attack Type |
|-----|-------------|
| 1-2 | Butt |
| 3-5 | Gore |
| 6 | Bellow |

Trample: The Mammoth tramples and crushes the enemy, splattering its victims like over-ripe fruit beneath its feet. A single enemy unit it fights suffers D6 Strength 7 hits for each rank of five or more models it has.

Stomp: The Mammoth does not make a normal attack this turn, but its Thunderstomp Attack causes 2D6 hits this round.

Bellow: The Mammoth trumpets and roars with deafening force. Neither the Mammoth nor any unit in contact with it fight if they have not already done so this turn. The army fielding the Mammoth automatically wins the combat by 3 points.

Pick up and...: The Mammoth uses its agile trunk to grab a helpless Victim. This may be a target model in base contact or touching a model in base contact (the trunk has a long reach!). The target may make a single attack to fend off the trunk: If this attack hits and wounds the Mammoth, than the Mammoth's attack fails. If not then the Mammoth grabs the model. Roll a D6 to see what unfortunate fate befalls the victim.

D6 Result

1-2 Throw back into combat: The victim is hurled back into their own unit like a missile. This causes D6 wounds on the grabbed model with no armour saving throws allowed, and 2D6 Strength 4 hits (saves as normal) on the enemy unit. If the thrown model survives, place it back in the unit where it may carry on as normal.

3-4 Hurl: This works as per the 'Throw back into combat' result above except that the target unit may be any chosen enemy unit within 18". If no such unit is available, treat this as a 'Throw back into combat' result instead. In either case should the hurled victim survive, it is placed in the back rank of the impacted unit.

5 Eat: The Mammoth swings the victim into its maw and bites down. The victim model is removed as a casualty, and the Mammoth may immediately recover a single wound it has lost previously in the game.

6 Squash and grab another: The Mammoth's trunk constricts around the target, crushing their bones to splinters. The model is removed as a casualty and the Mammoth then picks another victim. Roll again on the 'Pick up and...' chart to see what happens.

Butt: The Mammoth charges, ramming its victim with its massive head. The Mammoth inflicts one automatic hit against one model in base contact (your choice), causing D3 Strength 7 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Gore: The Mammoth gouges at the enemy with its massive tusks. The Mammoth makes D6 attacks against a chosen unit in close combat with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

"If he looks like he could stare down a pack of angry cave bears, he's a Hunter. You can tell, 'cos he'll be wearing a couple of 'em as proof."



GNOBLAR FIGHTERS

Gnoblars are wicked creatures possessed of malicious but limited cunning. They are not-too-distant relatives of the Goblins that plague the world and are similar to their greenskin cousins in height, with most specimens standing little taller than a man's waist. Gnoblars are cruel minded and their ability to do harm is only limited by their lack in physical strength. Their gnarled bodies are topped with large, bulbous heads, and they have scrawny arms that end in wide and dextrous hands. Ogres tolerate Gnoblars in their camps, especially if they make themselves useful by carrying and fetching things. In battle, a large group of Gnoblars can be, if not exactly formidable, then at least a bit dangerous. These Gnoblars forsake their baggage-carrying brethren and band together into loose but numerous groups that take to the battlefield in the hope of stealing some particularly choice shiny things before the Corpse-Harvest.

Made up primarily of the larger and more independent Gnoblars, the Fighters are the bully-boys and bravos of Gnoblard kind. Most hang around in gangs or groups that support themselves through a mixture of hunting, bullying and fighting. When the Ogres are out of earshot they are immensely proud of their independence, and some even boast no Ogre would dare tell them what to do. Of course this bravado

totally evaporates in the presence of an Ogre. They look down on the smaller Gnoblars that serve the Ogres directly, calling them 'bootlickers', 'codpiece shiners' and worse. They are particularly scornful of those Gnoblars who become earmarked as the personal pets of an Ogre, however they are too scared to do anything more than aim a half-hearted kick at them on the rare occasions they stray too far from the protection of their Ogre masters.

"Gnoblard fighters, hmpf, right. Need to be taught their place. Still, funny when they die though."

Fighters often see themselves as great warriors, and in times of war band together to skulk around the battlefield and hopefully steal some loot or torture the wounded before the rest of the Gnoblars show up. Many gangs are made up almost exclusively of self-appointed leaders and so are plagued by bickering, often at the most inappropriate times. The Ogres tend to see them as cannon fodder, and the slaughter of a unit of Fighters is seen as an amusing interlude in the serious business of cracking skulls. Despite their claims to the contrary, the Fighters have cowardice running in their veins, and at the first sign of a setback mobs of screaming Gnoblars can usually be seen fleeing the battlefield.



Gnoblar fighters arm themselves with an assortment of broken bottles, swords, spear tips, false legs, fangweasel teeth, pointy sticks and rusted daggers — basically anything they can get their grasping hands upon. Most of the time the Gnoblars will loiter behind the Ogres, making threatening yelps while lurking back in safety, occasionally menacingly shuffling forward.

Gnoblars generally carry around a number of small, sharp projectiles they can unleash in a hail of sharp stuff, ranging from bristlehogs or sharpened horseshoes to jagged rocks. While short-ranged, such pointy rubbish can occasionally cause some real damage. For a Noblars, there's nothing quite like the satisfaction of hurling a jagged rock into an unprotected face. In extreme circumstances (ie, actual conflict) Gnoblar fighters will frenziedly jab their enemies in the nether regions with their 'weapons' until either they or the enemy stops moving. Every now and then, their sheer numbers enable them to pull foes down in a tide of snapping bites, stabby blades and pure malice. When things do not go quite so well, and they start to die in their droves, well, they're only Gnoblars...

No matter how many Gnoblars meet the endless variety of violent deaths promised by the hostile lands of the Ogres, there always seem to be more to take their place, which means when Ogres go to war, so do Gnoblars. It's rare for an Ogre Tyrant to trust Gnoblars to do anything important, especially in battle. Nonetheless, Gnoblars have their uses; a common tactic is to send them ahead of the army, so they can attack with missile fire, and perhaps even in close combat before they inevitably run away. Some Tyrants

even use them in hopes of exhausting an enemy's arrows, though this fact is never mentioned to them as part of their duties.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gnoblar Fighter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
Groinbiter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES:

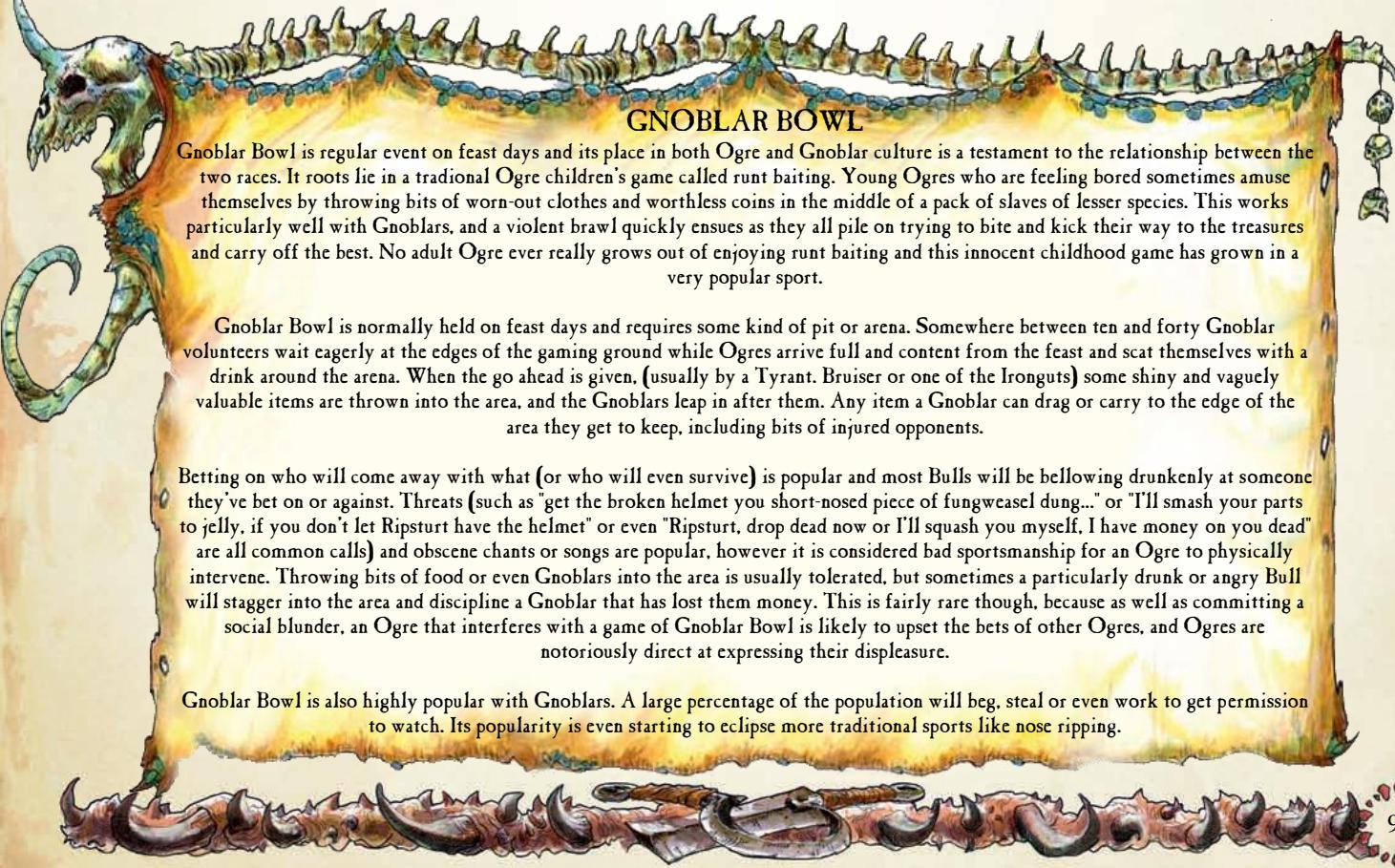
Beneath Contempt: *The general response to a fleeing Noblars is a hearty belly laugh (or high-pitched giggle — Gnoblars actually get a real kick out of watching other Gnoblars run away).*

Gnoblars are have the Expendable special rule. In addition, Ogres wouldn't be seen dead leading them, and so Ogre characters may not join units of Gnoblars.

Bicker: *The constant bickering, bullying, biting and backstabbing inherent in Noblars culture is such that even on the battlefield a group of Gnoblars will often grind to a halt. Whether it is by finding a creature smaller than them that they can hurt, getting bogged down in an argument over a lucky boot or just idly watching the fight whilst picking their noses, when the heat is on the Gnoblars have a tendency to do absolutely nothing.*

Roll a D6 at the beginning of the turn for each unit of Gnoblar Fighters that is not in combat, fleeing or subject to any compulsory movement. If a unit rolls a 1 it may do nothing at all this turn.

GNOBLAR BOWL



Gnoblar Bowl is regular event on feast days and its place in both Ogre and Noblars culture is a testament to the relationship between the two races. It roots lie in a traditional Ogre children's game called runt baiting. Young Ogres who are feeling bored sometimes amuse themselves by throwing bits of worn-out clothes and worthless coins in the middle of a pack of slaves of lesser species. This works particularly well with Gnoblars, and a violent brawl quickly ensues as they all pile on trying to bite and kick their way to the treasures and carry off the best. No adult Ogre ever really grows out of enjoying runt baiting and this innocent childhood game has grown in a very popular sport.

Gnoblar Bowl is normally held on feast days and requires some kind of pit or arena. Somewhere between ten and forty Noblars volunteers wait eagerly at the edges of the gaming ground while Ogres arrive full and content from the feast and scat themselves with a drink around the arena. When the go ahead is given, (usually by a Tyrant, Bruiser or one of the Ironguts) some shiny and vaguely valuable items are thrown into the area, and the Gnoblars leap in after them. Any item a Noblars can drag or carry to the edge of the area they get to keep, including bits of injured opponents.

Betting on who will come away with what (or who will even survive) is popular and most Bulls will be bellowing drunkenly at someone they've bet on or against. Threats (such as "get the broken helmet you short-nosed piece of fungweasel dung..." or "I'll smash your parts to jelly, if you don't let Ripsturt have the helmet" or even "Ripsturt, drop dead now or I'll squash you myself, I have money on you dead" are all common calls) and obscene chants or songs are popular, however it is considered bad sportsmanship for an Ogre to physically intervene. Throwing bits of food or even Gnoblars into the area is usually tolerated, but sometimes a particularly drunk or angry Bull will stagger into the area and discipline a Noblars that has lost them money. This is fairly rare though, because as well as committing a social blunder, an Ogre that interferes with a game of Noblars Bowl is likely to upset the bets of other Ogres, and Ogres are notoriously direct at expressing their displeasure.

Gnoblar Bowl is also highly popular with Gnoblars. A large percentage of the population will beg, steal or even work to get permission to watch. Its popularity is even starting to eclipse more traditional sports like nose ripping.

GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHERS

The Scrappers (or Magpies as they are also known) are the merchants and inventors of Gnoblar-kind. Perhaps due to the extreme poverty they live in, most Gnoblars have a miserly approach to possessions and carefully horde away anything shiny or crafted. The scrap and broken items other races throw away are the basis of the Gnoblar economy. As Ogres tend to loot many of their possessions from other races, Gnoblar tribes are the proud owners of detritus from across the world. The splintered remains of an Elven bow might rest against a wagon spoke taken from the Ivory Road, both supporting the tattered remains of an Imperial banner and all suffering the indignity of ending their days as a Gnoblar tent.

The Scrappers take this obsession to the extremes, hoarding everything they can scavenge, trade or steal. The richest move between the tribes in Rhinox-drawn caravans with a band of guards, trading with anyone they meet. Most travellers would be hard pressed to find anything more valuable than a rusted axe, a cracked helm or a broken belt buckle in these 'treasure' wagons, however, occasionally the Gnoblars will have something of genuine value. It is very rare for them to have something of obvious utility, however, as an Ogre will simply take anything they want from them. The

Magpies also sell many 'artefacts' taken from the corpses of great heroes or looted from fabulous ruins. Most of these items are obviously faked and replaced after each sale, but the far-fetched stories behind them have normally been in the merchant's family for generations.

Some Scrappers, whilst pawing over broken items from across the world, become inspired to emulate the craftspeople of other races. Unfortunately gross incompetence, theft and constant bickering are just some of the factors stacked against budding Gnoblar inventors. However, Gnoblars make up for some of these deficiencies with blind enthusiasm and a light-hearted approach to safety, and although their designs are without exception inefficient and dangerous, some are actually fairly effective. It was just such a design, 'inspired' by the wreckage of a Dwarf stonethrower, that created the first Scraplauncher.

As legends go, the first one to think of hooking heavy loads onto a Rhinox was the infamous Gnoblar called Ma, also known as Ma the Grub. The shifty and energetic Ma was the self-appointed King of the Gnoblar Scrappers and he left behind him many tales and no few inventions, some of which, like the Rhinox-pulled Scraplauncher are still remembered today thanks to Ma's prolific use of symbolic cave painting. Most cave paintings are lost or covered up over the years, but Ma's were so filled with obviously obscene gestures and rude suggestions that none would dare to cover them up.

The Gnoblar Scraplauncher is an impressive war machine. It is a large and unconventionally built catapult pulled along by an enormous woolly beast. Its design is haphazard — the ramshackle construction seemingly built 'on the go' with a random collection of cast off materials. The design varies depending on the Scrappers that own the machine, although they are always hugely prone to malfunction — a Scraplauncher has usually been constructed out of everything from enemy chariots to broom handles. With each stride of its shaggy beast of burden, the jury-rigged device teeters precariously while a frenetic crew of Gnoblars swarm about — running alongside, clambering on its ropes and pulleys like sailors amongst the rigging, or just hanging on for dear life.

For all its slovenly appearance, the Gnoblar Scraplauncher is a devastating engine of destruction. The principle of the Scraplauncher is essentially sound; the Gnoblars in charge of this ramshackle war machine, too slight (or lazy) to lift rocks of any size onto the cup of the launcher, bundle up any and all captured weapons that they have accrued since the last battle. As the so-called 'thinling weapons' are too tiny for Ogres



and too large for Gnoblars, they are used as ammunition. These loose-knit bundles of nastiness are hurled towards an enemy, the collection of rusty blades bursting apart above the heads of the enemy like a deadly rain. While the deluge of spearheads, hatchets, morning stars and other sharp instruments may sometimes only pincushion the ground or clang loudly against a foe, so many lethally sharp bits fly through the air that odds are at least a few will strike tender flesh. Although some of the broken or rusted weapons do no more than bruise the enemy, the odd axe or sword will land precisely as the Gnoblar crew intended, skewering or stabbing the foe from afar. After a battle it is a simple matter to gather the weapons back during the pre-feast corpse-harvest. Many of the blades have seen more battles than the Gnoblars who fire them.

The beast that tows the scraplauncher is usually a young Rhinox (adult Rhinoxen are simply too stubborn to haul anything, but the younger ones are not yet so strong-willed), enabling the Scappers to take the field of battle in relative safety. Other creatures have been tried, from the Mournfang to the Thundertusk and even a Stonehorn, but the results were unfavourable at best, with lots of smashed timber and squished out Gnoblar-shaped blotches left behind. A Rhinox, even a young one, is a massive creature that hardly strains to pull whatever the Gnoblars build — including great sledges topped with loading platforms, winches, and even vast support beams braced on the beast itself. Unlike most other war machines, the scraplauncher moves at a steady clip and is just as deadly smashing into enemy units as it is at shooting, the Rhinox being only too willing to put down its head and charge. After all, if any enemy comes too close, the Gnoblars simply point the Rhinox in the right direction and belt it across the haunches: the foul temper and sheer mass of the Rhinox does the rest.

Often the most valuable thing in a Scrap Caravan is the Rhinox that pull it. Gnoblar-trained Rhinox are a rare, bad tempered and valuable commodity. In some shanty towns, individual Gnoblars will specialise in variety of diverse beasthandling skills, ranging from safe but grubby jobs like dung-beetle farming all the way up to Rhinox training. Most Rhinox are so bad-tempered and aggressive they are almost impossible to train to the level of domestication a human would consider safe and acceptable. However, the odd trampling or goring is considered a bonus to most Gnoblars, as it makes fine entertainment. New-born Rhinox are stolen or caught by Trappers, handed over to beast-trainers or Scappers of the same tribe, and trained.

"Thinling weapons ain't much good to us. Too fiddly. And too big for the Gnoblars. So we let them little thieves give 'em all back using one of their... wotsit wagons. Pointy end first."

Most of this training consists of groups of Gnoblars standing along the back and flanks of the poor Rhinox with sharp sticks, however it has proven to be remarkably effective. Master beasthandlers often have rights of initiation where apprentices must sneak under a Rhinox and cut off a piece from its shaggy pelt with a sharp knife. Delicately put, sometimes the pieces they slice off greatly aid in the beast's domestication.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scraplauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Large Target.

EQUIPMENT:

Scraplauncher Catapult: The scraplauncher catapult is a stone thrower with the profile and special rules shown below.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	3(3)	Killing Blow

Move & Fire: The scraplauncher catapult can fire even if the model moves.

Scraplauncher Misfire table: Roll on the following table if a misfire is rolled.

D6 Result

1 Kerr-unch! The scraplauncher comes apart in a shower of metal, wood and broken Gnoblar limbs. The scraplauncher is destroyed.

2

Groink?!? The scraplauncher malfunctions dramatically, sending a hatchet at high speed right into the Rhinox's most tender regions. The scraplauncher may not shoot this turn, and from now on it has the Random Movement (2D6) special rule, and will move in a random direction.

3-4

Splang! The scraplauncher sprays debris in all directions, but mainly straight up (which soon comes straight back down again)! The model suffers one Wound with no armour saves allowed, and may not shoot this turn or in the controlling player's next turn.

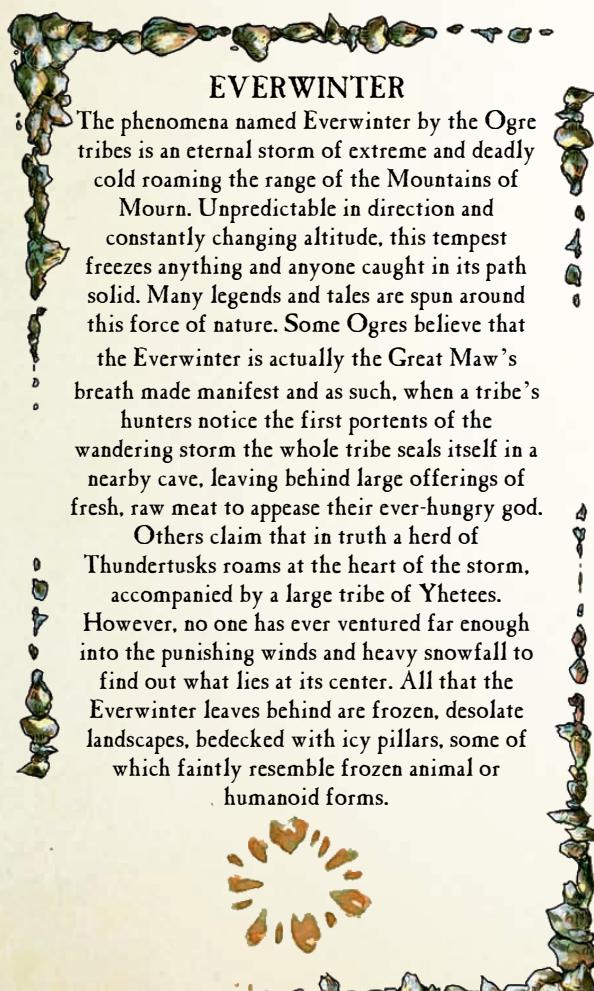
5-6

It's Mine! The Scappers squabble over a shiny thing found nearby and may not fire this turn.

GNOBLAR SKEWERSLINGER

The Skewerslinger is a variant of the Scraplauncher. Where the latter uses a catapult mechanism to throw piles of discarded weaponry at the enemy, the Skewerslinger mounts a heavier variant of a Hunter's Harpoon Launcher. Commonly, the bolt fired is a salvaged missile from an enemy bolt thrower, but the Gnoblar Scrappers are often forced to use other objects to fire.

One famed Scrapped, Gnarg, commanded a Skewerslinger in a campaign against a Bretonnian duke and made a practice of firing modified lances back at the bretonnian knights, a fact that made him hated by the human leader. Gnarg achieved great success in the campaign and was much envied by the other Gnoblars. Sadly, the brave Gnarg did not see the end of the campaign – by some strange accident it appears that he managed to tie himself to a bolt which was then fired at a group of Grail Knights, or at that is at least what his crew members agree must have happened. None of them have been able to explain why Gnarg should have found it necessary to gag himself first, but then they were all looking another way at the time of the incident.



Scrapper Crew will treat its assigned Skewerslinger as with all things in the Ogre Kingdoms – not at all. Instead of providing a steady hail of bolts and covering the advance of the army or punching holes in the enemy battle line, the Gnoblars will get drunk on the feeling that for once, what they do seem to matter more than the dirt on the oversized, iron-shod boots of their masters. Missile after missile will enthusiastically be launched, the crew members oftentimes bickering about who should be allowed to launch the next projectile and even what said next projectile is. Oftentimes the Scrappers will bring the haphazardly constructed Skewerslinger to its threshold and beyond, by loading multiple bolts and other unsuitable things and firing them all at once towards the enemy, who has then to weather a barrage of spears, lances, sharpened stakes and sometimes even an actual ballista bolt.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skewerslinger	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Large Target.

EQUIPMENT:

Skewerslinger: The Skewerslinger is a bolt thrower with the profile and special rules shown below:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
48"	6	Multiple Wounds (D3)

Move & Fire: The Skewerslinger can fire even if the model moves.

Multiple Shots: The Gnoblars may attempt to fire several missiles at once instead of one, putting all manner of sharpened poles and rusty spears in the slider and hoping for the best. This follows the rules for Multiple Shots (D3).

Slipshod: If the To Hit roll for a shooting attack made by a Skewerslinger is a 1 (before any modifiers are applied), then it misfires. Roll on the Scraplauncher Misfire table and apply the result to the Skewerslinger.



GNOBLAR TRAPPERS

Some Gnoblars are known as Trappers. This highly independent group is an offshoot of the Fighters. These outgoing and vindictive Gnoblars are the largest of their kind, and delight in catching and torturing the small ferocious mammals that populate the foothills of the Ogre Kingdoms. While the Fighters spend time hunting small animals, they spend the majority of it in the camp bullying and arguing. Trappers, on the other hand, have become the specialist hunters of Gnoblar kind. They will often spend extended amounts of time away from the camp hunting small game – generally categorised as anything too small for the Ogres to bother with.

Like all Gnoblars, they would rather trap something and poke it with sharp sticks when it is helpless, and so they have developed a solid, if warped, proficiency in trap building and laying. Hunting is too sporting for these Gnoblars, who much prefer to trap their prey. To this end, they have perfected the art of laying out jagged man-snappers, pits lined with stakes, wickedly barbed nooses and other cruel devices that will incapacitate the unwary. Once they have snagged something, they like to 'play' with it (usually jabbing it with sharp sticks), before devouring it or bribing their masters with it as a light snack. They will attempt to capture and kill anything up to the size (and violent temperament) of a mountain goat. Gnoblar Trappers decorate themselves in pelts, and smell like they roll about in animal carcasses. Which they do when no one is looking and then later, vehemently deny. Nobody knows or cares why.

Trappers are adept at laying mantraps, stake pits and barbed nooses of all sizes. On the battlefield, Trappers will crawl forward unnoticed into areas of brush and woodland, lying in wait for any that seek to use the cover to flank their Ogre masters. Occasionally, a small bunch of Gnoblar Trappers will form a self-appointed gaggle of followers for one of the hardy Ogre Hunters, pelting those that charge their role model with sticks, stones and mantraps without actually ever putting themselves in harm's way. Not all are proficient at avoiding their

own traps, but this serves as a kind of natural selection and most Trappers will cheerfully torture their trapped erstwhile companion to death, adding their remains to the haul.

Trappers practically idolise Ogre Hunters, and when these mountaineers are in camp the Trappers beg for a chance to hunt cave-beast at their side. This doesn't always go to plan, as many of the traps they construct only serve to enrage the larger cave-beasts, but nonetheless Hunters usually find Trappers very useful as bait if nothing else. Travellers in the Mountains of the Mourn should be wary of encounters with half-trapped or injured cave-beasts tearing into a group of yammering Gnoblars, because a Hunter is sure to be in the vicinity.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gnoblar Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
Snarefinger	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: *Beneath Contempt, Bicker, Scouts, Skirmishers.*

Trappers: *Gnoblar Trappers are mean-spirited greenskin survivalists who specialise in fighting dirty.*

Every model in an enemy unit that successfully charges the Gnoblars front must take a Dangerous Terrain test as soon as the charge is completed, to represent the various traps set in front of the unit.

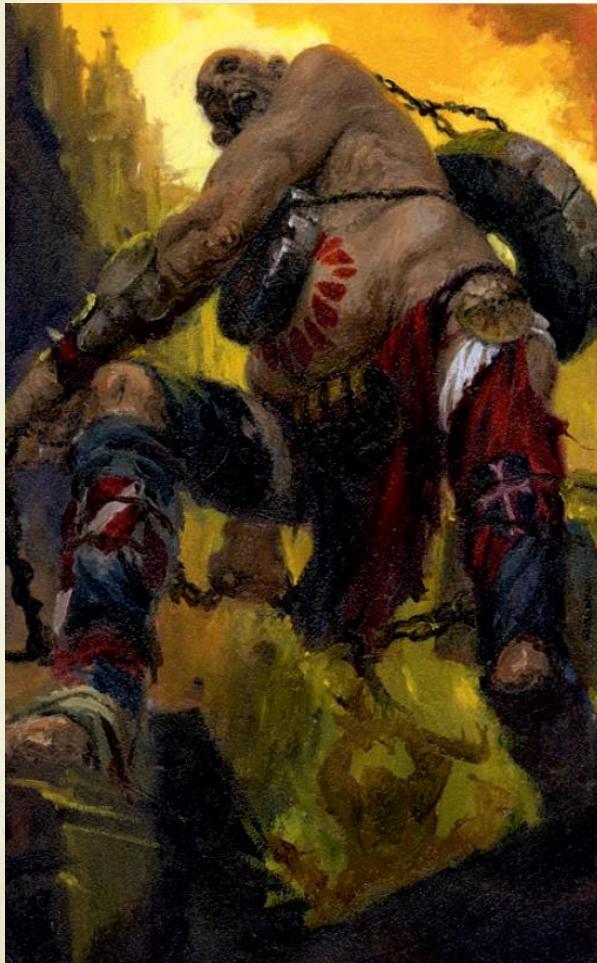
"Little green things that catch little things. Mind you I did see one of them Elfs with a bear trap clamped on his 'eal once, made me laugh fer days."



SLAVEGIANTS

Millennia ago, the Giants lived in castles hewn from the vast peaks of the Mountains of Mourn, their realm a peaceful archipelago of plateaus surrounded by a sea of white cloud. Civilisations rose and fell below, but these Sky-titans remained hidden from the eyes of the smaller races. This world was shattered when the Ogre homelands were destroyed by the coming of the Great Maw, forcing the Ogres into the mountains. A war in the heavens ensued. Thought the Sky-titans were mighty, the Ogres' numbers prevailed, and they held feast after feast in the castles of their victims before pulling down the fastnesses and hurling them into the valleys below. The few remaining Sky-titans fled. Forced into small tribes, they became inbred, their intellect dwindling. Now the last remaining giants are nomads, terrorising the Old World as mercenaries or brutes.

Giants are enormous, lumbering brutes that stride the world seeking battle, food and strong liquors. They are humanoid in appearance, although their features are coarse and misshapen. They are dull-witted even when compared to an average Ogre, which is really saying something. An Ogre Tyrant, if he can restrain himself from attacking the Giant to prove his own superiority,



will often try to recruit the solitary wanderers into his tribe. Sharing food or intoxicating drink with the enormous lummox often does the trick, as do promises of an easy life full of eating and drinking. All that is required of the Giant is that he helps the tribe in battle. More brazen Tyrants might actually intimidate a Giant into joining the tribe, either by displaying his own fierce fighting prowess to physically best the brute, or by scaring the behemoth with exaggerated tales of his tribe's past experience eating Sky-titans.

Giants that do join an Ogre tribe are often branded with the tribe's symbol. This is done partly to instil some tribal pride in the non-Ogre, but perhaps more so to remind his own tribe-mates that he is a friend and not a foe. In the heat of battle, such things often escape an Ogre's attention and there is a natural compulsion to fight (and eat) a Giant. After all, it is every Ogre's dream to boast of felling 'a big one'.

Of all kinds of Giants, the Slavegiant is the most pitiful specimen. In the lands that once belonged to the Sky-titans, their bewildered descendants are fair game to the Ogres who now rule the area. The few Giants that remain in the Mountains of Mourn are solitary, hunted individuals, camping in the tumble-down halls of their ancestors, unaware of how far they have fallen. They hide from the Ogres who will, at best, beat them into submission and chain them to cave a floor. At worst, they will be eaten alive.

Unlike the Giants that accompany the other races of the Warhammer world into battle, those who look down on their smaller comrades and pick fights as and when they choose, the Slavegiants of the Ogre kingdoms live a life of forced servitude. It is seen as a great symbol of status for a Tyrant to own a Slavegiant, indeed the only thing that can get a Tyrant moving faster than a good fight or a good meal is a report of an unclaimed Slavegiant's presence in his kingdom. Any Tyrant knows full well that should the Slavegiant make it into a neighbour's territory, his rival might gain a serious advantage in both status and martial power. So it is that

"Lost and done. Our empire is no more, lost in the sands, trampled by insects. Ours is the long slow fade to quiet. Ironic for we whose voices once shook the mountains' roots. Not many left to mourn our passing now, not that you scurrying parasites would bother. Of course we turn to drink... or to the darkness in the North. Both are ways of forgetting what we've lost."

— Amorgbrandion, Giant Raider

a Tyrant will gather up his favourite weapons, his most trusted Ironguts and the strongest chains he can find and go out Slavegiant-hunting, not to kill, but to beat the behemoth into unconsciousness and subsequent servitude. Needless to say, this has accounted for more than one Tyrant having an oak tree slammed repeatedly onto his head.

Occasionally, though, a truly powerful Tyrant will succeed (how to topple a Slavegiant is a trick long passed from Tyrant to son), and drag back a badly beaten and chained Slavegiant to be branded as his own. This event fills his tribe with ancestral pride, knowing as they do that their forefathers devoured an entire race of Skygiants during the first great migration.

It is a mark of power for an Ogre Chieftain to have a captive giant in his tribe, for they are terrible weapons of war. Yet Slavegiants are not quite as dangerous as their free kin, having had their spirit beaten out of them. They are characterised by the signs of servitude – Ogres keep them in chains at all times, and many are collared and have heavy objects hung round their limbs to slow them down.

A Slavegiant is typically clad in extremely heavy chains, goaded into battle with pikestaves. Usually it doesn't take much goading, as any opportunity to take out the humiliation of being enslaved and constantly shackled to cavern floors without the danger of being knocked down, beaten to death and eaten tends to be grabbed by unfortunate Slavegiant with both millstone-size hands.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	S	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology).

Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local breweries, which isn't altogether uncommon.

A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Giant falls over roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

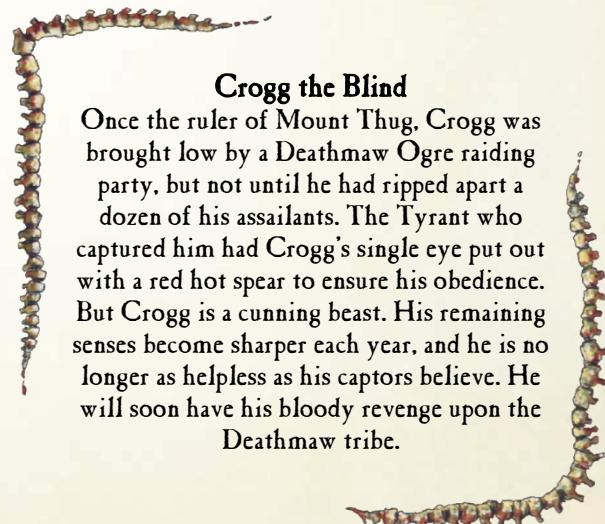
To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall — the Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template, which otherwise uses all the template rules from the Warhammer rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain — the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.

Giant Special Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatter-brained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.



Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, anything with the Large Target special rule, and characters riding any of the above.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl
- 2-4 Throttle with Chain
- 5-6 'Eadbutt

Man-sized or Smaller Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart, above.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl
- 2 Jump Up and Down
- 3 Pick Up and...
- 4-6 Flail with Chain

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points (if both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw).

Throttle with Chain: The Slavegiant wraps his heavy chains around the neck of his opponent and pulls hard, breaking the neck of his prey or even ripping its head clean off. The target must take a Toughness test. If this is failed, it sustains 2D6 wounds with no Armour Save allowed.

'Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting 1 wound with no armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then he is dazed and loses all of his following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, he loses those attacks; if he has already attacked, then he loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before he starts, the Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see previous page). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on his none-too-nimble feet, the target unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same

target until he falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single model in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). The target must make a single attack to try to fend off the Giant's clumsy hand. If this attack causes an unsaved wound, the Giant's attack fails. Otherwise, the Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag.** The Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat.** The victim is hurled into his own unit like a living missile. The victim is removed as a casualty, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3 Hurl.** The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits (save as normal). Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.
- 5 Eat.** The Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 Pick Another.** The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result, above, and then choose another victim. The second victim makes a single attack as usual to avoid being picked up — if he fails, roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with him.

Flail with Chain: The Slave Giant flails around himself with the stout chains that usually bind him to the cavern floor of the Ogre Tyrant's lair. The Slavegiant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit, allocated as shooting hits.

"They're big. Really big. But there's lots of us and few of them. I seen the boss take one down by himself. Giants was never a match for us Ogres – too thick in the 'ead."

GREASUS GOLDTOOTH

Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms

Greasus Goldtooth, or to give him his formal title, Tradelord Greasus Tribestealer Drakecrush Gatecrasher Hoardmaster Goldtooth the Shockingly Obese, was one of many whelps sired by the infamous Gofg, Tyrant of the Goldtooth tribe in the Vale of Titans. Like his brothers, Greasus grew up to become strong and fat. Unlike his brothers, he subsequently killed and ate his own father. After assuming the Tyranthood of his tribe, and feeling the need to prove himself, Greasus demanded tithes from other kingdoms. All refused the audacious request and began baying for Greasus' head. Who was this upstart to demand gold and food from them? They would soon learn...

Greasus was scheming a way to claim the title of Overtyrant. To rule the Ogre Kingdoms, he knew his deeds must be legendary — and so Greasus set out to conquer the nearby tribes single-handedly. The first of the Ogre tribes single-handedly conquered by Greasus met their fate during the Great Feast of Midwinter. Scaling the mountain above their valley, Greasus heaved boulder after boulder over the precipice, roaring oaths at the top of his voice until an avalanche of wet snow and rock buried the entire tribe alive. The second



dissenting tribe, that of Gut Badmouth, was paid a visit during the spring Hoof and Horn feast. There Greasus challenged Gut to single combat. Badmouth, older and significantly larger, eagerly clambered into the mawpit below, awaiting his challenger and cracking his knuckles. Greasus launched himself gut-first onto the defendant's head, breaking his neck. Some felt that Greasus had defied pit-fighting traditions, whilst others felt the rules might have been bent, but cleverly. Unperturbed by the debate, Greasus consumed Gut Badmouth and, without wiping his chin(s), he beckoned the next challenger. After beating and consuming three Bruisers in a row, all swore allegiance to Greasus. As word spread of these prodigious deeds and more like them, many Tyrants decided to join the ruthless leader of the Goldtooth tribe. Once again the Ogre Kingdoms had an Overtyrant.



These days, older, larger and louder than ever, the Overtyrant tithes all the kingdoms along the Silver Road, and due to his highly effective financial strategy (insatiable greed and brute force) his coffers fill faster than his army of Gnoblar attendants can count. Greasus still insists to this day that he earned every one of the thousands upon thousands of gold sovereigns in his possession, a fact that despite his years of exacting tithes remains founded in truth. As those who contradict the massive Overtyrant often find themselves his next meal, few challenge him on this, or indeed any other matter.

Greasus claims he is now too rich to walk, and so instead his preferred mode of travel to recline on a living throne of Gnoblar bearers who are far more afraid of being flattened than of any nearby enemy. They haul his esteemed bulk about, many expiring from the effort. Yet Greasus' rampant success has not diminished his greed or his all-consuming desire to conquer everything he sees. The Overtyrant's employ attracts the strongest and most experienced fighters, drawing them in with the promise of untold wealth and glory.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Greasus	4	6	3	5	6	6	1	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).



SPECIAL RULES:

Everyone Has Their Price: A master of bribery and coercion, the Overtyrant is wont to use his wealth to inspire greed and confusion in the enemy - even the most disciplined of troops have their price when tempted by their hidden desires, be it wealth, ancient artefacts or the safety of one's home and family.

At the start of each enemy turn (before any Stupidity tests are taken) you can nominate D3 enemy units that are within 18" of Greasus to have the Stupidity special rule for the remainder of the turn. This ability has no effect on units that have Immunity (Psychology).

Hoardmaster: The Overtyrant is renowned for his largesse to those who fight well and, after each battle, bestows great wealth upon those who have most impressed him, encouraging his followers to fight with renewed ferocity when his gaze is upon them.

Unless Greasus is fleeing, all friendly units within 18" of Greasus (including the Overtyrant himself), add +1 to their combat result scores, and automatically pass Rally tests.

The Goldtooth Tribe: The Overtyrant's employ attracts the strongest and most experienced fighters, drawing them in with the promise of untold wealth and glory.

At least two units of Ironguts must be fielded in an army led by Greasus. These units may take Magic Standards worth up to 50 pts.

Great-King-Lord Bezer

Great-King-Lord Bezer was the principle Gnoblar of Greasus Goldtooth. Blessed with huge floppy ears, a huge nose and unusual cunning he soon became the pet of the Overtyrant. This did not sit well at all with the gaggle of Gnoblars that had served the Overtyrant for years.

Bezer worked ceaselessly to fuel the infighting and suspicions of favouritism rife among the Overtyrant's servants. Events quickly got out of hand, culminating in a brawl in the Overtyrant's larder that delayed his third breakfast. Greasus erupted in fury and had all his Gnoblars crushed to death. Only Bezer who had been sat quietly shining a gold tooth, was spared.

Bezer used his formidable cunning to forge a grand Gnoblar empire of two and a half tribes. While the Ogres of subjected tribes tithed Greasus with caravans of gold and trade goods, their Gnoblars sent piles of shiny trinkets, almost-new clothes and other valuables to the Great-King-Lord Bezer. Tragically this empire was literally crushed overnight when Greasus staggered back drunk from a great feast and collapsed on his nightbowl, which Bezer was faithfully cleaning at the time.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sceptre of the Titans (Magic Weapon)

This great sceptre, larger than a full-grown man, is bound in golden chain and studded with diamonds. Heavily ensorcelled with spells of command and might, imbuing Greasus with the strength of a Sky-titan, as befits his status as the most powerful Ogre alive. Greasus merely needs to point this massive symbol of power at his minions to instil them with iron resolve. It also comes in useful for smashing enemies into a nourishing paste.

Any friendly Ogre Kingdoms unit that is fleeing at the beginning of the Ogre player's turn, and is within 12" from Greasus, rallies automatically. All close combat attacks made with this weapon, apart from Stomps, have a Strength of 10 and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Overtyrant's Crown (Talisman)

Specially created by the finest artisans of the Empire for a king's ransom in gold, this enchanted basin-sized crown is encrusted with gems and nailed directly into Greasus's lumpy skull. It enhances his intellect to near-human levels, and is the closest to a symbol of royalty the Ogre kingdoms can muster.

The Overtyrant's Crown gives Greasus a Ward save (4+). In addition, Greasus and any unit he joins have the Immunity (Psychology) special rule.



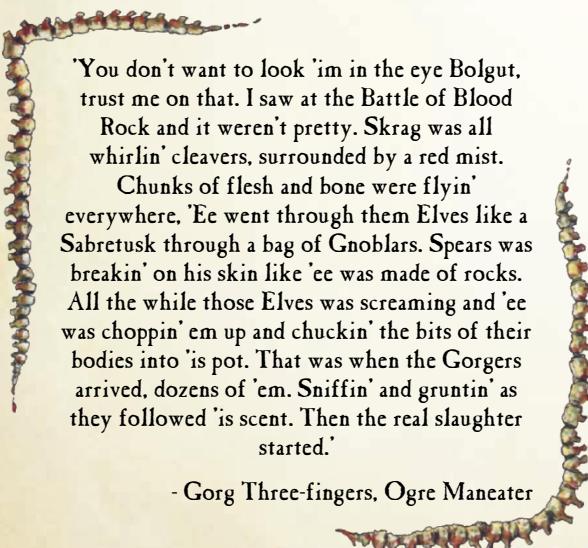
SKRAG THE SLAUGHTERER

Prophet of the Great Maw

Skrag is the legendary Prophet of the Great Maw, also known as the Gore-Harvester and the Maw-that-Walks. Dragging his massive meat-pot behind him — attached to his back with a series of painful, tearing hooks and chains — Skrag hacks and rips at his enemies in a glorious blood-fuelled dedication to the Great Maw. In his wake, he leaves a trail of dismembered limbs and body parts, which it is the duty of his Gore-Gnoblars to retrieve and deposit into his cauldron.



Once the head Slaughtermaster of the Tyrant Bron Rockgrinder, Skrag had a dramatic fall in fortune when he accidentally cooked and served up the Tyrant's favoured Gnoblars on a platter at a great feast. In a rage, the notoriously bad-tempered Tyrant hacked off Skrag's hands and devoured them, cheered on by the drunken Ogres at the feast, and then banished the Slaughtermaster to the cursed under-caves of the mountain. Skrag was led from the feast in shame, beaten and bloody. As a final punishment, Rockgrinder ordered that Skrag's great cauldron be attached to his back by a series of chains and hooks anchored deep in the Slaughtermaster's flesh.



Skrag was hurled into the dreaded caverns beneath the mountain, and the way out sealed by a giant boulder. Refusing to despair, Skrag rammed his butcher's implements into his wrist-stumps, forming makeshift weapons. Bleeding and bruised, Skrag stumbled ever deeper into the dank labyrinth, dragging his meat-pot behind him until, in the pitch darkness, he was set upon by a pack of ravenous Gorgers. Skrag hacked around him, ripping and cutting countless assailants before he came face to face with a grotesque, hulking creature that ruled over the other Gorgers. Skrag ripped the foul creature's throat out with his teeth. The other Gorgers backed away from Skrag, respecting him as one of their own.

Driven by visions of bloody revenge, Skrag led his Gorgers up into the mountain until they surfaced in the dead of night deep within the maw-pit of Rockgrinder. Emerging in a frenzy, he led his Gorgers in a grand feast dedicated to his god, ripping apart and consuming every Ogre present. Rockgrinder himself was pulled apart and boiled in Skrag's meat-pot as an offering to the Great Maw. As he made this dedication, Skrag felt his wounds knit together as powerful energies surged through his body.



Having emerged from the maw-pit to devour his foes, Skrag is regarded with awe and fear by even the most terrible of Tyrants, who see him as the living embodiment of their god. His Gorgers remain his ever present guardians, shadowing him wherever he goes — for by following his familiar scent, they are guaranteed fresh kills to feed their insatiable appetites, and as such they revere him as their saviour. When Shag feeds his maw-cauldron with bloody meat, he is rewarded with tremendous powers, making him nearly unstoppable and able to withstand the most severe of wounds. It is only once battle has ended, and there are none left to slaughter, that his power diminishes and the chains to his cauldron fall slack. Within days, however, visions drive him onwards to satiate his god's hunger, and so Skrag must once again seek battle.

Skrag is a crazed, gore-splattered killing-machine driven on by the will of his god. Skrag is an expert at butchering and carving up his foes, using the various implements jammed into the bloody stumps where once his hands were.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skrag	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Skrag is a Level 4 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Killing Blow, Ogre Charge, Terror.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Cauldron of the Great Maw (Enchanted Item)

Skrag's cauldron has become a tool by which the former Slaughtermaster makes blessed offerings to his ravenous god. These blessings take effect as the limbs of Skrag's butchered enemies are thrown in dedication into the pot. The more the maw-pot is fed, the more powerful Skrag becomes, and the more the power of the Maw infuses his Gorgers.

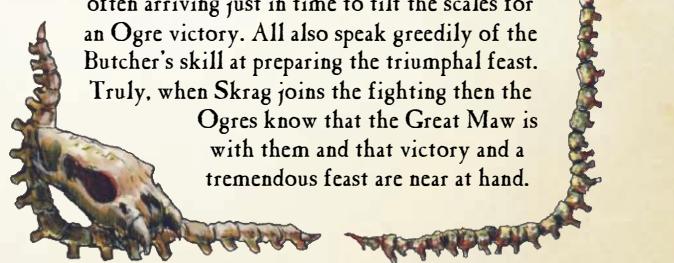
Skrag and all Gorgers in the army receive the blessings of their ever-hungry god according to the table below. The 'Models Killed' column refers to models killed by Skrag in close combat. Models killed by spells or that were pursued and caught when fleeing do not count towards this total. When a new level is reached, bonuses take effect immediately and are cumulative.

Models Killed	Effect on Skrag	Effect on Gorgers
1+	Skrag gains Regeneration.	All Gorgers that have not entered play do so in their next turn.
5+	Skrag gains +1 Attack.	All Gorgers gain +1 Attack.
10+	Skrag gains Hatred.	All Gorgers gain Hatred.
15+	Skrag becomes Unbreakable.	All Gorgers gain Regeneration.

THE SLAUGHTERER COMETH

Butchers are held in reverence by all right-thinking Ogres, for they know that only the meatmasters can channel the destructive power of the Great Maw itself. But one name is held in highest regard throughout the entire Ogre Kingdoms, for all speak of Skrag the

Slaughterer in hushed tones. A wanderer without a tribe to call his own, Skrag stomps across the Mountains of Mourn, dragging his great meatpot behind him. He follows the urgings of his gut and it has led him to battle after battle. It was Skrag whose spells turned the tide against the invading herd at the Battle of Flayed Rock and afterwards he himself led the roasting of the many Minotaurs slain that day. Countless tribes tell tales of Skrag turning up, often arriving just in time to tilt the scales for an Ogre victory. All also speak greedily of the Butcher's skill at preparing the triumphal feast. Truly, when Skrag joins the fighting then the



GHARK IRONSKIN

Tyrant of the Ironskin Tribe

Ghark Ironskin, the Tyrant of the Ironskin tribe, is very unusual. As a whelp, he was smashed over the head by his father for eating too slowly, and one of the nails of his father's iron-bound club broke off in Ghark's head where it rusts to this day. The longest serving of his Irongut bodyguard claim that this early injury may be the reason for Ghark's obsession for metal, a passion that has spread throughout his tribe.

It is a mark of status for an Ironskin Ogre to cover himself with iron rather than mere trinkets such as gold. After all, gold is soft and beautiful, a woman's metal, whereas iron is tough, strong, and ugly, like a Bull. The Ironskin tribe believes that where an Ogre can gain much in trade from gold, a stout iron club can cut out all that confusing haggling and get straight to the good stuff.

Ghark is famous in the Ogre Kingdoms for another good reason – his tribe boasts a great number of Rhinox riders. The very first Ogre to batter a bull Rhinox into submission, Ghark tamed his one-time steed Bladehorn with an iron stanchion. To this day, Ironskin Bulls take pride in repeating the coming-of-age feat of their Tyrant, though it is a closely guarded secret of the Ironskin clan that it is much easier to tame a wild Rhinox with iron than with wood.

Ghark's obsession with metal is undoubtedly the foundation of his longstanding alliance with his neighbours, the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr Naggarond. Ghark has provided the Chaos Dwarfs with many hundreds of Gnoblar slaves over the years, and much of the gold that passes through his realm. This alliance proved invaluable when, after slaughtering his way through the majority of an army of Bretonnian Knights Errant, Ghark's Rhinox Bladehorn was spitted upon the lances of a unit of Grail Knights. Ghark never forgave them, even after he had them for dinner later that day, and fragments of their armour still adorn Ghark's own plate mail.

But it was the Chaos Dwarfs who are really responsible for Ghark's current infamy. They replaced their ally's Rhinox with a mechanical monstrosity of hissing pistons and rune-etched chains, a Daemon-fuelled engine of destruction that obeys Ghark's every command (though he still bashes it over the head now and again, for old time's sake). None can doubt that Ghark Ironskin is among the mightiest of Tyrants, riding his unstoppable steed at the head of an iron-clad army of Bulls and Rhinox riders, the ground shaking at their tread.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghark Ironskin	6	6	3	5	5	5	4	5	9
Iron Rhinox	7	4	0	6	5	5	4	5	-

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES:

Iron Rhinox: *The Iron Rhinox constantly snorts evil-smelling, sulphurous steam from its armored snout.*

The Iron Rhinox has the Natural Armour (4+), Frenzy and Impact Hits (D3+1) special rules, and a Strength 2 Breath Weapon with the Armour Piercing (2) special rule.

The Ironskin Tribe: If Ghark is the army's General, you may take Leadbelchers as a core choice and Grimhorn Rhinox Riders as a special choice.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Ironskin Armor (Magic Armour)

The Ironskin Armor is a collection of thick plates of iron scavenged from the hundreds of foes that Ghark has killed over the years and bears a potent protective rune bought at the cost of a small mountain of gold.

Heavy armour. The Ironskin Armor gives Ghark a Ward save (6+).



GROTH ONEFINGER

First Prophet of the Great Maw

Groth Onefinger was the first Ogre to set eyes upon the manifestation of the Ogre god. Considered a madman due to his insistence that the coming of the Ogre god was near, he was severely wounded in the cataclysm that proved him irrefutably correct. Groth was horribly burned by the resultant firestorm, losing his nose, eyelids, lips, ears, and all bar one of his digits to the searing flames. But Groth rose again like a hideous phoenix; blackened, wide-eyed and utterly convinced his god had come to earth.

Instilled with faith, Groth led the survivors of his tribe across the vitrified sands toward the impact crater. They battled thirst, hunger and despair, keeping their spirits high by eating the weaker members of the tribe on the way, until they set eyes on the Great Maw. Momentarily sated after devouring several thousand of his kin, it let Groth and his kin live.

Groth became the first Butcher, slaughtering several of his kin and holding a cannibalistic feast right on the lip of the Maw itself. His name is still praised by Butchers across the kingdoms, many of who still ritually burn themselves in honour of the first great prophet.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Groth	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Groth Onefinger is a Level 4 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

SPECIAL RULES: **LoRemaster (Lore of the Great Maw)**, **Mawseeker** (see Big Names), **Ogre Charge**, **Terror**.

The First Butcher: Having been the first Ogre to personally witness and see the existence of his god, Groth has been instilled with an unwavering faith in the Great Maw, which was reflected in the potency of his spells.

Once per turn, Groth may re-roll a dice when casting a spell or when trying to dispel an enemy spell.

The Lazarghs: Choose one unit of Ogre Bulls or Ironguts in an army including Groth. This unit causes Terror instead of Fear.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bloodcleaver (Magic Weapon)

The Bloodcleaver is a revolting, gore-encrusted holy weapon attached to what's left of Groth's right arm, with the vampiric ability to channel the life force from its victims into its wielder.

Every time Groth causes an unsaved wound with the Bloodcleaver, he may regain one wound he lost earlier in the battle.

Wyrdstone Necklace (Talisman)

Plucked from the searing deserts around the Great Maw, this shard of Wyrdstone has been bound into a crude necklace where it quietly and silently absorbs its bearer's life force.

The Wyrdstone Necklace grants a Ward Save (5+). Roll a D6 at the start of each of his turns, on a 1, Groth suffers a wound with no saves allowed.

Skullmantle (Enchanted Item)

After a significant victory Groth would collect a bagful of beads and boil them all in quicklime. Spending careful hours with the help of a Scalp-Gnoblar or two, he will twist ropes, wood, hair, iron nails and hide into a hideous ritual mask, infused with the fears of his defeated foe.

Any enemy unit forced to take any Leadership tests due to Groth, or a unit he has joined, suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

Cannibal Totem (Enchanted Item)

The Cannibal Totem is blessed by the Great Maw, and bestows power on those who would devour the strong under the eye of their god.

When in base contact with any enemy unit of Monstrous Infantry, all models in Groth's unit may re-roll failed rolls To Hit and To Wound in the first round of combat. They may never overrun, and must always pursue if this ability is used.



What does Ogre eat? Oh, what does Ogre eat?
Well men they is lean and sweet
An' Gobbos is gristle an' stringy
Them Elves is thin an' mostly skin
An' Dwarfs is all blubber an' hairy
But don't gi' us Skaven, Oh no more Skaven
Cos' them Skaven they tastes o' rat.

Extract from very long Ogre marching song



MORG MAGMABORN

Avatar of the Fire Mouth

The Firebelly who is known as Morg Magmaborn, started out as an ordinary Ogre of the tribe of the Deadly Fist. Always a rambunctious and adventurous individual, it came as no surprise when Morg picked up his favourite club and shouldered an enormous bag full of snacks and set out on his pilgrimage towards the Fire Mouth, the second most important deity in the Ogre Kingdoms after the Great Maw.



As any other aspirant to become one of the roaring priests of the explosive deity, Morg had to undergo and subsequently pass the famed Flame Trial. From the very beginning it looked promising for young Morg. He was the first to down the entire cauldron of the concoction served at the first trial – and the one to produce the loudest and longest flatulence ever witnessed at the Flame Trial thereafter. Afterwards, at the second trial, Morg captured the largest fire beetle of the day, a creature the size of a heavy cart. It was at the third and last trial that the events which lead to Morg's legendary status began. While being lowered into the huge caldera of the Fire Mouth, the heat of the boiling lava lake beneath him stealing his breath and slowly burning his skin, the thick chains supporting Morg snapped and the large Ogre plummeted into the sizzling lava to quickly vanish under the fiery mass. However, events as such, though rarely, happen and the present Ogres didn't waste a second thought and almost immediately started to prepare a new set of chains and the next aspirant.

At the day's end and upon the conclusion of the Flame Trial the gathered Ogres sat together, celebrating the day and the newly initiated Firebellies with a loud and hearty feast. While the Ogres were enjoying

themselves with large chunks of meat, roasted over the constantly flowing lava streams on the slopes of the Fire Mouth and retelling the impressive feats witnessed during that day's Flame Trial, with each iteration further embellishing the already exaggerated tales, the mighty volcano started to rumble. Anxious for the inevitable eruption, the bustle stopped and the Ogres gathered together, casting eager glances towards the top as the rumbling increased continuously. After long moments, the Fire Mouth suddenly fell silent, only to erupt with an ear-deafening explosion, hurtling one solitary boulder high into the night's sky.

When the Ogres arrived at the impact site of the boulder the next day, they stumbled upon a very peculiar scene. Lying in a sizeable crater was the lonely boulder, cracked open through the force of the crash. And inside the hollow rock was an Ogre with red glowing skin, bearing the traditional markings and tattoos of a Firebelly. Thus began the new life and legend of Morg, the Magmaborn.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Morg	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Morg Magmaborn is a Level 3 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire.

SPECIAL RULES: **Fire Breath, Flaming Attacks, Immunity (Flaming Attacks), Ogre Charge.**

Avatar of the Fire Mouth: When Morg suffers an unsaved wound in close combat, enemy models in base contact suffer a Strength 4 Hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. When Morg is slain, place the small template above him. All models underneath the template suffer a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

The Basalt Staff (Magic Weapon)

A gift bestowed upon Morg from the Fire Mouth itself, his Basalt Staff contains the essence of the Fire Mouth itself, smiting enemies with its otherworldly heat and melting through armour and thick hide alike. It can also hurl the wrath of the fire mouth at an enemy, much like a volcano erupting itself.

Morg's close combat attacks have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule. In addition, the Staff contains a Bound Spell, power level 3, which casts the *Fire Ball* spell from the Lore of Fire.



GOLGFAG MANEATER

Mercenary Captain

More tales are told about Golgfag than any other Ogre alive, and Golgfag himself spins a great many of them. Though he exaggerates with wild abandon, Golgfag is still the most successful of all Ogre mercenary captains. He has won countless battles, looted upon the sacred island of Ulthuan, set eyes upon ruinous Skavenblight and survived, guzzled more kegs of Bugman's XXXXX than most Dwarfs have even seen, and been personally decorated by Emperor Karl Franz. Golgfag has travelled the world and his cronies, known unimaginatively as Golgfag's Maneaters, have gained wide notoriety as being battle-toughened killers.

Possibly one of the most successful Ogre mercenaries of all time, Golgfag Maneater forged a reputation for the Ogres as fearsome killers for hire long before they became a relatively common sight in the mercenary armies of the Old World. He soon found himself leading a bunch of almost equally brutal Ogre warriors. He quickly developed a taste for man-flesh and joined forces with an Orc Warlord called Gnashrak Badtooth. Gnashrak was busy fighting against the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin high up in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Golgfag wasn't sure he liked the taste of Dwarf, but was more than happy to find out.



Gnashrak thought the Ogres would prove just the kind of troops he needed to sort out the Dwarfs. However, he soon grew tired of the Ogres' appetite for Goblins, booze, and raucous singing. After one particularly loud drinking session Golgfag and Gnashrak got into a huge fight. Soon all the Ogres and Orcs were scrapping. Golgfag tore off the Orc's arm and used it to bash his way out of the encampment before leading his lads to safety. Gnashrak was completely enraged.

Golgfag promptly offered his services to the Dwarf leader Ungrim Ironfist. He showed Gnashrak's arm to Ungrim as proof of his sincerity. In the face of such a convincing offer, Ironfist was hardly able to refuse. Golgfag led his Ogres and a party of Dwarfs along a secret track the Orc's encampment in Broken Leg Gully – so called because of its impossibly steep and treacherous sides. The Orcs were trapped and horribly slaughtered. Gnashrak was captured and subsequently bound in chains and delivered to Ungrim Ironfist.

Pausing only to loot the Dwarf Lord's treasury during the ensuing celebrations, Golgfag headed west into the Empire. There he took employment in the ranks of the Imperial army, and it was here that he discovered Halflings were by far his favorite food. Shortly afterwards he turned up in the lands of Tilea in the employ of one Lorenzo Lupo. Lorenzo found the Ogres to be excellent troops, but a considerable nuisance. The citizens of Luccini were forever complaining of being beaten, robbed, or bullied by the rowdy Ogres. One night Golgfag decided to take rather more than his fair share of wine, directly from Lorenzo's warehouses. When the Ogres fell into a drunken stupor Lorenzo sent a company of pikemen to arrest them and throw them into his dungeons.

Fortunately for Lorenzo, an opportunity to be rid of the Ogres altogether arrived in the form of a messenger from one of the Border Princes. The messenger was hiring mercenaries on behalf of his master. Lorenzo cheerfully fitted him up with the Ogres, took his fee, and released Golgfag and his crew from captivity. Golgfag was understandably annoyed, but faced with a new offer of employment, a complimentary baggage train of food and a firing squad of Tilean crossbowmen, the Ogre decided to let matters lie for the moment.

Golgfag's stay in the Border Princes proved a successful and profitable one. The Ogres grew fat and wealthy. They were kept very busy one side or another and were given every chance to indulge their appetite for fresh meat. Golgfag's only regret was the scarcity of Halflings thereabouts. When he heard that trouble

was brewing between the Orcs and Dwarfs he headed northwards once more. He fell in with a bunch of Orcs and Goblins and was soon feasting upon Dwarf again.

It was after a foray against the Dwarfs that Golgfag was ambushed by none other than Ungrim Ironfist, his former employer. The canny Dwarf Lord led the Orc army into a trap using a supply convoy as bait. The convoy consisted entirely of wagons full of cheap ale which the greenskins duly captured and drained. Golgfag and the Ogres courageously drank themselves into oblivion along with the rest. When they awoke, the Ogres found themselves in the dungeons deep below Karak Kadrin, along with the remnants of the Orc army. The Dwarfs no doubt expected Golgfag to die in this cramped and crowded dungeon, and probably thought this would be easier and safer than trying to kill the Ogre in some other fashion.

When the Dwarfs finally opened the dungeon some months later, they were startled to find Golgfag still alive. He had eaten every other inmate of the dungeon, including the rest of the Ogres, apart from Skaff. Out of respect for his oldest drinking buddy, Golgfag had only, so far, eaten one of Skaff's legs. A great pile of Orc, Goblin, and Ogre bones lay in one corner. When he heard of this, Ungrim Ironfist was so impressed that he ordered Golgfag to be taken a long way away and released.



Golgfag soon gathered together some of his old lads and other keen young Ogres flocked to join him. Skaff decided to stick with Golgfag despite everything, and gratefully accepted the position of standard bearer as this gave him something to lean on. Before the summer was out, Golgfag headed south over the Grey Mountains in company of an Orc raiding party. It was there that he fought his first battles against Bretonnians and where he would 'crack a few tinnies' and feast upon man-flesh once more.

From that day to this, Golgfag has never looked back. His reputation has, if anything, grown and grown. So has his girth. But he still has a few scores to settle, not least with the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin and with the treacherous Lorenzo Lupo. However, Ogres are straightforward folk and such things take second place to a good fight and a full belly!

Although he could be mistaken for a mere Bruiser, Golgfag has been in active service for over sixty years, and has considerable tactical acumen to go with his lattice-like network of scar tissue. Golgfag's reputation and wealth have grown so considerable that in recent years he has begun to hire his own mercenary armies,

including more and more Ogres as the great migration gathers speed. Over the course of his adventures, Golgfag has won and lost more fortunes than there are Gnoblars in the hills. His wanderlust prevents him from becoming a great leader, but earns him plenty of loot and renown. The term 'Maneater' was first coined when, after a drunken argument, Golgfag ate his paymaster whole and left carrying his coffers. He insists to this day that his name is misleading for, just like the faithful band of violent thugs that travel with him, Golgfag really isn't that fussy about what or who he eats. Yet such is his fame, that ('Maneater' is now a general term for any Ogre who travels the lands as a sell-sword. At last sighting, Golgfag had returned to the Ogre Kingdoms to recruit more Ogres into his famed regiment. Where he'll head next is anybody's guess...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Golgfag	6	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ogre Charge, Stubborn.

Easy Come, Easy Go: Over the years, Golgfag has owned and lost countless magic items. At the start of a battle, before deployment, roll 2D6 and multiply the score by 10. You may equip Golgfag with magic items from the Warhammer Rulebook with a total points value that is equal to or less than the result. The normal restrictions on choosing magic items apply (so you can't take the same item twice in an army, or equip Golgfag with two items of the same type, etc.). The items chosen do not count against Golgfag's points value or the total points value of the army.

Golgfag's Maneaters: Golgfag often goes to battle at the head of his veteran Maneaters unit. Golgfag's Maneaters always have the Stubborn special rule, but may choose one other special rule from the 'Been There, Done That' rule as normal. In addition, when included in an alliance they are treated as trusted allies by all units on their side, and count all units on their side as trusted allies in return. If an army includes Golgfag's Maneaters, then Golgfag must set up with the unit, and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

"Why bovver with the grindin' and the bread bit I sez. Jest get straight to the killin' an' the eating an' the money. That an' a dog onna stick...crunchy an' wiggly all at once."

— Grenth Bullguts



BRAGG THE GUTSMAN

Champion Executioner of Ogrekind

Ogres are a battle-hardened and fearless race, but there walks one amongst their number who is held in dread. Even veterans of a thousand battles feel corpulent shivers at the very name of this killer amongst killers, this shadowy figure that deals out the most gruesome kind of death imaginable. He is the champion executioner of Ogrekind, a slayer of kings and heroes. To see him on the field of battle is to see death itself at work. He is Bragg the Gutsman and none he has marked for slaughter have ever survived.

When presented with his first blade to swing about with wild abandon, as is every young whelp, Bragg showed great affinity for lopping off the heads of any nearby. It wasn't that Bragg fought with grace or finesse (such attributes elude all Ogres), but rather that he had a natural gift for landing blows causing maximum damage.

It was when Bragg created the death-dealing weapon known as the Great Gutgouger that he earned true notoriety. The weapon was cobbled together after Bragg broke his scimitar at the Battle of the Fire Mouth. He fashioned the polearm from the broken blades of a slain Black Orc Warlord, and the magically glowing steel was beaten and reformed using the magma of the Fire Mouth itself. Thus was born a legend.

Wielding the hook-blade with prowess, Bragg could slice off a foe's head with a flick of his powerful wrists. Time and again Bragg slew foes, beheading Orc Chieftains, Skaven Warlords and heavily armoured Champions of Chaos. It was not until Bragg turned his weapon against his own kind that his comrades learned to know fear. During inter-tribal wars Bragg discovered the bladed hook could cut above a victim's gutplate and slide down to scoop out his foe's guts, sending them splashing wetly to the ground. Ogres are used to heinous wounds, but disembowelments cause them to cringe. There can be no recovery from a gutblow and with their extraordinary size, it takes a long, painful time for the innards to fully uncoil outwards. Bragg had become a much feared executioner, or Gutsman, as Ogres called him.

Since then Bragg has travelled from tribe to tribe seeking battle. He is always welcomed, for he is a powerful Bruiser and helpful in a scrap. Champions of every race have fallen before Bragg, dismembered by his strange weapon. To see the mightiest of their foes chopped down always raises cheers amongst the Ogres, yet sooner or later Bragg finds himself called out or forced to settle with some internal challenger. After spilling his victim's guts in a brief duel, Bragg finds himself no longer welcome. Even when killing a Tyrant, Bragg finds no tribe will follow him. So, shouldering the Great Gutgouger, he moves on, forever seeking the next tribe where he might find work for his thirsty weapon. Bragg feels the need to kill calling him as surely as he feels the voracious stirring of the Great Maw in his own belly.

It is a lonely life — for where Bragg walks, he walks alone, save perhaps the pitter-pattering of a few tagalong Gnoblars. To increase his fell reputation, Bragg has taken to wearing a dark leather hood over his head in the manner of a human hangman, feeling that, since he has such a dreaded aura about him, he may as well capitalise on it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bragg the Gutsman	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Great Gutgouger (Magic Weapon)

This massive poleaxe was created by Bragg from a magical weapon formerly wielded by a Black Orc Warlord. Its power seems to be unlocked by the visceral thrill of single combat and comes alive when Bragg steps forth to challenge the best warriors that the enemy can offer. To accept such a duel against the Gutsman is soon after regretted, as the many notches in the Great Gutgouger's haft can attest.

Requires Two Hands. When fighting with the Great Gutgouger, Bragg's close combat attacks are made at +1 Strength. While Bragg is involved in a challenge, he gains the Heroic Killing Blow special rule. In addition, if Bragg slays his foe in a challenge, any enemy units in base contact with him are Disrupted for the remainder of the turn.

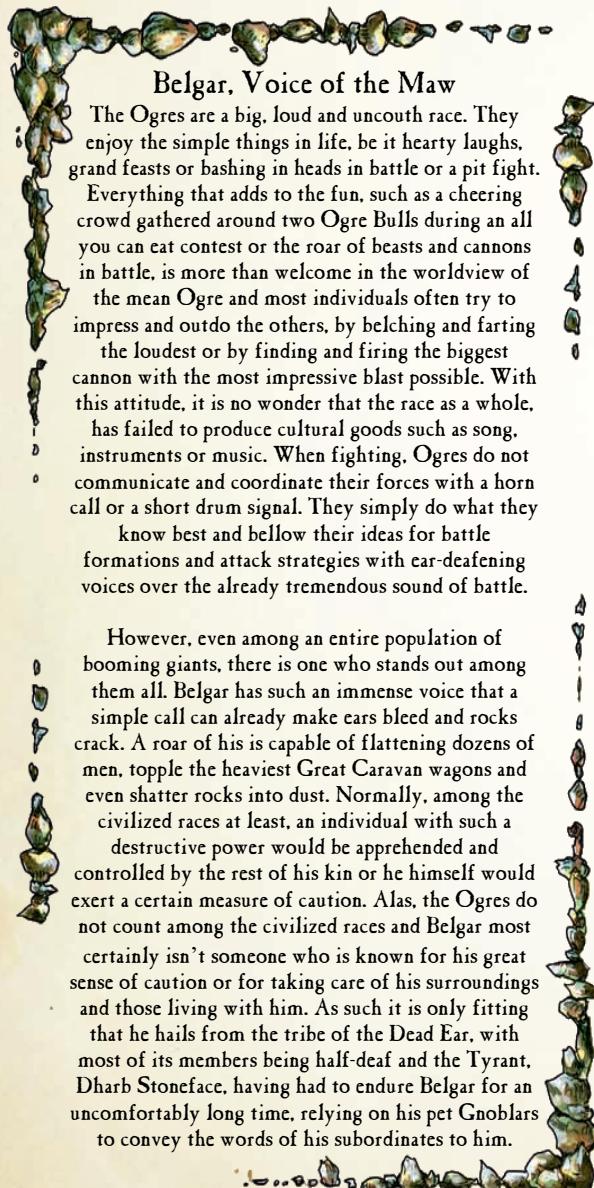


BRAUGH SLAVELORD

The Corpse-Slaver

Known to the Chaos Dwarfs as Ghrask Dragh, literally 'corpse-slaver', Braugh Slavelord is a legend even amongst his own merciless peers. Ogre slavers are a common enough sight in the far corners of the world, but only one amongst them can claim to enslave his prey in death as well as life.

Back when he was a Maneater travelling the forests of the Old World, Braugh was imprisoned by a powerful necromancer. But Braugh was strong even for an Ogre, and eventually broke free of the Necromancer's dungeons. He found his captor asleep in a coffin, and beat him to death with a chair, skinning the remains as a trophy. Braugh then ate half of the Necromancer's prisoners and dragged the rest away as slaves, tying



them to his gut-plate with the enchanted chains he had ripped from the dungeon wall.

Were it not for the trophy Braugh took, his legend would end there. But the Necromancer's magic was strong – even when one of Braugh's slaves died of exhaustion, it remained bound to his servitude. So it is that Braugh Slavelord deals not only in flesh but in spirits, trading the services of the quick and the dead to whoever pays the right price, an army of unquiet ghosts and walking corpses shambling meekly in his wake.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Braugh Slavelord	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8
Slave	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character), Infantry (Slaves only).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge, Stubborn.

Slavelord: *Braugh is surrounded by those he has enslaved, many still attached to him by the chains he took from the necromancer's dungeon.*

Braugh begins the game with 12 slaves, these must form up with Braugh placed in the centre of the unit. Braugh benefits from "Look Out, Sir!" as long as there are at least 5 slaves in the unit. He may not voluntarily leave the unit under any circumstances. In addition, as long as Braugh is alive, all slaves have the Regeneration (5+) special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Soul-binder Chains (Magic Weapon)

These chains twist and writhe with terrible necromantic magic, flailing out and seeking out those who seek to harm Braugh whilst he throttles them to death.

Two hand weapons. At the beginning of each close combat phase, Braugh may nominate one enemy model in base contact. That model loses D3 Attacks for that phase.

The Great Bullplate (Magic Armour)

Braugh Slavelord's gut-plate is chained directly into his flesh. Bearing the skull of a sacred cavebeast and enchanted by the Slaughtermaster of Braugh's former tribe, this artefact bestows speed and ferocity to those around it.

Medium armour. The Bullplate gives Braugh and his minions the Swiftstride special rule when charging.

JHARED THE RED

Longstrider, Hunt-father

The most famous Hunter is Jhared Longstrider, the Huntfather. Jhared the Red was the first true Ogre Hunter and his is a story told to all Ogre whelps. His father, Huhgr Loudgut, was disgusted to find his son was a runt; smaller than the others of his litter and covered from head to toe in red hair. In disgust, Huhgr hurled the whelp out into the snow.

The infant Jhared survived the first cruel hours of his exile, only to stumble across the den of a suckling female Sabretusk. Rather than being devoured, the hairy whelp was unwittingly welcomed into the beasts litter. When Jhared reached maturity, he threw his adoptive father off the edge of a crevasse, taking the place of dominant male in the pack. The silent red-haired killer and his pack of daemon cats soon became legend amongst the Ogres of the valleys. Jhared eventually returned to his tribe, a score of sleek killing machines padding through the snow on either side of him in the darkness of a new moon. He and his pack slunk into the feast halls of his tribe, locating the slumbering Ogres by smell alone. After blocking the cave mouth with a boulder, Jhared and his Sabretusks clawed apart their panicking prey in the pitch darkness. Jhared himself sniffed out his father and put out his eyes, playing with him like a cat would a defenceless mouse before finally ripping out his throat and eating his corpse.

Jhared's exploits included stampeding an entire herd of Ice Mammoths off the Cliffs of Ruin and being the first to capture and ride a Mournfang beast. He was the first Ogre to tame cavebeasts, and to this day Ogre Hunters

emulate their predecessor by taming Sabretusks and Rhinoxen, although unlike Jhared, most use heavy clubs to do so. His story teaches all Ogres to tolerate those different from themselves, even those with unfortunate hair.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jhared	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Loner, Ogre Charge, Longstrider (see Big Names), Scout.

Running With The Pack: If a Jhared deploys as part of a Sabretusk pack, then both he and the pack have the Vanguard special rule. In addition, the entire unit may re-roll failed charge distances.

Hunt-father: Jhared may re-roll failed To Hit and to Wound rolls of 1 when fighting Warbeasts, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Cavalry and Monsters. In addition, he ignores Terror caused by Monsters.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Frostshard Javelins (Magic Items)

Crafted out of ice from one of the many glaciers in the north of the Mountains of Mourn, these javelins imbue Jhared's prey with eternal cold, stopping it dead in its tracks as if it was encased in the very glaciers themselves.

Great Throwing Spear. Enemy models wounded, but not killed, by Jhared's ranged attacks suffer -D3 Movement until the end of their next turn.

Greatskull (Magic Armour)

This ancient, tattooed cave-beast skull, worn as a gut-plate, bleeds hostility and confusion into the minds of any who would do its bearer harm with the arcane arts.

Light armour. Any spellcaster that targets Jhared will miscast on any roll of a double 4 or a double 5 as well as on the roll of a double 6.

Greyback Pelt (Talisman)

This silvery pelt is all that remains of a skinned Yhetee Greyback, hunted down and killed by Jhared. It bestows some of the power of the ice creatures onto its owner.

The Greyback Pelt gives Jhared the Aura of Frost special rule and in addition he ignores Dangerous Terrain.



THE LORE OF THE GREAT MAW

Gut Magic, Gastromancy, Shamanic Victuals

SPINEMARROW (Signature Spell)

The Butcher holds up a gory spinal column and sucks out all the blood and marrow to empower his companions.

Cast on 8+

Spinemarrow is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has the Stubborn special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 24". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

1. BONECRUSHER

Cast on 8+

Shovelling a handful of ribs, skulls and femurs into his mouth, the Butcher painfully crunches them up even while he curses his foes, who immediately find their own bones breaking with loud snapping sounds.

Bonecrusher is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits which Ignores Armour saves. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 11+.

2. BULLGORGER

Cast on 7+

The Butcher greedily devouring the heart of a bull Rhinox or Mournfang, no doubt enjoying the feast of healthy blood and muscle whilst he imbues himself and his fellows with the strength of a charging Rhinox. The Butcher can project the raw vitality imbued by such a worthy sacrifice to the Great Maw.

Bullgorger is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has +1 Strength until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

3. TOOTHCRACKER

Cast on 8+

By grinding his way through a lump of earth-encrusted bedrock taken from the peak of a mountain, the Butcher bestows the rock's resilience and the sturdiness of the mountains themselves into his brethren. This often costs the Butcher more than just a couple of teeth.

Toothcracker is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has +1 Toughness until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

4. BRAINCOBBLER

Cast on 9+

Selecting a one of the enemy's severed head from the stinking selection of disembodied body parts attached to one of the meat hooks secured about his person, the Butcher chomps through the skull before he scoops out and gobbles down a helping of fresh, delicious brains. As grey matter drips from his flabby jowls the Butcher projects the worst nightmares plucked from his victim's brain into the minds of his foes and those around him.

Braingobbler is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". The target must take a Panic test. Units with Immunity (Psychology) cannot be targeted by this spell. The caster may choose to increase the range of the spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

BLOODGRUEL (Lore Attribute)

The Lore of the Great Maw has many recipes for disaster and Butchers often chew flesh, suck marrow or stuff some raw goblet into their mouths to aid their casting and replenish their own vitality. The Butcher puts a disembodied limb to his mouth and sucks all the blood, fluid and marrow out of it with one titanic intake before casting the husk to one side. As he gulps down this vile cocktail of juices his gut gurgles with magical energy, either healing him or, if the Maw is displeased, ravaging his insides...

Roll a D6 immediately after resolving the effects of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of the Great Maw. On a roll of 2-6, the Wizard that cast the spell recovers one lost Wound (up to his starting number of Wounds), and adds +1 to the total rolled on the dice the next time he attempts to cast or dispel a spell. On a roll of 1 the Wizard that cast the spell suffers a Strength 6 hit.

Cast on 8+

5. TROLLGUTS

Cast on 12+

The Ogre Butcher forces down the toxic guts of a Stone Troll, great quantities of acid and bile ravaging his much-abused gut. Downing the toxic and utterly repulsive innards of a Troll isn't easy, but by doing so a Butcher can magically transfer the beast's supernatural healing ability onto himself or nearby companions. The Ogres' wounds seem to stitch themselves together before the eyes of their dumbfounded enemies.

Trollguts is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has the Regeneration (4+) special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can instead choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 20+.



6. THE MAW

Cast on 15+

By consuming the better part of a large beast, the Butcher can summon the power of the Great Maw itself; causing the ground to split wide open beneath an enemy and revealing a tooth-lined bottomless pit that hungrily snaps and snarls in anticipation of its next meal. Eternal pain awaits any who fall within...

The Maw is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 18" of the caster. Roll the artillery dice and the scatter dice. Unless a Hit! is rolled, move the template the distance shown on the artillery dice, in the direction shown on the scatter dice.

If a misfire is rolled, the opposing player picks up the template and repositions it anywhere on the battlefield. The artillery dice and scatter dice are then rolled again to see if the template scatters from the new target point (re-roll any further misfires until a result other than a misfire is rolled).

Once the final position of the template is determined, all models under the template must take an Initiative test. Models that pass the test suffer a Strength 3 hit from The Maw's sharp teeth as they scrabble clear. Models that fail the test are savaged by The Maw and suffer a Strength 7 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule. The Maw then closes with a satisfied burp and the template is removed.

The caster can choose to use the large template instead of the small template. If he does so, the casting value of The Maw is increased to 21+.



BIG NAMES OF THE OGRES

Ogre names are typically as blunt and obvious as their owners. This is because Ogres have a limited capacity for honorifics and titles, and lose interest very quickly after the first syllable or two. The exception to this are those names Ogres traditionally associate with great heroes; the so-called 'big names', which invariably tie into a hazardous feat the Ogre has undertaken in order to prove his mettle.

When Ogres gain such renown that their deeds are told throughout the kingdoms, it is said they have 'earned a name' for themselves and they gain descriptive titles — an Ogre who has fought and bested a Giant will attach an honorific like Giantbreaker or Big Basher to his name. This kind of big reputation is essential to becoming a successful Bruiser or Tyrant. Ogres that travel into the world often pick up foreign titles or terms, like Captain or 'the unhygienic', which are also incorporated into their titles, even though Ogres might not fully understand their meaning. Sometimes the results can be comical — however, anyone foolish enough to laugh at an Ogre's name is sure to find himself on the wrong side of a gut-plate pretty quickly.

In this way, an Ogre who has scaled the sheer face of Mount Thug with only his bare hands may adopt the name Mountaineater, whereas an Ogre who has slaughtered his way through a unit of knights with nothing more than a jagged rock and a bad hangover might take the name Skullcracker. With typical Ogre directness, an Ogre's name tells anyone alive long enough to hear it what that Ogre excels at or the particular skills he prides himself in. In this way an Ogre will know whether the Ogre he is talking to is worthy of great respect, having earned himself a big name.

Certain Ogre feats are so difficult that Ogres very rarely even attempt them — tracking down and breaking a wild Giant, for instance. These are the tests by which a grown Ogre shows he is ready to challenge the Tyrant. An Ogre who achieves one of these extreme feats of prowess earns not only a big name but also his right to challenge the Tyrant to defend his crown.

Those Ogres who go on to become mercenaries tend to exchange the name they earned during their rite of passage for a given name bestowed upon them by those they accompany into battle. These normally take the form of tides rather than surnames. Some of the oldest and most successful Ogre mercenaries may have long and ostentatious titles, often including words that they don't even understand themselves: an Ogre Maneater is as likely to be called Brog the Unsanitary as he is Brog the Unstoppable. It is debatable if the Ogres care what their given name is, just so long as it sounds impressive. After all, anyone foolish enough to laugh at an Ogre's name will find himself the wrong side of a gut-plate pretty quickly.



An Ogre's name may change over the course of his life. For instance, Gulg the Hungry, upon his fifth change of gut plate to accommodate his spreading girth, decided to adopt the name Gulg the Fat. Some Ogres have almost comically long and overcomplicated names. These names can grow longer over the years and it is not unheard off or mighty individuals to invariably have so many honorific that they need a Name-Gnoblar or two around whose sole task is to remember the full titles of the Ogre.

As with so many things in the Ogre Kingdoms, there are no hard and fast roles as to what an Ogre may call himself and many Ogres have names as simple as Hulg the Big or Fat Bauldreg.

OGRE BIG NAMES

There are certain names that indicate great status in an Ogre army — buying your Ogre character a 'big name' from the list below will allow him to use special abilities on the battlefield that reflect his illustrious history.

Ogre Tyrants, Bruisers and Hunters are able to spend points on one or more big names, as detailed in the army list. No big name may be taken more than once in the same army.

Gogruk the Hungry
Gogruk the Hungry (a great hero among Ogres) couldn't stop eating anything he bit. He constantly tried to claim his own Gnoblar but once he bit he just could not stop biting. After his tragic tale became legend, eager and greedy Gnoblars desperate for the protection of a master regularly ended up in his gut. After failing to earmark twenty Gnoblars in one sitting he had a revelation and saw his eating habit as a blessing from the Great Maw. Gogruk became a Butcher, and he ritually consumes at least twenty Gnoblars at feasts to honour his ravenous god. Naturally, no one recorded the Gnoblars' feelings on the matter.

MAWSEEKER

25 points

The devout Mawseekers have not only completed the pilgrimage to the Great Maw but also managed to find their way back. None who have seen the Maw come back unscathed, though, and even those tough enough to survive that deadly trip often return with part of themselves eaten away.

When a character with the Mawseeker name has +1 Toughness on his profile. He also suffers from the Stupidity special rule.

DEATHCHEATER

20 points

Sometimes an Ogre will suffer a horrible mishap during his rite of passage, but succeed nonetheless. An Ogre that has escaped certain doom is seen as being blessed by the Great Maw. How else could an Ogre live through a Rhinox stampede or survive a major avalanche. Not surprisingly, Ogres with the Deathcheater big name tend to have impressive scars.

When a character with the Deathcheater name is down to his last Wound, he receives a 3+ Ward save. This has no effect if he suffers a Hit with the Multiple Wounds or Heroic Killing Blow special rules that would instantly kill him before he reaches his last Wound.

MOUNTAINEATER

20 points

Mountaineaters have dared to scale to the top of a dangerous (and at least partially sentient) mountain. Mountaineaters are invariably strong in tendon and tusk. After such a trial, they ritually consume part of the mountain to mark their conquest.

A Mountaineater will never be wounded on a score better than a 3+. Hits that cause automatic Wounds are unaffected.

KINEATER

20 points

Having achieved Tyranthood by killing and eating a member of their own family in a pit fight, Kineaters are considered ruthless even by their own tribe. These vicious killers are always the first to issue a challenge to the death in any dispute. When fighting alongside a Kineater, it is unwise to flee. After all, it doesn't pay to get on his bad side...

Tyrants only. Any friendly unit within 12" of a Kineater may re-roll failed Panic tests.

GIANTBREAKER

15 points

An Ogre that has led a Giant Hunt and successfully broken one of the towering brutes in hand-to-hand combat is hailed as a great warrior. Naturally, a Giantbreaker is an extremely strong Ogre and also one that is supremely confident in his own abilities.

A character with the Giantbreaker name has +1 Strength on his profile. He may never refuse challenges, and neither he nor a unit he is with may choose to flee as a charge reaction.

BEASTKILLER

15 points

A Beastkiller has slaughtered an entire pack of cave-beasts or has stalked and slain an especially large and notorious creature. As a sign of his massive accomplishments, the Beastkiller will invariably wear impressive tusks and fangs about his person.

Hunters only. When making attacks against War Beasts, Monstrous Beasts or Monsters, the Beastkiller gains +1 on his rolls To Wound. If the character is using a magic weapon, then he does not get this bonus.

DAEMONKILLER

15 points

A Daemonkiller has slain one of the most formidable foes in existence, thus proving his superior fighting skill and spirit and intimidating his foes with either an aura of supreme confidence or a mad glimmer in his eyes, for nobody slays a Greater Daemon and walks away unscathed. The remains of the Chaos' daemons is then bled into a lead jar. This acidic ichor is then applied as warpaint, capturing some of the ferocity of the daemon and giving the Tyrants a truly terrifying appearance.

Tyrants only. A Tyrant with the Daemonkiller name causes Terror.

WALLCRUSHER

10 points

Some Tyrants perform their rites of passage in a very literal way; they are renowned for feats of brute smashing such as bludgeoning their way through a skycastle wall using only their own formidable bulk and series of gut barges and headbutts. A Wallcrusher's gut bears many similarities to a boulder — as does his intellect.

Wallcrushers do one additional Impact Hit on a successful Ogre Charge. In addition, Wallcrushers ignore all the effects of obstacles when attacking units that are defending them — he is likely to barge through or smash it down on top of the foe. This does not benefit a unit he joins.

LONGSTRIDER

10 points

An Ogre with the big name Longstrider has hunted on the slopes of the mountains for decades, and is even capable of running down a sprinting ice elk. The first Hunter, Jhared the Red, was known as Jhared Longstrider until he slaughtered his own tribe.

A character with the Longstrider big name has the Swiftstride special rule.

BRAWLERGUTS

10 points

An Ogre with the Brawlerguts big name has earned a reputation for throwing his weight around. Combining brutish strength with a devastating bulk, this Ogre enters combat like an avalanche.

Brawlerguts (but not their mounts) re-roll failed To Wound rolls from their Impact Hits and Stomps.



TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Ogres of the Ogre Kingdoms. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

THUNDERMACE

50 points

Magic Weapon

A legendary weapon of old, the Thundermace is made from a great hunk taken out of an unfeasibly large foundation stone from the base of a skycastle. The great weaponhead is bound with meteoric iron onto a long stout tree trunk. When brought down over the head, the accumulated force of several tons of masonry explodes outward from the point of impact. It is said that the rumbling aftershocks of a blow from the Thundermace can be heard for miles and there have been several times in its storied history when particularly prodigious blows have started avalanches.

Great weapon. The wielder may choose to exchange all of his Attacks in close combat to make a single 'Thundercrush Attack'. Roll To Hit against the highest Weapon Skill amongst the enemy models in base contact. If the Thundercrush Attack hits, place the small template anywhere so that it is touching the wielder's base. Any infantry, war beasts or swarm models that lie underneath the template (friend or foe!) suffer a single Strength 3 hit. The model under the template's central hole instead suffers a single Strength 9 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. A model with any other troop type beneath the template is too big to be crushed, and doesn't suffer any hits. The wielder of the Thundermace may still Stomp even if he uses the Thundercrush Attack.

SIEGEBREAKER

30 points

Magic Weapon

The origins of the two-handed obsidian club known as Siegебreaker are unknown, but many notorious Ogre Tyrants have famously wielded it down the ages. It is the very weapon Bruno Thundergut used to smash his way into many of the immense mountaintop fortresses of the Sky-titans many thousands of years ago. Yet not all of the Siegебreaker's deeds are ancient legend, the leader of the Rockheart tribe smashed through the greenskin blockade of Deathpass, and only a few years ago it was used by Tyrant Lug Boulderhead to turn the Dwaffen watchtower atop Ravenpeak into rubble — although Lug was subsequently buried.

Great weapon. Roll To Hit against the enemy's Initiative instead of his Weapon Skill, and no Parry saves are allowed — it is impossible to deflect a blow from the weapon. In addition, when assaulting models in a building, the wielder can make a 'Siegебreaker Attack' instead of attacking normally in the Close Combat phase (though he may still Stomp). A Siegебreaker Attack inflicts D6 hits with a Strength equal to the height of the building in inches, up to a maximum Strength of 10 (so, for example, models in a building that is 6 inches high would suffer D6 Strength 6 hits). Measure from the base of the building to its highest point.

MASTODON ARMOUR

35 points

Magic Armour

The Mastodon Armour is a great set of plates and chainmail forged by the Chaos Dwarfs in exchange for hundreds of Human and Gnoblar slaves. It shifts and hardens in response to incoming attacks.

Heavy Armour. If the wearer is killed by an attack that is not made in close combat, roll a D6; on a 2+, he will remain in play with one Wound remaining.

GUT MAW

35 points

Magic Armour

Blessed by generations of Ogre Butchers, this polished brass gutplate has mighty powers. Its huge set of iron jaws can open wide and swallow a foe in battle, and according to Ogres, the victim passes straight through and into the Great Maw itself: There it is consumed and the life force of those ingested by the Gut Maw is passed on to bolster its wearer.

Heavy Armour. An Ogre wearing the Gut Maw has the Terror special rule. In addition, he recovers one lost Wound (up to his starting number) for each unsaved Wound he causes in a challenge.



GREEDY FIST

40 points

Talisman

All Ogres are in awe of the near-sentient gauntlet known as the Greedy Fist. On great occasions, but always after an especially monumental feat of violence occurs in a tribe's maw-pit — such as a spectacular guts-out challenge for Tyranthood or a particularly brutal pit-fight — a strange and wondrous thing has been known to happen. From out of the bones and broken bits that gather in the corners of any maw-pit crawls a black ironfist, moving on its own, its articulated finger joints pulling it across the bloody ground. With punch-spikes of iron and tusk embedded into the knuckles, the formidable weapon drags itself to a worthy Ogre who may then claim it for a time.

The wearer has +1 Strength and a 6+ ward save. If a Magic Weapon inflicts a Wound that is saved by this ward save, its magical properties are consumed by the Greedy Fist; it is treated as a normal, non-magical weapon of the same type for the remainder of the game. If no type is listed, it is treated as a hand weapon. In addition, an enemy Wizard loses a Wizard level and a randomly selected spell each time they are hit by an Ogre wearing the Greedy Fist.



GNOBLAR THIEFSTONE

35 points

Enchanted Item

Although the tunnels beneath the Mountains of Mourn are dangerous, many Gnoblars risk them in order to search for Thiefstones. Strangely enchanted rocks, Thiefstones attract magical power, and with a brief pass of a Thiefstone over a corpse, any item of any importance will quickly stick to the stone. It is common practice for Ogres who notice Gnoblars with Thiefstones to relieve them of their heavy burden. An Ogre might dangle a Thiefstone around his neck on a chain or rope or tie one to his weapon shaft, for you never know when such an item will come in handy.

A Gnoblar Thiefstone grants the bearer Magic Resistance (1). In addition, roll on the following table when the model is deployed to see if the Thiefstone has helped them to 'find' any useful items. Note that this may result in the bearer of the Thiefstone having two Magic Talismans (the Thiefstone and the item from the table). In addition, if the item that has been 'found' is being used by another character (friend or foe), then the other character loses the item — it's been stolen!

D6 Item

- 1 Nothing
- 2 Luckstone
- 3 Talisman of Protection
- 4 The Other Trickster's Shard
- 5 The Ruby Ring of Ruin
- 6 Talisman of Preservation

GRUT'S SICKLE

50 points

Arcane Item

Grut the Bloodthirsty was eventually lynched and eaten by his own tribe, who were riled up when he stole their flesh for use as ritual ingredients. Some of that mighty Butcher's malevolence seems to live on in his now-rusty sickle. Whenever a Butcher with Grut's Sickle joins a unit cries of 'who did that?', 'don't touch me!' and 'he's doing it again!' are sure to follow...

At the start of the Ogre Magic phase, the bearer of Grut's Sickle can inflict a single Wound on any unit he has joined. If he does so, then he adds +2 to all casting rolls he makes during that Magic phase. A Wound inflicted by Grut's Sickle is distributed as a shooting attack, and may not be saved in any way. Roll 2D6 at the end of each Magic phase where Grut's Sickle is used; on a roll of 3 or more nothing happens, but on a roll of double 1 the unit turns upon and slays the wielder of Grut's Sickle, and he is removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed.

"CRUSH! STOMP! GORGE!
SMASH! KILL!"

Olag Skullcracker, Tyrant

HELLHEART

50 points

Arcane Item

Butchers especially covet the ichor-soaked hearts of Spawn that were once mighty Sorcerers of Chaos. As the fickle powers of the dark gods still reside in such foul organs, a Butcher that can swallow a heart whole can, with a single loud and disgusting belch, issue forth a swirling vortex of magical anarchy. Such a maelstrom is not only malodorous, but will also play havoc with any nearby enemy wizards, subjecting their minds to dangerous currents of deadly magic.

One Use Only. The Hellheart can be used at the start of one of the opposing side's Magic phases, immediately after rolling for the Winds of Magic. All enemy Wizards within 12" of the bearer must roll on the Miscast table. Special rules or magic items that affect a normal miscast roll can be used against miscasts caused by the Hellheart. After resolving all the miscasts, add an extra dispel dice to the Ogre's dispel pool for each enemy Wizard that was forced to roll on the Miscast table.



RUNE MAW

50 points

Magic Standard

Anointed with gore by Butchers, hung with runic items captured from the Dwarfs, and draped with numerous other tribal trophies, a Rune Maw constantly emits a low growl. When the banner detects a magical attack, that rumble rises to a predatory roar and, glowing bright the banner emits a deafening belch that deflects the magic of the spell, causing it to hit elsewhere.

When any enemy spell targeting a unit with the Rune Maw is successfully cast, roll a D6. On a roll of 2+, the caster must choose a new target for the spell. If no other target is available (because no other target is in range or all eligible units have already been targeted, for example), then the spell is wasted but still counts as having been cast. Spells that do not specifically target the unit are not affected by the Rune Maw.

DRAGONHIDE BANNER

50 points

Magic Standard

When Greasus Goldtooth slew the ice drake Jaugrel, that great beast's hide was stripped away. It took a full two dozen Ogres to lift that mighty skin and haul it back to the halls of the Overtyrant. Since that day, the vast hide has been cut up and put to many different uses — the most famous of which is the Dragonhide Banner. Although still reeking from the stench of that decaying wyrm, the banner is said to pass on some of its former owner's legendary ferocity and is wreathed in chill winds. Those that fight beneath it certainly believe in its power and glory.

Models in a unit with the Dragonhide Banner can re-roll all To Hit, To Wound and saving throw rolls of 1 on the turn they make a successful charge. In addition, the bearer of the banner can use it to unleash an icy blast. This is a Strength 3 Breath Weapon. A unit hit by the icy blast has the Always Strikes Last special rule until the end of its next turn.







OGRES ARMY LIST

An Ogre army is an almost unstoppable steamroller that can crush any foe that gets in its way. Regiments of Ogres march side by side with monstrous Stonehorns and Thundertusks, while Leadbelchers, Scraplaunchers and Ironblasters lay down a murderous hail or covering fire.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Ogre Kingdoms miniatures into a monstrous army ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games.



USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

OGRE BULLS

Profile

Ogre Bull

Crusher

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

30 points per model

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry

Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a Crusher.....10 points
- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar.....5 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Ironfists.....4 points per model

1. Name. *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

2. Profiles. *The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).*

3. Troop Type. *Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'monstrous cavalry' and so on).*

4. Points value. *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.*

5. Unit Size. *This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.*

6. Equipment. *This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.*

7. Special Rules. *Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.*

8. Options. *This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.*



LORDS

GREASUS GOLDTOOTH

395 points

Profile
Greasus Goldtooth

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	3	5	6	6	1	3	9

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
• Light armour

Magic Items:

- Sceptre of the Titans
- Overtyrant's Crown

Special Rules:

- Everyone Has Their Price
- The Goldtooth Tribe
- Hoardmaster

SKRAG THE SLAUGHTERER

455 points

Profile
Skrag the Slaughterer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
• Two hand weapons

Magic Items:

- Cauldron of the Great Maw

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Killing Blow
- Ogre Charge
- Terror

Magic:

Skrag the Slaughterer is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

GHARK IRONSKIN

375 points

Profile
Ghark Ironskin
Iron Rhinox

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	6	3	5	5	5	4	5	9
7	4	0	6	5	5	4	5	-

Troop Type

Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)

Equipment:
• Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Ironskin Armor

Mount:

- The Iron Rhinox

Special Rules:

- The Ironskin Tribe

GROTH ONEFINGER

465 points

Profile
Groth Onefinger

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Bloodcleaver
- Wyrdstone Necklace
- Skullmantle
- Cannibal Totem

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- The Lazarghs
- Loremaster (Lore of the Great Maw)
- Mawseeker
- Ogre Charge
- Terror

Magic:

Groth Onefinger is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

MORG MAGMABORN

335 points

Profile
Morg Magmaborn

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Basalt Staff

Special Rules:

- Avatar of the Fire Mouth
- Flaming Attacks
- Fire Breath
- Immunity (Flaming Attacks)
- Ogre Charge

Magic:

Morg Magmaborn is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire.



LORDS

TYRANT

210 points

Profile

Tyrant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....5 points
 - Great weapon.....10 points
 - Ironfist.....6 points
 - Ogre pistol.....8 points
 - Brace of Ogre pistols.....11 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour.....5 points
- May take any of the following:
 - Luck-Gnoblar.....5 points
 - Sword-Gnoblars (up to two).....3 points per model
 - Name-Gnoblars (up to two).....3 points per model
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Mournfang.....45 points
 - Rhinox.....65 points
 - Rhinox War Chariot (replacing the rider).....125 points
- May take Big Names up to a total of.....50 points
- May Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points

SLAUGHTERMASTER

250 points

Profile

Slaughtermaster

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Magic:

A Slaughtermaster is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Heavens, Death or the Great Maw.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....5 points
 - Ironfist.....6 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
- May take any of the following:
 - Tooth-Gnoblars (up to two).....5 points per model
 - Scalp-Gnoblars (up to two).....5 points per model
- May take a Butcher's Cauldron.....75 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile

Mournfang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
8	3	0	5	4	3	2	3	5

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Rhinox

6	3	0	5	5	4	2	3	5
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Monstrous Beast

Stonehorn

7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Monster

Thundertusk

6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Monster

Special Rules:

- *Mournfang*: Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (6+).
- *Rhinox*: Frenzy, Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (5+).
- *Stonehorn*: Earth-shattering Charge, Frenzy, Natural Armour (4+), Stone Skeleton.
- *Thundertusk*: Natural Armour (5+), Numbing Chill, Smooth Ride, Sphere of Frost-wreathed Ice.

HEROES

GOLGFAG MANEATER

235 points

Profile

Golgafag

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Ogre pistol
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Easy Come, Easy Go
- Golgfag's Maneaters
- Ogre Charge
- Stubborn

Notes:

If Golgfag is taken, then one unit of Maneaters in your army may be upgraded to Golgfag's Maneaters at no additional cost in points — see the Golgfag's Maneaters special rule for further information.

BRAGG THE GUTSMAN

175 points

Profile

Bragg the Gutsman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

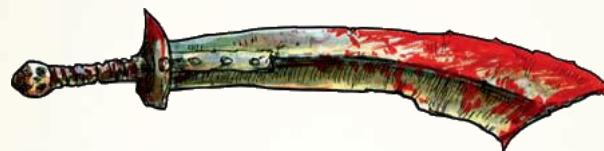
- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Great Gutgouger

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge



BRAUGH SLAVELORD

235 points

Profile

Braugh Slavelord

Slave

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8
4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)
Infantry

Magic Items:

- Soul-binder Chains
- The Great Bullplate

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge
- Stubborn

Options:

- May take any number of additional slaves.....2 points per model

JHARED THE RED

210 points

Profile

Jhared

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- Frostshard Javelins
- Greatskull
- Greyback Pelt

Special Rules:

- Hunt-father
- Loner
- Longstrider
- Ogre Charge
- Running with the Pack
- Scout

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Mournfang.....45 points
 - Rhinox.....65 points
 - Stonehorn (replacing the Rider).....225 points
 - Thundertusk (replacing the Riders).....225 points



HEROES

BRUISER

Profile

Bruiser

130 points

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	8

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Ironfist.....5 points
 - Ogre pistol.....7 points
 - Brace of Ogre pistols.....10 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour.....4 points
- May take any one of the following:
 - Luck-Gnoblar.....5 points
 - Name-Gnoblar.....3 points
 - Sword-Gnoblars (up to two).....3 points per model
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Mournfang.....45 points
 - Rhinox.....65 points
- May take Big Names up to a total of.....25 points
- May Magic Items up to a total of.....50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Bruiser in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner (no points limit). A model carrying a magic standard cannot carry any other magic items.



BUTCHER

Profile

Butcher

105 points

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	4	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Butcher is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Heavens, Death or the Great Maw.

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Ironfist.....5 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take any one of the following:
 - Tooth-Gnoblar.....5 points
 - Scalp-Gnoblar.....5 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

HEROES

HUNTER

145 points

Profile

Hunter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Great Throwing Spear
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Loner
- Ogre Charge
- Scout

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Chain trap.....6 points
 - Harpoon Launcher.....6 points
 - Blood Vulture.....6 points
- May wear light armour.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Stonehorn (replacing the Rider).....225 points
 - Thundertusk (replacing the Riders).....225 points
- May take Big Names up to a total of.....25 points
- May Magic Items up to a total of.....50 points

FIREBELLY

125 points

Profile

Firebelly

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	4	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Firebelly is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire.

- Special Rules:**
- Fire Breath
 - Flaming Attacks
 - Immunity (Flaming Attacks)
 - Ogre Charge

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

YHETEE RIMESPEAKER

160 points

Profile

Yhetee Rimespeaker

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	3	0	5	4	4	4	4	7

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points

Notes:

A Yhetee Rimespeaker may only join units of Yhetees, and may never be the army's General.

Special Rules:

- Aura of Frost
- Fear
- Flammable
- Ice Breath
- Rimespeaker's Call
- Scale Terrain



CORE UNITS

OGRE BULLS

30 points per model

Profile
Ogre Bull
Crusher

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry
Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:
• Ogre Charge

Equipment:
• Hand weapon
• Light armour

Options:

- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a Crusher.....10 points
- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Ogre Bull may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar.....5 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Ironfists.....4 points per model



IRONGUTS

41 points per model

Profile
Irongut
Gutlord

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry
Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:
• Down to the
Ironguts
• Ogre Charge

Equipment:
• Great weapon
• Medium
armour

Options:

- One Irongut may be upgraded to a Gutlord.....10 points
- One Irongut may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Irongut may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar.....5 points
 - May take a Magic Standard worth up to.....25 points



GNOBLAR FIGHTERS

2,5 points per model

Profile
Gnoblar Fighter
Groinbiter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5

Troop Type
Infantry
Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Beneath Contempt
- Bicker

Equipment:
• Hand weapon
• Throwing weapon

Options:

- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a Groinbiter.....10 points
- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take additional hand weapons.....½ point per model



SPECIAL UNITS

LEADBELCHERS

43 points per model

Profile

- Leadbelcher
- Thunderfist

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7
6	3	4	4	4	3	2	3	7

Troop Type

- Monstrous Infantry
- Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Ogre Charge

Options:

- One Leadbelcher may be upgraded to a Thunderfist.....10 points
- One Leadbelcher may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Leadbelcher may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar.....5 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Leadbelcher gun
- Light armour

MOURNFANG CAVALRY

63 points per model

Profile

- Ogre
- Crusher
- Mournfang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7
8	3	0	5	4	3	2	3	5

Troop Type

- Monstrous Cavalry
- Monstrous Cavalry
-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (D3)
- Natural Armour (6+)

Options:

- One Ogre may be upgraded to a Crusher.....10 points
 - May be armed with a brace of Ogre pistols.....6 points
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a Magic Standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
 - Ironfists.....4 points per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Mount:

- Mournfang



MANEATERS

45 points per model

Profile

- Maneater
- Maneater Captain

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	8
6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	8

Troop Type

- Monstrous Infantry
- Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Been There, Done That
- Motley Crew
- Ogre Charge

Options:

- One Maneater may be upgraded to a Maneater Captain.....10 points
- One Maneater may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Maneater may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar.....5 points
 - May take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
 - Ogre pistols.....6 points per model
 - Brace of Ogre pistols.....9 points per model
- The entire unit may replace light armour with medium armour.....3 points per model



SPECIAL UNITS

SABRETUSK PACK

18 points per model

Profile

Sabretusk

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
8	4	0	4	4	2	3	2	4

Troop Type

War Beast

Unit Size: 2+

Special Rules:

- Fear
- The Master's Voice

Options:

- The entire unit may be upgraded with any of the following special rules:
 - Scouts.....1 points per model
 - Ambushers.....1 points per model
 - Killing Blow.....2 points per model

CРАГBEASTS

46 points per model

Profile

Cragbeast

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	4	0	5	5	3	3	4	4

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Natural Armour (5+)
- The Master's Voice



YHETEES

41 points per model

Profile

Yhetee

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
---	----	----	---	---	---	---	---	----

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast

Greyback

7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7
7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7

Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Aura of Frost
- Flammable
- Scale Terrain
- Options:
 - One Yhetee may be upgraded to a Greyback.....10 points

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

GORGЕR

55 points per model

Profile

Gorger

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
---	----	----	---	---	---	---	---	----

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Ambusher
- Frenzy
- Killing Blow
- Unbreakable



SPECIAL UNITS

RHINOX WAR CHARIOT

130 points

Profile

Rhinox War Chariot

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rhinox War Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Ogre	-	3	2	4	-	-	2	3	7
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 4+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Fear
- Impact Hits (D6+2)

Crew: 1 Ogre

Drawn by: 1 Rhinox

GNOBLAR TRAPPERS

6 points per model

Profile

Gnoblar Trapper

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gnoblar Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
Snarefinger	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5

Troop Type

Infantry

Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

- Beneath Contempt
- Bicker
- Skirmishers
- Scouts
- Trappers
- One Gnoblar Trapper may be upgraded to a Snarefinger...10 points

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Throwing weapon

GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHER

130 points

Profile

Scraplauncher

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scraplauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
Rhinox	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	3	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 5+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Fear
- Large Target

Crew: 7 Gnoblar Scrappers

Equipment (Scraplauncher):

- Scraplauncher Catapult

GNOBLAR SKEWERSLINGER

90 points

Profile

Skewerslinger

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skewerslinger	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
Rhinox	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	3	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 5+)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Fear
- Large Target

Crew: 5 Gnoblar Scrappers

Equipment (Skewerslinger):

- Skewerslinger Bolt Thrower

Drawn by: 1 Rhinox



RARE UNITS

GRIMHORN RHINOX RIDERS

75 points per model

Profile

Rhinox Rider	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thunderlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Rhinox	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7
	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	3	5

Troop Type

Monstrous Cavalry
Monstrous Cavalry
-

Unit Size:

- 3+
Equipment:
 • Hand weapon
 • Light armour

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Frenzy (Rhinox only)
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Natural Armour (5+)

Mount:

- Rhinox

Options:

- One Rhinox Rider may be upgraded to a Thunderlord.....10 points
 - May be armed with a brace of Ogre pistols.....6 points
- One Rhinox Rider may be upgraded to a Bellower.....10 points
- One Rhinox Rider may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
 - Ironfists.....4 points per model
- The entire unit may replace light armour with medium armour.....4 points per model



IRONBLASTER

170 points

Profile

Ironblaster	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Leadbelcher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7
Rhinox	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5
	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	3	-

Troop Type

Chariot (Armour save 5+)

Unit Size:

- 1
Crew:
 1 Leadbelcher and
 1 Gnoblar Scrapper

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Large Target

Equipment (Ironblaster):

- Sky-titan Cannon

Drawn by:

1 Rhinox

SLAVEGIANT

150 points

Profile

Slavegiant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
6	3	3	6	5	6	3	S	10

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size:

- 1
Equipment:
 • Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Immunity (Psychology)

RARE UNITS

STONEHORN

275 points per model

Profile

Stonehorn

Ogre Beast Rider

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5
Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size:

1 Stonehorn and
1 Ogre Beast Rider

Special Rules:

- Earth-shattering Charge
- Frenzy (Stonehorn only)
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Stone Skeleton

Options:

- The Ogre Beast rider may exchange his chaintrap for a harpoon launcher.....*free*

Equipment (Rider):

- Chaintrap



THUNDERTUSK

275 points per model

Profile

Thundertusk

Ogre Beast Rider

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thundertusk	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5
Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size:

1 Thundertusk and
2 Ogre Beast Rider

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (D6)
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Numbing Chill
- Smooth Ride
- Sphere of Frost-wreathed Ice

Equipment (Riders):

- One Rider has a Chaintrap
- One Rider has a Harpoon Launcher

ICE MAMMOTH

300 points per model

Profile

Ice Mammoth

Ogre Beast Rider

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5
Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7

Troop Type

Monster

Unit Size:

1 Ice Mammoth and
2 Ogre Beast Riders

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (D6+1)
- Mammoth Attacks
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Smooth Ride

Options:

- May take an additional Ogre Beast Rider.....*15 points*
- May take Chaintrap or Harpoon Launcher.....*free*

Equipment (Riders):

- One Rider has a Chaintrap
- One Rider has a Harpoon Launcher



SUMMARY

LORDS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ghark Ironskin	6	6	3	5	5	5	4	5	9	MC
- Iron Rhinox	7	4	0	6	5	5	4	5	-	-
Greasus Goldtooth	4	6	3	5	6	6	1	3	9	MI
Groth Onefinger	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	MI
Morg Magmaborn	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	MI
Skrag the Slaughterer	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9	MI
Slaughtermaster	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	MI
Tyrant	6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9	MI

HEROES

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bragg the Gutsman	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8	MI
Braugh Slavelord	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8	MI
- Slave	4	2	2	3	3	1	2	1	3	In
Bruiser	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	8	MI
Butcher	6	3	2	4	4	4	2	3	7	MI
Firebelly	6	3	2	4	4	4	2	3	7	MI
Golgtag Maneater	6	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	8	MI
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9	MI
Jhared the Red	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9	MI
Yhetee Rimespeaker	7	3	0	5	4	4	4	4	7	MB

CORE UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Gnoblar Fighter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	In
- Groinbiter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5	In
Irongut	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	MI
- Gutlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8	MI
Ogre Bull	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI
- Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MI

SPECIAL UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Cragbeast	7	4	0	5	5	3	3	4	4	MB
Gorger	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	4	5	MI
Gnoblar Scraauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Gnoblar Scrapper	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-
- Rhinox	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	3	-	-
Gnoblar Skewerslinger	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Gnoblar Scrapper	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-
- Rhinox	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	3	-	-
Gnoblar Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	In
- Snarefinger	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5	In
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI
- Thunderfist	6	3	4	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI
Maneater	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	3	8	MI
- Maneater Captain	6	4	3	5	4	3	3	4	8	MI
Mournfang Cavalry	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MC
- Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MC
- Mournfang	8	3	0	5	4	3	2	3	5	-
Rhinox War Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Ogre	-	3	2	4	-	-	2	3	7	-
- Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	3	2	4	WB
Yhetee	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	MB
- Greyback	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7	MB

RARE UNITS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ice Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5	Mo
- Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-

RARE UNITS

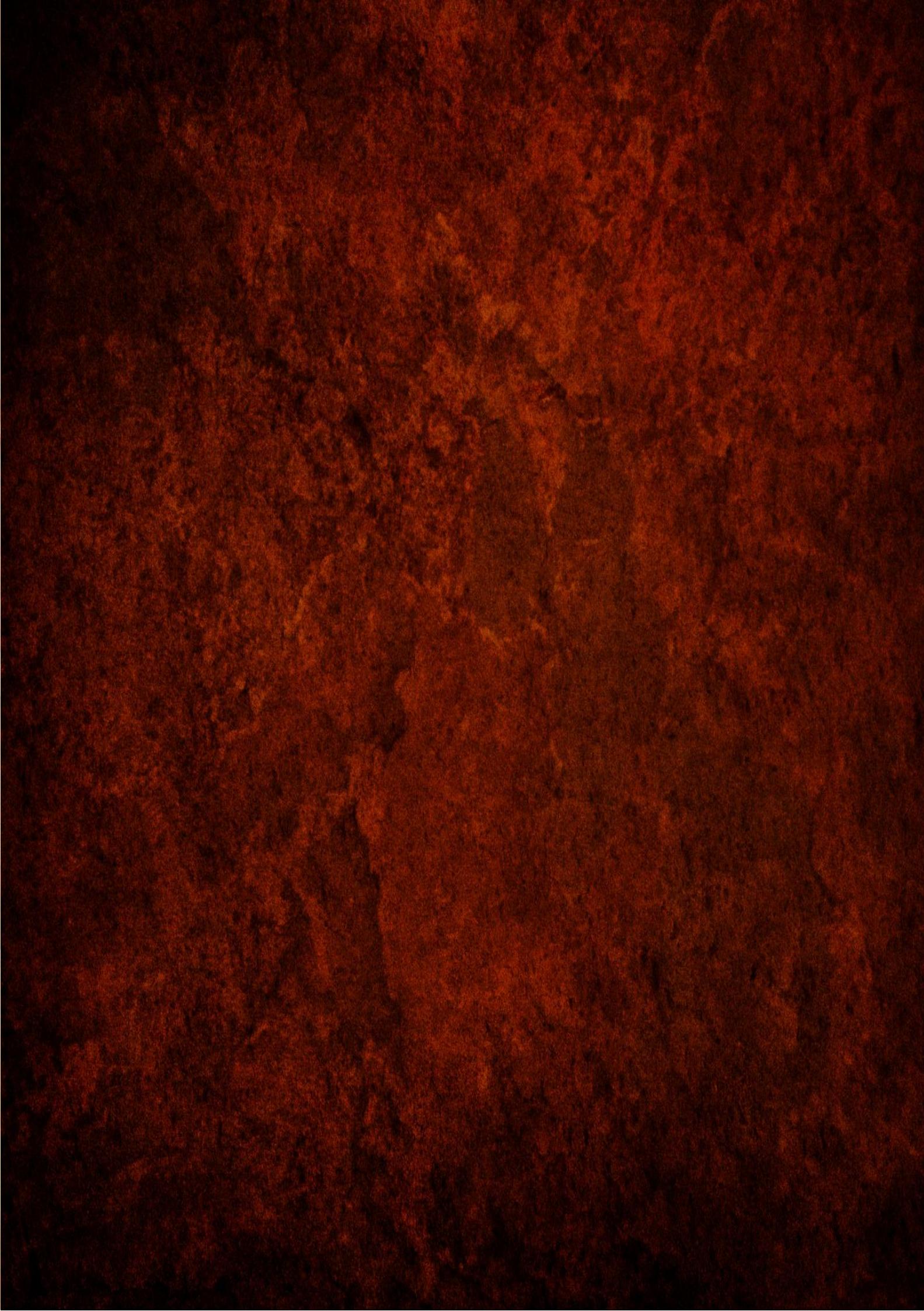
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ironblaster	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch
- Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-
- Gnoblar Scrapper	4	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-
- Rhinox	6	3	0	5	-	-	2	2	-	-
Rhinox Rider	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MC
- Thunderlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MC
- Rhinox	6	3	0	5	4	2	3	5	-	-
Slave Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	S	10	Mo
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5	Mo
- Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-
Thundertusk	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5	Mo
- Ogre Beast Rider	6	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-

MOUNTS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Mournfang	8	3	0	5	4	3	2	3	5	MB
Rhinox	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	3	5	MB
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5	Mo
Thundertusk	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5	Mo

Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, Sw = Swarms, Un = Unique, WM = War Machine.











OGRE KINGDOMS

Ogres are big, ugly brutes with an insatiable appetite for eating and fighting. When they lumber down from their mountainous lairs it is for one purpose and one purpose only - to go to war. But Ogres do not stomp off to battle by themselves; they are accompanied by a thunderous host of cave creatures, hairy long-tusked monsters from a primordial age. Ogres seek to smash, flatten and devour any who dare stand before them, plowing into foes like an avalanche, a sweaty, bellowing mass of fearsome momentum. They are coming to grind your bones and eat you...

Inside you will find:

- A Bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in your army.
- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A comprehensive section that details the land of the Ogres, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: Ogre Kingdoms is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

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