

WARHAMMER

ORCS & GOBLINS



WARHAMMER ARMIES









ORCS & GOBLINS



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v.1.02

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Special Thanks To: All the players that have contributed with feedback and ideas.

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INTRODUCTION

If you are looking for a fight, you found it, because here come the Orcs and Goblins! Welcome to the definitive guide to the greenskins - brutal but cunning creatures who live to fight. This book provides all the information you require to play an Orcs & Goblins army in Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT ORCS & GOBLINS?

Orcs and Goblins are overwhelmingly violent, yet possess real character and personality. Orcs are built for war and resolve even minor disagreements with full-blooded combat. Goblins, on the other hand, prefer to wait until opponents are badly outnumbered, wounded or looking the other way (and preferably all three). In battle, Goblins form huge mobs that are not easily ignored.



An Orcs & Goblins army is an unruly mix, formed out of a staggering variety of greenskins and monsters. From the elite, soldierly Black Orcs to towering Giants; from diminutive Snotlings to monstrous spiders the size of houses, the variety of tactics available to the Orcs & Goblins player is matched only by the sheer variety of troops at his disposal. Regardless of how it is formed, an Orcs & Goblins army is unpredictable on the battlefield. It is capable of smashing aside all opposition in a storm of violence.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

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

- **The Greenskin Hordes.** This section describes the history of the Orcs and Goblins – the greenskin tribes, the many lairs and strongholds in which they live, their most famous leaders and the bloodiest invasions they have launched.

- **Orcs & Goblins Bestiary.** 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 greenskins' unique magical artefacts and spell lores.

- **Orcs & Goblins Army List.** The army list takes all of the troop types, war machines, and famous greenskin individuals presented in the previous section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either 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

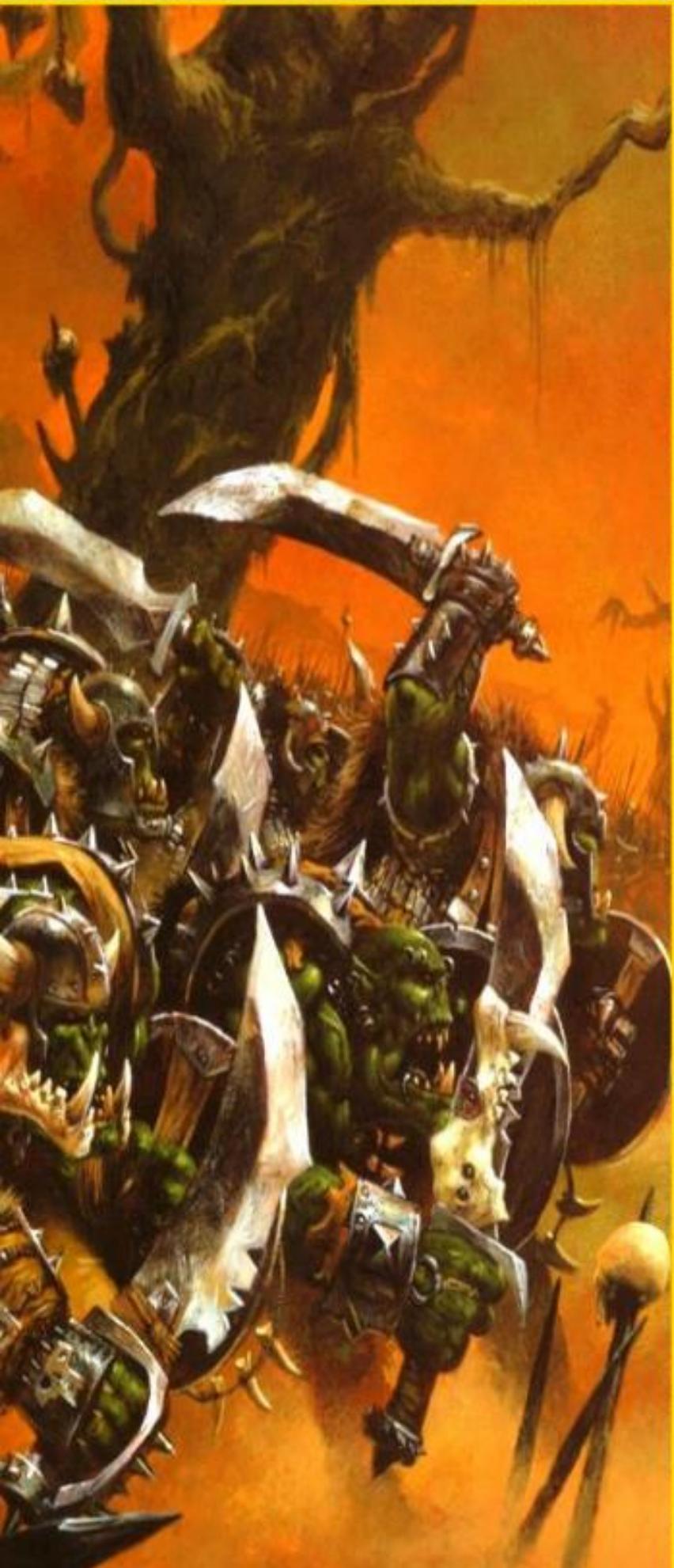
While Warhammer: Bretonnia contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com





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THE GREENSKIN HORDES

Great columns of smoke rise above the horizon as distant settlements burn. Refugees stream in the opposite direction, screaming 'They are coming!' And then you hear it - the coarse, howling battlecry that foretells of the arrival of the most brutal and prolific invaders in the world.

Amidst this backdrop of chaos and confusion, uncountable greenskins march to war, fighting for the very thrill of violence, looting and pillaging because they're bigger (or sometimes sneakier) than everyone else, utterly convinced that 'might makes right'. The Warhammer world quakes in fear of the resounding roar of the Waaagh!



ORCS & GOBLINS

Orcs and Goblins are a scourge to all lands and a bane to civilisation. They raid ceaselessly, carrying war and barbarism to every corner of the Warhammer world. They are ferocious raiders that spread war to every corner of the world. The greenskins are so eager for battle that, when lacking a foe, they will gladly attack each other. So numerous and warlike are the Orcs and Goblins that should they ever stop fighting themselves and unite into a cohesive force, they would sweep away all opposition in a brutal tide of violence. Time and again, Orc & Goblin armies arise without warning, their direction and intent utterly fickle and unpredictable.

Orcs and Goblins share a common body chemistry with each other and with their smaller relatives the Snotlings. To better understand these destructive green hordes, one must first consider the creatures that make up their component parts. Orcs and their relatives are different to humans and other human-like creatures in a number of ways. These differences have been studied for many years by people with an interest in such matters, including alchemists and necromancers who have tried to harness Orc properties by means of unspeakable magic. Scholars in the Empire have examined Orc anatomy by dissecting warriors who have fallen in battle. In an age where even human anatomy is a source of wonder and speculation, the insides of an Orc provides endless subject matter for

debate. This has led to all sorts of popular speculation that Orcs are the spawn of daemons or even that they are fathered by the nightmares of evil men. All this is nonsense of course, but so little is known for sure that the superstitious and fearful minds of ordinary folk are willing to believe almost anything. The more rational and intelligent of those who have studied such matters have managed to agree on the following points.

ORCS

Orcs are the largest of the greenskin species. They are bigger, more aggressive, and more muscular than their smaller cousins, the Goblins, Hobgoblins, and tiny Snotlings. Orcs vary in height and their physical appearance more than humans – some are no taller than a man (but part of the reason for this is that the Orc never stands as straight as a Human) but most are substantially larger and the biggest Orcs stand well over seven feet tall. They are also much broader than humans, with big deep chests, massive shoulders and long, powerfully muscled arms. Certainly, the Orc will have up to twice the mass of the man, much of it in the form of compact muscle and strong bone. Their faces look somewhere between an ugly Human's and a hairless boar's, with short but pointed ears, thick skulls, elongated jaws, tusk-like teeth, and tiny foreheads behind which lurk a thick skull and not much in the way of brain. It is perhaps no coincidence that the Orc mount of choice is the Wild Boar. An Orc's protruding brow partially conceals his glowering eyes, which blaze red when he is angry – most of the time, in fact. Their tough green hides vary in shade depending on age or even climate, from pale off-white greens all the way to the greenish-black hues of the Black Orcs.

"Yer Boss. I'll tell 'em Boss. In me best man-speak... Ahem. Mornin' humie scum.

I is Scraggit, and dis is Da Boss. Yeah, dais right, da really big green guy behind me. Anyway, me an' Da Boss reckons youse lot gotta be di luckiest humies wot ever breathed 'cos you gets to find out all about da brilliant greenskin army wivnut getting' dead first. Not many get dat. Usually dey only understand once we've jumped up and down on their 'eads for a bit. We is da Orcs (and Gobbos). We is green. Green is best.

Wot dontcha get humies? Is it cos youse all dim like Glimmer wot got a bit trod on by da Boss? Is it 'cos you's all soft an pink? Is it 'cos you was dropped on your noggin when you was a pup, of wot? Come on, fess up. Oi! I'm talkin' to you lot. Yeah, you. Don't look round, it ain't behind y...aaargh!

Ouch, Boss, stop it, oooh, ouch. I won't shout no more Boss. 'Onest. Just stop 'ittin me...

OK yer Worship. On wiv da show, yer Mightiness. Yes yer Lordship. Scare 'em wiv da might of da Orc Horde.

Righto Boss, consider it done."





Orcs are brutes and louts of the first degree, insensitive to pain (and higher thought), with a limited intellect but a natural affinity for thumpin' that makes them very good at waging war. They single-mindedly pursue what they want, and what Orcs want most is to fight. Orcs are ferocious raiders and relentless warriors. Their constant attacks threaten to engulf the human lands of the Old World and plunge the entire continent into a dark age of endless and unremitting warfare.

During those brief gaps in life when an Orc isn't embroiled in battle, he has to deal with greenskin society. This is only slightly less dangerous than being on the battlefield, as Orcs constantly fight and war amongst themselves to gain personal status and establish dominance over rivals and other gits within the tribe. Sometimes this infighting continues even in battle, the greenskins trading blows when they should be fighting the foe. The animosity and squabbling of the greenskins is infamous.

What Orcs have in undeniable abundance is brute strength, made all the more dangerous by generous lashings of ignorance. To make matters even worse, Orcs feel almost no pain and care little about discomfort, physical hurt, or even death. Orcish skin is tougher than hide leather and curiously waxy. As an Orc ages, its skin becomes scabby, gnarled and even more impenetrable, to the point where the most determined sword stroke can cause only a scratch. If the skin is pierced and the purplish-red blood begins to flow, there is no guarantee that the wound will prevent the Orc from pulverising his opponent. Orcs are capable of healing at an incredible pace. A typical green-skinned lout won't let a minor injury, such as a severed limb, keep him from fighting. Orcs are so tough and resilient that if an Orc's severed arm can be found and stitched back into place, however crudely, it

will heal back as good as new within days. Orcs naturally take their robust bodies for granted and regard everyone else as weak, fragile and 'squishy'.

Orcs are not bright by any means, but they do possess an animalistic awareness of social structure. They are bullies who impose their will on anyone they feel is weaker than they. Despite their apparent lack of intelligence Orcs are not stupid, although they are rather limited in the way they think and act. They are not the deepest thinkers in the world, but neither are they doubtful or divided. When an Orc wants to do something he simply does it, where a human might spend untold time weighing the pros and cons. The Orcs' single-mindedness is one of their greatest strengths, especially as they enjoy fighting more than anything else.

For an Orc there is no greater joy than to be in the thick of a battle, where the biggest and meanest warrior carries the day. Such belligerence is both a strength and a weakness as it means that Orcs expend much of their energy fighting amongst themselves, rather than against a slightly more distant foe. Indeed, when not surrounded by a maelstrom of violence and bloodshed, most Orcs will quickly become bored. Some slip into a brooding lethargy while the more adventurous attempt other activities - skull-stacking, piling loot into vast heaps, dung-moulding or, on rare occasions, thinking about what to do next. Orcs find such non-violent behaviour taxing in the extreme, and before long they will be sure to find a way to add fighting into the mix. It is generally considered more fun to fight a common enemy, but a punch up between fellow greenskins is better than sitting around. In the end, Orcs aren't choosy about who they fight, so simple proximity often plays the deciding factor.

The Orc way of life is war. Every Orc measures his worth by the number of enemies he has slain - and also the number of friends, for Orcs fight each other all the time. By fighting they establish which of them is best and this is reflected in their curious metabolism. The more dominant an Orc becomes the bigger he grows so it is always easy to see which Orcs are in charge and who is boss – just look for the big guy. Pecking order is established by constant fighting, so only the meanest and nastiest Orcs get to the very top of the tribal ladder. When they're not actually at war, Orcs spend all their time fighting each other to establish rights of leadership. Orc leaders are known as Boss Orcs, but even Boss Orcs fight amongst themselves to decide which of them is the overall leader. This means there are innumerable layers in the Orc pecking order, from Boss to Big Boss, Warboss and Warlord.

In battle, Orcs form units called mobs, which are led by the biggest of their kind, the Bosses. The right to lead an Orc mob is earned by defeating the current Boss in a challenge. Such violent confrontations are both plentiful and important in Orc society (if it can be termed as such). Might equals right for greenskins and in-fighting is how Orcs ensure that their leaders are the

largest and most ferocious of their mob. After all, bigger is always better and being able to bash an opponent's head in spectacularly is a clear sign of leadership amongst such brutal kind. This is true for all Orcs, including the Savage Orcs of the Southlands, primitive throwbacks to more primeval days. Most notable and fearsome of all, Black Orcs are hard as nails, and inevitably take over any tribe they join, leaving a trail of butchered and dismembered rivals in their wake.

All Orcs want to be biggest and best, and the surest way to achieve this is to follow the biggest Orc and share in his success. Because the top chieftains are continuously fighting off rivals their reign does not usually last for very long. Nor is there any shortage of strong, young Orcs waiting to take a fallen chieftain's place. Thus Orc society is a genuine meritocracy where the best always rise to the top and stay there only so long as they can fight off the opposition.

GOBLINS

Like their big relatives the Orcs, Goblins vary in size although they are typically smaller than Orcs and usually smaller than a man, rarely exceeding four feet in height. Goblins have quick, nimble fingers and small darting eyes, their teeth are tiny and very pointy. Compared to the large, powerful bodies of the Orcs, Goblins look rather thin and scrawny with gangly arms. Their skin is a brighter shade of green than an Orc and they have large noses, wickedly pointed teeth and

glinting, beady eyes. Goblins are by far the more sneaky and intelligent of the two races. While Orcs tend to speak slowly and infrequently (considering the determined glare and comparison of fangs to be sufficient communication in most situations), largely using scowls and grunts, Goblins are extremely noisy garrulous with irritating high-pitched voices that never seem to shut up without a good hard slap. Unlike most Orcs, Goblins are prone to acts of extreme cowardice. However, when the odds are heavily stacked in their favour, Goblins greatly enjoy bullying and cruelty and they can be every bit as aggressive as their larger kin. Vicious and mean-spirited, Goblins prefer to attack from behind or assail already weakened foes – better still, both at the same time.

Smaller and more nimble than their Orcish cousins, Goblins compensate for this disadvantage with a feral cunning that their larger brethren lack and have a more developed sense of self-preservation. Goblins are constantly bullied and intimidated by the Orcs, and this has caused them to evolve into sneaky and insidious creatures whose comical appearance belies their malicious intelligence. In many ways, Goblins are the brains behind the brawn of greenskin tribal society.

When not controlled by strong leaders, Goblins inevitably begin to squabble amongst themselves. This, and their penchant for running when battles turn against them, makes most Goblin threats ephemeral but their cruelty and wickedness ensures that Goblins remain the bogeymen of the peasantry.





Goblins are cunning rather than strong, and tend to rely a great deal on their Orcish cousins when it comes to the serious business of fighting. Goblins prefer to guard the rear of an army, though in desperate circumstances they'll finish off an enemy so long as it has been given a clobbering by a mob of Orcs. Nevertheless, Goblin raiding parties are rightly feared on the edges of the more civilised lands. When they attack, Goblins generally either have numbers on their side or something larger and meaner giving them orders.

Goblins love nothing better than trading and bartering with their slow-witted relatives, because they always come out best. Goblin tribes are partly nomadic and include traders that travel the wilderness. They move about from plain to forest in ramshackle, fortress-like caravans, or along the river valleys and in between the mountain passes where they buy, sell or steal things that they can re-sell to other Orcs or Goblins later on. They trade with all kinds of unsavoury types and, unsurprisingly, are known for their thievery and swindling skills.

Goblin tribes are often accompanied by huge caravans of scrap metal, captured monsters in crude wooden cages, or even men, Dwarfs or Elves that they have trapped and enslaved. Outriders mounted on huge slavering wolves patrol the area to the tribe's front, probing for enemies and scouting out small settlements that can be raided and pillaged.

Some Goblins become very wealthy by trading in this way and the tribe's King becomes exceedingly rich. Goblins like to show off their wealth. A really successful Goblin trader wears countless rings, ornamental daggers, swords, and the biggest helmet he can comfortably balance on his head. Others spend their ill-gotten gains on fast chariots which they race against each other, trying to outdo their rivals by having the fastest or flashiest machine. Goblins can

HERO FOR A DAY

Despite his diminutive stature, Goblin Big Boss Snorko the Sneak is fondly remembered by Greenskins everywhere as the hero of the Blood Peak Massacre. Finding himself caught betwixt the duel of Warlord Bludgit the Beater and an Elven Prince upon a Star Dragon, Snorko did as any right-thinking Goblin would do — pulled his spiked helm over his head and cowered.

As the mighty Dragon inhaled, preparing to unleash a torrent of fire upon the embattled Bludgit, the terrified Snorko was sucked into the Dragon's gullet where, thanks to his spiked helm, he lodged fast. While Bludgit clobbered the Elven rider to death, the Dragon choked on the unfortunate Snorko and died shortly thereafter. Only when the battle was won, and Bludgit's Black Orcs were chopping up the Dragon for eating, was the hapless Goblin discovered. Snorko was pronounced a hero and elevated to the honorary rank of Big Boss in Chief. He did not, however, survive the celebratory beatings.

acquire a great variety of weaponry as they travel about, either looted or traded with other Orcs and Goblins.

Goblins are the cleverest of greenskins and are the primary builders amongst their kind. From the construction of crude engines of war to the rickety watchtowers that guard encampments, Goblins provide the know-how, if not always the brute labour. It was Goblins that learned to stitch beast hides into wings, make wheels for chariots and other dead-useful things.

Many Goblin tribes manifest enormous variety in custom, environment and way of life, such as the spider-riding Forest Goblins that infest the dark woodlands of the Border Princes, or the One-Eyed Goblins of Blind River, whose bizarre self-mutilation is utterly inexplicable to other Goblinoids. There exist many other types of Goblin, some very different from the normal run of greenskin, and the subject of conjecture, myth or outright fairy tale. Some human scholars make countless distinctions between types of greenskins. These include the light-fingered Gnoblars of the Mountains of Mourn, the noisome Bogarts of the Marshes of Madness, and the nocturnal Mere-Goblins of Black Water. These are wily ambushers who are known to waylay anyone foolish enough to enter their morass-like lairs.

Goblins adapt to the lands they live in, and this produces a variety of cultural differences, from the spider-worshipping Goblins that prowl the gloomy forests of the Empire to the nomadic, fur clad Wolf Riders of the plains. Despite their differences, they are all the same breed. These types are not physically different to each other, although all kinds of Goblin are liable to extreme variations in size, so it is quite usual for a mob of Goblins to include some individuals as much as twice the size of others. In this respect, where a big Snotling becomes a Goblin and vice versa is debatable, though from an Orc's point of view it hardly matters as they're all there to be bossed about.

There are a few distinct subspecies of Goblins, although only one is tolerated by other Orcs and Goblins — the Night Goblins. So long have they dwelt in the tunnels beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains that these Goblins have developed into a unique, sun-hating species, especially prone to madness and cowardice, venturing out into the light of the sun only when suitably fortified by fungus beer.

A RAUCOUS MIX

Orcs and Goblins often amass into hodgepodge armies that include a slew of other violent-minded creatures. Snotlings, the most diminutive greenskins, gather in great numbers. Trolls are often lured into the army by tossing a few extra carcasses (or particularly slow Snotlings) their way, while Giants are attracted by the promise of loot and fighting. Greenskin armies are bewilderingly varied and wholly unpredictable, but the one surety is that nowhere is safe from their attacks for long.





Rokyug staggered into the Boar Boyz camp after a march which took several days longer than expected. He nearly didn't make it. The initiation rituals begin tomorrow, the day of the half-moon. Nobody pays him any attention until reluctantly, an old grey-bearded Orc interrupts his game of dice and bellows, "Ut 17, near ve big cave! Now zog off!"

Rokyug checked into his billet, a large hut on the edge of the camp. Inside are a dozen prospective recruits in all. Bratt's Boar Boyz! The hardest OrCav unit this side of the World's Edge. Rokyug was an Orc veteran: hero of no end of really big scraps, and general all-round hardcase. He knew he'd make it through the rites. Pretty soon, he'd be astride one of the pack's legendary dyed boars. This is it, the top of the pile. He'd made it.

Just before nightfall, the same greying Orc arrived at 'Ut 17, with him a Hobgoblin of an even more advanced years. The Orc bellowed his introduction "Ridd, Warboy Ridd! Standard bearer, second-in-command, an' ead collector. Vis ere," he said, pointing at the Hobgoblin, "is Hogg, an' as yer can see, ees an' 'Obgoblingit.

"Now'en, ere's yer shillln" He passed each one of the twelve recruits a small silver disc, "an' ere's yer tusker" Hogg dragged a clutch of ale-skins into the hut. Ridd began to narrate the Boar Boyz heroic deeds and the famous tusker beer soon disappeared...

Rokyug was woken, well before dawn, by three stiff kicks to his midriff. His head hurt and he felt sick, very sick. Ridd was standing over him, screaming.

"Wakey, wakey! Now ven, me boys, yer jus' learned two fings. First, stay off ve tusker Does yer 'cad in. Second fing is, careful wi' yer silver when ol' Ridd's about!" Ridd flipped twelve silver discs in his palm, slipped them into a pouch and guffawed at his own joke. Then, as he started yelling orders, the initiation began .

The recruits marched miles each day and stood long watches through each night. They were bullied by Ridd, and forced to cook, and even to clean up after the Goblins. After a month of this were they Joined the Pakk's patrols - long, sweeping marches to the north and east of the camp. The troopers rode their fearsome war boars, the initiates marched on foot, running for hours at a stretch. As they ran, Ridd led each verse of their marching song:

"Wanna be a Boar Boyz rider,
"Couldn't be a nine-ter-fiver..."

Half of Rokyug's fellow recruits had gone - two died on the march, one was gored to death by a skittish mount and another three died in brawls with each other or, worse still, with the troopers. Eventually, he was taken alone to the vast, timber-reinforced war boar pen. The enclosure was relatively empty, the milk herd out grazing the lower slopes of the mountains. Hogg leaned against the solid lumber fencing.

"War Boar stallions, each and every one of 'em" A broad gesture took in thirty or so grunting, savage, smelly beasts. New additions to the herd lacked the colours of their older counterparts, whose fur was dyed in patterns of bright, gaudy hues. Hogg-dyed boars were highly prized by the mountain tribes; traders even crossed the World's Edge to buy from Hogg.

"Learned me work on 'Ob'ounds," he explained "Ard, vem. When trade got fin, I wound up 'ere Now I do boars, vey're dead 'ard, too."

He paused to take a deep draw on a hickory pipe, bitter smelling weed stuffed into its huge bowl. "S'time you chose one. 'Ere, take yer pick from the new 'uns"

A baffled Rokyug scanned the un-dyed animals.

"Watcher reckon, Hogg?" he asked.

"Dun' matter; vey'ze all evil gits Bad news is, ve only way yer'll ever make a Boar Boyz rider is ter make one of vein respect yer."

When the recruit asked how, Hogg winked. "Vat's a secret. Now gerrout vere!"

Rokyug obediently clambered over the fence, picked his way cautiously through the pack and tried to find the weakest, least vicious-looking animal. He soon realised his search was in vain, and lost his concentration for a second. He approached an evil-smelling beast facing away from him, munching juicy spring grass .

Hogg shouted, "Worrevver yer do, don't stand behind..." as the creature slammed its hind leg in a kick of unerring accuracy.

Rokyug spent the next morning trying to bash the dent out of his precious, polished brass codpiece. He was summoned back to the boar pen where his chosen mount stood alone. This time, Bratt was waiting for him.

"Yer 'avin' vat one; yen?" Bratt, legendary leader of the Pakk, leaned against the stockade, chewing a sprig of nerga rye. He was a massive, mottled-skinned, mature and bard-looking Orc. His face and arms were covered with an intricate tracery of old scars and tattoos. Rokyug, still over-awed by Bratt's presence, did not speak.

"Fust fing yer cud try is 'ead-buttin' Go on, give 'um one on 'is nut" Bratt grinned at the look of terror on Rokyug's face. The grin widened to reveal yellow incisors as the recruit nervously entered the pen. He carefully picked his way through the watching boar pack and up to his chosen steed. The Orc stood in front of the boar and crouched down to eye-level. The two creatures locked into an almost hypnotic stare, and then...

Thudd! Rokyug heroically slammed his forehead into the boar's snout. It squealed in pain and surprise, then charged, chasing Rokyug right back across the pen. He leaped the stockade in a single bound as the hog carried on its charge and hit one of the solid timber uprights. The post split but stayed in place.

Bratt cheered. "Vat's me boy! Now get back in vere an' do it again. An' vis time, no runnin' away."

By early spring the snows of Black Fire Pass were beginning to melt, and cross mountain traffic began in earnest. Bringing up the rear of the patrols were only three of the original recruits. They had endured weeks learning to master their colossal mounts by head-butting them to the point of non-retaliation. They had been variously flung, kicked and bucked until they had learned how to

stay aboard. They were tired, sore bruised, aching and exhausted, but at least they no longer had to patrol on foot.

The pack moved in silence through the scant foliage below the treeline. Suddenly, up ahead, a Goblin outrider screeched a bird-like warning cry. Despite their training, the three recruits Just couldn't keep up with the troopers. The veterans dug spurs deep into the hogs' flanks and broke into a gallop. Within seconds, they had disappeared from view.

By the time the recruits caught up, one of the troopers had fallen, two Elves lay dead by the trail and a third was netted and bound. The Elf remained stoically silent as he was kicked and punched to avenge the fallen Orc.

The Elf remained silent, despite the treatment of his captors. Rokyug returned to the gruelling routine of sharpening weapons, polishing armour, head-butting and riding his boar, and managing the fearsome boar rider assault course.

Rumours of 'a big push up north' were circulating round the camp when, one morning, Rokyug and the other two surviving recruits were summoned to the edge of the camp. There they found Bratt, Ridd and their own unsaddled boars. With them was the Elf prisoner. Ridd loosed the Elf's shackles. The astonished Elf leaped to his feet and quickly disappeared into the woods. Bratt and Ridd looked on in horror.

"Don' just stand vere gawkin', you nasty lookin' bleeders! Go an' get 'im back"

Dogga, the youngest of the three, was accustomed to the forests around the fringes of the Empire. He led the way. Rokyug rode hot on Dogga's hooves while Brik 'Ead brought up the rear. Dogga had little trouble finding the trail; the Elf was in such a hurry that he was making no effort to conceal his passage.

Galloping at full tilt through the woods, the three came to a foaming rapid, where the Elf crossed over a chain of stepping stones. Dogga's boar, still travelling at full tilt, negotiated the crossing. Rokyug had trouble on the slimy stones, but crossed safely. Brik 'Ead's steed missed its footing. Rider and beast crashed into the water shouting, swearing and squealing, swept away by the raging torrent. They were out of the chase and out of Bratt's Boar Boyz.

Beyond the rapids, the Elf's trail led his pursuers up a sharp, muddy bank and into a clearing. Rokyug realised the danger of ambush, and cautiously grabbed his boar's mane. A single tug brought the animal to a dead halt within tree cover. Dogga thundered into the clearing. He made it half way across before the Elf sprang out of cover and planted an improvised spear in the Orc's midriff. Dogga squealed and fell from his boar. Alarmed and confused, the boar thundered off, back into the forest.

The Elf pulled the spear from Dogga's corpse and looked round. Rokyug and his beast were still and silent but the Elf saw them, and turned to run. Rokyug goaded the boar with the butt of his lance, making the animal squeal and spring forward at an astonishing speed. In a single motion, Rokyug halted his speeding mount, turning the impetus into a powerful lance throw. He watched the lance arc through the air.

Thwokk! Rokyug congratulated himself as the lance neatly embedded itself in the centre of the Elf's back. He screamed, fell, twitched for a moment, and lay still.

Ridd led Rokyug to his hut in the camp's inner ring. The lintel was decorated with severed heads in various stages of decay. A collection of flags, pennants and standards, hung with yet more severed heads, lined the walls. The hut was in near-darkness. Rokyug squinted as Ridd touched fire to an oiled torch-brand.

"Onnerz," explained Ridd

Rokyug was a little confused "Yet I believe yer."

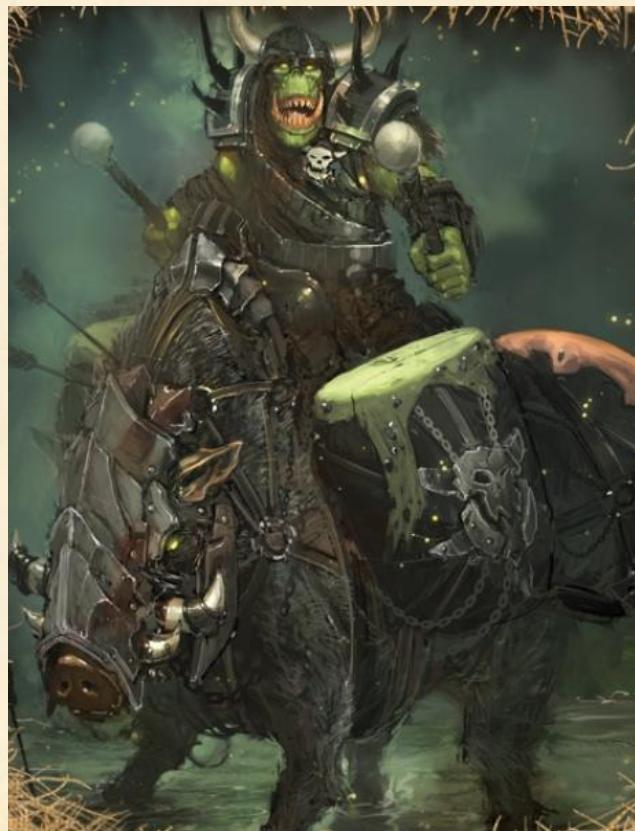
"No, 'onnerz, battle 'onnerz!" Ridd gave his words a little more emphasis by delivering a solid smack to the side of Rokyug's head.

"Vis one," Ridd held the brand close to a pole with a tattered pendant and a half dozen elven heads, "wuz wun at Neandru Peak. Took out good few 'undred pansy-Elves. But vis is the one we takes to battles." He hefted a huge wooden standard with three cross poles, bedecked with an extensive variety of severed heads. Dwarfs, Elves, Humans, Gnomes and Halflings all bore the same expression of horrified surprise.

"Know 'ow I gets 'em lookin' like vat? Trained me 'og to kiss 'em! 'E jus' sidles up to of Stunty and gives 'im a big wet kiss. Ven verr-wooosh, I lops 'is 'ead off, while ee's still lookin' gawky.

"Anywayz, cop vis." From a rack of lances; each with a coiled pennant, Ridd took a new, iron-pointed lance. Rokyug was overcome with pride – the black pennant carried the boar's head and horned skull emblem his father, Doggbreff, favoured. A shrunken skull hung below the tip by its own long hair. Rokyug recognised it instantly. His grin broadened at the sight of the Elf prisoner, the face twisted in agony.

Two days later, filled with pride, he carried the lance at the rear of the column. Bratt's Boar Boyz were marching to war.





GREENSKIN MAGIC

The metabolism of Orcs and Goblins is completely unlike that of Humans, Elves, Dwarfs and most other races. This has profound effects on the way Orcs and Goblins react with the world of magic. Greenskins are creatures of little brain and almost no curiosity. Their single-minded enthusiasm for violence makes it very hard for sorcery to get a grip on their consciousness. Although they do have magic it is very different to the magic of humans and Elves. Their power not from the treacherous winds of magic, but from the inner psyche of the greenskin racial mind. Obviously no Orc is going to bandy about a weak-kneed Elfy phrase like 'racial mind' or 'inner psyche'. As far as greenies are concerned, the power of their shamans is god-given. The god (or rather gods) in question are Gork and Mork – the eternally squabbling brother-gods of Orc and Goblin legend.

In truth, every greenskin unconsciously generates a weak magical field, perhaps as a reaction to the surrounding magical field of the Warhammer World. During the intense excitement of battle this field becomes stronger and merges with the magical fields of all the other Orcs and Goblins around him until the horde is swept up in an explosion of violence so intense that it will only begin to abate when every last enemy (or Orc) is slain. This gives the greenskins a feeling of communal elation and invulnerability known as the Waaagh! When the Orc Boyz march into battle they feel strong and unbeatable as the mounting power of the Waaagh! overtakes them.

As the Orcs become more excited the energy of the Waaagh! grows stronger and stronger until it reaches a critical point when the pressure is so intense that it has to discharge itself or burst. The Waaagh! always discharges through the most receptive mind, that of an Orc or Goblin Shaman. In immature Orcs this takes the form of random visions and crackling green energy but mature Shamans have learned how to control these powers and turn them to their advantage in the form of powerful blasts and awesome spells of destruction. This Waaagh! magic is raw and difficult to control, but highly destructive and potent when unleashed, causing green lightning to crackle and spark from eyes and heads to explode. As the Waaagh! intensifies a Shaman feels the pressure building up in his brain, driving him wild with excitement and pain. The more greenskins there are crowded around a shaman the more easily he can cast spells. However, a shaman can handle only so much Waaagh! energy. If there are too many Orcs and Goblins jostling around him, all excitedly generating raw unconscious power, then the shaman can suffer dizzying sickness, horrendous injuries or even death.

"Sticks 'n' stones'll break my bones, but Gork and Mork'll smash yer' head to bits if'n you don't sod off you big bugger!"

- Gahzbag, Goblin Shaman telling off a Giant

Fortunately Shamans learn at an early age that the only way to avoid extreme pain (and worse) is to allow their minds to release the mounting energy in the form of a spell. In immature Orcs this takes the form of random explosions and unconsciously generated poltergeist activity in which objects mysteriously fly about the room and smash against the walls. A mature Shaman learns how to control these powers and turn them to his advantage in the form of powerful energy blasts and radiant spells of destruction.

Orc and Goblin Shamans are identified at an early age. Whenever his mates brawl or argue his head starts to hurt, lights flash in front of his eyes, and nearby objects explode and fly about. Sure enough, the young Shaman is easily spotted. He's the one with the sparks flying about his head, glowing red eyes, and noxious green smoke pouring from his mouth.

Shamans are dangerous to be around and other greenskins tend to steer clear of them. Sometimes they are obliged to wear distinctive costumes so they can be easily recognised (and avoided), whilst some are sent out beyond the confines of the camp to commune alone with the gods.

GORK AND MORK

There is no shortage of lesser deities or strange cults that catch on amongst the highly superstitious Orcs and Goblins. Far above any mere fetishes or minor idols,



however, are the real powerhouses of the greenskin pantheon, the boisterous and belligerent brother-gods known as Gork and Mork – the former "fighty but kunnin'", the latter "kunnin' but fighty". Gork and Mork are basically idealized versions of everything the greenskins aspire to be: strong, unstoppable, fierce and lucky. Only the Savage Orcs pay more than lip service to their Gods, as most Orcs are aware that praying to either Gork and Mork is futile, seeing as they don't answer the prayers of cowards, and who but a weakling would need to beg for their help anyway? As such, Greenskins do not call upon Gork and Mork for aid when they are in trouble, nor do Orcs and Goblins beseech them for gifts, such as softer or punier races might do. Instead, these war-gods and their infamous deeds serve as inspiration. Every greenskin has complete and unquestioning faith that if he is brutal or kunnin' enough, he will join the gods after his death and continue the fight. Curious Empire scholars have written papers trying to understand the relationship between the two deities but the Orcs themselves really don't give a Snotling's armpit – just as long as they get to act with wanton violence and reckless brutality on a daily basis.

The power of their gods is made visible to greenskins in many ways. The almighty phenomenon of the Waaagh!, that almost spiritual calling to war that fills every greenskin with frenetic energy, is the will of Gork and Mork made manifest. Shamans, as greenskins call their wizards, are also directly connected to the gods.

Greenskin Shamans are links between their tribe and its quarrelsome gods. By working themselves into a deep trance Orc and Goblin Shamans can communicate with the great gods and Orcish spirit creatures. Sometimes they meet ancient predecessors in the same way or they



encounter other Shamans who happen to be wandering in the spirit-realm at the same time. The Orcs and Goblins call this spirit-realm the 'Great Green'. Clearly, however, such communication with the gods unhinges the minds of every Shaman. This explains their unusual rituals, trance-fits and other such shamanistic oddities.

All greenskins believe that Shamans are possessed by Gork or Mork, and should therefore be respected and honoured... but preferably from a distance. On the outskirts of every greenskin settlement, no matter how rough or temporary, can be found a collection of huts inhabited by the tribe's Shamans. In some places the Shamans live in nearby caves surrounded by skulls on stakes, fetish poles and similar paraphernalia. Amongst the forest-living tribes of Goblins and Orcs, Shamans often live in sturdy tree houses perched high above the village huts.

The other greenskins bring the Shaman tributes of food, traditionally mushrooms as these fungi are supposed to help him communicate with the gods. In fact, a constant diet of hallucinogenic mushrooms tends to give the Shaman colourful visions in which Gork and Mork instruct him how to call upon them in battle and how to cast spells of destruction.

While the Shamans are lying in their huts communing with Gork and Mork they are safely out of harm's way and can cause little damage to other Orcs. Occasionally a foolish or inquisitive Goblin might wander into a Shaman's house in search of sagely advice concerning the whereabouts of a lost shoe or some such trivial matter, only to find himself hurled out of the hut by an unconscious burst of Waaagh power from the Shaman. On the whole it is dangerous to disturb a Shaman, even a sleeping one, and most Orcs know better than to stray too near.

Shamans spend a lot of their time watching the colourful hallucinations dance around their minds and talking to Gork and Mork. It is hardly surprising that they tend to be a little vague when it comes to discussing the real world and everyday things. They are convinced that Gork and Mork are real as, after all, they have not only seen the Orc gods but are on speaking terms. They believe they can call upon Gork and Mork and use the Waaagh! to perform great deeds of magic.



"I once 'ad to lissen to one of dem Shaman Gobbos ramblin' on and on about da Great Green and wotnot for so long dat 'e was givin' me an 'eadache. Den a bunch of dem red'-aired stundies charged me boyz and da Shaman started dancin' around an' chantin'. Before you knew it, dem stundies got 'it wif a big green fist dat came out of da sky. Really tuned 'em up good. Den, all of a sudden-like, I 'eard a loud 'Pop' an' then somefink wet 'it me in da back of me 'ead. I looked behind me and saw dat da gobbo's 'ead 'ad exploded. I laughed so 'ard, I almost put me eye out on me own toof."

-Otha Pignose



THE BATTLE OF RED AXE PASS

Gorrfang clutched the great horn angrily in his green fist. The sight of the weary Elf columns winding their leery through the long, rocky valley below enraged him. Hate filled his rotten heart. He couldn't believe the cheek of those tree hugging pointy eared pas, riding across his land without so much as a by-your-leave. Not that he would have given his permission anyway but that wasn't the point. It was an insult! to his tribe, to his people and most of all to him: Gorrfang Ratbreath, mightiest goblin chieftain in the world, master of all he surveyed, strongest, bravest, cunningest, fiercest and most perceptive of all Goblins.

"Wozza plan, boss?" asked Groggo. Gorrfang was so startled he almost jumped out of his leatherly green skin: his chief henchman had snuck op amazingly quietly. Gorrfang hadn't even heard his approach.

Gorrfang cuffed Groggo on the mouth. He was angry as the Elves and now he was angry at Groggo. He didn't like sneaks. Groggo rubbed his lantern jaw. A look of fear entered his yellow, jaundiced eyes.

"Ow many times I gotta fell ya not to do that?" Gorrfang demanded.

"Sorry, boss. Won't do it again, boss. Promise, boss. Wozza plan, boss?" Groggo scrunched idly ar his neck, picked off a wart with one sharp claw, popped it into his mouth and began to drew noisily.

"Da plan is that we is gonna give those pointy-headed gas a good seeing to...."

"Great plan, boss" Gorrfang cuffed Groggo again. The wart was ejected front Groggo's mouth with tremendous force. It splattered moistly on the lichen-covered rock at Gorrfang's feet.

"I 'asn't finished yet. Don's interrupt me when I is talkin'..."

"No, boss. Sorry, boss. Won't do it again, boss." Seeing Gorrfang's hard stare, Groggo inspected his hob-nail homed feet. "I'll shut rip now, boss. Don't hit me again, boss."

Gorrfang drew back his hand fast to see Groggo enrage. "Right. Da plan is simple but brilliant. We is gonna ambush them. We waits till they is tryin' to cross the bridge, then, when 'alf of them is across, we'll jump out and shoot em raid stick em. 'Alf da ladz one side of da valley. 'Alf da lads on da uvver. One 'alf shoots, da uvver 'alf charges. Easy as chewin' day-old rats"

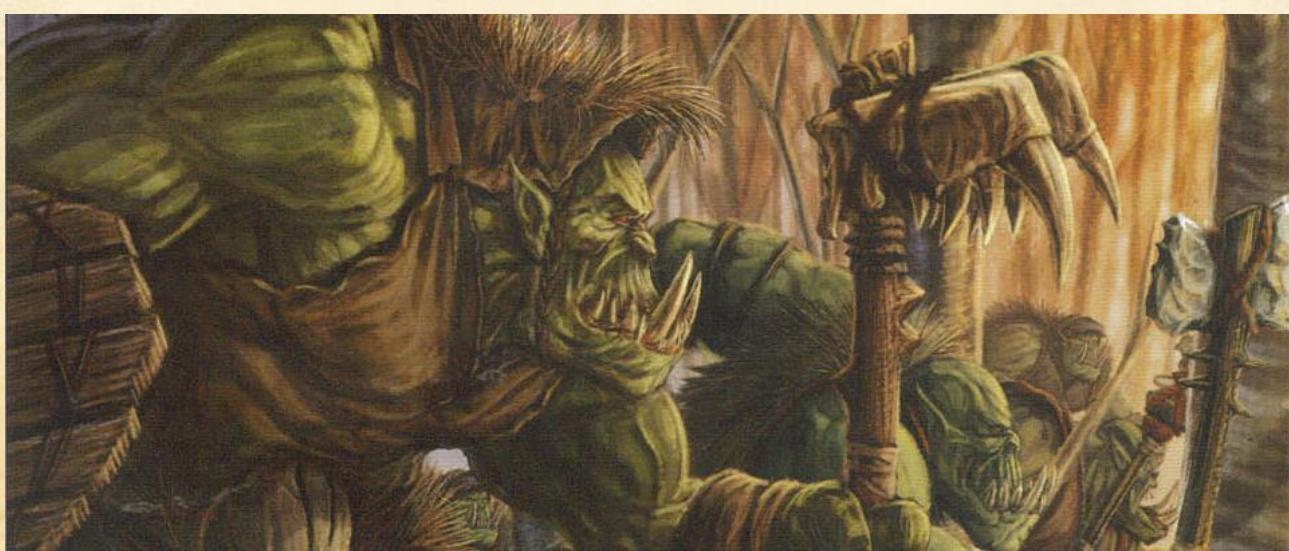
Gorrfang shut up and waited for the praise that was his due reward for coming up with such an amazingly brilliant scheme.

"Great plan, bass great plan. Dead sneaky and dead showy, boss. Dead good, boss." Gorrfang watched Groggo perform some hasty arithmetic on his fingers. Slowly a wicked smile spread across his face. His yellow fangs glinted nastily in the dim sunlight. "An' boss, there's more of us than there is of them."

Gorrfang gave him a taste of boot. Groggo doubled up in pain. "Ov course, there is. I already counted. Now go on' get da ladz ready. Tell them to get my spider ready to ride an' send da shamen to see me."

"Sure thing, boss," Rent double. Groggo shuffled off to obey his command. Gorrfang gave his attention hack to the Elf riders.

Look at them - all those cavalry, high and mighty on their great long-legged chargers, with their flags blowin' in the wind. Gorrfang sneered of the disciplined ranks of spearmen and the proud bowmen and the poncy wizard siting on the horse with the horn. Think you're great, don't you? Well I'll show you. Maybe add the horse's horn to my collection. Yes, maybe I'll do that. Unaware of the hostile eyes watching them, the Elves rode on.





TRIBES BEYOND NUMBER

All Orcs and Goblins band together. That there is any union amongst such a quarrelsome race is surprising, for in their eagerness to fight anything, they willingly (and often) fight amongst themselves. Orcs are so belligerent that they will strike anything they can see and are so hostile they will go out of their way just to stomp on their own reflections in a puddle; whilst smaller Goblins are also violent bullies and such compulsive thieves that they habitually steal everything, including prying out each other's teeth should any sleep too soundly. Despite these anti-social habits, greenskins are gregarious creatures that naturally gather together in groups of their own kind the way Cave Squigs are drawn to fungus or Dwarfs are drawn to strong ale (that is to say: irresistibly).

Most tribes are semi-nomadic, due in part to the fact that a successful tribe destroys everything within many days march of their camp. Thus the tribe must constantly search out rich new pickings to devastate and despoil. Any Warboss worth his rusty ironshod boots considers anything visible on the horizon as his rightful stomping grounds, and anyone in the way had better be prepared for full-on war.

The smallest building block of Orc & Goblin society is the mob – a group of like-minded individuals who band together to fight, raid and harass other mobs. A mob is always made of greenskins of the same kind, such as all Night Goblins or all Orc Big 'Uns, or all Goblin



Wolf Riders. For example, the Headsplittaz tribe is led by Nagrat Eyegouger. It is composed of many mobs, each one named after its Boss, deeds or favoured weapons. The Red Axes, Gutstabbas and Brok's Boyz are Orc mobs, while Griblet's Stickas are a mob of Goblin archers. All march beneath the Headsplittaz banner and take orders, however begrudgingly, from Nagrat. Greenskins take great pride in both their tribe and mob, feeling that they are 'da best', while all others are weedy and knock-kneed.

Tribes are the collection of many assorted mobs, all joined together for even larger fights, raids and the harassment of other tribes. A tribe often contains Orcs or Goblins of the same type, for example it might be a Night Goblin tribe, a Black Orc tribe, a Forest Goblin tribe, and so on. However, most Orc tribes also include inferior Goblins of lower status. Don't be fooled into thinking such talk of 'joining' means benign or cooperative action for, like all things associated with Orcs & Goblins, such interactions involve carnage. Might means right to greenskins and the hierarchy of any mob or tribe is established through the swift and brutal application of violence.

No Orc will join a mob without trying to beat down his comrades and assume the leadership 'Boss' role. Likewise, no outsider is allowed to join a mob without first proving his worth. Before being allowed to join the Krimson Kleavas mob, the Orc known as Grad the Tusk had to bludgeon his way past the other newcomers, slaying several before cementing his acceptance into the group. Grad's ability to dent the iron cap of the Kleavas' Boss, Fuglugg, during the scrap boded well for his future in the mob. After all, Fuglugg always warmed up to anyone that put up a good fight. This sort of initiation rite ensures that only the strongest and most combatative of individuals make the cut and it also provides plenty of entertainment for the rest of da Boyz.

Each mob has their own fierce rekrootin' practices and these are surpassed in turn by even wider-spread (and more violent) acts that allow mobs to become part of a tribe. To join the Blackcap tribe a new mob must survive the gauntlet - a terrifying patch of tunnels infested with half-starved Cave Squigs and many Night Goblin archers. And for a tribe to join a burgeoning Waaagh! its reputation for violence must precede it; or it must be able to prove that it is tough – or sneaky enough – to join.

As mobs are disparate it takes a powerful leader to bash them into working together rather than pursuing their own goals or (more likely) simply fighting each other endlessly. Might is everything to Orcs and Goblins and the leader of a tribe is always the biggest and strongest, although occasionally a devious mind capable of extraordinary acts of backstabbing and

cunning will rise to the top (naturally this is seen far more often with Goblins than with Orcs). This individual is known as a Big Boss or a Warboss, depending on his stature, although other terms, like Great Ead-kicker, Chieftain or Grand Thumpa, are also used.

It takes an impressive greenskin to lead a tribe and only the loudest and strongest ever rise to such a level. These tribes might only exist as long as the Orc leading them can hold their fractious elements together, or until a challenger usurps power, invariably slaying the old Boss in a leadership challenge, and moulding the tribe to his own, unique vision. A tribe's success is directly linked to its Warboss, and all admire a leader for his ability to push an opponent's nose through his brainpan. A second-rate Warboss won't last long – his tribe will collapse due to in-fighting, fall victim to a better-led group, or the Warboss will have his head bashed in by an up-and-coming challenger. A great greenskin leader that can drive his tribe to victories will conquer and absorb additional mobs and tribes, swelling his own ranks. Green-skinned warriors will travel halfway across the Old World just to fight alongside a particularly powerful Warlord with a talent for kicking in heads, anticipating fresh conquests and glorious victories. This is because no tribe wants to miss a good scrap, though the cunning leaders of lesser tribes might simply be joining 'da winnin' side' to avoid a thorough pummelling. Might is always right, and large tribes often absorb smaller ones, eating any greenskins that don't put up a good enough fight. As tribes are constantly fighting amongst themselves and breaking up, there is never any shortage of Orcs and Goblins wandering about, ready to ally themselves under a powerful leader. The way a successful Orc force gathers strength and momentum is what makes Orcs so dangerous.

A successful warlord's forces will tend to grow in size and power and will continue to grow until there are so many Orcs in one place they will either self-destruct in a mighty inter-tribal war or go on the warpath and invade one of the human lands to the west. As Orcs enjoy fighting more than anything else, a successful Orc always tries to find bigger and more powerful opponents, until eventually he has to face a large Imperial or Bretonnian army, or a strong force of Dwarfs or Elves. This is a phenomenon that is known as a Waaagh! – an all-consuming greenskin crusade of destruction that unites many Orcs & Goblins beneath the choppa of a single Warboss.

Orc and Goblin tribes are dependent for their fortunes on the abilities of their chieftain. Tribes grow and become powerful under brave and successful leaders, and then shrink or break apart when their chieftain is eventually defeated or slain. When a tribe breaks apart the main portion will probably continue under the old leader or under his successor if the original boss has been slain. The contenders for a tribe's leadership come from the group of especially large Orcs known as Big'uns – the closest that Orcs get to a ruling class.



Every tribe has its own core of Big'uns waiting their chance to take over and becomes the tribe's chieftain. Of course there can only be one chieftain, so defeated rivals must either accept his supremacy or leave the tribe altogether and set up a new one of their own.

All the Orc and Goblin tribes from as wide an area as possible are gathered into a massive green horde. Some tribes are large and some small, ranging in size from a few hundred individuals to vast hordes of thousands of warriors. Some are offshoots of others, some are deadly rivals, others are old allies, some are resident in one place, others wander round constantly. There are many tribes, and they are often colourfully named, after their leader, their deeds or some unusual characteristic or custom exhibited by them. Some particularly infamous tribes include the Ironclaw Orcs, the Red Fang Orcs, the Orcs of the Bloody bland, the Blue Face Orcs, and the rarely seen White Orcs of Mount Grimfang. Others are unheard of save by their victims.

All these tribes are different in subtle ways but they fit into broad types. For a start, some are Orc tribes and some are Goblin tribes – an obvious difference – but there are also types of Orc and types of Goblin. These types are not necessarily universally recognised by the Orcs or Goblins themselves. Greenskins only make distinctions in terms of tribal loyalty (or more often lack of it). More than anything else, a greenskins type reflects the place where he lives. The truth is that greenskins vary a lot in colour, size, shape, and disposition. They readily adapt to whatever environment they find themselves in, so it is hardly surprising that individuals from a particular place tend to exhibit similar physical and mental traits.



Greenskin tribes exhibit many distinctive features based on their environment, history or even the violent whims of their Warboss. These can be simple and understandable symbols, like the Bloody Spears tribe showing their fierceness by staining their spear shafts red with the blood of their foes, or the obvious and intimidating icons borne on the shields and banners of the Leerin' Moonz tribe. However, not all such traits are as readily explicable - none fully know why the Forest Goblins of the Cluster-Eye tribe insist on hanging their victims from trees by spider webs for days before eating them.

Distinctive tribal markings or traits serve several purposes, the most obvious of which is easy identification. When the tribe fights other Orcs and Goblins it allows both sides to see who is who (note that this doesn't stop friendly units from fighting each other, it just better allows them to do so on purpose). Despite frequent in-fighting, greenskins take great pride in their mob and tribal allegiance, taking any chance to boast about the prowess of their own group while disparaging others. The stronger the tribe identity is and the bigger the reputation they have earned, the more fanatical the greenskins grow about the tribe. For instance, when Warboss Gragboth da Headcleava took control over the Greenfangs tribe he separated his opponents' heads from their bodies, hence his title of 'Headcleava'. These barbaric acts were greeted with

such enthusiasm that the whole tribe began to copy their leader's penchant for beheading foes. Their reputation for such brutal acts has only further encouraged them. The tribe had so many victories that each mob now struggles to lift its banner, as they are all overloaded with severed heads. Those Orcs & Goblins who survive being conquered are only too anxious to join the tribe rather than suffer their own heads to join the growing mounds that mark off the territory of the Greenfangs.

It is unknown how many Orc & Goblin tribes exist, not even the wisest greenskin shamans (although that's not necessarily saying much!), for they seem to crop up everywhere. Greenskins proliferate quickly, a large force gathering in a fortnight, yet even a sizable horde can disperse overnight if the tribes fall out due to quarrelling. As most Orcs and Goblins are nomadic, travelling where necessity (i.e. fighting and loot) takes them, it is hard to gauge their numbers. The more civilised races of the world – Men, Elves and Dwarfs, for example – know that there are greenskins in the wild regions, but whether they are massing for a great migratory invasion or merely drifting by in disorganised packs of unruly raiders is impossible to discern. Many of the largest invasions have come without warning, building up mass and momentum too quickly to be foreseen.

THE POWER OF THE WAAAGH!

From the mightiest Orc to the feeblest Snotling, the Greenskin races live only for war. All other activities are but a prelude to their next battle. When an Orc Warlord of sufficient strength and cunning arises, he gathers as many tribes under his banner as he can before launching a massive Waaagh! against the rest of the Old World, a thought that fills even the bravest warrior of the Empire with unease, for the hordes of the Greenskins are nearly endless.

Commonly, a warband will sweep into a village, slaughter the inhabitants and charge on, pausing just long enough for the warlord to make a really big pile of severed heads to sit on. Terrifying and brutal as this is, it is when a Waaagh! is called that the Orcs become a truly dangerous force.

All greenskins want to fight alongside a powerful Warboss who has built a reputation for leading his tribe to victories. This is partly because they all want to be on the winning side, but mainly because no mob wants to miss a good scrap. The biggest Warbosses lead their tribe to so many victories and cause such commotion that lesser tribes flock from far away to join the mighty commander. Thus the living tidal wave of destruction known to the greenskins as a Waaagh! is born.

A Waaagh! is akin to it migrating invasion, when some successful Warboss throws everything he's got against his chosen enemy and all the other Orcs and Goblins flock to join him. A Waaagh! is truly a sight to freeze the blood – an unstoppable sea of green-skinned monsters swarming across the horizon, whooping, jeering, and yelling their barbarous war cries that have heralded devastation and ruin since the world was young.



The great number of Orcs that make up the Waaagh! generates a kind of unstoppable enthusiasm that sends the greenskins into a spree of killing and looting that often only ends once the leader of the Waaagh! has been slain. The best defence is to retreat before it, hoping that the energy of the Waaagh! will be soon be dissipated by petty squabbling and break apart. Orcs understand little or nothing of concepts such as retreat, consolidation or holding territory, and as Orcs are extremely quarrelsome and cannot cooperate for long, it is inevitable that a Waaagh will run out of steam eventually; the only question is how much destruction it can cause first. However, all too often the Orcs reach a big city and there is no choice other than to send an army out against them.





WAAAGH! 'EADBREAKA

To all da tribes of da Blak Worta. You is corjully invited ter wallop da livin daylites out of sum uppity Stuntvz wiv my ladz. Dwerri Stonethane up an wakked mi cusin, Borschnagt, when all 'e did was lib' rate a few mules for da pot. Not natrul keepin em kooped up unnergrounnd anywazv.

Well, we kant let dem rott'n, dirty stuntyz get away wiv dis. Oo noze wer it mite leed? Eh? Eh?

So rally ter my banner proud ladz, an' weez'll giv em a frashin dey ain't gonna ferget. WAAAGH!

X
Sined BOGBREFF 'EADBREAKA

A small Waaagh! occurs when a few tribes unite to launch an attack, while a larger Waaagh! is an epoch-changing invasion that draws Orcs and Goblins from many thousands of miles around. A Waaagh! generates untold fervour amidst the greenskins and sweeps violently over anything in its path, irrevocably changing the landscape and laying bare swathes of territory. Some Waaaghs! travel a short distance before dispersing, while others have crossed half the known world, charting a zigzag course as utterly unpredictable as the greenskins themselves. The largest Waaaghs! are the stuff of legend – the earth shaking beneath the immense armies that gather to march forth and destroy. The devastation wrought by such invasions blots the sun behind palls of smoke, covering great portions of the world in a shroud of darkness.

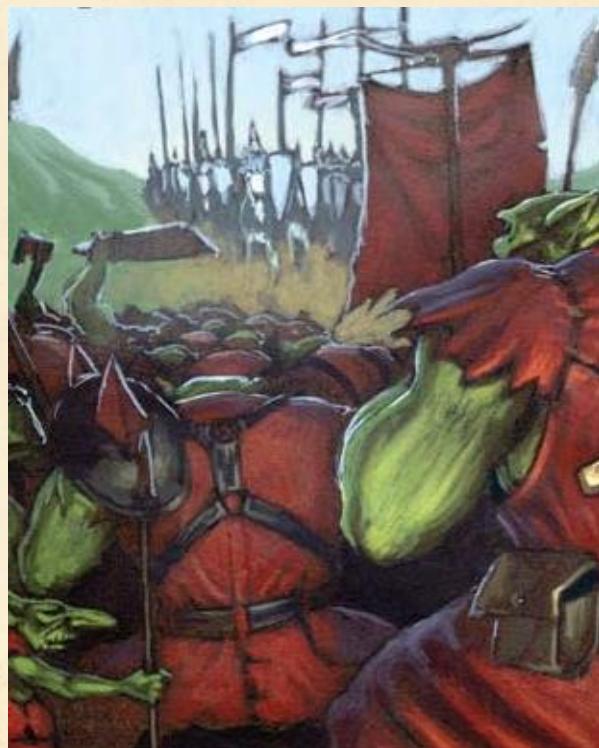
The nature of the Waaagh! means that the history of Orcs and Goblins, as passed down by word of mouth through the tribes, is rather fragmented. Greenskin history is generally an account of the rise and fall of huge Waaagh! and their glorious leaders. Other campaigns involving the Orcs and Goblins do feature in the histories of other races, such as Sigmar's campaigns that led to the Battle of Black Fire Pass, and the travails of Gilles the Breton in the firming of the realm of Bretonnia, but the Orcs make little to no effort to remember these – chiefly because they lost to 'da squishy 'umies'.

GREEN INVASION

Swarming down from the mountains in an unstoppable green tide, a horde of Orcs & Goblins is a terrifying sight to behold. Disparate tribes united only by their love of bloodshed and wanton destruction, a greenskin army on the march leaves nothing but devastation in its wake. Barbaric and warlike, Savage Orcs gibber and howl in frenzied mobs alongside regiments of Orc Boyz and maniacal Goblins. Heavily armoured and brutish Black Orcs tower over their smaller cousins, whilst snorting boar-mounted cavalry and lumbering Trolls of all descriptions wade through the squabbling masses. Goblins riding giant spiders and lupine steeds nimbly avoid the ponderous tread of enormous giants as they scout ahead of the green horde.

Many have compared the arrival of an Orc & Goblin invasion to a sudden tempest, an ominous thunderhead that rises to obscure the horizon. Greenskin invasions sweep out of nowhere to wreak havoc upon all lands – yet the word invasion does not fully capture the utter zeal and frenetic destructive energy released when the Orcs & Goblins attack en masse. The greenskins themselves use the term 'Waaagh!', the brutal battle cry they roar as they charge into battle. It alone sums up the inhuman and barbaric fury that can drive Orcs & Goblins great distances, and propel them tirelessly into battle after battle, fuelled only by their manic need for violence.

A Waaagh! is born when a powerful Warboss leads his tribes to success, which for greenskins is measured by how much smashing or destroying is done. The important part isn't whom they fight (which can be anybody, even other greenskins) but instead, it is about how badly the opposing army is brutalised, with some minor consideration given to how much loot is grabbed. With an impressive enough victory – say, crushing a human army and razing their village or thoroughly stomping a Dwarf force and giving their mines a good plundering – word will spread. Other Orc and Goblin tribes, sometimes from quite far away, will hear of the triumphs and want to get in on the action. The more rampant the success, the more momentum builds. While often nothing but contentious with each other, a string of stunning victories will cause rival tribes to (mostly) put aside their raucous in-fighting and join under the dominating Warboss' banner. In the midst of a Waaagh! a manic fervour grips all greenskins, motivating them for impossible marches or sustained assaults. If the Warboss is of sufficient magnitude of power and cunning, he can maintain control over this pent up energy, aiming the living wave of violence and destruction wherever he wants.



And that's part of the problem; most greenskin Warbosses aren't known for either their smarts or consistency, rather they earn their marks by being able to smash in opponents' skulls. Most Waaags! spiral haphazardly about, occasionally doing some spectacular damage but more often collapsing upon themselves. Some Waaags! end when they run into a more imposing army, but it is far more often that the greenskins simply implode, breaking once more into dozens, if not hundreds, of feuding tribes. The largest Waaags! are the stuff of legend, for their strong-willed commanders can harness the awesome energies of the greenskin masses for enough time to scour vast swathes of land. Those Waaags! are truly epic wars of devastation, unleashing so much battle and bloodshed that they forever carve the names of their Warbosses into the history of the world.

When a green horde descends upon the land it leaves little in its wake save devastation and ruin. Houses are burned and broken up for raw materials, crops are trampled, livestock eaten and rivers churned to mud. The size and destructive nature of the horde means that it must keep moving otherwise it would soon exhaust the local supplies of food and water and then inevitably turn upon itself.

If greenskins win a battle they feast on corpse-flesh for many days and what they cannot eat they heap onto a great pile together with broken weapons, armour said all the ruin of war. It is said that following the great Battle of Solland's Crown, Gorbad Ironclaw raised a

mound so high that it could be seen all the way from Blood Peak in the Black Mountains.

When on the march a green horde leaves ample evidence of its route amidst the general swathe of devastation. Tortured and murdered prisoners are left dangling from trees or buried up to their heads at busy crossroads as a grim reminder of just how lethal Orcish hospitality can be. When they make camp for the night the simians dig huge roasting pits into which they throw whole carcasses of cattle as well as human captives. When they leave a camp they pile their dung into a vast mound which they crudely sculpt into the looming shape of an Orcish god.

Several of these are still to be seen, dotted around the eastern provinces in various states of decay. In some areas they are systematically destroyed, though it is a grim and unpleasant process often given to prisoners or convicts. In others they are left alone, the superstitious locals not daring to confront the gods of their enemies even in this bizarre form.

A GREEN TIDE OF SHEER VIOLENCE

The backbone of a Waaagh! is made of mob after mob of Orc Boyz, warriors gathering under leering banners and grim totems. More formidable still are regiments of Black Orcs, armoured killers that display a stem military discipline that is highly unusual in a greenskin army. Some daring Orcs ride to war atop enraged boars – a truly irrepressible and foul-smelling combination.

HARBOTH AND THE BLACK MOUNTAIN BOYS

The Black Fire Pass is the only route over the Black Mountains, and for years the mountain and the pass were by and large impassable due to the presence of a large Orc settlement. This dirty and squalid township consisted of several dozen wooden shacks, a large but unstable saloon and hundreds of mean, greedy, low-down Orcs.

The town was run by Harboth, an Orc of great size and strength. Harboth's mates used to spend most of their time in the saloon, sheltering from the almost non-stop rain which is an everyday phenomenon along the slopes of the Black Mountains. They would take turns manning the toll gates and torturing travellers. Occasionally there would be a fight as some indignant Halfling or Dwarf tried to defend himself – but not often.

The Black Mountain Boys don't go in much for fine clothing or fancy gear. They have quite an extensive collection of armour and weapons looted from travellers, including sturdy bows as well as heavy iron hooked cleavers called Dwarf Ticklers, an invention of Harboth's of which he is justly proud. Yaskin Forit carries an especially large, double handed version of this weapon.

After the Goblin wars the Badlands were gradually cleaned up by the Dwarfs. Harboth and his gang were forced to take to their heels. It is rumoured that Harboth spent his declining years cattle rustling in the deep south.

When the local dwarf leader offered a bounty to adventurers bold enough to try to destroy the Orc settlement, Harboth responded by meeting, and subsequently eating each adventurer stupid enough to try it. Yaskin Forit made a necklace of the ears of these unfortunate characters, whilst Harboth sent their bones back to the Dwarf leader together with instructions to send more Halflings as he found these particularly palatable.

At the Battle of Bauer's Farm the Black Mountain Boys were mauled by a force including the 17th (Baron Olaf's Own) Regiment of Foot and a contingent of the Stirland Free Foresters. Following this setback, they crossed into the Border Princes in search of easier pickings.



These 'Boar boyz' deliver such walloping great charges that blood flies outwards in all directions when they hit home, causing much cheering amongst the greenskin footsloggers. Most colourful of all are the mobs of Savage Orcs, primitive tribes that rely on talismanic tattoos, shrunken heads, and bone trinkets for protection.

The Goblins provide even greater numbers; a wide spectrum of motley troops and weapons of war. Black-clad Night Goblins mass in huge mobs that, when approached, will send out psychotic ball-and-chain wielding Fanatics that can smash through heavily armoured knights like kindling. Wolf-drawn chariots careen into battle and multi-decked contraptions that bear a ridiculous amount of Goblin Archers trundle along behind. Forest Goblins, riding to battle atop Giant Spiders, come scuttling over hill and dale to launch sudden attacks. Even larger arachnid terrors, some the size of Empire townhouses, are coaxed to leave their nest-lairs. Goblin-made war machines provide erratic killing power, often bullied into a semblance of order by an elderly Orc. A slew of other violent-minded creatures accompany an Orc and Goblin army in the hope of joining the fray. Clans of lumbering and drunken Giants compete amongst themselves to see how many of the foe they can squish under their hoary great feet, ravenous cave-dwelling Squigs bound and bounce forward, and sting-tailed Wyverns clad in rusted armour and chain swoop down from the peaks. There have even been sightings of

mammoth cavebeasts, big enough to swallow a bull whole, and stone effigies of the Orc Gods coming to life in the heat of battle, green lightning flashing from their eyes.

Luckily for their enemies, Orcs and Goblins have a flaw that has kept the world from being I overrun completely. During battle, a greenskin army's cohesion often breaks down as the disparate tribes feud and squabble amongst themselves. But even after a defeat, the greenskins can never truly be written off, since they are only one exceptional Warboss away from beginning anew. And so the green ripples of Orcish invasion begin to spread again, until once more a Waaagh! is unleashed.

A NATURAL (AND VIOLENT) ORDER

On the whole the two creatures live apart, but as most Orc tribes have Goblin servants or slaves it is common to find Goblins under the sway of Orcs. This is the natural order of greenskin life – the strong ruling over the weak. The more powerful Orc mobs are only too eager to include Goblins, as this gives them someone to boss about and the 'runts' are easily bullied into doing the most unpleasant chores. As Orcs despise almost everything except fighting, Goblins do all the mundane jobs around camp, such as gathering fuel for fires, erecting crude huts and digging out 'da dropz' (the greenskin latrines). In return for their work, Goblins

gain the protection of their larger kin, despite suffering constant kicks and cuffs as the Orcs flout their dominance. In many cases these servant Goblins are more than happy with their lot, because it gives them a chance to be near Orcs and take part in their battles. Every Goblin knows that Orcs are good fighters, certainly better than Goblins, so it is a good life being in an Orc tribe even if their big masters do sometimes box their ears and treat them rather harshly.

While the lowliest Goblins suffer as a slave-class, the more wily amongst their number can learn to manipulate their somewhat dimmer kin. It is well known that Grubbit Legbiter, a Goblin considered wickedly cunning even by his own kind, is the mastermind that plans the raids of the Broken Tooth tribe, even though that tribe is primarily composed of Orc mobs and ruled by the formidably large Orc Warboss Urk da Stuntystompa.

Beyond the natural dominance of strong over weak, there is little semblance of order in a greenskin tribe. Things constantly change and often do so in a hurry. The wilds in which most tribes live are dangerous places, subject to attack by all manner of foes and monsters, including other Orcs and Goblins. Tribes alter constantly as old mobs leave to seek their own way, new mobs join and Warbosses fall as stronger challengers rise up to take over. It has been said that,



should all the Orcs and Goblins of the world unite, they would soon conquer every other race; but greenskin tribes are fractious and would much rather fight each other for dominance than cooperate for some greater campaign against a distant enemy.

When there is no enemy to focus their aggression on, Orcs and Goblins spend an inordinate amount of time fighting each other. This means tribes that emerge from the constant culling are the biggest and strongest, the most cunning, or at least the fastest (running away being a popular Goblin option). Tribes grow when they conquer smaller ones, as most often the winners slay all the opposing commanders and force remaining warriors to join their tribe. At other times the process of 'absorbing' the smaller tribe is much more literal, with the winners actually eating the vanquished tribe. How the defeated are dealt with depends on many factors, from how hungry the victors are, to how well the opposition fought, or some other, more mysterious whim of the Warboss.

For example, Orc Warboss Grizgrod, the famed leader of the Itchy Scabs tribe, never forgave a Stone Troll for eating the foot of his lucky Shaman, Zog. When the Itchy Scabs conquered swathes of territory in the Worlds Edge Mountains, an area rife with Trolls, Grizgrod (encouraged by 'Pegleg' Zog) refused to let any Stone Trolls join the ranks of the Itchy Scabs. They were instead driven off cliffs, sealed into tunnels or burnt from afar with flaming arrows. Warriors that have been recently recruited into a new tribe will try to fit in, often adapting some of the common colours, symbols or icons of their new group, although some mobs retain a semblance of their old allegiance. For instance, all members of the Blue Face tribe bear (as one might expect) blue paint or dye upon their faces. However, many of the Blue Face mobs still carry symbols or tokens from previous tribes, be it the stained shafts of the Bloody Spear tribe or the spider symbols favoured by many Forest Goblin mobs.

The wide variety of greenskins, and general disdain for hygiene, gives most greenskin tribes a disparate and ragtag appearance. Savage Orcs in outlandish warpaint (and little else) can form up beside flea-bitten Wolf Riders, while the disciplined and well-armoured Black Orc mobs will fight side-by-side with mad, cackling Night Goblins. This kind of muddled disorder is exacerbated during a large Waaagh!, when many tribes trek great distances to join the throng.

For as long as the promise of great bloodshed and plunder remains, any friction between even the most outlandish coalition of disparate tribes is mere inconvenience – a series of good ol' scraps producing few casualties. However, should the greenskins suffer defeat or face any prolonged period of inactivity, the hostility between rival mobs or tribes will most likely tear any hope of future cooperation to shreds. Only a truly masterful Warboss has the willpower, might and low cunning to keep such self-destructive tendencies under control for long!



RELATIONS AND TRADE

Orc and Goblin tribes will ally and trade with each other, but they have little to do with humans or the other civilised races of the Old World. The Orcs do have dealings with a few other races, including Snotlings, their smallest related species. They also have some dealing with Trolls, though these creatures are not so much intelligent allies as animals that the Orcs keep as mascots. Ogre bands will sometimes hire out their services to Orcs although Ogres are equally happy to fight for humans or anyone else for that matter.

The most complex relationship Orcs have with another intelligent race is that between their tribes and Chaos Dwarfs. According to Orc belief, when the Orcs were simple brute creatures, without knowledge of metal working or how to make weapons, it was the Chaos Dwarfs who taught them how to construct war machines, smelt iron, and fashion war gear. Even today, Goblins trade gold and captives with the Chaos Dwarfs which they sell on to the Orcs.

Chaos Dwarf Mages are always made welcome in the Orc camps and treated with honour and respect. The Orcs rely on Chaos Dwarf Mages to help them make some of the most complex war machines and magically arcane devices. For their part the Chaos Mages recruit Orcs as bodyguards and take Goblin slaves and human captives who they put to work in their sorcerous towers.

"Ere now! Wot do you think you're doin'?" bellowed the big Black Orc Boss. Furtive Goblin faces turned round and flinched instinctively.

'Nuffink Boss, just 'aving a bit of grub is all,' whimpered the bravest of the greenskins.

'Don't give me that. Yer up to sumfink...' The towering Orc looked round suspiciously. 'Where's Ratgash? You 'aven't... 'et im?' There was a shocked silence.

"Et Ratgash," the Goblin sounded hurt. "Et Ratgash. That's disgustin' Boss. E's one of us ladz."

'Besides,' squeaked another greenskin. "E's all grease and gristle 'im. Give us all innagestion e' would."

"Then who is this then?" The Black Orc pointed a damning claw towards the meal. 'And none of yer lies or give yer sumfink a whole lot worse than innagestion.'

'Gitter, Boss. One of Maggot's lot. But 'c was dead when we found 'im.' The Goblin paused a moment. 'Corse 'e claimed 'e was just sleepin'... but that lot is all liars ain't they.' The Goblins nodded in unison. No Goblin really trusted another, and with good reason.

"Carry on then," pronounced the Black Orc. 'And you'll save me a leg if you know what's good for you!"

BRUTE AGGRESSION

The composition of Orc tribes is wide-ranging and diverse. For example, Narg Crookfang, Warboss of the Dead Eye Orc tribe, favours softening his foe up with war machine fire and sticking them with lots of arrows before sending in the infantry. His Orc mobs are backed up by Goblin archers and he insists his tribe drag Rock Lobbers wherever they travel. Conversely, the Skullsplittas Orc tribe has no truck with 'panzie shooty stuff'. Instead their chieftain callously orders Night Goblins to screen the advance of his Orc mobs. This works well, although periodically the Skullsplittas have to raid the mountains to recruit more Night Goblins.

Regardless of their composition, Orc tribes are formed around a hard-fighting core of Orcs. These can be infantry mobs (known as 'da. Boyz') or boar-riding cavalry (known as Boar Boyz). They are often joined by a flotsam of others, including Savage Orc or Black Orc mobs, goblinoids and, if there are any about, Trolls and Giants. Most Warbosses aren't too picky about who joins the tribe; after all, they'll be slain or eaten pretty quickly if they aren't up to snuff.

Some of the larger Orc tribes, like the Ironclaw, Broken Tooth and Red Fang tribes, are well known even beyond their own stomping grounds. Orcs in particular feel that an impressive reputation is worth fighting for and, naturally, do so often. While many tribes are absorbed or totally destroyed, some particularly famous ones, like the Ironclaw Orcs,



eventually come back. Inspired by an old legend chanted about by a trance-addled Shaman, a Warboss will raise the standard of a long-silenced tribe.

On occasion an Orc tribe will actually be made up solely out of Boyz mobs or, rarer still, almost entirely Boar Boyz. With no Goblins to beat indiscriminately, Orcs are left to sort out their own menial tasks. This makes the always belligerent Orcs angrier still, and full-on fights break out in Orc-only camps with alarming regularity. These struggles determine the pecking order, with the lowliest warriors doing all the work, while the victors loll about. No Orc can bear to chop trees, skin beasts or endure any non-violent or productive task for very long, so fights continually break out even after all the work has been assigned. This environment ensures that Orc-only tribes are small, but very battle-hardened. It also means their camps lack even the crude amenities that enforced Goblin labour normally provides, such as simple skin huts, stockades to fence in the boars or any 'propa place to do yer business'.

Amongst Orcs, legends or tribal traditions that capture their limited imaginations tend to make for the most popular mob and tribe names. Not surprisingly, these are menacing names that promise violence, such as the Bonebreakaz, Skull Smashaz or Face-stompas. Orcs have been known to go to war over who gets the naming rights for a tribe. Then again, Orcs will go to war over pretty much anything.

Greenskin battle gear is an untidy but functional mix of whatever comes to hand. Much of it is stolen or captured, often mixed in with Goblin made items and local totems. Each piece usually carries glyphs or personal marks to denote ownership, though stealing among the tribe is commonplace and the best stuff always seems to end up in the hands of the biggest Orcs eventually.

IRON-HARD AND ANGRY

The origins of the Black Orcs are shrouded in mystery, but it is assumed that they gain their name from their dark green or even black skin. They are the largest and most ferocious of their warlike kind, which is really saying something. Black Orcs are exceedingly militaristic, which isn't always a good thing, as other greenskins find such rigour off-putting. Other Orcs feel that marching, drilling and taking care of wargear is distinctly un-Orcish behaviour. Even worse, the Black Orcs insist on lugging about a great profusion of weapons, feeling that a few spare choppas are a necessity at all times. Black Orcs like bossing others about even more than Orcs do, except that Black Orcs bellow to instill discipline instead of provoking rivals. Grim and humourless, Black Orcs have no patience for the in-fighting that is so rampant amongst the rest of greenskin kind.





EEZA UGEZOD'S MOTHER CRUSHERS

Of all the Orcish raiders to have plundered the Old World from the World's Edge Mountains, none have been so feared, or so hated as the Great Black Orcs of the Mother Crusher tribe. Their Great Raids of Hunger continued almost completely unchecked for nearly forty two years, leaving in their wake a trail of butchery seldom equalled in Orcish history.

Despite many efforts to capture and destroy them, the Mother Crushers always managed to avoid traps set for them. On the few occasions they were brought to battle the outcome invariably favoured the Orcs - using their famous juggernaut columns to push aside any resistance.

Their success was due mainly to the inspired leadership of one Orc. Known throughout the tribes as Eeza Ugezod, Orcish legend abounds with stories of this huge and cunning Orc. One such story, typical of the time, concerns the skirmish of the Great Crossing – a huge, natural span bridging one of the few routes through the mountains to the fertile foothills and valleys of the Old World. It was upon this bridge that a group of Orcs led by Eeza Ugezod were attacked by large numbers of Dwarfs and at least one mountain Giant. An extract from the Orcish 'Volees Adgitz' translates as follows.

'We goes miles this day. Last dark we kills many wittering souls, poking and cutting them – but not having times to make it slow and get them good and screechy. We gets on the Great Crossing and suddenly all around there'. Stunty

Longbeards (Dwarfs) trapping us boys and making pain threats. Then they goes all grinning silent, and crashing through the crowd comes a Great One, all drunk up, with great iron boots sparkling as it steps, and long spikes and jags hanging off them, all dressed up for Orc stomping. It comes roaring and swaying towards us, swinging its club and making us boys windy and tearful. And the stunties are laughing, saying at last they'll have our pretty fangs to make their stumpy women grin and dance. And us bold boys – we bunch up close, but cannot help a little wimpering. But Eeza Ugezod's got no wimper. He waves his axe and swears he's going to cut Great One's feet off and pop them in its face. With this he goes off fast forward and sharp hacks the Great One. Its knees goes one way, its great screaming whiskers goes another. The stunties has one look and go all quiet and shuffly. Then Guted - our champion - he gives an honest war shout and we goes off at them cutting up their little bodies, this way and that, and we collects much headskin with hair on it and ties it to our belts. We paints their juices all over the Great Crossing and we calls it the Red Span. We push all the stunties off it, but keeping a few for screarnings later and food for the march. We leaves not too many boys deadstiff and continues our way to make our dearest war and raidings.'

No one is quite sure what happened to Eeza Ugezod - he certainly wasn't amongst the hundreds of Black Orc dead after their supernatural defeat at the hands of the Necromantic Chaos Lord Edis Edis...

Despite being killjoys around any greenskin camp, Black Orcs are great fighters. Luckily for the civilised world, Black Orcs are also the most rare of Orcish kind. In most greenskin tribes, if they are found at all, Black Orcs are encountered as hard-fighting elite units or as leaders. An infamous Black Orc Warbosses is Morglum Necksnapper, a powerful fighter who has led his mob from the desolate East to conquer many Orc & Goblin tribes around the Worlds Edge Mountains.

Those who fight hard enough (and survive) are allowed to join the Necksnappers, a still-growing horde that has won many famous victories. There are tribes composed almost entirely of Black Orcs, although these are rarely seen outside of the Dark Lands. On the occasions when they cross westwards to invade the Old World, it always heralds the start of a long and bloody Waaagh!

WILD FURY

Savage Orcs are primitive greenskins who have chosen to stick with old traditions and shun such 'new' developments as metal weapons, body armour or the wearing of boots. It is common to find a few mobs of Savage Orcs fighting for Orc or Goblin tribes. It is easy to pick out such mobs, as Savage Orcs favour distinctive warpaint or full body tattoos, and practise

unusual customs like piercing parts of their bodies with sharpened bones. Their unusual appearance, Shamaned rituals and superstitious nuances often earn Savage Orcs ridicule from other greenskins. It is easy to be ostracised by others when you only wear loincloths. For these reasons Savage Orc mobs stick to themselves in camp. Once battle begins, however, Savage Orcs fight with a ferocity that more than earns them the right to whatever oddities their Shaman can dream up – even the embarrassing bat-flapping dance.

Because their ways are so simplistic, there are many tribes made up primarily, if not exclusively, of Savage Orcs. In these groups they can practice their drum-thumping, bone-shaking rituals free of scorn. Even Giants that latch onto such savage tribes are given a fresh coat of warpaint come battle time. The hunting grounds of these tribes are often found in some wild or remote region of the world. The Top-knotz tribe, famous for their bone-pierced coifs and their shields made of Giant Razorclam shells, stalk the coastal region of the Black Gulf. The Boneclubs and their rivals, the Snakeskinz tribe, dominate the steaming jungles of the Southlands. Some, like the Headhuntaz tribe, are widely nomadic. They are led on winding paths by their Shamans, guided by inner voices and the very will of the greenskin gods. Or so they say.

WICKED GREEN HORDES

Goblins, sometimes called 'gobbos', are the most numerous of greenskins, and their tribes can show a lot of variation due to regionalisation or culture. While many Goblin mobs are subjugated under Orcs, there are plenty of Goblin tribes about. To avoid Orc rule, some Goblins take to living in harsh environments – after all, there just aren't that many Orcs willing to live deep in a swamp, and many Goblin tribes thrive in such locales. A Goblin Warboss of greater-than-usual craftiness can turn the tables and rule over mixed tribes containing Orc mobs, although such situations tend to be rare or spectacularly short-lived.

Some of the most famous all-Goblin forces have stemmed from the Wolf Rider tribes. These roaming groups use the superior speed of their wolf mounts to dominate swathes of open plains or steppes. Even Ogre bands are hesitant to cross such wide spaces due to the hit-and-run prowess of the Wolf Riders. Orc tribes highly value Wolf Rider mobs and seek to recruit them for use as far-ranging scouts. In other environments, marsh-dwelling gobbos (sometimes called Bog-Goblins or Boggarts) are wily ambushers who are known to waylay anyone foolish enough to enter their morass-like lairs. From the deep woods emerge Forest Goblins, fierce raiders that launch lightning assaults before melting back into the arboreal depths. Forest Goblins are distinctive in that they wear brightly coloured feathers, worship the Spider-god and ride spiders into battle. Other well known Goblin tribes include nomadic traders that travel the wilderness in ramshackle, fortress-like caravans. They trade with all kinds of unsavoury types and, unsurprisingly, are known for their thievery and swindling skills.



SPITE FROM BELOW

Long ago, Goblin tribes took to living in the many caves that worm beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. Perhaps it was their long exposure to the strange fungus that grows there or the lack of daylight, but for whatever reason they evolved into a distinct subspecies – the Night Goblin. They have become expert tunnelers and are at home underground. They wear long, hooded black robes, partially to blend in with their darksome surroundings, but mostly to ensure that the hated light of the sun never touches them when they foray to the surface. Night Goblins tend to be slightly scrawnier and even more cowardly than their surface-dwelling kin. Night Goblins are the most maniacal of greenskins; their massed mobs are given to sporadic bouts of cackling and gibbering. Some individuals are even more psychotic, as only the most deranged of creatures would dare consume a madcap mushroom – an act that turns a Night Goblin into a deadly whirlwind of destruction. Equally hazardous is the practice of herding Cave Squigs, the kind of beast that any sane race would exterminate, not keep as pets or even mounts.

With their penchant for infesting underground strongholds to live in, the Night Goblins have established themselves as arch enemies of other subterranean races, particularly the ratmen known as Skaven and the proud Dwarfs. Due to the long-standing enmity between Dwarfs and Night Goblins, the two races are implacable foes and will often fight to the death rather than give ground. Night Goblins occasionally emerge from below to raid the surface world for food or slaves, or to join in a larger Waaagh! for the chance to gain loot and cause mayhem in the surface world.

Warboss Gizzit grinned evilly at his fellow Night Goblins — the pointy-ears were marching straight into his trap. With an ear-splitting roar, the green-skinned legions shoved dozens of whirling Fanatics towards the High Elf lines. The ball-and-chain wielding maniacs smashed into the noble Elf warriors; bones were snapped and immaculate white robes stained red. Within minutes the Night Goblin tribes had taken the ridge, jeering and taunting as they trampled their own fallen in their haste to reach the top.

Suddenly, the ranks of the High Elves flowed apart to reveal a phalanx of high-crested warriors, their shining greatswords flashing out at the Fanatics and severing their arms at the wrists with uncanny timing and precision. Balls and chains whistled back through the air to thud into the Goblin ranks with the force of cannonballs. From his newly claimed perch on the very summit of the hill, Gizzit spied something in the sky, diving headlong towards him.

'Oh, zog it,' thought Gizzit, shortly before the Griffon's jagged beak closed around his head.



THE BATTLE OF IRON PEAK

With a thunderous crash the support beams collapsed. Tons of rock tumbled downwards sealing the entrance to the old Dwarf mine completely. From within came the squeal of the trapped gobbo boyz. Borzag shrugged: if the lads were stupid enough to go into a stumpy mine and start chopping at the supports with their axes, then they got what they deserved. Plenty more where they came from, reflected the old Orc Shaman, patting the head of his wyvern and feeding him some more stumpy fingers.

"Borzag, mate, great fight! We certainly gave those stunties a good seein' to. Me trolls was great, eh? See the way they did my brilliant plan fink." Gorblum clapped Borzag maitly on the shoulder. The Shaman fought down the urge to cuff the over familiar little gobbo round the ear.

Gorblum had become ever more cocky and self-confident since Borzag had lent him the Crown of Command. He had gone from calling himself Gorblum Yellowstreak to calling himself Gorblum the Magnificent. What cheek! By Mork, he would never even have had the nerve to get within 50 feet of those trolls if it wasn't for the confidence the crown lent him. And the trolls would probably have eaten Gorblum and his spider if it wasn't for the crown's aura of command. Be calm, Borzag told himself. He still needed the little creep and his trolls and his gobbos and his fanatics. They were a central part of his great masterplan, the core around which he would assemble his army.

"Yez. It woz a great plan you thought ov, Gorblum," said Borzag, gently disengaging Gorblum's paw. The shaman wanted to spit. The entire plan had been his, giving credit to the goblin went completely against the grain. Still, the effects of the crown meant that Borzag had to feed the goblin chieftain's overweening ego. The old shaman moved over to the edge of the cliff. Gorblum followed. Borzag fought down the overwhelming urge to push the chieftain over the edge, just to see him fall, but instead he gave his attention to the panoramic view.

Far below at the foot of the mountain, the lands of the south eastern Empire were spread out for Borzag like a map. He could see the long silver trail where the little river flowed into the bigger one, the one the captured stunties called the Reik. He could see the tiny boats that bobbed on the water like toys. The village was there and this meant more stunties to kill. Good. Borzag hated stunties, had done ever since he was knee high to a giant spider.

"Boss! Boss!" gibbered Sleekid, Gorblum's chief lackey. "Dis isn't gold. It's rocks!"

The gobbo threw a sack down in front of Gorblum. The little chieftain pretended to study it intently, as if a long hard stare would transmute the grey stuff to gold and pretty trinkets.

"Nar, ain't gold," Gorblum said eventually. "Unless it's dat funny grey gold. Dose stumpy gitz has fooled us."

Borzag winced. Gorblum as stupid as he was vain. "I fink I see what da Boss means," he said.

"You do?" said Gorblum, a trifle amazed.

"Yer. Dose stunties couldn't fool yer. Youse seen right through 'em."

"I 'ave? I mean I 'ave."

"Yer day has 'idden it, down dere. In dat mantown. You saw it right away. No wonder dey calls you Gorblum da Magnificent."

"Yere. Dat's right. Wot woz my brilliant plan again?"

"Well, we should go down dere and give da stunties a taste of bootlever. Den we'll find da 'idden gold."

"Mork's teef. I comes up wiv some brill plans, don't I mate?"

"Yer," muttered Borzag between gritted teeth. "Lez go."

At Gorblum's howled command, the orcs and goblins formed up in slovenly ranks. Sleekid's boys began to spit and make faces at Wa-Kurran's ladz. Within moments a great scrap had broken out. Gorblum stood around and watched, amusing by the great ruck. Borzag began to get a sore head, and his eyes began to glow as they always did when the ladz got into a bit of violence. Now was not the time though.

"Dat's enough!" he bellowed. Wading into the ruck he picked up Sleekid and Wa-Kurran by the scruff of their necks and tossed them out of the melee. The two rival gobbo leaders landed in front of Borzag's wyvern. It hissed and they fell quiet, petrified with fear. Slowly the melee abated.

"Save it fer da stunties," shouted Borzag. "Now, lez go!"

Chanting and gibbering, the greenskin army marched down towards the unsuspecting village.



FAMOUS GREENSKIN TRIBES

There are greenskin tribes scattered throughout the world. Most of these tribes live in anonymity – their deeds too small and their holdings too poor to gain any acclaim. Other tribes, those with more powerful Warbosses, have won larger battles and established a hold over larger regions. Only the most fearsome of tribes ever become widely recognised, as rumours of their brutal invasions run before them like wildfire. The most notorious tribes have launched massive Waagh! that have forever carved their names into the histories of the world.

There isn't a Dwarf in the Worlds Edge Mountains who won't splutter into his beard with rage at the mere mention of the Crooked Moons tribe, and the Ironclaw Orcs once headed a Waagh! that crippled the Empire and slew its Emperor. Any who travel in the Badlands will know well the names of the most prominent tribes - the Gutrippaz, the Bloody Sunz, the Broken Tooth tribe. They are powerful forces, whose Warbosses are the epitome of their race - brutal, cunning and deadly to know.

TRIBAL NAMES

As the world of Orcs & Goblins is anarchic and wild, there are no hard-and-fast rules used for naming tribes or mobs. Having said that, there are some conventions. There are many tribes named after their Warboss – Rumors Raiderz, Krud's Killas, and so on. This is a common convention for any greenskin, but is most prevalent amongst Black Orc tribes. Some take their name from intimidating acts. These are generally promises of future violence or, perhaps, a preferred method of killing. Examples include Necksnappers, Eyegougers, Facesplittaz and so on. These types of names are particularly popular amongst Orcs. Other tribes are named after their most defining physical trait, often of the greenskin, but sometimes of their weapons. For instance, the Crooked Fangs, Beedy Eyes or Black Choppas. Many Savage Orcs favour this sort of nonsense approach, such as the Top-Knotz or Snakeskinz.

What follows is a treatise on the various clans, tribes and gatherings of the foul Greenskins that are found in the lost and lonely places of the Old World.

THE IRON CLAW ORCS

Possibly the most notorious of the Orc tribes due to a single Orc by the name of Gorbad Ironclaw Between 1707 and 1712 he led quite possibly the largest Waagh! ever known into the Empire, his armies leaving the entire eastern half of the Empire in ruins. Blue dags decorate the arms of the members and they take anything and everything they can when they go to war. The men and women of the Empire still tell stories of Gorbad to mischievous children who misbehave, as in 'Gorbad will fetch you away in the night'.

THE BROKEN TOOTH

The Black Orcs claim dominance over the Broken Moths in the Eastern Mountains and expect all to match their prowess. Even the Goblins are put through their paces. Any Goblin who can't hit a target at twenty paces gets strapped to the target for the next Goblin to try and hit, any Goblin that can't run faster than an Orc gets eaten (almost normal behaviour) and any Wolf Rider unable to control his mount becomes pet food. Since the 'Egstensiv trainin' program' the Goblin troops of the Broken Tooth clan have become almost average. Very high praise indeed.

THE BLOODY HAND TRIBE

The Bloody Hand tribe claims the western foothills of the Badlands. The clan is known for their frequent raids into Tilea and Araby making them one of the richest of all Orc clans. Whole tribes of Trolls and Giants flock to their red dagged standard in the hope of leir and all the 'Unties' they can cut. When the Bloody Hand tribe goes on their annual raids, or 'Olidayz', their vanguard troops are the infamous 'Wagon Trains' of massed Pump wagons that blaze a trail for the Bloody Hands to follow.

THE WHITE ORCS

Amongst the Orcs, the White Orcs inspire some of the most insulting songs from the Dwarves as, for hundreds of years, they have stood guard at the base of the Silver Road heading to Mount Grimfang, mercilessly ambushing almost all caravans travelling its length. As a result the Dwarves have found new ways to reach their goal and tunnelled to Mad Dog Pass. However, in an unlikely use of intelligence the White Orcs have split their force into two, making full use of their Wolf Riders as Scouts to direct the units of Orc infantry, and archers and the Night Goblin allies to intercept the new trade route.





THE BLOODY SUN BOYZ

The Bloody Sun Boyz tribe is one among hundreds of greenskin tribes that populate the Badlands. Led by a huge Black Orc named Grumlok and his most powerful Goblin Shaman, Gazbag, the tribe has quickly conquered its rivals and begun to grow in size. Grumlok has summoned several tribes in the Badlands to join his great Waaagh! against the Dwarfs, but it is the Bloody Sun Boyz who will command the most respect and fear among their green kin. Grumlok expects his lads to keep the other Orcs and Goblins in line, and when the time comes to break down the great gates of Karaz-a-Karak and rampage through the streets of the Dwarf capital city, it is the Boyz who will lead the charge.

THE BLUE-FACED ORCS

The Blue-Faced Orcs are the scourge of the Black Gulf, with their Pirate fleets preying on shipping between Araby and the Border Princes. The clan infamously launched a massive naval Waaagh! or 'Orcmada' with the aid of the Scabby Eye Goblins but unfortunately left the only Orc with a compass hack at port. After sailing in circles for three months the clan returned having eaten all but three of their Goblin allies. Since then Trolls have been seen in the Blue-Faced fleets but no Goblins, after all even Goblins aren't stupid enough to trust this clan again.

THE RED FANG ORCS

Unlike many of the Orc and Goblin tribes that litter the Badlands, the Red Fangs hold no land as their own. Instead they travel through the low plateaus of the Southlands following the great boars, which they use as the bulk of their forces. Each young Orc must venture forth and single-handedly hunt, capture and train his own porcine mount, Only when this has been done are they allowed to paint one of their own tusks red and take a position in the tribe. Despite their nomadic existence, which has attracted Savage Orcs to their banner, they return annually to the plateau below Karak Eight Peaks to drink, fight and plan the next wars raids.



THE BLOODY TUSKS

The Bloody Tusks are a fast-growing tribe, whose ascent can be traced to their takeover by Grutshod Nobnails. After stomping the previous Warboss to death, Grutshod led a daring attack on the encampment of the Savage Orc tribe known as the Ead-Thumpaz. The few surviving mobs of Savage Orcs were allowed to join the Bloody Tusks, but only on the condition that they begin to wear at least some sort of clothing. Using the newly captured Deff Gorge as a base, Grutshod led his mobs on many raids into the Badlands and Worlds Edge Mountains.

During this period the Bloody Tusks 'rekrooted' several mobs of Wolf Riders, the remnants of the decimated Mangy Houndz tribe. Upon hearing of his many victories and seeing the sheer size of Grutshod, the Goblins of the Teef-Snatchas tribe joined the Orcs, adding innumerable gobbos and many Spear Chukkas to the swelling army. His ambitions growing along with his horde, Grutshod Nobnails now looks to lead the Bloody Tusks northwards. There, rumours of richer pickings abound, namely great piles of loot and plenty of 'umies to krump.

THE STABBY TRIBE

The Stabby tribe was a force composed mostly of Savage Orc and Goblin mobs led by the infamous Warboss Stabbit. For a long while the Stabby tribe dominated a large swathe of the Badlands and Stabbit was probably only one or two victories away from building up enough momentum to launch a major Waaagh! Yet Stabbit was so impatient for a large battle that instead of uniting the myriad tribes of that fell region, he instead managed to stoke them all to red-hot anger resulting in the Great Dust Battle. So many tribes converged to be declared 'da mightiest' that the ensuing five-day scrum raised great clouds above the bone dry battlefield. The full measure of over a dozen tribes joined that free for all and the fighting was so fierce that mutual destruction was meted out by all sides. Only the carrion birds could be said to have won that famous greenskin battle.



BONE NOSE SAVAGE ORCS

In the southern swamps near the Misty Mountains lie the most aggressive tribe of Savage Orcs. Pushed ever onward in search of the 'One and Future Git' by their leader 'Vurrag, anti made up exclusively of Savage Orcs, with no war machines or even Goblins, Giants or Trolls, this tribe rampages through the swamplands, tearing asunder any that oppose their 'Kroosade'.



WHITE SKULLS SAVAGE ORCS

Known as the White Skulls due to the emblem of a skull painted on their bodes, this Savage Orc tribe and their Greenskin allies often make forays into Araby where they find the sun does very strange things to them indeed. Mostly using their Savage Boar Boyz, the Goblins are used to hold up the enemy so that the mounted riders can slam into the sides of enemy units.

SNAKE BLOOD SAVAGE ORCS

One of the truly nomadic Savage Orc tribes, they follow the random migrations of the Oooyabegga Snake who's venom they imbibe in a drink called 'Snakebite', the results of which send them into such a mad frenzy that even Black Orcs And it awe inspiring. They have picked up numerous Night Goblins along the way as they, regard Squigs and Fanatics as kindred spirits in the pursuit of battle-madness.



SAVAGE ORCS OF THE OPEN MAW

The Open Maw has quite possibly the largest tribe of Trolls ever known in an Orc tribe. The tribal leaders have tried more times than any Orc can count to rid themselves of these cumbersome monsters, but to no avail. The numbers of Goblins and Snotlings in the tribe seemed to drop mysteriously around the same time the Trolls appeared, and the Orcs became concerned these unwelcome guests would end up eating all their reinforcements. Resigning to the fact that the Trolls will not leave them alone, they have decided to use them in their attacks, hiding units behind ranks of Stone MIAs to gain some protection from missile fire and magic.

DA KRAWLAS

Creeping forward on eight legged monstrosities the Forest Goblins of the Krawlas tribe are feared throughout the Forest of Shadows. With no warning the slinking Goblins will suddenly emerge from out of the murky woods, screeching their unnerving high-pitched and undulating warcries. Da Krawlas favour black warfeathers with white tips, although their leaders famously wear at least one feather dipped in the green venom of their spiders. Led by wild-eyed and venom-mad Shaman, the black heart of da Krawlas is their living god, the massive Arachnarok Spider known as Black Deff. From a platform atop this gargantuan old arachnid, rides Garlobbo, a sinister old Shaman who has himself grown overlarge and many faceted spider-eyes. It was da Krawlas that ate the Empire town of



Glumhof and it was the Black Deff itself that singlehandedly slew the great Ghorgon Marrowfeast, the ancient monster so venerated by the Beastmen of the Bloodhoof tribe.

THE OOZY-EYE GOBLINS

The Oozy-Eye Goblins are nomadic traders, sometimes referred to as 'Griftergobs' or simply 'thievin' gits'. Their warboss, Snazgit Nosepicka, is the master of the unscrupulous deal and they notoriously rip off and steal goods to sell to more distant tribes. Snazgit's favourite targets are Savage Orcs, as they are notoriously simpleminded and can easily be mesmerised by shiny shells or bright skin dyes. While trading such oddments as dungpiles formed into rude shapes or potions for shrinking heads, the shiftier members of the Oozy-Eye tribe have been known to rob a tribe blind, with countless, if somewhat unbelievable, tales of stealing the tattoos off their backs and plucking the bones right out from under their noses. The Oozy-Eye Goblins themselves are a sight to see, their chariots overloaded with loot and their gear cobbled together from the detritus of battlefields from around the Old World.



THE RED FACE GOBLINS

Renowned for their mad, often suicidal, charges down the slopes of the North Eastern Mountains this Goblin tribe make full use of 'tactics', which has led them to more success than most other clans. Arrer Bow will line the ridges, pelting the enemy with arrows, whilst Stone Trolls and Pump wagons charge the front, sewing panic and destruction. Red painted tattoos on faces make this lot feel 'Ded 'Ard'.

THE SCABBY EYE GOBLINS

This tribe of Goblins make full use of the Badlands' flatness by using a mass of Wolf Ridets and Chariots. They are an aggressive tribe that dislike all Orcs due to an incident with the Blue-Faced Orcs years ago. They constantly raid against the Orcs of this tribe in a bitter hid for revenge.

THE CROOKED MOON

Of all the Night Goblin clans the Crooked Moon is by far the most notorious. Led by Skarsnik, the tribe has known great success. By only employing Night Goblins he has managed to keep control and any rivals are soon put down with the help of his Cave Squig Gobbla. It was under Skarsnik that the Crooked Moon massacred the Dwarven defenders at the Battle of East Gate and now holds sway of Karak Eight Peaks, often driving back Dwarven reinforcements as easily as chucking Snotlings.

YELLOW EYE GOBLINS

Lurking within the Border Princes lie the Yellow Eye Goblins, a tribe led exclusively by Shamans. Their lands sit at the southern end of Blackfire Pass and they use it as their gateway to the farms and villages of Averland. Many Empire villages have come to fear the sight of these wolf-borne raiders and it is for this reason (not mere superstition) that Averlanders fear the wolves' howl in the night. Making use of Wolf Riders and Chariots this tribe rely on hit and run tactics to confuse and outmanoeuvre their opponents before letting the Squigs run riot, wreaking havoc through the beleaguered enemy.

THE ONE EYE GOBLINS

The One Fives exist in one of the most inhospitable places in the Badlands. Bordered to the south by the Blind River, the lands of the One Eye are a hotbed of thermal activity. The geysers of this area have led to large growths of fungi and Snotling colonies are commonplace. Due to this large fond source the One Eyes have expanded which has led to conflict between them and the Crooked Moon tribe. The result of this is that an undeclared state of war exists between the two tribes and any Night Goblins spotted are immediately attacked and brought back to the camps to be added to that night's menu.

BLOODY SPEAR NIGHT GOBLINS

The Bloody Spears are real opportunists. Sitting at each end of the Old Dwarf Silver Road they have found rich pickings from the beleaguered Dwarf convoys. Many a Dwarven caravan, having survived the attacks of the White Orcs who hunt in the pass, will come stumbling out of the mountains, weary and battered, only to be set upon by the Bloody Spear raiding party. They are so

wealthy from the spoils of war that Orcs and Trolls have been known to flock to them in the hope of wealth and war.

BROKEN AXE GOBLINS

One of Orcdom's most famous leaders, 'Grom the Paunch', was the leader of this tribe and led an almost successful Waaagh! against the Empire, crushing all in his way until his fleet was blown towards the High Elves where his army fell, although Grams' final fate is unknown. His name lives on through the tribe's war songs, as do his tactics, making full use of war machines, cavalry and massed Goblin infantry. They still deserve the fearsome reputation that Grom carved out for them.

THE SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN

Some tribes are so unfortunate or inept that they gain a measure of notoriety for their failures - a kind of campside joke. For instance, most 'propa' greenskins avoid the Bog Creepers - a tribe of scrawny Goblins who have camped so long at the marshy end of the Stinking Geysers that their smell is deemed more offensive than Troll dung. It is said they once travelled to join a growing Waaagh! only to cause the swelling invasion to disband, so malodorous was their presence. Other famous failures are sure to include the unusually thick Orc Warboss Thak Bigfang who led his equally pea-brained tribe into at full-tilt, but ultimately fatal charge into the steep valley of Yaaargh, which some races call Broken Spine Pass. The Shifties are a Night Goblin tribe known not only for their unscrupulous battle plans, but even more so for the conspicuous itching they do under their black robes. Even for a race as unconcerned with hygiene as the Orcs & Goblins, there are some lines best left uncrossed.





On the day after Geheimnisnacht 2510 it was business as usual in the sleepy little village of Eisenhof. The mixed population of Dwarfs and Men loaded barges with iron ore destined for the great cannon works at Nuln. From the docks the heavily laden craft pushed out onto the Veiss, a minor tributary of the mighty Reik, and made their way down river towards the distant city. A caravan of ore had just arrived and the stocky Dwarf miners heaved the heavy sacks of raw metal from the backs of their pack mules and stacked them neatly on the wharves.

In the market square traders haggled over the price of a hundredweight of rock. The village drunk lurched from the tavern and loudly sang an old sad song. For the folk of Iron Mountain it was a typical day, in a typical month, in a typical year. Little did they know that a terrible doom was fast approaching the little hamlet.

From the bleak, desolate mountains to the east, a horde of Goblins had marched relentlessly down the windswept valleys to arrive at the outskirts of the village. To the fore was Gorblum the Magnificent, mounted on his giant spider. Behind him marched his regiments of red-eyed Night Goblins and to the rear of the column, sweating gobbos tugged a huge rock lobber. Standing tall amidst the green mass, three giant river trolls grumbled and yawned, revealing endless rows of serrated teeth in their huge gaping maws. Overhead, mounted on his mighty wyvern, the dreaded Orc shaman Borzag soared on the wind, scanning the horizon with his malevolent keen-eyed gaze.



They had already destroyed two of the isolated Dwarf mines, and slaughtered dozens of Dwarf miners. Now they were drawn by the chimney fires of the town of Eisenhof and the prospect of considerable loot.

A single pedlar making his way up to the mines spotted their approach and fled back down the slopes to give warning. Hastily the innkeeper and the merchants packed their families into their carts and fled. The dock labourers took to the barges and headed down river taking all that they could carry.

When the Goblin horde arrived they were enraged by the absence of plunder. Cursing with frustration, they swiftly put Eisenhof to the torch. Drunk on the last sour ale, they rioted through the streets, looting and burning buildings and scavenging scraps and debris from the dungheaps.

Meanwhile, other eyes had spotted the blaze. Thorgrim Greybeard, clan lord of the Dwarfs of Iron Mountain had received word of the Goblin marauders and hastily summoned his warriors to battle. Thorgrim had sworn an oath to avenge his fallen kindred and every Dwarf with him had pledged to aid him in this task. Grunnir Thorbalson and his band of Troll Slayers, who'd been feasting in Thorgrim Hall, joined the band, for Borzag seemed a mighty foe to test their fates against.

So it came to be that late in the afternoon the forces of Thorgrim and Borzag confronted each other outside the burning remains of the village of Eisenhof.

The final ringing echoes of steel on steel had faded. With a crash, the last burning building fell to the ground in a shower of smoke and sparks. Eisenhof was now a smouldering ruin. Only embers and ash remained to show that a town had once stood on this site. The last dwarfs had fallen. Their mutilated corpses lay in great heaps upon the ground. Perhaps a few had fled into the darkness or had been lost beneath the piled bodies. Borzag raised his clawed hand and fitful green light illuminated the scene. He bared his tusks in a satisfied snarl. He was well pleased with the day's fighting. He had claimed more stumpy beards to be woven into his cloak. Thorgrim's army had been overcome.

Gorblum stood atop one of the corpse mounds and ranted to his followers. A blood-spattered blue cloak ripped from the shoulders of one of the dwarf captains was draped round his shoulders. His voice was filled with mad self-confidence as he outlined his scheme for marching on the lands of men and overthrowing their cities. Only the trolls listened, hypnotised by the crown's glitter. Their eyes, great empty pits in which tiny pupils glittered, were turned on him with fixed idiot attention.

All around drunken orcs and goblins strutted and pranced. Many clutched jacks of ale and foul orc brew in their fists. Sleekid had a plundered stumpy helm set askew upon his head. Here and there goblins fought mock duels with captured hammers. Borzag did not doubt by the time the night was over, some duels would be fought for real. Tempers would flare and word would be said. Borzag had seen it all before. Two orcs wrestled in the mud, locked in dispute over who would have possession of a captured gold chain. It was the way. To the strong went the best plunder. The weak got nothing.

From behind Borzag came a hideous gnashing of teeth and slobbering as the wyvern feasted on the last of the troll slayer corpses. Tonight it would sleep well, its belly filled with red dwarf meat. Tonight Borzag would have to be particularly careful of enemies within his own army's ranks. With the wyvern in digestive torpor, he would have one less protection against assassination.

Borzag had to admit that the stumps had fought well. He would not have expected them to hold out so long. He doubted that even black orcs would have stayed around after taking the casualties that the fanatics had inflicted. Borzag had inspected the jellied remains of one dwarf who had been hit with a steel ball. The resulting damage had been quite awesome.

Wa-Kurran emerged from the gloom. "Did you find him? Did you find the stumpy boss?" Borzag asked. The goblin shook his head. Borzag gave him a taste of boot. So Thorgrim had escaped. Well, it did not matter. Borzag was sure their paths would cross again. He could kill the stumpy chief another day. For now he was pleased. Word of this victory would spread through the woods and over the mountains to wherever orcs and goblins gathered. Soon they would flock to Gorblum's banner, and then Borzag would have an army that could trample the kingdoms of men and of dwarfs into the dust.

His day was coming. He knew it.



DOMAINS OF THE GREENSKINS

Orcs exist more or less everywhere in the Old World, in the lands to the east, and in the far north western realm of Naggaroth beyond the Sea of Chaos. Naturally there are places where Orcs are relatively concentrated and others where they are rare. In the realms of Men, for example, Orcs live only in the wildernesses, deep in the forests or high in the mountains, areas which are sparsely inhabited or where humans cannot survive at all. From their secluded hideouts they raid and rampage over the surrounding territory.

The grim truth for peace-seeking peoples is that no land is wholly safe from marauding greenskins; Orcs and Goblins exist everywhere. Some regions are far worse off than others. Orcs and Goblins don't establish kingdoms in the traditional ways of other races; greenskins are simply too disorganised, too nomadic and too inclined to fight amongst themselves to put down the roots for a nation. Nevertheless there are places, some small, some vast, where Orcs and Goblins are definitely in control. It is these wilderness realms where the greenskin tribes are most common, and when the disparate factions unite, all bordering lands face full-tilt invasion.

Most Orcs see the world as being split into two types of land: 'green' and 'da uvver bits'. A more ambitious Warboss will see things in more detail: 'my green', 'green wot is gonna be mine' and 'da uvver bits'.



If there can be said to be an Orc homeland it is probably the area between the southern Worlds Edge Mountains and the Black Mountains known as the Badlands, and the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains between Blood River and Black Fire Pass. These areas are infested with Orc tribes, and the adjoining lands of the human Border Princes are little better, although fortified human settlements maintain the presence of men on the very edge of civilisation. There are also many Orcs and Goblins inside the Old World, especially in the high mountain passes and deep forests which are virtually impenetrable by humans.

Orcs and Goblins are far more numerous in the Badlands, and in some places they are the dominant (nearly) intelligent creature. Those areas that are not complete wasteland before the arrival of Orcs are trampled into desolation shortly after. This, combined with the unquenchable Orc bloodlust, often makes tribes nomadic in nature, though greenskins will stay put for a time once they've captured a particularly large and defensible fortress. That said, even a settled tribe can leave its fortifications when a Waaagh! is called.

THE BADLANDS

The Badlands is the name given to the desolate landscape that stretches between the towering Worlds Edge Mountains in the east, the volcanic Dragonback Mountains in the west, the petty kingdoms of the Border Princes in the north and the foetid Marshes of Madness in the south. It is a land well named for it is notorious for the numerous greenskin tribes that prowl its wastes, not to mention the degenerate remnants of fallen civilisations and armies of bandits, criminals and worse. It is from this battleground that many of the most successful Orc leaders have emerged. From the Badlands Orcs move northwards into the Border Princes, a violent and battle-torn land shared by Men and Orcs, and further north still through the Black Fire Pass and into the Empire.

To venture into the Badlands is to take your life in your hands, for safe travel is impossible, even to those accompanied by a large army. Even without the inhospitable nature of its inhabitants, the Badlands are a harsh and unforgiving landscape, arid plains and wind-blasted moors. The land is littered with storm-tossed boulders and the evidence of dead civilisations; a traveller does not have to travel far before stumbling upon a ruin or a cairn... or an untimely and undoubtedly violent end. The Badlands have ever been a dangerous place, riven by conflict as many greenskin tribes claim the region as their own. Other races of the world dread to enter this notorious area, for safe travel is not possible, even when accompanied by an army. It is well known that to cross Blood River is to leave civilisation behind.

ORC FORTS

Orc forts are primitive and simple in plan and construction, often consisting of little more than a single colossal keep and an adjacent enclosure wall.

Both of these are usually rectangular in shape, crudely mocking the sturdy fortifications of the Empire and Bretonnia.

The doors of the fort are crude constructions of massive logs lashed together and reinforced with iron bands, studded with lethal spikes. The walls are made of huge boulders, rubble or mud and often have spiked stakes and timbers jutting out to deter intruders. The outside may be rendered in a mixture of mud and dung giving it a sandy brown colour, which is then daubed with Orc glyphs.

Forts tend to be captured and recaptured many times because of the constant fighting between rival tribes, and as they subsequently suffer a tremendous amount of damage an Orc fort is constantly in a state of being rebuilt. The effect of this is a very ramshackle structure although the walls are usually so thick that the fort can withstand a considerable battering. Such forts provide a refuge for scattered tribes who have gathered together under the leadership of a warlord.

To the north of the Badlands lies the Border Princes, a violent and battle-torn land of fiefs that is so frequently beset with greenskins that is considered nearly as dangerous as the Badlands themselves. The Marshes of Madness are generally considered to be the southern border of the Badlands. It is a mist-covered swamp that is trackless and virtually impossible to cross. Despite

its treacherous nature, many Goblin tribes live there, building great stilted huts or bidding their Shamans to raise islands from the deep mire. Further south, the quagmire turns into a series of low hills before becoming dry plain and finally desert. This is the northernmost tip of the Land of the Dead and many tribes of Savage Orcs can be found in this barren region. A barrier of great stone idols stands at the edge of the shifting sands. These statues were raised there by the primitive greenskins to ward off the foul spirits that plague the cursed realm to the south.

The Badlands themselves are harsh, full of boulder-strewn moors and arid steppes. Ancient ruins, barrows and cairns testify that once the land was more fertile, but now they are just a grim tribute to some mysterious long-gone human civilisation. These days the main inhabitants are Orcs and Goblins, with all manner of tribes fighting for space. The greenskins roam the plains, make ramshakle camps, and establish strongholds in a constant battle over territory. The ever-shifting borders are marked with picket lines of spiked skulls, gory battle trophies or vast tribal symbols carved into the rocky outcroppings. All across the Badlands effigies of Gork and Mork cast long shadows over the plains. Some are sculpted in stone or shaped out of piled bones, but most often the crude idols are fashioned from the heaped dung of countless greenskins. It is from this battleground that many of the most successful Orc leaders have emerged. From the Badlands Orcs move northwards into the Border Princes, a violent and battle-torn land shared by Men and Orcs, and further north still through the Black Fire Pass and into the Empire.





Geographical features often mark the boundaries in the back and forth fighting to establish dominance between tribes. To cross the carnivorous hills known as Gnasher Rocks is to enter the territory of the Gutrippaz tribe, while Bone-path, a long-dried river bed, is known to be the exclusive travel route of the Rusty Nail Goblins. Readily defensible positions form basecamps or strongholds for many tribes and are much contested sites. The rocky defile known as Deff Gorge is one such area and its many sheltering caves have lured so many greenskins to fight over it that their bones lie in great heaps at the mouth of the pass. These gruesome mounds are topped with tattered banners bearing the symbols of Deff Gorge's current residents, at once a proud proclamation of ownership and a challenge to all-corners. The feeding is so rich in the area that a host of carrion birds can be seen circling above the landmark, eagerly awaiting their next meal of tough, green flesh.

It is not unusual for territories to switch hands in swift succession and many temporary alliances are struck between neighbouring tribes. Given their fractious nature, it is not surprising that such alliances are short-lived, often ending with mid-battle betrayals or sudden assaults to claim all the loot. It is popular amongst dominant tribes to demand tithes from others that wish to cross that particular stretch of bare ground. This is, perhaps, a trait picked up from the Ogres that periodically attempt to entrench themselves in the Badlands. This toll racket sometimes works, especially against Goblin tribes or foolhardy merchants, but most Orc groups are more eager to fight than part with plunder. Any who enter the Badlands had better be prepared for battle.

Since the infamous Battle of Blackfire Pass when Sigmar and his foundling Empire hurled back an enormous greenskin invasion, the Badlands have been infested with greenskins of all kinds. Unable to gain a permanent foothold in the lands of the Empire, Orc and Goblin tribes have made their lairs across the Border

Princes, the Badlands and the vast mountain ranges that encircle those barren lands. The Dragonback Mountains in particular have long been a locus of greenskin activity, and the largest peak of them all, Mount Bloodhorn, has become something of a spiritual home to the tribes in the area. Yet this wretched fortress is far from the only greenskin lair, and warbands regularly roam from Iron Rock in the far north, Crooked Fang Fort in the east and Misty Mountain in the south. Although barren and blasted, the Badlands are not devoid of natural features and landmarks, from the impregnable fortress of Barak Varr in the north to the sinister and haunted remnants of the dead city of Morgheim.

Iron Rock

One of the most advantageous positions in the Badlands is the Iron Rock. It is a mountain formed of molten iron, vomited from the bowels of the earth during some ancient upheaval, resting in the western shadows of Thunder Mountain. The Dwarfs first discovered the mountain's rich seams and created a labyrinth of partially finished mineworks, but before they could extract the valuable resources held within, the Orcs arrived. Despite the Dwarfs' continued claim to the mountain, for over 800 years it has remained firmly in greenskin hands.

Many famous tribes have made this fortress their base over the years. The legendary Warboss, Gorbad Ironclaw, forever secured Iron Rock's dominance of the northern tribes by defeating Crusher Zorgoth and so uniting both Ironclaws and Broken Tooth tribes into a powerful tribal union that has subjugated the area ever since.



**When da red fire mountain starts to glow, pack
da camp – it's time ta go!**

What Passes for a Wise Orc Proverb

Another such disputed site, although one perhaps less prestigious, is the place called the Stinking Geysers. This is an unstable and malodorous area that Goblin tribes risk as a base, feeling that no one in their right mind would attack them there. Finally, in the centre of the plains stands Crooked Fang Fort, an ominous, rocky lair in the shape of a great Orc's skull that rises up to dominate the barrens. The tribe that controls its high ground has been able to rule over large swathes of surrounding lands.

Mount Bloodhorn

The mightiest mountain in the Dragonbacks is known as Mount Bloodhorn. It towers above the surrounding land like a vast monolith of terrifying magnitude. But the mountain's majestic appearance belies its fell reputation – Mount Bloodhorn has long been the spiritual home to the many tribes of greenskins that dwell in the Badlands. It is a greenskin stronghold swarming with Orcs that exerts its influence over the whole mountain chain and deep into the south of the Badlands. Deep in the mountain, within these cavernous chambers the residents of Mount Bloodhorn farm its greatest export, Cave Squigs. Squigs are bred here in their thousands and thus Night Goblins, whose Squig-herding expertise is unsurpassed, are also prevalent.

Before the coming of the Orcs, the mountain was mined by the Dwarfs from the settlement of Ekrund, nestled into the mountainside. The Dwarfs dug deep into the rock, creating a tunnel network that joined with naturally occurring caves, which the Orcs would later use to turn the mountain into a fortress. Few adventurers dare to travel beneath the mountain's



shadow, and fewer still brave the perilous trail up to the abandoned mining settlement of Ekrund, despite persistent rumours of the treasures that lie within. But recent events have drawn the warring armies of the Badlands to the very gates of the stronghold to stake their claim.

Stormhenge

No one knows for sure when, and indeed, how, the ancient structure known as Stormhenge was created. Even the Orcs, prevalent throughout the Badlands, give these concentric henges a wide birth. It is thought by some that the pillars are part of a device that funnels the Winds of Magic, channelling them directly into one host, should they stand on the central column. However, this has never been confirmed, for those few Wizards who have been brave – or foolish – enough to stand upon the central pillar have never survived to recount their experience.

Giant Stomping Grounds

Giants are common the world over; although usually found in highlands and striding the sides of mountains, in the Badlands many Giants have been seen wandering the foothills of the Dragonbacks. Although no one is entirely sure why there is such a dense Giant population in the area, rumours of a break out from the Giant holding pens of the Bloody Hand Tribe about three decades past cannot be discounted as the origin.

The Dragonback Mountains

To the east of the Black Gulf rise the mighty Dragonbacks. A mountain chain that may not rival the Worlds Edge Mountains in size, but is no less dangerous as it is crawling with greenskins, Giants and Trolls. As with many mountainous areas, this was once a realm of the Dwarfs but, like an unstoppable green tide, they were overcome by rampaging Orcs, and so the Dragonback Dwarfs were lost to history.

Morgheim

At the heart of the Marshes of Madness lies the Necropolis known as Morgheim. Once the capital of the Strigoi, Mourkain was founded by Kadon shortly after he fell under the dominion of the Crown of Sorcery. At one point the Strigoi realm reached to the Black Gulf, all controlled from Mourkain. The Orcs were far from happy at being pushed from the ancestral lands and joined together in a great Waaagh! Led by Warboss Garsnag Craktoof, Mourkain was sacked, and the power of the Strigoi broken forever. Now known as Morgheim, the city may no longer exert its control across the Badlands but is still a formidable place of lost power.

The Serpent's Fang

As well as countless tribes of Orcs & Goblins, the Badlands have long been home to an assortment of outcasts, criminals and other ne'er do wells. In the dark ruins that litter the landscape, cultists often gather far from the prying eyes of the authorities, practicing their sinister rituals until inevitable betrayal becomes their



undoing. The Serpent's Fang was once home to just such a cult, the Cult of the Crimson Serpent, a group of Slaanesh worshippers who briefly wreaked havoc upon surrounding settlements until a group of itinerant warriors slew them.

The Pillar of Bone

When a storm of magic ravages the land, Arcane Fulcrums rise to meet it, great supernatural pillars from the top of which a mage can attempt to harness the magical energies raging all around. Usually, when the storm abates, the fulcrums crumble away, sinking back into the earth. Sometimes, however, the land is so wracked with sorcery that the Arcane Fulcrum remains long after the storm has passed. The Pillar of Bone is one such structure, a smooth-sided tower seemingly made from solid bone. Although the magic that once howled around its pinnacle has now subsided, a mage who sits atop the tower can still harness a glimmer of that power, scrying the future or plucking lost knowledge from the past.

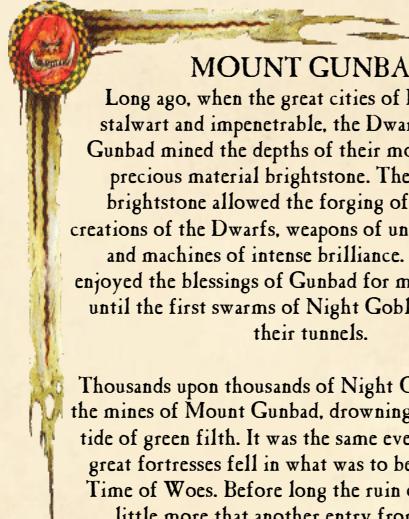
Skull River

Named not so much for the bones of the dead that litter its river bed, but for the leering skull-headed piranhas that haunt its shores and can strip the flesh from an Ogre in under a minute.

Wyvern Cliffs

Even to those that have no knowledge of events that gave the Wyvern Cliffs their name, it is perhaps unsurprising to any who learn that there was indeed a Wyvern involved and, yes, there was a slaughter. When one delves a little deeper into the history of that sorry event, it all came about when a sneaky Goblin, Furgit Gutslasha, tried to impress his Orc overlord by climbing Iron Rock and make off with a Wyvern

hatchling to present as a gift to his master. Suffice to say that the maternally outraged mother was not impressed, and proceeded to annihilate the entire greenskin tribe. Ironically, it is rumoured that only Furgit himself escaped the ensuing massacre. The escaped Wyverns have roosted in the cliffs ever since.



Thousands upon thousands of Night Goblins flooded the mines of Mount Gunbad, drowning the Dwarfs in a tide of green filth. It was the same everywhere; many great fortresses fell in what was to be known as the Time of Woes. Before long the ruin of Gunbad was little more than another entry from that age's interminable list of grudges, and few Dwarfs would even venture within sight of its forbidding peak.

Although triumphant in their conquering of the Dwarf hold, the Redeye Night Goblins were hardly undisturbed in their new fortress. From the depths of the mountain great energies called out to those who would seek them, and the Night Goblins soon found an army of malevolent constructs and rotting corpses shambling up from below the world. Beating back their gruesome new foe, the Night Goblins thought themselves secure, and a sprawling city more suited to their tastes soon was built atop the Dwarf ruins and the powerful twisting energies below.

THE WORLDS EDGE MOUNTAINS

Once the exclusive realm of the Dwarfs, the mighty peaks and valleys of the Worlds Edge Mountains have become infested with greenskins. Orc tribes travel the passes and make camps on the steep slopes, while the countless caves and tunnels that riddle the mountains have become the abode of Night Goblins. Dwarf mines, strongholds, cities and great underground workings have been ruthlessly plundered over thousands of years. The Night Goblins are particularly adept at subterranean living and for them there is nothing so prestigious as taking over and dwelling in one of the grand ancestral halls of 'da stunties', as Dwarfs are known.

These strongholds contain fabulous riches and matchless stores of arms, not to mention plenty of space for mushroom-growing. They would provide somewhat idyllic homes for the troglodyte Night Goblins, were it not for the attentions of the halls' former owners.

There are many famous greenskin strongholds in the Worlds Edge Mountains, which riddled with old Dwarf mines and the cruder tunnels of Night Goblins. The ruins of the old Dwarf city of Karak Varn, which overlook the Black Water, are an infamous haunt of monsters and evil creatures of all kinds: its slopes home to Orcs and its deep tunnels the preserve of Night Goblins. Now known as Crag Mere, the lower levels have been taken over by Trolls and vile ratmen, although all fear the waters, which hold many dark and mutated things. To the north lies Red Eye Mountain, once a Dwarven stronghold named Karak Ungor or Delvin Hold. Long ago it fell to the greenskins, although the Orcs soon abandoned the area, leaving it in the possession of the many Night Goblins, and

making it the most notorious Night Goblin stronghold north of Mad Dog Pass. The name of the ruinous stronghold is taken from the Red Eye tribes whose crude symbol is daubed on the old Dwarf gates and the rocks nearby. The sign of the Red Eye is that of the biggest and most dangerous confederation of Goblin tribes whose warriros raid far into the eastern provinces of the Empire.

ORC FORT OF BLACK CRAG

And thus we came to the once great fortress whose name in the ancient times was Karak Drazh. Though four thousand years had passed since the halls of this stronghold rang with the song of Dwarf hammers and anvils, we still remember it in the sagas and ballads.

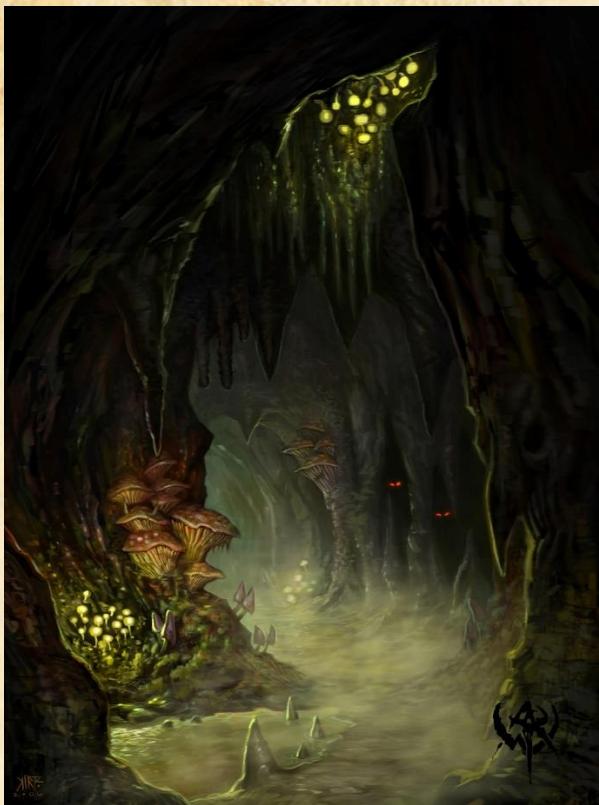
Desecrated statues of our ancestor gods laid broken around the gates, cast down by the cruel invaders. The ramparts and battlements of Karak Drazh, once the pride of Dwarf masonry, were now studded with iron spikes and crudely carved leering faces of evil creatures.

The stench of offal and corpses lay about the stronghold of the cursed Orc Warlord and the heads of our kinsmen were impaled on spikes, their beards cut off as a final insult. Many of my companions shook their fists in anger and swore terrible oaths against the blasphemous greenskins.

Bravely I and my eleven companions marched forward, ready to avenge our brothers in the name of Gimnir and Grungni, the Father of Forges.

Report of Gimnir Halfhand to King Kazador after the failed attempt to reclaim Karak Drazh.





Most famous of all is Karak Eight Peaks. Once a vast Dwarfen city built in a natural amphitheatre ringed by eight high mountains, it now lies in ruins and is home to a multitude of spiteful Night Goblins and chittering Skaven. Thousands of years ago, this jewel of the Dwarf empire was besieged in battles that lasted centuries. At long last, the Dwarfs fled and the remaining levels were sacked. For the Skaven and greenskins, the battle for ownership was just beginning. To this day, the peaks, upper levels and surface ruins are dominated by the Night Goblins of the Crooked Moon tribe whose leader, Skarsnik, is the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks. Those lower reaches not collapsed or still hidden by Dwarfen runnes of obfuscation are ruled by the Skaven of Clan Mors. The bitter fighting between the Night Goblins and the Skaven has recently been complicated by the return of the Dwarfs. A strong contingent of Dwarfs, under King Belegar, has forced re-entry into Karak Eight Peaks, seeking to reclaim their ancient dwellings. Through much loss, they have established a heavily fortified colony there, although it is unknown how long they can last against the endless spite of Skarsnik.

Further south still the mountains between Mad Dog Pass and the quiescent volcano of Fire Mountain are riddled with the lairs of Goblins and Orcs. The mountain passes that cross the towering Worlds Edge Mountains have long been highly contested. Orcs in particular have learned that to control such treacherous highland routes is a quick way to gain riches – either by charging exorbitant tithes to cross or by simply beating and robbing any who attempt the passage (and often both). Most of the major passes are guarded by formidable defensive works at both ends. Mad Dog Pass is overlooked by the crude forts of Goblins, while

Black Crag is a vast Orc stronghold which guards the western entrance to Death Pass, which leads from the Badlands to the Dark Lands. Even invading armies of fellow greenskins are forced to meet the heavy toll (often in captives, useful as both slaves and food!). Those wishing to cross without paying must either find an alternative route or lay siege to past the dreadful gates, crude battlements and steep defiles that have formed a death trap for many armies over the years.

THE DARK LANDS

To the east of the Worlds Edge Mountains, over Mad Dog Pass and Death Pass are the Dark Lands, a region of desolation. Here can be found the smoke-spewing realm of the Chaos Dwarfs, wandering warbands of Ogres, Skaven hordes searching for fallen warpstone, foul monsters beyond description and, naturally, Orcs and Goblins.

The grim landscape of the Dark Lands is unforgiving and to carve out a name here, or even just survive, a tribe must be especially hardy. It is no surprise to find so many Black Orcs living in the Dark Lands. According to greenskin lore, the Black Orcs originated from this land of ruin and it is undeniable that their fierce kind are more common in the Dark Lands and along its eastern border, the Mountains of Mourn. Black Orcs are certainly more common in the eastern part of their territory, in the Dark Lands themselves, and in the Worlds Edge Mountains adjoining the Badlands. There are also many primitive hunting packs of Savage Orcs, who stalk the savage beastss in this most remote of wastelands. The Stone-fangz tribe can be found roaming the foothills of the Ash Ridge Mountains, where they have mastered the art of trapping large monsters in the bubbling tar pits that ooze up from the ground there. The volcano-worshipping Skull-stackaz tribe travels back and forth across the plains, attracted by the red glow of new eruptions that glow ominously through the murk.



Da Fort

(From an obscure Orcy chant of the Red Eye tribe)
Dere iz nine an' sixty sorts of Orcy tribal forts.
An' every single one of 'em is square!
If yer want's ter know da trick,
Yer jus' builds em fast an' thick,
An' wiv 'alf a ton o' dung, da job is nearly done!

Chorus: Oi! Get orf my rampart!

Note – It gains a lot in the translation.

Goblins can be found in the Dark Lands too, most notably many tribes of Wolf Riders. These highly mobile tribes so dominate the ash plains east of Mad Dog Pass that the region is known as the Wolf Lands. To the southeast of Crookback Mountain rises Mount Grey Hag, a Goblin lair that looms high into the foreboding sky. This is a key waystop for the nomadic trader tribes that dare to wind their long caravans all the way to the far east, in search of slaves, exotic wares and new victims to swindle. The Dark Lands are also the furthest west that Hobgoblins can be found. Far to the east there are rumours of a wide kingdom ruled by the Great Hobgobbala Khan, but in the Dark Lands the Hobgoblins are merely reviled as the willing lackeys of the Chaos Dwarfs. While Hobgoblins are kin to Goblins, they are considered capricious and self-serving, even by Orc and Goblin standards. Therefore, Hobgoblins are never found in Orc & Goblin armies, and members of this notoriously backstabbing sub-species are often slain on sight.

Some of the largest and most destructive Waaags! the world has ever known have begun in the Dark Lands. Its near-permanent twilight is a dangerous breeding ground of vast size. The land is a crucible from which emerge many of the most ferocious tribes and war leaders. When these battle-hardened armies fight through the passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains and into the Old World, they can start an avalanche of destruction, resulting in a mighty Waaagh!

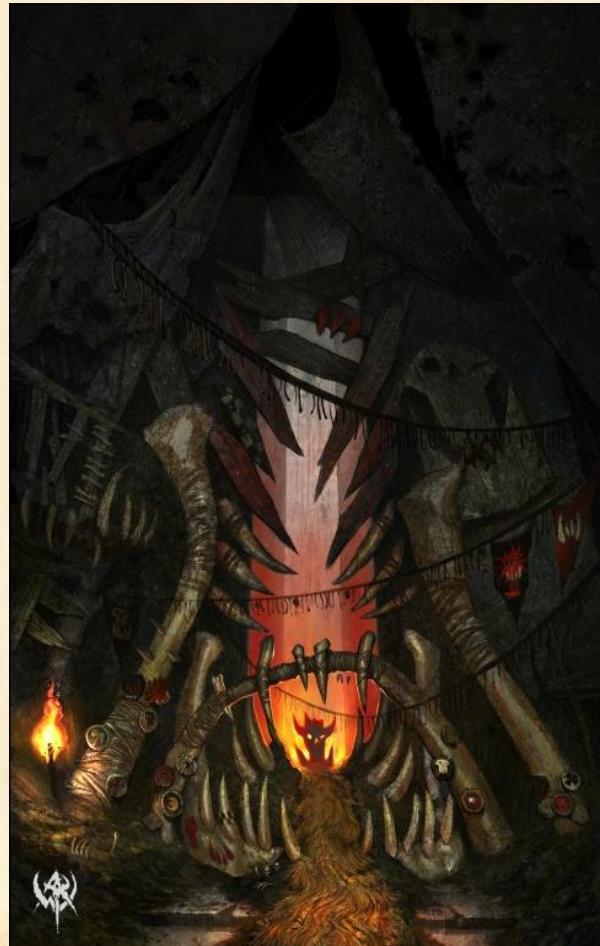
NO LANDS UNTOUCHED

There are myriad smaller greenskin domains scattered across the world. Many of these Orc and Goblin enclaves were once part of a Waaagh! that gained footholds in new lands after the invasion's inevitable dissolution. Such pockets of greenskins are not unlike debris washed to a new locale by raging floodwaters. Sometimes these survivors are hunted and exterminated, or die fighting each other, but sometimes these greenskin offshoots take root and thrive. There, in seclusion, the greenskins adapt, multiply and become strong again. In this way some tribes grow distinct whilst re-sporing in their newfound and remote surroundings.

Within the Empire, the largest and most powerful human nation, lie many secluded greenskin lairs from which are launched innumerable raids. Along with scattered Orc tribes, the deep woods are home to the

Forest Goblins. It was in these arboreal depths that Goblins first encountered the enormous spiders that hunt those treacherous regions. Over the ages the Forest Goblins have developed a close and disturbing relationship with these eight-legged denizens, even coming to worship them. The Black Pit, also called the Valley of Many Eyes, is the breeding grounds for the largest of spiders and a sacred site for those that worship the Spidergod. It can be found in the depths of the Drakwald and it is a death sentence to pass the web-covered spider-totems that mark its boundaries. Beyond the forests, even the vast riverways of the Empire offer no respite from greenskins. Periodically a Warboss will turn into a pirate 'kaptin', plying the miles-wide waters at the head of a ramshackle flotilla of ships. The Imperial Navy ruthlessly destroys such greenskin armadas, but more always arise.

The Troll Country north of Kislev is a barren wilderness inhabited by brigands and monsters including, as its name suggests, many wild and savage Trolls. Trolls are not the only monsters to be found there, but they are one of the few creatures able to thrive in this grim and hostile land. In the Troll Country Chaos warbands fight each other for supremacy and Orc armies gather their strength to invade south. On numerous occasions massive Orc armies have swept down from the north, destroying the towns and cities of Kislev and invading the northern provinces of the Empire. Particularly battle-worn Orc tribes even dare the Northern Wastes.





The Grey Mountains, the inhospitable range that divides the human realms of the Empire and Bretonnia, are a notorious lair for greenskins. Night Goblins have wormed their way through the tunnelled network of underground highways created by the Dwarfs. Further westwards, a range of mountains in Bretonnia are so infamous for harbouring Orcs that they have been named the Massif Orcal. Throughout Bretonnian history, these highlands have proven a nearly endless source of trouble for the realm and, despite many gallant forays, it seems that the infestation can never be wholly vanquished.

In the far west, beyond the Old World and the Elven Kingdoms of Ulthuan, the Orcs and Goblins of Naggaroth are the descendants of captives taken by the Dark Elves many thousands of years ago. At one time the Witch King forced many tribes to fight for the Dark Elves in their wars against the High Elves, although in truth the Orcs took little persuading. Since that time many independent Orc and Goblin tribes have taken root in the forests and mountains of that cold land. Goblins of this region, often called Frost Goblins, have tunnelled lairs into still-moving glaciers, and fur-clad Orcs hunt lumbering beasts in the remote pine forests. Sometimes the Orcs ally with the Dark Elves, but they are creatures of shifting loyalties, and are equally likely to attack their erstwhile allies and rampage through the Dark Elf lands. The Witch King's people have suffered more from greenskins than they ever gained from their enslaved armies and will slay any Orc or Goblin they find, without mercy.

In the Southlands the jungle canopies reverberate to Savage Orc drums. The equatorial jungles of the Warhammer world are hot and inhospitable places full of exotic reptilian monsters. Orcs do not generally get on well in hot climates and those that live south of the Badlands suffer greatly from the maddening effect of strong sunlight on their brains. The most comprehensive accounts of the Southlands are those pieced together by Tilean explorers. These eager

opportunists ate ever on the lookout for undiscovered, unclaimed or at least unguarded riches. The lure of legendary lost civilisations burdened with surplus gold is strong enough to ensure that expeditions leave regularly from the ports of Tiles. Few ever return, and those that do rarely bring anything other than reports of Savage Orc tribes whose principle diet consists of each other supplemented by the occasional Tilean explorer. According to these tales the greatest tribe in those lands is known as the Waaagh-Waaagh whose language is based solely on the single word 'Waaagh', the actual meaning of which varies only according to the volume and determination with which it is voiced.

Even Distant Lustria has been invaded and, on numerous occasions, greenskins have clashed with the cold-blooded denizens of that jungle realm. If there are safe havens from Orcs and Goblins in the world, it is only because the greenskins have not found them yet – any greenskin Warboss worth his iron-shod boots regards the entire world as his stompin' ground.

BUTCHER'S PASS

The fortress of Butcher's Pass is a sprawling settlement as large as any castle town. Original the greenskins there simply occupied the remains of the Dwarf keep there, but eventually they grew so numerous that they began adding onto the ruins wherever they could. More and more huts and towers sprung up with the ruins, and the central keep grew larger and larger, rising from fort to fortress in a matter of week. Now nearly three keeps built atop one another, the central bastion of Butcher's Pass is both the home of its boss, Grumtusk Da Ravager, as well as a mammoth fighting pit.

At such rambling dimensions, the fortifications of Butcher's Pass should prove impenetrable attackers, for even if they were to breach the walls, few would have any idea where to go or what to attack next.





The wind howled along the cliff top, and dark clouds billowed across the coast. The sky shook with mighty cracks of thunder, and lightning danced down from the clouds to the tumultuous ocean. Two diminutive figures crouched in the lee of a massive rock, their small, squeaky voices cutting through the turmoil from the skies.

"ere Skragnoze, wot's da difference between Skabby da Shaman and da drops?"

"Duno, Ratchitt, tell me."

"One of dem's da drops, an da uuver one smells an' is full..."

Ratchitt's punchline was drowned out as a bolt of lightning smashed the rock in two, leaving the two Goblins clasping each other in terror.

"Ratchitt, 'ow comes we're out 'ere on watch? Nobody's gonna come, are dey?"

In reply, Ratchitt let out a high-pitched wail. He stood bolt-upright and pointed out over the foaming sea.

"Dere's an ooge carsel sailin' inn a bay!"

"Yooze been drin Skabby's potions again, ain't ya! Ev'ryone knos dat carsels can't... Zoggin' 'eck, yer right! Go an' tell da boss!"

Ratchitt set off running towards the beacon, the Dark Elf Black Ark gliding into the bay behind him, the water wound it churning with the dark magical energies which kept it afloat. As he reached the crest of the cliff, Ratchitt turned around to see what was happening. The shore was crowded with tall figures swathed in cloaks of black and purple. As he watched, he saw them trap Skragnoze. What happened next made him quite ill.



The frantic Goblin was running all around da boss' hut, chattering frantically.

"Boss, boss, deyz comin!" cried the Goblin.

"Deyz comin?" said da boss, looking bemused.

"Yeah boss, da pointy earz."

"Da pointy earz?" he replied, still none the wiser.

"But dese iz not like da normal pointy earz, dese 'ave got purple skirtz an' sharp pointy 'atz," The frantic Goblin began to break down into tears. "An' dey got Skragnoze, an' dey pulled iz arm off, an den dey chop iz legz off, an' den some girly pointy earz wiv 'ardly any cloves on cut iz 'eart owt wiv a dead wicked, sharp knife!"

Da boss laid a consoling arm on the Goblin's shoulder and led him toward the door of his hut. He gave the Gobbo a friendly boot up the bum to see him on his way, and sat down on a pile of furs to think. The boss' brow was knitted with the effort of deep concentration. This news could only mean one thing – Dark Elves!

"Normally most of da boyz won't ave anyfing to do wiv Skabby da Shaman, mainly cos 'e doesn't use da drops regular like, an 'e stinks a bit. Dat iz why 'e lives owt on iz own. 'Owever, Skabby is ded good at blastin' da skumbos in a battle, an gettin rid of da boils on da bosses bum after 'e's been owt ridin' 'is boar.

Even though he can be a bit of a moody git, you 'ave decided to pull back to Skabby's hut and ask 'im to help fight da pointy earz! Dere are two routes to Skabby's hut, one through da jungle and one through da swamp, hopefully we'll lose da pointy earz on the way!"

As the sun rose from behind the distant jungle, two figures climbed to the top of the village watch tower: the Orcs' Warboss and his Gobbo sidekick.

"Dis is it Ratchitt, da big 'un," said the Warboss. "I'z got all da boyz fired up ready to fight to da last. Are your ladz ready too?"

Ratchitt pricked his thumb with the end of his spear indicating that he and the other Gobbos had spent the night sharpening their weapons. The Warboss looked out from the tower across the jungle and swamp.

In the distance the Dark Elf camp could be seen, its sacrificial fires burning. The stench of burnt flesh drifted over the Orc village, while tortured screams could be heard in the distance. "Dis a grim bisniss ya know..." said the Warboss, speaking more to himself than to his faithful Gobbo helper, "...fighting wars wiv no loot involved, it would never 'ave, happened in Morglum's day yer know. Always loot involved wen Morglum went ta war. Aah dose were da days. Anyway ole Snazzrot up Blood-eye Pass way should 'ave got da message by now an tomorrow we'z gonna giv' dem pointy, earz a zoggin' good hidin". The Warboss turned, to see that Ratchitt had fallen asleep leaning against his spear. "Oi get up yer lazy runt, ya s'posed to be on watch!"



A BLOODY HISTORY

Some races record their history, preserving for posterity the great deeds of the past. The history of the Orcs and Goblins, as recorded by Men, Elves and Dwarfs, is an account of the rise and fall of huge tribes, that he fought against them. Only the really big and powerful tribes impinge upon Human or Dwarf history. As such it is a fragmented – but spectacularly bloody – account, punctuated by occasions when the whole of the Old World stood on the brink of destruction.

For their own part, Orcs and Goblins don't care about history. For untold centuries the might of the Orcs has battered the cities of Men. Dwarfs and Elves. Great has been the slaughter, but even so the names of all but a few are lost in the mists of time. It takes a particularly ambitious, powerful or lucky greenskin to be added to the few great heroes of his race. However, once they have ascended to the status of Azzag and Grom they are assured a place in Orc legend as their feats of battle are told and retold round countless campfires by their Shamans. Orcs and Gobbos aren't much good at remembering exact dates and times, but they like hearing about bloodshed and great victories and can recall where and how they got each scar, although they need lots of gory details to hold their limited attention span. A Shaman can rouse some interest with inspired bits of pantomime brawling, but more powerful Shamans go a step further, working themselves into a trance while describing battles of long ago. They assume manifold voices, and ghostly green images project above their furrowed brows. These vivid magical effects allow onlookers to witness the carnage and to hear the sounds of battle, and the thrill of the spectacle provides the Shaman with more power. In this way, greenskin history is kept alive (at least the victorious battle scenes anyway – no Orc likes a loser).

The Shamans themselves remember little of such episodes, simply saying they were travelling in 'da Great Green'. Whether they are reporting back events as they actually happened long ago, tapping into some racial memory or simply focusing the violent thoughts of their comrades is unknown. Greenskins find such projections exciting and a Shaman who can show such glorious battles provides entertainment around camp that is rivalled only by pit-fights, Goblin-invented torture games or watching a Giant play a match of Dwarf Skittles.

Orc & Goblin history is replete with more stories of brutal greenskin invasion than you can swing a Snotling at (which is a fair few, as Snotlings are eminently swingable), from Grom the Paunch and Skarsnik to Morglum Necksnapper and Gorfang Rotgut and many more besides. What follows here are some of the more famous (as well as some of the rather less famous) Waaaghs! to have troubled the nations of the Old World.

Orcs ruled the whole of the Old World as well as the lands far to the east and south. The various tribes fought, conquered and absorbed each other in one huge glorious battle that lasted for countless centuries. 'Countless' because Orcs were and remain in a state of uncompromising savagery having mastered neither writing nor counting beyond three. This happily bloodthirsty state of affairs lasted until the human tribes united together with the Dwarfs to drive the Orcs from the lands west of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

THE BATTLE OF BLACK FIRE PASS

As the best invasion route from the Badlands, time and again Black Fire Pass has featured prominently in many tales. Black Fire Pass was formed between the Black Mountains and the Worlds Edge Mountains. It is the main route between the lands of the Border Princes, the ancient Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak and Averland, the southernmost province of the Empire. It has been the site of many battles throughout the bloody course of its history, but none more significant than the first one fought there.

Before the time of Sigmar the lands west of the Worlds Edge Mountains were as much a realm of Orcs as they were of Men. The tribes of Men were divided amongst themselves, with embittered rivalries and long feuds leading to constant warfare and raiding. The Orc and Goblin tribes were engaged in their own wars against each other and against the tribes of Men, so the whole land was dangerous and strife torn. In the Worlds Edge Mountains the Night Goblins were multiplying deep within their tunnels, and most of the ancient subterranean realm of the Dwarfs was in the possession of Orcs and Goblins.





From out of this turmoil emerged Sigmar, a great leader of Men and the founder of the Empire. Sigmar united the human tribes and forged a mighty army to rid the land of Orcs and claim it for his own. After many battles the Orcs were driven north into the Forest of Shadows and deep into the Great Forest itself. In the east, many old Dwarf holds were cleared out, and the power of the Orcs was broken for many years. It was a terrible time for the Orcs, who suffered defeat after defeat and never found a leader of their own to equal Sigmar.

Eventually the Orcs sent to the east for reinforcements, and a huge Orc army headed up towards the Black Fire Pass from the Badlands, which in those days encompassed the whole of the area which would come to be known as the Border Princes. The Orc army destroyed a small scouting force of Dwarfs who were unlucky enough to be caught at the eastern end of the pass. Wild with their easy victory, the Orc army advanced quickly into the pass itself, taking little care to scout ahead or leave a rearguard to protect its line of march.



The ensuing conflict is the most famous battle in all of the history of Men, the Battle of Black Fire Pass. A newly forged alliance of Men and Dwarfs engaged the invading greenskin army at the western end of the pass. Unable to bring their superior numbers to bear, the Orcs and Goblins were defeated and scattered. The ensuing victory was the epoch-changing event that allowed Sigmar, the leader of the Men, to found the nation that would become the Empire. It was not the end of the Orcs of course, and in the following years Sigmar took the battle deep into the forests and mountains, rooting out Goblin strongholds and driving his enemies ever deeper into the wilds.

WAAAGH! GREYTUSK

The Black Orc Warlord known as Greytusk was a legend in the mountain range of Massif Orcal. His skin was such a dark green it was almost coal-black, and he ensured his piecemeal armour was soot-black too, rendering him almost invisible in the dark of night. His entire tribe followed his example, as did the Goblins of the nearby peaks, painting themselves from head to toe in thick tar and pitch. Thus camouflaged, the entire Waaagh! slaughtered their way across Bretonnia, always attacking at night to ensure the maximum confusion. Unfortunately the Waaagh! was so successful that the greenskins took to bellowing their new warcry, 'Youse can't see us!', at the top of their voices before each attack. This eventually led to their downfall when the Waaagh! approached the borders of Athel Loren. A few well-placed flaming arrows set the crusted pitch and tar aflame, bathing the greenskins into blazing light and putting the lie to the Waaagh!'s new motto.

WAAAGH! BASHUM

More through luck than judgment, the Black Skullz tribe, led by the mighty (and lucky) Orc Warlord Grashrak Bashum, penetrated the mountains bordering the Land of the Dead, and dropped down onto the fertile Plain of Tuskers in the Southlands. Here they met a foe Warboss Bashum had no idea even existed – the Lizardmen. The warlike Orcs decided that here, far from home, was a place they could fight and plunder to their hearts' content.

In typical Orcy fashion, Warboss Bashum set about plundering the sites the Lizardmen held most dear. It wasn't long before the Mage-priests dispatched a sizable force to expel their new neighbours from the Plain of Tuskers. The battle that followed is not recorded in any written history, but tales are told of that day wherever Orcs and Goblins gather, for it was a battle to make Gork and Mork proud.

WAAAGH! KLUTTAFUNKLE

Skrud Kluttafunkle wasn't the brightest Orc and it was said that even Trolls could outthink him. However, Skrud did most of his talking with his massive axe and his brutality alone was enough to unite a slew of tribes in the Badlands to fight beneath his banner. None questioned his might or determination, but Waaagh! Kluttafunkle was ended when many refused to follow their leader when he attempted to wade north across the raging Blood River. Some say he was swept away, others say he drowned, yet a few greenskins persist that Skrud lives on and will re-emerge from those waters one day, simply too stubborn to die, and too stupid to drown.

WAAAGH! FUNGLUS

Most Waaaghs! are led by an Orc of some kind, as they exhibit the size, strength and will o drive the tribes forward. Yet Waaagh! Funglus was an exception, largely because there were no Orcs around. The Blackcaps tribe of Night Goblins had long eked out a living in the tunnels of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Tired of paying a steep tithe to the Ogre tribe that had settled in their area, the Black Caps were persuaded to confront their tormentors by their Shaman, Funglus the Mad. Widely regarded as insane, even by shamanistic standards, Funglus had eaten so many magic mushrooms his eyes permanently bulged. Although unable to walk in a straight line, Funglus could blast any foe with potent magics and, it must be admitted, had an un-goblin-like resolve to attack foes that were looking! After summoning a leering moon face to obliterate most of the Ogres in the Battle of Pitch Black, an endless tide of Night Goblins flocked to fight beneath Funglus. He might be mad, but he won battles.

WAAAGH! UGGAH

Uggah Skullcracker, the hulking Warboss of the Shrunken Headz tribe, has one over-riding vision – he wants to amass enough severed heads into a single pile so that he can climb into the sky and challenge Gork to an 'eadbutting contest. This desire came to Uggah during the three-day delirium he suffered after being launched skyward by the club of the tribe's Giant, who accidentally caught Uggah with the backswing of one of his most prodigious clouts. Since awakening, Uggah has 'eadbutted everyone he has encountered, starting with that very same Giant.

To gather the necessary heads, Uggah leads his tribe of Savage Orcs and a host of other greenskins that have joined the Waaagh! on a bloody trail. Wurrzag, da Great Green Prophet, has given his (strange and often incoherent) blessings to Uggah, and even joins the Waaagh! from time to time. They have rampaged as far south as the Undead-haunted ruins of Numas and far east into the Worlds Edge Mountains. He has brought back many heads, including those greenskins that didn't join him, the large specimens belonging to several Ogre tribes, the bearded heads of many Dwarfs and the ready-flensed skulls of countless undead minions. All are boiled, shrunk, and stacked ceremoniously about

one of the great Barrier Idols that mark the southern edge of the Badlands. Uggah has already piled heads toweringly high and reckons he must be over halfway there.

WAAAGH! THOKKA

Everyone remembers the Warboss of the Deff Grindaz tribe as Thokka Thump. This probably wasn't his original name, but it was the sound his heavy chariot made when it ground over the opposition. During the great Waaagh! Thokka this sound became so prevalent across the rolling hills of Wissenland that many greenskins flocked to join the ever-victorious hordes. Thokka favoured speed, hitting ability, and then driving over the ruined remains of his defeated foes, revelling in the gores-plattering squelches!

In order to keep up with the fast-moving Waaagh! most of the greenskins were mounted, whether atop giant wolves, angry boars or scuttling spiders. The centre of the army was always formed of a wedge of Orc Boar Chariots accompanied by a clattering host of lighter wolf-drawn chariots bearing Goblins and even a few of the bizarre, but effective Snotling Pump Wagons (the runties being especially pumped up to be in the Waaagh!). The few Boyz mobs on foot that accompanied the host were especially strong-legged, although they often grumbled about getting to eat only da leavins Waaagh! Thokka was eventually halted when it ran up against a fully deployed and well-sighted army out of NuIn. Yet the rumours of the Waaagh's! many successes are sure to travel far and wide and it's only a matter of time before a speed-fiend of a Warboss assembles another such swift-moving army.





DA EIGHT-LEGGED WAAAGH!

When the men of the Empire encroached too closely to the Black Pit, the sacred breeding site and holy grounds of the Spider-god, the many interfighting tribes of Forest Goblins put aside their differences to launch a savage counter-attack. Known to the men of the Empire as the Battle Beneath the Drakwald, these battles still rage on to this day. There, Snagla Grobspit can be found, his mob of Deff Creepers earning the reputation of being able to sneak out of any shadow, and kill anything that walks.



THE BURNING WAAAGH!

Grok Blackscab was a vicious Orc who rose to lead the infamous Skorcher Mob, and finally, the entire Burning Skull tribe. Famed for their prodigious acts of wanton destruction, the Skorcher Mob were notorious plunderers who could strip a town or enemy army of its riches in no time at all. They were a thorough lot, loathe to leave any potential scrap of loot behind, making sure that they'd pillaged every gold tooth and stray barnyard animal, before setting fires with their torches. Billowing black clouds marked their progress and in their wake were left only smouldering embers. After Blackscab took over the tribe, a favoured trick of his was to order all the archers – from the fast-riding Wolf Riders to the massed Night Goblins – to use flaming arrows, the better to get a fire goin'. Blackscab and the Burning Skull tribe had great success in the southern Empire, where he burnt many of the oldest towns and villages of the Reikland. As his growing

Waaagh! pushed through Axebite Pass, much impetus was lost as the greenskins found their fast-moving burn and pillage plans grind to a halt when they encountered the Imperial forts, Dwarf mines and Skaven lairs that riddled the Grey Mountains. However, the Burning Skull tribe picked up where they left off when they descended in to the fertile hills of Bretonnia. There, the rapacious mobs have had many brutal victories against the peasant villages of that land.

THE WAAAGH! THAT WASN'T

Under the blazing summer heat of 1344, Gogrut the Instoppable's horde came upon the grand army of Thograt the Unmovable. The infamously bloodthirsty Warbosses met over a barrel of warm fungus beer, intending to discuss their meticulously planned conquests of Karaz-a-Karak. Though their plans for reckless frontal assault seemed identical at first, the two hulking Warbosses could not agree on whether the invasion should be called Waaagh! Gogrut or Waaagh! Thograt.

Tensions mounted as the fungus beer and boiling sun conspired against them. Before long battleaxes were unslung, and the two Warbosses roared their battlecries. The duel raged for six days and seven nights, both Warbosses so intent on the death of the other that they paid little heed to the sounds of battle. When they finally agreed to call it a day and just call their invasion Da Big Waaagh!, the two Warbosses looked around and saw that their once-mighty armies had been reduced to a dozen exhausted Boyz, a bloated Troll, and a comatose Snotling. The pile of dead bodies that lay ranged beneath them, however, was truly huge. The mouldering bones of the rival hordes have been known as Green Mountain ever since.

THE BATTLE OF THE BURNED BANNER

The High Elf stronghold of Tol Ista, a treaty port on the west coast of Estalia was besieged by a large warband of marauding Orcs and Goblins. These were the remnants of tribes driven out of Bretonnia and which had taken refuge in the rugged mountains of Estalia, led by Bruza da Big. A desperate attempt to sally out was repulsed and the Orcs captured the Elven banner. The surviving Elves fled back within the walls and were so greatly outnumbered that they prepared to abandon the port and sail away across the sea where the Orcs could not follow. At that moment a message was received from a carrier hawk. This said that an Elven force, led by Prince Ethwar was on its way to relieve the stronghold and was only one day's march away. The besieged Elves sent back the hawk with another message telling Ethwar that they would hold out for one more day and then abandon the stronghold.

Ethwar pressed on to reach the stronghold, knowing that if he failed to break through the Orcs and Goblins, the garrison would have no option but to abandon it and save the ships and whatever else they could. Carrying aloft the Elf banner, which he had set alight as a burning beacon for his troops to follow, Bruza deployed his army on rising ground behind a stream so as to block the Elven advance, the flanks of the Greenskins' position being protected by boggy ground. On the highest point he planted the Elven banner where it could be seen by the besieged and the relieving force as a taunt to Elven pride. Thus the engagement became known as the Battle of the Burned Banner.

The Orcs and Goblins began shooting at the advancing Elves as they struggled to form up a battle line. Ethwar's force was mainly cavalry and being sorely pressed for time, as well as enraged at the sight of the burned banner, recklessly charged the strongly held Orc and Goblin positions. Despite a timely attack along the Orcs' flank by the garrison of Tol Ista, the difficult approaches and massed formations of the Orcs and Goblins took a heavy toll on the Elves until the Elven army eventually recoiled and fled in confusion. As the sun set in the west, the last Elves of Tol Ista put to sea under cover of night and abandoned the stronghold, which was sacked by Bruza da Big the next day

THE BATTLE OF MEINHOFF

The Orc army was on the move. The Greenskin horde approached Castle Meinhoff from the west, silhouetted against a blood-red setting sun. Albrecht, one of the crossbowmen stationed on the battlements, blinked and then stared. He could have sworn he saw something...

There! The damned Greenskins were pushing some kind of war engine along with them. He squinted against the setting sun, but could only discern a large, swaying blot against the light. Probably a siege tower, he thought, and shouted warnings to the defenders below. Siege weapons were hoisted up to the battlements and bowmen in their hundreds lined up along the walls, already sizing up their targets.

As the army closed, Albrecht thought he could hear a massive bellowing. He had heard the Orcs' terrible warcry before, but this was far worse than he remembered.

The sun was now setting, and the army was close enough for Albrecht to use his spyglass without blinding himself with the sun's rays. There was something about that siege engine that troubled him. That bellowing didn't sound like many voices, just one...

As Albrecht focused on the shape, he let out an involuntary cry of terror, the spyglass falling from his hands. Luthor, his sergeant, rushed up to him to see what was the matter, followed by a handful of crossbowmen. They each looked through the spyglass in turn, every man muttering a curse or short prayer.

The thing was no engine, but a living creature the size of a castle wall. It walked like a man, but each step covered a hundred paces. It wielded a huge tree trunk the way a man might hold a club. Carrion crows had gathered around its head, and it swatted at them, like a man swats at flies. A Giant marched with the Orc army.

The Greenskins ground to a halt. Boar Bovz fought to keep their mounts from charging. Within the Goblin mobs, masses of small, evil creatures pushed and shoved each other maliciously. Orc bosses yelled and threatened their regiments to stand fast. Catapults and bolt throwers were dragged into position. Slowly, clumsily, the Orcs formed into a rough battle line. It was the largest Orc army that had ever been seen in Talabheim, and those inside the castle readied their weapons with a haste born of fear.

Now that the Orcs were close enough to be seen individually, the size of the giant was all the more terrifying. It strode through the ranks as a man would walk through tall grass, towering over the Rock Lobbers and Trolls.

In the distance, the defenders could see the fearful Orc warlord raise his crooked sword to the sky. At his signal, the entire army fell quiet – all bar two mobs of Goblins, who had taken an sudden dislike to each other. What began as an argument degenerated rapidly into a brawl. As a veteran of many battles, Albrecht could not fathom this lack of discipline, watching as Orc bosses stalked over to the Goblins, beating them back into submission.

A hush fell over the attackers. The Orcs managed to regain enough control over their charges to silence the horde for a moment. In the quiet, a few Goblins could still be heard jeering or making foul oaths. Both armies watched each other, muscles tensed for the coming attack.

Then, as if at some hidden signal, the Orc warcry roared from a thousand savage throats. The Goblins joined in with their reedy, nasal howl. Even the Trolls bellowed.

Then the creature joined in, its one voice almost drowned out the entire army.

No sooner had the shout ended then the entire Orc horde charged, a horrific green tide surging towards the castle walls, with the Giant in their midst.

Immediately, scores of fingers released bowstrings, and the sky darkened. Arrows fell like a deadly rain into the charging Greenskins. Dozens of Orcs stumbled in their charge, finally falling to the ground, holding the arrows that had slain them. Hundreds of Goblins died in the advance, so

tightly packed in their mobs that single arrows skewered multiple targets. Unseen to the attackers, Outriders and Hunters made their way out of the castle in an attempt to outflank the enemy. Meanwhile, catapults began delivering their deadly cargo into the centre of the Orc army.

In answer, Orc Spear Chukkas and Rock Lobbers began pounding the castle walls. Time-worn masonry crumbled under the savage assault, but the walls held, and the heavily fortified defenders were spared from the worst of the Orc firepower.

In spite of the carnage all around it, the Giant kept coming. The defenders could see a score of arrows sticking out of its skin like pine needles, but it hadn't broken its pace once. Cannon crews worked frantically to aim their weapons at the moving target. Albrecht swallowed his fear, and levelled his crossbow at the approaching nightmare, yelling at his men to do the same.

There was a dull, pulpy thud as a crossbow bolt impacted with the Giant's right eye, burying itself so deep in the wound it almost disappeared. Despite the horror of the battle, Albrecht let out a shout of victory. Surely it must fall now...

The creature swayed in its advance and the defenders took heart – maybe the creature would fall. The Orcs seemed to think so too, as the entire army parted around it, each Greenskin trying to gauge where the Giant might fall, anxious not to be crushed under its monstrous bulk. But it was only a hesitation. Thrown off balance for a moment, the Giant managed to regain its momentum, and completed its charge.

There was a sound like thunder. Rock droppers and cauldrons of boiling oil toppled back off the battlements. Huge stones showered down from the walls onto the defenders, crushing them where they stood. The Giant had run headlong into the wall.

Scrambling to his feet, Albrecht glanced over the wall. A huge indentation had formed in the castle, but the ancient stone, though forced inward, had not yielded. The Giant pulled itself out of the wall, masonry falling from its body. The massive impact didn't seem to bother it, neither did the continuing stream of arrows piercing its flesh.

The Outriders had finally got into position and charged the rear of the monster, discharging a concentrated volley of pistol fire at its legs. The Giant turned and clumsily reached down. Albrecht watched in disbelief as one of the cavalrymen and his mount was picked up and thrown back into his comrades with terrifying force.

Then, another thunderclap. The defenders feared the worst – had another Giant somehow joined the attack? All eyes turned in the direction of the sound, and saw the Giant topple like a felled tree. A cheer went up from the defenders as they realised one of their cannon crews had finally scored a hit on the monster.

Then, to the horror of all, the Giant slowly pulled itself upright. It shook its head, like a dazed man, the cannonball still lodged in its enormous barrel chest.

With uncharacteristic speed, one of the cannon crew was plucked off the battlements. His fellows watched helplessly as the screaming man was fed into the fetid maw of the foul monster.

When it had finished eating, the Giant slowly and carefully began pacing away through the Orc army, looking back angrily at the unyielding wall. When it was almost behind the Orcs' stone throwers, it suddenly turned and broke into a run, bounding clumsily back towards the castle.

It hit the castle like a monstrous battering ram, people inside were thrown off their feet. The ancient walls could stand no more, and a gaping rent formed as the Giant fell through the breach.

Complete panic broke out. Veterans of a dozen campaigns fell back, swordsmen fled in terror. The horror was now inside their walls, and as it got up, hundreds of Orcs poured between its legs.

Castle Meinhoff was doomed.



WAAAGH! GORBAD

Gorbad Ironclaw was one of the most successful Orc leaders of all time. His campaign of destruction raged into the Empire and left the province of Solland so devastated that it has never recovered. To this day, over 500 years later, Orc Shamans still enter trances and boast of the deeds of Gorbad. The mesmerised greenskins might not understand the historical significance of Gorbad's invasion, but they are incredibly enthusiastic about visions of the legendary Orc slaying half a dozen Knights of the Empire with each sweep of his mighty axe known as Morglor 'the Mangler'.

Gorbad came to power deep in the Badlands where he led his tribe, the Ironclaw Orcs, to carve out swathes of territory. From their impregnable base, the fortress known as the Iron Rock, Gorbad sent out warriors to overrun the Worlds Edge Mountains. The Ironclaw Orcs lived around the Iron Rock for many years, and their fortunes rose and fell with the accustomed regularity of Orc tribes. The only powers that stood in the way of the Ironclaw Orcs were the Broken Tooth tribe, whose leader was the notoriously huge and brutal Crusher Zogoth, and the Dwarfs, who still wielded great power near their major strongholds.

The Broken Teeths were currently in possession of Black Crag, the old Dwarf hold to the south. They were the first to feel the full wrath of Gorbad's growing legions. Gorbad learned to annihilate rival leaders in as horrific and violent a way as possible. This often intimidated the rest of the mobs, who would then rush to join Gorbad's armies. A horrible fate was in store for



the leader of the Broken Teeths. Gorbad used newly subjugated Night Goblins to tunnel beneath Black Crag and smashed the Broken Tooth tribe before they realised what was happening. Crusher Zogoth had no chance to escape the Cave Squig stampede that was unleashed. The squealing of the Cave Squigs echoed through the passages of Black Crag for several days, and Night Goblin Squig Hunters were sent in to retrieve them. Neither Squigs nor Goblins ever returned. After finally viewing the stain, which was all that remained of Zogoth, the Broken Tooth Boyz readily accepted Gorbad as their new leader, as is the fashion of greenskins who know when they are beaten and who would much sooner be on the winning side. With the Broken Teeths under his thumb Gorbad soon conquered the surrounding Goblin and Night Goblin tribes and established a domain over all the peaks between Mad Dog Pass and Fire Mountain. Waaagh! Gorbad had begun! From all over the Badland tribes of Orcs and Goblins rushed to join the huge army as it gradually moved north. As the growing Waaagh! moved past Mad Dog Pass it was joined by the Goblin tribes that lived along its tunnelstrewn length. As the army swung westwards by the forest below the Dwarf Hold of Everpeak it was joined by Forest Goblin tribes riding giant spiders and whooping their savage war cries.

During this period Gorbad began to appear regularly in the Grudgebooks of the Dwarfs. While most greenskins that encountered the Ironclaw Orcs were absorbed, the Dwarfs were another matter. After Gorbad exterminated every last stumpy, the Dwarfholds were so thoroughly looted that not an ingot of gold, lump of copper or scrap of iron ore remained. Tales of Gorbad's personal deeds were told in every tribe, such as when the great Orc personally bested two Giants at once and how he chased a defeated army of stuntas to the gates of the vast Dwarfen capital of Karaz-a-Karak. It is said that Gorbad dared to knock on the unassailable walls of that fastness and the great dents of his trademark iron claw can still be seen on the mountainside. Soon Orc & Goblin tribes from all across the Badlands rose up to join this King of all Warbosses. It was as if the scent of greenskin victory was in the air and none wanted to miss out on the slaughter.

THE EMPIRE IN FLAMES

The Dwarfs recognised the futility of fighting such numbers and simply shut the gates of their remaining holds to wait out the tempest. Seeing that the stuntas wouldn't come out to play, Gorbad ordered his armies northwards in search of more lively prey. As a terrific thunderstorm crashed about the peaks of the Black Mountains, the Waaagh! pushed its way through Black Fire Pass. The Empire garrison and their well-built fortresses were swept aside and the Orcs and Goblins descended into the plains of Averland below.

On the distant flanks of the great force, Goblin Wolf Riders rode far to loot and destroy outlying towns. Meanwhile, the numberless Orc & Goblin tribes followed along the Old Dwarf Road, through Averland, looting and destroying the farms and small towns along its path. The ground shook, heralding the approach of Gorbad's army. Accustomed to the harsh Badlands rather than the rich green hills of Averland, the horde amassed so much plunder in just a few days that Gorbad ordered an encampment at the ancient Elf ruins of Three Towers on the borders of the Moot. Here the Orcs feasted and fought amongst themselves while their loot lasted, and readied to invade the Moot. After three days of drunken brawling, the Warboss had sorted out his battlelines, straighten up the newcomers, put down a handful of challenges, and stop some of the shiftier Goblin tribes from re-stealing what others had already pillaged.

Surprised to find his lands covered in a seething tide of greenskins, the Count of Averland sent messengers to his neighbouring provinces. Amazed to be granted even a short reprieve, the Count used Gorbad's delay to send the bulk of his region's troops as reinforcements to shore up the Moot's defenses as the Halflings gathered to defend themselves. It was a futile gesture. Gorbad struck north through the Tower Hills and caught the Halflings and their allies on the Aver Down, the range of low hills in the southern Moot. The Halflings who lived there were easy prey, even for Goblins, and the

rest of the army was overwhelmed. Only a few Knights Panther escaped the slaughter. Their warnings to the Emperor Sigismund focused on the immense size of the invasion and on how the Orc Gorbad manoeuvred his troops with devilish cunning.

The Orcs spent two more days looting the Moot and drinking the contents of its many inns. The remaining Halflings refugees poured down the river Aver in a convoy of boats, barges, and improvised rafts, and eventually took refuge in Nuln. The river grew so overcrowded with boats and improvised rafts that the malicious Goblins couldn't resist setting up their war machines to take target practice. The torment of the Halflings, which the greenskins called 'bite-sized runts' or 'squealers' (for their habit of emitting shrieks when being chewed) proved very popular. Camps held Halfling-eating contests, barrel battles – consisting of a Snotling versus a Halfling fighting it out in an empty crate – and other barbaric cruelties. Refugees poured into the city of Averheim, with greenskins following hard on their heels. It was not long before that great city was being battered by war machines, most of which were unusually accurate after all their recent practice. After a brief bombardment and a few feints, Gorbad ordered a massed assault. Orc war machines battered the city's gates and broke its walls, and soon the Waaagh! was inside the city itself, burning and destroying while the helpless citizens fled to the hills.





By this time, Gorbad Ironclaw's reputation had spread even further. Tribes of Orc river-raiders rowed their rickety fleet to join the throng. Innumerable greenskins from the forests, mountains and plains, and from as far afield as the Dark Lands, marched to swell the horde. Gorbad's armies were larger than ever as they looted the remains of Averheim, but Gorbad had greater plans and soon massed the largest Orcs into mobs. On his orders, the Ironclaw Big'unz prowled the burning streets gathering up the half drunken Orcs and dragging the Goblins back into the battlelines. This caused much grumbling and many heads were knocked together just to remind everybody who was boss.

Gorbad's campaign swept on relentlessly, and Nuln was next to feel the power of the Waaagh! Gorbad advanced towards the city from the east, roughly following the line of the river Aver. Nuln was already crammed with Halfling refugees and people from eastern Averland who had taken shelter from the Orc horde. The Orcs barely slowed their pace at the town walls, but poured over the city gates destroying and killing in a repetition of the slaughter at Averheim. Brutus Leitdorf, the Count of Averland, ordered the retreat over the great bridge and rallied his troops in the western half of the city. The Count ordered the centre section of the bridge to be raised as the Orcs approached, cutting off the Orc advance. Leitdorf's ingenious fighting retreat and the inspired destruction of the great bridge nearly saved half of Nuln. However, Gorbad not only outfought, but also outmanoeuvred his foe. His newly acquired flotilla, containing every Orc raider from as far away as the Reik and Stir rivers, was ordered to ferry troops. While Gorbad kept pressure on the defenders, he also commanded the construction of a crude but functional floating bridge, cobbled together out of half-wrecked ships and smouldering beams hauled from the destroyed half of the city. At first the Orcs were beaten back and many drowned in the blood-filled river, but in the end sheer numbers prevailed and the Orcs gained a firm foot-hold on the western bank. By nightfall the whole city was burning

and the few survivors were fleeing southwards towards Altdorf. Brutus Leitdorf was among them, leading the remnants of his army away from the disaster and towards Altdorf.

THE BATTLE OF SOLLAND'S CROWN

The destruction of Nuln was a great blow to the Emperor Sigismund and a mighty victory for Gorbad Ironclaw, but it was about to get worse for the greatest nation of the Old World. The Empire's army was so weakened by the loss of its forces that Sigismund could only beseech the northernmost provinces for aid and watch the greenskins descend upon the southern territories. With no challenges from the north, Gorbad ordered the plundering of Solland and Wissenland. In a nearly hopeless effort, Count Eldred of Solland and Count Adolphus of Wissenland joined their armies to stave off the invaders. The ensuing battle came to be known as the Battle of Solland's Crown. Count Eldred was cut in half by Gorbad himself, who claimed the ruined body and the Solland Sword – one of the twelve magical Runefangs given to Sigmar's heirs by the Dwarfs in ages past. According to legend, Gorbad tore the crown of Solland from the Count's head and placed it upon his own, and wore it thereafter as a token of his victory. The Count's remains were fed to Gnarla, Gorbad's fierce and heavily scarred boar. Over the next few weeks Solland was so utterly razed that its old lands and ruins were afterwards absorbed by neighbouring provinces, and Solland was no more.

THE BATTLE OF GRUNBERG

Seeking further spoils, Gorbad turned his Waaagh! back north, heading towards the Empire's capital of Altdorf. Knowing what Gorbad would do to Altdorf should he besiege it, Emperor Sigismund called upon the cream of Empire soldiery to mount a desperate sortie while further reinforcements could be gathered from the north. An army was dispatched to intercept the advancing Orcs before they reached the capital. Many Reiksguard, Knights of the White Wolf, Knights Panther and Knights of the Blazing Sun were placed under command of Erich Adolphus, who had taken refuge in Altdorf after his last ill-fated attack on Gorbad. The Count of Wissenland, was counted the best general and most formidable fighter in the Empire, the victor of several fierce battles against the pretender to the Imperial throne, Count Gerhardt Meister of Middenland. This hard-hitting force rode out to meet the oncoming hordes, heading for the towering columns of smoke that rose on the horizon – the telltale sign of the invasion's bloody progress. Soon, Wolf Riders began to report news of the Empire army's advance to Gorbad, who sent a large force of Orc Boar Boys, Wolf Riders, Forest Goblin Spider Riders, and chariots to meet it.

The resulting battle, known as the Battle of Grunberg, was unusual in that it consisted almost entirely of mounted troops on both sides, the best of the Empire's knights versus the most mobile part of the Orc horde.

Gorbad led his troops in person, wearing the crown of Solland upon his head and swinging his huge battle axe Morgor the Mangler. At first, the Wolf Riders were driven from the field by the knights, but Gorbad led a countercharge of Boar Boyz flanked by great mobs of Forest Goblin Spider Riders. Perhaps this was foolish aggression, as the main greenskin host was still miles away, but Gorbad was flush with victories and would not wait for his superior numbers to arrive. Adolphus was hoping for just such a situation, as he had already faced the overwhelming might of Gorbad's hordes. By luring the hulking Orc commander to ride forth with only a portion of his army, the wise Empire general engineered his only chance of victory. With steely resolve Adolphus ordered his troops to concentrate on killing Gorbad. The meeting of the galloping knights and the charging war boars was thunderous. Wading through it all rode Gorbad, his huge battle axe splitting both man and steed in two. Whole regiments of knights were hacked apart in moments. Desperate to bring down this monster, Count Adolphus charged into the fray with the last of the Imperial reserves.

With their troops locked in combat both leaders rushed forward to add their weight to the battle. The Empire's greatest general and the mightiest Orc Warlord of the age fell upon each other with the fury of ancient enemies. Although his elite Ironclaw Boar Boyz were falling around him, no lance or blade seemed able to topple Gorbad. Instead, Gnarla pushed through the foe while Gorbad hacked about him.

Just as it seemed that Gorbad would fight his way out of the thickest knot of Empire knights, the Count thrust his gleaming blade – one of the twelve mighty Runefangs, and brother to the Solland blade taken by


Thick clouds of smoke billowed high into the air behind Gorbad Ironclaw. He hadn't told the ladz to torch the vast fields of wheat that surrounded the villages and hamlets of the Moot, but he could always depend on them to loot and pillage in proper Orcy fashion.

'Boss, boss!' yelled one of his boyz, frantically pointing to a wide section of the river. 'Loads of dem bite-size beardless stunties are escaping downstream.'

A dozen or more hastily constructed rafts were slowly floating away. Each raft was packed with Halflings, many others clinging desperately to wooden timbers or the odd barrel as their friends and family tried to make more room for them.

A few Orcs fired flaming arrows in the vague direction of the rafts but this section of the river was fist too wide for their burning missiles to reach.

'We'll see about that: Gorbad growled menacingly. 'Get Bazrag and 'is rock lobber. He could use a bit of target practice.'

Gorbad at the Battle of Solland's Crown – through Gorbad's massive chest and steaming green blood gushed over his armour. Gorbad bellowed in agony and swung Morgor wildly, catching Adolphus a glancing blow across the temple. With his iron-gauntleted hand, Gorbad tore out the penetrating blade, ripping off Adolphus' arm at the socket. Both mighty leaders staggered with pain as the battle swirled around them. The Reiksguard quickly closed ranks to protect the Count's bloody figure. Though they managed to recover the sword from his still-twitching arm, they soon after fled from the enraged Gorbad. As the knights and boar boys rushed in from both sides the two leaders were swept apart and caught in the maelstrom of carnage. It was a hard-fought battle on both sides, but eventually the Orcs began to gain the upper hand, and the knights fell back before them.

As night fell the Empire army was in full retreat with wolf riders snapping at their heels. Gorbad was too badly hurt to mount a vigorous pursuit, and many gallant knights were able to escape including the badly wounded Count of Wissenland.

THE SIEGE OF ALTDORF

Irritated by his injury and the escape of his foes, Gorbad commanded the recently arrived bulk of his army to move at the double. In Altdorf the Emperor Sigismund prepared for the Orc invasion by fortifying the city's walls and gathering in the harvests. After every man, woman and beast within fifty miles was safely enclosed within the capital he ordered the lands about to be devastated. When the Orcs arrived they found fields already burned, wells poisoned, and inns empty. The Orc army therefore lost no time in its usual pillaging, but launched straight into its attack. The first assault was bloodily repulsed from Altdorf's tall walls with the loss of many Orc and Goblin warriors. The marshes around Altdorf made it difficult for the Orcs to group for the assault, and several mobs of Orcs disappeared forever when they strayed into the marshes.





Impatient with delays, Gorbad ordered charge after charge, demanding that whole tribes traverse the fens and marshes about Altdorf's southern approaches. Countless greenskins perished, sucked into the morass or trampled underfoot. Finally regaining his head for tactics, Gorbad halted the senseless waste of troops and prepared for a siege, but much damage was already done. Despite their horrific losses, the greenskins still outnumbered the humans, but Gorbad's Waaagh! had been checked for the first time. Gorbad halted the attack and prepared for a long siege.

The greenskin camps surrounding Altdorf were full of a grumbling resentment that had not been heard before under Gorbad's iron rule. While Gorbad ordered the Rock Lobbers dragged into place, some tribes slunk off to do their own foraging. At first his huge rock lobbers pounded the walls and dropped stones within the city, causing considerable damage. In response the city's cannons were trained against the Orcs and soon the rock lobbers were silenced. Even as the greenskin catapults engaged in a long-ranged duel with the crude cannons of the Empire, the Waaagh! had begun to disperse. Sometimes in mobs, at other times in whole tribes, many greenskins slipped away. Soon Reikland was burning from the many disjointed raids committed by these deserters, although Gorbad's remaining forces never profited by such looting.

Hampered by his wound, which would not heal, Gorbad still retained his cunning. He realised he could not keep haemorrhaging troops, nor lead the assault himself, so he unleashed his secret weapon. The chains were severed from the great wagons that had been hauled down from the mountains. With ear-shattering screeches, a half dozen Wyverns burst forth. Gorbad assembled all the reptilian beasts into a mass aerial assault, timing this with yet another full-scale ground attack. The Wyverns swooped and dived upon the city's guardians, their vicious claws tearing men asunder and

unseating cannons with ease while Goblin doom divers rained down causing panic and consternation. Amongst the commotion a Wyvern smashed into the Emperor's palace, crashing through the roof of the great hall. For several hours the beast rampaged through the building, eating servants by the dozen. Every time the defenders attempted to block its progress, the Wyvern would merely shoulder its way through another wall in a shower of wooden splinters and brick dust.

When Emperor Sigismund led a group of archers against the beast, the Wyvern brushed aside the bowmen and seized the Emperor in its crushing jaws. Imperial records cite how the surviving archers fled from the horrific snapping sounds, although some reports describe a second Wyvern battling the first for the regal remains. With its appetite sated, the Wyvern began to make a nest of banners and tapestries in the throne room, only to be slain by furious Reiksguard, who vowed revenge for their Emperor.

Elsewhere in the city, another was slain in the explosion of a malfunctioning volley gun. With a good portion of Gorbad's secret strategy either dead or in well-led and contented slumbers, his army could do little other than sit and stare at the city walls. True to form, the wyvern attack had ignored Altdorf's gates despite painstaking instructions to the contrary. With most of Gorbad's secret weapons dead or sleeping in well-fed slumbers, the greenskins continued to batter against Altdorf's walls with many losses and little success.

As time ebbed away the wound inflicted by the Count of Wissenland did not heal but began to trouble the mighty Orc Warlord more and more. For days he would rage in fevered pain, screaming at his minions and cursing his underlings for failing to deliver Altdorf into his hands. Gradually his horde dissipated, the power of the Waaagh! lost its impetus, and the tribes

returned to the forests and mountains. With his wound troubling him and his horde dwindling, Gorbad had little choice but to break the siege, leaving behind the battle-scarred capital. Altdorf had defeated him and the Waaagh! was over.

COLLAPSE AND RETREAT

The majority of the remaining tribes broke ranks with Gorbad. Some left to return to their lairs, but many turned upon the retreating army, attempting to cut out a larger share of the loot for themselves. Eventually, only the Ironclaws and the Broken Teeths were all that was left of the countless Orc tribes that had flocked to Gorbad's banner. There were more Goblin tribes still loyal or too afraid to desert, but even they were few compared to the great days of conquest. Gorbad led his followers east along the River Reik back to the Worlds Edge Mountains, harried all the way by greenskins that had once fought as part of the Waaagh! and revenge-seeking men from Solland. Most of their spoils were lost or abandoned during the hasty retreat.

One last major conflict remained: the Battle of Blood Peak. It was fought in the shadow of the red-coloured mountain immediately south of Black Fire Pass. A Dwarf army, led by the King of Karaz-A-Karak, attacked. During his first march into the west Gorbad broke into many Dwarf tombs and stole the magic weapons they contained, an act of desecration that enraged the Dwarfs but which they were powerless to

prevent at the time; but the Dwarfs never forgot a grudge. As Gorbad headed back east, the Dwarfs saw their chance to revenge themselves and prepared a trap for the retreating Orc army. Although encircled by the Dwarfs, half-starved and weary from the march, the Orcs gave a good account of themselves by fighting their way out of the trap and outdistancing the Dwarfs. Though Gorbad hacked a path through the Dwarfen onslaught, his army crumbled around him. As dusk fell, Gorbad was knee-deep in defeated foes, his mighty axe visiting bloody ruin on all about him, roaring defiance even as the Dwarfs surrounded him.

That was the last anyone ever heard of Gorbad. As Orcs keep few records of any kind it is uncertain what happened to him. If the Orc leader was slain by the Dwarfs, they have never mentioned it. If Gorbad made good his escape, it is not known to where, for none have ever heard of him again. Perhaps he regained his old power in the Badlands and rebuilt his domain, or maybe he fell to the sword stroke of an ambitious young Orc Warboss before ever reaching the Iron Rock. It's impossible to be sure what fate befell the mightiest Orc Warlord of all time, but whatever became of him his reputation and memory lives on. To Orcs, clustered around a Shaman telling the tale, Gorbad is a legend – a hero who earned a place beside the mighty Gork and Mork. To Men and Dwarfs, he was the living embodiment of the destructive power of the Waaagh!





WAAAGH! GROM

Most of the warlords whose campaigns of destruction have shaken the world and threatened the destruction of the realms of Men have been Orcs rather than Goblins. Orcs are bigger than Goblins, more dangerous, and more brutally ambitious. Grom was one of the rare Goblins to reach such lofty heights, for his prodigious size rivalled the greatest Orcs of all time and his ambition to conquer outweighed them all. It is not that Grom was tall (he wasn't) but that he was enormously and infamously fat. So huge was he that he became known as the Paunch of Misty Mountain, or simply Grom the Fat.

Grom's rise to fame began when he consumed large quantities of Troll flesh during a wager. Apart from being enormously tough, Troll flesh has the unusual property of being able to regenerate itself quite quickly. If a Troll suffers harm his flesh will almost instantly regrow. It is this as much as their stubborn stupidity and iron-hard muscle which makes Trolls very hard to fight. It also makes Troll flesh virtually impossible to absorb unless the foul meat is thoroughly cooked or the eater himself has a Troll's ability to digest rocks, carrion and even steel. Grom had neither and by all rights should have died. Determined to out-eat his challenger, Grom consumed the plate of raw Troll steaks only to discover the meat regenerating inside his stomach. With his stomach visibly churning and

expanding from the continually growing Troll flesh in his belly, his resilient Goblin digestive system got to work on the over-abundance of raw material. Grom rolled about in agony for days, much to the delight of his fellow contestants, as at first the Troll's regenerative abilities outpaced his own ability to digest it and then his stomach gradually gained ground. Somehow, heroically, after weeks of chronic indigestion and nearly fatal flatulence, equilibrium was reached and Grom managed to digest the beast at more or less the same rate at which it grew back. A grossly fat and even stronger Grom emerged triumphant. Although he ate nothing afterwards he continued to gain weight thanks to the presence of the Troll flesh. He was to suffer from bouts of explosive flatulence for the rest of his life.

With his newfound strength and resilience, Grom quickly worked his way to the very top of the Broken Axes, a tribe of Goblins that lived at the eastern end of Mad Dog Pass. The tribe occupied one of the countless tumble-down fortresses that line the craggy and tunnel strewn pass. Some time around the Imperial year 2400 Grom engaged in the infamous eating contest described above. The effect was to be startling and highly visible. It wasn't long before he was the biggest Goblin in living memory, wider of girth even than most Orcs. The ascension to Warboss was inevitable, for to Orcs and Goblins size is power and by any reckoning Grom was looking to be very powerful indeed.

All Warbosses are full of themselves and boastful but once again Grom displayed his epic proportions. Here was a Goblin from a backwards tribe grown large and powerful, suddenly able to bully Orcs and command as he saw fit. It is no wonder it went to his head. Soon after, he crushed an opposing leader beneath his bulk and added the Night Goblins of Thunder Mountain to his growing forces. Grom began to refer to himself in the third person. If they wanted to stay in his favour, Grom's followers had to use phrases such as 'yer immensity' when addressing him. Both Grom and his horde grew larger still. Within ten years he had conquered the other tribes along the Mad Dog Pass and subjugated the Night Goblin tribes that lived around and under Thunder Mountain.

THE CHALLENGE OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN

Within a year of the Troll-eating incident, Grom was already 'large and in charge' of the Broken Axe tribe. The tribe had grown considerably but had yet to test their strength against the most formidable power in the region – Zhok Gutstabba, Orc Warboss of the Gutstabba tribe. Zhok and his Orcs had recently conquered the Night Goblins that lived in and under Thunder Mountain. Many of the Broken Axe Goblins felt they should run from the larger Orcs or submit to their rule. Grom, however, had other ideas.





Grom set out alone, his axe slung over his mighty shoulder. When word reached Zhok, the Orc demanded the Goblin King be allowed to journey without ambush – he would teach the lumpy gobbo a lesson himself. When Grom made it to the Gutstabba's camp, he found Zhok waiting for him, already encircled by a ring of bloodthirsty onlookers. Grom's size was impressive; he was less muscled than Zhok, but far larger in girth. The battle was short and brutal. Zhok landed a blow with his cleaver, but before everyone's eyes, the gaping wound healed itself. Zhok's dismemberment, however, did not. Grom's takeover bid for the Gutstabba was only resolved after he slew every Orc Big Boss in the tribe. Grom was so exhausted, he sat his bulk down – directly on top of a diminutive Night Goblin. All expected to find just a black cowl and an oozy stain beneath Grom's mass, but the Night Goblin not only survived, he sprang forth with a maniacal grin on his face. Taking this great fortune as a sign from Mork, Grom instantly promoted the lucky Night Goblin to carry his standard.

"I gotter say, yer immensity, dat there ain't annuver alive 'oo can belch da word 'charge' as loud as you. No wunner da ladz are inspired."

- Niblet, complimenting Grom the Paunch



THE BATTLE OF IRON GATE

For a number of years Grom's Broken Axe tribe wandered the southern Worlds Edge Mountains and the Badlands, conquering the Orcs and Goblins that dwelt there. Soon every greenskin tribe from Iron Rock to Red Cloud Mountain had joined him, some voluntarily but many more by conquest. Grom marched northwards and still more tribes were drawn to his banner, until the horde had reached such proportions that none had ever witnessed its like before. With such a huge and ever-growing army willing to follow his every command, Grom was all but invincible. It was the beginning of Waaagh! Grom and the birth of a legend amongst Orc-kind.

In the year 2410, Grom, now a hulking mass of a Goblin with a pendulous and unnatural belly, led his horde through Black Fire Pass and northwards along the Dwarf-held highlands. In a matter of weeks, he brought several Dwarf holds to ruin, desecrated the tombs of Dwarf ancestors and ordered a colossal statue of the Dwarf God Grungi to be hacked into his own, not insubstantial, image. Furious at this new outrage (and the poor level of craftsmanship), the Dwarfs cursed his name and gathered en masse to hew down the offending Goblin Warboss and his followers.

At the Battle of Iron Gate, the site of one of the old Dwarf gateways into Karak Varn, the King Bragarik of the Dwarfs and his army met a part of Grom's Horde led by Grom himself. After three days of non-stop fighting, the two sides retreated for some breathing space, leaving many dead, but no clear victor. For the Dwarfs this result was nothing less than a disaster. Grom's rusty axe (unsurprisingly known as the Axe of Grom) had reaped a grim tally of the King's best warriors and with so many of their brethren dead there could be no hope of driving the greenskins away. In desperation, the Dwarfs retreated to their various holds and, despite their pride, sent emissaries to the Empire seeking help. Grom the Fat had already replaced his losses as new tribes, particularly Goblins, flocked to join the corpulent leader.

A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION

Unfortunately for the Dwarfs (and the Empire) the reigning Emperor was Dieter IV, the Elector Count of Stirland and perhaps the most feckless and callow individual to ever sit upon the Imperial throne. For years Dieter had diverted resources away from the army and into his own pocket. Nothing had been spared to turn the city of Nuln into a spectacular metropolis with marble fountains, golden statues, and dazzling gardens. Dieter had razed nearly half the city to build his awesome Palace of Gold with its surrounding temples and public gardens.

When the Dwarf King's messenger reached Dieter's Golden Palace in the then capital of Nuln, the Emperor reacted immediately, not by sending help, but by removing his entire court further westwards to Altdorf in order to be as far as possible from the threat!



Disgusted, the Dwarf messenger returned to Karaz-a-Karak where the King received the news of the Emperor's decision with stoicism and a fresh entry into the Book of Grudges. Unable to contain Grom's ambitions without aid, the Dwarfs resolved once again to shut their stout doors and defend their holds from within.

For the next few years the horde ravaged at will through the mountains, desecrating shrines, despoiling tombs, and waylaying travellers, but Grom was unable to take any of the Dwarf holds or bring them to battle. All the while, Night Goblins from as far away as Red Eye Mountain, as well as many Goblins travelling from the Dark Lands, joined Grom's legions. Through PeakPass came long lines of mobile shanty towns – the caravans of the swindle-happy trader tribes. Many of the lean Wolf Rider tribes came too. Hardened by their life in the Wolf Lands, they sought to put their banners beneath that of the larger-than-life and now-legendary Grom. As beffited both his massive status as well as his ponderous frame, Grom began to travel everywhere aboard an especially sturdy chariot.

With his armies growing in numbers and strength, Grom drove further and further west, devastating much of Stirland, Talabecland and even penetrating as far as Hochland in the shadow of the Middle Mountains. Empire armies were met and defeated with snaggle-toothed glee, and soon the humans retreated to walled towns and cities. The countryside was abandoned. The Great Forest became a virtual Goblin realm where not even an Imperial army was safe. Grom chose to bypass heavily fortified areas. Instead the Waaagh! lived off the land, leaving behind only burnt and well-picked over ruins. There was one notable exception. Since Imperial hero Magnus the Pious had become Emperor years before, the capital city of the Empire had been Nuln. Recently, however, the city defenses had been

badly neglected in favour of Dieter's preference for marbled magnificence. Such a rich target could not be ignored and Dieter's marvellous Palace of Gold and his great buildings and fountains were destroyed in the ensuing attack. For weeks the cobblestone streets of Nuln rang to the sound of reckless chariot racing. Dieter's Golden Palace was stripped of its finery to be put into send as a squig pen. To the frustration of the battle-minded Black Orc mobs that had joined the throng, Grom was content to rest upon his spoil-heaps. While popular with most troops, this lack of direction ensured that the ragtag army was widely dispersed, looting across wide tracts of the Empire.

THE EMPIRE BESIEGED

Grom's horde moved westward until the whole Empire became a land under siege. The mightiest of human nations was now little more than a collection of isolated communities huddling behind heavily defended walls, while Grom's hordes roamed, plundered, maimed and bickered at will. Seeing the humans abandoning their lands, tribes of Forest Goblins emerged to join the rampage, and spiders of vast proportions crept over palisades and soon even walled towns were being plundered. Averheim's walls were held only through the combined efforts of the city militia and no less than five knightly orders. The fortified city of Middenheim became a virtual island amongst a seething sea of green bodies. The Moot was awash with Goblins who, in the Halflings, had finally found something they could torment with impunity.

The end of the Empire seemed inevitable, for no land was being tilled or crops sown, beasts were slaughtered and seed grain ground into flour to feed the hungry. The Emperor was too paralysed with fear to raise an army and spent his days secure in Altdorf, dreaming of lissome maids sprawling amid heaped piles of gold coins. While the Emperor did nothing, his cousin,



Wilhelm Prince of Altdorf, was to prove the saviour of the Empire. He organised the defence of Altdorf and raised a new army from amongst the beleaguered citizens. While his army full of hastily raised militia could not hope to stand before Grom's assembled minions, the greenskins were so divided across many provinces that it was possible to confront and beat many of these smaller elements. By avoiding the largest concentrations of Orcs and Goblins. Thus, Wilhelm preserved the fertile fields of Reikland, a breadbasket that would succour the starving nation, if only the greenskins could be driven off.

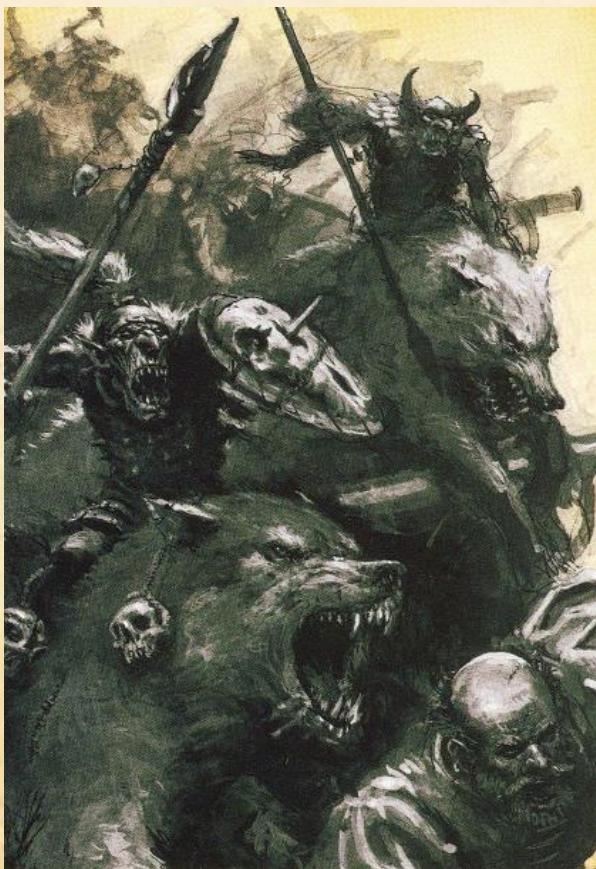
Despite the urgings of his Black Orc Warbosses, Grom remained content to loll about atop mounds of looted goods. It was a trance-prophecy from his Shaman, ol' Blacktoof, that rekindled Grom's fighting spirit. 'Take to da sea,' Blacktoof had said, 'Gork and Mork want new lands to crush.' In that hour Grom turned from lethargic despot to his old frenetic self. Without waiting to regroup his scattered legions, Grom ordered all troops within bellowing distance to head westwards. Even with only a portion of his dispersed force, it was child's play for Grom to defeat an army of Middenheim that marched out to meet him. As his chariot was destroyed by a cannonball in the battle with the blueclad humans, Grom made a brief stop at the city of Middenheim. At Middenheim, Grom himself led a charge through the breached gate, pausing only to bellow at his subordinates for their inability 'ter take a town from der squishies'. Bored and thoroughly disgusted with the lack of fight to be had in this part of the Empire, Grom gave thought to the next stage of his campaign. His mind made up, Grom set off for the

coast, pausing only to build a magnificent (and, by necessity sturdy) chariot from the roof timbers of a temple of the White Wolf. Grom, to the surprise of no one, named his chariot the same as the last one – the Chariot of Grom. Such was Grom's haste, Middenheim was left relatively intact, save for the roofless temple, a decidedly ruined gate and a lingering smell.

With a new goal fixed firmly in his tiny mind, and after devastating large tracts of Nordland, Grom reached the coast and immediately ordered the tribes gathering in his wake to build a fleet. Acres of forest were felled to provide the timber, and whole tribes of Goblins were sent to forage for materials amongst the ruins of the Empire. For weeks the makeshift forges bellowed and Gobfins sweated as the ramshackle armada took shape. The fleet was unlike anything seen before, enormous hulks of crudely fashioned wood, propelled by treadwheels, patchwork sails and feverishly straining Snotlings. In typical greenskin fashion, whatever materials were available were used, resulting in entire Imperial watchtowers dismantled and rebuilt (in a rather more slipshod style) upon the decks of larger ships. Many Warbosses, particularly the Orc and Black Orc ones, protested that the Boyz should be deployed in battle, not sweating it out shipbuilding. Grom slew enough protesters to quell the rest.

The world watched as the fleet took shape. Riders from the Empire sent word to Bretonnia, Kislev, and the southern kingdoms warning them of the inevitable approach of the armada. Rulers throughout the Old World trembled and waited, hoping that the path of the Waaagh would pass them by.

Within several months Grom set sail and made his way down the coast, as outriders from the Empire followed its progress. Brave ships from the Imperial Navy shadowed the greenskin fleet. Admiral von Kronitze did not want to risk engaging the greenskin armada, reckoning that time, tide and naval ineptitude would do much of his work for him. As Grom's fleet sailed for the delta of the mighty Reik, heading into Marienburg, Kronitze realised he had no choice but to attack. It was a massive and bloody sea battle that sunk half the Imperial fleet before the rest were driven off into the rising winds. The Goblins themselves lost dozens of vessels to the storm, each crammed to the gunnels with panicked greenskins. With his fleet battered, Grom intended to seek fresh timber upon the Marienburg shorelands. The city of Marienburg lay open to the plundering Orc and Goblin horde and the sturdy Marienburgers prepared to defend their city. As fortune would have it the weather turned for the worse, and as evening fell the weather grew wilder still. Strong gales whipped up a rough sea and at last the poor seamanship of the Orcs and Goblins caught up with them. Unable to reach safety, many vessels, each crammed with greenskins, sank unceremoniously. Though Grom ranted and railed at his crew, the gusting winds easily overcame the efforts of toiling greenskins and the gargantuan Goblin's fleet was blown westwards out to sea and over the horizon.





THE FLEET PASSES WEST

Although many of these shanty-craft were wrecked near the Bretonnian shore, the rest of the fleet rode out the storm. Weeks into the voyage fully half the forty-thousand greenskins who had set out had perished, victims of starvation, monstrous kraken and strange ethereal mists, but the spirit of the Waagh! was with them and their ferocity was untarnished. After forty nights at sea, Grom's much-reduced fleet made landfall upon a mist-covered coast. Keen-eyed shore patrols spotted the intruders and marvelled at the greenskin horde that was disembarking onto the shingle beach – this was the east coast of Ulthuan, along the bleak coast of Yvresse. The High Elves of that land have many magical protections to ward off strangers. Between the shifting sandbanks, mystical fogs and the innumerable sea monsters that prowled those waters, it was rare for a single ship to pass unimpeded. How hundreds of ramshackle vessels could do so showed evidence of powerful magic, or luck beyond imagining.

Grom's army was but a fraction of its previous size, yet as they spread out upon the shores it was still a mighty host. Many of the wolves had torn each other to bits during the voyage, yet the ones that emerged were well-fed and were soon sent out to reconnoitre. A single Wyvern survived being chained in the ship's damp and stinking hold, and it roared its anger as it was released, snapping and consuming Goblins by the dozen. Only the Shaman, ol' Blacktoof, could tame the beast – and he claimed it as his personal mount. Grom ordered the ships destroyed and their beams made into war machines and yet another chariot, for his old one was now on the ocean bed. Grom knew that there was no going back – if this strange new land was what Gork and Mork wanted conquering, then he was the Goblin to do it.

The Goblin hordes ravaged the Elven realm as they had done the lands of the Old World, roasting captured Elves by the score and pounding the elegant Elven cities to rubble. The outnumbered High Elves could do

little to stop Grom's rampage. Small Elven armies contested river crossings or defended the towns, watchtowers and Elven mansions along the sparsely populated coast, yet all were ransacked in turn. The greenskins cheered to see the delicate spires topple into ruin. Ol' Blacktoof felt strongly that all the gleaming white watchstones that ringed the island should be uprooted and destroyed. Grom ordered it so. Each of these magical menhirs had been carefully set in the ground and surrounded with spells of protection. Their job was to capture and drain the fell magics of the world that, like a whirlpool, were drawn swirling into Ulthuan. Over time even the loss of a single such stone could have dire consequences, and Grom's army had already wrecked many.

The more standing stones the greenskins knocked down, the more menacing the swirling mists and multi-coloured lights that shone in the night skies became. Unbeknownst to the greenskins, each fallen stone further empowered Blacktoof, until the old Shaman was full to bursting with strange new magical energies. Such raw arcane power was driving him into madness. Still, the cackling Shaman divined the direction of a large Elf city and pointed the way. Grom ordered the army in that direction and within days Wolf Rider Scouts reported a towering city on the horizon.

THE BATTLE FOR TOR YVRESSE

Grom was eager for a battle worthy of his reputation, and he got his wish. The city in question was Tor Yvresse, an ancient Elf metropolis whose glory, beauty and aesthetics rivalled any ever created. Nestled at the mouth of a natural harbour, Tor Yvresse rested on nine hills that grew out of the fertile green plain, while behind the high-walled city rose the steep Annulii Mountains. Confident of victory over the numerous, yet small and simple-minded barbarians, a formidable Elf army marched out of Tor Yvresse to ensure no filthy goblinoid befouled their beloved homes. Ten leagues out from the elegant spires the armies clashed.

Grom ordered his infantry hordes forward to pin the pointyears in place, while his dwindling Wolf Riders and wolf-drawn chariots circled to strike the glittering host from the rear. At first many greenskins died on the swift-moving blades and spearpoints of the Elven army, but Grom, surrounded by a sea of Goblins, stood tall in his chariot and bellowed for his troops to hold. While his troops weren't doing much, Grom himself was a powerhouse. The scythed wheels of his chariot mowed down pointy-ears like so much wheat, and his mighty axe lopped off Elf heads with every swing. When the howling greenskin flanking forces crashed home, the slaughter began. Three days after mopping up the Elf army on the fields, the greenskin siege machines were set in place to lob great boulders against the city walls. Meanwhile, the skies grew darker from the baleful effects of the destroyed Elven waystones. The ground trembled and at last the Elves realised their doom. If they could not soon repair the fallen stones, or worse, another single waystone fell, the very island of Ulthuan could tear itself apart.



The Goblin war machines spent a day battering Tor Yvresse. The city was proud no more. Many spires were pulverised and those that still stood were isolated, the elegant bridges that once connected them were smashed or ablaze. Into this ruin Grom ordered his final assault. Although his army's losses were no longer being replaced, the Goblin hordes were more than enough to breach the poorly defended walls and begin levelling Tor Yvresse to the ground.

Never before had the greenskins seen such graceful architecture of slender columns curving artfully to support buildings that had stood for thousands of years. The greatest artisans of the Elves had produced peerless sculptures, fountains and open plazas of much wonderment. Yet all the greenskins cared for was the anarchy their assault was causing. Cackling as the flames went higher, mobs of Goblins paused to rip arms off statues, torment injured Elves or barbarically smash any signs of civilisation. Even as they defended their ruined city, Elves wept at the unrecoverable and senseless loss of so much that was beautiful and fair. The island itself shuddered, burying many Elves and Goblins in the ruins. Ulthuan was convulsing, no longer protected by the standing stones against the swirling vortex of raw Chaos power.

Blacktoof directed his Wyvern to fly towards the battlements of the Warden's Tower. Although he was mad with power, the old Shaman knew that with another fallen keystone, the entire island would sink. He would soon bathe in an aura of power and unleash an era of slaughter upon the world. Yet before Blacktoof could reach his destination atop the menhir or unleash his vast reserve of power, a new force swept into the raging battle. Down from the skies hurtled Eltharion, an Elven captain of much renown. He rode upon a Griffon, and vengeance was in his eyes. As a

magical storm broke and multi-coloured lightning strikes split the strangely hued skies, Eltharion beheaded Blacktoof with a single swordstroke. Far below, Eltharion's battle-hardened Elf reinforcements swept into the ruined city to face Grom and drive back his hordes. While Eltharion and a handful of mages attempted to calm the seething storm and prevent its catastrophic consequences, the battle in the ruins reached a crescendo.

Desperately outnumbered, the Elves had been slowly pressed backwards through the ruined streets. The timely arrival of Eltharion's veteran warriors stemmed the green tide and soon the attackers were being driven back. Losing all confidence, the Goblins suddenly routed en masse. With the death of their chief sorcerer, the arrival of fresh Elven troops and the unnatural storm raging above, it was no wonder many Goblins lost heart and broke. For a time Grom attempted to rally his fleeing troops, but finally he too fled the city amidst the final collapse of its last towers.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GROM

No one is sure what happened to Grom in the wake of that conflict, but perhaps this only adds to his awesome reputation. The Elves never caught him and some say he resides there still, high up in the magic-tainted mountains of that strange land. Others say he flew off, mounted atop his mad Shaman's Wyvern, and is still seeking a new land worthy of conquest. Regardless of his ultimate fate, the Goblin King of Misty Mountain lives on in greenskin folklore, a legendary figure regarded by Orc and Goblin alike as touched by the gods. Grom's name remains loathed and feared in all corners of the world, save for a few dark corners of the Badlands where skulking Goblins believe his corpulent majesty will return and lead them to victory once again.



The ladz were at it again. Until a moment ago his army had been reasonably organised. Now it writhed like an itchy squig. Half the mobs were locked in frenzied and bloody combat, fighting tooth and claw, strangling, stabbing and scratching anything in reach. And as the Empire army was still out of rock lobber range that meant that the Orcs were fighting amongst themselves. Again.

Azhag stared down from the back of his wyvern and sighed. Count to ten, whispered the voice in his head; the silky, evil, seductive voice that belonged to the magical crown he wore. Azhag felt his anger subside, soothed by the voice.

"One, two, er..." Azhag paused, a grimace on his ugly green face as he grasped for whatever came next. "Three, Um..." He paused again, gazing blankly into the distance, just then a helmet flew out of a nearby mob and bounced off Azhag's armour, breaking his daydream. "Zog that!" he growled and slid to the ground. Picking up the nearest Gobbo Azhag hurled him into the thick of the fighting. "Stop it, now!" he roared, headbutting a nearby Orc for emphasis. The mob of greenskins paused in mid brawl, fists poised for the next blow, sheepish grins all round. Azhag pointed at the approaching Empire army. "That lot is da ones to fight."

"Er, right Boss," muttered the leader of the mob. "OK ladz, you heard da Boss. Get sorted out an' no fightin' at the back."

Azhag left them to it, muttering to himself as he made his way to the next brawling mob.

"Oi! You lot," he began...

Half an hour later order had been restored. The casualties from the various disagreements were quietly abandoned, their valuable now accompanying the bigger Orcs. The humies were closer, banners fluttering over their units; close enough to tell the different troops apart. Massed blocks of foot warriors formed the centre of their line, rank upon rank of them with smaller blocks mixed in. Looking to his right, Azhag could see a large regiment of knights: the cream of their army. That was probably where their boss was. The other flank seemed empty, but if he squinted he could see some movement. Lurking near the shelter of the infantry was a large multi-barrelled cannon. He'd seen those before and knew to keep clear.

Azhag clambered back onto his wyvern and flew onto the hill behind his lines. Gobbos scattered as the huge beast landed with a thump and folded its massive wings. The Orcs with them quickly battered the Gobbos back to work loading the lobbers and chukkas that littered the hill, ignoring the warboss and his pet. Azhag looked back over his battle line once again. Several of the ladz were still shuffling hock into ranks, a few limping, others shouting insults at each other or gesturing rudely. But it was all half-hearted now. Most of the line was ready. Huge mobs of Orcs formed a solid centre with even larger mobs of Gobbos arrayed on either side. Lurking in the gaps between some of the mobs were a couple of rickety chariots, and facing the enemy cannon were Gatlag's boar boyz. Gatlag himself could be seen in front of his lad, trying to deliver an inspiring speech and not fall off his overexcited boar at the same time. Against the enemy knights Azhag had placed several big mobs of Night Goblins under the leadership of a dubious character called Rikkit – one of the marginally more trustworthy Gobbo bosses from Red Eye Mountain.

Further out on both flanks swarmed a mass of wolfboyz. Azhag knew that there was more than one mob of them on each side, but it was impossible to discern any sort of order in the swirling mass of constantly moving wolves. He might have been annoyed at their disorder, but that was just the way they were. It confused the enemy too.

With a single order Azhag began the battle, rock lobbers and chukkas launching missiles towards the foe. Azhag grinned to himself, watching as the rocks and bolts arced across the gap between the armies, thudding into the packed ranks of the humans. One bolt skewered a knight, plucking him from his saddle and carrying him back into the rider behind him who was slain too. As their panicked horses bolted the riders slid to the ground, still joined by the spear. A rock struck home too, a sickening, crunching splat echoing across the battlefield as the stone shattered in the centre of a block of spearmen, sending razor sharp shards slicing through its ranks.

"WAAAAAAAAGH!" bellowed the Orcs, a single voice for the whole army, and they began to move. Azhag watched for a moment. The bosses knew Da Plan. They also knew what happened to those who annoyed him. He was confident they'd at least try to follow it. Whatever happened, he was there to sort out any enemy troops that made themselves a problem.

The whole army was advancing now. In the centre, mob after mob surged forwards, singing their battle songs and slinging insults and clods of earth at each other. Each mob trying to edge ahead and be the first to charge, only to be overtaken by another. To his far right Azhag could see Rikkit's Night Goblins advancing too, some of the more foolhardy leaping out of their mobs clinging to the hacks of enraged squigs. These quickly hounded towards the enemy knights, though one threw its rider almost immediately and set off for the hills.

On the left the wolfboyz were rushing towards the cannon, followed by Gatlag and his boar boyz. Any moment now, thought Azhag, and as if in answer the cannon roared and the wolfboyz disappeared in a haze of blue-grey smoke. Behind them the boar boyz faltered for a moment, but Gatlag urged them on and they plunged into the gloom.

As the smoke drifted and cleared Azhag could see the humies desperately trying to reload their cannon, but the boar boyz were faster. They raced over the bloody remains of the wolfboyz without breaking stride and straight on into the cannon. The crew went down under a mass of frenzied porkers and irate Orcs and Gatlag led his mob onwards. With their flank protection overrun, the Empire troops were trying to redeploy to cover themselves. Before they could get into position the boar boyz were on them once again, but this time it was a harder fight. Gatlag led the charge straight into the flank of a huge regiment of halberdiers that were trying to wheel round. The nearest rank went down almost immediately, speared and gored as the Orcs charged. Even at this distance Azhag could see the gleaming helm of some heroic humie forcing his way through the unit and into the thick of the fighting. The halberdiers had reeled back from the initial shock, but had now recovered themselves and looked set to make a fight of it.

Azhag felt the urge to go over and sort them out himself, but could he trust the rest of the ladz to do their bit? Soon, said the crown quietly, and Azhag reluctantly turned his attention to the rest of the battlefield.

In the centre his line was almost upon the Empire troops. As they closed the last few paces, bolts of green energy lanced towards the humies, charring those they touched. Sparkles of blue glittered in return, but none was able to last more than a moment before being snuffed out. Their mage is a weak fool, soothed the voice. He cannot stop you.

To the right, Rikkit's Gobbos had stalled the knights with their squigs and fanatics. As Azhag watched, the pride of the Empire army were finally caught by one of the whirling loonies who ploughed straight through them. Bits of splintered lance, armour and limbs flew everywhere as the crazed Goblin crashed through



and out the other side. Then, as the survivors tried to restore order, the fanatic span round and careened straight back through them again. With less than a quarter of his knights left, the humie general turned and ran, dodging a hopping squig and narrowly missing another fanatic as he went. They are yours, said the voice. Azhag put his head back and bellowed a deafening cry of victory.

An answering cry rose from the rest of the army as they charged the Empire centre. Like a green tidal wave they struck and for a moment it looked like they would hold. The fighting was desperate as the Empire troopers had seen the fate of their general and knew they would have to fight their way clear now. Then Gatlag broke through, and panic began to spread along the humie line. Regiment after regiment was charged in turn by the boar boyz, unable to turn to face their new enemy as they were already locked in a deadly struggle with the greenskins to their front. The blood-spattered boyz roared with excitement as they cut down dozens of their foes. Their boars frothed at the mouth, battle frenzy gripping them too. Here and there green energies flowed over the Empire troops, butchering them as surely as the Orcs themselves.

Now is your time, murmured the voice. "Just what I thought," growled Azhag, kicking the flanks of his wyvern which leapt into the sky. "Time for some fun."

As he rose above the battlefield the din lessened and he could see more of the shape of the fight. Good old Gatlag and his lads had stoved in the end of the Empire line. There weren't many left of them, but they were still going. The whole of the Empire line was now crumbling. From his vantage point above the battlefield Azhag could see the cowards fleeing from the humie lines, trailing away from the back of their units whilst their braver comrades still fought against his unstoppable horde. On the right, the remains of the knights had rallied, though they were pitifully few. In front of them Rikkit was still kicking and bullying his ladz forwards. The last humie resistance and the best fight left lay there. Hauling back on the reins, Azhag stopped the wyvern's climb and dived down towards the knights. But before he landed they charged the Night Goblins, the wyvern hit the ground behind the knights with a bone-

shaking crunch, and Azhag roared in fury. Into Rikkit's Gobbos they charged, impaling the luckless greenskins in the front rank, the general cutting down more with his gleaming sword. Magic, whispered the voice, as Azhag turned his wyvern to fare them once more.

Then a knight fell, his horse collapsing under him, squashing the Goblin who had slain it with a sneaky stab in the belly. A cloud covered the sun and a gloom settled over the battlefield. Emboldened by the dimness, the normally timorous Night Goblins fought back harder, swarming over the last few knights and dragging them from their mounts one by one. Azhag could see Rikkit leading from the hack as usual, yelling encouragement. At last all that remained was their general, bloody and wounded, but still fighting. The leathery pinions of the wyvern swept Azhag towards the fight, but just as he approached one of the Gobbos threw his spear and caught the general's steed in the throat. It fought to stay upright, but the wound was too great and it went down suddenly, trapping the general under its dying weight. Yelping and cackling, the Goblins engulfed the fallen humie, his sword disappearing last of all under the pile of bodies. A/hag stopped short and watched dismayed as the fight continued without him, wondering how the general could still be alive. A minute rolled by, then another. Surely he should have been killed by now. Even by Gobbos.

Urging his wyvern forwards again, Azhag moved closer to the fight until he was a mere spear length away. From the battling mound of bodies came odd battlecries of "Mine," "Oi! Gerroff!" "I saw it first..."

With their foes dead Rikkit's Night Goblins were now fighting over the spoils. Azhag watched in frustration as the fight spread through the mob, Gobbs punching each other, piles of greenskins wrestling, struggling and fighting as they vented their anger on each other instead of the enemy. Muttering darkly to himself, Azhag slid off the wyvern's back again. He was sure the humies didn't have this problem.





WAAAGH! AZHAG

All Orcs must fight to survive, but the tribes that dwell in Troll Country must endure particularly rigorous challenges. Monsters and packs of Trolls stalk that deadly land, while Chaos warbands raid from the north. There is no safety amongst Orc kind, as the different tribes of Troll Country are bitter rivals, eager to destroy each other whenever they meet. All of that changed the day a lesser and little-known Orc chieftain by the name of Azhag found a mysterious crown.

After the particularly bitter winter that began the Imperial year 2512, a massive horde of Orcs and Goblins descended from the World's Edge Mountains and ravaged the eastern provinces of the Empire. The Orc Warlord that led them was Azhag the Slaughterer, and under his command were tribes of Orcs and Goblins from the highlands around Red Eye Mountain. In ancient times Red Eye Mountain was a mighty Dwarf realm called Karak Ungar, the Delving Hold. Since the fall of the old Dwarf Empire it has become the most powerful Night Goblin stronghold north of Mad Dog Pass.

Azhag's career of carnage began when he was chieftain of a small Orc tribe from the Troll country. His feet were firmly placed upon the road to power when he uncovered a magic artefact, the Crown of Sorcery, in the subterranean ruins of the daemon-haunted city of Todtheim on the edge of the Northern Wastes.

When attacked by marauding Chaos warbands and heavily armoured Chaos Warriors, Azhag and his mob were forced underground into the labyrinthine ruins of what had long ago been the city of Todtheim. The Orcs spent weeks in the darkness, fighting off the

monstrosities that lived in the cursed city. After fighting off the daemonic monstrosities and uncovering countless ancient horrors that lived in the cursed city, Azhag wandered into the den of a huge multi-headed Chaos Troll. Azhag fought the Troll, and eventually chased it back to its lair where he slew it after a bloody struggle. Searching through the Troll's hoard of treasure in its bone-strewn den he chanced upon the Crown of Sorcery. Unsuspecting of its true power, Azhag placed the metal band upon his head, and instantly its magic began to work. Strange and terrifying thoughts flooded his mind, and darkness overwhelmed him.

Azhag and his tribe fought its way out of Todtheim easily, indeed, Azhag seemed almost to know the way out. Azhag was changed. Sometimes the tribe's Big'Uns recognised their old leader as he stomped up and down the battle lines bawling at his lads. At other times, and especially at night, he seemed disturbingly different. His eyes appeared dark and fixed, as if possessed of some terrifying secret.

From then on Azhag was changed. At first he wore the crown he had found only occasionally, but later it was always on his scarred green skull and he became increasingly silent and brooding. He took to muttering to himself and often spoke in a decidedly un-Orcy voice that seemed heavy with the weight of centuries. Unknown to his mob, the crown was working its arcane control on their leader, for it was an ancient and terrible device that had once belonged to the Liche Lord Nagash, and a fraction of the Great Necromancer's dread power still clung to the iron band. Azhag was not entirely Azhag any more, the





The smell emanating from the Chaos Troll's lair was vile, even by an Orc's low standards. The stench of rotten meat and Troll vomit was one that Azhag had become accustomed to, but the odour of a Chaos Troll was different. It was sickly sweet and the Warlord could only barely fight down the urge to regurgitate his last meal.

Azhag and his small tribe had been forced into Troll country by marauding bands of Chaos mutants. Taking shelter in the caves, a scout party he had sent to explore the dark tunnels leading from the main cave entrance had failed to return. That night the Chaos Troll had crept up on the tired Orc band and slaughtered each and every one of them save Azhag himself who had proved the beast's match and chased the monster back to its lair. The Chaos Troll was now cornered though and fought with a determined ferocity.

Azhag jumped back just in time to see the razor sharp talons of the huge black creature pass within inches of his face. Most of his boyz had been ripped apart by those very same deadly claws. As the Troll lunged forward to tear out Azhag's throat, the mighty Orc spied an opportunity to attack. Swinging his sword in a wide arc it cut deep into the Troll's arm.

The creature let out a savage howl of pain, but even as it did the gash Azhag's sword had inflicted began to close, the blood clotting instantly before his eyes. Enraged by the wound, the Troll lunged towards Azhag, powerful swiping claws raking at his head. Azhag raised his shield and the razor sharp talons cut a deep gash through the metal. A thought crossed Azhag's mind, perhaps he had been a little hasty in his pursuit of the Troll. Now the beast was cornered and was fighting for its life instead of its dinner. As if the Troll could sense Azhag's doubts, it increased the fervour of its attack. Blow after blow rained down upon Azhag's shield tearing more great holes into the thick steel. The Orc Warlord stepped back to avoid the flurry of attacks, but in his haste he slipped, crashing to the floor.

The Troll loomed over him, its arms raised high to be brought crashing down on the Orc's skull. Azhag knew that it was over, he had met his match. He would now suffer the same fate as all those who had fought and suffered at his own merciless hands. Then a strange voice whispered softly to him. It was as if the voice was actually inside his head. He is weak, said the voice. He thinks you defeated, now is the time of his undoing.

Azhag thrust forward his sword, the blade sinking deep into the Troll's chest. The Troll slowly stepped back from the prone Orc, the blade embedded up to the hilt. With a loud crash it hit the floor, dead.

Azhag stood, glanced once at the fallen Troll and then turned towards a corner of the cavern. The voice beckoned him over. Amongst a pile of gnawed bones and broken skulls lay a grime encrusted crown. Wear me, rule me, yours will be the power. The whispers were louder now, and a dull throbbing in his brain urged him to pick up the crown and place it on his head. As he did it seemed to shrink around his temple. Yours is the power to command the voice boomed loud in the Warlord's skull. Arcane knowledge from centuries long past flooded into his memory. The voice in his head was now merging with his own. Without understanding how, Azhag knew he had become infinitely more powerful. The voice spoke again, this time it did not sound strange or unfamiliar. It was as if the voice had always been part of Azhag, it was Azhag's voice. Together we shall fight, together we shall conquer, together we shall rule.

immeasurably strong personality of Nagash was gradually eating him away. However, though the Orc psyche is a simple one, Azhag's mind had its own singularly determined strength.

Despite the crown's exertions, it could not possess Azhag. But Azhag and Nagash had one thing in common, a lust for conquest and power that the Orc warlord was now in a position to fulfil. With whispered advice or sudden jolts of arcane power, the crown aided Azhag. Orcish brutality augmented by ancient guile and dark sorcery of the ancient Liche made for an unbeatable combination. Though he was never truly able to convince his followers as to the value of turning an enemy's flank, the new-found insights Azhag gained from the crown allowed him to make short work of the rival Warbosses who stood in his path.

During that year Azhag rose to become not a chieftain of a downbeaten, wandering mob, but a mighty Warboss of a bold and swaggering Waaagh! Through cunning, force or foul magic, Azhag outmanoeuvred all rivals. Azhag's tribe struck eastwards, into the Worlds Edge Mountains and against the Orc and Goblin tribes that lived there. At first his challenges were met by

rival warbosses, and there were several bloody battles. Prior to each battle, Azhag would dictate the plan of attack and then bellow at his ladz to get moving. Such successes swiftly gained him a huge following of greenskins – they didn't care that Azhag spoke funny just as long as he 'showed 'em where da fighting wuz.' After rumours of Azhag's victories became well known the tribes gave up any ideas of fighting and flocked to join the growing Waaagh! The northern Orc tribes were united as never before.

Moving southwards along the Worlds Edge Mountain chain he conquered tribe after tribe, and eventually all the Night Goblins of Red Eye Mountain joined the Waaagh. This greatly increased the size of Azhag's army, for there are more Night Goblin tribes living in and around Red Eye Mountain than anywhere else in the Old World. They brought, as favour to their chosen leader, an enormous and exceptionally fierce Wyvern. Without being hand-reared from an egg, few Wyverns can be broken to serve as a steed. Yet such was his force of will that Azhag subdued the beast with but a single glance. Skullmuncha, as the Wyvern was named, was vicious and temperamental, yet acted almost docile to its new master.

Ruling over rabble could never sate the crown, for it wished to return far southwards, to reunite with its rightful master. Compelled by a will not his own, Azhag led his Waaagh! into Kislev and stormed into the northern provinces of the Empire. At first the Orcs looted and pillaged through Ostermark, feasting upon the few beasts that the people had carefully nurtured through the winter and driving the impoverished population westwards through the snow. The towns of Kohlitz and the Temple of Sigmar at Nachtdorf were razed to the ground. The Count of Ostermark led a small army of local troops and Knights Panther to try and stem the Orcs' advance, but his troops were hopelessly outnumbered and soon driven from the field in rout.



With brain and brawn so closely aligned, it seemed that no force could stop Azhag's Waaagh! Time and again Azhag proved that he was no ordinary Warboss, relying on tired old 'outnumber and charge' tactics so ingrained in most greenskin leaders. Here, instead, was a deft commander capable of complex strategies. This led to, amongst other things, the infamous synchronised Goblin attack waves at the Battle of Dark Moor. When superior tactics could not crush the enemy, Azhag himself would take to the fray. Few foes could stand the hurtling charge of Skullmuncha, but if they did, Azhag broke them using foul magics and dark sorceries.

THE BATTLE OF BUTCHER'S HILL

It was at the Battle of Butcher's Hill that Azhag earned the title 'Slaughterer'. The battle commenced with Azhag deploying his horde in three separate cohorts – an act unheard of amongst the notoriously direct and unsophisticated Orc Warlords. The first cohort, led by Azhag's Black Orcs and Big Un's engaged the defenders head on. The second commenced a wide sweep around the base of the hill, the great mass of Orcs and Goblins blocking the reinforcement of those facing the wrath of the Black Orcs. The third cohort, consisting of uncounted numbers of Goblins and Snollings, outflanked the defenders. The nimble creatures climbed the hill's flanks and spilled around the defenders until they were entirely surrounded.

As if such a cunning deployment by an Orcish Warlord were not dire enough, what followed would serve to ensure Azhag a place amongst the most hated of Man's foes. Bellowing in a voice not his own, Azhag drew on the sorcerous powers granted him by the ancient crown mounted up on his heavy brow. His words bound the spirits of the recently slain, and turned them upon their still-living fellows. The last, doomed defenders of Butcher's Hill stood back-to-back up on its craggy peak, battling Azhag's Orcs whilst the bloody limbs of recently killed brothers tore at them from below. So terrible was the slaughter that awns escaped Butcher's Hill, the slain being bound to Azhag's will, enslaved and forced to rage bitter, resentful war upon their living kin.





Yet all was not well. Azhag's spirit fought the crown nearly every step of the invasion. After every great victory the greenskins sought to enjoy their gathered spoils, yet the crown pushed Azhag to march further. When Azhag wished to swerve course to sack nearby towns such moves sparked a contest of wills. When the great Waaagh! halted in the burnt ruins of Nachtdorf, allowing the greenskins to raise dung idols to Gork and Mork, the voice in Azhag's head raged at the delay. During such periods Azhag grew sullen or even sat stupefied, his eyes vacant and staring. Many of Azhag's troops knew that 'sumfink wuz not right wiv da Boss'. So long as the victories were rolling in, however, the greenskins were more than willing to enjoy the battles, plunder and ample opportunities to smash stuff. But they all knew Azhag wouldn't get away with such un-Orcish behaviour forever...

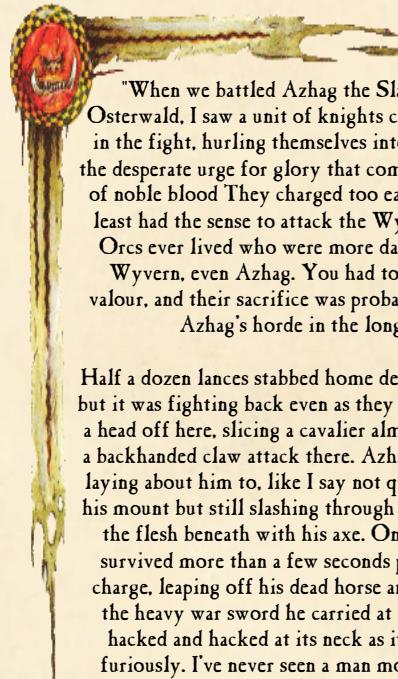
THE END OF AZHAG

The Count rallied his forces in Bechafen where the constant stream of refugees meant lean rations and poor quarters for all. The snows persisted until the second month of the new year, and many died of cold and hunger before the spring. The cold did little to hinder the Orcs, for Orcs and Goblins are hardy creatures, and, if needs must, will eat any flesh no matter how foul or what manner of creature it comes from. The Orcs were also provided with food and reinforcements by Forest Goblins who flocked to join them from the Great Forest.

Bypassing Bechafen the horde headed west, towards the Middle Mountains and Ostland, crossing the river Talabec by the old bridge at Rinn. The Imperial troops posted to defend the river gates from Kislev fled when they saw the green horde stretched out across the horizon and advancing at full speed towards them. In Ostland the horde began to loot and destroy with customary Orc efficiency, crushing the spring crops underfoot and gorging themselves on the hard won stores of the local people. Tough frontier folk that they were, the Ostlanders fought as hard as they could, and the Count of Ostland gathered an army to fight the green tide. At the Battle of Grim Moor the Count Valmir von Raukov won a temporary respite, putting to rout many of Azhag's Goblins before being forced to withdraw.

Azhag flew over the battlefield on his wyvern, swooping upon regiment after regiment and harrying the retreating army as it made its way to the refuge of Wolfenbürg. After the battle Orc tribes came from the Forest of Shadows, swelling Azhag's horde still further, but the Count of Ostland built his defences well and Wolfenbürg held out. Frustrated at this set-back Azhag headed south, where the horde wreaked havoc, destroying the town of Forstich before turning back east through the Great Forest and into Ostermark once more. By now the Emperor's army was approaching from the south, led by one of his most able generals, Marshal Otto Blucher.

The two armies met near the village of Osterwald, where, after a long and close fought battle the Orcs were driven from the field and Azhag met his doom. Counteracting a charge by the Knights Panther, Azhag ordered Skullmuncha into the thick of the fighting. The crown, angered at the invasion's circuitous route, sought greater control over Azhag. The mental duelling left the Orc Warboss distracted and in his moment of weakness Azhag was slain by the Grand Master of the Knights Panther, Werner von Kriegstadt. Without the evil genius to guide them, the Orc army was left leaderless and demoralised in the face of a fierce Empire attack. It was the end of Azhag and of the Waaagh – with a single blow the Orc horde had been defeated, and after the battle it would disperse into the forests and hills. As for the Crown of Sorcery, the Empire's Grand Theogonist recognised its foul nature. Refusing to touch it with bare flesh, he took it back to Altdorf, where it was placed in the deepest vault of the Temple of Sigmar. There its ancient evil could be guarded for eternity by powerful warding spells and iron locks.



"When we battled Azhag the Slaughterer at Osterwald, I saw a unit of knights charge him early in the fight, hurling themselves into the fray with the desperate urge for glory that comes over so many of noble blood. They charged too early, but they at least had the sense to attack the Wyvern first; few Orcs ever lived who were more dangerous than a Wyvern, even Azhag. You had to admire their valour, and their sacrifice was probably what broke Azhag's horde in the long run.

Half a dozen lances stabbed home deep into its body, but it was fighting back even as they pierced it, biting a head off here, slicing a cavalier almost in half with a backhanded claw attack there. Azhag of course was laying about him to, like I say not quite as deadly as his mount but still slashing through harness and into the flesh beneath with his axe. Only one knight survived more than a few seconds past the initial charge, leaping off his dead horse and unlimbering the heavy war sword he carried at his saddle. He hacked and hacked at its neck as it fought back furiously. I've never seen a man move so fast and lithe in full plate armour, but there it was, he evaded almost every attack from Wyvern and Orc alike, or lessened their force so they only struck him glancing blows. With one final shout of effort he cut its neck almost right through, its head hanging limply to one side. I think he was about to try to plant his foot on the neck and clamber up to battle Azhag directly, when the dead Wyvern's tail shot forward like a ballista bolt, straight through the centre of the breastplate and out the backplate. He must have died almost instantly. I never found out who he was, but without him the rest of us might never have got to Azhag to battle him directly. Once Azhag was dead – and that is very much another story, and was no easy task to accomplish you can be sure – his forces fled and scattered. He had been the only thing holding them together."

- Captain Schultz, Mercenary Commander

Below Azzag the great green horde advanced. As the shadow of his wyvern fell upon his troops they looked up, gazing skyward with a mixture of awe, fear and brute stupidity in their red eyes. On the left of the column were the mighty Orc warriors of Ghor's Renders, each a towering giant whose yellow tusks gleamed proudly in the sunlight. To the right were Jhorg's trolls, huge blue-skinned monsters eating the miles with their long loping strides. Behind them, stretching for mile upon mile, came Goblin tribe after Goblin tribe and Orc Mob after Orc Mob. The enormous bulks of stone throwers towered over the mass, each drawn by a sweating team of gobbo slaves.

Spider-riding chieftains led clans of stunted Forest Goblins across the open plain. Black-garbed Night Goblins shuffled and limped along in the bright sunlight. Here and there amid their lines Azzag could see sweating gobbos carrying the great ball and chains of their fanatic brethren. At the head of the army rode the boar riders, controlling their surly bristle-snouted mounts with blows and grunts. Far off in the distance Azzag could see the long grey line of the wolf rider scouts who spearheaded the horde's advance into man territory.

Azzag tugged on the wyvern's reins and the great beast swooped down over the mass of troops, sending panicked Goblins scuttling for cover. In their midst a few doom divers preened themselves and flapped their artificial wings, as if they wanted to leap into the air and join him. With its great banners fluttering in the chill wind the horde was like an endless river of colour flowing across the plains of the eastern Empire. Where it marched the long grass was beaten flat. A long muddy trail of despoliation stretched out behind the army.

Even from this height, hundreds of feet above the army, the din was immense, a hellish cacophony born from the beat of manskinned drums, the bellowing of beasts and the sounding of great bronze trumpets. The high pitched voices of the Goblins mingled with the deep sullen grumbling of the Orcs. The trolls emitted confused grunts and howls as the Orcs leading them poked them with sharp sticks. The soft eight-legged thud of spider legs competed with the weird giggling and screaming of the cave squigs.

Dozens of Orc regiments sang their battlesongs, each trying to drown out their neighbours' chants and make themselves heard above the din. Occasionally they would stop singing to hurl abuse at the regiments marching alongside. Mostly this was good natured, but Azzag knew that it could easily turn vicious and nasty. It was the way of things, and he could no more change it than he could stop himself from eating when he was hungry or cuffing his henchmen when he was annoyed.

From this height Azzag could see the different banners and remember where each unit had joined the Waaagh. He had not always led such a mighty force. Once he had been a simple Orc Boss leading his folk against their many enemies in the Troll Country. That had been before he had discovered his crown in the ruins of that vast abandoned man-city, before the strange evil dreams had come to trouble his sleep, before the foul dust of ancient days had filled his soul. Even now as he thought of it, he felt an urge to rummage through his saddle bags and look at the old rune-encrusted crown. The crown had granted him strange powers and given

him a vision of conquered realms. It made him feel invincible and it granted him great cunning. Despite this there was something about its slumbering evil that troubled his simple soul. There were still days when he wished that he had never taken it from the dead troll's hoard.

No, that was foolish. The crown had lifted him above the ordinary Orc rut of eating and fighting and given him vision. It had shown him the path of conquest. Soon he had been leading his tribe down through Kislev. He had fought many battles with the horse warriors of the Ice Queen and the Dwarfs of the mountains. Mostly he had won, and more and more greenskinned followers had flocked to his banner.

After battling the Kislevites on the frozen lake of Tura, where stone thrower rocks had crashed through the ice drowning dozens of fleeing horsemen, Jhorg and his trolls had emerged from the snow-encrusted pine forest. After he had burned the Kislevite town of Petragrad, the boar riders had ridden up to take part in the plundering. Once he had given their leader Urgruk a good kicking they had volunteered to join the Waaagh!

Since then Orcs and Goblins had flocked to his banner from every deep forest and cave lair. Night Goblins had journeyed from Red Eye Mountain bringing cave squigs and their herders with them. Sensing the growing power of the Waaagh Goblin shamans had hastened to the fast growing army. Forest Goblins had joined them almost as soon as they had left the mountains. It was as if some silent call had summoned them to join this vast migration. Sometimes Azzag wondered about that...

The warning horn blast from the wolf riders drew him from his reverie. He glanced towards the horizon and saw the great grey wolves were loping back towards the main bulk of the army. In the distance, he could see a dark line moving to meet his army. It looked as if another group of men had gathered to try and slow his army's progress. Good, thought Azzag. His boyz would win. There would be more plunder, and word of this mighty victory would spread through the forests and hills and draw ever more warriors to his side. His great plan of conquest was advancing apace.

The human army deployed quickly and efficiently, as Azzag had expected it would. The humans had chosen to fight on the edge of the plain where the grass was shorter and fields of fire were easier to maintain. On their left flank, secured by the river and its marshy banks, was a great mass of heavily armoured infantry. Reiksguard, the crown's evil voice whispered into his mind. Near them were halberdiers and a huge number of poorly armoured spearmen. Peasants, hastily pressed into service, said the malignant voice. In the centre of the Imperial force were the knights, each heavily armed and armoured and mounted on a barded horse. They had massed under the banner of the Count of Ostland, their hereditary lord. Count von Raukov himself was there. As Azzag watched, the man strung his mighty enchanted bow.

On his right flank, Azzag's left, war engines were deployed: a cannon and a volley gun. Beside them several regiments of archers. As Azzag watched a line of Kislevite horsemen took up a skirmish position in front of the Imperial army. Even at this distance Azzag thought he recognised their banner. The



Northerners had obviously followed him, seeking vengeance for their ruined homes. Azzag turned his attention to his own force. The column swiftly spread out into a long battleline. The boarboyz held the centre. Their bad tempered mounts grunted loudly and pawed the earth impatiently, as if they could not wait to get to grips with the foe. Beside them, on either side, were the Orcs, each regiment keen to get on with the fight. As Azzag watched Ghor's Renders started jeering and spitting at Nhaga's Choppers, taunting the rival unit and telling them that they were going to be left behind in the charge. Nhaga's boyz responded with obscene gestures and crude taunts. Azzag watched them carefully, knowing that it was possible that they might forget about the foe and come to blows among themselves if left unsupervised.

On the left wing of the Orc army, on a slight rise in the moor, were the rock lobbers. Each mighty catapult arm was being hastily winched into place. Sweating Orcs quickly loaded huge rocks for firing. Beside the lobbers were the great catapults of the doom divers. A long line of winged lunatics wound up the slope to the launchers. Some hopped and gibbered with excitement. Others rushed about, wings outstretched, making whooshing noises and pretending to be already airborne. On the brow of the ridge one doom diver licked his forefinger then extended it, testing the wind. He turned and shouted something to the doom divers behind him. Azzag assumed it was favourable because they let out a whooping cheer and began to bounce up and down on the spot excitedly.

In front of the ridge were a seething mass of Night Goblin archers. The squinting little gobbos unleashed arrow after arrow into the distance although the range was far too great for them to hit anything. Soon their leaders had to rush among them and knock a few heads together in order to get them to stop wasting their ammunition. Massed beside the archers, next to the Orcs, were all those spear-armed Night Goblins who could not be trusted with bows. They stood howling abuse at their archer brethren and sneakily spitting in the general direction of the Orcs when they thought their larger kin weren't looking. If an Orc cast an eye in their direction the gobbo who had spat hastily pointed to the next spearman in line. Here and there behind the Night Goblins a few fanatics lay writhing on the ground, foaming at the mouth, their jaws working steadily on great wad of hallucinogenic mushrooms. Soon they would move from a state of torpor to one of maniacal exaltation and then they would be ready to be unleashed against the foe.

Here and there among the Night Goblin lines net teams took up position. Azzag would have found them funny had he not seen the teams in action previously. The netters would quickly entangle their chosen enemy then the clubbers would swarm over them, wacking the trapped foes with their big spiky bludgeons. Working together the teams could deal with a foe many times their own size.

To the Orcs' right was a herd of cave squigs and their handlers. The massive spherical monstrosities threatened to wander off and rampage through their own lines and were restrained from doing so only by the efforts of the herders. The handlers had to work frantically with their great poking forks to keep their unruly charges in line.

One squig broke away and waddled towards the trolls on their right. The trolls turned their stupid blank-eyed gaze

towards it. Before its handlers could stop it the squig scuttled over to a troll. Jaws like a mantrap closed and the squig took a great bite out of the troll's leg. Ignoring the great hole in its body the troll casually bludgeoned the squig to the ground with the ease of an Orc swatting a fly. The squig exploded with a horrid squelching noise. Azzag watched in fascination as the troll's flesh began to grow back.

On the trolls' right, almost abutting the river, were the Forest Goblins. Tribe after tribe lined up clutching their weapons and pushing their leaders forward into the front rank. Azzag counted the banners. The Goblins of the Gaping Maw were present along with the Horned Skulls and the Forest Scuttlers. At each end of the line were the shamans. Grim bog, the most powerful, was mounted on a spider. He scuttled into position down by the river. His apprentice, Morglum, stood by the Night Goblins where the vast tides of orky energy the army would soon generate could not overwhelm him. Already Azzag could sense the power that flowed over his force. Soon the humies would feel it too. Ahead of the army the wolf riders had formed up in a thin skirmish line ready to match the Kislevites. All in all it was an impressive force, thought Azzag, climbing into the special padded throne on the back of his wyvern.

The mighty creature surged under him. With a snap it unfurled its huge leathery wings. Azzag felt serpentine muscles coil beneath him as the beast prepared to leap into the air. The crown pulsed on his brow, feeding him its dark energy. Soon it would be time. His plans were laid. Every Orc boss and Goblin chieftain had his instructions. They would carry them out to the letter or feel his wrath. The crown's prompting told him it was time for a few inspiring words before the battle. Unholy energy pulsed through him as he raised his enchanted blade high above his head and let out a loud bellow. Thousands of pairs of red eyes turned to look at him.

"Right ladz," he shouted. "Letz give dem stinkin' humies a good seein' to."

His speech made he applied his spurs to the wyvern's flanks. The great reptile lunched skyward. Exaltation filled Azzag as the ground dropped away beneath him and the rushing wind whipped his face. Soon his force had dwindled till it seemed like an army of ants. He could see the blocks and squares that were both sides' units laid out like a diagram below him. He felt god-like, omniscient, filled with power, exalted by speed and distance.

He brought the wyvern round in a great spiral and forced the creature down. Left to its own devices he did not doubt that it would flap all the way to the distant mountains. As he watched, his boyz began to move forward, chanting and singing and brandishing their weapons at the foe. He felt proud, certain that the inexorable green tide would soon flow over his enemies.

Curses, what was that? A great ruck had broken out between Ghor's boyz and Nhaga's. As he'd feared, the rivalry between the forces had overstepped the bounds of good sense. As the two Mobs had begun to advance they had crashed into each other, perhaps by accident, perhaps by design. He swooped down till he could see the battle, frantically howling curses and imprecations at both sides equally. He saw that the Renders and the Choppers were both getting stuck in. Ghor

and Nhaga moved among their warriors, bashing heads together and stopping the brawl turning into a full scale bloodbath.

Coming to a quick decision, Azhag decided that he could not wait Much as he disliked the idea he would have to trust the two Orc bosses to settle the affair and carry on with his original plan. He had seen his boyz mown down by a volley gun before and did not intend to let it happen again. His stomach lurched as the monster banked and raced towards the enemy artillery. Azhag ducked his head as a doom diver whipped past. The thing's gibbering cries filled his ears and then faded as the gobbo receded into the distance. Even as Azhag watched it plunged into the ground next to the Imperial cannon. A moment later a second doom diver whizzed by him and crunched right into the cannon's barrel with its head, spiking it. Hearing a crunch off to his right Azhag glanced round. A giant boulder from the rock lobber had landed among the Imperial knights, crushing one of them. The other mounted warriors struggled to control their rearing mounts.

Azhag descended right by the volley gun. His padded saddle barely absorbed the shock of impact. Frantically the men tried to swivel the weapon to bear. The wyvem bit one of their heads off. Blood fountained into the air. Droplets of the red stuff ran down Azhag's cheek. He licked the blood off even as he leaned low in his saddle and chopped the other gunner down with his sword. Such was the power the blade lent him that he barely felt the shock of impact as his weapon bit into the man's flesh. Vertebrae snapped as he was cut in two. With a buffet of its wing the wyvem sent the volley gun tumbling into the mud. The nearby human archers stood pale faced. One coward had fainted clean away. A bold sergeant hastily bellowed orders to his men to turn and fire. Azhag opened his mouth and roared with laughter.

The crown pulsed and dark knowledge filled his mind. He howled the words of the Blade Wind spell. A dark, glittering cloud of enchanted scimitars swept out from his hand towards the sergeant. The man desperately tried to parry the ensorcelled weapons but there were too many of them. His friends watched horrified as he was cut to tiny pieces by the hovering swords. Sensing a shift in the winds of magic Azhag looked over at the knights. A mounted human sorcerer sent a bolt of lightning hurtling towards the oncoming Forest Goblins. The gobbos howled and capered as they fried, eyes popping from their sockets. Another wizard began to gesture and point at the Orc warlord. The crown instantly provided Azhag with the words of a counterspell and he dissipated the storm of mystic energy before it had even begun to form.

Azhag risked a glance at his own warriors. Seen from his position within the human line their advance certainly looked impressive. It was as if a seething green sea swept over the plain. Already shaken by the loss of their war engines the human line was panicky. Undaunted, the Kislevites swept out towards the wolf riders, and unleashed a hail of arrows at the wolfboyz. A few fell, arrows protruding from their throats and eyes. The rest turned about and lied.

"Cum bait yer yellow-bellied skum!" Azhag bellowed, but if the wolf riders heard him they pretended not to notice. A hail of fire from one of the human archer regiments encouraged them on their way. The archers who had turned to face Azhag opened fire. With a flickering movement of

his hand the Elector Count unleashed three arrows from his enchanted bow. Azhag raised his magical shield to protect his face and ignored the arrows that pattered off his armour and the wyvern's scales. Suddenly the wyvern gave out an irritated screech. Looking up Azhag saw an arrow protruding through the thin membrane of its wings.

A loud roar from the humans indicated that at least part of their army was advancing. Spells scorched the air between the armies but the magical influences seemed balanced and neither side took any harm.

Azhag applied the spurs once more and the wyvem leapt skyward. From on high he had a good vantage point for the coming struggle. The human spearmen and knights were advancing behind the screen of Kislevites. The gap between the two armies had almost closed. The fleeing wolf riders were blocking the charge of the boar boyz. Ghor and Nhaga had finally got their ladz moving. The Night Goblins lurched closer to the Kislevites and suddenly three screaming Fanatics hurtled out of their ranks. Although they had been expecting it the speed of the attack took the Kislevites by surprise and one fell under the impact of a massive wrecking ball. Arrows from the advancing Night Goblins and Forest Goblins fell ineffectually on the Imperial force. A huge rock landed just in front of the Reiksguard knights, sending clods of muddy earth spurting into the air.

Suddenly the Elector Count and his knights saw their opportunity as the wolf riders surged past the boar boyz. The human horses moved from a canter to a charge and the lancers swept into the boar boyz, skewering several with their lances. The air around the Elector Count glittered as his enchanted blade bit deep. Runefang, whispered the Crown's lurking spirit, ancient blade from the rime of thrice-accursed Signor. The surge of hatred that passed through him when the crown mentioned Sigmar made Azhag howl. For a moment it looked as if the boar boyz might hold. Their surly war hogs tried to gore the horses and their leader Buzhak shouted curses and threats at any lad who might retreat. But then the Runefang bit deep, severing Buzhak's head and sending it flying. The boar boyz turned and fled.

Azhak cursed loudly. Even as he watched, the knights pursued and careered straight into Ghor's Renders. Over by the river the Reiksguard infantry and the halberdiers advanced towards the Forest Goblins. They marched with disciplined precision, every stride in time with the beat of their great drums. At the last second they broke into a charge and threw themselves against the Forest Goblins. With a crash like a steel wave breaking on an iron shore the two forces clashed. Soon man and Goblin were fighting breast to breast in a turbulent maelstrom of death.

Clouds of arrows from the Imperial archers cut down the unleashed Fanatics. Several fell among the main Night Goblin unit throwing them into confusion and disarray. Magical energy made the air over the two armies shimmer and ripple. The tides of power made Azhag's skin tingle. Looking down he saw a bright green glow surround Grimborg's head. Suddenly with an enormous bang the Goblin shaman's head exploded sending green brains splattering over the combatants surrounding him. The human warriors seemed to take heart and fight on with renewed fury.



The entire battle hung in the balance. It actually seemed that through sheer courage and gobbo cowardice the humies might win. Azhag invoked the Blade Wind once more, sending the blades dancing down at the Elector Count himself. Before they could reach him a brilliant golden glow surrounded the Imperial war banner. The shafts of light struck the dark magical blades and the weapons faded like mist in morning sunlight. Azhag bellowed in frustration. Now he was just going to have to sort this out the old fashioned way, by hand.

Shrieking his battle cry he sent the wyvern into a steep dive, catching the Reiksguard knights in the flank. The Count tugged on his horse's reins forcing the terrified animal round to face the wyvern. For a moment even the Reiksguard's iron discipline wavered. Attacked from the side by the enormous wyvern their hearts quailed. Ghor's Renders took new heart at the sight of Azhag's charge and their foes' discomfiture. Ghor swigged down his enchanted potion and the muscles of his arms swelled with new found monstrous strength. He bellowed out a cheerful greeting to Azhag.

The Elector Count lashed out with the Runefang. Frantically Azhag parried. The writhing of the wyvern and the rearing of the warhorse made any sort of skilled fencing impossible and it was more a case of luck as to who hit who. Azhag bit back a howl of pain as the Runefang slashed his forearm. Pain seared up his arm and he almost dropped his sword. Fighting back the agony he lashed out at the Elector Count. His blade bit deep in return, cutting through the man's armour like a butcher's cleaver going through a piece of meat. The Elector was driven backwards by the sheer force of Azhag's blow.

Meanwhile the wyvern had reached forward with its long neck and caught a barded warhorse between its huge jaws. In an awesome display of its incredible strength it lifted the armoured beast up into the air, rider and all, then hurled the kicking and screaming creature to the ground with bone-breaking force. The shock of the impact and the weight of its armoured rider broke the animal's back, killing it instantly. The trapped knight was chopped to bits by the resurgent Orcs.

Ghor crashed through the melee like a daemon of elemental fury. With one back-handed swing of his scimitar he cut through the Count's standard and its bearer's arm. The severed limb flopped to the ground and twitched for a moment like a decapitated snake. It was all too much for the surviving knights. Forming up around the wounded Elector they turned and retreated. Their horses enabled them to outdistance the Orcs. Half blind with pain, Azhag tried to make the wyvern follow but it was too busy slobbering down chunks of the dead warhorse.

Azhag looked round blearily. In the distance he could see half a dozen surviving Reiksguard infantry cut down nearly an entire regiment of Forest Goblins. The stunted ones' nerve had broken and they had turned to flee, presenting their backs to the Imperial soldiers. The close packed mass of panicking gobbos tried to flee in every direction, tripping over each other in their confusion and getting in each other's way. All the humans had to do was run among them, trampling them under foot and hacking them in their undefended backs. In mere moments most of the Goblins were dead. The humans were chopping one down with every ill-aimed stroke. The greenskins were so close that the men

couldn't miss. Azhag bellowed to Nhaga to sort it out. The Orcs charged in. The grossly outnumbered humans prepared for their last stand.

Azhag nearly allowed himself to slump in the saddle. The battle was almost won. The best of the human army was almost in full retreat. No, he decided he would not rest. Not when he had a blade in his hand and a fight before him. He dug his spurs into the wyvern's flanks, forcing the gorged creature to flap slowly into the air. There were still archers to slay and warriors to cut down.

Azhag looked down on the boy's body and tried to understand what had brought one so young so far only to be killed. He felt that if he could understand that then he would understand his enemies and find final victory. Humans were not like his followers, he knew that. The crown had given him sufficient insight to see. Humans were not warlike in the same way as Orcs. The big greenskins lived to fight. They might be momentarily overcome by panic in the heat of battle when all around was confusion, but death held no terrors for them. Orcs lived to fight and eat and plunder. Azhag looked at his boyz as they stomped around over the battlefield, rolling drunk on firewater and chanting their victory songs till it seemed the heavens would shake. Tonight they had grasped victory. Tomorrow they would go in search of another.

No, humans were not like Orcs. They feared to die. To an Orc death was something that just happened, a bit of bad luck, like breaking a tooth when you bit into stonebread. Death was not something an Orc looked forward to with any apprehension. Orcs knew their lot was to fight and die. They complained about it no more than a tree complained about the wind and rain. Humans were not like that. They were weak; they sought things other than ceaseless warfare, and the prospect of death frightened them.

Yet humans were not like Goblins either. They were not sly, avaricious, cowardly little creatures who had to be bullied by a powerful leader or ensorcelled or drugged before they would face a foe in battle. Looking at the gobbos slinking round the Orc warriors, sneakily stealing scraps of food and plunder, Azhag felt a surge of contempt. Goblins could be cruel and malicious but they rarely overcame their fear. Azhag found it hard to imagine any Goblin holding his ground unless they greatly outnumbered their foes. Goblins were not brave.

The human had been brave, Azhag thought. He had known fear and he had overcome it. He had held his ground in the face of certain death and tried to hold Azhag back while his wounded comrades fled. It had been a selfless thing to do, and all the more selfless because he had been afraid. Azhag shook his head. Such behaviour was almost beyond his comprehension. Still he had the time. The world was his to conquer.

All around the Orcs sang their victory songs. As if unaware of all the death and disaster about them they played like children in the wreckage of the battle. For a moment, Azhag felt alone. In all the screaming mob he seemed the only one to have stopped and thought about the future. It was that which separated him from the rest.



Karl Kuhn

THE FALL OF KARAK EIGHT PEAKS

Snikkit ducked as the cannon ball thundered into the rock face, inches above his head. Shards of granite scattered through the air. Under the light of the full moon, he could clearly make out thousands of dark-robed Goblins moving like shadows through the steep valley.

"Boss, are you sure that dis cunning plan of yours iz gonna work?" he whined, brushing a thick layer of dust off his black robes. "Dat wall looks pretty thick and I don't fink we iz gonna get over it, even without those Stunties shootin' stuff at us." His words were drowned out by a scream that was half terror, half delight. A Goblin Doom Diver sailed over their heads, catapulted high into the night air towards the thick walls of the Dwarf stronghold. The solid Dwarf bastion was dotted with small indentations from other Doom Divers' failed attempts at flight and yet, much to the amusement of Snikkit, a long queue of enthusiastic Goblins still stretched back quite some distance.

Along the length of the east wall of the hold, siege machines covered the flat granite surface like vines. From this distance the Goblins manning the towers were just small specks. Occasionally a ladder would be raised and the Goblins would begin to scale it. Each time, defenders would appear at the top of the wall and send the ladder and the unfortunate Goblins crashing back to the ground, but for each ladder they felled another would take its place. The siege of Karak Eight Peaks had reached a horrible stalemate and at some point soon one army would have to give.

Countless numbers of Goblins scurried to and fro. Somewhere amongst the sea of Greenskins, Grobag Dungbreath hoped that the warbosses were keeping some kind of order amongst the thousands of Gobbos that had converged in the pass. It was hard enough keeping his own small tribe under command let alone coordinating the attack of a dozen or so tribes. He'd already seen the Blackfangs let a hail of arrows loose on the Broken Tooth tribe. Fortunately most of the Goblins seemed intent on killing the Dwarfs and the army's formation was holding. Admittedly not holding in tightly knit formations or organised ranks, but the fact that they were facing the right way was as good a sign as any.

"Snikkit, me old mate," said Grobag, grasping his companion tightly by the throat, "now is not the time to question me, right." The Goblin warboss let go of his banner bearer. "Da rat fings said he'd be here, and be here he'd better be." Grobag was beginning to have doubts himself. Those Skaven hated Dwarfs almost as much as the Gobbos did, but he knew better than to trust them. Their leader had made a deal with Grobag that would sort out those Dwarfs forever, but whilst Grobag's boyz were getting blown to smithereens, the rats were nowhere to be seen. He's probably skulkin' down some comfy hole munchin' on some cheese, the Goblin mused to himself.

As the bitter thought of betrayal crossed the Goblin general's mind he heard a loud cheer go up from the Goblin throng. From the arrow slits and windows in the walls of the hold he could make out a strange gas escaping. It was a putrid green colour, thick and noxious. Even the Goblin general could smell it from a good distance away. More and more of the foul fumes poured from the hold. The Skaven had done it, they had penetrated the lower levels and released poisoned gas, just as planned.

"I knew old Skarclaw wouldn't let us down. I knew I could depend on dem rats." The Goblin general waved his sword high in the air.

"Wait for my signal boys, wait for it. Grobag hollered above the chanting mass of elated Goblins. The green gas was now beginning to seep over the top of the stronghold. As he spoke he could see Dwarfs flinging themselves from the parapets. Falling to their doom seemed preferable to suffocation and poisoning amongst the choking fumes. The Goblin army was on the verge of storming the fort and the Bosses were desperately trying to hold the lines back. Slowly the doors to the stronghold opened. It was the moment he'd been waiting for – the Dwarfs were unable to stay within the thick walls of the hold. He knew Dwarfs too well, they would rather die fighting than choke to death in the thick, noxious gases.

"Charge! Get 'em ladz! We'll be roastin' stunties before dawn." With a high-pitched roar the whole Goblin army charged forward. Thick ranks of spears closed in upon the Dwarfs and the moon disappeared, obscured by missile fire from the hundreds of Night Goblins that lined the slopes of the mountain pass. The first wave of Night Goblins hit the Dwarf formation, but the Dwarfs were disciplined troops and Grobag was dismayed to see his attack faltering. Wave after wave of Goblins smashed against the solid

shield wall of the Dwarfs, only to be cut down within a matter of seconds. The stunties were resolute in the defence of their hold and what should have been a great Goblin victory was slowly turning into a slaughter. Looking for his best Shaman, Grobag spied the tall, brightly-coloured hat of the strange Goblin in the centre of a unit of Boyz. Making his way towards him, he pushed through the dense ranks of troops between them. Snikkit ran behind him, proudly waving the battle standard before him. Fazbang the Shaman had spent the last few hours gathering a personal retinue of Night Goblin Fanatics, but instead of fighting at the front of the Goblin attacking force, they stood gibbering together at the rear of the army.

"What's goin' on?" Grobag growled as he eventually reached the Shaman. "You said we'd easily smash through those Dwarfs." He could sense a Goblin retreat was imminent; already he'd spied some fleeing the field of battle and to be quite honest the way things were going he was tempted to follow.

"And so we shall. See these?" Fazbang calmly replied. The Shaman pulled out a handful of mushrooms from a small pouch, their caps sparkled with a golden glow in the dark night. One by one Fazbang handed them out to a select few Goblins who had gathered around him, each taking one and carefully nibbling on it.

"What's dem?" Snikkit asked pointing to the glowing fungus which the Shaman was carefully placing back in his pouch.

"Wait and see" the Shaman replied pointing to the Goblins who had eaten them. Snikkit raised a puzzled brow. The fanatics picked up their heavy metal balls which were attached to each Goblin by means of a short length of chain. As they passed through the crowded troops Snikkit noticed that the other Gobbos were quickly making way for them and within a matter of seconds they had reached the front line. Then he realised why such a wide berth had developed. They began to swing their balls and before long the momentum combined with the weight of the balls sent the crazy Goblins hurtling forward, spinning towards the Dwarfs' defensive formation. Foam drooled from their mouths and their manic cackles sent a shiver down Snikkit's spine. Most of them were cut down by crossbow bolts, but a couple hit the solid line and sent fragments of shields, helmets and Dwarf flesh flying through the cold night air.

Just two single crazed Goblins had punched a small hole in the defensive line, but it was enough. Seeing the gap in the formation the Goblins of the Crooked Moon tribe launched a full scale charge. Before the Dwarfs could close up the holes in their defensive position the Goblins had broken through. The rest of the green horde was soon crashing against the Dwarf line. In a brief moment the stout defenders were overcome. Each Dwarf was skewered by dozens of sharp spear points. Engulfed by the sheer number of attackers, the brave Dwarfs stood little chance. The gates to Karak Eight Peaks stood open to the whole Goblin horde. Regiment after regiment of the Greenskins poured through the gigantic archway to plunder the citadel.

Hours after the battle, Grobag could hear the screams of Dwarfs as they were hideously tortured by his Boyz. The fumes had dissipated quickly and Grobag now sat upon the King's throne in the Great Hall. All around the hall Goblins had gathered, and at his left stood a small number of Skaven. These were the Skaven Seer's guard, whom he had already reached an agreement with. The Skaven could keep possession of the lower mines whilst the Night Goblins would take command of the stronghold itself. Grobag had little trust that the devious Skaven would keep their word, but he had plans to deal with them too. Before long Karak Eight Peaks would belong to the Goblins and the Goblins alone. Tonight though, united in a glorious victory, the two races drank together. It was a night to celebrate.

"Boyz, Gobbos and rat fings, lend me your ears." At this a number of necklaces, each made from the grisly trophies of Dwarf victims were hurled towards him. Grobag continued: "I tell yer, today is a great day for da Gobbos – today we kicked dem Stunties outta our mountain. Tomorrow we'll kick em off the face of the world, but tonight let's feast."

With his victory speech over Grobag jumped from the throne and made his way to the cellars where the banquet was being prepared. He grabbed the Shaman as he passed him "Fazbang me old mate, do ya know what I fancy to eat?" Fazbang looked at Grobag his suspicions already raised. "Err, no. What Boss?" Grobag snatched the small pouch from around Fazbang's neck "Dwarf and mushroom stew."

WAAAGH! SKARSNIK

After the collapse of the Dwarf empire almost three and a half thousand years ago the Dwarf stronghold of Karak Eight Peaks lay in ruins, wrested from its original owners. Its deep caverns and tunnels were taken over by Night Goblins and the chaotic ratmen known as the Skaven. Deeper still nameless horrors crawled into the old Dwarf mines and settled in the long-abandoned depths. Within a few years of Karak Eight Peaks' fall the Night Goblins had settled permanently in the ruins and split into many tribes based around the adjoining mountains and the tunnels that ran beneath them.

Since that time, greenskins and Skaven have fought over its mighty remains almost without pause. Many tribes of Night Goblins have laid claims upon the adjoining mountains and the tunnels that run beneath the hold, while Orc tribes carve out territory on the surface, in the ruins of the city that lies sheltered beneath the cradle of the eight snow-capped peaks. The Dwarfs themselves have mounted many forays to reclaim their realm of old. After many failures (each recorded in the Book of Grudges), the Dwarfs finally succeeded around the Imperial year 2470, when Belegar established a fortified bridgehead in the old citadel. Although the Dwarfs often tried to recapture Karak Eight Peaks they did not. Though the Dwarfs were forced to live in a virtual state of siege, they gradually managed to clear the Night Goblins and other evil creatures out of the upper levels. Today Belegar and his kinsfolk still live amongst the ruins of Karak Eight Peaks, and hope one day to reconquer the whole realm of their ancestors. Belegar's Dwarfs face constant raiding by the Night Goblin tribes that live in the surrounding eight peaks of the old Dwarf kingdom.

Out of this blood-soaked region a single greenskin has arisen to take charge – Skarsnik, the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks, and chieftain of arguably the most powerful Night Goblin tribe in the known world, the Crooked Moons. Skarsnik is an outstandingly devious and sneaky individual in a race that exemplifies such traits. He has ascended to the top of the Crooked Moons hierarchy through shifty alliances, cunning ambushes and countless underground raids. In traditional Goblin fashion, Skarsnik's meteoric ascension was supported by the untimely (yet wholly explicable) deaths of a long succession of chief rivals. As such, when Warboss Ibrit Dungstrangler had an improbable yet terminal encounter with a jug of lamp oil, a nest of cave hornets and Skarsnik's pet squig, Gobbla, Skarsnik seized control of the tribe.

From the day that Skarsnik wrested leadership, the fortunes of the Crooked Moon tribe increased markedly. Fuelled by Skarsnik's boundless spite and deviously clever schemes (and plenty of intoxicating mushrooms) the Crooked Moons have since grown to

dominate the region. In a series of carefully crafted betrayals, Skarsnik subjugated the other greenskin tribes who had taken up residence in the upper halls of Karak Eight Peaks. Skarsnik then turned his gaze to the Skaven-infested tunnels below, paying a tribute of 'docile' squigs to the Warlord of Clan Mors (in reality, the beasts had been induced into a stupor by a carefully brewed fungus potion). A week later, after the passages no longer rang to the sound of snapping teeth and panicked ratmen, Skarsnik led an army to claim much of the now notably empty (and bloodstained) caverns in the process.

So great is Skarsnik's fame that all the tribes of Karak Eight Peaks, and many more besides, all hail him as their undisputed master. Since taking over, Skarsnik's reach has grown long. From his base in Karak Eight Peaks Skarsnik has launched attacks as far away as the Dwarfhold of Barak Varr and even been able to ambush enemies in the distant Mad Dog Pass.

Able to hone his dirty tricks in the many battles of Karak Eight Peaks, Skarsnik has developed a cool patience that allows him to wait until his trap is fully set – a rare trait amongst greenskins, who are often overeager. One of Skarsnik's favoured tactics is to secretly break into an enemy-held area, but not to order an all-out attack, at least not initially. Instead a breakthrough is used to capture a few individuals, picking them off one by one. Live captives are best as their tormented screams haunt the remaining defenders. Only when the rest of the plan is ready will the full assault be launched. Skarsnik uses attacks from multiple directions, diversionary feints and feigned retreats and doubtlessly keeps more ruses up his tattered sleeves.





Skarsnik is a cunning and observant leader who has grown to understand the Dwarf mind. When Belegar arrived he watched the Dwarfs rebuild their citadel but did not attack at first. Instead he waited until stragglers ventured outside the walls and then picked them off one by one, capturing the Dwarfs alive if possible and tormenting them for days within earshot of the citadel walls.

THE BATTLE OF THE JAWS

About forty years before the present day, Belegar attempted to break the deadlock with aid from the north. The Dwarfs sent word to the Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak high in the Worlds Edge Mountains, explaining that the Night Goblins were virtually holding them prisoners within their own citadel and that without reinforcements it could only be a matter of time before the Dwarfs were defeated. Duregar, a kinsman of Belegar from Karaz-a-Karak, immediately gathered an army and marched southwards along the western flanks of the mountains, with the aim of reinforcing the army of Belegar. Occupied though he was with maintaining control over his tribe and his new

territories, Skarsnik had spite enough to spare for this new rival and directed an army of greenskins to assail the Dwarfs as they advanced into Mad Dog Pass.

By this time Skarsnik's horde had grown into a huge Waaagh! The Night Goblin warlord's forces were fighting every Dwarf and Orc between Thunder Mountain to the north and Fire Mountain to the south. In the Badlands several Orc tribes joined the Waaagh. Even Barak Varr, the Sea Fortress of the Dwarfs by the Black Gulf, was under attack. As the Dwarfs from Karaz-a-Karak marched south they saw the rising plumes of smoke in front of them. Messengers from Barak Varr brought news that the western approaches to Karaz Eight Peaks were held in strength by the Red Fang Orcs led by Gorfang Rotgut. It was at this point that Duregar made an important decision. Rather than enter Karaz Eight Peaks from the west, he would cross the Worlds Edge Mountains and move south along the eastern edge, entering Kayak Eight-Peaks from what he hoped would be the more lightly held eastern gate. With the sun ebbing in the sky and the smoke of Thunder Mountain drifting across the horizon, the Dwarf army camped at the entrance to Mad Dog Pass.

The following day the Dwarfs advanced into the pass. Mad Dog Pass is notoriously dangerous. Its steep sides are thronged with Goblin strongholds and its rocky slopes overlay caves and tunnels that are riddled with evil creatures. Duregar pinned his hopes on Dwarven determination to keep the army safe. As the Dwarfs advanced into the mouth of the pass they were attacked by a large army of Orcs and Goblins that had apparently been waiting to attack them from behind once they had moved south. Confronted with such large numbers of bloodthirsty greenskins, the Dwarfs were hard-pressed and only their stubborn tenacity allowed them to endure long enough for their formidable cannons to turn the course of the battle. This battle became known later as the Battle of the Jaws, an apt name considering the manner in which the Orc attack closed in on the Dwarfs, like the jaws of the Mad Dog itself.

During the battle five Troll Slayers distinguished themselves by attacking and destroying three Trolls which were perilously close to crushing Duregar himself. Only two of the Troll Slayers survived. One was heard to complain that there were insufficient Trolls to go round. The Dwarfs celebrated their victory, unaware that the many hundreds of greenskins that had been slain in Mad Dog Pass amounted to but a fraction of Skarsnik's true strength (and coincidentally all hailed from a clan that Skarsnik had a certain antipathy towards). Meanwhile, having tested Duregar's resolve, Skarsnik prepared his true attack.

When he heard of his army's defeat he proclaimed a huge mushroom feast and ordered his shamans to brew up a fresh batch of Mad Cap fungus liquor for the Fanatics. Squig Hunters were dispatched into the deep tunnels to fetch more Cave Squigs, while Netters were sent off to hunt down Stone Trolls amongst the mountains. As the Dwarfs moved south Goblins watched them from the hills, reporting their movements by means of oily smoke signals and throbbing war drums.

THE BATTLE OF EAST GATE

Skarsnik sat upon his iron throne and waited. In the meantime he amused himself by feeding Dwarf captives to Gobbla, the enormous, malodorous and psychopathically vicious Cave Squig which he kept firmly chained to his left leg. Why the demented creature never bit Skarsnik was a matter of some mystery. It certainly bit everything else. Duregar's army moved steadily southwards until it reached the eastern entrance to Death Pass. The East Gate of Karak Eight Peaks lay several miles inside the pass through a broad side valley paved with ancient stones and studded with the ruined tombs of Dwarf ancestors. The Dwarfs advanced in battle formation fully expecting an attack from the steep mountain slopes which towered ominously above the old Dwarf road.

The East Gate had been built thousands of years before at a place where a long ridge ran down into the valley causing it to narrow to a hundred yards or less. Here





the Dwarfs of antiquity had built their gate, once a vast and impregnable fortress but now little more than a pile of stone through which the road still led. In front of the gate and connected to it by a high causeway was a tall grey watchtower whose summit commanded the approach down the valley. Although partially ruined, the watchtower had been rebuilt and fortified by Skarsnik's Goblins. Now it was crammed with Night Goblin archers, and on top there was a huge rock lobber crewed by fierce Orcs.

As the Dwarfs marched forwards Orcs and Goblins closed in from their hiding places in the slopes to left and right. Behind them a huge force of Orcs moved to block their escape. The Dwarfs were surrounded by foes on all sides. Stones from the rock lobber began to fall amongst their densely packed ranks. Duregar pushed forward, pinning his hopes on breaking through the East Gate. As the Dwarfs approached the first ranks of Night Goblins a massive whoop went up amongst the greenskins, and from out of their formation charged Night Goblin Fanatics whirling balls and chains. Like spinning tops they lurched crazily towards the Dwarfs. Many were shot down with crossbow bolts, some whirled away and missed the Dwarfs altogether, but some hit the Dwarfs killing many before collapsing with exhaustion.

The Dwarfs advanced. The Night Goblins in front were easily driven away, but just as soon as a gap appeared and the Dwarfs caught sight of the gate more Night Goblins charged in to hold them. Night Goblin archers rained arrows down from the watchtower. Black-fletched arrows hit Dwarf and Night Goblin alike, but

the archers carried on shooting regardless, ignoring the hurt done to their fellows.

Things looked bleak for the Dwarfs. Over half of their army had been destroyed during the initial rush towards the gate. The Goblin horde seemed hardly diminished. Outnumbered and trapped, the dismayed Dwarfs resolved to sell their lives dearly. With typical Dwarf stubbornness Duregar led his troops up onto a small mound, the remains of an ancient Dwarf tomb, to make his last stand. As the Dwarfs steeled themselves for the inevitable assault, there was a loud explosion and the gateway burst apart in a cloud of dust.

As the dust cleared Duregar saw Dwarfs pouring through the gateway towards them. The confused Night Goblins scattered leaving piles of dead in their wake. It was Belegar and the Dwarfs of Karak Eight Peaks. They had advanced eastwards from the other side of the gate and destroyed the unsuspecting Night Goblin rearguard before blowing the gates with gunpowder.

The Night Goblins and Orcs were thrown into disorder. Skarsnik, watching from his vantage point on the mountain slopes, saw his army waver. For the Dwarfs it was a much needed respite. The Dwarf forces met across a sea of blood and green bodies. Forming into a huge and solidly packed square the combined army began to move steadily back towards the gate. Before they were half way there the Orcs and Goblins regrouped. When they saw how few Dwarfs there were their confidence returned. Stones from the rock lobber smashed into the Dwarf column and arrows fell amongst their ranks.

Many Dwarfs stumbled to the ground dead with Goblin arrows embedded in them, but more still made the gate. Cave Squigs were unleashed upon the Dwarfs, but several were killed by Troll Slayers while others ran wild snapping at the Night Goblins, biting off limbs and heads before vanishing into the mountains. Smashing through the few Night Goblins that remained to oppose them, Duregar and Belegar headed west. The Night Goblins continued to harass the Dwarf column all the way to the Citadel, but thanks to their heavy armour and natural toughness there were few more casualties. As a sickly moon cast its light upon Death Pass, Skarsnik was the master of the battlefield, but Duregar and Belegar had escaped his net.

Although not as catastrophic as it might have been, the Battle of East Gate was a resounding defeat for the Dwarfs. Over half of the Dwarf force lay dead on the scree-covered slopes and although Skarsnik had lost many good warriors his horde could well afford to lose as many again. The Dwarf army was bottled up inside the Citadel and, although not destroyed, the Dwarfs were not going anywhere. Skarsnik had other enemies to crush, and would launch huge attacks against Karak Azul, Barak Varr and throughout the Badlands over the course of the next three summers. Gobbla, his hugely bloated and eternally hungry Cave Squig would feed well. Although repulsed time and time again, Skarsnik's power continues to grow even today, and his grip over the mountains around Karak Eight Peaks is just as tight.

THE THREAT UNDER THE MOUNTAINS

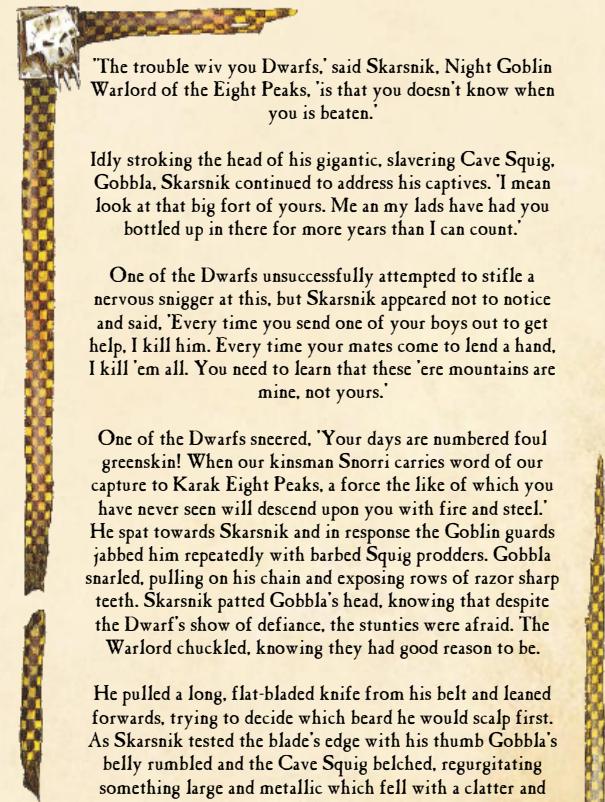
Over the years Skarsnik has amassed a large collection of Dwarf beard scalps which he displays on long wooden stakes driven into the mountain side, where any who approach can see them as they flap in the chill mountain breeze and serve as a warning to any that seek to challenge the Warlord of the Eight Peaks. The Dwarfs are forced to watch the number of beard scalps grow day by day, while by night the pounding war drums of the Night Goblins and the screaming of captives haunts their sleep.

Since the Dwarfs returned to occupy Karak Eight Peaks, Skarsnik has held the colony under siege. King Belegar came back to reclaim his father's halls. Now he faces the reality that he must fight with all the stubborn determination of his kind just to stay alive. They are currently trapped within a few heavily fortified levels.

When Dwarfs attempt to enter or leave Karak Eight Peaks, Skarsnik orders them hunted down. Skarsnik is forever devising new traps with which to lure the stunties towards their doom and has mounted many sneaky raids into their citadel. The Dwarfs, ensconced behind their barricades, repeatedly think the Night Goblins driven off; only to find the real assault emerging from some other, unexpected quarter. Enraged beyond forbearance, when Dwarf counter-attacks charge out to claim vengeance, they often encounter masses of well-prepared archers or a living wall of ball-whirling Goblin Fanatics.

But Skarsnik is not just a mastermind, capable only of pulling strings from afar. Guarded by his enormous Cave Squig, Gobbla, Skarsnik is known to spearhead vital

attacks and his belt of Dwarf scalps is proof of his ferocity. It was Skarsnik that led the main advance to retake the great throne hall from the Skaven. There, he and Gobbla carved through a living sea of ratmen to clear the dais that once supported the Dwarf King's grand runic throne. Amidst the rubble of the long-sacked Dwarf hall, Skarsnik personally skewered the War-Chieftain Skruk Spittletail. So great was the ensuing slaughter that those upper levels have remained clear of vermin ever since. Gobbla himself ate so many ratmen during the battle that he couldn't move for a week. If one is judged by the quality of one's enemies, then Skarsnik ranks high indeed. King Belegar, leader of the Dwarfen enclave, claims distant relation to Thorgrim, the Dwarf High King who rules from Karaz-a-Karak. The coffers of the High King have been opened for the cause of reclaiming Karak Eight Peaks. Many of the High King's best warriors have been dispatched to aid. Yet for all that, Skarsnik stays one step ahead of the hated stunties, ambushing them at every turn, thwarting their every advance. As for the Skaven, they have suffered even worse than the Dwarfs. Through his endless betrayals and butcheries of the ratmen, Skarsnik has earned the eternal hatred of the Council of Thirteen, the mysterious rulers of that verminous race. Alerted by its keen sense of smell, no black-clad assassin has thus far made it past the jaws of Gobbla, who has eaten such assassins in scores. The mightiest of Skaven Warlord Clans, Clan Mors, has made the deepest pits of Karak Eight Peaks their lair. Only by bitter battle have the Crooked Moons kept the ratmen from rising up and taking over. Even the callous Skarsnik is impressed with how many Skaven are recklessly thrown into the fray to die in the never-ending battles.



He pulled a long, flat-bladed knife from his belt and leaned forwards, trying to decide which beard he would scalp first. As Skarsnik tested the blade's edge with his thumb Gobbla's belly rumble and the Cave Squig belched, regurgitating something large and metallic which fell with a clatter and rolled across the floor. The beast hiccupped and both captives paled as the object came to a halt in front of them. It was a dented Dwarf helm with a prominent 'S' rune embossed on the partially digested metal.

THE BATTLE OF EAST GATE

The ground shook as another huge boulder from the rock lubber smashed into the close-packed ranks of the Dwarfs. The giant chunk of stone shattered into hundreds of lethal shards, tearing a huge hole in their formation. Dwarfs fell screaming and Goblins swarmed through the gaps in the line. The cackling greenskins ensnared their stunned foes in nets, thumping them with heavy clubs as the Dwarfs frantically tried to close their ranks.

The Goblin Warlord Skarsnik smashed his heavy bladed Squigprodger through the breastplate of the Dwarf before him, and swept his sword across the neck of another. All around him Goblins hurled themselves at their hated foes, thrusting with spears and screeching with battle-lust. The Warlord's pet Cave Squig, Gobbla, fought alongside him, roaring and snapping left and right, disembowelling dozens of Dwarfs in seconds with its fearsome fangs. Axe blades rang on Skarsnik's armour and though he bled from a host of cuts he didn't feel them. He was too caught up in the slaughter to feel pain, his weapons stabbing and hacking. The Dwarfs fought back with a stubborn defiance, but they were no match for the ferocity of Skarsnik's Goblins. Scores fell screaming beneath his blades. Dwarf blood stained the road red.

The Dwarfs vainly attempted to hold back the Green horde, but it was an unequal struggle. They were outnumbered and surrounded. Skarsnik could afford huge losses, the Dwarfs could not. The carnage was terrible, but the Dwarfs pushed on undaunted, drawing the bodies of their fallen comrades with them. They marched towards the East Gate of Karak Eight Peaks, once a mighty fortress that spanned the width of Death Pass, but now nothing more than a pile of rubble. The road in the hold ran through the gate and if they could survive long enough to pass through it, then perhaps they could reach their besieged kinsmen.

But Skarsnik had the Dwarfs hemmed in now. Hundreds of Goblins were emerging from their hiding places on the flanks of this narrow point of the Pass and mitre held the remains of the gate. A force of Orcs were moving behind the Dwarfs to block their retreat. Skarsnik had made sure that there would be no escape and no lifting of the siege.

"Come on you lot! They're only stunties! Fight like Gobbos!" Skarsnik yelled, encouraging his warriors to fight harder. He reinforced the command with several sharp smacks around the heads of slower Goblins nearby. Skarsnik leapt to the attack once more, swinging his prodger wildly around his head and decapitating another Dwarf. A black rain of arrows dropped onto the swirling combat, skewering as many Goblins as Dwarfs. High upon the gate's watchtower, Night Goblin archers shot into the combat, heedless of the casualties they were causing to their own forces. An arrow thumped into Skarsnik's shoulder plates and he grunted in pain. He felt the point pierce his skin and angrily wrenched the arrow from his body. He tossed it aside as a hugely bearded Dwarf struck at him with a nine encrusted axe. Skarsnik blocked the blow and spun inside his opponent's guard, then slammed his knee into the Dwarf's groin. The Dwarf staggered back, dropping the axe and Skarsnik thrust the prodger in his face. A blast of powerful Waaagh! energy shot from the enchanted weapon. The Dwarf collapsed screaming as a green fireball enveloped him, melting his armour and searing the flesh from his bones. The rest of the lawarfs fell back in horror at this grisly sight, fear whipping momentarily along their line. No one wished a similar fate.

"This is it lads!" yelled Skarsnik, stepping over the smoking corpse into the thick of the fighting -We got 'em now!" The Warlord pushed deeper into the enemy lines, killing indiscriminately

Gobbla paused to feed on the cooked Dwarf's flesh, swallowing the charred body in two crunching bites. A wall of armoured Dwarfs closed around Skarsnik and he was soon lost to sight. All that could be seen was the blade of his prodger rising and falling, blood fountaining into the air.

Seeing their leader surrounded, the Goblins blocking the road to the East Gate faltered and began falling back in disarray. The flow of the battle shifted as the Dwarfs took advantage of the Goblin's sudden weakness and began advancing once more towards the gate, fresh determination in their stride.

Skarsnik stood atop a pile of Dwarf bodies and began waving his prodger furiously at the Goblins he'd positioned on the hillside closer to the gate. His crafty plan of leaving a reserve was now paying off. Slowly at first, but with greater speed as the unit's bosses began smacking them into shape, the Goblins swarmed down the pass and took up a blocking position before the gate. Skarsnik chuckled as he imagined the dismay anumagst the Dwarfs at this unexpected display of Goblin cunning. To go forward was to become embroiled in a desperate haute of attrition that could have only one outcome. But to stay was to die as Goblin archers sent volley after volley through their ranks and the Rock Lubber pounded their bones to dust.

Over half the Dwarf army lay dead or dying while Skarsnik's horde was practically undiminished. There was no way out. With typical Dwarf stoicism the Dwarfs understood that their doom was upon them and began commanding their souls to Grungni. Fighting their way to the top of a grassy mound, the Dwarfs prepared to sell themselves as dearly as possible.

Skarsnik halted his army at the foot of the mound, an ancient tomb his Gobbos had looted many months ago, and called up to the Dwarfs. "Hey up there! Which one of you stunties is da bossman? You got one chance to live here. Surrender now or you're all going to die!"

A heavily armoured Dwarf with a thick grey beard stepped from the bloodied ranks and raised a glittering rune axe high. In a deep, booming voice he addressed the leering Goblin.

"I, Duregar, kinsman to King Belegar of Karak Eight Peaks, command these warriors. I tell you now that we shall all willingly air here on the land of our ancestors before surrendering to you, foul greenskin!" The remainder of the Dwarf army cheered and hanged their axes un their shields in defiance.

Skarsnik shrugged. "Right yer are then," he shouted. "Just thought I'd check ..."

He raised his prodger to point at Duregar and yelled, "No one kills that stunt but me!" Skarsnik was about to order the attack when a deafening explosion behind him knocked him sprawling. The East Gate vanished in a sheet of flames and dust, the echoes rolling across the pass like thunder. Skarsnik picked himself up from the ground and spat a mouthful of dirt, looking back towards the source of the blast. The Dwarfs and Goblins waited for the dust to settle and as the smoky clouds cleared, both armies saw a host of Dwarfs led by a mighty warrior wearing the crown of Karak Eight Peaks. Marching east along the road, the Dwarf King Belegar had come to the aid of his kin, and now led his clansmen over the rubble and through the remains of the scattering Goblin rearguard.

Skarsnik yelled in delight as he hashed his Gobbos round to face this new foe. "More stunties to kill! Let's get 'em lads!"





WAAAGH! GRIMGOR

Grimgor Ironhide is one of the most feared names in the Warhammer world. Dwarfs, Elves and Men alike all have woeful tales to tell of this monster of an Orc. At night, mothers tell their children to be good, 'lest Grimgor gets them'. The Dwarfs have whole sections scribed within their Great Book of Grudges holding Grimgor accountable for innumerable wrongs. The Wood Elves speak his name in hushed whispers, believing him to be a reincarnation of a terrible daemon that once haunted the forests of Athel Loren. Even the Skaven know of this monster, and the musky scent of fear can be smelled at the passing mention of the great Orc.

Grimgor Ironhide is a Black Orc of matchless fighting prowess, with a lust for battle that outstrips even the rest of his carnage-hungry kind. When he staggered out of the Dark Lands with his grizzled and battle-scarred bodyguard, he started a bloody chain of events that is still unravelling. Grimgor's past is a mystery and any that dare ask about it are dispatched. No rival Warboss can stand before his might and few care to fall under the gaze of his one good eye. Shortly after his arrival, Grimgor led his warband to take over or wipe out over a dozen Orc and Goblin tribes of the northern Worlds Edge Mountains, and that was just for starters.

Grimgor always travels with a hardened core of Black Orcs. They have been with him through thick and thin and now form his bodyguard, a regiment known as da Immortulz. Grimgor has always sought a challenge, not followers. He can put up with his bodyguard as they are Black Orcs – tough, mean and only interested in battles and fighting. Although other Orcs and Goblins flock to his impressive deeds, Grimgor is at best indifferent to such greenskins, and at worst he actively despises them. When he can, Grimgor marches out early, before any of the ragtag hordes can assemble and follow. Yet inevitably they catch up, as his trail of blood-soaked devastation is all too easy to follow. Periodically, when Grimgor's frustrations with finding a battle-worthy foe can no longer be held in check, he will cull the lesser greenskins from his following.

Since establishing his home stomping grounds amongst the northern peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains, Grimgor has found time to butcher his way through many other territories. Stunties, encased in their nigh-impenetrable armour were hacked apart with ease. Vampire Lords from Sylvania were broken and their fangs strung onto long ropes to bedeck Grimgor's banners. When he marched into Kislev Grimgor found, to his dismay, that even a dozen of their best champions could barely make him break a sweat. Only the blizzards sent by the desperate Ice Queen of that land halted Grimgor's reign of terror on the steppes. Attempts to wait out the winter storms so frustrated the glowering Black Orc that he slew every Goblin he could find, even wading into chest-high snowbanks to

chop at any little runts that were hiding. When all the Shamans spoke of sorcery and how the storm was unnatural, Grimgor finally relented and headed back. Travelling this way, the storm soon abated, yet every time Grimgor turned again to march back into Kislev, the winds whipped up and pelted him with ice.

For many months the lands around the mountainous regions to the south of Kislev were spared the constant threat of Orc attack. As the harsh winter storms blasted the plains and scoured the mountainsides, the Orc and Goblin tribes retreated back to their cavernous dwellings, even their thick skins feeling the bite of one of the harshest winters ever recorded.

In a towering rage Grimgor returned to the Worlds Edge Mountains. His anger was so palpable, even his bodyguard kept their distance. The Night Goblins of Red Eye Mountain (the former Dwarf hold of Karak Ungor) were followers of Grimgor, at least when he didn't leave them behind or wade into their midst swinging his axe. Awed by his incandescent anger, the bravest of the Night Goblins dared to approach Grimgor and lead him to the depths beneath their mountainous lair. For Grimgor, the confines of the mountain stronghold meant that in order to quench his huge thirst for battle once again, he was forced to seek out the swarming masses of Skaven who had carved their lairs deep below the mountains. There, Grimgor found a vent for his insatiable appetite for carnage – a seemingly never-ending supply of ratmen.



Clan Moulder are one of the most numerous of the Skaven clans, and it is good fortune that each year when Grimgor returns to his mountain ruins, their numbers are culled. For a while Grimgor was content to hack and slaughter countless numbers of the rat-kin. The Skaven threw themselves into combat, and while it wasn't the challenge Grimgor wanted, it was at least battle without end. At first he relished facing these multitudinous adversaries. Grimgor swung his axe until the long, winding tunnels and caverns that the Skaven had clawed out were filled with twitching corpses and piled offal. It seemed that Grimgor had found a foe he could slaughter with abandon, and yet one that would still return to wage war against him again and again.

By the end of winter, Grimgor grew bored and once again headed out to seek a worthy challenge. To the north Grimgor's quest took him, for he heard that in those lands the men and beasts were fierce. In an attempt to drive away the threat of the powerful Orc Warlord, Throt the Unclean, the Master Mutator of Clan Moulder, sent forth thousands of his own kin against Grimgor. He hoped that sheer numbers would drive the Orcs out from the tunnels, but the mass slaughter merely encouraged Grimgor to press forward to Hell Pit, the lair of Clan Moulder.

Grimgor's Orcs drove deeper and deeper into the vermin-infested tunnels, coming close to the heart of the clan's underground kingdom. In desperation, Throt sent forth dozens of his mutated Rat Ogres, massive hulking monstrosities mutated by experiments into a mass of muscle and razor-sharp claws. At first the frenzied attacks of these huge beasts took the Black Orcs by surprise and they succeeded in driving back Grimgor's force. As the Skaven pressed home the attack, it was Grimgor alone who stood defiant. Despite his Black Orc guard fleeing back towards the safety of their caverns, Grimgor stubbornly held his ground, blocking the passageway. The first Rat Ogre leapt at Grimgor, who brought down his axe on the monster's skull killing it instantly. A second was cleaved in two by his magical axe, followed soon by a third. The passageway was narrow, and the size and bulk of the Rat Ogres prevented them from using their numbers against the Orc Warlord. This was much to Grimgor's liking, as he greatly enjoyed the new and bizarrely mutated creatures sent against him by Throt the Unclean.

For a while this proved satisfying, as Grimgor slaughtered grotesque, multi-headed beasts and warpstone-addled monsters. Hours later, Grimgor returned back to his camp having dispatched a dozen of the strongest monsters Clan Moulder could throw at him. When the master mutators ran out of creatures, Grimgor grew disinterested. There is little doubt that Grimgor could have continued his attacks and delivered a crushing blow right at the heart of Clan Moulder's lair, but Grimgor had grown bored of killing Skaven. Having single-handedly slaughtered the best and largest creatures that the Master Mutator could create, Grimgor and his boyz were faced with pitiful slaves and clanrats which no longer provided him with

a challenge, and he saw no value in capturing such a loathsome and disgusting smelling stronghold. Having lost its fun, Grimgor decided to leave Hell Pit alone to gather its strength. Perhaps he would return in a few years for another go. So it was that he and his tribe left the confines of Karak Ungor to venture out into the world in search of fresh conquest. When the Black Orc Warboss and his legions at last marched out, the Skaven of Hell Pit were down to their last line of defenders, many of which were already standing in puddles of their own musk of fear.

Having spent years terrorising the towns of the Empire, Grimgor craved new enemies. Much as he had tired of fighting Skaven, the pitiful wretches of the Empire no longer interested him and so, instead of following his usual course of rampage, he turned his attention elsewhere. He led his horde to the north-east. No army had ever succeeded crossing the treacherous region where the Worlds Edge Mountains meet the Mountains of Mourn. For Grimgor, this challenge was all the more reason to attempt the crossing. No sooner had his force descended the steep passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains than they found themselves crossing a second range. The storms of winter had yet to be broken by the warm rays of the spring sun.



As Grimgor spurred his force through the treacherous passes, many of the small, weaker Goblins perished, their green bodies lying frozen where they fell. Grimgor bellowed at his warriors to march quicker; he was eager to seek out new foes. Once, his cries were so loud that they caused an avalanche to descend, killing dozens of the force. Most hordes would have acknowledged defeat, but Grimgor's army knew that to do so would mean incurring the wrath of their Warlord, and preferred to risk death at the hands of the mountains rather than face the fury of their leader. A week later, his army succeeded in the crossing, and the weary horde reached the open steppes. No sooner had they set up camp in preparation for a night of welcome rest than a sentry spied a huge cloud of dust on the horizon. As the cloud drew closer the Orc scouts reported that a massive band of marauding warriors, mounted on horses, were racing towards the camp. Having heard much of the great warriors who lived in the frozen north, Grimgor next decided to test his might against the hardened peoples of the Marauder tribes. Grimgor quickly ordered his horde to advance to meet this new threat. As they marched across the steppes, the Orc drums beat out a tribal rhythm and the weary Orcs wielded their crude choppas high, chanting their guttural challenges.

It wasn't long after that Grimgor and his followers began meeting the wandering northern tribesmen, the followers of the Dark Gods. These proved disappointing in battle, at least at first, until larger and more heavily armoured forces began seeking out the 'green demon' that was stalking the wastes, but even these harder armies were soon destroyed.



SLAUGHTER AT FORT IRONHIDE

Weak sunlight crested the eastern horizon as Grimgor wrenched his axe, Gitsnik, from the body of the Human and wiped the man's blood across the double-headed war axe. It was good for an axe to taste blood each day, and Grimgor was very good to his axe. His boyz had caught the Human snooping around the outskirts of the camp at dawn and had had some fun with him, cutting bits off him a piece at a time. The man had claimed to be a hunter, but Grimgor had seen the lie in the Human's eyes, or at least the one he hadn't burnt out.

The man was a scout of some kind and had almost certainly not come alone. By now the Humans would know the location of this camp, which meant that they would be coming to fight him. Grimgor could feel hot anticipation coursing through his veins at the thought of battle and he welcomed it. It had been too long since he'd fought the Humans, killing Goblins lust didn't satisfy his vicious streak. The only concept of war Grimgor knew was attack. He would fight the humans, and he would win. They would learn what it meant to stand in the way of Grimgor Ironhide.

"Everybody up!" bellowed Grimgor, his bestial roar terrifying birds from the treetops for miles around. "We got a war ta fight!"

He strode through the camp, the living embodiment of everything Orcish: brutal, strong and vicious beyond imagining. Reinforcing his orders with snarls and slashes with his axe, Grimgor roused his forces into a semblance of an army. Shouts from the Goblin Wolf Riders he'd positioned at the front of his force was the first sign of the attack.

More shouts came from the rear of his army. Grimgor was massive enough to look over the Orcs behind him and could see the brightly polished armour of men on horseback. They thought' they were dead hard, but Grimgor knew he could take them all on and win. That would be the best scrap and so that was where he'd be, fighting and killing. A figure sitting astride a gigantic winged beast shouted commands to the Humans and Grimgor knew that this must be their boss. He grinned, picturing the blood to be spilt, his axe chopping through the frail body. The hate carved in his heart pumped fury through his veins and his entire body was suffused with the aching desire to lull something. His eyes burned a fierce red.

Grimgor Ironhide raised his bloody axe, yelling. "Kill 'em all!"

A Kurgan tribe known as the Yusak, savage and ferocious warriors as much at home on horseback as on foot, had heard of Grimgor's approach and gathered to meet him. Their fine steeds raced across the plains, and soon the two hordes were within sight of each other. Neither army paused in its advance, both seeking to press home a brutal and furious attack. The initial charge of the Kurgan looked at first as though it would break through the Orc ranks, but the sheer numbers of Orcs enveloped the horsemen and soon they had been pulled down from their saddles and hacked apart by the crude choppas. The battle was ferocious, both sides thirsty to spill the blood of the enemy in hand-to-hand combat. Grimgor stood on a pile of bodies, each a victim to his mighty axe. The crimson rays of the setting sun bore down on the blood-soaked soil of the eastern plains. Battle raged on even as the sun disappeared over the horizon, with both sides revelling in the slaughter. As the first rays of light broke over the mountains many hours later, all that remained of the Kurgan force were the broken bodies of the dead. Orc and Kurgan corpses littered the battlefield and at the centre. Standing triumphant on a mound of the dead was Grimgor. He was truly a dreadful sight, bathed in blood from head to toe, with his axe raised high above his head as he howled at the rising sun. In his wake, Grimgor left piled mounds of hacked apart Chaos armour, like empty bones or shells tossed away after a feast.

BATTLE OF HIGH PASS

A feeling as unwelcome as non-stop Goblin jabber-talk had been growing in Grimgor's black heart. What if nothing that walked, crawled or flew could put up a good enough fight? And then, finally, at the foot of the

High Pass, Grimgor would find his equal in battle. The warlord had forged his way across the High Pass, battling against Kurgan tribes that were making their way to the west to join up with Archaon's army. From captives taken in these battles, Grimgor learned two things. Firstly, that the world was soon going to get a lot more interesting. This human warlord, Archaon, was going to give the Empire a good kicking. Secondly, another human warlord who laughingly called himself the Conqueror, was coming to High Pass with an army of immense proportions. Sensing a foe worthy of his attentions, Grimgor despatched his trusted boyz to round up as many Orcs and Gobbos as they could muster, and these reinforcements met up with Grimgor at the foot of the High Pass as it descends into the Dark Lands.

Here the army of Crom the Conqueror met the horde of Grimgor. The battle lasted from sunrise to sunset, the blood of the two forces staining the snow and mud crimson. Grimgor and Crom hacked their way through the press to face each other, and fought in single combat. Whilst the two battled out their personal rivalry, Crom's army overwhelmed the Greenskins, driving them back to the High Pass. Grimgor and Crom traded blows and parries for many hours, neither willing to back down. Eventually, as darkness fell, Crom relented and stood back, allowing Grimgor to see the remnants of his army fleeing to the west. If the combat had been allowed to continue, Grimgor felt sure he would have prevailed, but even he knew he could not stand alone against an entire Chaos army, although it galled him to back down. This setback, a drawn combat, only further stoked Grimgor's lust for battle.

Since that glorious day Grimgor has made his camp at the heart of the Kurgan lands. Bands of marauders gather to test themselves against his might. Grimgor's camp lies on the shortest and quickest route to the lands of the Empire, so to raid and plunder the lands to the west, the marauding tribes of Chaos must pass through Grimgor's camp or face a long diversion. Word has quickly spread of his presence, and each day the tribes gather and unite to fight off the threat. As the bands of Chaos grow larger, so does Grimgor's force. Many of the Black Orcs to the east have also heard of this mighty warlord and they flock to his banner. A vast mound of Orc and Human skulls towers above the Orc camp, and with each battle it grows larger still. There is little doubt that soon he will turn his attention elsewhere and, as suddenly as his horde appeared, it will vanish to terrorize some other land, but for the moment Grimgor is content to meet the forces of Chaos in open combat. His position at the heart of the steppes has given the Empire a brief respite to rebuild and recoup its losses. Yet the need for the armies of the west to ready themselves is great, for not only will Grimgor soon return, but also his passing from these lands will open up a route for the brutal, nomadic Kurgan.

To wait out the winter Grimgor has returned to the depths below Red Eye Mountain. There, he once more collects his grim harvest of Skaven. When the snows sufficiently melt, Grimgor plans to set out into the world once more, seeking a foe worthy of his

murderous talents. Already he grows restless. Invariably Orc and Goblin hordes gather, waiting in hope – from a safe distance, of course – to follow behind the great Black Orc, watching his every move. It is not so much that Grimgor leads a Waaagh!, it is more that Grimgor himself is a Waaagh!, a physical manifestation of the pure will of Gork. He is an unstoppable killing machine. It is only natural that other greenskins are attracted, like sharks drawn to blood. They too want to join the slaughter that is sure to follow wherever Grimgor goes.

Much has already been penned by the Empire scribes about the history of this massive Orc, but a new chapter will soon be added to those pages, as it is rumoured that Grimgor once more walks the face of the Old World in search of battle.

TAUGREK THE THROTTLER

When Grimgor's boyz fought the hordes of Crom the Unconquerable and the Gobbos broke and fled there was a moment when the great standard of the horde fell beneath the enemies' charge. From nowhere Taugrek leapt into the press, and locking his hands around a chaos champion's neck hefted him from the ground and choked the life from him while stamping marauders under his iron-shod boots. Throwing the carcass away Taugrek raised up the fallen banner and fought his way clear to Grimgor's side. Since that time Grimgor would have no-one else carry his armies' banner and it is doubtful that anyone could ever prise it from his grasp.





The mighty axe cleaved through the air and half a dozen heads spilled from their shoulders with one fell swipe. The lifeless bodies slumped to the floor adding to the huge mound of dead that already surrounded the giant Orc warlord. His loud roar of triumph drowned out even the combined guttural shouts of the Black Orcs surrounding the huge, blood-soaked Greenskin. A single fur-clad Human remained standing before the monster. He was dwarfed by the massive Orc who towered over the bare-chested man. Looking down at the pitiful wretch, Grimgor grasped him roughly with his huge hands, bringing him up to his single remaining eye for a closer examination. He snarled derisively before opening his huge jaws, revealing a set of broken yellow fangs which he closed around the man's skull, killing him instantly. Grimgor tossed the headless corpse aside as though it were a scrap of meat, spitting out the grisly remnants.

"Kill 'em all!" he roared, charging forward towards the remainder of the marauders, who stood back fearful of fighting this killing machine. For a beast so large, his agility was surprising and, as the Orc warlord rushed forward, the fur-clad warriors before him turned to run, visages of sheer terror spreading over their faces. These were not the cowardly citizens recruited from towns and villages in defence of their homes but savage warriors who had committed acts of barbarity as cruel as any Orc. Yet the sheer bloodshed that this single opponent had wrought was more than even these barbarians could bear. They backed off from the attacker, stumbling as they did so. Grimgor was upon them before they had the chance to flee, trampling warriors underfoot, crushing their bones with his weight whilst his dreaded axe Gitsnik felled yet more of the marauders. In a matter of seconds, the Black Orcs who followed up the assault had killed each and every barbarian, but Grimgor did not pause in his slaughter. Charging forward, he pushed on with his attack. He would not be satisfied until every enemy lay dead at his feet.

Grimgor's single eye glowed with menace against the red evening sky. Only a handful of the twenty or so Orc warriors that had formed his guard still remained, but still they fought with the fury of many more than their number. At his side, his banner bearer held aloft a huge ragged standard in one hand, pulling a bloody cleaver from the chest of a Human warrior with the other. The brief respite from the fighting gave Grimgor a chance to survey his force. Once combat had been joined, Grimgor seldom cared how his boyz fared until the end of the battle, but a quick look along the Orc line told him that his army was relishing the fight. He was proud of his boyz – they had crossed a brutal and inhospitable mountain range only hours earlier and yet still they fought with vigour and ferocity. In many respects the mountain crossing had hardened his warriors. Only the strongest were able to survive the treacherous journey, and this meant that there was no weakness left within his ranks.

The sound of a horn alerted him to approaching danger. Before him, a band of warriors mounted on black steeds were charging his small group. The horses quickly bore down on the Black Orcs who braced themselves for the impact. The Kurgan horsemen smashed into the Greenskins, fully expecting to break the small formation and crush them under the hooves of their steeds. Instead, they found it was like charging a solid wall, and the horses reared as they failed to smash through the strong Orc line, sending their riders falling to the ground to be cleaved apart by the crude Orc choppas. Grimgor let out a tremendous roar and swung his axe Gitsnik in an upward arc through the exposed belly of one snarling steed. The beast fell, trapping its rider who struggled frantically to free himself only to be beheaded by the massive Orc warlord's axe moments later. Grimgor waded through the combat smashing opponents aside in his quest to find a worthy adversary. He spied a mounted, armour-clad warrior

wielding a huge blood-red blade, fighting close to where he stood, and instinctively knew that this was the Humans' leader. He commanded a presence on the battlefield like none other. His armour was forged with strange symbols which the Orc warlord recognised to be marks of the Chaos gods. Through the visor of the man's helm, Grimgor could spy a pair of unnatural glowing red eyes. They stared at each other momentarily before the Chaos lord dispatched his foe with an easy swipe and brought his horse around to meet the Orc warlord.

As the warrior brought the blade in a downward arc, Grimgor parried the blow with his axe. For the first time in ages, Grimgor felt an immense strength behind the attack of an enemy. A second attack caught the Orc warlord off guard, smashing against his armour. This blow would have easily broken through even the strongest plate mail suit, but Grimgor's armour was said to be forged with the blood of a daemon and the blow was deflected. In return, Grimgor held his axe in both hands and swung it round his head. Twice the blade swept round before he directed it at the Chaos lord. The mounted warrior raised his blade to parry the attack and, as the two collided, a shower of sparks was followed by a deafening crack. The blade broke close to the hilt and Gitsnik cleaved through the warrior's armour. Grimgor pulled the axe free and prepared to deliver a second blow, but even as he brought his axe around his head he watched as his opponent's armour clattered to the ground, the horned helmet rolling to a halt next to the Orc's iron-clad boots. Bending down, Grimgor picked it up. It was empty, as was the rest of the suit. Shrugging his shoulders he tossed aside the helm and turned to face the next foe. The deep red sun set below the mountains, and Grimgor let out a rare smile as he surveyed the battle. Hundreds of enemies still surrounded his force, and, as far as Grimgor was concerned, that meant all the more to kill. He quickly looked for where the fighting looked thickest and, spying a group of Orcs heavily outnumbered by a mass of fur-clad warriors, he charged into their midst, ready to spill yet more blood.



ORCS & GOBLINS TIMELINE

The story of the Orcs and Goblins is told in the countless Waaaghs! launched against other lands. These battles are, ill keeping with the nature of the greenskins, timeless – the names of warlords and tribes may change, but the bloodthirsty character of the race is evident through the ages.

-c.10.000

Near the dawn of creation, the greenskins appear, although no one knows how. Shamans tell stories of Gork and Mork falling from the sky to populate the world with greenskins. The Old Ones recognise Orcs and Goblins as a threat and send the Saurus to war with them. They are unable to exterminate the undesirables.

-1578

Mushroom Surprise. The Dark Elf slaver host known as the Children of the Black Lotus descend en masse upon the Black Guff tribe of Night Goblins. In desperation, the beleaguered Night Goblins empty their entire harvest of madcap mushrooms into the Cave Squig pens. The resultant carnage sees a most undignified retreat by the Dark Elves before the frenzied frothing Squigs turn upon their Goblin masters.

-c.1500

At about this time the Elves abandon the Old World and the declining Dwarf empire is destroyed by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Orcs and Goblins pour over the lands, looting the remaining Elf cities and destroying Dwarf holds. Karak Ungor is the first Dwarf hold to fall to the Goblins, it becomes the Night Goblin stronghold of Red Eye Mountain. The Dwarfs refer to the following five hundred years as the time of the Goblin Wars, as Dwarfs and Goblins fight for possession of the old Dwarf empire.

Karak Varn is flooded and then occupied by Skaven and Goblins. The isolated Dwarf mines at Ekrund in the Dragonback Mountains fall to Orcs who rename the place Mount Bloodfang. Goblins take over the Dwarf watch towers and forts throughout the Mad Dog Pass. The Dwarf gold mines at Gunbad fall to the Night Goblins. Gunbad was the richest and largest mine in the Worlds Edge Mountains as well as a source of precious gems and the brilliant blue crystal rock Brynduraz or 'Bright Stone'. It is taken over by Goblins and fortified.

-1499

The fall of the second Dwarfholt, Karak Varn. This hold overlooked the Black Water and its lower mines were flooded during the earthquakes. Ensuing attacks by Night Goblins and Skaven drove the Dwarfs' out in this year. The lair is henceforth called Crag Mere. From this

time onwards foul things grow and mutate in the dark waters and it is dangerous even to approach the Black Water's shoreline.

-1498

Orc Warlord Argor Foespike ousts the Dwarfs of the Dragonback Mountains and establishes the Orc lair known as Mount Bloodhorn, turning its resources to the fabrication of the heaviest armour his Boyz can bear. Elsewhere the watchtowers of Mad Dog Pass fall to the greenskins.

-1457

The rich Dwarf mines of Mount Gunbad fall to the Bloody Spear Night Goblins, who hold them against the treacherous attacks of the Red Face Goblins inhabiting the surrounding mountains.

-1387 to 1367

The Silver Road Wars are fought between Dwarfs and Goblins. At their height, only one in five Dwarfen caravans survives the journey through the greenskin-infested Deadrock Gap. Mount Silverspear is taken by the Orc Warlord Urk Griffang who naturally renames it Mount Griffang. With the loss of Gunbad and Silverspear, the Dwarfs lose their most important mines in the east and within five years they abandon the eastern fringes of the Worlds Edge Mountains altogether.

-1250 to 1230

The Troll Wars. Trolls are driven north by fresh eruptions of Thunder Mountain, attacking Dwarf miners and prospectors and overrunning several small Dwarf settlements south of Karaz-a-Karak.

-1245

From this time the Dwarfs launch a series of attacks against Goblin-held territories. They drive the Orcs from the mountains and gain control of the whole area between Karak Kadrin and Mad Dog Pass. The Dwarfs' begin rebuilding but are outraged by the many despoiled tombs and strongholds of their ancestors. Mount Gunbad is temporarily recaptured by the Dwarfs but then lost again. Mount Griffang is attacked but the Dwarfs are beaten off by Orc Chieftain Nurk Ard'ed. For the next 250 years the Dwarfs consolidate their hold over the mountains, gradually reopening many of their old mines and rebuilding countless tombs of their ancestors.

-c.1200

Nagash the Black excavates the Cursed Pit. Goblins and Orcs flee west to escape the necromantic evil that grips the south, but many are slain.

-1185

The Crag Mere Battles. Dwarfs battle Orcs and Night Goblins to re-enter Karak Varn. Many on both sides are slain when the fighting nears the lake edge and mutated monsters burst forth to feed upon the combatants. Kadrin Redmane the Dwarf Runesmith leads an expedition into the ruins of Karak Varn where he discovers a rich vein of Gromril. The Dwarfs continue to mine the vein for several years and even talk of resettling the old hold.

-c.1175

An ancient human civilisation battles greenskins for control of what will later become known as the Badlands. Kadon, an ancient Necromancer who has found the Crown of Nagash, helps the humans send the goblinoids fleeing to the Dark Lands. The humans build many cities, as well as burial grounds and cairns for their dead.

-1136

Kadrin Redmane killed by Orcs above Black Water leading a muletrain of Gromril ore. The Dwarf miners pull out from Karak Yarn under renewed pressure from Skaven in the depths.

-c.1020 to 1000

A Waaagh! sweeps through what is now the Badlands, reclaiming it for Orcs and Goblins. The human cities are turned to rubble and Kadon is slain by Savage Orcs. The mysterious crown is carried northwards by Kadon's few surviving disciples.

-975

Battle of a Thousand Woes. A Dwarf attempt to recapture Red Eye Mountain fails when the Dwarf army is ambushed somewhere north of Karak Kadrin. Many Dwarfs are slain and the Dwarfs give up their attempted reconquests. Dwarfs call it the Battle of a Thousand Woes, but greenskins refer to it as simply 'annuver big stunty bake'. The Dwarfs concentrate on fortification and consolidation, so few records are made of Orc activity for the next few hundred years.



-750

The Red Cloud Goblin tribe attacks Karak Azgul and are repulsed. They then discover a long-lost Dwarfen passage linking the Red Cloud and Fire Mountains, and use this secret way to attack and partially occupy the hold of Karak Azul. Ten years of hard fighting follow before the Goblins are eventually expelled.



-740

Bitter infighting in the ranks of the Red Cloud Goblins allows the Dwarfs to reclaim control of Karak Azul., though the passage beneath the mountains must be guarded for all time lest the Goblins infiltrate through it once more.

-513

The Fall of Karak Eight Peaks. The Dwarfs, led by King Lunn, retreat after nearly two hundred years of fighting beneath the massive Dwarfen city. Its ruins and the surrounding mountains become infested with Goblins and Skaven who fight each other for possession of what remains.

-469

Orc Warlord Dork leads a huge army of greenskins to take the Dwarf hold of Karak Azgal which he destroys and abandons leaving the depths unexplored when they can't find the well-hidden treasure.

-466

Karak Drazh is occupied by fork's forces and renamed Black Crag. Within fifty years of the fall of Karak Eight Peaks the Dwarfs have lost all of their major holds south of Karaz a Karak with the exception of Karak Azul, which is under constant siege. All the mountains between Mad Dog Pass and Karak Eight Peaks are Orc or Goblin controlled.



-c.370

Orc Warlord Ugrok Beard Burner leads a Waaagh! to the Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak. The Dwarf High King Logan Proudbeard is captured and humiliated, but the greenskins are driven back and defeated at the Battle of Black Water. The newly invented Dwarf cannon plays a large part in the greenskin defeat (and the beheading of Warlord Ugrok).

-15 to 50

The time of Sigmar. In a series of running battles, the greenskins are temporarily beaten out of the lands west of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Orcs take refuge in the deep forests or travel north into the Troll Country. Goblins flee to the mountains. Stunties and 'umies ally to defeat a massive Waaagh! at the Battle of Black Fire Pass (Imperial year -1). Sigmar goes on to become the first Emperor.

c.475 to 500

Orcs invade Tilea, sacking many cities before being deflated A few tribes find refuge in the Apuccini Mountains.

577

The Bretonni fight a great incursion of greenskins that descends from the Grey and Apuccini Mountains. Orc Warlords demand tribute from the Bretonni tribes, but are rejected. For the next 400 years the Bretonni fight the Orc hordes.



977

Gilles the Breton conquers all the lands west of the Grey Mountains and creates the realm of Bretonnia. Many Orcs and Goblins retreat to the Grey Mountains and northern forests under pressure from the new Bretonnian armies, and are eventually repulsed entirely from the land.

c.1115 to 1140

Forest Goblins emerge from the woods to fight the Skaven over the spoils of the plague-ridden Empire. All human settlements closest to the Black Pit, the sacred spider grounds deep in the Drakwald am razed to the ground. The few survivors of those villages tell tales of spiders larger than houses.

1142

Guillaume, the third Bretonnian King, defeats a large Orc army at the Battle of Armandur and drives out the last of the Orcs from northern Bretonnia.

1452

Knights Errant battle greenskins at the crossings of Blood River. Bretonnian knights build castles to hold back the many tribes of Orcs travelling up from the Badlands. Thus are born the fiefdoms known as the Border Princes.

c.1705

Crusher Zogoth Crushed. Around this time Gorbad Ironclaw defeats Crusher Zogoth and unites the Ironclaw and Broken Tooth tribes at the fortress of Iron Rock.

1707 to 1712

Hailed as the greatest Warlord of all time, Gorbad Ironclaw leads a huge Waaagh! into the Empire. Averland and the Moot are devastated. Averheim and Nuln are taken and burned. At the battle of Solland's Crown Eldred Count of Solland is slain and his magic sword the Runefang of Solland taken by the Orcs. Solland is devastated. Gorbad is badly wounded at the Battle of Grunberg, but the battle is won and the Empire army flees back to Altdorf.

Altdorf is besieged. The Emperor Sigismund is killed in the fighting. Gorbad's wound causes him to become weaker and weaker, until the Waaagh gradually loses impetus. The Orc army breaks up leaving the eastern half of the Empire in ruins. Gorbad is last seen in battle against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

1712 to 1715

Many different splinter groups from Gorbad's Waaagh! make it through Axe Bite Pass and spread out to raze many Bretonnian hamlets before being finally caught and destroyed by a great gathering of knights.

2150

Green Idol. Amidst the jungle ruins of the Southlands, a tribe of Savage Orcs unwittingly opened a rift to the Realm of Chaos and Daemons poured forth into the world. At the height of the ensuing battle, a third army of Lizardmen and giant reptilian monsters emerged from the jungle to join the fray. Unsure of what to do and not liking the look of either opposing army, the greenskins slaughtered everyone. Using whatever materials they could find, the victorious tribe erected a giant idol of Gork atop the arcane ruins, sealing the breach. The idol still stands to this day.



2201

The beginning of the Errantry Wars when Louen Orc Slayer, the King of Bretonnia, declares his intention to rid Bretonnia of Orcs. Over the next century, Bretonnian territory is gradually cleared of greenskins, who take to the mountains and forests to escape the king's knights. It almost worked...

2205

The Dwarfs and the Goblins fight the Battle of Black Falls on the shores of the Black Water. Both Dwarf High King Alrik and Goblin Warlord Gorkil Eyegouger are slain, but only the greenskin army retreats.

2302

The Great War Against Chaos. Many northern greenskins are pushed from their lands. Some tribes join alongside the forces of Chaos, but most attack Chaos armies as they pass into the Empire, giving rise to rumours of vile, mutated Chaos Goblins.

2401

The Siege of Monte Castello – five hundred mercenaries hold out against ten thousand Orcs.

**2420**

Bretonnian King Charlen announces his intention to carry the Errantry Wars east into the Border Princes and beyond. Bretonnian knights win a huge victory against Orcs at Blood River, and more settlers move east into the Border Princes.

2420 to 2424

Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain leads a coalition of unwilling Orc and Goblins tribes into the Worlds Edge Mountains. After defeating the Dwarfs at the Battle of Iron Gate, the Waaagh! moves into the Empire, burning Nuln to the ground. Grom leads his army to the sea where he builds a huge fleet and sails into the west, landing on the shores of Ulthuan. His rampage continues in the Elf realm until he is finally defeated by an Elven host led by Eltharion the Grim. Grom's ultimate fate is unknown.

2470

The Goblin warlord Boggrub Legbiter leads the Broken Nose tribe against the Dwarfs of Karak-Azul, capturing from them two mighty war machines which they, dub the Skull Crasher and Lead Belcher. Armed with these terrible machineries of destruction, Buggrub carves a path of destruction through the Worlds Edge Mountains and into Averland.

2473 to present

Dwarf King Belegar, son of King Lunn, takes advantage of raging battles between Night Goblins and Skaven to re-enter Karak Eight Peaks. They refortify the old citadel and repel many attacks, but are themselves besieged by Skarsnik's Crooked Moon tribe and the Skaven.

2488

The Battle of Death Pass. A Bretonnian army is defeated by Orcs led by Morglum Necksnapper, after which he proclaims 'Let 'em tell da King. Da east belongs to da Orcs. Da east belongs to Morglum. Da east is green.' The Bretonnian king declares the Errantry Wars at an end.

2498

The Battle of the Jaws. An Orc army is defeated at the western end of Mad Dog Pass by Dwarfs led by Duregar. The Dwarfs subsequently beaten at the Battle of East Gate by the Night Goblin Warlord Skarsnik. Gorfang Rotgut, Chieftain of the Orcs of Black Crag, loses his eye in the fierce fighting. A loose alliance forms between Skarsnik and Gorfang. The partially resettled Dwarf hold of Karak Eight Peaks is under constant pressure from surrounding Goblin tribes.

2500 to 2510

Orc Warlord Gnashrak unites the Orcs and Goblins of the eastern Worlds Edge Mountains and leads a huge army along the Silver Road towards Karaz-a-Karak. The Orcs rampage through the mountains for years, threatening to capture the capital. Gitilla and his Howlaz are pivotal to Gnashrak's success, but leave before Gnashrak is finally slain at the Battle of Broken Leg Gulley by a Dwarf army led by Ungirn Ironfist of Karak Kadrin.

2503 to 2507

An Orc army under Gorfang Rot gut besieges Barak Varr and later joins up with Orc and Goblin tribes led by Morglum Necksnapper to launch a surprise attack on Karak Azul. Gotfang Rotgut launches a surprise attack on Karak Azul. Many of the Dwarf Lord's kinsfolk are captured and taken back to the dungeons of Karak Azgaz. The Dwarf Lord's son, Kazrik, was not taken captive but was shaved, and his head tattooed with a crude Orc glyph. He was then nailed to Kazador's own throne. Although Kazrik survives, the experience leaves him somewhat unhinged.

2509

Frozen Blood. The Blood River, the fast flowing barrier between the Border Princes and the Badlands froze fast, resulting in the Orc invasion. Although a coalition made up of various ambitious princes and bandit kings attempted to stave off the greenskins, the foe was too numerous and overwhelmed all opposition. Having crossed the river in vast numbers, the Orcs destroyed many watchtowers, castles and keeps before wandering back south to see what had become of their own territory.

**2510**

A Goblin horde led by the infamous Night Goblin Warboss, Spiny Backstab, rampages through the farmsteads surrounding Middenheim, razing to the ground over a hundred farms and villages. Backstab is eventually defeated by the celebrated Middenmarshal Kurt Heinwald, and the timely intervention of a steam tank dispatched in haste from Nuln.



In the same year, the formerly unremarkable Goblin Boss Gorblum Yellowstreak cons an enchanted crown from an Orc Shaman, utilises its formidable powers of command to gather an army, and renames himself Gorblum the Magnificent. He goes on to achieve notoriety as he slaughters a Dwarf throng under King Thorgrim and rampages across half the Worlds Edge Mountains.

2511

Forest Goblins destroy the Empire town of Glumhof and fashion a huge totem out of the skulls of their victims.

2512 to 2515

Given inspiration by the whispering voice in his head Azzag the Slaughterer leads a Waaagh! into the northern Empire. After famous victories, such as the Battle of Butcher's Hill, Azzag is finally slain at the Battle of Osterwald by Werner von Kriegstadt, Grand Master of the Knights Panther.

**2518**

The Forest Goblins are stirred up when humans encroach upon the Black Pit. The Battle for the Drakwald is begun.

2520

The Third Battle of Black Fire Pass. The hordes of Warlord Vorgaz Ironjaw are met in Black Fire Pass. Marius Leidorf, Elector Count of Averland is slain, but Emperor Karl Franz arrives to slay Ironjaw and rout the greenskins.

2521 to present

Skarsnik prepares to lead the Crooked Moon tribe to wipe the Skaven and Dwarfs out of Karak Eight Peaks. Grimgor Ironhide tires of slaughtering Skaven beneath Red Eye Mountain and sets off on a new trail of blood and destruction.



All night long the council of war went on and the flames of the camp-fire licked at the starry sky. The chieftains of all the greenskin tribes west of the mountain sat in a circle around the blazing fire. The mightiest of all was Warlord Grogoth whose skin was as dark and as craggy as the bark of an ancient oak. Grogoth presided over the gathering from a hastily erected throne, a crude affair lashed together from rough-hewn logs and draped with the ragged furs of forest animals. In his hand he held a massive axe the haft of which he banged loudly upon the wooden frame of his throne whenever he decided it was his turn to speak. BANG BANG BANG.

"Enough Druzgob," he roared. "I am sick of the whining of the Broken Leg tribe - we will attack at dawn as I say and if your lads can't get themselves here by sun-up we'll start without 'em."

Druzgob scowled resentfully whilst the other chieftains roared their approval and hurled bits of food at the unfortunate leader of the despised Broken Legs. BANG BANG BANG.

"Now Zog," bellowed Grogoth, "tell me where your boar boys are."

The council went on much like this for some hours, each chieftain making his report add Grogoth giving his instructions for the coming battle. As the big Orc leaders argued and pleaded, tiny Goblins scuttled amongst them piling fresh logs onto the fire, serving their masters with ale, and roasting sweetmeats on long sticks. One such greenskin slave was Niblet who, together with his help-mate Gobbit, busied himself with a score of twig skewers.

"Wots they on abart Niblet," sneered Gobbit as he piled more wood on the fire.

"Shhhh... keeps yer voice darn stoopid," whispered Niblet who knew full well what happened to lippy Goblins that spoke out of turn.

"Da big bosses is decidin' where they's gonna fight da stuates tomorrow," hissed Niblet as he hastily turned the skewers. The fire was burning fiercely now and the heat was becoming uncomfortable even for the big Orcs.

Druzgob, who was sat upon the floor not far from the two Goblins scowled in their direction. Niblet noticed that the disgraced Orc chieftain was starting to look a little singed and when he shuffled back from the heat of the fire the little Goblin bounded over and proffered a freshly cooked delicacy.

"Roast nuts Boss," he cheeped cheerily. The Orc fixed the Goblin with a stare before suddenly roaring his rage as he knocked the sweetmeat out of Niblet's grasp. Niblet scampered away sniggering. BANG BANG BANG.

"What's goin' on over there?" bellowed Grogoth. "I've just about 'ad enough of you Druzgob."

It had been hard work carrying Grogoth's new throne to the top of the hill, thought Niblet. The climb had been extremely steep and rocky. The pace had been relentless. The job was made all the harder because Grogoth refused to get off, even when the throne fell into a ravine. It had been hard work indeed. Niblet almost felt sorry for Druzgob.

"C'mon Drusgob put your back into it!" bellowed Grogoth impatiently as they crested the rise. Niblet and Gobbit sniggered as loudly as they dared. With a final heave Drusgob deposited the Warlord at the summit and collapsed in an exhausted heap.

The Orc slave masters cracked theft whips and the Goblins busied themselves with firewood and kindling. From his vantage point Warlord Grogoth would launch the attack by means of smoke signals - a common Orc ploy and a necessary one amongst a wholly illiterate race.

Grogoth watched his plans unfold. A Dwarf wagon train slowly wound along the narrow road on its way to the bridge at the place that the Orcs called Tooth Rock. At Tooth Rock the Dwarfs had built a stone watchtower and a small fort, but unknown to the approaching convoy Grogoth's army had surrounded the fort at dawn. Now no-one could get in or out and the wagon train meandered unknowingly to its destruction.

"Fine's ready Boss" announced Niblet smartly. The fire had damped down a hills now and was starting to smoke impressively. Gob bit stood ready with the hide blanket that he and Niblet would use to send the attack signal. Warlord Grogoth watched the convoy's progress. Soon it would pass the stony defile where Ghishrak's lads would tumble rocks onto the path to block any retreat. Then, Zog's Boar Boys would ride out from behind the low hill in front of Tooth Rock and attack the wagons from the front. Meanwhile, the rest of the army would pour from the forests and kill the troops guarding the wagons. It was a brilliant plan and Grogoth was very proud of it.

"Alright boys," proclaimed Grogoth imperiously. "Now!"

The Goblins flapped the blanket enthusiastically and a series of smoke puffs began to rise from the hilltop. Almost at once Niblet heard the distant rumble of falling rocks and the faint cries of Orc warriors. Soon the clatter of arms joined the other noises as the Dwarfs fought stubbornly for their lives. It was a masterly ambush from which few would emerge alive. Grogoth surveyed his handiwork with grim satisfaction.

"Makes you proud to be an Orc, dunnit Druzgob?" said Grogoth adding as an afterthought. "It's a pity the Broken Legs aren't here to share the loot."

Druzgob, who had only just recovered from the punishing climb could only wheeze a pitiful. "Yes Boss," by way of reply. He shot the Goblins an evil look that Niblet didn't much like.

"Seems a shame to miss the fun," Grogoth continued wisefully. "In fact I think I wouldn't mind a bit of fun myself." As the warlord spoke he sat himself regally upon the throne and grasped his great battle axe in his hairy claw. BANG BANG BANG

"Druzgob?" he cried. "To battle... and quick if you know what's good for you!"







ORCS & GOBLINS BESTIARY

The Orcs & Goblins army contains some of the most varied and disparate troops of any force in the Warhammer world. Some of the toughest fighters, sneakiest backstabbers, deadliest monsters, fastest cavalry and wackiest war machines can all be found within the green horde, meaning that no two Orc & Goblin forces are alike.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in an Orcs & Goblins army.

It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to Special Characters to Waaagh! Magic.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in an Orc & Goblins army, along with any rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring ‘army special rules’ that apply to several Orc & Goblin units, and these are detailed here.

ANIMOSITY

Orcs and Goblins are extremely quarrelsome creatures. When greenskins get together they start to pick fights, bicker and misbehave in all sorts of appalling ways. They argue and fight amongst themselves all the time, and it is quite common for rivalries between individuals or even whole groups of these creatures to erupt into a full scale ruck. Even at the best of time fighting in the ranks can cause disarray and confusion in the army. One moment a mob is striding purposefully towards the enemy, and the next it is brought to a halt whilst two or more greenies settle their differences. This is a great drawback to the Orc commander, who will inevitably hear the cries of squabbling from his army and realise that his best laid plans have once more been laid low by his warriors' usual lack of discipline.

Orcs and Goblins have a special Animosity rule to represent their extreme belligerence – greenskins will fight anyone, even each other! Animosity is a trait that Orcs & Goblins players have to live with – sometimes it can be a pain in the neck, and sometimes it can produce a rather good result. It's just one of those things – the Orcs & Goblins army is nothing if not unpredictable.

This is usually Orcs and Goblins banded together in mobs and they can turn minor squabbles into full-scale riots – especially when in close proximity to other greenskin units.

The Animosity Test

Animosity is represented by an Animosity test. This test is taken in the Start of Turn sub-phase during each of your turns, by every unit that is subject to Animosity, with the following restrictions:

- Units only test if they contain at least 5 models (there aren't enough of them to cause trouble otherwise).
- Units engaged in close combat don't test (they're too busy fighting the enemy!).
- Units garrisoning a building don't test (they're too comfortable to quarrel).
- Units fleeing or currently off the battlefield don't test (they're too busy running or marching).

Roll a D6 for each eligible unit. If the dice roll is a 2 or more, the unit behaves normally this turn. If the roll is a 1, however, the unit has failed its Animosity test and must roll on the Animosity table.

THE ANIMOSITY TABLE

When a unit fails its Animosity test, roll a D6 on the table and apply the result immediately.

- 1 Get 'Em.** *Oi! Did yer see that? Them other greenskins is askin' for trouble! Pullin' faces, shoutin' rude insults, hurlin' dung! They deserve a good bashin'!*

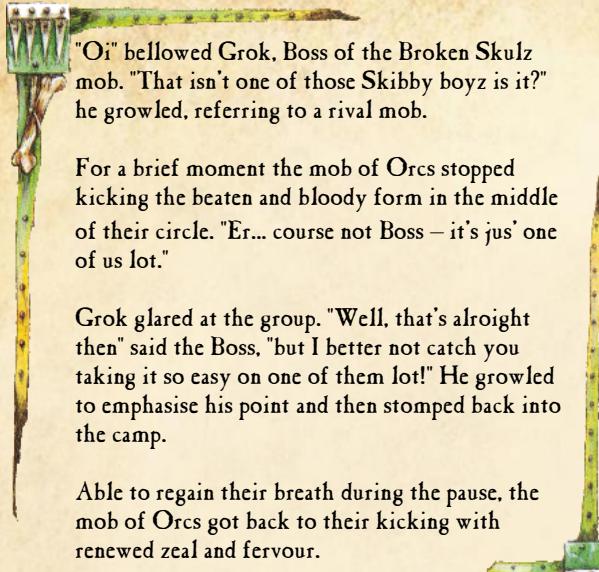
Inflict D6 Strength 3 hits on the closest friendly unit that has 5 or more models, is subject to Animosity, and is within 3". The victim (if there is one) then inflicts D6 Strength 3 hits back. In both instances, Hordes inflict 2D6 Strength 3 hits instead of just D6. Neither unit can charge or move in the Movement phase, cast spells, nor shoot this turn. If the victim has not yet taken an Animosity test, then it does not do so this turn. If there isn't an eligible victim, the unit will Squabble instead (see below). Wounds caused by the Get 'Em result never cause Panic tests – Orcs & Goblins find it far too entertaining to consider running away!

- 2-5 Squabble.** *Ratgut is a filthy lyin' git. As soon as this fight is done he needs teachin' a lesson. Take this and dat, and this and dat, and this and dat, and sum of this!*

If it is possible to do so, the unit must declare a charge against the closest enemy unit in the Charge sub-phase. If the unit is unable to declare a charge, then a rowdy squabble breaks out and the unit may not move in the Movement phase, cast spells nor shoot this turn.

- 6 We'll Show 'Em.** *Da rest of da army is just a bunch of softies compared to us. Let's go show those pansies how it's done proper. Stomp everything into dust. Charge!*

Pivot the unit on the spot to face the nearest visible enemy unit, and then make a full (non-march) move in a straight line towards it. If there is no visible enemy, the unit must move straight ahead instead. If it is impossible for the unit to pivot to face the closest enemy, it will pivot towards it as far as it can, and will then move as far forward as it can while still keeping the enemy within its forward arc. After the move is complete the unit must declare a charge in the Charge sub-phase against the closest visible enemy unit, if it is possible to do so. If the unit cannot declare a charge then it may carry on with the rest of its turn normally, as if it had not yet moved this turn.



"Oi" bellowed Grok, Boss of the Broken Skulz mob. "That isn't one of those Skibby boyz is it?" he growled, referring to a rival mob.

For a brief moment the mob of Orcs stopped kicking the beaten and bloody form in the middle of their circle. "Er... course not Boss – it's jus' one of us lot."

Grok glared at the group. "Well, that's alright then" said the Boss, "but I better not catch you taking it so easy on one of them lot!" He growled to emphasise his point and then stomped back into the camp.

Able to regain their breath during the pause, the mob of Orcs got back to their kicking with renewed zeal and fervour.

CHOPPAS

The average Orcish cleaver or club is a big, crude affair much like the Orc on the blunt end of it. Orc weapons are considerably heftier than those of other races that rely less on keen edges and more on sheer mass. In the hands of an Orc, such weapons are incredibly deadly, able to bludgeon a foe into a bloody mess in very short order. Such a chunk of metal would be difficult for a human to wield in one hand, but Orcs are muscle-bound beasts with fists as big as a Man's head (and only marginally more dextrous). The Orcs wield these weapons with such violent joy that they can turn their foes into a fine red mist long before their chopping arms get tired. Orcs call their weapons 'choppas' – it doesn't matter what type of weapons they are, they just get called 'huge choppas', 'pointy choppas', and so on.

Models with Choppas get the Strength Bonus (1) special rule. Only the model with the Choppas special rule receives this bonus, not any mount they may be riding.

SIZE MATTERS

Orcs expect smaller greenskins to run away, and so it doesn't really surprise them when they do. The sight of fleeing Gobbos and Snotlings simply reminds the bigger and bolder Orcs why they are best – they simply guffaw at the cowardly little 'uns and get ready to show them how a proper greenskin can fight.

Models with this special rule treat Goblin and Snotling units as Expendable. This includes all units with the name "Goblin" or "Snotling" in them (but not Monsters ridden by Goblins for instance).

In addition to this, an Orc or Goblin Character may only join a unit of the same type (except Trolls), so Savage Orc Bosses may only join units of Savage Orcs, and Night Goblin Shamans may only join units of Night Goblin for example. Black Orc characters however, may still join units of normal Orcs.

FEAR ELVES

All Goblins strongly dislike fighting Elves of any kind, partly because of the dire reputation of these formidable troops, but also Elves are haughty, unnatural and 'stink funny', which is more than enough to unnerve such a cowardly race and incite unreasoning fear in them.

Elves cause Fear in units of Goblins and Night Goblins.

WAAGH! MISCAST

If an Orc or Goblin Shaman rolls a Miscast, they roll on the following table instead of the normal Miscast Table used by other wizards:

2D6	Result
3	FZZZZZZAP! <i>In a dazzling display, bolts of green energy shoot from the Shaman's eyes as he somehow manages to keep control of the power surge.</i> Resolve the effects as if the Shaman had cast the <i>Gaze of Mork</i> spell and then deduct D3 dice from the power pool.
4-5	"Yuuurgh!" <i>Struggling to control the sudden pulse of raw Waaagh! energy, the Shaman's already tenuous grip on reality is shattered.</i> The Shaman is subject to the Frenzy and Stupidity special rules for the rest of the game, although he may never lose his Frenzy. He may cast no further spells this turn.
6-7	"I've Forgot!" <i>The Shaman's mind is so befuddled by the dazzling Waaagh!ness of it all that he completely forgets the spell he just cast.</i> The Shaman may not cast this spell for the rest of the game. In addition, the resulting brainstorm permanently reduces his Wizard Level by 1 (to a minimum of 0) and he may not cast any further spells this phase.
8-9	"Me 'Ead 'Urts!" <i>The potent green energy buzzing around the Shaman's head shoots outwards towards other Greenskins channeling the Waaagh! Power.</i> All greenskins (friend or foe) within 12" that are capable of channeling power or dispel dice suffer a Strength 4 hit which Ignores Armour saves. In addition, D6 dice are lost from the pool.
10-11	"I Fink I'm Gonna..." : <i>The Shaman reels around for a moment before vomiting a huge blast of raw Waaagh! Power.</i> The Shaman suffers a Strength 10 hit and all Greenskin units (friend or foe) within 12" suffer D6 Strength 5 hits which Ignores Armour saves. In addition, D6 dice are lost from the pool.
12	'EADBANG! <i>With a colossal bang, the Shaman's head explodes in an incandescent ball of Waaagh! energy and he is killed outright. However, this burst of power will also cause the heads of those around him to explode!</i> Place the large round template over the Shaman before removing him from play. Any model under the template must pass a Toughness test or also be killed outright with no armour saves allowed. In addition, D6 dice are lost from the power pool.

ORC BOSSES

Greenskin tribes are led by Bosses – the biggest and loudest Orcs – with the other greenskins following out of both respect and a desire to avoid a pummelling for not following. Orcs and Goblins hold to the notion that biggest is best and vice versa – it's a crude notion of authority but it works well enough. Orcs are led by the biggest and brawnies of their kind. He will have won the right to rule not by popularity or cunning, at least not at first, but by sheer brute strength and force of will, imposing leadership and order by bashin' heads together. These hulking individuals have pummeled their way to the top in a culture where only the strongest survive.

Orc leaders do not rise above the knock-down brawls so common amongst their kind, they thrive on them – at least until they are toppled by a still mightier challenger. An especially powerful Orc will rise to the top of his tribe by way of ruthless savagery and victory in personal combat. If he is able to defeat the current leader, he will assume that position. Having established dominance over all competitors, Orc leaders take control of a mob or, if they are strong enough, an entire tribe into a Waaagh! while still fending off challenges to his leadership from within.. Any who question the right of the leader to rule must be slain, driven off or spectacularly beaten into submission.

Orcs literally live to fight. The sophistication of their tactics varies enormously according to who is in command of them and how effectively a given Boss is able to communicate with his troops. Orcs become Bosses through being bigger and tougher than other Orcs, not necessarily through being more intelligent, and many an Orc Warlord or Boss simply sends his troops at the enemy with little thought for tactics, trusting to their innate strength and ferocity to win the day.

That said, those Orc Bosses who are either naturally smarter than the rest, or who simply have the kind of low cunning that can observe another race's tactics and borrow from them, will often be the Orc Bosses whose tribes survive and prosper. So, it is certainly possible to see quite sophisticated Orc tactics at work, with Bosses using the various forces they have available as optimally as possible. For example, rather than sending in Boar Riders as soon as the enemy is sighted and seeing them cut down by overwhelming numbers of foes, the Boar Riders will be sent around and timed to arrive on the enemy's flanks or rear a few seconds after the main forces hit their front line.

"We iz strong an' tough. Da strong onez win, an' then eat the weak. Some of dem Gobboes is aright to keep for slaves or ter catch Humie cannonballs in the heads, but most is best fer the pot. One day we eats all of youse. One day soon."

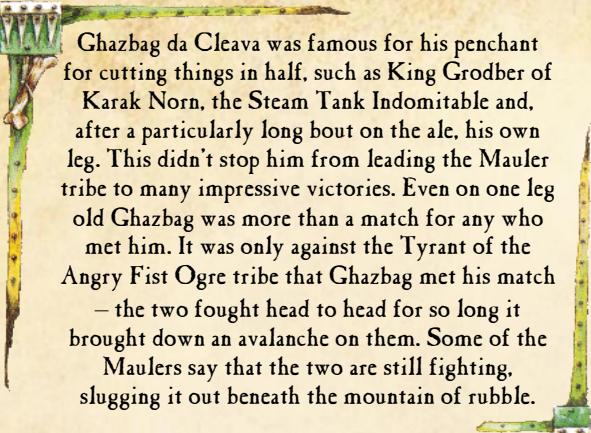
— Galnast, Orc Boss

Of course, Orcs being Orcs, some of a Boss's main enemies are often the stupidity, bloodthirstiness, and animosity of his own troops. If the Boar Riders decide they want the glory of getting to the enemy first, or if they follow the plan but get lost on the way, or if they stop to take a swipe at a couple of rival Orc warriors... well, no plan ever survives contact with the enemy, and for an Orc Boss few plans survive contact with his own troops either!

The most powerful leaders are known as Warbosses, though any number of violent activities, major victories or well-known domains are layered into the commander's title, such as Chief Headtaker, Skullkrumpa of da Stunties, or Grand Rula of Spikepeak. Longer titles are favoured and the number of bragging rights an Orc Warboss has accumulated can be used to gauge his power level. Such credentials can be slightly exaggerated ('He stacked dead stunties to da sky!') but are never without basis in fact. Orcs seldom bluff, possibly because they are a bit dim, but more probably because it never occurs to them. They simply don't understand the concept of trying to get someone to back down. Surely the point of such grandiose titles is to draw challengers to you?

A tribe's success is highly reliant upon just how hard their Warboss can wallop things. Warbosses rarely command great loyalty from their followers – although a chieftain may be admired for his ability to push an opponent's miser through his brainpan. Greenskins are not sentimental creatures - they may remember a great leader but they certainly won't mourn him.





Ghazbag da Cleava was famous for his penchant for cutting things in half, such as King Grodber of Karak Norn, the Steam Tank Indomitable and, after a particularly long bout on the ale, his own leg. This didn't stop him from leading the Mauler tribe to many impressive victories. Even on one leg old Ghazbag was more than a match for any who met him. It was only against the Tyrant of the Angry Fist Ogre tribe that Ghazbag met his match – the two fought head to head for so long it brought down an avalanche on them. Some of the Maulers say that the two are still fighting, slugging it out beneath the mountain of rubble.

Upon a Warboss' death, whether in battle or out of it, leadership swiftly and inevitably falls to the next biggest and loudest Orc in the immediate vicinity. At the battle of Doom Mountain, Nagrat Headsplitter's corpse had barely touched the ground before his second in command began clubbing the Dwarf king with Nagrat's own – still twitching – severed arm.

A Warboss will also inevitably face challenges from within his own ranks – especially if the fightin' and lootin' hasn't been so good lately for Orcs, such challenges are typically direct and involve a large bladed or blunt implement (which can be a handy Goblin, in desperate circumstances).

Orc Warbosses often go to great lengths to flaunt their dominance, which has led to some extravagant exhibitions. Backbanners and trophy displays of enemy skulls are not uncommon. Some Warbosses prefer to



lead their troops from atop an impressive mount befitting their high status. This could be a chariot, a particularly large and ferocious war boar, or even one of the highly prized, serpentine Wyverns.

Warbosses form a focal point for the greenskin army, as only a tribe's leader can call da Waaagh!, the deep-throated roar that causes all Orcs to scream at the top of their lungs as they surge towards the foe in a tidalwave of violence and destruction. The best leaders know instinctively when to call for such an ultimate outburst of brutal energy, timing it to ensure the collapse and slaughter of any who dare stand in the way of the greenskin horde.

A Warlord is an Orc Warboss who has established total supremacy over his rivals (having either killed them or driven them away) and now leads all the tribes in glorious conquest over other puny races such as Men, Elves and Dwarfs (Orcs call Elves skinnies and Dwarfs stuntries). An Orc's life is therefore spent in constant battle either with his fellow Orcs or against some worthy opponent. This is regarded as a good thing by Orcs who are universally content with their lot, being ultimately happy to meet their end in battle so long as they get a chance of a good fight. The more battles and the more kills an Orc has under his belt the more respect he earns from other Orcs, the more his enemies fear him, and the happier he will be.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Size Matters.

Waaagh!: A truly inspiring Warboss can often rouse his followers to an unparalleled burst of destructive enthusiasm.

If a Warboss is your Army General, then once per game he may call a Waaagh! The Waaagh! May only be called if the Warboss first declares a charge, and must be announced immediately after making the charge declaration, before any charge reaction takes place. In the turn a Waaagh! is called, every unit of five or more Orc Boyz, Savage Orc Boyz, Black Orcs, Boar Boyz and Savage Orc Boar Boyz in the army (including Big 'Uns) adds +1 to its combat resolution for the rest of the player turn. The General himself, and any unit he accompanies, adds +D3 to their combat resolution instead.

"Orcs is da biggest of da greenskins, and when yous a greenskin, bein' big means bein' strong, and bein' strong means bein' da Boss! Dat's why da Orcs get to tell all da other gits what to do, and the biggest Orcs get to tell da rest of da Orcs wot's wot."

- Bronak, Goblin Shaman

ORC SHAMANS

Orc and Goblin wizards are called shamans. Shamans have a special and occasionally respected role in the tribes as doctors, magicians, fonts of wisdom (of a kind) and fortune tellers. An Orc Shaman is also a living conduit to Gork and Mork and can wield such arcane might that even the crustiest old Warbosses have to be impressed.

The power of a Shaman comes not just from the Winds of Magic, or 'da Great Green' as greenskins know it, but also from the raw energy radiated by their fellow Orcs. As they advance into battle, the Waaagh! energy rises, allowing a Shaman to focus that force through the power of his mind. What erupts out of the Shaman are spells as brutal as the Orcs themselves. Shamans have been known to cause a foe's brains to burst out of his skull, to shoot death beams out of their own beady eyes or to summon an almighty green foot from the skies to stomp and squish any unfortunate enough to be underneath. By using the awesome powers of greenskin magic to destroy an enemy, Orc Shamans earn the right to their eccentricities.

While an Orc Shaman can mystically squash a foe in a variety of ways that make greenskins cheer, he is at times unable to attend to his own bodily needs. It is as if being so close to the powers of the greenskin gods is enough to unhinge a Shaman's mind. Inarguably Shamans are a bit mad, being prone to trances and sudden spasms of fitful dancing. This embarrassing behaviour can cause scenes around the camp that are awkward at best. Orcs typically look the other way during such moments and many Black Orcs refuse to even acknowledge a Shaman's presence. It is hard to ignore the kind of hooting and arm-waving employed by an Orc Shaman, but the battle-hardened, no-nonsense green-skinned warriors go to great lengths to do so.

SLAUGHTER AT GRIMSPIKE PASS

From the Karak Azul Book of Grudges, 2315

Engorged with magical power, the Shaman gestured and our Longbeards fell. At its beckoning screech, the feet of some foul greenskin god descended, grinding a hundred Ironbreakers to death. With each incantation, the Shaman's power grew until its eyes sparked with hate and malice.

Then, with a crash akin to a thousand cannons sounding, the Shaman exploded. The detonation caused the ancient walls of the pass to topple and fall, crushing all beneath them.

For ten thousand kindred dead we swear vengeance against Grimspike pass. No peace until the mountain is mined to exhaustion and the rocks of the pass are as dust.

The sight of a Shaman hopping about a disgruntled (and frankly disgusted) Warboss is not unusual. Such wayward actions are naturally upsetting to a race that solves its problems with the application of swift and severe violence, but all Orcs know it is bad luck (and dangerous) to kick a Shaman. It isn't that a Shaman might leak green lightning bolts from his eyes (although that does happen); it is more that the superstitious greenskins are sure that Gork and Mork are watching. It is best not to abuse the favoured of the gods, and so the Shaman's outlandish behaviour is tolerated with a rare and unusual patience. Woe to any Goblin caught smirking at such buffoonery, however, for Orcs have free reign to kick them both hard and far.

"I dunno boss, I tried to give da Shaman yer orders, but da bug-eyed loon is just talkin' to that skull wand of his.
Da funny thing is, boss... I fink I 'eard it talkin' back."

- Greebitz, Goblin lackey of Warboss Ugg

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8
Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Orc Shamans are Wizards that use the Spells of da Big Waaagh!.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Size Matters.



ORC WARCHANTERS



Warchanters are the rabble-rousers of the Orc tribes and the closest thing they have to priests. Touched by the greenskin gods, they hear a constant thumping hammering away in their heads. Orcs believe this is the heartbeats of Gork and Mork, which the Warchanter then drums in an endless, brutal rhythm with anything they can get their hands on. The heartbeat of Gork is slow and steady, a mighty thumping like the footsteps of a great beast loping toward its prey, while the heartbeat of Mork is fast and wild, echoing the stampeding feet of countless Orcs as they charge into battle. The beating rhythm of the Warchanters accompanies the Orc mobs to war and fills their enemies with fear. Sometimes, when Warchanters gather in mobs, the beat in their heads will grow louder and more violent until the ground shakes with the combined sound of their stikks. At these times, the greenskins think Gork (or maybe Mork) is speaking directly to them, and the message is always the same: go out and smash more faces.

Crazed followers of Gork and Mork, they hammer out the echoing drumbeat of war with their stir. The beat calls out to the brutal minds of the Orcs and resonates with the energy of the Waaagh! Driven by the violent rhythm constantly pounding between their ears, a Warchanter will use anything they can to smash out the beat, be it their hitting stikk, bits of mangled iron, enemy skulls or even their fists thumping the faces of their victims. Enemies seldom realise that their screams are adding to the Warchanter's beat.

Every good Warboss has a Warchanter or two somewhere in their tribe. Whether this is because Warbosses are drawn to the thumping beat of the Warchanter, or the Warchanter is attracted by the thrumming Waaagh! energy of a big boss is unclear, though the effects of this savage union are undeniably effective. Truly impressive Warbosses have scores of Warchanters moving amongst their Waaagh!, ensuring that a constant stream of Orcs are piling into the boss' force, and every greenskin warrior is riled up and ready for war.

Warchanters hammer out the drumbeat of the Waaagh! with their stikks, the booming rhythm calling all Orcs to war. Wild-eyed rabble-rousers, their concussive tempo increases as battle is joined, the Warchanter thumping anything within reach. The resultant surge of Waaagh! energy course through the Orcs, driving them into a frenzy of violence.

The effects of a Warchanter upon the Orcs are terrifying to behold, as hordes of already belligerent greenskins stamp their feet and bash their choppas on their armour to the time of the beat, before they hurtle screaming into battle. Such is the mystical nature of the beat that its influence reaches even beyond earshot. Tribes are able to sense the thumping from leagues away, as if it were carried on the wind or vibrating through the ground. For this reason, Warchanters are extremely valuable tools for Warbosses who are trying to replace casualties and grow their tribes.

The Warchanter's drumming call to war rings out like the constant thunder of ironclad Orcs marching across the land. It is a message from the gods summoning the Orcs to where the fighting is, and reminding them that Gork and Mork is right there with them every time they start a fight.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Warchanter	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Size Matters.

Frenzy of Violence: Any Orc unit joined by a Warchanter may re-roll 1's To Hit and To Wound in close combat.

"Waaagh! Chop da Humies! Chop da sissies! Chop da stunties!" Chop Chop chop! WAAAGH!"

- Carr the Mad, Orc Boy



ORC BOYZ

Orcs are the largest as well as the toughest, meanest and by far the most dangerous of the greenskins. There are several different kinds of Orc, but the most numerous are just plain Orcs or Common Orcs. Often known as Orc Boyz or just 'da Boyz', they are the hard-fighting infantry found at the heart of most greenskin tribes. Goblins are more prolific, but it is the Orcs that do the bulk of the bloody work in most battles. That is okay with all parties, as Orcs are a warrior race and there is nothing like half as much as a good scrap. In fact, it is hard to get Orcs to stop fighting. They are an overly pugnacious lot and if no one else is around they will pummel each other just to keep their spirits up. They enjoy nothing more than violence and will happily face death in battle just so long as they get a chance to put up a good fight first. Perversely, this unthinking aggression can work to their disadvantage, as Orcs will plunge heedlessly into combat against a vastly superior enemy rather than retreating as would any sensible human.

Orcs are brutes through and through. They bully the lesser Greenskins and delight in exerting power over those weaker than themselves. If a strong leader lops off a few heads, however, they quickly fall into line.

Orcs form up in units, called mobs, which are led by the biggest of their kind, the Bosses, who are even meaner than the Boyz themselves. On the battlefield, Orc mobs are distinguished by their own symbols or markings, which are most often displayed on shields, banners or totems. It is common practice to brag about one's own mob, ('we is da best'), while rudely scoffing at other mobs, ('Gruttik's Boyz are trickle-legged pansies'). Naturally this leads to punch-ups, scrums and actual combat – which is what the Orcs wanted all along. Mobs carry a range of weapons that consists of heavy ironmongery – long-staved spears, a variety of bladed cleavers, spiked clubs and crude axes. Some wear battered helmets or scraps of armour cobbled

together from pieces pillaged from enemy corpses, or use crude shields decorated with the body parts of those they have slain. These weapons often feature prominently in a mob's name – such as the Rusty Choppa Boyz or Gutnik's Jabbers. All Orc weapons are called 'choppas' and are kept in a battered condition – if it isn't already splattered with blood, it soon will be. To an Orc, an untarnished weapon is a sure sign that a fight is overdue.

Orcs are always itching for a fight, and at the best of times their insatiable bloodlust is barely restrained long enough to form some sort of rudimentary plan of attack. Orc Boys don't even have that minimal self-restraint. Ornery and savage, their one-track mind is dead set on getting stuck in and bashin' heads! Chopping is what they live for, chopping is what they are best at, and this one-track focus makes them ferocious fighters. As such, an Orc Boy who lives long enough quickly turns out to be the most elite fighter of the Greenskin horde, wreaking havoc throughout enemy lines purely for the sake of satisfying their own self-indulgent bloodlust.

Orc Boys are driven purely by their unending and inexplicable thirst for battle, which compels them to throw themselves headlong into battle against any challenges who stand before them... or against anyone vaguely nearby... or against anyone trying to run away... or occasionally against rocks and trees if no one is nearby. Their endless love of battle drives Orc Boys into a nearly euphoric state, especially when they come across an enemy who presents a real challenge and their battle rage becomes stronger and stronger with each vicious strike. Most Orc Boys will even heedlessly push themselves off-balance, not caring about how vulnerable they become as long as they get a "Gud fight" out of it.

Before battle the Orc Boyz chant and stomp the ground, building up to a wild crescendo of utter violence. Weapons and shields are clashed together into a growing din. Unable to wait for the enemy, fights break out between individuals or rival mobs as taunts and rocks are flung back and forth. When their leader roars his Waaagh!, Orcs respond in kind, using their guttural voices to join in the swelling barbaric battle cry. It is a release of battle-fury and a call for all-out war that sweeps the Orc Boyz into a joyous tide of violence.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Size Matters.



ARRER BOYZ

Some Orcs carry bows. These Orcs, known as Arrer Boyz, are viewed suspiciously by the rest of da Boyz, for archery is a bit 'Gobliny'. As Arrer Boyz can prove their prowess in combat, such oddities can be overlooked. Still, it is best not to camp next to Arrer Boyz, as a hail of arrows periodically pincushions passers-by. Yelling rude names at Arrer Boyz is a proven way to alleviate camp boredom and the start of many a good ruckus. Arrer Boy Bosses are notorious dead-eye shots that often order their mobs to keep shooting corpses long after their foes have fallen as 'it's good practice'.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Arrer Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	3	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Size Matters.

BIG 'UNS

Orcs have an unusual metabolism, and they can continue to grow throughout their lives. How large they grow has little to do with what or how much they eat, but more to do with their status among other Orcs. The more important the Orc the bigger he grows, and the bigger he grows the stronger and tougher he gets. As it is inevitably the biggest, roughest Orcs that become more important it goes without saying that it is the big Orcs who get bigger!

Only when an Orc runs up against a bigger, tougher and meaner boss Orc who firmly puts him in his place does he stop growing. This useful trait makes it easy for an Orc to recognise other Orcs that are better than he is... they are bigger! Amongst greenskins biggest is always best.

If a tough, pushy Orc grows fast he will soon come into conflict with an established equally big Orc. When this happens the two rival Orcs settle matters by fighting it out to decide which of them is best. In this way the number of huge and powerful Orcs is naturally regulated and every Orc knows his place amongst his fellows. The natural process of growth and conflict ensures that there are always many more ordinary Orcs.

The biggest Orcs of all are the Warbosses and Warlords, but there are some almost equally big Orcs who consider themselves just one step down from the great leader himself. In many tribes the largest Orcs band together into a mob that is accurately, if not imaginatively, called the Big 'Uns. These warriors are bigger, stronger and even fightier than regular Orc Boyz. Those that survive their stint with the Big 'Uns often go on to become Bosses, Big Bosses, or even Warbosses. In the meantime, they form an elite unit that gains the reputation for being the meanest, best and most hardest-hitting mob in the tribe – a claim they are only too eager to show off to any foes or rivals that get in their way. In battle the Big 'uns fight together in a single mass. They are very strong and mean, and by far the best Mob of Orcs in the whole army. Only one mob can 'be da best' so Big 'Uns are mercifully rare in each greenskin tribe. Other Boyz regularly thank Gork (or Mork) that there is only one such unit in an army, for the Big 'Uns are notorious bullies and often take the lion's share of any loot.

When a Warboss is killed or badly wounded, the Big 'Uns who fancy their chances fight each other for the leadership. The winner becomes the new Warboss. The other Big 'Uns continue to support the new Warboss because they know their chance will come one day.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Big 'Un Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7

Several units in the Orcs & Goblins army have the option to be upgraded to Big 'Uns. You may upgrade one unit to Big 'Uns for each Orc Warboss of the same type in your army (so a Savage Orc Warboss allows you to upgrade Savage Orcs to Big 'Uns for example). The characteristics above are used for all Big Un's, and replaces the unit's normal characteristics.



"Oi! Sneyber! Woz you lookin' at my choppa? Wot? Howzabout you looks at it a bit closer eh? Yeah? Yeah? Eat dis!"

– Gabber, Orc

ORC BOAR BOYZ

The war boar is a stubborn and vicious animal that stands nearly as tall as a horse and is considerably bulkier. It is an extremely tough beast that is notoriously bad tempered, loudly flatulent, wholly dangerous and unpredictable. These are just the sort of qualities that Orcs greatly admire, so it was only natural for them to adopt war boars as their mounts, for these ugly beasts are almost as irascible and pigheaded as they are. Thanks to these admirable qualities War Boars have earned themselves a place alongside Orcs, and most Orc settlements have one more secure pens where the War Boars are kept. Left to their own devices, boars generally root the ground for grubs and menace any creatures foolish enough to interrupt their feeding. Many boars have become entirely carnivorous as a result of the Orcs breeding the trait into their mounts, and then releasing them to mate with other wild boars.

"Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go!"

Orc War Chant

War Boars are obstinate, thick-skinned and very difficult to kill. They have uncommonly thick hides that are covered in coarse bristles or warty growths, and they will stubbornly refuse to acknowledge that they are dead until well after the event. In fact, a hit is likely to make the creature even more determined to fight on. A charging boar is a bad-tempered mound of bloody-minded muscle and bone with pointy tusks, sharp teeth, appalling breath and a bad attitude. The impact of this slavering beast is just as impressive as a fully armoured knight with a lance. The razor-sharp tusks of a wild boar can eviscerate a man or large animal in seconds. When the beasts lower their tusks and charge, the Orc Boar Boyz will crack open an enemy battleline as easily as a well-placed choppa blow can tear apart a foe's rib cage. These are some of the best troops an Orc Warboss can get his green hands on. Fast moving, tough and often accompanied by the tribe's biggest Bosses, the Boar Boyz are fearsome opponents.

Not every Orc that attempts to ride one of these truculent beasts succeeds. War boars are well known for their violent attacks against any who try to mount their hairy backs. They are evil-minded creatures that will take every opportunity to maim, bite and kick the enemy and also their Orc masters, but this doesn't really bother the Orcs who are on the whole sensible enough to keep out of the way. Goblins, on the other hand, are seldom given the choice and have to undertake the hazardous task of feeding the boars and cleaning out their pens. They do their best to pass these noxious jobs on to the even smaller (and more easily bullied) Snotlings, but these are so terrified of the hours that they're no use at all. The fact that Snotlings are frequently part of the boar's menu may have something to do with it.

Breaking in a War Boar can be a long and dangerous business, but fortunately Orcs have thick skulls and don't feel pain much. In fact you never really train a War Boar, you just learn to hang on better while the creature goes crazy, goring and stamping, twisting and biting, and generally causing as much damage as it can. From the front a boar's tusks can gore, while from the rear the creature's short but powerful legs can deliver crippling kicks. Once a war boar has a victim on the ground, it's time for a good trampling, and many a potential Orc rider has ended up flattened in the mud. While

it is impressive how far entrails can be squished outwards by the angry stomping of a boar, it is the creature's thunderous charge that is truly special. The first sign that such a spectacle is about to occur is when the enraged boar retreats a good distance from its stunned victim, turns around and scrapes the ground with its iron-hard hooves. When the war boar lowers its snout and begins to run, even the most raucous Orcs hush in anticipation. It takes some distance to build up speed, but eventually the boar's churning legs get the beast moving at a rate wholly unexpected from such a lumpen mass. The ground shakes with each thumping stride and the impact of the boar charge shatters bones and sends its victim (or at least parts of him) dozens of feet into the air.

The constant danger presented by their own mounts ensures that only the most daring Orcs succeed in becoming Boar Boyz. In battle, mobs of Orc Boar Boyz fulfil the role of heavy cavalry, able to shrug off hails of missile fire and bring home mauling charges. Although not as heavily armoured as a Knight, an Orc Boar Boy makes up for this with the savagery of his fearsome mount. Boar Boyz are a rugged lot, bearing even more scars than their foot-slogging mates. Many of these old wounds are from their life of battle, yet no few come from their own mounts. Boar Boyz take great delight in showing off their impressive injuries. It is said by some Goblins that, with their long tusks and unintelligent but beady eyes, many war boars have grown to look (or even smell) remarkably like their Orc riders. However, this might be an empty compliment intended only to curry favour with the powerful and influential Boar Boyz.

The tranquillity of the early morning was shattered by the harsh sounds of a large Orc army mustering for battle. War horns blared, drums beat and a thousand Orcs emerged from their tents, complaining and blinking at the light.

Bazdreg yawned, revealing an impressive set of teeth to the crowd of youngsters who had gathered for the morning ritual. Behind them the massive bulk of Bazdreg's war boar strained at its post and snorted in recognition. With wide-eyed stares the young Orcs watched as the towering, war-painted Orc strode towards the war boar, his hands behind his back, to begin one of the oldest rituals known to Orcs.

At first Bazdreg appeared not to notice the boar, walking casually around it but never turning his back to the beast. Suddenly he stopped and stared the war boar straight in its beady little eyes. The boar stood perfectly still, hypnotised by the fixed stare. Tentatively Bazdreg approached the giant, never once breaking eye contact.

What took place next was over in a split second. Bazdreg drew a large club from behind his back and clouted the animal between the eyes. As the boar staggered from the blow, the Orc grabbed it by the tusk and deftly swung himself onto its back. Bellowing a deafening battle-cry, the warrior held on for all he was worth as the war boar tore itself free from the post to which it had been tied and pelted off down the hill.

The young Orcs cheered as the frightful apparition disappeared into the distance. Orc tradition was truly a wonderful thing to behold.



Most Boar Boyz mobs have colourful titles – da Tuskers, Snortin' Wreckas, Line-smashas and so on. Many bear crude boar imagery on their banners and shields, depicting tusked skulls, bloody hoofs, and the like. When not carried in battle, such gear of war hangs atop the stockade pens that enclose the war boars. It is common practice to stack any trophies, like severed heads or enemy banners, around the boar enclosure as well. Boar Boyz take advantage of their elite status, lording it over all other greenskins save leaders and Black Orcs. It is natural in some tribes for a mob of Boar Boyz to develop into Big 'Uns. The combination of especially large and powerful Orcs atop war boars makes for even more devastating charges and, not surprisingly, even greater swagger and bravado around the greenskin camp.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boar Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Natural Armour (6+), Size Matters.

Tusker Charge: A War Boar receives the Strength Bonus (2) special rule during the turn in which it charged into combat.



"We iz da best 'n' you lot iz a buncha trickle-legged pansies!"

- Grobnab, Orc Boar Boy



ORC BOAR CHARIOT

By lashing together roughly hewn logs, Orcs are able to construct formidable chariots, which they use as fast, mobile weapons of war. It takes two powerful war boars to pull such a blocky construction – difficult as it is to harness these irascible and startlingly flatulent creatures (though it's a lot easier when you only have to watch the Gobbos doing it). At first, even these thickly muscled beasts struggle, but with some grunting and not just a little straining flatulence, the boars finally get the crude wheels rolling. Once the churning porcine legs have the chariot rumbling along at full tilt, it becomes an impressive shock weapon, capable of slamming into a foe with the force of a thunderbolt, albeit a hairy and stinky one.

If the sheer impact of such a hurtling force does not smash the enemy, there are always the iron-shod wheels with crude blades attached, the goring tusks of the boars or the spear thrusts of the Orc crew themselves. While not as fast as a wolf-drawn Goblin Chariot, the heavier Orc vehicle hits harder and in return can absorb considerably more punishment than the more flimsy gobbo-crewed devices. Not only are they powerful but they also look good! Chariot riders like to ride around at high speed, displaying their obvious superiority over more lowly greenskins.

Many Orcs vie for the prestigious right to ride in a chariot. To stand astride its wooden planks is a sign of superiority over the foot-slogging infantry and an advantage over the Boar Boyz – after all, Boar Boyz are closer to their irascible mounts and more likely to be gored. To further show off, many Orc chariot crew decorate their ride by strapping on large banners, flashy streamers, and bloody trophies to every surface of the chariot – goodies plucked from the chariot's victims, often bearing distinctive wheel or hoof marks. It is popular for a crew to drive their chariot around an Orc camp, rumbling by at breakneck speed. Other Orcs take great delight in jeering at the show-offs and typically throw things at the passing

Snagrotz was bored. He and his Big 'Uns had been kicking their heels in the village while everybody else was getting stuck in. Beside him, Stabba was getting fractious, poking him in the ribs with his sword and making stupid comments.

"Look at dat, a blind Squig coulda 'it 'im! Zoggin' 'eck, a dead Gobbo coulda seen dat wun cumin'! Oi, Bladda, gi' it some more!"

Snagrotz smacked his comrade round the back of the head and told him to shut up.

"Yooze a wimp..." grumbled Stabba as he picked himself up.

Snagrotz could feel his reputation leaking away. He turned to face his Boyz.

"Roight, dat does it! We'll show 'em! Da rest of da army is jus' softies compared wiv us! We'll show 'em 'ow it's done! Charge!"

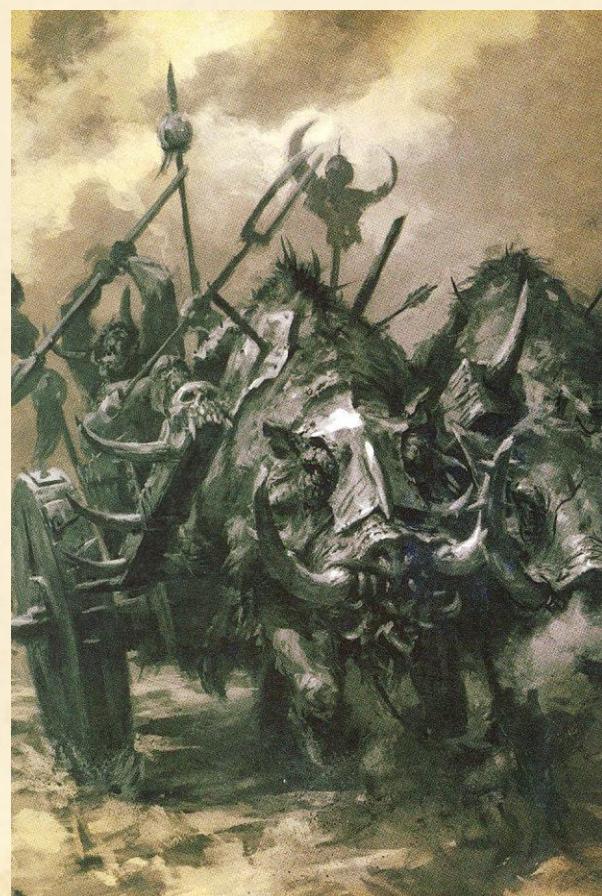
chariots, hurling rocks or even the smaller members of their mob. The chariot crew's non-stop need to show off their set of wheels often results in more than the usual number of scraps, as the Orc charioteers spar with the rest of 'da Boyz'. It is really just another excuse for a good punch up, which is why Orcs always cheer loudly when chariots pull into camp.

Due to their hitting power, most Warbosses desire a Boar Chariot or two for their force. Some Savage Orc tribes have attempted to make chariots as well, although their square-wheeled attempts have yet to replicate any of the bloody success that more 'civilised' Orcs have achieved. There are a few tribes that are known to make even greater use out of such deadly battle carts. Da Bonerattlerz mount most of their Boyz in ramshackle chariots, raising a cloud of dust as they cross the Badlands. True to their name, da Bonerattlerz string the well-gnawed bones of their victims onto the contraptions, producing an almighty rattling noise as the army marches.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Boar Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7
War Boar	7	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Size Matters, Tusker Charge (War Boars only).



SAVAGE ORCS

There are so many tribes of Orcs that it is impossible to count them, especially as they are constantly breaking up and reforming under the leadership of new ambitious Orc Warlords. Most of these tribes are the common sort of Orc, but there are other kinds as well, including Savage Orcs. Savage Orcs are not physically different to the great mass of Orcs, except that they like to wear tattoos and warpaint, but they are none-the-less quite distinct. They live in their own tribes and have their own ways of fighting which make them easily distinguishable.

Long ages ago, all Orcs lived in the south and were savages with no means of manufacturing metal weapons, armour or war machines. These primitive brutes lived a nomadic existence using rudimentary weapons such as flint spears, wooden clubs, and whatever other weaponry they could steal from more advanced races to stalk their prey. It is no easy task to bludgeon to death a great land leviathan using only simple clubs, yet such contests proved immensely satisfying to the low-browed warriors. A day full of fighting mammoth creatures followed by eating them was proper living!

Eventually the tribes expanded, migrating northwards in the earliest of Waaaghs!. When early Orc tribes encountered (and fought) more advanced races, they coveted the superior metal armour and weapons of their foes. Captured gear was hotly contested, though some tribes shunned the shiny contraptions, preferring traditional weapons of bone, wood and stone. When some Orc slaves escaped their bondage under the Chaos Dwarfs, they returned to the tribes with a knowledge of metal working. Soon most Orc tribes could make their own metal weapons. A few tribes, however, missed out, got hopelessly lost, were left behind in the south or perhaps deliberately turned their back on the new ways. Those that refrained from such advancements became increasingly distinct. These Orcs were happy to continue in their old ways, using metal weapons and armour on occasions when they could steal or trade it, but on the whole sticking to their ancient traditions.

Over the long years these Savage Orc tribes became increasingly distinct as their brother Orcs learned new ways, until eventually the two kinds were quite different. Savage Orcs are a product of the harsh, unforgiving climate of the Badlands. There, the sun bakes the parched landscape into a desolate wasteland. It is not only the land that is affected by the relentless heat, for underneath that merciless sun, the



already underdeveloped brains of the Savage Orcs bake inside their skulls, resulting in a breed of Greenskin that is even more savage than usual – living in a permanent state of muddle-headed rage makes them amongst the most bad-tempered greenskins of all.

Due to the addling effects of heat and strong sunlight on the Orcish brain, the Orcs of the Southlands and other equatorial regions are reckoned a complete hunch of primitives even by Orc standards. Others are the oddballs of more 'Orcy' tribes, small groups that have 'gone native' in the belief that the 'old ways is best'. They use mostly stone or bone weapons and go around half-naked, or worse. Their grunt-heavy language is significantly cruder than other Orcs (which is saying something). When they cannot get their limited thoughts across, Savage Orcs resort to wild gesticulation or even scribble simple stick-pictures in the mud or upon cave walls. Many live in their own tribes and have their own ways of fighting that make them easily distinguishable. They continue to sing the praises of the boisterous Orc gods Gork and Mork in their barbarous fashion, holding midnight feasts to consume gallons of brew and to fight each other under the watchful eyes of their crude idols. In the Badlands, tribes of both Savage and Common Orcs intermingle.

Savage Orc tribes observe all manner of odd rituals and include many Shamans. Savage Orcs eschew armour or indeed any apparent concern for their own well-being. Upon closer glance, however, it is easy to see (and smell) their various methods for protecting themselves. Savage Orcs festoon themselves with countless trophies and fetishes derived from fallen enemies and other sacred rites. Many of these lucky charms take the form of teeth and bones removed from evidently less lucky creatures. These grim tokens are worn around their necks or pushed through their lips, ears and noses.

Upon the eve of battle, the Savage Orc Shamans bestow the tribal markings or tattoos upon the assembled warriors. They anoint their skin with a pungent mixture of mud and other ingredients and call it war paint. This war paint is used to draw crude and intimidating patterns that the Orcs believe grant protection in battle. The Savage Orcs believe so strongly that these signs of Gork and Mork's favour offer protection that enemy sword blows and arrows really can be deflected by the Orcs' self-generated aura of faith. This is a wondrous thing and confirms the Savage Orcs' belief in their old ways. It is also possible that the tribal tattoos which Savage Orc Shamans paint onto them protect the Orcs in some way. This is a very mysterious and wondrous thing, and confirms the Savage Orcs' strong belief in their old and trusty ways. Other Orcs are completely puzzled by this, but the Savage Orcs maintain it is their undivided attention to the tried and tested Orc way of life and the veneration of their ancient gods. Perhaps this is why Savage Orcs are famous for the number and power of their skin-clad bone waving Shamans.

In battle, the bare flesh of the primitive Orcs and their striking tattoos is a disturbing sight. Some tribes, like the Bone Clubz, use patterns smeared across portions of their bodies, while others use pictograms, like the lightning bolt glyphs borne by the Ooogah Ogaz tribe. A Savage Orc's clothing (if any) is made of animal skins, which adds to their wild appearance. The Boneklubbers tribe favours tiger pelts,

while the Snakeskinz famously wear the brightly patterned hides of enormous serpents.

It isn't just their appearance that is wild, for Savage Orcs drum and chant themselves into a bloodthirsty rage before a battle. While other greenskins might find their backward customs odd, all agree that Savage Orcs are ferocious fighters, even more so than other Orcs, and their enemies regard them as by far the most dangerous of their kind. Whooping and screaming as they attack, Savage Orcs call upon Gork and Mork to help them as they crash into the enemy ranks. Savage Orcs disdain the use of armour, regarding it as uncomfortable and unpleasantly stifling, although they sometimes obtain it as war booty or trade it from wandering Goblin tribes. They do use shields and these are often made from animal hide.

The echoing of wardrums made from taut sheets of poorly-tanned Dwarf hide precedes the entry of Savage Orcs into battle. Once engaged in combat, Savage Orcs beat foes enthusiastically with hefty clubs and stone axes, or stab at them with flint-tipped spears. Some Savage Orcs use bows, firing stone-tipped arrows to fell enemies from afar. These Savage Orcs will launch a pre-battle volley of arrows at their foes designed to demonstrate Orc prowess, before wading in for the main event with their choppas so they can prove their courage before the rest of their tribe and the watchful eyes of the twin Orc Gods. Savage Orcs are also known to employ a Big Stabba, a two-Orc team carrying a log-sized spear. This, traditionally, has been used for hunting since the lands were full of enormous reptilian beasts. Back then, Savage Orcs like to recall, 'Ores wuz Orcs and beasts wuz big!' Some tribes can boast of a mob of Savage Orc Big 'Uns, the fiercest fighters who are often marked with the most outlandish warpaint or bear a larger amount of shrunken heads, bangles or other fetishes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Savage Orc	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Savage Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Frenzy, Size Matters.

Big Stabbas: A unit of Savage Orcs may be upgraded to carry Big Stabbas. This is represented by including one or more Big Stabba models in the unit. A unit of Savage Orcs that includes Big Stabbas and has two or more ranks of at least five models has the Impact Hits (D3) special rule.

Nominate a single model in the front rank of the unit to be the one that inflicts the Impact Hits. The Impact Hits have a Strength of 5 (no matter what the Strength of the model that inflicted them), and against any Large Target also have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Warpaint: Savage Orcs adorn themselves with warpaint, tattoos and charms in the belief they will attract the favour of Gork or possibly Mork).

Models wearing Warpaint gain the Ward save (6+) special rule.

SAVAGE ORC BOSSES

Savage Orc Warbosses are typically even more overt than normal Warbosses, often bearing the most impressive warpaint or taking the tribal customs, such as odd body piercings or wearing top-knots, to the most extreme level.

Bound in huge bulging muscles, the Savage Orc Boss wades through battle hacking off heads and limbs. At his bellowed command Savage Orcs pour forward, stampeding across the battlefield in their eagerness for a fight. Leading by brutal example, he carves a bloody path deeper into the foe, his boys trying to match him kill for kill.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Savage Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Frenzy, Size Matters, Waaagh!, Warpaint, Wild Abandon (see Savage Orc Boar Boyz).

SAVAGE ORC SHAMANS

The superstitious Savage Orcs observe even more rituals, and put up with even more bone-rattling, feather-waving dances by their mumbo-jumbo-chanting Shaman. As the Shamans provide the magical warpaint that protects them, such activities are generally accepted. If there is any kind of chance that the magic juju will work, the Savage Orcs will put up with any amount of shamanistic prancing.

Savage Orc shamans are renowned for their extraordinary powers and their ability to make magic potions. When the Savage Orcs go to war their shaman marks them with tribal tattoos using a strong magical concoction. These tattoos protect the Savage Orc Boyz like armour. If a Savage Orc shaman is with a Mob of Savage Orcs then the power of their tattoos is enhanced still further, while the wild energy of the Mob increases the Savage Orc shaman's own power.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8
Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Savage Orc Shamans are Wizards that use the Spells of da Big Waaagh!.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Size Matters, Frenzy, Warpaint.



"The boyz an' me tried smearin' some of dat warpaint wot da Orcs in da Badlands use on one of da Gobbos.

I dunno 'ow's the stuff works for dem ladz, but it didn't 'elp that Gobbo one bit when the 'Arrer Boyz wuz through. That's ok, though. Me ladz'll do wit' a fair bit of snackin' while we do more 'perimentin'.

an' dem arrows make good 'andles. Hey, Krusha come 'ere a sec and smear a bit o' this white stuff on yer 'ead. I wanna try somefink."

- Rucka, Orc Shaman

SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ

Some Savage Orcs ride to battle upon mighty war boars, one of the few creatures in the world as bad tempered as the Savage Orcs themselves.

Unsurprisingly, Savage Orcs and war boars get on well, sharing as they do are almost identical world-view and personal hygiene regimen. Savage Orc Boar Boyz are formidable troops that combine the fury of a Savage Orc with the thumping momentum and huge tusks of a boar. This makes for an especially hard-hitting charge that has been known to break through tough opposition or collapse enemy lines altogether.

Although Savage Orc Boar Boyz bear no armour, save an occasional hidebound shield, they are remarkably hard to bring down. These nearly bare brutes can ride through clouds of arrows and emerge unscathed (although perhaps much angrier). Even in close combat Savage Boar Boyz can withstand all but the most determined of blows. This is due to the sturdy hides of the Orcs, the thick-muscled, protective mounds of their smelly boar mounts and their own mystical warpaint. While tough as old boots, Savage Orc Boar Boyz are better known for the prodigious damage they cause when they charge. They crash into enemy units with an unparalleled ferocity – boar tusks, crude axes, or flint-tipped spears all jab, thrust and stab in a frenetic assault. In their recklessness some Savage Orcs even fight with a weapon in each hand, using their legs alone to clutch onto their mounts. These Savage Orcs are a whirling maelstrom of destruction, hacking and flailing with abandon. Savage Orc Big 'Uns on war boars are more fearsome still.

THE IDOL OF ZAK-ALOOOOG

The 'Eadhuntaz tribe contains many mobs of exceptionally brawny warriors, and they have never lost a battle. This would normally mean a rise in rekrootin' and large territorial expansions, but the 'Eadhuntaz are hampered by a great millstone around their necks in the form of the stone Idol of Zak-Allooog.

Long ago, when the tribe still resided in the Southlands, they had pitched their crude skin huts over the stone ruins of an ancient temple of the lizard-creatures.

Wazwhoompa, their Shaman, had just begun to use mighty green magics to reshape a vast block into a more pleasing shape when eldritch bolts arced from the stone and struck him. In his death throes, Wazwhoompa spoke, saying Da tribe must take dis idol to da Badlands.' Then, the old Shaman twitched and shuddered, gasping with his last breath... 'Zak Allooog'. At least that's what they thought he said; there was an awful lot of twitching.

Being extremely superstitious, the tribe has ever since dragged the monumenally large stone with them as they make their slow journey northwards. Each night they make camp around it and, anyone who dares attack soon learns that the ominous rock is imbued with potent magics. The strange idol glows, granting the Eadhuntaz and their Shaman mysterious powers...

Savage Orcs rarely keep their war boars in a pen, preferring instead to capture their mounts when needed. Before a battle a Savage Orc will stalk and ambush a boar, headbutting the beast into submission. Once captured, many Savage Orcs adorn their malodorous mounts with good luck charms, use dyes to mark out tribal symbols on the boar's fur, or push bones through the creature's lips, ears and nose. All of this makes the already enraged swine even angrier. When not sought for battle, war boars are left free to forage. For this reason Savage Orc camps are surrounded by free-ranging boars, who hang around due to the piles of food they can snuffle out. This is the way Gork and Mork intended, for those meant to ride to battle will always find, and best, a boar.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Savage Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Savage Orc Boar Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Frenzy, Choppas, Natural Armour (6+), Size Matters, Tusker Charge (War Boars only), Warpaint.



ORC GORE-GRUNTAS

In a tidal wave of porcine flesh, gruntas charge across the battlefield, trampling their victims into the dust and greedily devouring anything they can get their tusks into. On their backs, wild-eyed Orc Big 'Uns scream out elated war cries. Together they are Gore-gruntas, the shock troops of the greenskins.

Gruntas are massive boar-like beasts with razor-sharp teeth, filthy hides and beady, hate-filled eyes. Notoriously foul-tempered, they are prized mounts for any Orc with the mettle to ride them into battle. Mobs and fists of Gore-gruntas thunder out ahead of any other greenskin to get at the foe first. Rusty choppas swung by slabmuscled Orcs throw warriors into the air, while the gruntas tear through what's left of the enemy line with their stomping hooves and piercing tusks. Even by the destructive standards of the Orcs, a Gore-grunta charge is horrific to behold, especially when entire units vanish under a roaring, grunting mass.

Gruntas will eat practically anything, from the mangled remains of enemies to unobservant Orcs, and even the foundations of buildings. Gruntas also eat copious amounts of iron, usually as a result of consuming the more edible things it is attached to, like people. This undigested metal is then harvested by the Orcs for weapons and armour and is called pig-iron.

An Orc never really tames a grunta, because the creatures are far too belligerent ever to accept a rider without a fight. When greenskin tribes pass through an area where gruntas are known to roam – easily identifiable by the devastation wrought on the local wildlife and landscape, not to mention their copious leavings - some Orcs go out on a grunta hunt. Once they have cornered the beasts, Orcs hammer bits of iron onto the gruntas, driving the rivets in with their bare fists. This shows they belong to the Orcs. It also has the joint benefit of armouring the gruntas and, more importantly, slowing the beasts down just enough to make them possible to ride.



Warbosses prize the Gore-gruntas' ferocity in battle, and know that a well-timed charge can smash apart an enemy army, not to mention make a really satisfying noise as hundreds of snorting monsters pulverise their foes. Cunning bosses have come up with their own vaunted Gore-grunta strategies, like the Tusks of Gork, the Hoof Puncher or the fearsome Snorting Snout Spear. Grunta riders argue endlessly over which tactics are the best for smashing up the enemy, while other Orcs point out, at their peril, that they are all basically the same: get a bunch of Gore-gruntas together and charge them into the enemy as fast as they will go.

From time to time, huge grunta migrations thunder across the realms, stirred up by Gork and Mork's war-making, or so the Orcs believe. At these auspicious times, greenskin tribes send out their bravest or most reckless boys to create a war-sty. Digging out yawning pits, smashing together massive scrap walls or felling entire forests, the Orcs build sprawling corrals and drive the grunta herds into them. These seething seas of bristly, lice-ridden hide are then whipped into a frenzy by the Orcs. Big rocks, bits of iron and the odd screaming grot are all hurled into the mass until the gruntas are good and angry. The Orcs themselves then leap into the mess, each scrambling and grabbing until they manage to mount a grunta. When the corral gate is finally flung open, what is unleashed is a stampede of snorting violence that tears across the landscape, crashing through anything in its path.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gore-grunta Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Gore-grunta Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Grunta	7	3	0	4	5	3	3	3	4

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Impact Hits (D3) (Grunta only), Size Matters, Natural Armour (6+), Tusker Charge (Grunta only).

GORE-GRUNTA BOSSES

A Gore-grunta Boss is particularly belligerent even for a Big 'Un. His beast is usually covered in more iron than his boys'. This layer of grunta armour is usually made of the toughest or shiniest bits the boss can find, more to prove he is in charge than for any kind of protection. His grunta will also be the meanest one about, and all the other gruntas are careful not to look it in the eye lest it bite their faces off. Gore-grunta

Bosses make a name for themselves in a tribe fairly quickly, because they are usually the first to give the enemy a good kicking. Amongst the Bloody Sun Boyz, the hardest Gore-grunta Boss (or so he claims) is Gutgrak Ironteef. The crazed Orc virtually lives on his grunta's back, content to let it carry him from one scrap to another. He even eats like a grunta, catching and gobbling down the bits of gristle, meat and bone thrown up by his mount's feeding frenzies, all the while grinning madly like Gork himself.

ORC BRUTES

Among the Orcs, there are some of their number who, despite being much larger than their brethren, care not in the least in rising up to the position of Big Boss. Instead, these individuals can think of nothing more enjoyable than just fighting all day (and sometimes night too) rather than trying to do something that require as much thought as leading other Orcs. Why bother trying to get other Orcs to smash things, when you can just be told to smash them yourselves? As such, these like-minded Orcs prefer to join up in groups by themselves and get thrown into the thickest fighting whenever possible. This does little to prevent them from fighting amongst themselves at inopportune moments though – they are still Orcs after all.

A thickset brow and heavy iron armour frame the angry stare of an Orc Brute, their mind filled only with violence. Wrapped in iron armour crudely beaten over massive green muscles, Orc Brutes are the biggest and meanest of all greenskins. These hulking Orcs form a mighty greenskin sledgehammer ready to shatter enemy formations and fortresses to screams of 'Waaagh!'. What the Orc Brute can't beat with violence, they beat with numbers, hacking down their opponents in seemingly endless waves of small-minded aggression. Even hardy creatures like Ogres, Trolls or Giants are not safe from the Orcs, and as the ancient Brute saying goes, 'if smashing it ain't working, get more boyz to smash it with'.

Orc Brutes know they are the best Orcs because they get to do the most fighting. While the Warboss might do all the pointing and choppa-waving, the Warchanters make some noise, Shamans do all the green magic stuff, and Boar Boyz think they are the best because they get to go faster, the Orc Brute are the ones that get things done. When a Warboss wants to make sure something is



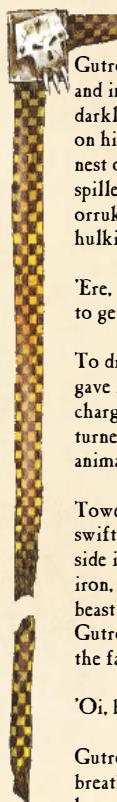
smashed 'good and proper' he calls up his Orc Brutes. Orc Brutes tend to like enemies that hide behind high walls, massive gates or in deep caves, because they don't run away when the Orc Brutes show up to give them a kicking. There is also something small and spiteful in the mind of an Orc Brute that doesn't like anything bigger than they are, be it a towering statue, a Dragon or a particularly arrogant tree. In battle, which is to say all the time, Brutes seek out these 'big 'uns'. Inevitably, as one Orc Brute spots something worth clobbering a dozen more will join in, not wanting to miss out on the chance to bring it down. More than one beast-riding lord has learned this the hard way, as a mob of Orc Brutes will pile on such lofty warriors in a heaving mountain of green muscle and bad breath until their victim vanishes from sight, much to the horror of their brethren.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Brute	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	2	7
Orc Brute Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Size Matters.

Duff Up da Big Thing: Orc Brutes may re-roll failed To Hit rolls against Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Cavalry and Monsters.



Gutrok punched the Ghoul's face out the back of its head and into the face of the one behind it. He chuckled darkly to himself even as the ruined head tried to chew on his arm. Gutrok and his boys had stumbled into the nest of ghouls by chance, but now, as the pale creatures spilled from the shadows, they were met by grinning orruks with ready choppas. Then Gutrok spotted a hulking rot-skinned monster.

'Ere, dis one's mine! Any git that gets in my way is going to get himself snipped!'

To drive home his point, Gutrok raised his boss klaw and gave it a grinding snap. Roaring out a battle cry, he charged toward the newcomer. In response, the beast turned glowing red eyes in his direction, giving off a low animal hiss through rows of needle-sharp teeth.

Towering over the boss, the Crypt Horror attacked swiftly, its filthy claws raking down Gutrok's face and side in a shower of blood and sparks. With a crunch of iron, Gutrok brought up his boss Maw and grabbed the beast around its neck. 'Here comes the good hit,' thought Gutrok, oblivious to the blood running down his side or the fact one of his eyes didn't see so good.

'Oi, boss! I fink you need to see dis.'

Gutrok muttered a particularly foul obscenity under his breath as he turned to see a dozen more of the massive horrors ripping their way through his lads. With a gruesome squelch, Gutrok brought his brute smash down on the horror's head, a shower of putrid blood spattering his armour. Turning back towards the fray, he grinned through the gore and charged.

BLACK ORCS

Black Orcs are the biggest, meanest and strongest of all the Orc breeds and because of this they often provide the leadership for Orc tribes. Black Orcs are the biggest and strongest Black Orcs are not necessarily any more intelligent than any other Orcs, but they are almost invariably more determined. They get their name from their dark green or black skin, although the title is just as much derived from their dour demeanour. Orcs grow darker as they grow older but Black Orcs are a breed that are especially mean and aggressive. They are grim and singularly focused on war – an occupation they take extremely seriously. It can truly be said that Black Orcs live to fight. In this regard all Black Orcs treat other greenskins, even the more battle-worthy types, such as Boar Boyz, as little more than frivolous amateurs. This is largely because lesser Orcs, even the hulking Big 'Uns of the Orc tribes, are likely to squabble amongst themselves instead of concentrating on the foe. This lack of discipline is a shortcoming that Black Orcs neither forget nor forgive. The Black Orcs' opinion of goblinoids is even worse, seeing them as beneath contempt and not fit to carry spare equipment, much less fight.

Black Orcs prefer to fight at close quarters, where their brute strength and determination makes them very powerful. They pride themselves on being the best fighters and, as such, they claim the lion's share of any loot after a battle, being invariably better armoured than the rest of the ladz and carrying the heaviest and sharpest weapons. Being militaristic and spartan, Black Orcs seek only food and gear of war – leaving weedier greenskins to debase themselves fighting for shiny trinkets and any remaining scraps of meat. Many of their fearsome weapons are captured in battle, and carried as a mark of their self-evident superiority; while others are paid in tribute by subjugated tribes. They brook no failure from any of their subordinates and live only to make war.



Black Orc regiments use their time between battles to sharpen weapons, replace broken equipment or bang out dented armour. In addition to clanking heavy armour and ironshod boots, Black Orcs carry a profusion of weapons with them, often bearing multiple choppas of various sizes. They often carry two weapons, one in each hand, rather than a shield, so they can strike their enemies two at a time. These are meticulously (for Orcs, anyway) cleaned when the fighting is over. Such rigorous work is the object of much derision by other greenskins, but only if they can do so without the Black Orcs noticing. Most greenskins don't understand such kill-joy behaviour, preferring instead to whoop and revel in jubilant victory celebrations. Orcs and Goblins, overexcited by their battles, will engage in frivolous activities, like skull-stacking contests, and generally seek out every opportunity to engage in punch ups amongst themselves. All of which, naturally, just further disgusts the Black Orcs and confirms their belief that 'they are da best'. The origins of the Black Orcs and how they came to be so different are shrouded in mystery. Some maintain that Chaos Dwarfs, growing tired of the unruly nature of their other greenskin slaves, magically bred the more disciplined Black Orcs. Certainly, the Black Orcs' sturdy constitution would allow them to prosper in the harsh land of the Chaos Dwarfs when lesser greenskin workers would perish. If this is true, their experiment failed badly, for Black Orcs are wilful and independent-minded, far more likely to lead than to follow. As the tales go, the Black Orcs led a rebellion against their taskmasters and escaped the shackles of slavery, heading for the mountains and freedom. However, bringing up that subject with them is, essentially, suicide.

They first appeared in the Old World during Sigmar's time, perhaps escaping or being expelled from the lands of their supposed creators, a whole band crossing the Worlds Edge Mountains and conquering the other Orcs living in the hills to the northwest of Stirland. When Sigmar first united the Men of the middle Old World into the Empire, he had first to drive out the Orcs and Goblins that lived there. Those battles against the Black Orcs were by far the hardest fought, and only won at terrible cost to Sigmar's armies, Black Orcs regard other Orcs and Goblins with contempt, especially Goblins, who are always running away instead of standing and fighting.

Regardless of history, pure Black Orc tribes remain rare, though legend tells of such notorious tribes as Ullot's Bashaz, the Steel Fangs and Grimlot's Grindaz that dwell in the Dark Lands. Smaller bands of Black Orcs can be found in the Badlands and individual mobs have worked their way into all kinds of greenskin tribes across the lands. Many Orc and even Goblin Warbosses find that

"Now den, some times what da boyz need is a lad
what can take a beating, and beat back! Dey need a lad
wif a serious pair of tusks! Dem needs a Black Orc!"
- Grumlok, Orc Warboss on Strategy



Black Orc mobs will serve, but only as purpose suits them. Black Orcs can always be found in the thick of the fighting and regularly do more than their share of killing, however, the price is often high.

Such elite regiments are even more likely to depart than other greenskins if the fighting slows down. Worse yet, if the pickings are rich, the Black Orcs will stay, but will work towards supplanting the tribe's current leaders. As they are the biggest and toughest fighters, it usually isn't long before the Black Orcs are no longer following orders, but rather beginning to issue their own. Perhaps this is why there are so few Black Orcs and why they usually form the ruling clan of a larger Orc tribe rather than a tribe in their own right. Even tribes with hardly any Black Orcs are often led by a Black Orc Warboss. And jolly grateful they are too!

On the battlefield Black Orcs like to concentrate on the job at hand. Black Orcs regard other Orcs and Goblins as frivolous and not entirely trustworthy, especially Goblins, who are always running off in battle instead of standing and fighting. When they are not fighting in battle Black Orcs engage each other in head-butting competitions and Gobbo throwing contests to settle minor differences. Disputes which would lead to squabbling or disorganised fighting in other Orcs are therefore settled around the campfires the night before the battle in a formal way, without causing any unnecessary disruption on the battlefield. Some other Orcs claim that this head-butting has seriously reduced what intelligence Black Orcs might have originally had, but Black Orcs have exceptionally thick skulls and, like all Orcs, they are very resilient.

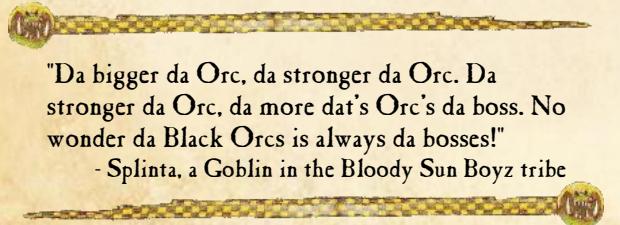
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8
Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Immunity (Psychology).

Armed to da Teef: As a rule, Black Orcs tend to turn up to battle with as many weapons as they can carry. Every Black Orc prides himself on the breadth and depth of his arsenal, from small choppas kept handy for close encounters with little puns, to larger, two-handed armaments for bludgeoning more stubborn foes.

At the start of each combat, models with this special rule can choose which of their weapons they wish to fight with. If a Black Orc character has a magic weapon, he loses the benefit of this special rule.



BLACK ORC BOSSSES

Amongst some of the toughest of the tough, a Black Orc Boss has fought in numerous battles and proven to Gork and Mork just how truly powerful they can become. Black Orc leaders, being militaristic and dour like all their kind, favour wearing a remarkable set of horns upon their helmets or wielding the largest battle axe imaginable.

In battle, Black Orc Bosses keep a constant eye out for bickering in the ranks, and it takes little more than a dark scowl or a throaty growl from a single Black Orc to bring the lesser greenskins into line. Should that fail, Black Orc Bosses are perfectly willing, and exceptionally able, to wade in and smash some heads together, thus restoring order quick smart at the insignificant cost of the lives of the wrongdoers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Orc Warboss	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Black Orc Big Boss	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Armed to da Teef, Choppas, Immunity (Psychology), Waaagh!.

Quell Animosity: When Animosity strikes a mob of Boyz, Orc Bosses tend to get caught up in the brawl that results. Black Orc Bosses, on the other hand, 'don't stand fer any of dat bovver' and swiftly restore order in the ranks with extreme prejudice (and a big axe).

If a Black Orc character is in a unit that fails an Animosity test, he immediately inflicts D6 Strength 5 hits on his unit, distributed as shooting attacks. After removing casualties, the unit is treated as if the Animosity test was passed. These hits cannot be allocated to the Black Orc character, and do not cause a Panic test.



GOBLIN BOSSSES

Orcs determine their hierarchy in a simple manner – the biggest and best fighter takes control. Goblins follow a less straightforward path to the top ranks, as they are both more devious and more cowardly than their brutish Orc cousins. Being smaller and possessed of a quite remarkable cowardice, Goblins are rather more circumspect in their challenges. Underhanded ploys and strategy are the preferred tactics for goblinoids. Although straight-up fighting is still an option, it is one that is typically left to the especially desperate. All Goblins use dirty tricks, with the best schemers being the most dangerous of their diminutive kind and the most likely to rise through the ranks. The defences set in place by the leader of the Backstabbas tribe, Ratgut the Ragged, (which included a suit of heavy chainmail and the habit of having his back to the wall at all times) were to no avail – he exploded in a shower of pungent ichor after eating a dish of edible mushrooms that mysteriously turned out to be inedible mushrooms.

Those Goblins that make it to the very top are known as Warbosses or Warlords, although some of the more outlandish tribes might use more localised names such as a Wolf-khan, Grand Despot, Potentate, Bogtator, Chieftain-King or Great Grif.

While Goblin Warbosses are not as physically imposing as their Orcish cousins, this doesn't mean that they aren't deadly in their own right. Grottnik, the Warboss of the



Broken Nose tribe, rose to power in a typical goblinoid fashion – by outfoxing his enemies. While Grottnik did best Orc Warboss Raggat in personal combat to claim the tribe rule, this was largely because the Orc was significantly wobbly from being drugged. This is typical Goblin cunning; rivals are more likely to encounter mysterious accidents or manipulative assignments that end in death than one-on-one combat for supremacy. Such tactics vary from tribe to tribe, from the hit-and-run assassinations of the Wolf Rider tribes to the precisely timed avalanches of the Night Goblins. In a Goblin tribe it is even possible to steal your way to the top.

The Great Grif, Snazgit Nosepicker, leader of the Rusty Nail tribe, attained his high station largely on his ability to steal anything he wanted. Once, Snazgit got the best of the Bonerattlerz tribe, famed for fielding dozens of chariots, by nicking or sabotaging every single wheel in the opposing army before battle could take place. Few have crossed paths with the Rusty Nails and come out the better for it.

Some tribes of Goblins have few or no Orcs to lead them, and here the rather suspect talents of the Goblin Warbosses come into play. A Goblin that finds himself in charge of a Goblin tribe will quickly manifest an acute 'Gork complex', invariably letting the power go entirely to his head. He will often try to emulate a particular Orc Warboss, lauding it over his subordinates, inflicting petty violence and generally being even more unpleasant than is usual for a Goblin. This is only likely to last until a passing Orc notices the Gobbos have no one to lead them, at which point the Goblin Warboss is likely to be booted back into the ranks of his fellows, where he will receive a good thumping for his behaviour.

Goblin Warbosses in tribes that comprise both Orcs and Goblins are often subservient to their larger kin, but some have developed a knack for placating their over-sized comrades. The cleverest Goblin Warbosses can manipulate the Orcs to do their bidding. Thus, the Goblin becomes the 'power behind da throne', able to aim the violence of the Orcs in any direction he chooses. While Goblin Warbosses might dream of becoming mighty enough to boss Orcs about with a mere grunt and a scowl, only the infamous Grom the Fat ever grew so powerful that he could actually get away with it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.



'Da humies look at yer, an see a big joke. Orcs, too. Let 'im laugh while yer tick'lin dere guts wit yer sticker. 'member always dat yer smaller, so's ya got's to be smarter, eh?'

– Gitsniker, Goblin Boss

GOBLIN SHAMANS

A Goblin Shaman's spells are weedy and irritating, but dangerous – just like the Goblins themselves. While Orc Shamans tend to be seen as trance-addled buffoons, Goblin Shamans are cagey and cunning, if no less odd. They often use their magics to barter for tribal influence. They are often clever enough to use the leverage associated with this position to manipulate the larger, slower Orcs into doing their bidding. Many Goblin Shamans work their way into a top position, either directly advising the Warboss or even taking the command role themselves. Any greenskin that opposes a Goblin Shaman is apt to suffer nasty rashes, mysterious beetle infestations or some other wicked malady. In battle, Goblin Shamans turn their spiteful spells towards slaying, or at least annoying, the foe. These spells are more subtle than their larger kin's, but no less effective. When an enemy fails to charge because they have doubled up with itchy hives, or the weapons of the greenskins seem to dart unerringly for weak spots in a foe's armour, it is often due to the magics of a Goblin Shaman.

With a flash of green light and a thunderous noise, the Goblin Shaman obliterated a large boulder. Waving dust away from his face, Muggar shouted "Dat's some right strong Waaagh! magic you got dere, Grizzik."

The Goblin grinned and fished from his pocket a small bone. "I found dis in da big crater. Dere's even more of dem under da water. It's a magic bone wot' makes da Waaagh! strong. If we could get more of dese, dem stundies wouldn't be able to stop us!"

Muggar considered the plan. "Alright den, Griz - can you and your Gobs get da rest of da magic bones out of da water?"

"Yeah, Boss! We can make big buckets on ropes and fish out da bones, dat is, if you'll give us some big, strong Orcs wot can help us."

Muggar didn't have many Orcs to spare. Most had left to join the big Waaagh! at Eight Peaks, expecting the fight to be elsewhere. Instead, the Dwarfs had come to the Badlands, taking the greenskins by surprise. They were after something, but he didn't know what. What he did know was that they were fighting fiercely to defend an old, ruined Dwarf town, and that was where all of the action was. Still, the opportunity to blast the Dwarfs into bits the way Grizzik had just blasted apart the boulder was too good to miss.

"Alright Griz, get buildin'. I'll send some Orcs from da stunty town over to da crater. You better work fast, Gob! Dere's stundies to fight, and lots of 'em."

Shamans are important figures in a tribe. A Shaman of the Wolf Lands, for example, will lead his tribe in the moonhowling ritual. Just as Goblins are widely varied, so too are their Shamans. Shamans exemplify the Goblin tribe to which they belong. For instance, the Shamans of the many tribes of Wolf Riders are a feral lot, draped in skins and laden with wolf skulls. Like their comrades, these Shamans are bent, wind-gnarled and bow-legged from their life crossing the plains on wolfback. Shamans of the Red Cloud tribe ritually use their magics to turn themselves at least half red depending on the cycle of the moon. There are bandage-covered Dust-Goblins from the deserts of Araby, shrewd fortune-teller mystics of the nomadic Goblin trader tribes, and more. Regardless of what tribe a Goblin Shaman comes from, he will be greedy and ready to use all the magics at his disposal to advance his own situation. Goblin Shamans are a spiteful lot and even Black Orcs won't cross them lightly.

"Yerz got to make yer mark sumhow. See as a Goblin, yer'll get killed an' et by Orcs or even other Goblinz if they's not scared of yer or if yer not useful to 'em. I wozn't all dat big but when an Orc tried to pull me arm off I made 'is 'ead explode. Then they woz a bit scared of me, an' they knew I'd be useful too."

– Boztag, Goblin Shaman

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	3	2	1	7
Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Goblin Shamans are Wizards that use the Spells of da Little Waaagh!.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.



GOBLINS

Goblins vary widely in size and habit, but all are mean-spirited, wicked, and generally unpleasant creatures. They are scrawny and gangly with clutching fingers; the perfect sneak-thieves. With their shifty eyes and whipped-dog demeanour, most gobbos act like the guilty party, even when they're innocent, largely because they spend a goodly portion of every day committing malicious acts, with any remaining time spent denying it or trying to sneak off. As a result, a Goblin's life is fraught with danger. Their grasping nature and penchant for thievery means scraps break out within their own mobs frequently. It is dangerous to turn your back on your comrades, as backstabbing is rife within a Goblin camp. If that isn't enough to contend with, Orcs frequently kick gobbos simply to show off who is bigger. Hungry Orcs are even worse, certainly not being above having a few Goblins to 'tide 'em over' between meals. Despite all this, Goblins are ridiculously prolific and thus accept the steady loss of their fellows' lives as a given – as long as it's 'da uvver guy'.

The majority of Goblins living in open areas, most notably in the Badlands and Dark Lands, are Common Goblins or just ordinary Gobbos. They are as common as muck throughout the hills, valleys and plains of the Old World and beyond. There are many distinct tribes but they divide into three broad types. Common Goblins live in the plains and mountain valleys and wear clothes and carry weapons much as Orcs - they harness wolves either to ride or to pull chariots.

Like all greenskins, Goblins are quarrelsome and fractious. They fight amongst themselves both on and off the battlefield. They feel little sense of loyalty to their own kind, let alone anyone else, and will cheerfully maim, kill and even eat their comrades if they think they can get away with it, often just for a laugh. Many Goblins live amongst their larger Orcish cousins, but others live in great nomadic tribes. While a small number rise to become Goblin Bosses, or are born to become Shamans, most live short, miserable lives punctuated by terrifying periods of intense violence, before being eaten or trodden on by an Orc, or skewered upon the blade of an angry foe.

"We Gobs may be smaller than da Orcs, but we's more clever by 'alf. We can make fings, and figure out how fings work. Da Orcs, dey just bash everyfing dey see. Sometimes dey bash us Gobs, too. Other times, dey eat us. It takes a clever git to live wit da Orcs and not get et, and dat's why us Gobs is so smart. Now, da smartest Gobs is da ones wot can make an Orc do what dey wants, an den make da Orc fink dat 'e's da one wot 'ad the idea in da first place. Now, dat's a clever Gob!"
- Bronak, Goblin Shaman

One thing Goblins do have going for them is that they are numerous – there are lots of them and no matter how many die or run away there always seems to be plenty left. Goblins gather in great masses under the tyranny of an Orc leader or in widely varying tribes of their own. Regardless of whether a Goblin is a lackey under the heel of a domineering Orc, or the member of a distinct tribe, Goblins make for lacklustre troops. Goblins are half-way decent shots but in other respects are generally poor and often unwilling fighters, but are dangerous in large groups and quite capable of overwhelming far better troops by sheer weight of numbers, especially if they can attack from a flank or even better from behind. They wear little armour, often looted scraps, though many carry a crude wooden shield to hide behind. When goblins fight they make a huge tightly packed huddle with everyone armed with whatever they can find. Goblins prefer to attack defenceless foes and shooting arrows from a distance is likewise popular, but failing that, a long spear rates a distant second best.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.



GOBLIN JESTERS

The greenskinned races are common throughout the Old World, and it is a well-known fact that Goblins in particular, are downright pests. Sneaky, sly, but above all cowardly, Goblins are one of the most annoying races in the Warhammer world (as any band of brave adventures will testify) and are about as much use on a battlefield as a wet sponge (although as cannon fodder they do have some uses!). However there exists a strange sub-group of these creatures in Goblin society that are so crazed (possibly through some genetic fault) they devote their entire lives to generally making a nuisance of themselves, getting in the way of their larger cousins, the Orcs, and upsetting the normal daily routine of entire tribes of greenskins who look upon them as amusing pets running around the place in highly conspicuous, brightly coloured clothing, whooping hysterically as they go. Other more sanely minded greenskins have dubbed these unusual Goblins "Jesters".

Jesters are rarely seen on the battlefield, not because of there relatively small numbers but because they are normally too busy frantically zipping about the tribes lair or encampment in such a hyperactive fit that they fail to notice the rest of the tribe has marched off to war. Strangely enough when these creatures finally reach a battlefield they enjoy themselves immensely as they view the opportunity to annoy someone new (the enemy) as particularly challenging. The problem is though, left to their own devices the Jesters would run around the field of battle desperately annoying whatever unit they first encountered. However, it was not long before Goblin Bosses learnt that by chaining the delirious little chap to themselves they could drag the Jesters wherever they wanted.

The first Goblin to attempt this was a member of the Rotting Nose tribe of the lands around the Border Princes and known as Skabby to his associates. At first the results of this experiment were very successful as the mad little greenskin so enraged their human opponents that their attacks became wilder and less controlled with anger, allowing for the first time in the tribes history for a Goblin unit to rout their opponents by attacking while the Jester occupied the attention of the humans. However it was not long before the downside of the move made itself felt, and indeed was the cause of Skabby's demise. His entire unit became so paralysed with laughter at the Jesters antics they failed to notice the vengeful human cavalry looming on their flanks.



"Gork and Mork made da Goblinz for us to kick, kill, and eat. Dey iz nothing. Dey iz less than nothing. Even dere magic iz weak an' pointless. Only use dey got in a fight iz catchin' Humie arrows. Wiv der 'eads."
Sheglak, Orc Shaman



Many Goblin Bosses have since followed his example (and most have probably met a similar end), but the temptation to include a Jester in a Goblin unit often proves too much for a greenskin leader.

Goblin Jester	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	0	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fear Elves.

Goblin Jester: A Goblin Jester is placed in the front rank of the unit he is bought for, and may never leave the unit.

Goblins are always encouraged by the presence of a Jester and gains a +1 bonus to their Leadership value (on top other special rules such as Inspiring Presence) as long as the Jester is alive. Characters are not affected.

On the downside however, Goblins are always distracted by Jesters so every turn the unit passes its animosity test, roll another D6. On the roll of a 1 the unit is rapt with laughter and may do nothing for the rest of the turn.

As Jesters are so energetic in battle it is almost impossible to hit the blighter in melee. Enemies must re-roll successful To Hit rolls against them in close combat.

At the start of each round of close combat in which a Goblin Jester is involved, roll a dice and consult the "You Annoying Little..." table below:

YOU ANNYING LITTLE...!	
D6	Result:
1	Oh Dear! <i>The Jester seems to have become rather confused in the heat of battle and is leaping about and getting completely in the way of his own unit!</i> The unit the jester is attached to suffer -1 To Hit in close combat this turn.
2-3	Nothing Happens. <i>No one is particularly impressed with the Jester's antics so the little green chap sulks uncontrollably.</i> The Jester has no effect this turn.
4-6	You Annoying Little...! <i>The Jester performs an amazing display of acrobatics white hollering insults at the top of his squeaky voice.</i> All enemy units in base contact with the Jester's unit suffer -1 To Hit in close combat this turn. This has no effect on units with Immunity (Psychology).

GOBLIN NASTY SKULKERS

When it comes to discovering underhanded advantages, Goblins are always seeking some new kind of dirty trick, be it a chance to sneak attack a foe, or gang up on a crippled enemy. Some Goblins excel at darting forward and stabbing at an enemy's soft spots before slinking away. It is almost magical the way they seem to pop out of nowhere – striking from between a comrade's legs or leaping out of shadows. Such devious gobbos are known as Nasty Skulkers and are generally thought to be 'a bad piece o' work' even by shifty Goblin standards.

Nobody skulks like a Goblin, and the Nasty Skulkers are the very skulkiest. Armed with razor-sharp daggers, they sneak deep into the field before a battle and lie in wait. When the time is right, they leap out and strike, causing lethal piercing damage before scurrying away under a confounding cloud of smoke. It's all too easy to dismiss the average goblin as a spineless wretch, but when a Nasty Skulker springs from nowhere to land on your shoulders, it is enough to challenge your assumptions... should you survive the encounter. Once a Nasty Skulker has latched onto an enemy unit, he will plague it, slitting throats and jabbing groins until he is found out and stomped to death.

Grotolib wrapped his tattered cloak around him and peered over the ramparts. The mountain pass was empty. The winds at this altitude were bone-chilling, and they whipped through the many holes in the tower levels below and produced a low moaning howl. It had been a full cycle of the moon since the Red Eye tribe had captured this stronghold, but the insides still reeked of smoke, ale, and Stunty is general. Grotolib longed to be off watch duty and back in the warmer confines of the dark tunnels. If he squinted, he could just make out the next Stunty tower. It was hard to spot, hewn from the rock as it was. Even now, the tower was full of the beardies who were probably looking out at him and massing for another attack. The thought of the fierce Stunties worried Grotolib back to his duty, and he roused himself. He rattled the long pole that held the topmost lookout – one of the many Snotlings that they had caught raiding the mushroom caverns. All the little runts resisted going up the pole, but it gave 'em extra lookouty distance. After all, the Stunties had already launched two counterattacks to retake their watchtower. Even after a good shake, there was no sound from above. Grotolib leaned back and focused his beady red eyes. Sure enough, the runt was still up there – curled around the top like a lump. Grotolib yelled, cursed, threw stones, and finally shook with as much vigour as he could muster. As the pole swayed back and forth, at the very zenith of its swing, the Snotling dropped off. Momentarily framed against the clear night sky, the runt plummeted. Grotolib pulled down his hood, cocked his ear, and was rewarded by a faint squish from the rocks below.

Grotolib shook his head, cupped his gnarled hands to his mouth and shouted. "Oi, down there. Send us up annuver Runt. Da last one froze up and fell off again."

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nasty Skulker	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fear Elves, Skirmishers, Scouts.

Surprise!: Nasty Skulkers have the Always Strikes First and Armour Piercing (1) special rule on turns they successfully charge an enemy in the flank or rear.

Puffball Smoke Bomb: *Nasty Skulkers often make use of special puffball mushrooms to create a cloud of smoke they can disappear in when the fighting is not going their way.*

At the end of any Close Combat phase in which a unit of Nasty Skulkers take part, they may choose to use their smoke bombs. On a 4+, the unit may disengage the combat by making a flee move. If they do so, the enemy cannot pursue them and they will rally automatically in their next turn.

"I woz a Nasty Skulker once, woz da best time of me life. I would 'ide an' wait 'til the right moment before leapin' out an' takin' down a couple of da enemy. See, we gobbos ain't too strong, but we makes up for it wiv sneaky attacks like dis. If we iz really really fast, we can even lop off their head or stab 'em in da groin before dey even know wats appened."

The Black Gobbo





GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

Many Goblin tribes are nomadic in nature, traversing the wilderness of the Badlands and the steppes to the east in huge, ramshackle caravans, raiding, stealing from, or – at a push – trading with other greenskins they meet along the way. Roaming Wolf Riders – Goblins mounted upon the back of swift, snarling giant wolves – precede these snaking trains of scummy Goblinhood. Packs of Wolf Riders scout out the land ahead and pounce upon any foe foolish enough to be caught alone in the wide-open spaces.



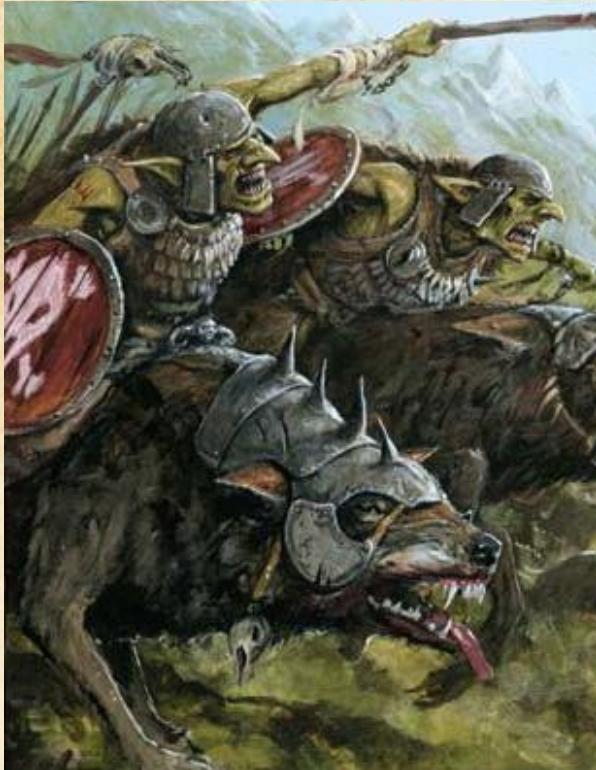
The Giant or Great Wolf of the Warhammer World is a fearsome monster with long fangs and huge claws, quite often more dangerous than their Goblin riders. It stands taller than a pony at four feet at the shoulder and is a slavering beast with a ravenous appetite. Giant Wolves fear very little, and are quite prepared to attack Humans if they think the latter are at all weak. They are not just ferocious beasts, but also skilled hunters that show a great deal of animal cunning. Giant Wolves tend to run in packs with around seven members when they are not being used as Greenskin mounts. They have a knack for encircling their prey and attacking from unexpected angles, or targeting the weakest points of defence. Classic Giant Wolf tactics involve the use of two or even three separate groups of wolves, with one group chasing the prey into the waiting jaws

of the others. A variant of this old wolf trick, used more by Giant Wolves than their more normal-sized counterparts, is the feigned retreat. Here, a small group of Giant Wolves will appear to flee their foes, only to lead them into an ambush.

Long ago the predatory packs were so large and formidable that they prowled the lands unchecked, holding back the rising civilisations of mankind for millennia. They were a great menace to humans and have been hunted to such an extent that the huge wolf packs that terrorised whole provinces are now a thing of the past. To this day the mighty wolf packs are still a threat, although entire villages being raided and destroyed by marauding wolf packs, and for children to be stolen away or herds of domestic animals to be eaten in the night is now only common on the edge of the wilds or in the trackless wastes, such as Kislev or the Badlands.

Attacked and driven out by men, Giant Wolves have allied with Goblin tribes. Perhaps it is their mutual instincts to pick on the helpless, the injured and the isolated but, for whatever reason, there has always been a strong bond between Goblins and giant wolves. The two creatures recognised in each other an ally, albeit a fierce one, that was apt to remain loyal only while times were good. Goblins soon began to ride atop giant wolves in the same way that other races ride upon horses.





This partnership of Goblin and Wolf has proved very successful. The Goblins protect and feed the wolves (fortunately wolves don't much like the taste of Goblins). In turn, Goblins are small enough to ride Giant Wolves, and also hitch them to chariots and carts in place of horses, who detest the smell of Goblin, and won't have anything to do with them. Wolves and Goblins seem to get along very well, and the two races have thrived together. The ordinary Goblins of the plains have almost succeeded in taming these wolves, which they ride enthusiastically to battle. Quite who is in charge – wolf or rider – is open to question. Goblin Wolf Riders commonly raid and pillage ahead of advancing Goblin hordes, while outriders scour the surrounding countryside for any sign of enemy troop movements.

In battle, Wolf Riders use their speed and agility to harry the flanks of enemy units and chasing down those already beaten and fleeing the battlefield from braver greenskins. Being Goblins, Wolf Riders like to pick on the weak, the isolated, and those already bleeding to death, and their preferred victims are the likes of enemy war machine crew small units of scouts and those few beings smaller and weaker than themselves.

Goblin Wolf Riders are dangerously fast, able to outride all other beasts save perhaps the swift steeds of the Elves. Some Wolf Rider mobs use bows to shower a foe with arrows and take pot-shots from a distance. They lop into range, unleash a hail of bowfire, and then retreat before a foe can respond. Wolf Riders often harass the flanks of oncoming troops but have also been known to charge into smaller (and more vulnerable) units such as war machines or enemy scouts. Other Wolf Rider mobs are more heavily armed and armoured and these Goblins will dare to lower

their spears and attack larger formations, howling as they crash headlong into enemy troops. However, it is often said that the snarling wolves are more formidable foes than the Goblins who ride atop their shaggy backs. More than one Warboss has found out that the 'dog boyz' are not always reliable, finding Wolf Riders sometimes as quick to leave the field of battle as they are to launch an attack.

Both Orc and Goblin tribes will commonly recruit a mob or two of Wolf Riders in order to harry the foe or mercilessly chase down any who flee the battle (be they friend or foe!). These speedy patrols often range far out from the main battleline, seeking the enemy, probing for weaknesses, and sniffing out small settlements to pillage and raid. Many a large and successful Waaagh! has been led on its destructive journey by scouting Wolf Riders. The nomadic trader tribes use even more mobs of especially flea-bitten Wolf Riders to protect their creaking caravans of ragged carts and wagons. In the most open country, such as the northern steppes or the heart of the Badlands, there can be found what are called Wolf Rider tribes. These are entire armies made up of the speedy raiders, perhaps supported by a handful of wolf-drawn chariots. Even formidable Orc tribes approach the open spaces of the Wolf Rider tribes with a feeling that comes as close to trepidation as their brawny kind allows. The most famous of these sites is just east of Mad Dog Pass and is known, appropriately enough, as the Wolf Lands. On those wide plains it is easy for the giant wolves to scent prey from afar and, led by their crafty Goblin leaders, it is quick work for the howling mobs to encircle and endlessly harass any intruders who do not pay handsomely for safe passage.

Tribes and individual mobs of Wolf Riders bear distinctive names, such as the Moon-howlers, Gorehounds, or Mogrubb's Mangy Marauderz. All Wolf Riders will fight alongside any greenskins, but conversely, they have no qualms about fleeing far afield and leaving their former tribe as the opportunity favours them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Goblin Wolf Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves.



"Flank 'em, shoot 'em, hit 'em hard, and then do it again from annuver angle. Of course, if da battle is going bad for our side, I'm gonna keep ridin' and act like I wuz never there, so yer'd better stick close!"

- Gitilla da Hunter's advice to new rokroots



GOBLIN WOLF CHARIOTS

Goblin Wolf Chariots are a blatant attempt by the more diminutive greenskins to imitate the boar chariots ridden to war by Orcs. It wasn't long after they first started using giant wolves as cavalry that Goblin armies began to field wolf-drawn chariots – which annoys the wolves something terrible. Cobbled together out of crudely hacked wood or scavenged materials and lashed tight with gutstring cords, all greenskins hold such constructions in high regard. Although Goblins have little trouble getting a saddle on a wolf, the beast is far less happy to be tethered to a rickety chariot, and many Goblins come to a premature end whilst trying to do so. Nonetheless, once an especially brave or skilful Goblin has, somehow, overcome this obstacle and convinced the wolves to cooperate, he will be the envy of his mates. To be able to rumble across a battlefield mounted atop a chariot is a clear sign of importance. There are few enemies that can stand before a chariot charge and these wild

charioteers are amongst the most effective goblin troops. Many tribal chieftains prefer to ride in chariots, trying to outdo their rivals by having the fastest and flashiest contraption. The rest of the tribe will cheer and applaud as he dashes around the battlefield, cackling uproariously as his chariot careens into the enemy lines, smashing the foe, and sometimes even the driver and the chariot, to smithereens in the process.

It is not unusual for Goblins to tinker with their battle chariots. They sometimes add cruel scythes, an additional wolf, or perhaps they find space for an extra warrior to make the chariot even fightier. To a Goblin, the look of a chariot is also very important. Not wanting to pass up a chance to shamelessly show off, most Goblins embellish their chariots with markings, shields, trophies or perhaps oversized banners. Chains, wolf tails or tattered checkered pennants are nailed to the chariot's side or frame, so they whip wildly in the



"Dem 'umies'll never know what 'it 'em. We ride in wiff flames, grab wot we kin eat, an burn da rest."

Goblin Chief Groff Dogbreff before raiding and burning to the ground a series of villages and hamlets in Stirland

but there is also a practical side to the customisation. Goblins are notorious thieves and stealing "da wheels" of another tribe is a highly regarded feat by all right-thinking gobbos. Thus, the more distinctively marked the chariot, the easier it will be to find and reclaim after it has been stolen by some other thieving tribe!

In battle, Goblin Wolf Chariots are steered into the enemy line, ploughing into units and running over them with ironshod wheels. While not as sturdy as the lumbering boarpulled chariots of the Orcs, the Goblin wolf-drawn chariot has one huge advantage – speed. The giant wolves that pull the chariots are lean, savage beasts, well used to chasing down prey across the empty steppes.

While any Goblin Warboss might wish for many chariots, being that they are such destructive contraptions, very few are lucky enough to have more than one or two at their disposal at any time. Some chariots are lost in battle, some are stolen and others just fall apart – Goblins are, after all, not known for taking care of equipment. It takes a Warboss with a lot



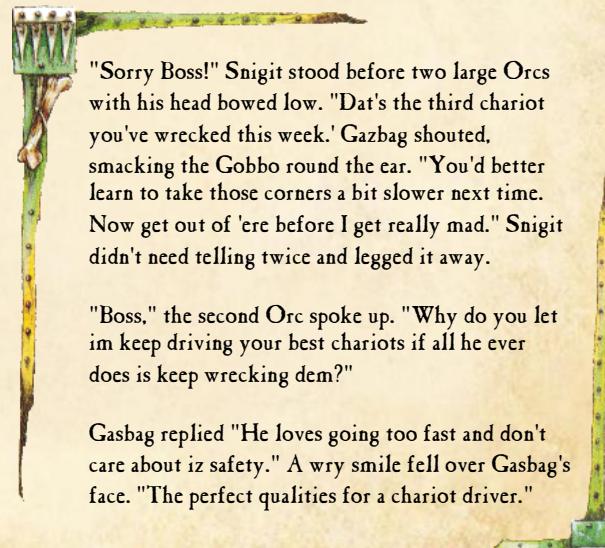
of plunder to build many chariots. When deployed in mobs, chariots are capable of tearing gaping holes in any enemy unit. A tribe able to employ several mobs of Wolf Chariots can form swift-drawn wedges of devastation capable of sweeping away enemy battlelines in an instant. Fleeing from Goblin Wolf Chariots is one thing, but actually escaping from the fleet-moving battle-carts is another. When faced with a routing foe, the wolf-drawn chariot comes into its own, the howling beasts straining to mercilessly run down the opposition and feast on their ruined remains.

Certain Goblin tribes, notably the Rusty Nails, Drippin' Fangz and Oozy Eye tribes, make use of massed chariot mobs. The Teef-robberz, perhaps the richest (and swindle-happiest) traders out of the Dark Lands, have so many wheeled and clanking contraptions in their motley host that they raise a dust cloud a mile above their caravans. They have been known to disguise their battle-chariots to look like old dilapidated wagons, only ditching the bogus scrap at the last minute, to transform creaky old trading carts into sleek and deadly weapons of war. Many gullible tribes of raiding Orcs or foolhardy Ogres have been lured close in this fashion, before subsequently being counter-charged and demolished by howling mobs of wolf-drawn battle chariots. After the inevitable massacre, any salvageable loot is piled into the carts. The Great Grit of the Teef-robberz rides in the centre of this rag-tag convoy. His mount is a rickety landship that is little more than several chariots cobbled together and pulled by dozens of flea-bitten wolves. It mounts Spear Chukkas, tattered banners and enough Goblin archers to drive off all but the most determined of assaults.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Chariot	-	-	-	5	3	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.





ROCK LOBBERS

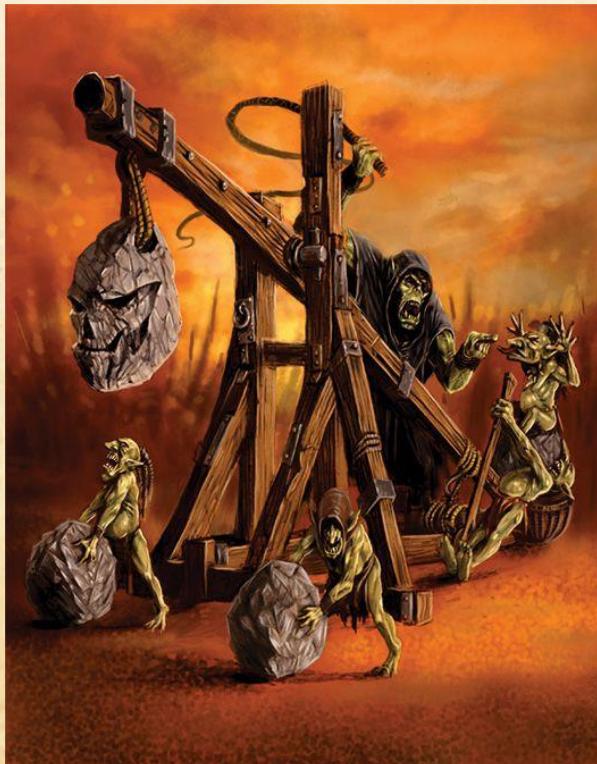
Greenskins make all kinds of contraptions from crude wagons to clanking mills and sturdy war engines. Wood, iron and bone are cheerfully lashed together as required. If things fall apart they can quickly be stuck backs together again with spit and string. Goblins are generally more ramble-fingered when it comes to this kind of work whereas Orcs, being bigger, are good at bussing them about. Thus, nature has created the ideal workforce in the greenskin race.

Orcs and Goblins were introduced to catapults, or "fings wot throw roks," shortly after they encountered the Dwarfs. Greenskins are not technically minded (particularly Orcs), but they have great appreciation for destruction. Even as boulders splattered their forces, Orcs and Goblins began to wish for some catapults of their own.

Since then, the greenskins have built a plethora of what they generally refer to as "lobbers." The Rock Lobber is a primitive but extremely effective stone throwing machine. These stone throwing machines are favoured by greenskins because they are simple to build from readily available materials. Because Rock Lobbers lob rocks of such immense size no armour can protect against them. Even the most heavily armoured knight would be instantly pulped if a boulder the size of a horse were to land on him.

These are deployed singly or in batteries to soften up enemy formations, smash defensive positions, or to toss those that offend the Warboss very, very far. A great shot, one that pulverises a large amount of the foe or sends body pieces flying particularly high, always raises a rowdy cheer. Most Rock Lobbers are counterweight devices, although some use twisted rope made from Squig hide to generate torque, which they use to chuck either one big rock, several small rocks or what (or whoever) takes your fancy.

Experiments with Troll-powered devices have been tried, but such creatures tend to eat either the ammunition or key parts of the machine (or both) – only the smartest Trolls are suitable for



such challenging work, and that's not saying much. Some war engines, especially those that have launched spectacularly bloody shots, are given names, such as the legendary *Skull Crusher*, *Fings Chueker*, and *Hammer of Gork*. The Rock Lobber known as *Da Boss' Bane*, named for its habit of landing off target and smashing the tribe's Warboss, was burned, along with its crew, as a precautionary measure by an unusually bright new leader.

Rock Lobbers are generally made and crewed by Goblins, often under the command of an Orc Warboss. Being lazy, Goblins rarely finish what they start, so canny Warbosses provide an Orc overseer to see the work gets completed. These Orcs, known as Bullies, are irascible, infirm and often incontinent old warriors that boss the war machine's crew around, ensuring the Goblins shoot in the right direction and don't run away. Orc Bullies are grizzled and sometimes crippled veterans who can't keep up with the young pups in the battle line any more, so this is a comfortable position for an Orc, as it allows him to crack the whip with authority without doing any of the actual work. Instead he growls menacingly at them and makes them less likely to flee as well as lending a hand if the enemy get tired of having rocks (or Gobbos) drop on their heads and tries to sort them out. The looming presence of a gnarled and muscular Orc helps keep discipline amongst the crew, as Goblins by themselves are likely to abandon their machines should the enemy get too close. Bullies have proven so effective that even Goblin Warbosses sometimes seek them out to ensure their Rock Lobbers remain steady and focused. Woe betide the Goblin that skives off the day of the big battle!

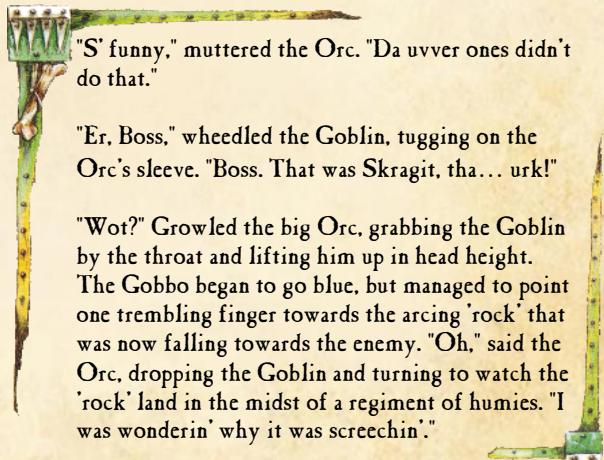
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Orc Bully: Whilst it's the Gobhos that actually do most of the work on the various war machines, they are often accompanied by Orc Bullies to shout at them.

An Orc Bully counts as an extra crew member (and an extra wound) for the war machine, and is always the last model to be removed. Orc Bullies have the Choppas special rule. In addition, while the Bully is still alive, their unit gains the Size Matters special rule.



SPEAR CHUKKAS

The opportunity to spear large monsters from a distance or to skewer several man-sized creatures in a single shot appeals greatly to the violent and bloody nature of any greenskin. The bolt thrower, or Spear Chukka as it is termed by Orcs and Goblins, is a device commonly found in greenskin armies. Working along the same lines as a giant crossbow, the device fires a single spear-sized bolt at a high velocity. A well-placed shot can bring down a row of oncoming infantry, penetrate the armour of a steel-encased knight or even slay an Ogre with a single shot, which is no easy feat given their considerable girth!

Made from wood, scrap metal, or even the bones of enormous creatures, Spear Chukkas are easy to build, transport and maintain, making them popular war machines with all types of Warbosses. When working bits break, as is common with such dubiously made contraptions, it is easy enough to lash the pieces back together. Spear Chukkas can be found not just in the battlelines supporting advancing troops, but also atop watchtowers, mounted aboard rickety greenskin-made ships, perched atop siege towers, bolted onto the mobile caravans of the Shiftygobs and other, even less

successful adaptations. Every so often a bright young gobbo will attempt to strap a firing platform and some Spear Chukkas atop a Giant, but such experiments fail as soon as the towering lummox breaks off a piece of the war machine to use as a backscratcher.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Slipshod: *Goblin Spear Chukkas are notoriously unreliable.*

If the To Hit roll for a shooting attack made by a Spear Chukka is a 1 (before any modifiers are applied), then it misfires. Roll on the Stone Thrower Misfire table in the Warhammer rulebook and apply the result to the Spear Chukka.



NOTLOB'S ORCISH

BOLT-THROWING ENGINES

Many battles have been fought within the Black Fire Pass, and many heroes emerged on both sides. Dwarfs and men tried desperately to destroy the Orcs, and the Orcs in turn responded by strengthening their defences and enacting countless revenge raids on human farmsteads.

Notlob was already famous amongst his kind when he arrived at the Black Fire Pass. Had he not invented many fiendish engines of war and instruments of torture? Had he not designed and commanded the War Engines that battered down the walls of half the cities in the Badlands? No.

Notlob was to apply his creative genius to designing new engines for the defence of the pass.

The Men and Dwarfs didn't know what had hit them when their next assault founded under a driving storm of huge bolts – as large as spears and capable of piercing straight through even the toughest Dwarf armour. Further assaults proved equally fruitless, and eventually the Orcs were left alone, to continue their age-old trades of murdering travellers and plundering merchant convoys.

The Black Fire Pass conflict was to earn Notlob a reputation amongst Human and Dwarf kind. However, he always considered the invention of the 'Happy Halfling Mangling Rod and Head Press' to have been his greatest achievement.

DOOM DIVER CATAPULTS

By far the majority of Goblin tribes are partly nomadic. They journey from plain to forest, or along the river valleys and mountain passes, where they buy, sell, or steal things that they can re-sell to other Orcs and Goblins later on. Goblins make a living bartering and trading with Forest Goblins, Night Goblins, as well as Orcs, Ogres and other creatures. They particularly enjoy dealing with Orcs as it gives them a chance to outwit their larger and more brutal cousins. This they accomplish fairly easily as Orcs are rather dim.

Goblin tribes often include huge caravans of scrap metal, captured monsters in crude wooden cages, as well as captive men, Elves and Dwarfs. The lumbering carts and chariots are protected by outriders mounted on giant wolves who patrol the area in front of the advancing tribe, probing for enemies and scouting for small settlements to loot. As the outriders can only move so fast, their ability to reconnoitre ahead is limited. To overcome this shortcoming the Goblins have developed a unique machine known as the Doom Diver Catapult, more often referred to as the bat-winged loony lobber.

The Doom Diver Catapult is a torsion powered device much like a Rock lohber or Spear Chukka, but instead of firing rocks or spears it is designed to launch Goblins. This machine, a small but powerful catapult, lobs Goblins high into the air, from where they can spy out the surrounding land ahead and provide greenskin tribes with a form of aerial reconnaissance. Of course, the information they glean is of little value if the Goblin is pulverised as he impacts with the ground. To help keep the Goblin alive, if not exactly intact, a

whole variety of life preserving techniques were originally developed. These included tying lots of cushions to the Goblin, making parachutes, and kitting him out with crude, folding wings which enable them to stay aloft for a short time before plunging back down to earth. Although none of these methods have ever proved completely successful, the idea of having wings appealed to the Goblins best of all and the other methods rapidly fell out of favour. Early aeronauts were given bits of slate and chalk on which to sketch enemy troop dispositions. As few Goblins survived the rather sudden landing, this was felt to be the only way of recovering the information they had gleaned. Unfortunately the idea wasn't a great success as most slates were found to bear a hastily scrawled message along the lines of 'Yahoooooo!' or 'Wheeeee!'. In any case, Goblins have a marked tendency to bounce so casualties are probably fewer than one might reasonably expect.

It didn't take long for some bright spark to try out the Doom Diver Catapult in a battle. It was probably whilst flying high over an approaching enemy that one Goblin got a bit carried away, and steering himself as best as he could with his crude wings, crashed right down onto the enemy army. So impressive was the damage, and the mess, that willing Goblins soon began to take this form of warfare quite seriously and with surprising enthusiasm. Although it's true that Doom Divers generally end up splattered across the landscape, the exhilaration, the speed and (most of all) the chance to look down on Orcs for a change, is just too good a thing to miss. After all, if you're a Goblin, ending your days as a hurtling instrument of death is a far better fate than



there is no end of willing volunteers eagerly awaiting a chance for airborne glory. It does not seem to bother them that their chances of survival are low, but then only the most crazed Goblins would want to be propelled high into the air getting knocked on the head and eaten by your mates, and so anyway. These Goblin are known as Doom Divers, although it is usual for other (saner) Goblins to call them bat-winged loonies.

The Doom Divers themselves care not a jot about such criticism, they know that the ultimate excitement of diving through the air at high speed is well worth the considerable risks. In the dirty, brutal and often painfully short life of a Goblin the chance of swooping through the air and smashing right through their enemies is just too good to miss. Doom Divers take their opportunity very seriously, practising for weeks by jumping off increasingly taller rocks, strengthening their arms by flapping their wings as they run about in circles, and getting Trolls to throw them into the air.

When the big day comes the Doom Diver prepares by strapping on his wings which he makes himself (no Doom Diver trusts any other Goblin to make his wings and gets very angry if anyone else should even so much as touch them). Next he straps on his spiked helmet. The spiked helmet is intended to spear his chosen target, but in reality the huge splat the Goblin makes as he hits the ground is what tends to cause the damage. Finally he hooks his belt onto the Doom Diver Catapult and braces himself for sudden acceleration.

The catapult is powered by a huge piece of stretchy sinew (often cured Troll intestines) and the height the Goblin reaches is largely dependent upon the quality of his hand-stitched leather wings and, perhaps even more importantly, how far back his crew can pull him on the sinew. It has been known for over zealous Goblins to get so ambitious that the entire catapult springs from its mounts and hits the Goblin splat in the face, putting paid to the whole device. When he just can't stretch the catapult any further, the Goblin emits a frantic whoop and let go. With a loud twang the Doom Diver is propelled high into the air, his exulted cries and excited squeaks gradually dimming as he becomes a tiny speck above the Goblin army.

The Doom Diver rips through the clouds like a bullet until he reaches the pinnacle of his ascent. The lands below are a patchwork quilt across which armies of ants march and countermarch. Using his wings he begins to glide downwards, and by dropping one wing tip and then the other he guides himself towards the enemy army and his chosen target. It can take several minutes for the Goblin to pick his target, at which point he folds his wings back and starts to plummet, yelling wildly as the speed of his descent drives his small Goblin brain wild. As the downward descent gains speed, most Goblins emit a high-pitched scream that grows louder and more irritating as it plummets earthwards.

Down on the ground the first thing to be heard is a distant squeal, and a sharp-sighted man might just discern a black dot like a bird high in the sky. With worrying rapidity the black speck in the sky expands into the silhouette of the plunging Doom Diver, and the squeal expands into a terrifying roar of ecstatic destruction. The screaming exultation of the descending Doom Diver is enough to scatter troops who are not particularly steadfast.

When the Goblin finally impacts his spike drives straight through whatever he lands upon. If this is an enemy he will almost certainly be slain. If he lands on a tree or on the ground he sticks in like a dart, and even if he survives the

impact he won't be able to free himself easily. It is more likely the Goblin will be smashed apart – which although sad is considered a good way to go for a Goblin and infinitely better than being eaten by a peckish Troll. Alternatively the Goblin might survive the impact and bounce around two or three times, possibly breaking a few bones but definitely causing considerable damage to the enemy he lands on. There are many unfortunates, though, whose diving career ends with a wet splatter.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Doom Diver Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	3	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

Doom Diver Catapult: The Doom Diver Catapult is a stone thrower, but because the Doom Diver has the ability to 'glide and guide' into a target, it has some additional rules, detailed here. Fire the Doom Diver Catapult as a stone thrower. However, no template is used. Instead, place the flying Doom Diver Goblin model on the target point, and then roll for scatter as you would for a stone thrower. After doing this, you may roll a D6 and move the Doom Diver Goblin model by that many inches in any direction. If any units are touched by the Doom Diver's base, then each must take D6 Strength 5 hits.

Should the artillery dice roll a misfire, roll a D6 and consult the Doom Diver Misfire table, below.

D6 Result

1-2 Destroyed! *With a crack, the sinew snaps, smashing the machine and slaying the Doom Divers.*

The war machine is destroyed.

3-4 Disabled. *The over-anxious gobbo gets the elastic tied up in knots.*

The Doom Diver Catapult cannot shoot this turn or in the controlling player's next turn.

5 Skidmarks. *The Doom Diver badly miscalculates and does not get airborne, instead ploughing a furrow in the dirt.*

The Doom Diver will hit the first thing along the path towards his chosen target point. If this is a piece of terrain he is removed immediately and inflicts no damage. If this is a unit (friend or foe) he will inflict D6 Strength 5 hits, with no armour saves allowed, before being removed. The catapult may be fired next turn as normal.

6 Wild Shot! *The catapult slips on its mountings, spinning round and shooting the Doom Diver randomly into the air.*

The Doom Diver is fired D6x10" in a random direction. This roll determines the impact point for the Doom Diver – he is unable to move the impact point D6" in this case. The catapult may be fired next turn as normal.

FOREST GOBLINS

The dark forests of the Old World are home to many strange and dangerous creatures including marauding bands of Chaos Warriors, elusive Beastmen, Minotaurs and countless others even more ancient and hideous. In these gloomy forests are to be found lurking tribes of Forest Goblins. Forest Goblin tribes are to be found in the depths of many wooded areas, but most are concentrated in a wide forested belt south of the Empire, stretching the length of the Border Princes from Black Fire Pass in the east to Tilea in the west.

The Forest Goblin tribes share their domain with a great variety of spiders, and the Forest Goblins are experts when it comes to capturing and finding uses for these creatures. What is most unusual about Forest Goblins is how they are so intertwined with the spiders that live deep in the woods – aside from being milked for poisons, Forest Goblins even eat certain species of spiders which they regard as especially succulent and superior to any other kind of flesh. The really gigantic spiders are sometimes captured and used as barter, but mostly these enormous creatures are avoided because they are too dangerous. Smaller spiders, about the size of a horse, are ridden by the Goblins and smaller ones are kept as pets, while the very biggest are worshipped as gods.

Forest Goblins are not physically different from other Goblins. They are the same size, have the same green skin, and overall it would be hard to tell one from another were it not for their distinctive styles of dress and skin painting. Forest Goblins decorate themselves with colourful feathers, often sticking the quills



directly into their skin as Goblins feel little pain. Different tribes often use different colours and combinations of feathers to identify themselves. Forest Goblins wear warpaint in broad bands of colour over their bodies. Bright red and blue are the most popular colours, and these are commonly applied to make V shaped chevrons over their face and arms. This adds to their frightening appearance when they emerge from the forests to carry out raids on surrounding villages and farms.

Metal ores are quite rare in the forests, so the Forest Goblins trade with other Goblin tribes, swapping captives and fungus for ores from the mountains. Because they don't have much metal at their disposal, Forest Goblins also like to use bones and teeth to make armour as well as for decoration. Forest Goblin tribes have totem poles depicting Gork, Mork and the Great Spider, and this is where they meet before marching to raid a human farmstead or burn some unfortunate woodcutter's house. Shields and banners often have spiders on them, and spider decorations are common designs for buckles, banner pole tops, and weapons.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forest Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Forest Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

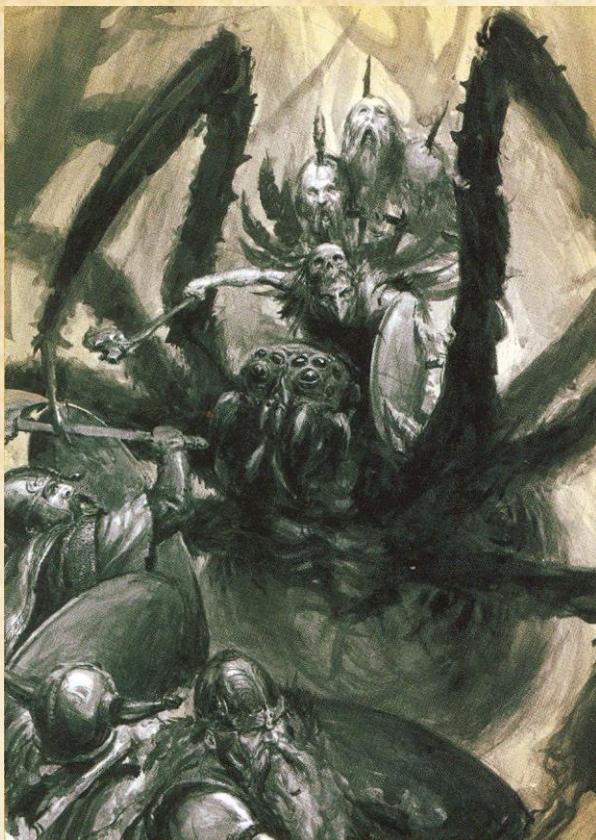
TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.



THE SACRED SPIDER GROUNDS

The most revered of all Forest Goblin sites is the Black Pit, which is also called the Valley of Many Eyes. Beyond a series of wooded hills deep in the trackless depths of the Drakwald Forest can be found this bleak and unwholesome valley. Here, the light of the sun never penetrates, and all colour seems drained from the lands. The ground is strewn with piled bones and pitmarked with the nest-lairs of spiders of enormous size. It truly is the black-heart of spiderdom in the world. Only the largest of Arachnarok Spiders make their foul dens here, gargantuan creatures whose bloated size staggers belief. When the cycles of the moons are in alignment, Arachnarok Spiders make their way to this twisted wood to breed, travelling from the forests of the Old World and beyond. The Forest Goblins protect this land, entering it themselves only occasionally in order to drop vast amounts of sacrifices into the dark pits. They let the ancient behemoths sleep, and they wake only to feed languidly upon the mountains of sacrificial victims. Such great beasts are only fully roused in times of greatest need.



FOREST GOBLIN BOSSES

Forest Goblins Warbosses bear the blessing of the Spider-god – a result of a lifetime licking venomous creepy-crawlies. Some say they are now more spider than Goblin, and the fact that many ride giant arachnids to battle only encourages this notion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forest Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8
Forest Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

FOREST GOBLIN SHAMANS

Forest Shamans are the chief figures in the Spider Cult which worships the forest spiders as the gods of the forest. They encourage small poisonous spiders to nest in their robes and live upon their bodies. These gaily coloured little creatures run all over the shaman's body, and often live in convenient crannies such as in his ears and in between his toes, or even in a Shaman's mouth. When a shaman opens his mouth dozens of tiny spiders skitter between his teeth and run up his nose. These bite the Goblin on the tongue so that his body is always saturated with strange intoxicating poisons. This drives the Shaman a bit mad and makes his tongue swell up and turn a bright colour such as purple or blue, but they claim the toxins allows them to communicate with their multi-legged deity. It is true that Forest Goblin Shamans can approach the ferocious Arachnarok Spiders without being attacked, and some Shamans even ride to battle atop such enormous beasts.

As a result of the spiders' poisonous bites the shaman becomes immune to their toxin and his flesh becomes almost completely numb. Orcs and Goblins feel little pain anyway, but Forest Goblin shamans feel none at all. Because of the build up of venom in their system the Forest Goblin shamans inhabit a dream-like world haunted by strange spider gods and shadowy eight-legged daemons. Their oddly twisted vision of reality is reflected in their wide-eyed stare and slavering tongue stained purple with spider venom. Although plainly crazy, the shamans are possessed of great power, for the spider venom that addles their mind also stimulates the part of their brain that controls magic.

Thanks to the intoxicating venom that floods his brain the Forest Goblin Shaman has great powers of mental control. Unfortunately, while his powers of mental control are impressive, this cannot be said of his ability to control his physical body. Forest Goblin shamans are prone to run off dizzily, or just blunder about, unable to distinguish fact from venom-induced fiction.

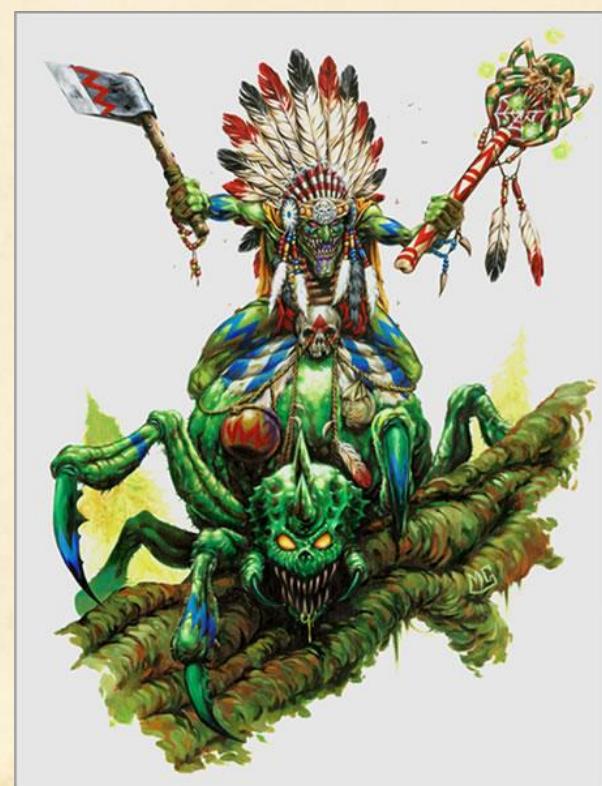
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Forest Goblin Great									
Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	3	2	1	7
Forest Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Forest Goblin Shamans are Wizards that use the Spells of da Little Waaagh!.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves, Stupidity.

Spider Venom: Forest Goblin Shamans may re-roll failed channelling rolls.



FOREST GOBLIN SPIDER RIDERS

The forests of the Old World are infested with all kinds of horrible creatures of which spiders are probably the most numerous. Most are no larger than the palm of a man's hand, but even spiders this small can have a deadly poisonous bite. Others are as big as dragons, great bloated monsters which can hardly move from their lairs and which are revered by the Forest Goblins as gods of the forest. There are all sorts and shapes of spiders between these two extremes, including the creatures about the size of small ponies which Forest Goblins capture these scuttling nightmares when still small and raised on tasty tit-bits until they are big enough to ride. As they are hand reared these spiders become accustomed to Goblins and quickly learn to accept a rider.

There are hundreds of different species of arachnid in the world, and their appearance varies wildly based upon their surroundings and their proximity to the warping influence of Chaos. There are many sub-types of giant spider, such as Tilean Greybacks, Drakwald Mancatchers, Scarlet Deathheads of the Great Forest, and the Widowmakers of Naggaroth, to name just a few.

The Giant Spider is a massive example of its breed, and the toxicity of its venom is certainly apace with its large size. Closely resembling ordinary spiders, but with a body the length of a man's and unnaturally long



legs, Giant Spiders are horrifically mutated versions of their lesser counterparts, swollen to a monstrous size by the forces of Chaos. Their heads are surmounted by up to eight large eyes and an even larger pair of mandibles. Their bodies are black or brown, sometimes with other, more brightly coloured markings, and their hairy brown legs move almost too fast to be seen. Giant Spiders prefer a stealthy approach, leaping down on top of a victim and filling him full of poison before he can react. Most Giant Spider attacks come when the creatures hunt for food, so they will often pick up and carry off an incapacitated victim rather than wait around to fight some more.

Giant Spiders are good fighters and have steely, pincer-like mandibles that can punch through platemail to deliver a toxic bite. They are relentless hunters that are known to hunt in ravenous packs to bring down their prey and use their wicked mandibles and lethal poison to secure their meals, eagerly draining the lifeblood of anything that can catch. As the beasts grow larger, they need to bring down proportionally larger prey to keep themselves fed. Regardless of size, these eight-legged horrors are all extremely agile and able to scuttle through undergrowth or scale over sheer rock-falls in order to corner their victims. While not as fast as wolves or horses, these spiders can move at speed through the densest patches of woods and over obstacles or rough territory thanks to their eight legs.

Forest Goblin Spider Riders have become masters at stalking their prey, nimbly guiding their multi-legged beasts to scuttle across the treetop canopy in order to get into ideal position before pouncing. Spider Rider mobs are known to ambush Empire patrols, eradicate Beastmen herds or even attack large monsters that encroach into their territory.

In battle Spider Riders act as light cavalry, although the shrewd gobbos always look to manoeuvre into dense terrain. They know that once ensconced in a copse of trees, the Spider Riders will have cover from an enemies' attacks while being able to quickly launch their own deadly strikes. Some Spider Rider mobs are equipped with bows and these regiments typically slink over obstacles or around an enemy's flanks seeking to pick off vulnerable targets. The most aggressive Spider Riders scurry straight at a foe, relying on their spears and the venomous bites of their mounts. When they charge, the Forest Goblins are well known for screaming out their horrible, high-pitched and undulating battle cries.

"They were already over the walls before the guards knew they were there. The town was destroyed and half the population was carried off to the forest."

- Albrecht Heinz, Drakwald Militia

Cunning raiders, Spider Riders have learned to creep soundlessly from beneath the eaves to launch ambushes or to make surprise attacks. The climbing ability of their mounts allows Spider Riders to effortlessly clamber up and over wooden palisades or even high stone walls to reach the more vulnerable villages beyond. Spider Riders have become adept at attacking defended buildings, plucking defenders from ramparts and storming through even the smallest of openings. The inhabitants of those settlements that lie within a few days' march of Goblin-infested woods have rightfully grown to fear the eight-legged death-bringers, which can so easily breach their defensive walls and towers.

The human soldiers lay in heaps, spears and halberds jutting upwards like broken bones, their black and yellow uniforms stained with too much crimson. Nagbad swatted an armoured warrior aside with his axe while Tuska, his war boar, gnawed on the corpse of his horse. The gory remains of knights littered the field, slain by the Warboss and his boyz. The great gate lay ahead, the symbol of Averland emblazoned on its surface.

'Move it, ladz!' he bellowed.

Ahead, Wolf Riders skirmished with the fragile lines of archers, while behind them hordes of greenskins hooted and clamoured for violence. Lumbering Giants the size of watchtowers strode alongside packs of repugnant Trolls; ovoid Squigs champed and snapped at the remnants of Empire Outriders.

Hewing and cleaving this way and that, Nagbad drove his boyz through an armoured regiment of Greatswords. Tuska rent and disembowelled men with bestial fury. Nagbad beheaded a champion who dared oppose him, then split the standard bearer in twain. The Orcish runes on his pitted axe glowed deep red in approval. With the Greatswords slain, the Orcs' attentions turned to the gate, which loomed ahead like the face of a mountain. Nagbad leapt from his boar and thumped his ensorcelled choppa into the wood. An explosion of splinters rewarded him, and he struck again. On the third blow, a fissure ran up the middle of the wood and the gate split apart. Nagbad roared as the gate was felled like a massive oak, crushing human and greenskin alike. Nagbad beat his chest in triumph. Terrified human faces stared at him from the gloom beyond.

Then he turned and beckoned the boyz away.

'Ain't we goin' in, boss?' Grotslik, leader of the Wolf Riders, was scratching his head in puzzlement. Nagbad cuffed the impudent Goblin around the head, sending him sprawling from his saddle.

'Nah,' Nagbad was eyeing the distant horizon where he spied an even bigger keep, an even larger gate. 'The fight's gone outta' dis lot. Da real fight is over there,' he growled, pointing the way with his glowing axe. As one, the greenskins changed course and roared: 'Waagh!'



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spider Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spider only).

Wall-crawler: Models with this rule treat ungarrisoned buildings as open terrain for the purposes of movement. They may not finish their movement inside or on top of an ungarrisoned building – they can pass over obstructions of this kind, but they cannot linger.

Creeping Assault: Their ability to climb walls and squeeze through tight holes makes Giant Spiders ideal at assaulting buildings.

Unlike other cavalry, Spider Riders do not have to dismount before assaulting a building, meaning the Giant Spiders are allowed to attack during the assault, and the riders increase their armour save for being mounted. Each Spider Rider and his mount count as a single model when determining the number of models that fight in a building assault. Note that Spider Riders still cannot garrison a building.



GIGANTIC SPIDERS

The Spiders that crawl through the dark forests of the Old World are huge and bloated creatures, many so large that the Forest Goblins ride them as other races ride horses. The horrific spiders that haunt the pits of Naggaroth are no smaller and no less vicious, though dark in colour, red-eyed and malicious like the Dark Elves themselves. But even these monsters are not the largest of their kind. There are Spiders of unbelievable antiquity and size, the mothers and fathers of untold lesser spiders, gigantic spiders that wait in the darkest corners of the dim forests and blackest tunnels.

These Gigantic Spiders are solitary predators that stalk the shadowy edges of forests or caves, and consider anything that moves to be a likely source of their next bloodfeast. These venomous creatures grow to an enormous size, sucking the life juices out of prey and leaving behind only skin-husks and bones. A full-grown Gigantic Spider is larger than a Troll, and its whole body is protected by chitinous armoured plates. All Gigantic Spiders have a poisonous bite that is used to paralyse their prey.

These monsters are rare and only the most foolhardy would attempt to seek them out. Forest Goblin Shamans fit right into that lack-of-common sense category. A gifted Shaman, touched by the Spider-god's blessings, will not be turned into a lifeless husk, but instead may be rewarded with a clutch of spiderlings. This foul brood, with each spider already

the size of a horse's head, can be reared and trained. When fully grown, these Gigantic Spiders are prized as revered mount for a Goblin tribe's mightiest warriors. The Forest Goblins worship them, and are sometimes eaten by them, and occasionally, just once or twice in each decade, a Forest Goblin Shaman crazed with spider bites will successfully master a gigantic spider to ride into battle.



"It took our patrol quite a while to march to the gatehouse, for the road was strewn with spider webs that we had to cut through. We should have realised that something in the forest was watching us..."

Captain Goetz of the Drakwald patrol.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Creeping Assault, Forest Strider, Natural Armour (6+), Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Wall-crawler.




"Well, let me tell you, I was running with a company near the Drakwald forest. We'd made camp for the night near this old ruin. Just a couple of walls it was really, but it gave some shelter from the wind. Anyway, I was on second watch along with three others, when these things came boiling up out of the ground. I've never been good with spiders, but these were monsters."

Ten feet tall on these long hairy legs. There must have been twenty of them at least! Those of us who were still asleep didn't stand a chance. They were bitten before they could defend themselves, bitten and dragged away. I just grabbed the nearest thing I had to hand which was a brand out of the fire. Well, they didn't like that, did they!

They were backing away with their mouthparts clacking, and we beat them back down into the pit they crawled out of. Then we retreated. I still have nightmares about that night, and what happened to the men we had to leave behind."

- Leonhard, Mercenary



ARACHNAROK SPIDERS

The undeniable queen of spiders is the colossal Arachnarok Spider. This apex hunter is larger than an Empire townhouse and its voracious predations acknowledge no bounds. These gargantuan beasts will devour anything and have been known to entrap entire Beastmen herds to sate their powerful appetites.

Of the many spiders that infest the wild woods, the colossal Arachnarok Spider is the largest. It is a nigh-unstoppable predator bigger than an Empire townhouse. In the depths of the forest where the light of the sun never penetrates, the gargantuan eight-legged monstrosity stalks and entraps whole Beastmen herds as well as larger prey such as Giants or Cygors. After incapacitating larger creatures with flesh-dissolving venom, an Arachnarok Spider will drink up the liquefied innards of its paralysed, but still living quarry.

Man-sized victims are wrapped into web-casings by the hundreds. So potent is the poison in the Arachnarok's web that a few hours entwined in its sticky mass will reduce a man into a jelly-like morsel of putrefied flesh, a protein-rich puddle ready to be consumed.

Arachnarok Spiders have been known to ensnare the entire population of villages foolish enough to build near its darksome forest abode.

Despite its bulk, the great beast can work noiselessly to encircle a hamlet within webs thicker than an Orc's arms. None can escape. Then, leisurely, the creature will feast. Since Goblins first entered the primeval woods, they have been prey to the spiders that dwelt within the arboreal confines. The goblinoids adapted their customs to the woodland environment, becoming the precursors of the Forest Goblin tribes known today. They soon found that packs of giant spiders could be

defeated and, over time, could even serve as mounts. The larger Gigantic Spiders could be fended off and, if their broodlings were captured, those could be hand-fed and turned into great steeds for powerful leaders. However, no tribe could stem the onslaught of the Arachnarok Spider. Luckily, these titanic beasts were rare, as their appearance spelt a horrible end for an entire tribe or, at the best, a rapid move of camp with many a fearful backwards look.

The Goblins reasoned that since the powerful arachnids could not be defeated, perhaps they could be appeased. Eight-legged totems festooned with webbed skulls began to appear alongside the traditional idols of Gork and Mork. The Forest Goblin Shamans, having recently discovered the hallucinogenic venom of the tinier spiders, talked about the many faceted eyes of the Feaster from Beyond. With tongues swollen purple from the bites of tiny mouth-mites, the Shamans turned to worshipping the Spider-god. The tribes followed their Shamans in supplicating themselves, and the Spider-kult was born. Although Gork and Mork were not forsaken, in the black thickets of the endless forest the Spider-god soon ruled supreme. Forest Goblin Shamans led gruesome rituals, and the tribes offered elaborate sacrifices.

Who knows what thoughts, if any, occur behind the multiple eyes of an Arachnarok Spider, but the eight-legged behemoths did not attack Forest Goblin camps surrounded by Spider-totems. Some crept to the edge of the fire-lit clearings to watch the tribes weave the spider-dance and offer gifts of warm blood to the insatiably hungry Kings of Spiders. Emboldened, some Shamans dared approach their living idols. Many tried to communicate and were summarily eaten, until finally the mystical properties of the small Purple





Skullback spiders were discovered. By chewing on enough of the bulbous, plum-coloured savouries, a Shaman either died a twitching and horrible death or entered such a state of shock that new vistas and mindpaths into the Great Beyond were opened. The convulsive rhythms of a mind-numbed Forest Goblin Shaman will entrance an Arachnarok. The great spider will sway back and forth on hunched legs, the image of the tiny twitching gobo reflected in the black orbs of its many eyes. Under the hypnotic spell, the Shamans discovered they could communicate in simple terms with an Arachnarok.

The ravenous depredations of the Arachnarok were ended and Forest Goblin Shamans learned that, with enough bribes of fresh blood, they could call out to such a beast. Instead of fleeing from the deepwood behemoths, Forest Goblin tribes began to purposefully seek out and encamp near an Arachnarok's lair. There the tribe proffered the beast sacrifices and used Shamans to coax the enormous spiders out should a formidable enemy draw near. The worshipped spiders grew even more bloated due to the non-stop supply of blood-rich offerings. Many spiders began to remain in their darksome holes as still-screaming food was thrown into their pits. Over long periods of time some Arachnarok Spiders no longer needed the shamanistic rituals, having grown tolerant of Forest Goblins. They even allowed them to scurry about their hulking bodies, treating the Goblins as if they were young broodlings that needed to be carried upon their spiny backs. Great stick-howdahs were created atop the beasts using green saplings and copious spider-silk twinings to build battlements and platforms from which to shoot.

Over the centuries many Arachnarok Spiders have become satisfied with their life of luxury, keeping their bulk hidden underground upon a nestbed of their victims' remains and their own foul wastes. Such noisome dens house veritable mountains of bones and dried husks. To Forest Goblins, these pits are the most holy of sites for the Spider-kult. When the needs of such an ancient monstrosity are required, the Great Shaman moans and convulses in a summoning ritual. First to emerge from the dark hole are the spider's front legs, which it uses to pull the rest of its bloated and nightmarish immensity out of its loathsome lair. Bedecked with shanty towers, altars to the Spider-god

or even crude catapults, the Arachnarok Spider lurches forward to war, to once again terrorise the surface world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	0	5	6	8	4	8	3
Forest Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Immunity (Psychology), Natural Armour (4+), Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks (Arachnarok Spider only), Stubborn, Swiftstride, Wall-crawler.

Venom Surge: *The Arachnarok Spider uses a jolt of poison from its huge, envenomed fangs to kill more formidable opponents.*

When fighting MI, MB, MC or Mo; before rolling to hit, nominate one of the Arachnarok's attacks to be made with the Venom Surge, and roll it separately. In addition to being Poisoned, this attack has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

UPGRADES:

Flinger: The Flinger is a stone thrower with the profile shown below. It can fire even if the Arachnarok Spider moves, but not if it marches.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	1(3)	Multiple Wounds (D3)

Any unit hit by a Flinger is covered in a mass of sticky webs, and has the Always Strikes Last special rule until the end of its next turn. The Flinger does not use the Stone Thrower Misfire table – a misfire result simply means that the Flinger may not shoot this turn.

Catchweb Spidershrine: A Goblin Great Shaman mounted on an Arachnarok Spider with a Catchweb Spidershrine has the Loremaster (Little Waaagh!) special rule. In addition, he and any other friendly Wizard within 12" of the Arachnarok Spider adds +2 to their channelling attempts.



NIGHT GOBLINS

Long ago many Goblins took up abode in the caves beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains, where they subsist on fungi, Cave Squigs, beetles and bits of each other. Over the centuries those that survived became distinct in type and are now known by the name men have given them: the Night Goblins. Night Goblins have become so accustomed to the dark that when they come out into the open they prefer to move around at night and hide away during the day. A lifetime of existing in the darkness of underground caves has given them an extreme aversion to direct sunlight.



Night Goblins are well suited to their subterranean existence. They range in size, but many are on the stunted side, which better enables the spiteful creatures to move quickly through the tight cavern ways below ground. Night Goblins are easily marked out from other greenskins as they wear long ragged cloaks, dangling caps and hooded coats in part to blend in with the poorly lit tunnels, but mostly to protect themselves from the hated sunlight should they venture above ground. Given a choice, Night Goblins only leave their underground lairs at night or when the sun is shrouded by cloud or gloomspell. When they do emerge, Night Goblins launch deadly raids, ambush travellers in mountain passes, and commit countless other malicious deeds.

Night Goblins are particular enemies of the Dwarfs, and the two races share a long history of bitter battles on the mountainous peaks and below ground. They often take over abandoned strongholds, and much of the ancient Dwarf empire is now infested with these vile creatures. Occasionally the Dwarfs will try to drive the Goblins out, or the Goblins will find some passage that leads them into Dwarf tunnels and the two races battle it out beneath the mountains. Due to this ancient enmity Dwarfs and Night Goblins are implacable foes and will often fight to the death rather than give an inch of ground to their foe.

Night Goblins raise special subterranean fungi deep beneath the mountains in the moist darkness of their cool damp caves. They cultivate all manner of moulds and mushrooms and are always searching for new ones to experiment with. Many kinds of toadstools are grown for a variety of uses. Some fungi are used as food for the Night Goblins and the strange animals they breed, but many types are grown for their hallucinogenic or intoxicating properties or because they affect the Goblin metabolism in some other way. These fungi are traded with other Goblins for weapons and many other items the Night Goblins need. The fungi is also used to fuel glow-lights and used as bait to attract the unusual creatures known as Cave Squigs. Night Goblin Shamans are expert at identifying, growing and using fungi, and they grow many special strains to use as poisons or even weapons.





Night Goblins are especially cowardly and petty, even for Goblin-kind. Where they differ, however, is that their Shamans prepare them for battle by brewing huge quantities of fungus beer, lending them sharper instincts and quicker reactions, if rendering them paranoid and twitchy at the same time. As they get steadily more drunk, they sing loudly so that their voices fill the tunnels of the Worlds Edge Mountains and echo through the Dwarf strongholds. Finally, the dark mountains disgorge the tribe onto the surface, a terrible-smelling wave of cackling, black-hooded death descending upon any foolish or unfortunate enough to stand before it.

While their mobs might be more likely to run from danger, there are some Night Goblins who overcome their spinelessness through sheer madness. Perhaps it is the lack of sunlight or the proximity of so much dank mould, but Night Goblins produce more bulging-eyed lunatics than all the other Goblin tribes put together. Displaying even more than the usual goblinoid lack of common sense, individual Night Goblins gleefully ingest dangerously hallucinogenic mushrooms. Deep in their caves, Night Goblin Shamans lead many strange rituals, almost all of which are centred around lethally psychotic fungus. Some Night Goblins are even deranged enough to willingly work alongside Cave Squigs, vicious mounds of muscle that are likely to devour anything not especially quick and wary.

The subterranean tunnels where the Night Goblins live are riddled with other, even older, passages and caverns. The deeper down a tunnel goes the more dangerous it is and the more likely it is to be inhabited by some terrible monster. Night Goblins find it necessary to occasionally descend into the chill depths in search of exotic funguses, so they know all too well what dangers await them. Night Goblins are experts at hunting and capturing the many dangerous types of Cave Squig that lurk in the tunnels beneath their mountains. To this end they use strong, weighted nets together with a variety of large clubs and other blunt instruments to stun the Squigs once they are netted. These Netters are accomplished hunters and really quite brave as Goblins go. Their courage may be due in part to constantly inhaling fungal spores, an occupational hazard which tends to rot the brain and leaves the Squig hunter with a perpetual grin and an underdeveloped sense of danger. Night Goblin Netters and Clubbers fight together in order to immobilise and either destroy or capture dangerous creatures. On the battlefield they use their skills against the enemy, throwing their nets to entangle the foe while Clubbers bash the enemy senseless.

When the underground tribes are called to battle, the mountains seem riddled with holes, each issuing forth a steady procession of cackling, black-hooded creatures. Horrible high-pitched shrieking issues forth from the caves, as does the unpleasant smell of fungus-beer and mouldy rot. The army clusters in the shadows, gathering in mobs beneath their tribal banners. Should the moon emerge to light the vales, it would reveal a

nightmare – a teeming mass of Night Goblins. While individually puny, Night Goblins rely on numbers rather than quality. Archer mobs can release dark clouds of arrows while other units present a spiky forest of cruel-tipped spears. They shriek and howl, eager to jab the enemy (especially if he can't fight back!). Once summoned out of their caves, Night Goblins launch such merciless attacks that all who live within sight of the Worlds Edge Mountains have learned to dread them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs).

Netters: *In the dark, cramped tunnels underground, Night Goblins use throwing nets to entangle beasts such as Cave Squigs, Shroom-gnarlers, Scumgloids or particularly irritating Snotlings.*

A unit of Night Goblins may be upgraded to include Netters. This is represented by including one or more Netter models in the unit. At the start of each round of close combat, a unit that contains Netters must attempt to entangle one of the units they are fighting. Roll a D6. On a roll of 2-6 the enemy unit has become entangled. If a 1 is rolled, the Netters have instead managed to cast the nets amongst their own ranks, and their own unit is entangled instead. A unit that has been entangled (regardless of how many times) suffers a -1 penalty to their Strength until the end of the combat round.



NIGHT GOBLIN BOSSES

Individually cowardly, when Night Goblins gather in massed ranks they are renowned for their maliciousness, and it is the Night Goblin Warbosses and Big Bosses that most epitomise this bullying spite, having risen to their position through treachery and backstabbing. When a leader arises who is sneaky and brutal enough to focus the boundless energy and spite of the Night Goblins, he can wield their numbers as a formidable (if unstable) army.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	6	4	7
Night Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	5	3	6

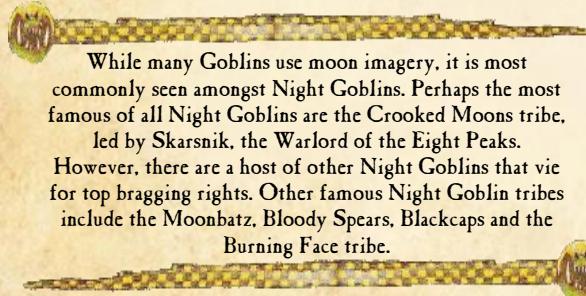
TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs).

NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMANS

Night Goblin Shamans wear the easily recognised hoods of their kind and are known for being particularly sinister and crazed individuals due to eating vast quantities of the multi-coloured fungi that grow in the dank caves where they live. Some of these fungi contain toxins that are either hallucinogenic or downright poisonous – but Goblins have tough digestive systems and can cope with this sort of thing. Night Goblin shamans are especially well versed in fungus lore – they know which mushrooms can be eaten safely, which to avoid, and which to use for their potions and brews. It is only the Night Goblin shamans that know the full rituals for growing, picking and preparing the deadly madcap mushrooms that can turn a Night Goblin into a ball-wielding Fanatic.

Because he is constantly handling, tasting and eating fungi the spores tend to work their way into the shaman's skin, penetrating his bloodstream and saturating his body. These spores take root in the Night Goblin's flesh and gradually start to change him. If the shaman is exposed to the insidious effects of the fungus for too long he may eventually turn into a giant Shamanshroom, a magic-saturated fungal shoot. A Shamanshroom is very potent indeed, containing the essence of the shaman's magical power. It is a damp, dull life as a mushroom, but it will probably get worse. As Shamanshrooms are highly coveted by other magic-casters, getting turned into one is almost surely a one-way ticket to being eaten alive. If another living shaman eats a portion of Shamanshroom then it dissolves inside him and releases vast amounts of magic energy.



"Nay, then, we'll keep diggin' until we've found the Gromril. Night Goblins be damned. Watch behind ya. They get a Fanatic o' theirs in here, that bloody flail o' theirs will dice us up for sure. They get fantastic strength while they're swillin' that fungus-beer o' theirs. If the blasted greenskins were all known for lunatic behaviour, they'd be called Night Goblins. 'Ere we go, lads, pull that last chunk of rock down, and we'll soon seal the Night Goblin lair! Damn my rotten luck!"

- Last words of Zamgrim Crackhammer

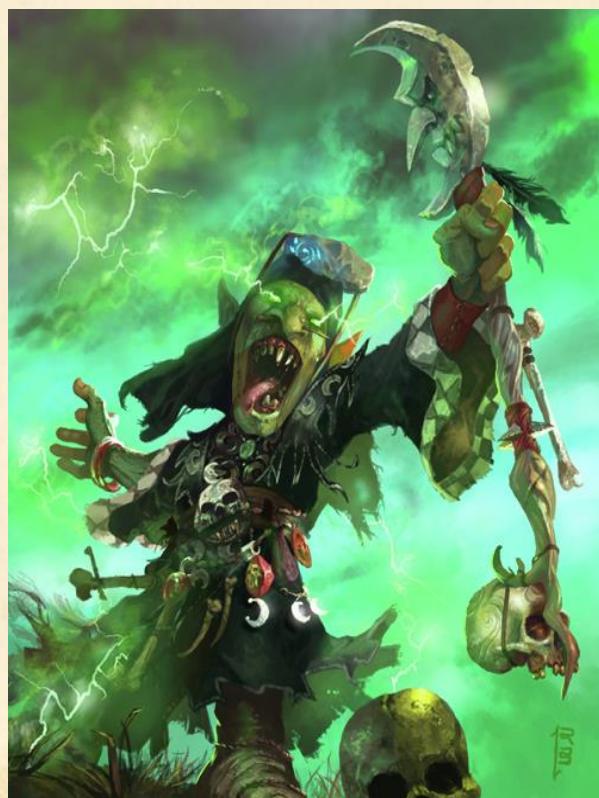
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin Great									
Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	3	3	1	6
Forest Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: Night Goblin Shamans are Wizards that use the Spells of da Little Waaagh!.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs).

Magic Mushrooms: Each time they attempt to cast a spell, after the casting dice have been rolled a Night Goblin Shaman must eat a Magic Mushroom. This adds D6 to the casting result. This dice does not count as a power dice, and cannot contribute to Irresistible Force. However, if you roll a 1 on this dice you must roll a further D6. On a roll of 4+ nothing else happens, but on a roll of 1-3 the mushroom was poisonous, and the Shaman suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed. Finally, unless it was cast with Irresistible Force, the spell automatically fails.





NIGHT GOBLIN FANATICS

Night Goblins cultivate many kinds of toxic fungi in their dark caves and they are constantly on the look-out for new and exotic varieties. The least noxious ones are eaten with great enthusiasm. Others are used by Shamans to make their foul potions and poisons. One particular variety, known as the Mad Cap, is used as the basis for an intoxicating brew whose effects are legendary amongst the Night Goblins. This is the brew which turns a Goblin into an ecstatic gibbering lunatic who is impervious to pain, almost completely unaware of his environment, hugely strong, and completely fearless into the bargain. It is the secret behind the powers of the Goblin Fanatics, probably the most dangerous Goblins of all.

Goblins Fanatics carry a huge ball and chain, a weapon so large that it would be impossible to pick up in normal circumstances, but the Fanatic's strength is boosted by fungus beer enabling him to swing the heavy ball round and round (and round and round...) in a whirlwind of bone-shattering death. Once a draught is consumed, a Night Goblin's eyes bulge and his whole body begins to spin. The Goblin is almost completely unaware of what is happening around him, and he has to be carried into battle by his mates. His urge to leap about and start to swing his weapon is difficult to suppress, but his fellows manage this by grabbing him very tight and sitting on him if necessary. Should the Fanatic start to whirl about anywhere near them they know they are in trouble!

As the Goblins advance into battle they keep a tight hold of their Fanatics until the enemy approaches nearby. They then hand the Fanatic the end of his chain and push him out towards the foe, giving him a good shove to start him off in the right direction. Free at last, the deranged Goblin starts to spin round crazily, swinging his ball and chain in a dizzy circle of death. Anything that gets in his way is smashed to pieces. After cutting a swathe of destruction through (hopefully) the enemy army, the Goblin runs out of energy and collapses into an exhausted pile, dying in a maniacal and convulsive fit, or he crashes straight into a tree or other obstacle and ends up throttling himself with his chain. Through it all, Fanatics have a crazed, euphoric expression and even in death many Fanatics bear a self-satisfied and tongue-lolling grin. Until this happens he blunders about, spinning wildly around the battlefield like a top.

If the Goblin Fanatic manages to keep going then he quickly becomes disoriented, and will start to spin about the battlefield first one way and then another – which can be very disconcerting for all combatants! Despite the eager shouting of his Goblin mates, the Fanatic really has little idea of where he is going, and is quite capable of getting hopelessly confused and start carving a path of doom through troops from his own side if they get in the way. Few things can survive the battering a Fanatic can deliver.





Night Goblin Fanatic	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	2D6	-	-	5	3	1	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Random Movement (2D6).

Hide in Units: Fanatics are not placed on the table at the start of the game as are other troops. Instead you must make a written note of any Night Goblin units that include Fanatics. These units are referred to as concealing units. The Fanatics count as being part of the concealing unit until they are released. Fanatics remain hidden, carried along by their fellows, until they are ready to be pushed out towards the enemy. If a concealing unit flees or is destroyed, any Fanatics yet to be released are lost.

Release the Fanatics!: Fanatics must be released when a concealing unit comes to within 8" of the enemy or vice versa. The moving unit stops immediately (fliers land). Once the Fanatic's movement has been resolved, the unit can continue moving if the controlling player wishes, although chargers must complete their charge unless panicked. When a Fanatic is released, you may choose the direction in which it travels, and the point on the concealing unit from which it starts. Fanatics move 2D6" using the rules for Random Movement. After release, Fanatics are treated as individual units. In your subsequent turns they move in the Compulsory Moves subphase using the Random Movement special rule, but they always move in a random direction.

"Night Goblins are the worst. They're so unpredictable. You get used to uncertainty in war – you know that as soon as a fight starts, plans and orders are going to fail and disintegrate anyway.

You never quite get used to Night Goblin Fanatics or Squigs hurling themselves around the battlefield though. What we should do is talk to them Dwarfs about maybe clearing them out from all the caves they're in; if we could kill all the Night Goblins this world would be much improved."

– Stemahr Holst, Empire Soldier

Splat!: If a Fanatic's move would bring it into contact with another unit, then he moves through rather than stopping. If the Fanatic's move would end within a unit, then he automatically bounces through it – place the Fanatic model 1" beyond the unit, in the direction he was moving. When a Fanatic moves through a unit (friend or foe) it inflicts D6 Strength 5 Armour Piercing hits.

Force of Destruction: Fanatics cannot be charged, but models can move into contact with them. Any unit that moves into contact with a Fanatic takes D6 Strength 5 hits for moving into the Fanatic and a further D6 Strength 5 hits due to the Fanatic's death throes (all hits are Armour Piercing). The Fanatic model is then removed, and the unit may carry on with its move. Fanatics can be targeted with shooting attacks and spells, but count as being in soft cover thanks to the protection offered by the huge metal ball that they swing.

Out of Control: *The life of a Fanatic is fraught with mishap, as the loonies are as apt to kill themselves as the enemy!*

A Fanatic is removed immediately as a casualty when:

- It contacts a piece of terrain of any kind other than a hill.
- It contacts another Fanatic (both Fanatics are removed).
- It moves off a table edge.
- It rolls a double for movement. This does not apply in the turn of release and represents the Fanatic being choked by the chain, tripping or other comical, yet fatal, mishaps.
- Any unit moves into contact with the Fanatic – see Force of Destruction rules, above.

Friendly units do not take Panic tests if a Fanatic is destroyed.



NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HERDS

In the deepest and darkest caverns beneath the mountains live all kinds of deformed mutant monstrosities which Night Goblins call Squigs. When Goblins descend into the caves in search of rare and useful kinds of fungi they are constantly on the lookout for these dangerous creatures. Cave Squigs are found far beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. They are improbable creatures, part fungus and part flesh with tough, ball shaped bodies, beady eyes, short but thickly muscled legs terminating in clumsy taloned feet, and gaping maws dominated by row upon row of dagger-like teeth. Squigs are barely more intelligent than mushrooms, but an enraged Cave Squig can bite a large creature clean in two and can easily swallow a Night Goblin whole. They come in an enormous variety of colours and shapes and no two of them are exactly alike. Squigs come in all manner of sizes, shapes, and colours. Like the fungus that grows within the cave homes of the Night Goblins, Squigs tend towards bright colours. Varying colours are the least of a Squig's potential mutations. Squigs have been seen with horns and other curious features, which implies that the Night Goblins have been experimenting on them.

A number of bizarre offshoots of Squig have been seen in various places within the Old World though they

inevitably favour lightless areas. They generally seem adapted to whatever environment they grew up in. Humans unfortunate enough to encounter a Squig generally meet one of the variations on cave dwelling Squigs kept by the Night Goblins. The Cave Squigs move by launching themselves into great leaps with their powerful legs, then bouncing upwards again as soon as they hit the ground. They seem to be quite short-sighted, presumably on account of their upbringing in the darkness of underground cavern systems. Their movement has no discernible pattern; they will bounce in a random direction in the hope of landing near food.

Squigs seem to be extremely simple in terms of their motivations. So far, they have only ever been reliably observed exhibiting two behaviour patterns: eat anything edible that is nearby, then move more-or-less randomly until there is something else to eat within range and wandering about aimlessly. Night Goblins hunt Cave Squigs for a number of purposes. Squig hide is very useful and roasted Squig meat is considered a delicacy. Some Cave Squigs are captured and reared to become guard creatures or pets to affluent Boss-types (no other could afford to feed such voracious beasts). In times of need, Squigs are driven into battle with devastating effect.



"...an' dis one's Chompy! Chompy's a right devil he is! Rip a bugger right in two! See dis scar 'ere on me arm? Dats ol' Chompy's 'andywork! I'mna go grab 'im..."
 - Greenstumps, Goblin Squig Herder

The dank and exotic mushrooms that grow in Goblin infested tunnels attract Cave Squigs. From out of the pitch black of the underground, the spherical creatures scuttle, sniffing the tunnel air for the pungent stink of the fungi. It is a rude smell, a cross between overworn boots damp with foot sweat and other scents frequently associated with the dropz. Yet that odour draws Cave Squigs from afar, as they come to feast upon the mushroom patches. Hunting Cave Squigs is no easy matter. They are fast, powerful, and perfectly formed for tunnel fighting, able to back into a hole and present nothing to an assailant but great slashing teeth. It is a dangerous hide-and-seek game, as Night Goblins stalk their prey. The pursuit leads from large caverns with vast fungal forests to narrow passages where even the stunted Night Goblins must bend and shimmy to get through. The Cave Squigs can launch unexpected attacks from side-tunnels and at times the hunter will become the hunted. Should a Cave Squig be found, Night Goblins – armed with sturdy, jabby sticks called 'prodders' – will attempt to drive it from its hidey-hole and to keep the enraged beasts at bay. Once provoked into the open, nets are thrown over the enraged creature so it can be more safely beaten into a catatonic state by Night Goblins wielding large clubs so it can be safely dragged away. Some Night Goblins become very proficient Squig hunters and come to be quite nonchalant about the dangers involved. Famous Squig hunters are happy to exhibit their skills with daring spectacles such as Squig wrestling, tunnel racing, Squig pit leaping, and bare-back Squig riding.

Captured Cave Squigs are herded into combat by Night Goblins, who prod and goad their charges into a state of frenzy. Incensed to be out of their protective holes, Squigs become even more ferocious, and often need a not-so-gentle reminder from their Night Goblin Herders as to what is on the menu and what is not. The Squigs don't like daylight at all, and quickly become maddened by the sun. To ensure the rotund beasts waddle in the correct direction, Night Goblins employ prodders, pitchforks, firebrands and a host of noise-making devices such as squig-pipes, gongs, or skrattle-barkers. This array of stabs, bright lights and clanging keeps the Squigs moving in the right direction, and also keeps them incredibly angry. With their iron-breaking bite, Cave Squigs can do major damage where they gnash, bite and chew their way through the enemy's ranks, and after all that irritating poking, they are more than ready to do so. The Night Goblins chip in by stabbing over the top of the bounding beasts where they can.

Squigs are wild beasts that are difficult to control, and swirling melees are far from optimal situations. When all goes well, a Night Goblin Squig Herd can chomp through any opposition. When it goes wrong, like when all the Night Goblin Herders are slain, the remaining

Cave Squigs quickly disperse. It is fairly common to see Squigs driven into battle only to see them turn against their handlers, wreaking havoc on their own lines, before bouncing off of their own accord. Driven mad by noise and prodding, Cave Squigs are eager to scatter in all directions, snapping at anything in their way, including other mobs on their own side. Night Goblins, being a bit deranged, don't seem to mind such a risk – as long as it is somebody else being bitten in two by suddenly rampaging, wild Cave Squigs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Hatred (Dwarfs), Immunity (Psychology).

Obnoxious: Squigs are unpleasant creatures of vile disposition.

Characters cannot (will not!) join a Squig Herd.

Squig Herd: Squigs don't fight on their own – they have to be herded into battle by Night Goblins armed with pitchforks, firebrands, whips and various loud drums and horns, not forgetting the truly repellent drone of the 'squigpipe'.

Squig Herds are composed of both Night Goblins and Squigs. So long as the unit includes both types, shooting attacks upon the unit are randomised as follows: 1-4 hits a Squig, 5-6 hits a Night Goblin. In close combat enemy models must attack the type of models they are in base contact with (or can choose if in base contact with both Squigs and Night Goblins). All casualties are taken by removing models of the appropriate type. Bring models forward from the rear ranks to fill any gaps that result.

Squigs Go Wild: If the unit flees, or if at any time there are only Squigs left alive in the unit with no Herders, the Squigs go wild, biting at anything nearby. All units within 2D6" (friend and foe) immediately take D6 Strength 5 hits. For every 5 Cave Squigs remaining when the Squigs Go Wild, add +1 to the number of hits caused. After damage is resolved, the Squig Herd is removed in its entirety.

SQUIG MISADVENTURES

When Durkit One-finger of Mount Grunt 'accidentally' left the gates of the Great Squig Farm open overnight, he doomed thousands of his tribe to a bitey death. The surviving Night Goblins realised the only place safe from being gnashed by a large Squig was to jump on top of an even larger Squig and hang on for dear life. Seeing the effectiveness of Squig-based carnage and buoyed by a tide of enthusiasm, the horde of Squig-riding Night Goblins bounded all the way to the fortified town of Ruttheim and used up their energy on the unsuspecting Empire battalion they found there.

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

Night Goblin Squig Hunters have a carefree attitude to the dangers posed by huge and hungry Cave Squigs. Most have impressive scars which they cheerfully exhibit to anyone foolhardy enough to express an interest. Drunken Squig Hunters often compete with each other to show off their most horrific injuries and tell (grossly exaggerated) tales of how they were earned.

Once, in a reckless mood, a Squig Herder dared to leap upon the back of one of his catches. Driven to new heights of fury by the unexpected rider, the Cave Squig responded by bouncing with unflagging enthusiasm. The rider flailed about, screaming in a high-pitched manner, while desperately holding on. This provided great entertainment and the remaining Herders cheered and cackled every time the Squig nearly unseated its unwanted guest. Although the incident ended with both Squig and rider skewered on top of a wickedly sharp stalagmite, it was an impressive enough spectacle to inspire the onlookers. Thus the tradition of riding atop Squigs was born and the first mob of Squig Hoppers soon followed.

"It's sort of a symbio—a symbeer—a connection 'tween us and da Squigs, dat means dey eat us sometimes and we eat dem, too. A bit like humies and us. Whaddya mean ya don't eat us when you catch us? Why not?"

- Figlak, Night Goblin Shaman

Especially gallant, insane or suicidal Night Goblins like to exhibit their skills by jumping onto Squigs, grabbing hold of the Squig's tiny horns or ears, and riding them as they leap about. The majority of gobbos that try to ride a Squig end up being eaten. However, enough survive that most Night Goblin tribes can muster a mob or two of these unusual troops. It takes a skilled Night Goblin to drive the Squig Hoppers into a coherent mob, because individual Squigs are



wont to move in an unpredictable manner while the riders hang on the best they can. They are an unpredictable lot, sometimes covering much ground with great leaping bounces, while at others thumping along sluggishly. The riders try to control their mounts, but simply holding on and coaxing their beasts in a desired direction is as much as most can accomplish, though he has next to no control of its speed or how far it will leap. A skilled Goblin can direct his Squig vaguely towards the enemy, but some Squigs prove almost impossible to control and end up bouncing around on top of everybody. These Squig Hoppers are a terrible danger to friend and foe alike... but mostly to themselves.

When the living balls of muscle, teeth and claws do manage to bounce into an enemy, they deliver quite a blow. Squigs use their gaping maws and prodigious strength to gouge and tear, often biting victims in two. The riders are far too preoccupied with clinging onto their mounts to add their own meager contributions. This doesn't stop some Night Goblins from bringing along clubs or weapons, but these are mere props brandished when bragging about their (mostly fictitious) heroic deeds.

Squig Hoppers are usually held in awe by other Night Goblins. After all, it takes an undeniable daredevil bravado to leap upon a ferocious Cave Squig. In battle, Squig Hoppers display a distinctly un-Goblin-like bravery, charging into hulking monsters and attacking even the most daunting of foes with something akin to wild abandon. This boldness and moderate display of discipline is, of course, entirely due to the facts that Squigs are too dumb to know fear and the riders are too busy holding on to see what is going on – they don't even have time to instigate any of the infighting typically seen in greenskin mobs. However, Squig Hoppers will never admit they aren't in control, or let the truth get in the way of their grandiose visions of themselves as daring, elite mobs. The chance of joining such a reckless group is motivation enough for young Night Goblins to risk that first leap upon a Cave Squig's back.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squig Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred (Dwarfs), Immunity (Psychology), Random Movement (3D6), Obnoxious, Skirmishers.

SQUIG RACES

Sometimes a particularly drunken group of Squig Hunters will attempt to prove which one of them is the best by holding the most dangerous of all Goblin games, a Squig Race. The Squig races take place underground in the old dungeons that were once part of the Dwarf Empire. Such dungeons are often littered with pit traps and other devices left over by the Dwarfs. Goblins leave such devices in the dungeons, and love nothing more than watching their rivals come to a sticky end.

GREAT CAVE SQUIGS

Great Cave Squigs are at the sharp end of the underground ecosystem. Little more than massive fang-ridged mouths on powerful springy legs, only the most fungus-covered Night Goblin lairs attract the Great Cave Squig – an even larger and more ferocious version of the Cave Squig – where they feast on mushrooms, Goblins, Orcs, and Skaven alike. These voracious beasties spend most of their lives either chomping on hallucinogenic fungus or bounding after those that have strayed too close like demented gnashing boulders. The fangs of these beasts are as long as swords and they will snap at anything that moves in front of them. Their hides are tough and leathery and their small eyes gleam with a mad fury.

As one might expect, these powerful Squigs are greatly prized, although it takes an equally crazed Night Goblin to hang onto such a hard bounding creature. If such a beast can be mastered and controlled it can be pressed into service as a most effective (and voracious) battle mount. As Great Cave Squigs are ridiculously dangerous to capture, to ride one into battle is quite an achievement for a Night Goblin Big Boss or Warboss. The natural ferocity and toughness of these obnoxious beasts is also often augmented by crude armour plating, bolted and nailed to the Squig's thick hide.

The process of breaking in a Great Cave Squig costs many Night Goblin lives, but once the beasts learn to accept a rider, they serve as more stable mounts than smaller Squigs. This allows a rider a free hand to fight in close quarters, instead of just hanging on for dear life. When grouped with Squig Hoppers, Great Cave Squigs lead the pack. Although they are costly, eating

over twice their own body weight daily (ideally in Dwarfs or the right kind of mushrooms), Great Cave Squigs are still the preferred mount for any right-thinking (and insanely daring) Night Goblin.

Having very little in the way of intelligence behind their beady black eyes, Great Cave Squigs are easily bound to a wizard's service. The way to a Cave Squig's heart is through its stomach, they say, for their hide is tough as old leather and they have no concept of self-preservation – the only way to reach a Cave Squig's vulnerable parts is to actually be inside its mouth. As few wizards are keen to pursue this avenue of investigation, those who seek to harness a Great Cave Squig's instead trick it into eating a wafer or scroll with runes of dominance inscribed front and back. This is easily done – a Goblin Shaman might send a lackey to deliver a 'message' to 'a friend in the caves', for instance, knowing full well that the lackey will end up as squig-food. Others will tie a number of scrolls of binding onto a herd of sheep or goats, sending them on a one-way journey into the caves. Before too long, a number of Great Cave Squigs will emerge into the light, their eyes glowing green with the magic of binding and bits of goat and parchment stuck between their vast, sword-like teeth.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	6	4	3	3	3	3

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Random Movement (3D6).

Loners: Great Cave Squigs are among the most obnoxious, bad-tempered beasts in the Warhammer world, and any Goblins that ride them are considered a 'bad sort' even by gobbo standards.

The only unit a Night Goblin character mounted on a Great Cave Squig is allowed to join is a Squig Hopper unit. He is allowed to do this even though characters are not normally allowed to join Squig Hopper units.



"Oi, Grobnut! What's big, bouncy and bites yer head off? Ask my mate at the back of that cave down there, he'll tell yer the answer..."

- Gibblet, Night Goblin Shaman

MANGLER SQUIGS

Night Goblins mad, and it might be true. One thing is for certain – only the unhinged would try to catch a Great Cave Squig, and only absolute maniacs with little regard for life would dare chain together two Great Cave Squigs and then prod them towards the enemy.

Known as Mangler Squigs or occasionally Chain-Squigs or Great Squig Knockers, these bounding balls of destruction can tear apart a battleline with brutal savagery. Alternately pulling, yanking and dragging each other along, the two fettered Great Squigs hurtle forwards. There is a token attempt by the Night Goblins to steer the Mangler Squigs by chaining a few foolish volunteers directly onto the furious beasts. This crew, if they can be called that, preserve some notion of goading the rolling monstrosities in a direction, however this fades the moment the creatures first move, and is altogether gone by the time they hit anything.

The chained Giant Squigs produce an impact that is nothing short of spectacular. The ideal end result, at least from a Night Goblin's perspective, is that the Mangler Squigs enrage each other, whirling themselves into a tumbling motion. The beasts build a wild, unstoppable momentum of pure aggression, swirling chain and snapping teeth. Should the Mangler Squigs hit a unit, they earn their name, sending severed body parts and splashes of gore skyward, to the delight of any on-looking Night Goblins.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: **Immunity (Psychology), Random Movement (3D6).**

Ker-splat!: If the Mangler Squigs' move would bring them into contact with another unit, then they move through rather than stopping. If the Mangler Squigs' move would end within a unit, then they automatically bounce through it – place the Mangler Squigs 1" beyond the unit, in the direction in which they were moving.

When Mangler Squigs move through a unit (friend or foe) they inflict 2D6 Strength 6 hits.

Gone Crazy!: Mangler Squigs that make a Ker-Splat! attack go wild, their Night Goblin crew being either pulped to death or too busy holding on to even attempt to control the Squigs' direction.

Once Mangler Squigs have Gone Crazy they will move in a random direction when they move in the Compulsory Moves sub-phase.

Force of Total Destruction: Mangler Squigs cannot be charged, but models can move into contact with them. Any unit that moves into contact with Mangler Squigs takes 2D6 Strength 6 hits for moving into the Squigs and a further D6 Strength 6 hits due to the Mangler Squigs' death throes. The Mangler Squig model is then removed, and the unit may carry on with its move.

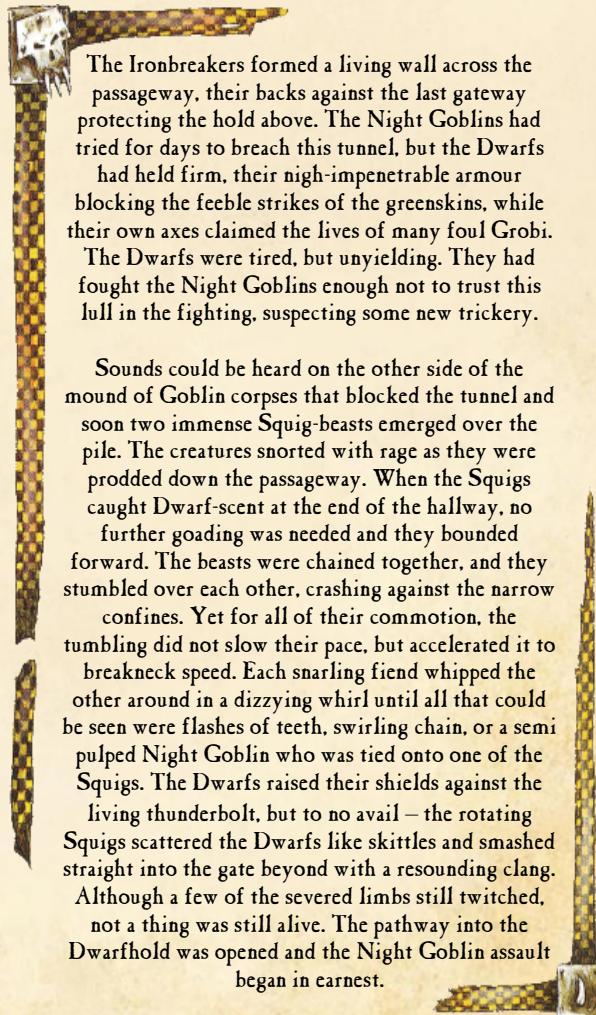
Completely Out of Control: Not surprisingly, the haphazard Mangler Squigs are prone to a number of spectacularly bloody accidents, such as choking themselves with their own chains, or pummelling each other repeatedly until both Great Cave Squigs are literally mashed to a pulp.

Mangler Squigs are removed as a casualty when:

- They contact other Mangler Squigs (both Mangler Squigs are removed as casualties).
- They have gone crazy and rolled a triple for movement. This represents the Great Squigs ripping themselves to pieces or some other comic, yet fatal mishap.
- Any unit moves into contact with the Mangler Squigs – see the Force of Total Destruction rule, above.

Watch Out!: Mangler Squigs are generally oblivious to their surroundings, and the crew's attempts to steer them are nominal at best.

Mangler Squigs must take a Dangerous Terrain test if they move over any of the following types of terrain: Forests, Marshland, Obstacles or Mystical Monuments. If their move would take them into contact with a Building, Impassable Terrain or off a table edge then they must take a Dangerous Terrain test and will stop 1" short of the obstruction.



The Ironbreakers formed a living wall across the passageway, their backs against the last gateway protecting the hold above. The Night Goblins had tried for days to breach this tunnel, but the Dwarfs had held firm, their nigh-impenetrable armour blocking the feeble strikes of the greenskins, while their own axes claimed the lives of many foul Grobi. The Dwarfs were tired, but unyielding. They had fought the Night Goblins enough not to trust this lull in the fighting, suspecting some new trickery.

Sounds could be heard on the other side of the mound of Goblin corpses that blocked the tunnel and soon two immense Squig-beasts emerged over the pile. The creatures snorted with rage as they were prodded down the passageway. When the Squigs caught Dwarf-scent at the end of the hallway, no further goading was needed and they bounded forward. The beasts were chained together, and they stumbled over each other, crashing against the narrow confines. Yet for all of their commotion, the tumbling did not slow their pace, but accelerated it to breakneck speed. Each snarling fiend whipped the other around in a dizzying whirl until all that could be seen were flashes of teeth, swirling chain, or a semi-pulped Night Goblin who was tied onto one of the Squigs. The Dwarfs raised their shields against the living thunderbolt, but to no avail – the rotating Squigs scattered the Dwarfs like skittles and smashed straight into the gate beyond with a resounding clang. Although a few of the severed limbs still twitched, not a thing was still alive. The pathway into the Dwarfholt was opened and the Night Goblin assault began in earnest.

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG GOBBA

Amongst the strange and abhorrent monsters that are literally prodded, dragged and coerced to the battlefield by their Night Goblin handlers, few are more bizarre than the beast referred to by the more common soldiers of the Empire's armies as a "Squig Gobba". How the Night Goblins ever came up with such a novel use for the gigantic beast is too terrifying to imagine by any but a truly insane mind, but that they have developed such a novel and devastating machine of war might almost be considered sheer genius.

The preparations for the beast are begun just before a battle commences. First, heavy metal spikes already chained to the legs of the large Squig, or sometimes even a Colossal Squig if a Night Goblin Shaman is powerful enough to summon one, are driven into the ground to prevent it from inevitably charging off after the first tasty morsel its beady eyes spy. Then, cages filled with snarling lesser Squigs are brought forth and the Night Goblins begin the dangerous task of coating these balls of wriggling claws and constantly snapping jaws with a thick, foul tasting liquid. This noxious substance not only stuns the squirming beast senseless for a short while, but prevents their larger kin automatically swallowing them the second they are stuffed into its cavernous mouth.

Squig after Squig is then hefted in until the ravenous Squig Gobba's mouth is full to bursting point, thick globs of frothing, acrid saliva dripping constantly from its overstuffed maw. At this point one of two things will happen. The preferred choice of the Night Goblins, although to be honest either is eminently suited to their particular streak of malice, is that the Squig Gobba's natural reflexes kick in and it vomits its now monumentally furious siblings straight into the heart of the enemy army. Otherwise, because the mixture used on the Squigs has reacted with the Squig Gobba's own digestive juices, the eyes of the cumbersome brute suddenly cross and, without warning, it explodes into a short ranged but powerful blast of fiery fungus that smashes into anything near it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squig Gobba	*	4	0	5	4	4	3	3	3
Night Goblin Tenders	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred (Dwarfs), Immunity (Psychology), Monster and Handlers.

Squig Gobba: *The Night Goblins accompanying the Squig Gobba follow a simple, but endlessly entertaining routine during a battle. Throughout the course of the conflict they stuff smaller Squigs smeared with various foul concoctions into the maw of the Great Squig, all the while betting on when it will vomit forth its mouthful of enraged, spit-covered squigs onto the enemy.*

In each of the controlling player's Shooting phases in which at least one of the Squig Gobba's Tenders is still alive, before any other attacks are made, the controlling player must choose to add between 1-3 Squig dice to the Squig Gobba's current total of Squig dice (note that it begins the game with 0 Squig dice). After choosing how many Squig dice to add to its current total, roll all of the Squig dice currently attached to the Squig Gobba on the Squig Gobbing Table below.

Note that if all of the Squig Gobba's Tenders are removed from play for any reason, the model is left on the table, but no more Squig dice may be added.

Tied Down: *Before the Night Goblins who have been foolish enough to 'volunteer' to tend to the Squig Gobba, make sure to fasten it to a series of iron spikes driven into the ground. This ensures that it doesn't simply devour them as they attempt to shove foul-tasting cave Squigs into its mouth.*

The Squig Gobba cannot move after it has been deployed except pivoting on the spot. If it may not pursue an enemy it defeats in combat.

SQUIG GOBBING TABLE

Total	Result
1-4	Acid Guts: <i>The Great Squig swallows the lesser Squigs jammed into its maw, causing it to belch out a truly horrendous cloud of stinking gas as a result.</i> Every model within 6" of the Squig Gobba (including the Night Goblin Tenders, but not the Great Squig itself) takes a Strength 2 Hit which Ignores Armour saves. Once all wounds are resolved discard all Squig dice currently attached to the Squig Gobba.
5-9	Stomach Rumblings: <i>The Great Squig emits a troubling rumbling sound, either the precursor to an impressive volley of angry Squigs, or the beginnings of a truly spectacular intestinal explosion.</i> Place all the Squig dice rolled this turn next to the Squig Gobba. Next turn, these dice are rolled again, along with the additional Squig dice added at the start of the next Shooting phase.
10-16	Squig Torrent: <i>With a relieved groan, the Great Squig vomits forth, sending the irate volley of slime-covered cave Squigs over the battlefield.</i> The controlling player selects an enemy unit within both line of sight and 24" of the Squig Gobba. If there are no enemy units in range or line of sight then the attack will target the closest friendly unit in line of sight and within 24". Roll all of the Squig dice currently attached to the Squig Gobba again and inflict that many Strength 4 hits on the target unit. If the target unit takes any casualties as a result of this attack, then it must take an immediate Panic test. If there are no eligible targets, then the attack is wasted. After rolling this result, and resolving any attacks, remove all Squig dice from the Squig Gobba.
17-18	Intestinal Explosion: <i>The Great Squig swallows its mouthful of goo-smeared cave Squigs. Unfortunately, the Night Goblins' potent concoctions they are slicked with react badly with its stomach acids and the Great Squig burps forth a horrific stream of burning bile.</i> The Cave Squig itself takes D3 Strength 6 hits and its Tenders take a single Strength 6 hit each. In addition, place the Flame template so the narrow end is touching the mouth of the Great Squig. All models under the template take a Strength 6 hit. Once all hits inflicted by this result have been resolved, remove all Squig dice attached to the Squig Gobba.

COLOSSAL SQUIG

Squigs range in size from small creatures the size of cats up through the bestial hunting Squigs and the madcap beasts the Night Goblins use as dangerous and unstable war beasts, to the feared Mangler Squigs goaded into battle to devour the enemy wholesale, but none of these match the sheer size of the Colossal Squigs said to inhabit the depths of the Grey Mountains and the Vaults. These spherical monsters are of staggering size and possess insatiable appetites, no more in essence than an impossibly large, fleshy maw studded with row after row of scimitar-bladed teeth.

These beasts are near-impossible to direct, let alone train, and the Night Goblin Shaman must resort to drugged meat (often live and unfortunate Goblins from their tribe) to make them barely manageable, or hugely potent spells powerful enough to overcome the barely conscious instincts that propel these behemoths on a path though the underworld eating any tasty morsel, regardless of shape and size, that crosses their path.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Colossal Squig	4D6	4	0	7	5	5	3	5	3

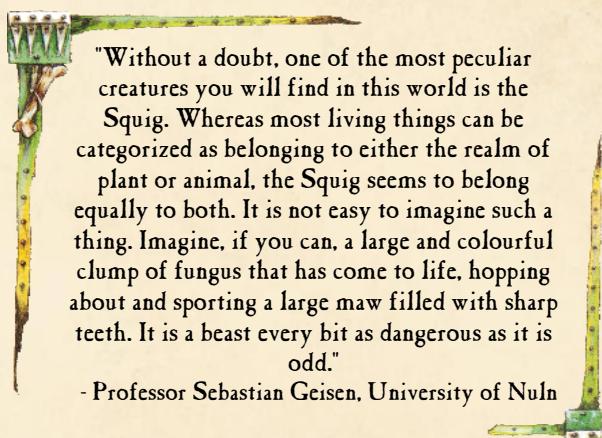
TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Random Movement (4D6), Terror.

Falls Apart: When a Colossal Squig dies it collapses in a tide of offal and half-digested meat.

When a Colossal Squig is removed as a casualty, every model in base contact with it suffers an automatic Strength 3 hit.

Dinner's Dinner!: When the Colossal Squig's random movement brings it into contact with a unit, either friend or foe, it will attack it normally as if it were an enemy, and counts as charging that unit. This combat will continue until resolved normally. These appalling creatures are too dull-witted and hungry to care otherwise!



"Without a doubt, one of the most peculiar creatures you will find in this world is the Squig. Whereas most living things can be categorized as belonging to either the realm of plant or animal, the Squig seems to belong equally to both. It is not easy to imagine such a thing. Imagine, if you can, a large and colourful clump of fungus that has come to life, hopping about and sporting a large maw filled with sharp teeth. It is a beast every bit as dangerous as it is odd."

- Professor Sebastian Geisen, University of Nuln



All around Sir Morholt the ground trembled and heaved like a storm-driven sea, loose stones pelted his armour and the world was filled with a terrible grinding sound. Before him the small hill rippled and twisted, as though it sought to free itself from the earth that had created it. Goblins fled from around its base, throwing aside their weapons in their haste and wailing in abject terror. Several were crushed by falling boulders dislodged from the hill's flanks by its violent shaking before they could disappear into the safety of the nearby forest, leaving Sir Morholt alone in the face of the earth's fury.

With a final resounding ground-shaking crunch the entire hill tore itself free of the ground, the cave at its base crumbling away to reveal an immense gaping maw packed full of teeth that might once have been mistaken for stalactites and stalagmites. Then, as a pair of pale, wart speckled legs unfolded beneath it, the dirt and rock that had once been a hill sloughed away, littering the ground with rubble and revealing the horrific creature that had been trapped within. Revealed in the light of the sun it resembled a huge ball of mottled rubbery flesh, punctuated by a pair of tiny black eyes and a vast mouth that stretched the width of its bloated body. Taking a single lumbering step forwards the creature loomed over Morholt, eclipsing the sun with its bulk, and he stood beneath it alone, in a deserted canyon, lost in the wasteland that was the Grey Mountains.

This was not how Sir Morholt, a questing knight of Bretonnia who had trained since he was a boy in the finest traditions of chivalry, expected to meet his end. In the glorious tales he had listened to as a youth many a knight had perished at the hands of such a terrible beast. However those heroes stood against majestic dragons, defending villages full of grateful peasants; or fought regal griffons amidst blood-soaked battlefields. Though they died they were all immortalised in tale and song. But Morholt had been ambushed on the way to the battlefield. His proud war horse had been slain in a pit trap left by a band of scrawny Goblins, his companions either killed by a cowardly rain of arrows or bound and tossed into the gaping mouth of the hill that became a monster. Only the Lady knew how long the Goblins had been ambushing travellers and feeding them to their entombed behemoth.

Now, standing alone before the ungainly hulk Sir Morholt was filled with despair. Now he would never be part of an epic tale, never be known far and wide for his heroics. No worthy dragon or graceful griffon would end his life, only this wart-ridden monstrosity, a creature fed and worshipped by pathetic Goblins. Despair turned to anger and Morholt tightened his grip on his sword. Raising the blade high he summoned up all his rage and let forth a mighty shout, charging bravely towards the monster.

Despite Morholt's brave charge, yelling defiantly with the sun gleaming on his armour, the creature barely seemed to notice him, half blind in the sun after its long incarceration. Morholt careened towards the beast, hacking frenziedly at its legs and cutting into the rubbery flesh of the limbs. With viscous ooze dripping from its wounds, the great squig became aware of its ant-like tormentor and staggered backwards a few thunderous steps so that it could see Morholt past its own cylindrical bulk. Morholt, seeing the creature retreat, was filled with hope. Sword held poised in front of him and a prayer to the Lady on his lips he sprang forwards and prepared to deal the monstrous Squig a vital blow. The beast, vision still blurred in the bright sunlight, was confronted by the sight of the knight flying towards it and stretched wide its jagged-toothed maw. With a single gulp and a surprised yelp Morholt vanished from sight.

A few moments passed, the clearing suddenly quiet in the battle's aftermath, and then a tremendous belch rang forth from the Squig's gargantuan jaws, shaking the distant trees and spraying the clearing with stinking saliva. With a dull clang Morholt's sword fell to earth, lying forlornly amidst the rubble of the Squig emergence. The monster regarded the blade thoughtfully, then prodded it with one immense foot. When it neither moved nor cried out it decided it was probably not food and ambled ponderously towards the darkened shadows of the forest.





SNOTLINGS

Snotlings are the smallest of the green-skinned races, and arguably the most pathetic. Snotlings occupy the lowest rung of what passes for greenskin society, and are looked down upon by all and sundry. They closely resemble Goblins, but are noticeably smaller than their cousins. They are green in colour, with small but sharply pointed teeth, little piggy eyes, spindly limbs, pointy ears, and long noses. They are, quite possibly, the most pathetic sentient race imaginable. It's definitely a compliment to even think of them as "sentient." They possess pea-sized brains and behave very much like extremely enthusiastic and uncontrollable puppies.

It is a common belief amongst humans that Snotlings grow into Goblins and Orcs. Given that all greenskin settlements are overrun with the things this does seem a perfectly reasonable assumption. Another equally likely explanation is that Snotlings are just the smallest of a whole range of very variably sized and shaped creatures. No Orc or Goblin would draw a distinction between a largish Snotling and a smallish Goblin. To an Orc, anything smaller than him is a 'Grot' to be kicked and abused, whilst anything bigger is a 'Boss' to be avoided as much as possible.

Wherever there are Orcs or Goblins there are Snotlings, getting underfoot, attracting cuffs and slaps from their larger counterparts, running about all over the place with their interminable mindless chattering, and eating anything that is too disgusting even for an Orc or Goblin to want to touch. They live around Orc and Goblin settlements, infesting their caves and huts, scavenging the rubbish piles and stealing whatever they get their grubby little green hands upon. Snotlings often nab unwanted cast-offs, bits of scrap or well-gnawed bones and they joyfully scamper off to hide such treasures in some secret nook.

"When I'm takin' da ladz out on da march, I bring a few o' dem Snotlings along wif us. You never know when you might need some tents put up, some wood cut, or some choppas made nice an' sharp. On da uffer hand, you never know when you might get 'ungry for a quick bite, an' dey's just as good for dat."

- Nork Blackdagger, Orc Boss



"If I find out 'oo ate me favourite snottie then there is gonna be sum trouble. I wuz savin' 'im, I wuz. Ded clever feller – he could fetchit right quick. 'Course, it wuz never wot I asked fa, but yer could see he wuz eager. Poor feller."

- Orc Warlord Grizgutz Badax

Orcs look upon their smallest cousins with a certain amount of affection, often treating them as wayward and mischievous pets. Some Orcs will even capture a few Snotlings and train them to perform entertaining, if rude, tricks or possibly a few simple tasks. The brightest Snotlings can learn to fetch and carry for other Goblin or Orc races, or do menial duties such as scratching off hard-to-reach scabs, so long as these can be explained in single syllable instructions, but they are no use for real work and only serve to get underfoot when they invariably try to help.

Goblins, on the other hand, despise Snotlings, finding the thieving habits of the little runts get in the way of their own, similar activities. Goblins find it is harder to sneak about if they are shadowed by a mob of gleeful Snotlings. Worse yet, the runts have a habit of squeafullly pointing out guilty individuals, showing off the hiding places of appropriated goods and pantomiming murder scenes. To escape a Goblin's vengeance, Snotlings often run between the legs of a protective Orc, which further infuriates the gobbo!

Snotlings are great mimics and are fascinated by the activities of their larger relatives, which, although their actions are completely inexplicable to their limited understanding, Snotlings will often cheerfully imitate what they witness. It is quite common to see a self-important Orc or Goblin Boss strutting through the camp followed closely (but safely out of kicking range) by a tiny Snotling impersonating his walk and copying the Boss' every movement in an exaggerated comic fashion. This aping behaviour can be infuriating for Orc Bosses who like take themselves seriously, especially the Black Orcs, who are renowned for their lack of humour. When Orcs or Goblins march off to battle they invariably find themselves accompanied by a horde of Snotlings armed with bits of wood, broken spears, and weapons they have stolen or scrounged.

There is a broad spectrum of what the little greenies consider weapons, such as small tree branches, eye-catching mushrooms or bits of bone. Occasionally a Snotling actually acquires a real weapon, most probably a pointy stick or small dagger they have stolen or scrounged. Snotlings often congregate and scavenge near the greenskin latrines, known as 'da dropz'. Here they gibber to each other in their squeaky little voices and hunt the various types of tasty 'squiggly beasts' (or Squigs as they are usually known) that live there. Snotlings sometimes find and make use of exploding spores. These fungus balls can be thrown a short distance and upon landing will emit a deadly toxic cloud and an extremely terrible smell.

When the Orcs and Goblins go off to war, the bravest Snotlings sometimes follow, banding together in smelly little huddles that egg each other on to ever braver deeds. Well, brave for a Snotling! These groups include all manner of strange creatures from the drops as well as Snotlings. Some have been brought along as a half-time snack, and others simply have too many teeth to be turned away. Whatever the mix of beasties and Snotlings in the unit, all are treated the same way once they get to battle. Badly! Actually, Snotlings serve the green horde very well in battle as they happily do all manner of tasks that nobody else would touch, including being lunch. Snotlings crowd together into an amorphous mob of tiny, vicious creatures. Vicious, but dim. So dim, in fact, that they are unable to distinguish between the dangers of a friendly clip round the ear from a passing Orc and being crushed underfoot by a regiment of enemy knights.

Snotlings want to do their part in any battle, but are not very effective. When their big friends get stuck into close combat the Snotlings throw themselves on the enemy with a determination belied by their size, screaming and yelling crazily waving their wooden clubs and biting the foes with their sharp teeth. All the Snotlings in an area will bunch up together, rather than attempting to attack from different angles, and simply swarm all over an opponent. Their enthusiasm is undampened by their catastrophic results. The undersized greenies exhibit extra vigour when fighting where their larger brethren can see them. With such an opportunity to show off Snotlings pour forth a heightened output of attacks, although this still rarely harms the foe. For the most part, Snotlings harmlessly buffet the enemy with pieces of rubbish before being slaughtered wholesale, but the sheer mass of Snotlings can tie down an enemy unit even if the tiny creatures don't cause many casualties, try as they might biting and scratching or stabbing with improvised weapons such as sharpened sticks. That's all right with the other greenskins, although the most familiar Orc patrons are saddened by the loss of a favoured 'snotty.' Such rare emotion only lasts for a short while, often about as long as it takes an Orc to scratch its unmentionables. By the time the Orcs and Goblins return to their camp, more Snotlings will have sprouted up anyway. They are, if anything, a constant nuisance.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES:

Explodin' Spores: Each Snotling base can make a single shooting attack in its Shooting phases, and as a stand and shoot reaction. An Explodin' Spore is a Throwing Weapon, hitting automatically with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

"Look! Humie! Fight it fight it fight it! Jab jab jab!
Get it get it get it! Yarrggg!"

- Assorted Snotlings



SNOTLING PUMP WAGONS

Whilst most greenskin chariots are fairly conventional looking, if somewhat ramshackle in the best tradition of Gobbo workmanship, the same cannot be said of the Snotling Pump Wagon. The Pump Wagon is built by Snotlings in an attempt to copy the chariots of their larger greenskin brothers. Quite how the little greenies do it is a mystery. Swarms of Snotlings forage around the Orcish settlement where they live, stealing and scavenging raw materials from workshops and rubbish dumps. Anything that looks vaguely useful and momentarily unguarded is immediately seized for their project. Once they have accumulated a high enough junk heap, the Snotlings set upon it with ropes and hammers. From this squirming mass of hammering, squeaking and bickering emerges the Snotling Pump Wagon!

The Snotling Pump Wagon is a wooden fighting platform, sometimes taking the form of a ramshackle wooden hut on wheels. Like a chariot, a Pump Wagon hurtles towards the foe to run them over. However, the Pump Wagon rumbles under its own power, not by horses, wolves or some other beast, but with momentum provided by Snotlings, who frantically pump crude contraptions and cranks to drive the belts that turn the wheels. With spikes, or sometimes a heavy roller fitted to the front, the Pump Wagon crushes any foes (or crew) unfortunate enough to fall beneath it. The crudely constructed war machine is built and crewed by Snotlings. This is surprising, as Snotlings barely know how to use tools, and are extremely dim – often struggling even to pick their own noses. How it is that Snotlings become possessed of enough know-how to construct a formidable killing device like the Pump Wagon should be considered one of the great green wonders of the world. Or at least it would be if greenskins cared about such things; but they don't.



Snotlings buzz with strange purpose when Waaagh! energy is in the air. They instinctively gather materials, heaping all manner of junk in a pile. When the rubbish mound is large enough they begin to build. The Snotlings work without language or plans. Many small green hands lash wooden beams together. In unison they pound broken blades into a log to make the formidable spiky roller. Crude wheels are built or scavenged. With such an anarchic building process, it is never quite known what the Snotling-built device will look like. Whether it is a shanty hut on wheels, a great teetering tower, or a mere wooden frame with planks for the crew to walk on, it still crashes into the foe with the same devastating and bone-breaking crunch!



Gorgor peered through the fog at the distant tower. The sound of war drums echoed from the mountain peaks. There was no doubt about it - the Broke Toof Orcs were getting ready to launch another attack.

The Black Orc Boss gripped the haft of his huge choppa. As far as he was concerned, the Broke Toofs couldn't get here soon enough. He hadn't had a good scrap in days.

When Warboss Grumlok picked him to be the Boss of the Bloody Sun Boyz' outpost high in the slopes of Ekrund, Gorgor was obedient, but disappointed.

Gorgor could still hear Warlord Grumlok's words echoing in his ears. "Yer job is to make sure da Bloody Sun Boyz follow dis road to Eight Peaks. You got dat, runt?" Grumlok was a titan of a Black Orc, easily twice Gorgor's size. Any objection would have been a death sentence.

Unfortunately for Gorgor, the greenskins had long ago conquered these lands. The only good fighting was far to the east in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Out here there was nothing to keep the Orcs busy but hunting mangy wolves, getting into fistfights and the occasional contest to see who could throw a Snotling the farthest.

That had all changed when the Broke Toof tribe moved into the area.

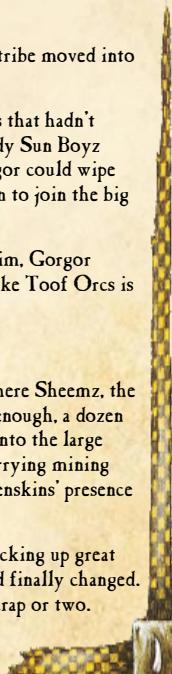
The Broke Toofs were one of the few tribes that hadn't pledged loyalty to Grumlok. Now all Bloody Sun Boyz were expected to kill them on sight. If Gorgor could wipe out these vermin, he might earn an invitation to join the big Waaagh! assembling at Eight Peaks.

Turning to the warriors assembled behind him, Gorgor barked out orders. "Get ready, boyz! Da Broke Toof Orcs is comin' back for more!"

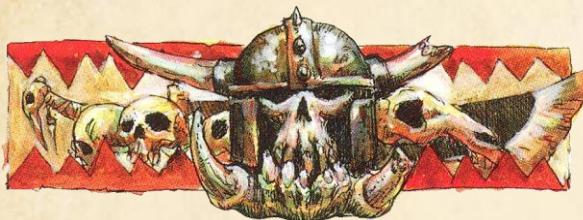
"Boss, look! Stunties!"

The band of Orcs all turned as one to see where Sheemz, the camp's Goblin lookout, was pointing. Sure enough, a dozen or so Dwarfs were making their way down into the large quarry below the Orcs' camp. They were carrying mining gear and seemed not to have noticed the greenskins' presence yet.

The Broke Toof Orcs charged into view, kicking up great clouds of dust as they ran. Gorgor's luck had finally changed. At last, he and his lads would have a good scrap or two.



The speed of a Pump Wagon tends to be somewhat unpredictable as its crew are continually squabbling over which of them is going to operate the pump. An enthusiastic Snotling will fight his way forward and pump like crazy for a while until he is completely exhausted when another will shove him aside and take over. This means the machine tends to go forward in fits and starts, sometimes quite quickly but at other times embarrassingly slowly.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pump Wagon	2D6	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Snotling Crew	-	2	0	2	-	-	3	5	4

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (2D6), Random Movement (2D6), Unbreakable, Unstable.

Pump Harder Ladz!: Before moving a Pump Wagon you may declare that the crew are 'pumping harder'. If you do so, you must roll 3D6 for its random movement.

Too Pumped Up: *The exhilaration of battle can cause Snotlings to lose control.*

Any time a Pump Wagon rolls two or more l's for its movement, it will not move as normal but instead veers out of control. Re-roll the Random Movement distance (including the extra dice if you were 'pumping harder'), but this time the Pump Wagon will move in a random direction. If the re-rolled movement also includes two or more l's, then the Pump Wagon has crashed – remove it as a casualty. Otherwise, all Random Movement rules apply, except that a Pump Wagon halted by a friendly unit will inflict 2D6 Impact Hits on the unit that blocks its move.

Strange giant mushrooms have been growing on Farmer Miles's fertile land for years. Every autumn, Snotlings from the Drakwald Forest trample Farmer Miles's barley fields as they try to harvest the coveted red-capped delicacies. However, each time the little green beggars have tried to raid the fields, the Miles family and their hired hands have chased the greenskins off. Out of frustration, the Snotlings have engineered a Snotling Pump Wagon to make a quick midnight run on the mushrooms.

UPGRADES:

Spiky Roller: *The Pump Wagon may be fitted with a roller studded with sharp spikes.*

If a Pump Wagon has a spiky roller then all its Impact Hits have +1 Strength.

Out-rigga: *Some Pump Wagons are fitted with a makeshift sail. This makes them faster but more difficult to control.*

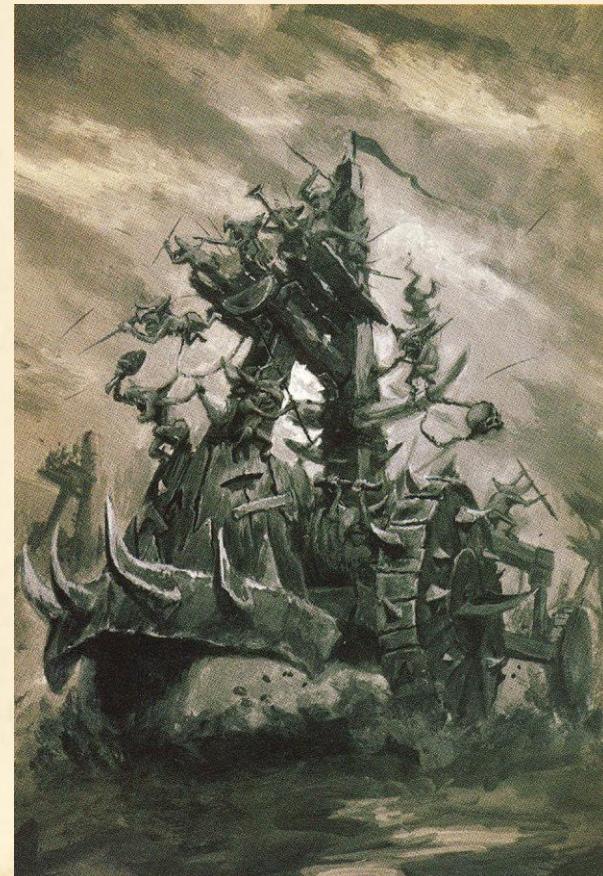
If a Pump Wagon has an out-rigga then its Movement characteristic is increased to 3D6. Note that this means that if the crew decide to pump harder then you must roll 4D6 for the Pump Wagon's random movement.

Flappas: *Flappas are crude wings, attached to the side of the Pump Wagon, and flapped up and down by the actions of the crew. This allows the Pump Wagon to make short jumps as it bounces along, in order to avoid dangerous obstacles.*

A Pump Wagon fitted with flappas only has to take Dangerous Terrain tests if they end their move in Dangerous Terrain.

Giant Explodin' Spores: *Sometimes Snotlings attach really big explodin' spores to the front of their Wagon, which burst when the Pump Wagon hits anything.*

If a Pump Wagon has giant explodin' spores, the first set of Impact Hits it inflicts in the game Ignores Armour saves.



TROLLS

Trolls are large and hideous creatures, bestial and foul with long gangling limbs and cold damp hides and whose hunched appearance belies their powerful nature. Trolls are remarkably strong despite their lanky-limbs. If they can catch a man they are easily capable of crushing him between their great palms or tearing his body apart with their long fingers. Hulking and monstrous, Trolls have existed in the dark places of the world for as long as anyone can remember. They are nasty creatures that can wreak havoc whenever they venture too close to civilization. Judging from their appearance and behaviour, they may or may not be big cousins of the Greenskins.

All Trolls are remarkably, perhaps even monumentally, dull-witted, more like animals than proper thinking creatures. Unless propelled by gnawing hunger, a Troll can wander aimlessly for days, or else simply decide to have a bit of a sit down. This slow-witted sloth is doubtless a boon for the rest of the world, for if Trolls had the intelligence and organisation to make full use of their raw brawn, there'd probably be no stopping them.

Trolls are greatly feared because of their unthinking ferocity and indiscriminate appetite. Being dim creatures means Trolls can and will eat anything – they prefer flesh and bone, but will eat wood, rocks, bits of metal and even sprouts in-between successful hunts. Not surprisingly, the stomach of a Troll contains incredibly powerful digestive juices known, explaining why they can consume anything, including stones, trees or even dirt. This potent bile is highly sought by alchemists, potion-makers, dark sorcerers and the more peculiar artists of the world, whilst Troll blood is said to be highly effective in the treatment of 'Breton Rot'.



Perhaps the best-known characteristic of Trolls is that their hide is able to regrow almost as quickly as it is damaged. If a Troll's clawed hand is severed, a fresh one will grow from the stump. If a Troll is decapitated a new head forms on its shoulders, grinning madly and gnashing its sharp teeth. You have to cause a great deal of damage to a Troll to stop it regenerating and even then it might reform the following day. The only thing Trolls cannot endure is fire, so burning a Troll is the one sure way of killing it. Of course, such a thing is easier said than done. However, if they are burned they cannot regenerate, so fire is the second greatest ally for those in the unfortunate position of having to fight one, the Troll's own stupidity being the first. They can be out-witted easily if you fail to avoid a conflict in the first place.

Trolls live alone or in small groups with others of their kind, and roam desolate regions, preying on travellers and attacking isolated villages. They sometimes hang around Orc and Goblin encampments, scrounging food and picking off the odd stray Goblin. Trolls can sometimes be persuaded to join Orc or Goblins as they march to battle, although it is doubtful if they really understand what is going on. More often they simply latch on to passing tribes, attracted by the rotten carcasses, bones and refuse on which they like to feast. Some are even thrown the odd Snotling or captive – the greenskins do this to encourage the Trolls to stick around, for they are handy in a scrap. A particularly brave and patient Orc Boss might even strike up a relationship with a group of Trolls by feeding them tit-bits, thereby gain the trust of these simple-minded monsters, and amusing them with simple tricks. The Trolls in turn learn to obey simple commands.



Trolls have ever been a thorn in the side of the dwarfs. Though they are mindless, picking off small bands of travellers that they happen upon or hapless adventurers, when gathered together in a mass they can present a very real threat to any king or lord. Records from the Karaz-a-Karak Book of Grudges describe an incident during the period known as the Goblin Wars when a ravaging band of trolls and ogres advanced on Everpeak. The settlements of Valhorn and Budrikhorn, south of Karaz-a-Karak, had been destroyed several years earlier by rampaging trolls. Eventually, Logazor Brightaxe destroyed the horde and the trolls were burned before any serious damage was done – the efforts made in containing and driving these beasts out was referred to as the Troll Wars.

More so than any other race, the Dwarfs have found ways to utilise the flesh, bone and viscera of trolls. Troll-skin boots and coarse troll-hide cloaks and coats, called 'ragarin'. In the Khazalid are common; fat acid, kept in a gromril vial, is used to etch weapons and plaques; troll brew, reputed to have regenerative qualities, is popular amongst many clans and drunk from 'nogarung' or trollskull tankards; kuri, made from troll innards, is the staple diet of many dwarfs and the art of cooking it called 'kulgur' in the dwarf tongue (though I can only imagine what such a meal tastes like).

"The hinterlands of the Old World were once rife with Trolls, though not so much these days. Their foul kind are not missed. I would suggest looking northwards, towards the area, appropriately enough, known as Troll Country. There you might find a few Trolls. Bring me the gizzards of three Trolls and I shall use them in concocting a potion that will cure your poor daughter of the Plague. Be wary. Remember that while Trolls are exceptionally stupid, they remain some of the most dangerous creatures in all the world."

- Dieter Liebgott, Alchemist

Trolls can maul any foe, but are so dumb it is hard to get them to follow orders. The Orc may try to lead his bizarre pets into battle, hoping that the loud noises and bright flashes won't confuse them. If the Orcs are lucky the Trolls will stumble into combat where they can tear and rend as much as they please. If unlucky, the Trolls might be distracted by the sights and sounds of battle, and blunder about in a confused manner, attacking the first thing they stumble into, or they might even just sit down and go to sleep. Savvy Warbosses know that, without help, the brutes seldom remain focused on the battlefield. Left to their own devices the chances are the Trolls will be easily distracted and, instead of attacking, will stoop down to eat the injured or simply stand and drool, but if led by a more intelligent creature they can often prove to be dangerous foes. Only by barking commands himself, or by tasking a Big Boss to lead the Troll pack, can a greenskin commander come close to relying on the hulking creatures. Even this shepherding isn't fool proof and some Trolls have been known to tune out a Warboss' yelling in order to eat rocks or pull up offending patches of grass. Yet should the creatures reach combat, they will flail about with their mighty fists or use makeshift weapons to lay waste to just about anything. Trolls also have the disturbing ability to retch up the contents of their stomachs. This noxious attack sends a semi-liquid spray of bile and half-digested bits upon its victim that can melt through armour and sear away flesh and even bone – it is, truly, an ugly way to die.

Trolls don't really need weapons to fight but will often pick up a branch or make a primitive club from a rock, pounding their target into a bloody mess. Trolls prefer to attack with their clubs or natural weapons, but if need be they will "soften up" an armoured target with a dose of vomit before laying in with the club. A group of Trolls will work together reasonably well, concentrating their devastating attacks against one or a small group of targets, but only until the first enemy is dead. At that point it is typical that at least one Troll will get distracted, starting to eat the corpse, which often distracts the others and causes a fight to break out as the Trolls squabble over the choicest morsels of meat.

There are many different kinds of Trolls because, like greenskins, Trolls vary a great deal in appearance. Trolls physically adapt to their environment and, depending on where they live, their skin can be warty, rocky, slimy or scaly. However, it is fair to say that

despite their many physical differences, Trolls they are universally big, ugly, slow-witted, eternally hungry and best avoided where possible. Their warty, slimy and sometimes scaly skins can be almost any colour depending on the sort of Troll. There are many different shapes and sizes of Troll – spines are not uncommon, while two headed Trolls have sometimes been sighted travelling with Chaos Warbands. The most frequently encountered types of Troll are the (all too) Common Troll which is found anywhere suitably smelly, and the Stone Trolls and River Trolls who inhabit the mountains and rivers respectively. Unfortunately for the good citizens of the Old World, Common Trolls can be found almost anywhere. They favour particularly foul-smelling places, but for every Troll that makes its home in a rotten swamp or stagnant poolside there is likely to be another that has colonised a muckridden stable or an abandoned house that still has rotten food in the larder and dead cats decaying in the corners.

RIVER TROLLS

River Trolls are amongst the most loathsome of all varieties of Troll found in the Old World. These enormous creatures inhabit dank, wet places such as marshlands or bogs, and beside untamed rivers where the banks are broad and muddy. The water rarely stays fresh for long once they've settled in. It is very difficult to remove a River Troll once it has become entrenched in a body of water. River Trolls catch their prey by covering their bodies in ooze and slime and partially submerging themselves in swamps or brackish ponds in order to sneak up on and ambush their prey. Despite their stupidity River Trolls are fearsome opponents and are easily driven into battle by evil creatures such as





"Avast! What is that strange lumpen thing floating off the starboard bow?"

Last words of a Stir River Patrol Captain before he was eaten by a River Troll

Orcs and Goblins with the prospect of a juicy titbit. River Trolls are especially prized by Dwarf Troll Slayers seeking something exotic to kill them.

A River Troll somewhat resembles the bottom of the river, if that riverbed is particularly coated in sediment, slime, rotting vegetation, fish carcasses, and various other smelly detritus whose precise nature and origin are too horrible to contemplate. River Trolls are both slimy and scaly, with vile green-coloured skin and lank hair-like growths, and even more smelly than your average Troll, which is saying something. In all probability the River Troll's stink is even worse than that of the riverbed, since one can add the Troll's personal miasma to the ill-omened mélange of odours emitted from the mucky smears on its skin. River Trolls are quite possibly the worst smelling beings to live in the Old World. The stench of rotten fish and other questionable matter that emanates from them is so powerful that it can bring a man to his knees. The malodorous slime they exude is obnoxious and slippery, and has the dual effects of choking anyone too near the Troll and also making it extremely hard for an attacker to land a blow.

Like others of its breed, the River Troll can regenerate all but the most hideous wounds, and can spew acidic vomit at anyone unfortunate enough to be caught within range. River Trolls leave their dank water holes to follow any greenskins that promise them a chance to gorge their bloated bellies.

STONE TROLLS

Stone Trolls live in the rocky regions of the Old World, amongst the mountains, underground and craggy hills. Stone Trolls are named for their rocky diet which allows them to inhabit the most inhospitable parts of the Old World's mountains where there is little else to



eat. Like all Trolls they will eat anything, and through sheer circumstance tend to eat a far too many rocks. As a result their bodies tend to be stony and rather solid. They use their corrosive stomach acids to consume rocks and stones, thus taking advantage of a food resource for which they have little competition. A Troll's diet has a direct effect on his physical attributes, and Stone Trolls have hard, craggy flesh that looks like weathered stone. Rocks and stones absorb sluggish Light Magic, and because Stone Trolls eat a lot of rocks their bodies naturally absorb quantities of magical power. This makes Stone Trolls extraordinarily resistant to magic attacks. Combined with their already supernatural ability to regenerate physical damage, this resistance makes the Stone Troll a very dangerous opponent. Many Stone Trolls wander the slopes and passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains, where they often fall in with the tribes of Orcs or Night Goblins that are prevalent there.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	4

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Regeneration (4+), Stupidity.

Troll Vomit: *A Troll has a particularly unpleasant alternative method of attack which is to vomit the contents of its stomach over its enemy. As a Troll's digestive juices are extremely corrosive this is a horrible thing to happen. The Troll's vomit is sticky and semi-liquid, so it penetrates armour easily and even dissolves part of it away.*

A unit of Trolls can make Vomit Attacks instead of their ordinary attacks in close combat (but they can still Stomp). Each Troll that is allowed to attack makes a single Vomit Attack at Strength 5. Trolls that are allowed to make supporting attacks can make a Vomit Attack. A Vomit Attack hits automatically and Ignores Armour saves.

UPGRADES:

River Trolls: River Trolls have the River Strider and Marsh Strider special rules. Additionally, enemies attempting to attack a River Troll in close combat suffer a -1 penalty on their To Hit rolls due to the stench and slime.

Stone Trolls: Stone Trolls have the Magic Resistance (2) and Natural Armour (5+) special rules.



"Tell you what, you buy this ward against the Plague an' I'll throw in this trinket made from a Stone Troll's 'ide that'll make you immune to all magics, fair and foul for 'alf price. I know it looks like a rock. What do you think Stone Trolls are made out of you great pillock, treacle? Who's the 'edge Wizard here, you or me? That's right. So do you want these powerful trinkets or do I ave to sell them to someone who actually cares about his kin catchin' the plague?"

Ruben, Street Vendor

GIANT RIVER TROLL HAG

Giant River Troll Hags are hateful and bitter creatures, far larger and more dangerous than their common kin and invested with an innate ability to shape the Winds of Magic as they stir the brackish waters in which they dwell. They prey upon anything foolish enough to approach them and are often used as warnings to teach children not to wander too close to such places, Troll Hags savouring the flesh of children over that of all other creatures.

The sight of a Giant River Troll Hag shambling from the water in pursuit of her prey is truly terrifying. Her massive bulk glistens with stinking swamp slime as she hefts a huge, crudely-wrought net stuffed full with entrapped food. Like other Trolls, Troll Hags have a voracious appetite, and will eat anything from the smallest tiddler, such as an indolent Halfling enjoying a post-brunch nap, to the most enormous whopper, and they have even been known to eat Unicorns when food is scarce. All manner of things are therefore to be found within their nets, including writhing bog-octopi, recently captured soldiers, gleaming treasures hauled from the deeps and other, entirely unidentifiable but inevitably rotten morsels.

When the Winds of Magic blow especially strong, River Troll Hags have been known to answer the summons of wizards who would bind them to their will. Equally, Orcs sometimes lure them out of their lairs, using live Goblins on the ends of long fishing lines as bait to draw them out from the waters. With their bellies full, the Troll Hag can then be easily convinced to accompany a greenskin horde onto the field of battle, their fearsome nature, massive strength and their ability to cast all manner of curses and hexes upon their foes making them terrible enemies indeed.

Troll Hags are steeped in hateful magic absorbed over the ages into the stagnant mud in which they lurk. They have an innate affinity for the magic of 'dead-things' and of laying spiteful curses upon those who walk in the dry places beneath the hated sun.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant River Troll Hag	5	3	0	6	5	5	1	*	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

"We ain't servin' no more fish stew at the inn.
People cain't go down near the river no more. Last
feller that went down there 'ad is head bit clean
off by a River Troll as he bent down to check his
seine. Everyone's been sent down there to kill it,
ain't come back. Try the mutton, it's a bit fatty,
but it ain't worth losin' yer 'ead over. Hah! Didja
'ear that, Johann? I made a joke!"
- Hanna Bauman, serving wench at the Wayward
Goose Tavern

MAGIC: Giant River Troll Hags are Level 1 Wizards that use the Lore of Death.

SPECIAL RULES: Marsh Strider, Regeneration (4+), River Strider.

Swamp Breath: This is a Breath Weapon, with a Strength of 3 and the Ignores Armour saves special rule. A unit that takes casualties due to this attack has its Leadership reduced by the number of casualties suffered the next time it takes a Panic test, after which it returns to normal.

Water Wise: Unless she is within a water feature of any type (including rivers, marshes, swamps, etc), the Giant River Troll Hag has the Stupidity special rule. If the test is failed and there is a water feature on the table, the Troll Hag moves towards it instead of straight forwards.

Slimy Shanks: *The thick coating of swamp slime covering the Troll Hag's body makes landing a blow upon her exceedingly difficult.*

Enemies attempting to attack a Giant River Troll Hag in close combat suffer a -1 penalty to their To Hit rolls.

Troll Hag Special Attacks: To determine what a Giant River Troll Hag does in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with her and roll a D6, applying the result shown on one of the following tables. Which table is used depends on the size of the victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Whoppers Table

Use this table when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines and anything else with the Large Target special rule (except buildings), and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1-2	Smother
3-4	Mother
5-6	Mither

Tiddlers Table

Use this table when fighting anything not covered by the Whoppers table.

D6	Result
1	Suck out its Marrow
2-3	Pick up and...
4-5	Crush with Stump
6	Grind its Bones



Smother: *The Troll Hag throws her massive, slimy arms about her foe and drags it inexorably to her bosom, there to smother it in her hideous embrace.*

The target must make an Initiative test to avoid the attack. If it fails, the target takes no damage but may not make any attacks this game turn.

Mother: *The Troll Hag takes it upon herself to chastise her foe as if it were a wayward offspring, treating it to a back-handed slap strong enough to stun a Wyvern.*

The target takes a single Strength 10 hit. If the target survives the attack, it must pass a Toughness test the next time it wishes to make any attacks in close combat in order to do so.

Mither: *The Troll Hag bombards the target with a tirade of unintelligible trollish invective, powerful and relentless enough to cow even the most stoic of hearts.*

The target must pass a Leadership test, or have its WS reduced to 1 for the remainder of the game turn.

Suck out its Marrow: *Twisting off a limb, the Troll Hag snaps the victim's bones and takes a deep draft of the sweet marrow within.*

The target takes D6 Strength 5 hits. For every wound the target loses, the Troll Mother gains one, up to its starting number.

Crush with Stump: *Enraged by her foe's attacks, the Troll Hag swings her gnarled tree stump in a wide arc all about her.*

All models in base contact, whether friend or foe and regardless of which unit the player picked as the Troll Hag's target, suffer a Strength 6 hit, starting at any point her controlling player wishes. Resolve these hits one at a time, working around the Troll Hag's base model by model.



Grind its Bones: *The Troll Hag turns her beady eye upon a specific member of the enemy unit.*

The Troll Hag's controlling player may choose a model in the unit, which must make an Initiative test to avoid the attack (no "Look Out Sir!" roll is possible). The model takes a single Strength 7 attack if the test is failed.

Pick up and...: *The Giant River Troll Hag stoops down to grab hold of her terrified victim.*

The Troll Hag targets a single model in base contact of the controlling player's choice, and the target must make a single attack to try to fend off her clumsy advances. If this attack causes an unsaved wound, the Troll Hag's attack fails. Otherwise, the Troll Hag grabs hold of the model and her controlling player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 **Stuff into Net:** *The Troll Hag crams the victim into her net, to be eaten (or worse) later on at her leisure.*
The model is removed as a casualty.
- 2 **Toss Back:** *The Troll Hag eyes the writhing morsel sceptically, before deciding to toss it back where it came from like a living missile.*
The victim is removed as a casualty and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on its unit (saves are taken as normal).
- 3 **Send Packing:** *The Troll Hag picks her victim up and hurls it towards the nearest body of water, there to serve in her watery lair as her slave for the rest of its mercifully short existence.*
Trace a line from the Troll Hag to the centre of the nearest water feature (such as a river, marsh or swamp), or if no such feature is present use a Scatter dice to determine a random point on the table edge. Every enemy unit the line passes over must make a Panic test as the screaming foe hurtles through the skies above them to its horrible fate. The model is then removed as a casualty.
- 4 **Squish:** *The victim is squished to a pulp in the Troll Hag's clammy grasp.*
The model is removed as a casualty.
- 5 **Gobble:** *The Troll Hag stuffs her victim into her slobbering mouth, its muffled cries terminated with a hideous crunch.*
The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 **Pick Another:** *The Giant River Troll Hag stuffs her victim into her net to be consumed later.*
Treat the attack as if the Troll Hag had rolled the Stuff into Net result, see above, and then choose another victim. The second victim makes a single attack as usual to avoid being picked up – if it fails, roll again on this table to see what the Troll Hag does with it.

GIANTS

Giants are, as one might expect, exceptionally large and strong, but not especially bright, and many are positively dim-witted and clumsy. They are peculiar creatures who tower over all other humanoid races at around eighteen feet tall, though a few may be considerably larger, especially those touched by Chaos. Giants are lumbering brutes that bestride the world seeking battle and food (the one leading to the other in a Giant's mind). Giants can now be found almost everywhere, though they are (thankfully) rare in the settled parts of the Old World, having long since been hunted down and destroyed by chivalrous Bretonnian Knights and crazed Dwarf Giant Slayers. In the northlands they are more common because the lands are wild and untamed, and the mountains are tall, craggy, and full of the sort of caves where Trolls, Giants and other creatures of their sort make their homes.

It is rumoured that the Giants were once part of a single civilization, descendants of a once mighty race of beings known now simply as the Sky Titans, but there is little proof of this having been the case. For one thing, Giants seem to lack the mental capacity for the organized thought necessary for such a thing to occur. The giants of the contemporary world are a shallow and sad echo of what was once a proud and noble race. Some say, that they are conscious of the fact that they are all that remain of a long lost greatness of some forgotten age. Today, the scattered giants of the world seem to exist only to lose themselves in wanton violence and alcohol induced dormancy, most content to live amongst the "littl'uns" as soldiers of fortune in exchange for a steady supply of food and drink.



Giants are some of the largest creatures to still stride the surface of the Old World and their battle prowess is justly feared. Indeed, if they were even vaguely organised, their scattered tribes could still offer a terrible threat to the Empire. Fortunately for all the "little" races, conscious thought seems to be somewhat painful for Giants and they prefer the oblivion of alcohol to dreams of revenge. Various scholars have offered opinions on why this should be so over the centuries and there is no definite answer. Some surmise that the Giants' fondness for alcohol is due to their prodigious size creating strain on their bones and joints. They theorize that the Giants are constantly in pain because of this rampant growth. Others believe they simply like to drink. Regardless of the reason, Giants have a fondness for strong beer, consuming a vast amount of alcohol and many exist in a near-constant state of inebriation. They are notorious drunkards who will raid breweries and ale houses, making off with barrels of ale which they consume together with other Giants in loud drinking bouts. Even the most sober of Giants is usually a bit tipsy. As a result, their stench of their breath rivals that of a Troll. Being caught under a stumbling Giant will lead to broken limbs at best and more than likely result in one's being pulped.

Giants consume prodigious amounts of flesh and if they are conscious, they are either eating or thinking about their next meal. They will raid farms to steal whole herds of cattle or sheep, and sometimes take their human custodians as well. A single Giant can devour the equivalent of five whole cows a day and still have room for more. This incredible need for sustenance is often thought to be the primary reason why Giants turned to a mercenary lifestyle. The high unassailable peaks of the Old World mountain ranges where they dwell are unsuitable for farming, not that any Giant would be inclined to do so, which meant that they had to find their food elsewhere.

In between their many feedings, Giants are warriors of frightening effectiveness, as long as they're steered in the proper direction. The bulk of Giants fight with a traditional club, though a number prefer to squelch their meat with their bare hands. In battle, Giants wade in with their tremendous bulk, crushing the foe beneath their slab-like feet, or sweeping any before them into the air with clubs fashioned out of up-rooted trees. A Giant's club can pulp an entire unit of troops, to say nothing of those who have the misfortune to end up as a mid-fight snack. Most Giants keep a sack, a barrel, or some other form of

Little Gork

When raiding a Dwarf brewery with his mates, the giant formerly known as Big Lugg caught a stone from a Grudge Thrower right in the face. The projectile failed to smash his skull, but it did rob him of his wits. Big Lugg awoke convinced that he was in fact Gork. Before long he had smeared his hands and feet with green paint, and now he takes any opportunity to jump up and down on any non-greenskin he finds, shouting "Waaagh!" at the top of his voice.



container to stow their somewhat dubious "loot" in. Giants are wildly unpredictable foes. Sometimes a Giant will select a particular target and reach down to pluck the unfortunate up. These victims are either bitten in two, hurled far, far way, squished into paste or simply stuffed into a secure (if smelly) place to be retrieved later for a snack. Their ability to casually pick up and crush fully armoured knights lingers long in the minds of those who have had to fight them.

The Giant's clothing consists of either crudely joined furs or robes stitched together from material wrested from others more skilled with needles. Many Giants are thus arrayed in a riot of colours, from sun-bleached sailcloth, to brightly coloured Bretonnian barding.

Giants are powerful but unpredictable allies, and most of the time they don't even know what they are going to do next, never mind what the enemy thinks they are up to. A Giant's fickle nature is not improved by the vast quantities of liquor and beer often consumed before battle, and their tendency to think of anything smaller than themselves as food, including Men and other intelligent creatures, has caused more than one mercenary arrangement to end messily for the Giant's employers.

Giants often settle for a time before moving on, leaving behind ravaged countryside and flattened villages. Most live solitary lives, occasionally banding together with other Giants, Trolls, Ogres or Orcs to raid and pillage. Some Giants do find company to keep, particularly amongst Orc and Goblin tribes, and will sometimes even join other armies if they are not driven away. Giants will join up with Orc armies for a share of the spoils and a chance to take part in a big battle. Rival tribes will often fight over a Giant, with the big lumox winning, as he eats the casualties from both sides.

Fighting as a mercenary offers a constant supply of meat and drink, seeing as they have no compunctions about eating other races, or for that matter, other Giants and since gold has little use for a Giant other than as ornamentation, they are often willing to fight for the spoils alone. Giants and greenskins have a long history of association and it is common to find that a greenskin horde includes a Giant brought along to add weight (and height) to the army's combat prowess, as it is noticeable that Giants are one of the few races that are considerably bigger and dimmer than even the biggest, thickest Orc. The frequent presence of Giants amongst the forces of the green skinned races is thus easily explained: the Orcs and Goblins lives of constant warfare results in a steadier food supply. In addition, the Greenskins are fond of Giants. Orcs because Giants are everything they aspire to be: large, strong and unburdened by thought. Goblins because Giants are exactly what they need them to be: dumb as a post and relatively easily managed. Then again, maybe Giants just like to kill.

The Giants who live alongside Orc and Goblin tribes are perhaps the happiest of their kind, for in the Greenskins they find kindred spirits who delight in breaking things as

"He snores and eats all our gobbos, but dat big lug is handy in a fight..."

- Orc Warlord Grizgutz Badax

much as the Giants do. Although it costs a fortune in Goblins and captives to keep a Giant's massive appetite sated – even more than it would to keep a Troll quiet – for most Greenskin warlords the presence of a Giant is a welcome one. Not only do they scare the wits out of the enemy, but many Greenies revere the Giants as living embodiments of Mork and Gork, the perpetually quarrelling Orc Gods. They are very much part of the tribe, at one with the Orcy spirit of carefree violence. In fact, so buoyed up are they by the Greenskins appreciation of them, that eventually many of these Giants come to see themselves as nothing but enormous Orcs, and will bear symbols of their tribal association. They daub themselves with tattoos, warpaint, or even banners draped around their waists. Some strap the jaws of enormous beasts to their own to emulate the classic Orc profile, and go into battle bellowing war cries in the few words of rough Orcish their feeble brains can remember. Some say Giants have always played Dwarf Skittles, although it is rumoured that it was the Beard Burners Night Goblin tribe that first showed Giants the art of pitching Stunties. Some tribes are proud of their Giant, viewing him – from a safe distance – as a lucky, if violent, totem.

To most greenskins, a Giant is a bellowing, cursing display of raw might, ruthless aggression and really large stompy feet. Such is the sheer destruction unleashed when a Giant charges that Orcs and Goblins are driven into a frenzy of gleeful cheering and whooping. There are few sights more inspiring than watching one of "da big fellas" dispense huge portions of violence upon an enemy and stomping them into paste. For their part, Giants are happy to join an army of greenskins, as it significantly increases their chances of eating regularly and getting their hands on strong liquor. They're especially keen on the endless opportunities for thumping people. Amidst the endless battles, if an odd handful or two of Goblins happens to get scoffed along the way, no one seems to mind – it's just considered part of the rough and tumble of greenskin life.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	0	6	5	6	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Stubborn.

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	Thump with Club
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	Swing with Club

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).

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down his club on a single model from the target unit that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes D6 wounds which ignores Armour saves. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst he recovers his weapon.

'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.

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit.

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.

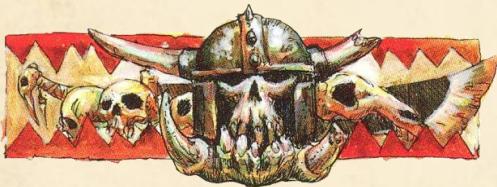
"So Bargrub's Ladz are take'n a proper thump'n and all getting dead right fast. I's cant have dat, 'cos I need the sod's gruntas, but I's hav'n a bit o' fun, all stuck in an such. So I see Lagruemorgt, hav'n a lot of drool on 'is gob and not much else ta do and I says he should take hisself over to where Bargrub is and sort out da humie knights wot are vex'n 'im. So Lag's game, an 'e trots over to get stuck in, an sharpish, humie knights are learn'n fly'n less'ens wit no wings. Lag gets a bit carried away tho, an 'e starts holler'n an leap'n around and pretty soon 'e fell over. Kilt most of da humies, an Bargrub, an a few o' da gruntas, too. I laughed so 'ard I bout soiled meself. Da biggest big un's are always good fer a laugh."

– Warboss Flaygit Boneshaker



ROGUE IDOL OF GORK

Crushing armoured knights, city walls and just about anything else that gets in their way with their brutal fists, Rogue Idols of Gork are the living embodiment of the spirit of the Waaagh!, gigantic stone and scrap effigies built in the shape of the greenskin gods and animated with their arcane power. Arrows and broadswords break and shatter on their rock bodies as they smash a brutal path of destruction through an army, near impervious to the blows being rained upon them, lacking muscle and sinew to damage or blood to spill.



Crudely fashioned from heaped stones and battlefield debris, they are unmentionably fetid and daubed with obscene glyphs and slogans. Some are no taller than a chapel door, the Orcs being too eager to fight to devote much time to building them, but when enough greenskin tribes gather to create a Waaagh!, as the mightiest of Orc armies are known, the idols can grow to immense proportions as if one of the greenskin gods themselves has come to watch the carnage their boyz are about to unleash. In war Rogue Idols of Gork loom over almost everything, striding implacably forwards with limbs the size of tree trunks and a malevolent grin on their leering faces. Needing neither food nor rest they do not tire but just carry on, butchering first one unit and then stomping off to smash apart the next one, and then the next one and so on until the army is either utterly destroyed or its warriors have fled.



Such is the erratic nature of these monsters and the fickle power that animates them, that although created by the power of Orc Shamans their control over them is tenuous at best and they often rampage where they will, collapsing when the magic that animates them wanes, only to reassemble themselves again as the winds of magic gather once more to storm force, sometimes years or even centuries later. At such times often the only way for a marauding Rogue Idol to be stopped is for a powerful wizard to bind the creature, but without a battle to unleash its fury upon, his hold upon it is a treacherous one at best.

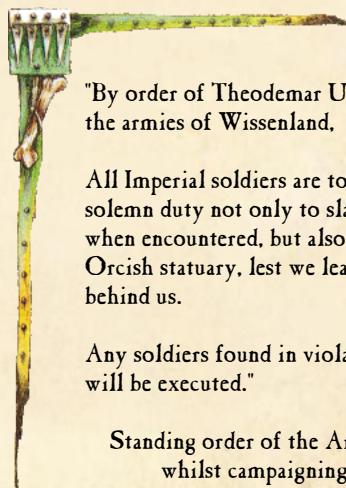
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rogue Idol	6	3	0	7	6	6	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (D6), Natural Armour (2+), Unbreakable, Unstable.

Da Big Un: A Rogue Idol of Gork (or possibly Mork!) is the personification of the spirit of the Waaagh! Imbued with so much potent Orcish power, the rocks and stone, detritus and old scrap that makes up a Rogue Idol's body is animated into a bestial likeness of a mighty Orc warrior, both in behaviour and savagery.

If it is possible for a Rogue Idol to charge an enemy it must do so (however if multiple targets are within charge range, its player may pick which to attack). At the start of any turn that a Rogue Idol is not able to charge or is not already in combat, its player must roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 it must instead charge a friendly unit if one is available to charge, and a single round of combat is fought as normal, after which the Rogue Idol is pushed 1" back if the charged unit does not break. If no friendly units are available to charge the Rogue Idol bellows and stomps, but otherwise may do nothing this turn.

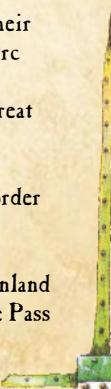


"By order of Theodemar Untrich, General of the armies of Wissenland,

All Imperial soldiers are to consider it their solemn duty not only to slaughter the Orc when encountered, but also to topple all Orcish statuary, lest we leave a worse threat behind us.

Any soldiers found in violation of this order will be executed."

Standing order of the Army of Wissenland whilst campaigning in Black Fire Pass



WYVERNS

While there are few beasts as ill-tempered and unpredictable as a greenskin, the Wyvern seems to fit the bill admirably. Wyverns have often been misidentified as smaller, fouler-smelling and much less intelligent Dragons from a distance, but only superficially, as there is no nobility of spirit in these debased and cruel beasts, and no Dragon would submit to being ridden by a being as ignoble as an Orc. Those who have seen both would not mistake one for the other – even apart from the Wyvern's lack of forelimbs, a Wyvern's body and head are shaped quite differently from a Dragon's, being less lithe and sinuous, and more heavily muscled for its size. However, the two races have many similarities and these are the kind of details that are easily overlooked when the observer is running as fast as possible in the other direction. For their part, Dragons look down on Wyverns as the lesser creatures they truly are, and embrace the idea that their races might share some thread of kinship with all the enthusiasm of an Elf Prince embracing a particularly drunken and vomit-stained Dwarf.

Wyverns have long necks, which dart forwards and back with lightning speed. Their heads are spiny and their mouths full of barbed teeth, while their constant screeching and roaring is extremely frightening. Wyverns have vast leathery wings that allow them to



fly, and a long, sinuous tail that drips with black venom that hisses when it touches the ground. They are scaly beasts, with thick plates of horn covering their bodies from head to foot. This makes them very difficult to slay, as their hide protects them from harm much like armour. Wyverns are ferocious when they attack with their huge rending claws and gaping jaws.

Wyverns live in dark caves, high in the most barren of mountains – most commonly those of the World's Edge range, though they can be found as far away as Naggaroth and Cathay – if one is sufficiently foolish enough to go looking. Wyverns care little for territory, and will fight its defence only if the transgressor looks suitably easy to overcome – a fact that, when coupled with the Wyvern's notoriously poor eyesight, has led to more than one beast picking an unwinnable fight after mistaken a maddened Hippogryph for something less frightening. On occasion, a Wyvern will venture far from its rocky eyrie or bone-filled and swoop over the plains in search of food – Wyverns are particularly fond of mutton – or sometimes merely in pursuit of ill-tempered mischief. So has the ungainly silhouette of a Wyvern in flight circling above become a bad omen in many lands. The greenskins on the other hand greet it with raucous cheers – another example of the strong imposing their will. It is this mean streak together with their sheer brute strength that attracts Orcs to them.

'Even if you raised it yerself, never turn yer back on a Wyvern. It'll bite off a bit as soon as look at yer, and it'll be a bit you're gonna miss.'

Orc Warboss Grod da One-legged

Wyverns are cannibalistic predators that are not above eating carrion and this, along with their other filthy habits, ensures Wyverns are amongst the most foul-smelling creatures imaginable. Wyverns rarely attack Humans unless their mountain homes are disturbed. They will swoop down and carry off large herd animals, but have long since learned that Humans are not worth the effort as prey unless the Wyverns are starving (not enough meat on them, and too much chance they might be armed with swords or spells).

Not even an Orc is daft enough to try and tame a fully-grown Wyvern, but they can often "persuade" adventurous or suitably bullied Goblins to clamber up the mountains, hoping to find an unattended nest with an egg or young hatchling to steal. These are then traded to other Goblins and subsequently sold to Orcs for a steep price. The Wyvern youngster is then raised by the more powerful Orc Warlords. These can be hand-reared to obey their masters (at least some of the time), and a trained Wyvern is the pride of the toughest Orc Warlords and the favoured mount of Great Shamans. However, the training process that a new-

born Wyvern undergoes is far from fool proof. Many would-be trainers wind up missing limbs... or worse. Frequent and enthusiastic brutalisation will eventually produce a creature that can be ridden by a determined and brave individual with a good head for heights.

Formidable combatants in their own right, Wyverns are doubly dangerous when they choose to allow Orc warriors of great power to be borne into battle upon their backs. They develop a strong bond of loyalty to their master, and some say they even grow to resemble him in character and appearance. Wyverns are voracious beasts that always hunger for fresh meat, and their Orc masters are always willing to throw a few unlucky gobbos into the feeding pit of their loyal winged steed. A Wyvern that has been tamed for riding by an Orc Warlord will be used in any manner the Orc can think of. Before combat the Warlord may mount his Wyvern for a scouting mission, trusting to what his own eyes can see rather than believing his Goblin scouts. During battle, the Wyvern is again used to oversee the situation, but can also carry the Orc into the thick of the fighting whenever the need arises.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	4	3	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Natural Armour (4+), Poisoned Attacks.



When Waagh! Nogdron descended upon the city of Balheim, it found the entire Talabecland army arrayed against it. Thousands of soldiers were arrayed in Balheim's defence, hardy warriors of Talabecland who stood firm as the Waagh! surged forward. So valiant were the men of the Empire that Nogdron swiftly lost patience with his army's progress. He spurred his wyvern, Snaptopooth, forward to the centre of the enemy army, where Arch Lector Fedorin marshaled his troops from a War Altar's lofty perch.

As the Wyvern's shadow fell over him, the Arch Lector smote his staff upon the ground and a bolt of holy soulfire leapt forth, charring the creature's scaly hide. Dull-witted though Snaptopooth was, he knew pain well enough and fled into the lightning-flecked skies – carrying an unwilling Warboss with him. The greenskins, their enthusiasm for the fight subdued by their Warboss' seeming retreat, lost all heart as the Talabeclanders surged forward. The Goblins routed first, to the usual Orcish jeers, but then the Orcs swiftly decided that, for once, the gobbos had the right of it and so began to retreat themselves. Seeing victory in his grasp, Fedorin roused the men of Talabecland to fresh deeds. He called upon Sigmar, upon duty to Emperor, land and lord. Ten thousand soldiers cheered their reply in one voice, and carried their swords and spears forward onto the greenskins.

Unfortunately for Fedorin, this was the precise moment at which Nogdron, having finally regained control of his unruly steed, re-entered the battle. Bellowing wildly, Warboss and Wyvern burst through the encircling storm clouds like a mucky emerald thunderbolt and slammed into the War Altar with a deafening thud; timbers splintered, iron buckled and the War Altar exploded in a shower of debris. In the wake of the battle, his aides were to diligently search the crater, but all they would find of their fallen master was a single finger bearing his ring of office.

For their part, Warboss and Wyvern had indeed survived, thanks mostly to a pair of thick skulls, and they rose roaring from the wreckage. Nogdron's victorious cry was answered from every corner of the battlefield, as his boyz took heart from their boss' deeds. Where the horde had been in full retreat it now surged forward once again. The Talabecland forces, who had thought the battle done and the pursuit begun, were caught completely wrong-footed. In moments, what had been a proud-arrayed army of the Empire was reduced to scattered islands of desperate warriors huddled around their regimental colours, calling on their last dregs of courage to stave off a sea of greenskins. All to no avail.



MAW-CRUSHERS

Tiny-minded and short-sighted, the thuggish Maw-Crushers barrel across the landscape pulverising anything in their way, be it trees, settlements or screaming people. Their bellow is loud enough to rupture organs, pop eyeballs and pulverise bones. They are even capable of a semblance of fight with their stubby wings, though it has been suggested that this is more the result of gravity not wanting to mess with them.



Most creatures have the good sense to steer well clear of Maw-Crushers, but not the Orcs. At first, Maw-crushas were a chance for brave Orcs to prove their mettle – often with fatal results. Then, some Warbosses managed to 'tame' a Maw-Crusher, either by yelling right back into their face or clambering up on their back where they couldn't reach them and battering

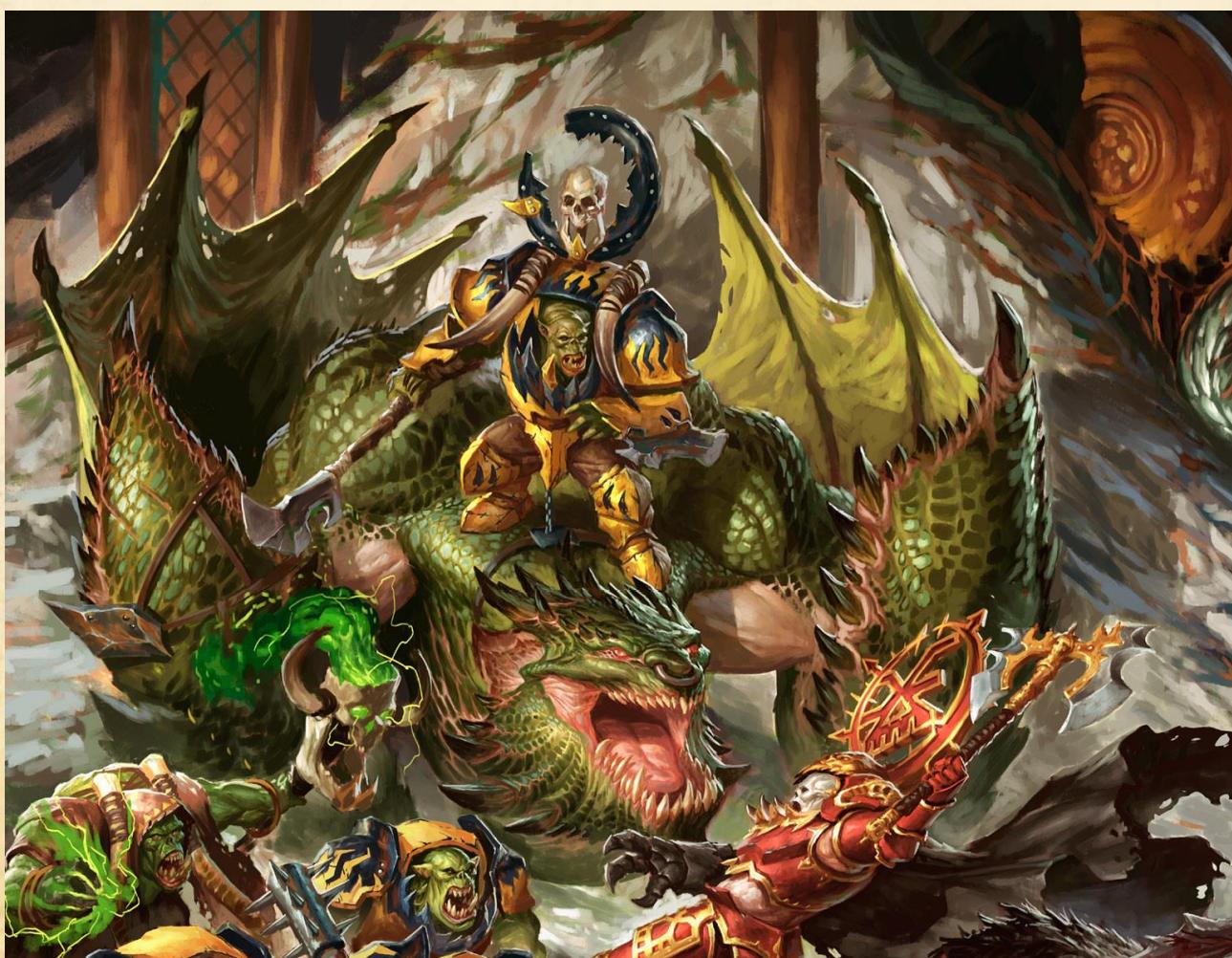
them about the head until they submitted. This uneasy pairing never really gets along especially well as Maw-Crushers never truly accept their riders, and need constant reminding of who is in charge with the liberal application of an iron boot to the back of the head. Fortunately, the monsters enjoy smashing stuff just as much as Orcs do, and can be distracted by a good fight.

An Orc Warboss on a Maw-Crusher barrels across the battlefield in an unstoppable avalanche of ill-tempered muscle that turns everything in its path into pulverised meat. Almost nothing on the battlefield can withstand their noisy rampage, and for each hero that falls under the Warboss' massive weapons, the Orcs swells with savage pride, while his boyz fight all the harder as their boss lets out his 'Waaagh!'.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Maw-Crusher	6	5	0	6	6	6	2	4	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Hover, Impact Hits (D6), Natural Armour (3+).



GORBAD IRONCLAW

Gorbad Ironclaw is one of the most infamous of all Orc Warbosses. In many records, Gorbad was the mightiest Orc Warlord that ever lived. In his day, Gorbad led a massive invasion that almost crushed the Empire. Atop his fearsome and explosively flatulent (boar, Gnarla, Gorbad drove his horde across the Empire, sacking and burning many great cities and even bringing Altdorf under siege. His armies succeeded in slaying Emperor Sigismund and wiping the Imperial province of Solland off the map. At the battle of Solland's Crown Gorbad slew Eldred, the last Count of Solland, and captured both his crown and sword, one of the ancient Runefangs of the Empire, 'Not too shabby,' as Orcs like to say.

Gorbad was a hulking Orc who rose to fame as the leader of the Ironclaw tribe. It was he who first built the Iron Rock, the most redoubtable Orc fastness in the Old World. Yet conquering greenskin tribes was no real challenge for Gorbad and so he inevitably crossed into the human land of the Empire. It was his horrific deeds there that raised Gorbad's status, making him a bloody inspiration to his kind and a byword for 'invasions done propa'. It is said that Gorbad could single-handedly destroy enemy regiments and headbutt a war boar into a tongue-lolling comatose state. However, it wasn't his remarkable strength that allowed Gorbad to wreak such havoc. Gorbad was a supreme Warboss, able to drive his troops, whether Orcs or Goblins, to their utmost. Tribes from all corners travelled to join this legendary leader.

Most of the truly hulking Orc Warbosses disdain the weaker types that rush to join a successful Waaagh!, generally considering goblinoids too puny to aid the cause. Gorbad did attract many hard units, especially Orc Big 'Uns, yet he had



an eye for when to use lesser types too. He was a master at ordering Goblin screens and Wolf Rider flank attacks. Despite his brawn and predilection for close combat, Gorbad wasn't above winning a battle through massed archery or war machine batteries. He used the troops he had and drove them to do their best. It was this flexibility that garnered the mighty Warboss a bloody and unbroken string of triumph after triumph.

Of course, it helped that if the battle wasn't going his way, Gorbad could rear up on Gnarla, his immensely large war boar, and bellow out his Waaagh! so that it echoed across the battlefield like thunder. Every greenskin who heard this war cry surged forth with renewed and rampant violence, a call to once again rise to greatness and to bloody victory.

Even today, almost a thousand years after his death, the name of Gorbad Ironclaw is feared in the Empire and his memory is kept alive by the Orc Warlords that have succeeded him. Perhaps none will ever be as great again – he is the greatest of all Orc heroes and an inspiration to all Orc-kind.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorbad Ironclaw	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	10
Gnarla the War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: **Choppas**, **Size Matters**, **Thick-skinned**, **Tusker Charge** (Gnarla only), **Waaagh!**.

Da Great Leader: *Gorbad can whip any rabble into an effective fighting force.*

Friendly units within 18" of Gorbad that fail an Animosity test add his current number of Wounds to their roll on the Animosity table.

Da Boss 'as a Plan!: Gorbad must be army's General, and he also has the "Hold Your Ground" ability like a Battle Standard. In addition, the range of Gorbad's Inspiring Presence and Hold Your Ground! Abilities is increased from 12" to 18". Note that you may not choose a separate Battle Standard in an army that includes Gorbad.

Orcs are da Best: *Gorbad was the most inspirational Orc leader of all time and drew the biggest and best Orc fighters from across the land to fight under his banner.*

An Orc & Goblin army that includes Gorbad may upgrade any number of units of Orc Boyz and/or Orc Boar Boyz to Big 'Uns.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Morglor the Mangler (Magic Weapon)

Morglor the Mangler is one of the most feared weapons ever to be wielded by an Orc warlord, its thirst for mayhem and death matched only by that of its owner.

When using Morglor the Mangler Gorbad gains the Always Strikes First, Multiple Wounds (D3) and Ignores Armour saves special rules.

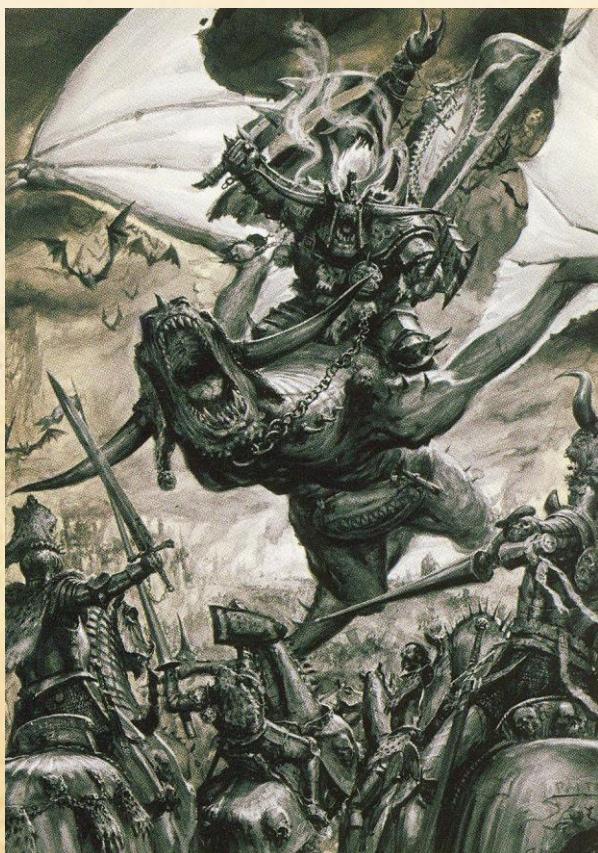


AZHAG THE SLAUGHTERER

Azhag was a threat like no other. One of the most dangerous Orc Warlords of recent history, Azhag's campaigns of destruction brought the eastern provinces of the Empire to the brink of ruin. After defeating countless Orc and Goblin tribes from the Worlds Edge Mountains, Azhag led his Waaagh! into Ostermark, there to slaughter and burn. He looted several towns, destroying the Temple of Sigmar at Nachtdorf in the process. Many of the battles were fought in the depths of winter, and though the men of the Empire starved, the Orcs never went hungry for they will eat any meat, no matter how foul. Though a bitter blow to the Empire, Waaagh! Azhag did not last long and broke up after he was slain in a bloody battle near Osterwald.

What made Azhag so unusual was his ominous iron crown, which emanated an ancient evil. It was this crown, a relic of olden days, which granted Azhag sorcerous powers and a sinister council beyond the comprehension of any greenskin. This evil combination of Orcish brute strength and a brilliant, if completely malevolent, ability to grasp far-seeing strategy made for a deadly combination.

Having discovered the magic crown amidst the ruins of a long-forgotten city, Azhag soon rose to ascension in his tribe. Rivals were easily beaten, for the crown whispered fell plans to Azhag. It is true that Azhag did not fully understand many of the suggestions, and often the crown used a vocabulary beyond the grasp of the



Orc Warboss, but still, the plans worked to perfection. Many battles with rival Orcs or the barbaric human warbands followed and Azhag led his tribe to resounding victory each time. As word of his deeds spread, many greenskins travelled to join Azhag.

Many of his followers noted marked changes in Azhag. He used un-Orcish words and often tried to explain orders instead of simply cracking skulls and bellowing. The hordes forgave such peculiarities, as the victories were rapidly stacking up. As the crown fully grafted itself into his mind, Azhag felt a yearning to travel southwards. With a growing Waaagh! at his back, Azhag marched from the wastelands towards the land of the crown's origins. As the evil artefact sought its original owner, Azhag struggled to have a say in his own actions. For all his brutish simplicity, Azhag found he could still, at times, exert his will. So the army zig-zagged along its journey, getting side-tracked despite the protests ringing in Azhag's head. To the crown's frustration, Azhag could not resist raiding towns or rushing headlong to confront armies raised against him. At times when the crown and Azhag's willpower struggled for control, the Orc commander would go into trances or move slowly, as if sleepwalking. More than one of Azhag's lackeys heard the Warboss mumbling nonsense or even arguing with himself.

One of the oddities that the greenskin army grew to favour was Azhag's new habit of reviewing troops before a battle. The mobs took inspiration from seeing Azhag, mounted atop the Wyvern, Skullmuncha, flapping down the battleline. He had a disturbing trait of stopping to give a mob orders that were seldom understood. Once the fighting was underway, however, all knew that Azhag would wade in as needed. During several engagements Azhag flew into the thick of the battle to lop off many enemy heads and turn the tide. At times, Azhag's eyes and crown would glow with a dark nimbus and horrific, un-Orcish spells would blast the foes. Many Orcs found such behaviour not right, but as long as they were fighting and winning, they tolerated such peculiarities. Still, some grumbled that no good would come of such behaviour, and in the end they were proven correct.

Azhag rode to battle on the back of his malodorous Wyvern, Skullmuncha, directing the arcane fury of his crown against the foe, often harrying his retreating enemies from the air after a battle.



"Now is your time," murmured the ancient voice inside Azhag's head. "Just what I thought," growled the Orc Warlord, kicking the flanks of his Wyvern. The creature leapt into the sky with a vicious hiss.
"Time for some fun."

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Azhag the Slaughterer	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9
Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	4	3	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Orc).
Mounted on Skullmuncha the Wyvern (Monster).

SPECIAL RULES (Azhag): Choppas, Size Matters, Waaagh!.

Get on Wiv it!: Azhag has no tolerance for in-fighting.

Any unit within range of Azhag's Inspiring Presence that fails an Animosity test must immediately re-roll the dice.

SPECIAL RULES (Skullmuncha): Fly, Natural Armour (4+), Poisoned Attacks.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Slagga's Slashas (Magic Weapon)

Azhag has carried these crude weapons for most of his violent career, and with them has cleaved both enemies and rivals.

Two hand weapons. The Slashas allow Azhag to re-roll failed To Hit rolls in the first round of combat.

Azhag's 'Ard Armour (Magic Armour)

The 'Ard Armour has saved Azhag's skin on many occasions, the many charms worked into it lending the iron supernatural hardness.

Medium armour. The 'Ard Armour gives Azhag the Ward save (5+) special rule.



Daemon Staff (Arcane Item)

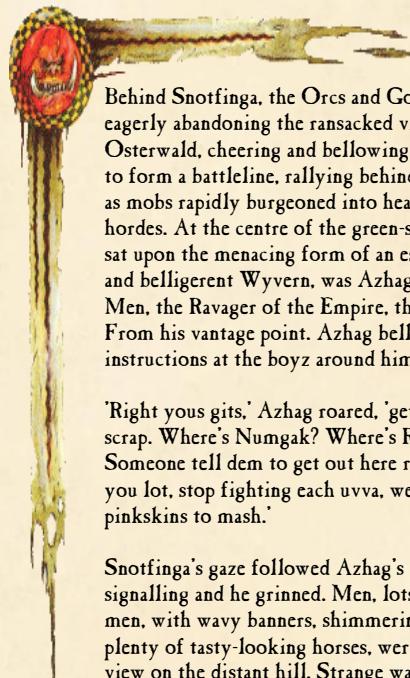
This deceptively childish looking puppet was originally part of a Tzeentchian wizard's totem, wrenched from his dead fingers by Azhag after the battle of Grim Spire.

The Daemon Staff gives Azhag +1 to cast spells.

The Crown of Sorcery (Enchanted Item)

The Crown of Sorcery speaks to Azhag with a voice as dry as the grave and as old as the southern deserts, offering words of counsel and power way beyond the ken of most Orcs. The whispering voices of the Crown provide all the knowledge required to cast spells. However, having two voices in Azhag's head can get pretty confusing at times – for himself and his followers both. After his final defeat by a large Empire army this crown was taken by the Grand Theogonist of Sigmar and locked away forever.

The crown makes Azhag a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death. In addition, Azhag suffers from Stupidity.

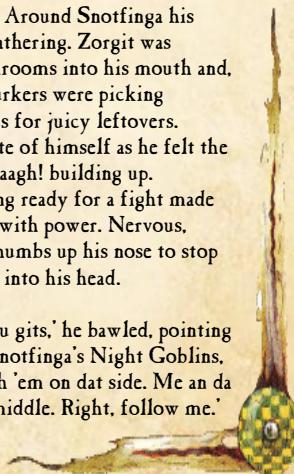


Behind Snotfinga, the Orcs and Goblins were eagerly abandoning the ransacked village of Osterwald, cheering and bellowing as they hurried to form a battleline, rallying behind crude banners as mobs rapidly burgeoned into heaving, cursing hordes. At the centre of the green-skinned throng, sat upon the menacing form of an especially large and belligerent Wyvern, was Azhag, the Bane of Men, the Ravager of the Empire, the Slaughterer. From his vantage point, Azhag bellowed instructions at the boyz around him.

'Right yous gits,' Azhag roared, 'get ready for a scrap. Where's Numgak? Where's Rotgob? Someone tell dem to get out here right now! Oi, you lot, stop fighting each uvva, we've got pinkskins to mash.'

Snotfinga's gaze followed Azhag's furious signalling and he grinned. Men, lots and lots of men, with wavy banners, shimmering armour and plenty of tasty-looking horses, were marching into view on the distant hill. Strange war machines were wheeled into view between a sea of gleaming halberds and speartips as the humie bosses barked out orders of their own. Around Snotfinga his own mob was quickly gathering. Zorgit was shovelling madcap mushrooms into his mouth and, over to his right the Murkers were picking through a pile of detritus for juicy leftovers. Snotfinga giggled in spite of himself as he felt the thrilling zing of the Waaagh! building up. Hundreds of boyz getting ready for a fight made the air crackle and buzz with power. Nervous. Snotfinga jammed his thumbs up his nose to stop too much power getting into his head.

'Now's da time lads! You gits,' he bawled, pointing at da Slaughterers and Snotfinga's Night Goblins. 'take Beanpole and smash 'em on dat side. Me an da Murkers will go up da middle. Right, follow me.'



GRIMGOR IRONHIDE

The Green Slaughterer, Harbinger of Gork

The fightiest greenskin to ever walk, Grimgor Ironhide is a Black Orc Warboss of particularly fierce disposition. Grimgor is so mean, he once slew the majority of his own army because they failed to kill some Elves fast enough and it's said that Grimgor used his magical axe Gitsnik to level an entire mountain peak because it 'got in me way'.

No one knows Grimgor's early history, the only Orc foolish enough to ask quickly joined the former Warboss of the Yellow Eyes tribe in a broken heap in a ditch. All that is known is that Grimgor had staggered out of the Blasted Wastes with a grizzled, bloody and much scarred bodyguard. The few survivors were all tired and hungry, but they were also all Black Orcs, and particularly hard ones at that. They had clearly seen much combat and some of the blood and wounds were fresh, but after that first time nobody dared ask. What they lacked in numbers they more than made up for with single-minded brutality. Grimgor easily took over the first tribe he met, conquered the second and annihilated the third, quickly establishing themselves as the dominant force in the region. Tribes that fought well, like the Skullsplittaz, were allowed to limp off, but most, like the Goblin-dominated Bonepickaz or the Red Spears, were smashed aside or annihilated. Soon the most formidable tribes along both sides of the northern Worlds Edge Mountains were either following Grimgor or had fallen before his blood-splattered axe. There was never enough killing for Grimgor.

Even for a Black Orc, Grimgor's thirst for war was exceptional. If a single day went by without a battle, Grimgor was known to start camp-decimating arguments, his one good eye blazing with eagerness out from a mass of scars to find fault with those around him and start a good scrap. Two days without a battle and Grimgor would kill anything unfortunate enough to come within arm's reach, save (perhaps) his fellow Black Orcs. Three days, and the army's in trouble. No one knows for sure what would happen if three days without a battle ever occurred, but even scarred veterans tremble just to think of it. He seeks nothing less than eternal battle. For an Orc this marks him out as a leader and as a huge Black Orc with unmatched fighting skills and ferocity and a following of more of the same this marks him out for greatness; the prophet and harbinger of Gork. He embodies the spirit of the wanton, bloodthirsty battle lust that drives every Orc. Within a month of arriving he had carved himself a small empire in the northern edge of the Worlds Edge Mountains, always seeking battle, seldom seeking followers though greenskins flocked to his banner.

The Dwarfs of Karak-Kadrin were the first of their kin to feel his wrath, and he struck them with insane ferocity. Those he did not kill he captured and tortured, plucking their beards

"I'm gonna stomp 'em to dust, I'm gonna grind their bones. I'm gonna burn down dere towns and cities. I'm gonna pile 'em up inna big fire and mast 'em. I'm gonna bash 'ends, break faces and jump up and down on da bits dal are left. An den I'm gonna get really mean."

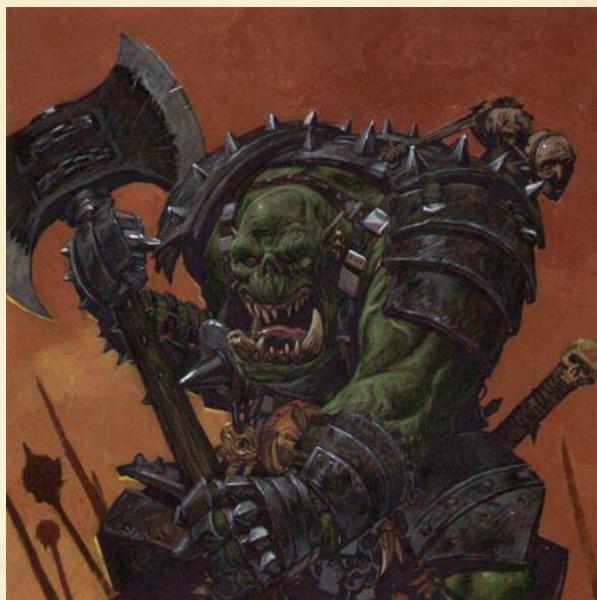
Grimgor Ironhide, Black Orc Warboss

out hair by hair, or heating their armour until they baked alive. He never tried to take the hugely fortified hold itself, content to butcher those that were sent against him until the Dwarfs despaired of their losses and settled down behind their defences to wait out the approaching winter. But Grimgor would not wait and went north once more, down Peak Pass and into Kislev to find fresh victims there.

Though the Kislevites are valiant fighters and well used to the icy grip of winter, the viciousness with which Grimgor attacked sent their forces reeling. Three armies were sent to stop him and he slaughtered them all in turn, feasting on the fallen. Then, as he approached Kislev itself, the prayers of the Ice Queen were answered and a blizzard struck the advancing greenskins. Without warning the army was wrapped in a freezing cloak of whirling ice, stinging the eyes, scouring the flesh and confusing the senses. The Goblins whined and the Orcs thrashed them forwards, but the way was unclear. All landmarks were lost in the swirling maze of whiteness and after blundering around in a confused rage Grimgor halted the army to sit it out.

It was as well that there were many hundreds of Goblins with the host as Grimgor slew dozens in his rage and frustration at being halted. Soon the Orc shamans began to talk of sorcery and that the storm was unnatural. Another day went past and Grimgor ordered the army hack towards the mountains. Travelling this way the storm seemed to abate, but each time they turned again to march once more on Kislev the winds whipped up and pelted them with ice. Grimgor returned to the Worlds Edge Mountains in a fury that boded ill for those that stood in his way. As it happened, it was the Skaven of Clan Mors that fell foul of this wrath.

Grimgor had finally decided to find a base from which to strike, and the ancient Dwarf hold of Karak Ungor seemed just the right place to start. Most of the Red Eye Goblins that swarmed through the former dwarf Hold were already followers of Grimgor, and the few that weren't soon learned their mistake.



"Everyfing I see is mine. All da uvver bits are mine too – I just ain't got there yet. When we reach da end of da world, we'll turn around an' march back."
- Grimgor Ironhide

But it was in the deepest tunnels that Grimgor found his real enemy and soon the old workings rang to the sounds of battle. Month after month the battles raged, thousands of Skaven and greenskins dying for each room, each corridor. Time and again Grimgor would think the Skaven destroyed, just to stumble on a secret passage hiding yet more of the vermin. With no map and both the Night Goblins and Skaven adding to the already labyrinthine passageways, Grimgor retired to the upper levels, leaving his followers to battle it out in the depths. This was lust what he was looking for a battle that never ended. And so it is to this day – in the spring Grimgor leads his followers into Kislev or the Empire, slaughtering all who stand before him. In the winter he retreats to his stronghold in the remains of Karak Ungor, known to men as Red Eye Mountain, and there spends his time murdering the Skaven that infest the lower levels. But there are signs that he grows weary of this and seeks to enlarge his domains. In recent years he has lingered ever longer in the Empire and some fear that one year he won't return to Red Eye Mountain. Old wives tell their children to be good lest the Orcs get them, and when they do they think of Grimgor.

Grimgor maintains a tough, elite retinue of Black Orc warriors around him. This is the hard-as-nails mob known as da Immortulz, a moniker earned due to their habit of surviving almost impossible battles (although rumours abound that they tend to go rekrootin' after a fight with a bit more fervour than usual). This veteran bodyguard has seen many battles alongside Grimgor, and they enjoy their grisly work. On the whole, Grimgor much prefers Black Orcs to any other kind of greenskin, but plenty of weedier types have snuck into his camp when the steely gaze of his single eye is fixed elsewhere. An assorted and ever-changing Orc & Goblin army surrounds Grimgor, who isn't so much an intentional leader, rather a destructive force of nature who is so inspiring that many greenskins flock to fight alongside a Warboss who has been so obviously blessed by Gork and Mork. So long as things are going well (which means there are lots of other things to fight against), Grimgor tolerates the company of other Orcs and Goblins, at least as long as they stay out of his sight. However, when Grimgor runs dry of opponents to chop into offal, the many tag-along tribes drifting in his wake are liable to end up on the wrong side of Grimgor's frustration and his magical axe, Gitsnik. At times like these, the smarter tribes tend to keep well away from Grimgor's camp for a while.

Grimgor has slaughtered his way across the Blasted Wastes to the centre of the Empire and back. Yet after winning many victories, Grimgor returned to Red Eye Mountain. Deep underground, beyond where the Red Eye Night Goblins dwell, the endless hordes of Skaven can be found. Here, for a time, Grimgor can appease his need for daily butchery – for the ratmen feed uncountable numbers into the fray solely to occupy Grimgor's fury. Yet eventually Grimgor will grow weary, striking out again in search of a worthier challenge – and when he does so, the world will tremble with fear, each nation praying that Grimgor won't head in their direction.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	5	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Black Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Hatred, Immunity (Psychology), Quell Animosity, Waaagh!.

He's da Boss: If your army includes Grimgor, he must be the Army General.

Da Immortulz: *This unit of Black Orcs are as scarred and grizzled as Grimgor, veterans of his days in the wastes. The bodyguard is infamous for its standard bearer, Taugrek the Throttler, who recaptured Grimgor's personal banner when it fell in battle against the hordes of Vardek Crorn.*

Grimgor must always be accompanied by his grizzled Black Orc bodyguard, and may join no other unit. The Immortulz are a unit of Black Orcs with an additional +1 Weapon Skill. Grimgor must deploy with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit. As long as Grimgor is alive, the Immortulz have the Hatred special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gitsnik (Magic Weapon)

This large and blood spattered axe, whose name simply means 'foe killer', came from the forges of Zharr-Nagron and, despite constant use, has never grown dull. It has many charms and pouches chained to its haft. These contain powerful sorceries woven by mighty Orc Shamans that enable Grimgor or to wield Gitsnik with blurring speed.

Close combat attacks made with Gitsnik are resolved at +2 Strength. In addition, the axe grants Grimgor the Always Strikes First special rule.

Blood-Forged Armour (Magic Armour)

After being forged, this armour was cooled with the blood of Dwarf Runesmiths. Battered, scarred and twisted, just like its wearer, the Blood-forged Armour has served Grimgor well in many battles.

The Blood-forged Armour gives Grimgor a 1+ armour save and a 5+ ward save.

Mork's All-Seeing Eye (Talisman)

This small but potent artefact bangs from Grimgor's armour, the spoils from a victorious bead-butting contest with Mork himself (Grimgor claims). Through this talisman Mork watches over Grimgor and protects him from enemy spells.

The Eye gives Grimgor the Magic Resistance (1) special rule.

"Grimgor is da greatest!"

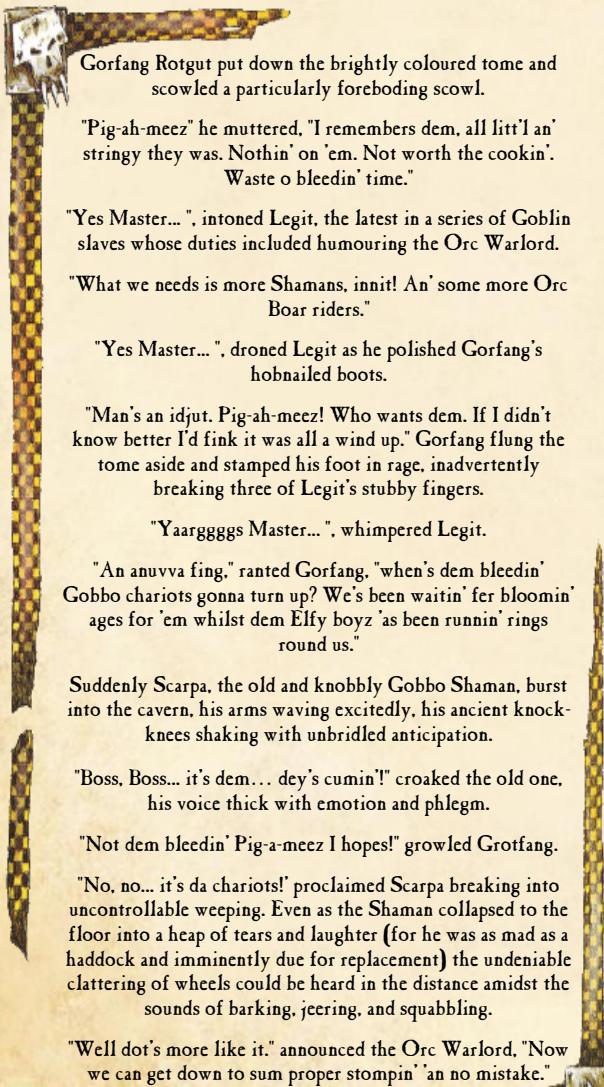
- Grimgor Ironhide

GORFANG ROTGUT

Chieftain of Black Crag

Gorfang Rotgut is the current chieftain of the Orcs of Black Crag – once the ancient ruined Dwarf hold of Karak Drazh – at the western end of Death Pass, taken over by Orcs many years ago. Over the centuries many tribes have fought over and occupied Black Crag, and the most powerful tribe has always taken the crag as its homeland. Gorfang's tribe, the Red Fangs, is currently the most powerful Orc tribe in the whole of the area around the western end of Death Pass. Gorfang has subjugated most of the local Orc tribes but his neighbours are the Night Goblins of Karak Eight Peaks whose leader is the old and infamously cunning Skarsnik. The two leaders enjoy an uneasy alliance, with Skarsnik controlling the mountains around Karak Eight Peaks and the eastern end of Death Pass, while Gorfang controls the western end of Death Pass and the adjoining area.

Gorfang is an immensely strong Orc. He lost an eye at the Battle of the Jaws, fighting against the Dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak, and now wears an iron patch to cover the wound. Many of his battles have been fought against Dwarfs, including the siege of Barak Varr and the attack on Karak Azul. As a result of his long struggles Gorfang has acquired a bitter and utter hatred of the Dwarf race. He wears the beards of the dwarfs he has slain around his waist like pelts in an effort to further enrage the sons of Grungni.



When Gorfang attacked Karak Azul he broke into Lord Kazador's throne room and captured many of the Dwarf Lord's kinsfolk. Some were taken back to the dungeons of Black Crag where they remain to this day, to the anger of Kazador. The Dwarf Lord's son, Kazrik, was not taken captive but was shaved, and his head tattooed with a crude Orc glyph representing Gorfang. Then he was firmly nailed to Kazador's own throne. Although Kazrik survived, the experience has unhinged him somewhat. Lord Kazador has sworn vengeance and awaits the day when he can crush the Orc chieftain. During this infamous and audacious attack on Karak Azul, Gorfang also captured several of King Kazador's kinsmen. Though attempts have been made to rescue them, it is believed that they still languish in the dungeons beneath Black Crag.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Hatred (Dwarfs), Size Matters, Waaagh!.

The Red Fang (Magic Weapon)

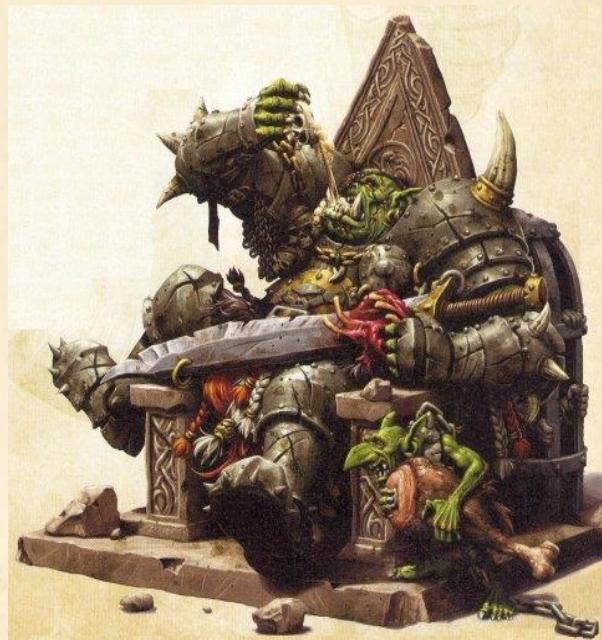
The large sword that is always clutched tightly in Gorfang's fist is the blade known as the Red Fang. Some say this was named for his tribe and others that the tribe was named after it. Either way, it is the right of the chieftain of the tribe to carry it and is taken from a defeated chieftain only by a successful challenger.

The Red Fang gives the wielder +1 Attack and +1 To Hit in close combat.

Evil Sun Armour (Magic Armour)

This includes a shield and is bedecked with grimacing faces.

Heavy armour and shield. This armour gives Gorfang the Magic Resistance (2) special rule.



MORGLUM NECKSNAPPER

Black Orcs come from the east, from the Dark Lands and the Mountains of Mourn where the land lies under a cloud of black volcanic dust. Some Black Orc tribes have undertaken the arduous journey across the Dark Land into the west, where they have conquered Orc and Goblin tribes. The most feared of these tribes is the Necksnappers under their ambitious chieftain Morglum.

Most Orcs are loud and quarrelsome, but Black Orcs are quiet and stern, strong and silent. This is especially true of Morglum who appears to be almost entirely fearless. Morglum is renowned for his short, to the point battle cries and terse tactical observations. In 2488 he led his forces across the World's Edge Mountains and defeated a large Bretonnian errant army at the Battle of Death Pass which had been methodically cleansing the northern Badlands of greenskins for several years. As the Bretonnian duke and his surviving knights galloped frantically out of Death Pass towards the setting sun, pursued by hordes of Goblin Wolf Riders, Morglum Necksnapper made his famous pronouncement "Let 'em tell da King. Da east belongs to da Orcs. Da east belongs to Morglum. Da east is green".

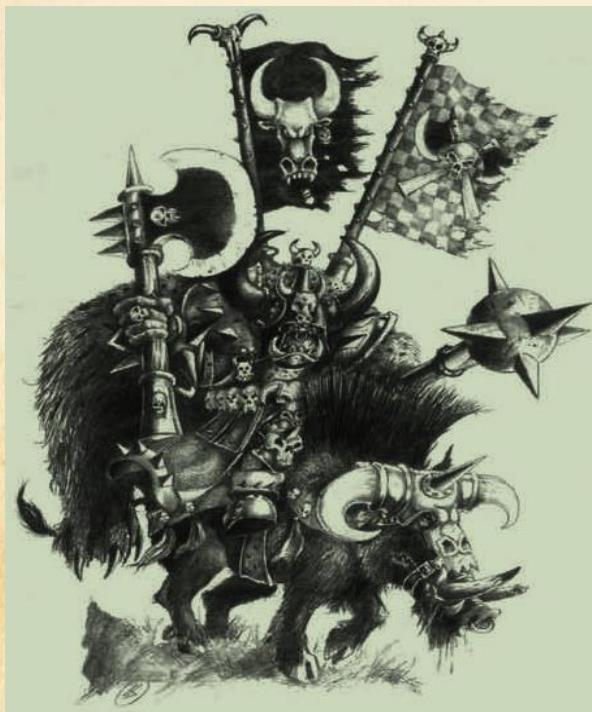
Aided by his second-in-command, Oglok da 'Orrible, Morglum later united with the Orc Warboss, Gorfang Rotgut, to attack Karak Azul. The greenskins briefly took possession of the Hold and captured many of King Kazador's kin.

"If it ain't green, belt it till it stops movin'. Then belt it against, jus' to be sure."

- Morglum Necksnapper at the Battle of Death Pass

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Morglum	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Black Orc).



SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Immunity (Psychology), Quell Animosity, Waaagh!.

Natural Leader: *Morglum is in charge or there will be trouble. He doesn't take kindly to anyone trying to occupy his natural position as general.*

If your army includes Morglum, he must be the Army General.

"The only good stunty is a dead stunty. And the only thing better than a dead stunty is a dyin' stunty that tells yer where to find his mates."

- Morglum Necksnapper

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Humie Hewers (Magic Weapon)

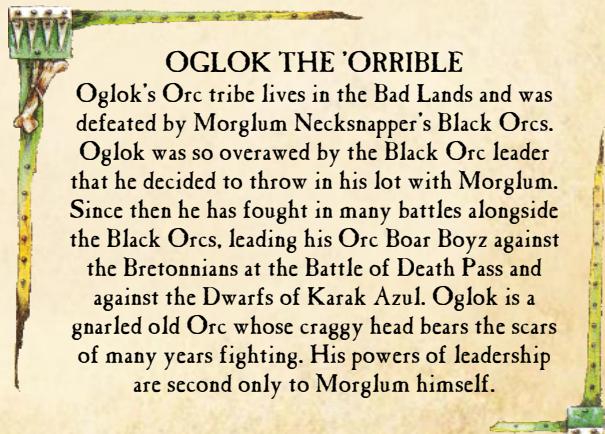
With his twin axes, Morglum leaves a bloody trail of severed heads as he plows through the enemy ranks in the time-honoured tradition of the Necksnappers. While riding, Morglum is able to swing both axes with no trouble, having beaten his boar into submission in a day-long head-butting contest.

Two hand weapons. Whenever Morglum's To Hit roll on a D6 is higher than his target's Weapon Skill, the attack will not only hit regardless of the score normally needed to hit, but will also be multiplied into 2 Hits.

Bulak's Bloody Armour (Magic Armour)

This old and well-crafted suit of armour once belonged to the previous Warboss of the Necksnapper tribe. It is encrusted with that will never wash off. Most of the blood seems to actually be Bulak's rather than that of his enemies, which is why Morglum is now the one wearing it. Rumour has it that the pit fight fought for leadership of the Necksnapper tribe was not fair at all, and the spirit of the long-dead Bulak seems to inhabit the armour still, spitefully inflicting revenge on its new owner.

Heavy armour. This armour gives Morglum the Ward save (4+) special rule. However, if he rolls a 1 when rolling his ward save the number of Wounds suffered is doubled as the bitter spirit of Bulak takes his revenge!



OGLOK THE 'ORRIBLE

Oglok's Orc tribe lives in the Bad Lands and was defeated by Morglum Necksnapper's Black Orcs. Oglok was so overawed by the Black Orc leader that he decided to throw in his lot with Morglum. Since then he has fought in many battles alongside the Black Orcs, leading his Orc Boar Boyz against the Bretonnians at the Battle of Death Pass and against the Dwarfs of Karak Azul. Oglok is a gnarled old Orc whose craggy head bears the scars of many years fighting. His powers of leadership are second only to Morglum himself.



WURRZAG UD URA ZAHUBU

The Great Green Prophet, Great Shaman of the Bone Nose Tribe

Wurrzag Ud Ura Zahubu is a Savage Orc Shaman of mighty mystical powers. Known as da Great Green Prophet, Wurrzag is guided along his path by the greenskin gods. He leads tribes to greatness before wandering off to pursue yet another mad plan to advance Orcish kind.

Ever since he was a young pup, Wurrzag had been in trouble. The Bone Nose tribe's shaman, Old Wizzbang, was a jealous and cantankerous Orc who didn't want any young 'uns stealing his thunder. So the day Wurrzag was found in a trance, with his eyes glowing green, floating in mid-air with crackles of green lightning arcing from him to the ground he was unceremoniously kicked out of the tribe into the impossibly overgrown maze of the jungle. This was not a good thing for Wurrzag, as the general idea was that he get himself eaten as soon as possible by one of the slavering monsters that lurked there.

But Gork and Mork had other plans.

Wurrzag didn't know about these plans and expected to be something's meal at any moment. However, panic can only last so long, and after several hours of not being eaten he decided that he was hungry himself and went to look for his own lunch. Perhaps it was his crackling green lightning, perhaps it was the odd smell of ozone that hung about him, but all the slavering monsters decided they had urgent appointments elsewhere and avoided him.

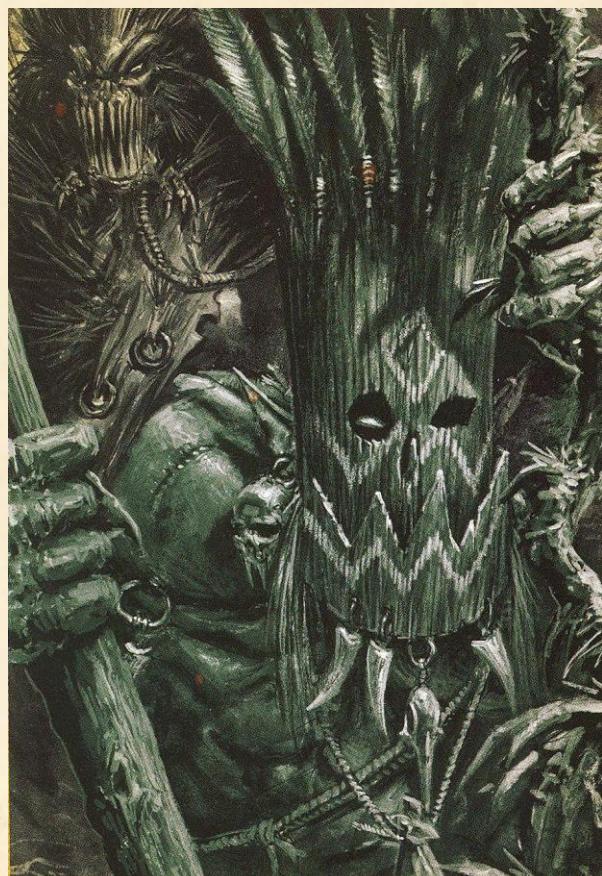
The days went by, then months and years, and Wurrzag grew into a large and imposing Orc. He was never bothered by the many dangerous beasties that threatened others who ventured into the green maze of the jungle alone. In fact, he rather liked them being there as they were excellent guards for him when the vision trances overtook him and he lay mewling, helpless and unseeing, or wandering like a sleepwalker through the trees. The visions which had plagued him since he was a pup had grown stronger over the years even though the Waaagh! energy from the constant fighting and squabbling of the Boyz no longer coursed all about. These visions led him all over the jungle, always seeking something, but never finding it until the fateful night when both moons were full at once.

He snapped out of his trance in a clearing, staring up at the moons. He was lying in the ruined square of what had once been a huge Orc fort, or castle, or something. He'd never seen anything like it. Curious, he started to explore, finding tumbled parapets and halls, many bedecked with strange and crumbling wall paintings. There was a ring of familiarity about the place, though he'd never been there before, and this soon led him to a sturdy building in one corner of the compound. It was as ruined and overgrown as the rest, though Wurrzag could feel it was somehow important. He pondered this, scuffing at the debris with his foot, but finding nothing. At last, when he had given up on finding anything, he fell through the floor.

When he woke again his head hurt, but the pain was forgotten the moment he laid eyes on the mask. The skeleton that wore it was well past its best and didn't resist when Wurrzag relieved it of its burden. Odd, that. The skeleton was almost dust, but the wooden mask was fine. Dusty, but fine. He tried it on and almost fell over a third time. Instead of a dimly lit, rubble choked hole he stood in a brightly lit throne room with torches blazing and furs strewn over an elaborately carved throne. Wurrzag wrenched the mask from his face to look again, or at least he would have done if he could have removed it, but it was stuck fast! Then, before he could struggle further, a glowing green figure appeared and he stopped in his tracks.

In front of him stood his mirror image: a young Savage Orc shaman wearing a strange wooden mask. However, this one had a skull topped staff too and seemed to be made of a translucent green mist. Wurrzag stood with his mouth open and stared, then the figure began to speak. "Wurrzag," he said. "Gork and Mork have chosen you for a great mission – you must seek out the Once And Future Git and bring him here." Wurrzag stared some more. Everyone had heard of this mythical Greenskin that once led them all, and would someday return to lead them to victory again against their many enemies before falling in battle at the end of the world itself.

"Here?" Wurrzag finally managed.



"Yes," said the apparition. "The true Git will prove himself by drawing his axe once more from the Gaffastone." The ghost gestured in the direction of a large stone in the corner, crudely shaped in the image of a stout, bearded figure. Buried in its head was a large and ornately wrought axe, glittering in the torchlight. "Only the Git can do this," continued the green shaman, "and it is your task to seek him out and bring him here. Take this, it will help you." he concluded, handing the staff to Wurrzag. And with that the vision faded.

And so Wurrzag's quest began. He started by returning to the Bone Noses – the tribe that had thrown him out. Old Wizzbang was still there and still crotchety as ever, but Wurrzag was rather different. The confrontation lasted mere seconds and when the dust settled Old Wizzbang had disappeared. In his place was an unusual looking Squig which Wurrzag took for himself and which now rides atop the Bonewood staff.

As the tribe prepared to ritually eat Wurrzag for his deed, the marinated Orc entered a trance and spouted a tale of long ago, when the now-sorry Bone Nose tribe ruled the lands. The cold-blooded ones came and built great pyramids, driving the tribe away and destroying their idols. Since those shameful days, the tribe had lived under a curse.

"I'm off to find Da Git," bellowed Wurrzag to the assembled crowd. "Anyone comin'?" And with that he strode over to the Boar pens, stared down the biggest and most surly of the lot, and rode off north. Naturally the rest of the tribe followed...

Wurrzag had rekindled their spirit of conquest and, filling in for their transformed Shaman, led the Bone Nose warriors to level the nearest lizard-city. Using the rubble of the wrecked pyramid, Wurrzag ordered the greenskins to erect two edifices. To this day these same stone-faced idols watch over the Bone Noses and the tribe's fortune has grown.

Next Wurrzag travelled to the Land of the Dead, where, after saving the Spotted Skullz tribe, he was presented with the Bonewood Staff. In the Badlands, Wurrzag raised new effigies of Gork and Mork, for which he was given the War Boar Spleenrippa, by the Iron Pig tribe. Speaking with other tribal Shamans at every stop on his journey, Wurrzag sought out the best Big Bosses and the most promising Warbosses. His message was always the same – Gork and Mork are coining, now is the time for greenskins to take what should be theirs. Even now Wurrzag is wandering somewhere in the lands, seeking out and aiding the most powerful greenskin leaders, or perhaps inspiring some unknown tribe to greatness. He travels alone or with mobs of Savage Orcs that have vowed to 'see 'im off to da next fight.' Rumours about da Great Green Prophet run rife and it is said an army with Wurrzag in it has never been defeated in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wurrzag	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8
Spleenrippa the Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Savage Orc).

MAGIC: Wurrzag is a Level 4 Savage Orc Great Shaman. He uses spells from the Spells of da Big Waaagh!

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Frenzy, Size Matters.

Mork's Favourite: Being Mork's current favourite, Wurrzag adds +1 to cast spells, and may re-roll miscast results.

Warpaint of Wurrzag: *No one makes Warpaint like ol' Wurrzag. As he is on a sacred quest, Gork and Mork take particular care of Wurrzag and he gains extra protection from his warpaint and tattoos.*

Wurrzag's Warpaint gives him a Ward save (5+).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Baleful Mask (Enchanted Item)

Through the Baleful Mask Wurrzag can see things as they will be in the future, or possibly as they were in the past. But it is a glorious age, whenever it is, and this is the promise that The Once And Future Git brings – a return to this great time when Orcs rule the world and there is always a good fight in the offing. The mask also has the useful ability to launch lethal green bolts of energy at people who annoy him.

Bound spell (power level 3). The Baleful Mask contains the Vindictive Gaze spell from Spells of da Little Waaagh!.

Bonewood Staff (Arcane Item)

This staff was carved many centuries ago from rare and precious bonewood and bear many glyphs. It is a potent focus for Waaagh! enemy and is often used for Orc magic items. The staff contains a spell which turns Wurrzag's foes into Squigs.

Bound spell (power level 5). The Bonewood Staff contains the Wurrzag's Revenge spell.

Wurrzag's Revenge

This spell turns Wurrzag's rivals into Squig-like beasts.

Wurrzag's Revenge is a hex spell, which affects all enemy Wizards within 12" of Wurrzag. Roll a D6 for each Wizard that is affected. On a roll of 1-5 they shake off the spell, but on a roll of 6 they are turned into a Squiggly Beast! The Wizard is removed as a casualty, along with any mount they have, with no saves of any kind allowed. In addition, you may store one extra dice in your Squiggly Beast magic item for each Wizard that is transformed.

Wizzbang the Power Squig (Arcane Item)

A Squig sits on the top of the Bonewood Staff, glaring hatefully at everyone. It is small and furry with long hair that stands on end when it's full of Waaagh! energy, which is most of the time. This odd beast was once a Shaman that was transformed by Wurrzag.

At the end of either player's Magic phase, you can store one unused dice from your pool in the Power Squig. At the start of the next Magic phase, you must add this extra dice to your power or dispel pool as appropriate.

GROM THE PAUNCH

Warlord of the Misty Mountain

Gobbos are cowardly and disloyal, but nothing stirs their wicked hearts like Grom, mightiest of Goblin Warbosses. Stories of Grom's greatness still command attention around any Goblin camp and if a Shaman should conjure his superlative-sized image, even the most boisterous gobbo will behave with reverence. In Grom's looming presence Goblins will stand up straight, refrain from grumbling backtalk and even limit their rampant nose-picking. These ultimate displays of respect are because, to lowly Goblins, Grom is a living god, the embodiment of everything that they will never be – large, ferocious and idolised.

It was not always so. Grom's meteoric rise began when, as a young Boss of the Broken Axe tribe, he consumed a portion of raw Troll. As Troll flesh regenerates and Grom, always a big eater, had not stopped to cook the meal, the foul meat writhed in his belly. The race to regrow, against the race to digest, was on. A lesser Goblin would have burst asunder, but Grom was made of sterner stuff. The Battle of the Belly, as the deed came to be known, changed Grom. He grew to prodigious size. It is said that on that day Grom last saw his own legs. Yet so huge and powerful had Grom grown that he no longer needed to see them, and could, instead, order others to see his legs for him. As a result of eating the troll flesh he developed several troll-like traits and an almost trollish resistance to injury. He also suffered from constant agony due to chronic indigestion, which may explain why he was so fierce.

So Grom's legend began. He quickly rose to be Warlord of the Broken Axe tribe and they spent many happy years plundering the Wolf Lands, the Badlands and the southern Worlds Edge Mountains. By this time, Grom had taken to fighting atop a chariot, as it suited his grandiose proportions. Many Goblins travelled far to see 'da Great 'Un' and join his exploits and, at its peak, Grom's Waaagh! Contained hundreds of different tribes. Grom carved his name large in the psyches of Men, Dwarfs and Elves, in whose realms he is still feared and cursed. Even now, rumours sweep the Badlands that his corpulent majesty has returned and is once again amassing an army to launch a new invasion...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grom	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8
Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-
Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+) (Special Character; Goblin).

Niblet: Niblet is Grom's diminutive assistant and trusty banner waver. He carries the army banner with him at all times.

Niblet counts as the army's Battle Standard Bearer. Niblet is part of the chariot model and, although he can attack, he can never be engaged separately or issue or accept challenges. If the chariot is destroyed, then Niblet and the banner are lost too.

Grom's Chariot: This large chariot is pulled by three Giant Wolves and has scythed wheels. It has room to carry only Grom and Niblet.

SPECIAL RULES (Grom): Regeneration (4+).

Goblin General: If your army includes Grom, he must be the Army General. In addition, Grom would never tolerate the presence of anybody who might threaten his command. You may not include any Orc, Savage Orc or Black Orc Warbosses if Grom is your General. An army containing Grom must include at least one unit of common Goblins.

Eats Elves for Breakfast: Having launched an invasion against Ulthuan, Grom has well and truly overcome his race's fear of Elves.

As long as Grom is alive, all units in his army ignore the Fear Elves special rule.

Grom's Waaagh!: Grom has the Waaagh! special rule. When Grom calls a Waaagh!, in addition to the units that would normally be affected, every unit of five or more Goblins, Goblin Wolf Riders, Night Goblins, Forest Goblins and Forest Goblin Spider Riders in the army adds +1 to its combat resolution for the rest of the player turn.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Axe of Grom (Magic Weapon)

The fabled Axe of Grom is also known as Elf-Biter. This large and forbidding axe is laden with barely contained Waaagh! energy and carries the bitter curses of the most powerful Orc Shamans. It requires both hands to use, but blows struck by it are almost always fatal.

Great weapon. Attacks made with this axe have the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, against Elves (of any kind), Grom's Axe will cause a Killing Blow on the To Wound roll of 5+.

Lucky Banner (Magic Standard)

Niblet triumphantly carries Grom's tattered banner to battle as a good luck sign. Actually, it really is good luck.

This banner gives Grom and his Chariot a Ward save (5+).



SKARSNIK

Warlord of the Eight Peaks

Skarsnik is the chieftain of the Crooked Moon tribe and the most powerful Night Goblin Warlord in the whole of the Worlds Edge Mountains. All of the surrounding greenskin tribes acknowledge Skarsnik's overlordship of the peaks, valleys and upper levels of the ruined Dwarfhold of Karak Eight Peaks. Through devious machinations and relentless spite, Skarsnik has risen to command in the midst of the bitter and ongoing three-way battle between the greenskins, Dwarfs and Skaven. Since the Dwarfs returned to reoccupy their ancient hold, Skarsnik has virtually kept the Dwarfs prisoner within their tiny citadel. When Dwarfs try to enter or leave Karak Eight Peaks he hunts them down and hangs their beard scalps on long poles within sight of the citadel walls.

Skarsnik is infamous amongst the greenskin race for his astonishing sneakiness. He is a mastermind when it comes to laying complex ambushes and setting elaborate traps. At the battle of East Gate he managed to surround a Dwarf relief force and virtually destroy it, forcing the remnants to flee back into the citadel itself. When necessary, however, the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks is more than capable of leading an assault. Although a fierce fighter himself, what really makes Skarsnik formidable is his ever-present pet, the Giant Cave Squig named Gobbla. Grown huge on a steady diet of Dwarfs and Skaven, Gobbla will attempt to bite anything that its near-sighted, beady eyes can focus on. Gobbla's massive teeth and voracious appetite can clear a hallway of a Stormvermin assault, or break the most determined of Dwarfish defenses in the blink of an eye.

"Make sure you tell all those humies, humie, make sure you tell 'em good, make sure you tell 'em about the King in da mountain. Tell 'em all about me, Skarsnik, tell 'em all about my life, leave nuffink out."

"Dat's what I want, a good story. 'Cos I am going to tell you a good story. An' I want you to tell all da uvver 'umies out dere who the biggest and meanest and bestest Goblin in the world is, you got dat? And if you don't do it in pretty words den I'll come and eat your liver while you watches, got dat?"

"When da runthoss told us to work, I'd set me gang up and sneak away. We'd be down dere days, sometimes, and as long as I came back wiv da goods, it didn't matter. I'd see fings... incredible fings."

"And this big Orc made of stars, he said, "You!" – 'e shouts lots. "You! Little greeny! Go home! Go home and be da biggest and bestest gobbo since Grom da Paunch flattened da pansas! Go on! Go on home now!" You might fink dat's nonsense, but it ain't, oh it ain't!"

The Life of Skarsnik, dictated by Skarsnik and written by the captured playwright Bickenstadt

Although it galls Orcs to take orders from a diminutive Night Goblin, Skarsnik backs up his authority when needed, and Gobbla has feasted on dozens of failed Orc challengers.

A merciless opponent, Skarsnik is forever devising new traps with which to lure his enemies to their doom. His mere name kindles incandescent rage in Dwarfs. It is said that the abominable deeds done by Skarsnik have gained their own chapter in the Book of Grudges, but the Dwarfs are not alone in hating Skarsnik. The Skaven have made innumerable pacts with the greenskins, only to find themselves being double-crossed by arguably the shrewdest Night Goblin ever. Skarsnik orders heaps of Skaven skulls stacked into grim monuments to demoralise his ratmen foes. Queek Headtaker, second in command and right Clawlord to the grand ruler of Clan Mors, has vowed to place the head of Skarsnik on his trophy rack. Not a day goes by in Karak Eight Peaks without some plot, probing raid, ambush, assassination or full-scale assault. Yet still Skarsnik rules supreme. He still lays siege to the Dwarfs in their mountain holds of Karak Eight Peaks, Karak-Azul and the sea fortress of Barak-Varr. There is no sign of his power waning, and his collection of Dwarf beard scalps grows ever larger. By the light of flickering candles made of Dwarf-fat, Skarsnik sits on his iron throne and plots yet more wicked schemes of conquest.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	6	4	4	8
Gobbla	-	5	0	6	-	-	4	4	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Night Goblin).

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred (Dwarfs), Fear Elves, Killing Blow (Gobbla only).

Gobbla: Skarsnik is accompanied by a huge cave Squig which he calls Gobbla. Skarsnik's pet is a huge and disturbing sight, even to other Night Goblins. Gobbla is enormous, very smelly, and mindlessly vicious but seems totally loyal to his master. Skarsnik feeds Gobbla on Dwarfs and any Goblins careless enough to stray too close. Gobbla's gullet is so deep and wide that he can easily swallow enemies whole – he does not stop chewing until his dinner is well and truly down, and is staying down.

Skarsnik and Gobbla are treated as a single infantry model with a single set of wounds. Gobbla's profile is used only when he attacks.

Sneaky Schemes: Skarsnik is renowned for his evil sneakiness, sending his warriors through dank, secret tunnels to catch his enemy off guard before the battle has even begun.

At the start of the game, before deployment, roll a D6 for each enemy unit. On a roll of 6, that unit has been

delayed by a Wild Squig strike or some other happening. Affected units do not deploy as normal, but instead enter play as reinforcements in the Movement phase of their first turn.

Tricksy Traps: Any friendly Night Goblin unit that chooses to flee as a charge reaction and subsequently rallies at the beginning of its next turn may reform as normal, but is then also free to move during the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The unit is also free to shoot as normal (but it always counts as having moved).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Skarsnik's Prodder (Magic Weapon)

Skarsnik carries a huge magical weapon called a prodder. This pointy implement is imbued with the bitter curses of Night Goblin Shamans and emanates the concentrated poison of their malice. This enables him to throw blasts of magic around the battlefield.

The Prodder contains a Bound Spell (power level 5). The spell is a magic missile with a range of 24". It causes D3 Strength 6 hits which Ignores Armour saves. The number of hits is increased to D6 if Skarsnik is within a Night Goblin unit with at least 5 models, not including Skarsnik.

"Down, Gobbla! Soon yoo'll get to eat. Dere'll be plenty of stundies to munch on. I got a plan..."

Skarsnik, talking to his beloved pet Squig



THE BLACK GOBBO

The Black Gobbo is a despicable creature who is so untrustworthy that even other Goblins don't really trust him. Which, in true greenskin spirit, actually generates a lot of respect for the Black Gobbo from these tiny, mean-spirited Goblins! Originally a puny Night Goblin known simply as Skitgit, the Black Gobbo possessed something that most Goblins lack: ambition. It took years of effort to become a full-fledged Night Goblin Warboss. The sheer number of underhanded, sneaky, backstabbing, traitorous, greedy, and cunning deeds Skitgit undertook in his career is absolutely astounding.

Dwarfs have much reason to hate him, as Snitgit made quite the career of trapping them and then stealing their prized possessions. Once he had gathered enough Dwarf loot and fellow conspirators, Snitgit made his move and successfully dethroned Warlord Izgabit Wuzzit. From that day forward, he became the Black Gobbo, and he continues to cause trouble wherever he can!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
The Black Gobbo	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Night Goblin).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Really Hates Dwarfs: Most Night Goblins hate Dwarfs a great deal, but the Black Gobbo really, truly, fully, completely, absolutely hates 'em. A lot.

The Black Gobbo may re-roll all failed rolls To Hit when fighting Dwarfs. In addition, the Black Gobbo and any unit he accompanies are Stubborn when they are in base contact with any Dwarf.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Thagi Az (Magic Weapon)

This legendary weapon was wrenched from the broken hands of Dwarf Lord Zagaz Harfut ("cuz it wuz perty lookin") while he lay crippled at the bottom of a cunning chute trap designed by Skitgit himself. The Thagi Az is a fine example of Dwarf Runesmanship... but now it's in the wrong hands.

If the Black Gobbo scores a hit against an enemy who has a magic weapon, the enemy's magic weapon is destroyed on the roll of a 4+. In addition, the axe confers +1 Strength and +1 Attack to the wielder.

As the last Dwarf was eagerly chopped into bits by the rampaging Night Goblins, one of the Wolf Riders spurred his mount to the top of the ridge. Grimgor's 'Ardboyz lay just beyond, and the Goblin grinned at the thought of the raw meat he expected as a reward for guiding the Black Orcs towards the rendezvous with the vaunted Black Gobbo. "Those stunties won't know what hit 'em," the Wolf Rider snickered.

Belt Buckle of Durzik Al Drazh (Magic Armour)

This enchanted item was once the proud property of an Ironbeard of great respect named Durzik. He was slain when the Black Gobbo tricked and cornered the Dwarf in a dummy tunnel... one that contained three hungry Trolls. All that was left of Durzik when the Trolls were through was his shiny gold belt buckle.

Forged with runes of good fortune, the wearer of the belt may reroll any single D6 roll once per game that affects him directly.

Gotkid's Beard (Talisman)

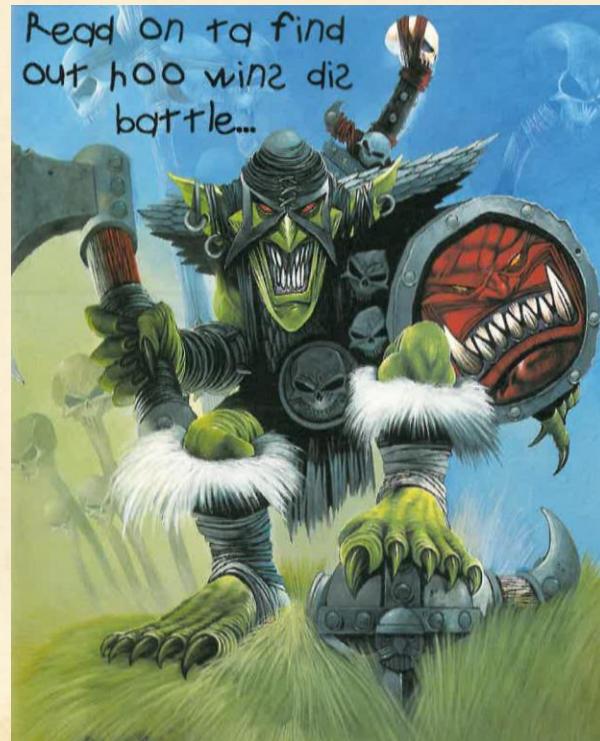
Once upon a time, Gotkid Fenrig was a Dwarf Thane with a fine beard. This mighty beard was adorned with runic beads of protection that were woven into it. Then, while on a patrol in Undgrin Ankor, Fenrig fell victim to the Black Gobbo's patented "Cave-Mounted Stunty 'Ead Lobba Speshul." Now, Gotkid's beard sways to and fro on the Black Gobbo's belt.

The protective runes within the beard confer a Ward save (6+) to the Black Gobbo.

Hood of Night (Enchanted Item)

After years of plottin', plannin', and sneakin', the Black Gobbo finally earned his place at the top by kicking Night Goblin Warlord Izgabit Wuzzit into a ditch filled with acid. All that remained of ol' Izgabit was a pair of Trollhide trousers, which the Black Gobbo fashioned into his now-trademark hood.

This hood causes units of Night Goblins to treat the Black Gobbo as if he had Leadership 9.

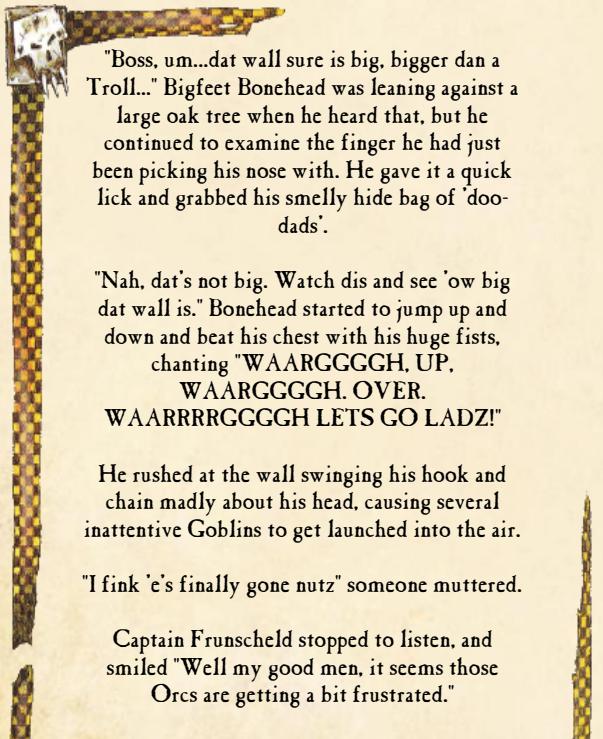


BIGFEET BONEHEAD

Bigfeet Bonehead is from the foothills around Mount Bloodhorn, in the Badlands, is a savage Orc with a difference. As leader of his tribe he was less suspicious of 'teknology' than his comrades, and positively encouraged his drinking cronies to come up with great new things for him to tinker with. In battle he was well known as a sneaky general, but his full potential was to be realised later.

In a great battle against a tribe from the Worlds Edge Mountains, Bonehead cunningly caught his enemies in a trap when he lured them into a narrow defile and pelted them with rocks and boulders. In a fit of unparalleled intelligence he had already ordered steps and ladders to be constructed at the ravine, allowing his small band to scale the heights quickly enough to surprise the other army.

Five years later Bonehead's army was destroyed by a punitive force of Empire Reiksguard and White Wolves. Vowing revenge, Bonehead fled into the mountains with a group of trusted drinking companions. It was another three years before Bonehead was heard of again, at the Siege of Wissenburg in 2493. He appeared from the White Mountains just as a large Orc army was trying to storm the walls of the town, which were well over eighty feet high and polished smooth. The Reiksguard Captain commanding the town's garrison, Haeger Frunscheld, was not worried by the Orcs, and he waited for them to start getting hungry so that they would hopefully wander off of their own accord.



"Boss, um...dat wall sure is big, bigger dan a Troll..." Bigfeet Bonehead was leaning against a large oak tree when he heard that, but he continued to examine the finger he had just been picking his nose with. He gave it a quick lick and grabbed his smelly hide bag of 'doo-dads'.

"Nah, dat's not big. Watch dis and see 'ow big dat wall is." Bonehead started to jump up and down and beat his chest with his huge fists, chanting "WAARGGGGH, UP.
WAARGGGGH, OVER.
WAARRRGGGGH LETS GO LADZ!"

He rushed at the wall swinging his hook and chain madly about his head, causing several inattentive Goblins to get launched into the air.

"I fink 'e's finally gone nutz" someone muttered.

Captain Frunscheld stopped to listen, and smiled "Well my good men, it seems those Orcs are getting a bit frustrated."

All around him the Reiksguard laughed loudly and looked towards the west wall, where their fellow knights were easily beating off another suicidal charge by the greenskins. The Reiksguard and their general did not even see the Slippery Skwad led by Bonehead creeping up behind them. Only when Bonehead crushed Captain Frunscheld's head with his club did they realise their peril...

During one particularly brutal assault the inhabitants were devoting their attention to the west wall, and failed to hear the soft clink of steel on stone, or the muffled grunts of climbing Orcs. Bonehead led his boys over the wall and leapt onto the ramparts behind the Imperial soldiers. Needless to say, Wissenburg fell within hours, and Bonehead can be seen roaming from Orc army to Orc army, trying to gain revenge for his humiliation at the hands of the Empire Knights. Bonehead doesn't like the Empire, in fact it would be fair to say Bonehead loathes and despises the Empire to such an extent that it is not always a good idea to stand too close when he bumps into them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bigfeet Bonehead	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Savage Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Frenzy, Hatred (The Empire), Size Matters, Warpaint.

MAGIC ITEM:

Bonehead's Whacker (Magic Weapon)

Bonehead's Whacker is a large two handed club, covered with crude Savage Orc runes. Enscribed by the Shaman of Bonehead's old tribe, Weird-eye Bogstench, the runes have turned the primitive implement into a weapon of destructive potential.

Great weapon. The Whacker gives Bigfeet the Always Strikes First special rules, and may re-roll failed To Wound rolls.



BORGUT FACEBEATER

It's not often that Grimgor Ironhide is impressed by another warrior's prowess. It is even more unusual when he doesn't just perish such an individual on the spot 'to keep his 'and in'. Borgut Facebeater is one of those rare exceptions. He first came to Grimgor's attention when the mighty warlord was based at Karak Ungor waging continual war on the Skaven of Clan Moulder. Grimgor had tired of Skaven slaying and was casting his blood-greedy eyes elsewhere but each day word reached him of an Orc boss who was emulating his own feats in the Hell Pit. Curious he made one more descent just to see.

He found Borgut slamming his hammer-like forehead into the snouts of the largest rat ogres while harvesting ranks of Skaven with his choppa. The main thing that pleased Grimgor was the way he was thoroughly enjoying it. When Grimgor left Karak Ungor to go beyond the Worlds Edge Mountains, Borgut was at his side – the green slaughterer had found a kindred spirit.

For himself, Borgut is a simple creature, brutally direct, utterly uncompromising and subject to wild intoxication in the heat of battle. He had grown in the horde of Grimgor and to him the slaughterer was the living manifestation of Gork, the epitome of all he, himself could hope to be. His loyalty is absolute, to be the right hand of Grimgor is to be the right hand of Gork.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Borgut Facebeater	4	6	3	5	5	2	3	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Black Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Immunity (Psychology), Quell Animosity.



The Facebeater: If Borgut fights in a challenge, then at the beginning of the first Close Combat phase of the challenge, he can smash his thick Orc skull into the face of his opponent or any monstrous mount they may be riding (note this does not include steeds). This is in addition to his normal attacks, and is resolved before any other attacks in the challenge. If this attack inflicts an unsaved Wound, the target suffer -5 to their Weapon Skill and gains the Always Strike Last special rule for the rest of the Close Combat phase. If this mighty 'eadbutt kills his opponent, Borgut can still make his remaining attacks to calculate overkill for the purposes of combat resolution.

Keep Your Enemies Closer: *Though Borgut is Grimgor's most trusted lieutenant, that's not saying much for a Black Orc. Grimgor likes to know exactly where the next strongest Orc in his army is.*

If your army includes Grimgor, then you may never deploy Borgut further than 6" from him when setting up your army.

Do as I say and wot I do: *Borgut has fought alongside Grimgor through all his long wars and battles, one of the few survivors of the battle against the forces of Crom the Conqueror. As a result, he and his lads have picked up a few tricks of their own along the way.*

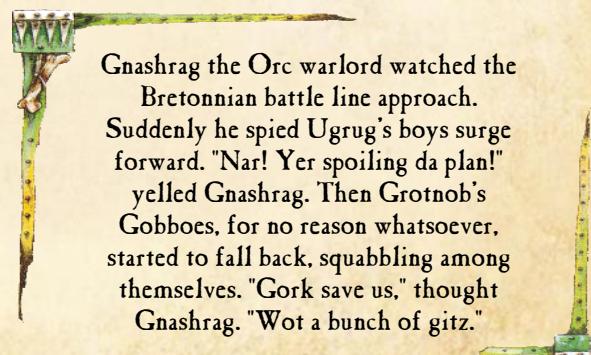
If Borgut is included in your army, then you may upgrade one additional units of Orc Boyz into Big 'Uns. Borgut must deploy and remain with this unit for the entirety of the battle.

MAGIC ITEMS:

'Ardlad's Axe o' Doom (Magic Weapon)
Taken from the body of Grimgor's former lieutenant, this powerful weapon of brazen iron hisses with Orc magicks.

Two hand weapons. This massive axe adds +1 to Borgut's Strength and allows him to re-roll failed armour saves.

Drog's Dead 'Ard Armour (Magic Armour)
This armour gives Borgut a 1+ Armour save that cannot be improved.



Gnashrag the Orc warlord watched the Bretonnian battle line approach. Suddenly he spied Ugrug's boys surge forward. "Nar! Yer spoiling da plan!" yelled Gnashrag. Then Grotnob's Gobboes, for no reason whatsoever, started to fall back, squabbling among themselves. "Gork save us," thought Gnashrag. "Wot a bunch of gitz."

BADRUK 'EADSPLITTA

Scourge of the Grey Dwarfs of Karak-Norn

More than anything else, more even than kicking Gobbos, 'Eadsplitta likes fighting Dwarfs. They're good in a scrap so he gets a worthwhile fight, they don't break easily (not like Elves) so he gets a chance to flex his muscles, and they don't run away in the middle of the fun. At least they never get far when they try. They are what is known to Orcs as 'Skumgrod' – 'favourite enemies' – and 'Eadsplitta has made his home in the mountains where he can be near them. The Grey Dwarfs of Karak-Norn know him well – if not from personal experience then by reputation. Actually, he has caused so many deaths down the years that there are few families who have not lost a relative or friend to Badruk or his boyz.

It was way back in '56 that Badruk appeared. Some said he trailed a wounded Dwarf prospector into the mountains. Some think he simply got lost after a raid. The truth is even stranger. He'd been in battle in the western foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains, in the thick of the fray with the rest of his ladz, hacking and smashing the Empire fools that were trying to stop the green horde from spilling down the mountainside and ravaging the plains below. The militia were not winning. In fact, they were being massacred...

Standing knee deep in blood and gore, Badruk roared with the sheer joy of the slaughter. There were few of the humies left now, fewer still that were in any state to put up a fight. In fact, the only one left anywhere near him was a wizened greybeard, all twisted and hunched, trying to sneak away from the disaster. A vicious smile broke over Badruk's face as he saw him stumble and fall. With practiced ease the Black Orc followed, moving over the blood-slick rocks towards the fallen pinkskin. One last taste of blood for his axe today.

The humie was scrabbling about in an old leather bag, obviously looking for something. Then he found it, and turned his terrified face to Badruk. But the huge Black Orc was already upon him, and as Badruk raised his blood spattered axe for the final blow the humie's trembling voice croaked out his last words. "Sigmar forgive me," he muttered, and threw a handful of sparkling blue powder at the huge Black Orc.

For a moment Badruk was blinded by the dazzling glitter of the powder, but silly magic tricks wouldn't save the humie. Down came Badruk's axe with the power of a thunderbolt, down it came to sink deep into the snow. Snow? Badruk blinked the sparkles from his eyes and gazed about him. No wizened old humie, no bodies, no ladz. In fact, completely different mountains, no battle and more snow than he'd seen since he fought with Grablag against the hairies in the north.

Quite how the magic worked, nobody knew – perhaps the death of the caster was part of the spell. Whatever the cause, Badruk found himself hundreds of leagues from home. However, being a Black Orc, and a vicious one at that, he'd soon found a tribe of greenskins to boss about. Then he discovered the Dwarfs and the fun really began.

It has been years now that Badruk 'Eadsplitta has lived in the Grey Mountains, plaguing the lives of the Dwarf prospectors and traders from Karak-Norn. His small band of greenskins and his tattered banner bedecked with trophies is a familiar, if unwelcome, sight to the local Dwarfs who have come to treat him as simply another natural problem, like the rockslides or the weather. Badruk has even taken to letting captives go so that he can fight them again later. Killing them when they're bound just isn't any fun, and if there's one thing he likes more than kicking Gobbos it's having a bit of fun with the Dwarfs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Badruk 'Eadsplitta	4	6	3	5	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Black Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Immunity (Psychology), Quell Animosity.

Executioner's Strike: *Badruk's skill with a Great Axe has been honed by hundreds of combats in which he has perfected the simple (but effective) executioner's strike. With the awesome strength of a Black Orc behind a crushing blow like this it's hardly surprising that some foes can do nothing except die rather untidily when confronted by Badruk.*

Badruk has the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, he causes a Killing Blow on the To Wound roll of a 5+ rather than a 6.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Dwarf Trinket (Talisman)

Of the many trophies Badruk has taken from the Dwarfs over the years, this bauble is his favourite. He hasn't any idea how it works, but there's something appealing about the way it glints and sparkles, and he thinks it's lucky. Certainly he's survived a lot of really dangerous fights whilst wearing it.

One use only. Once per battle, Badruk can cause one enemy model fighting him in close combat to miss with all his normal attacks. He may wait until after the enemy has rolled to hit to decide to use it, but must choose before he rolls To Wound.

GITILLA DA HUNTER

Big Boss of da Drippin' Fangs

Some young Goblin leaders leave their traditional hunting grounds in search of richer pickings. It is a hard existence following the Gruntalope herds on the wind-swept plains of the Wolf Lands, and there is little chance for loot or fame in those mean regions. Riding down Skaven clans as they searched for fallen meteorites in the open was not enough of a challenge for Gitilla, Big Boss of da Drippin' Fangs tribe. Gathering some other dissatisfied Wolf Riders, Gitilla split off from his former tribe, setting off through Mad Dog Pass in pursuit of greatness.

Calling his new mob da Howlerz, Gitilla has since seen many lands. During his extensive travels he has joined countless battles, taking part in Black Orc Warboss 'Ugejaw's Stunty Wars, riding as scouts for Gruntaz Boar Boyz army, and leading the Moot Raids with the Night Goblins of Spite-peak. It was high up in the Worlds Edge Mountains that Gitilla caught sight of Ulda, a lone she-wolf of unusual ferocity. Eager to capture the beast to serve as his own steed, Gitilla pursued her up and over the narrow passes for three days and three nights. At last, driven to exhaustion, the Great Wolf was bested and broken to Gitilla's will. Ulda has proven an excellent mount with an ability to scent trouble, nudging her master when it is time to leave the battlefield.

After years on wolfback, Gitilla is a master raider and a scout beyond compare. None can match his sudden assaults or wily feints along an enemy's flanks. With his enormous bow (for a Goblin, anyway), Gitilla has become a deadly accurate marksman. He and da Howlerz are notorious for launching wicked volleys of bowfire, even while riding at breakneck speeds. Unless the situation is desperate or victory is assured, however, the crafty Wolf Rider will keep his speedy mob uncommitted, preferring instead to harass the foe with deft manoeuvres and a steady rain of black-shafted arrows.

SLAUGHTER AT FROZEN HEATH

In the bitter winter of 2497, Grand Master Ludo Brecht of the Order of the Hammer had his reputation utterly destroyed. Tasked with halting Waaagh! Grognok, Ludo deployed a grand army upon the frigid banks of the River Sol and confidently awaited the greenskin offensive.

The attack came before dawn, as two score Goblin Wolf Riders splashed noisily across a deep, icy ford and overran the pickets. Howling Wolf Riders swept through the Empire camp, moonlight gleaming upon their filthy bodies. Their flesh, and that of their mounts, was smeared in a thick, greasy coating of Troll fat; ample protection from the winter chill. Quickly they loosed a salvo of arrows, cheerfully insulted the parentage of their foe and awaited the reaction. Duly enraged, Brecht roused his warriors, and barely gave them time to gather their weapons before ordering them to chase the whooping Goblins. As they retreated across the river, the Wolf Riders chanted one word over and over again: 'Gitilla!'

While the Troll fat protected Gitilla and his Howlerz from the icy river, the Empire soldiers stumbled and trembled, while weapons slipped from icy fingers. As the Empire vanguard reached the other bank, they looked into the eyes of a horde of fresh, rested Orcs, and realised their folly.

With his mob's deadly services eagerly sought by any Warboss with even a hint of cunning, Gitilla and his Howlerz still remain unsatisfied. They never stay with any tribe for too long. Bold opportunities, worthier opponents, or juicier targets always seem to beckon from over the horizon. Gitilla ensures his mob never runs out of juicy bones to gnaw upon, yet he keeps the Wolf Riders lean and evereager to mount up and ride off at a moment's notice. It is for this reason that, when their paths crossed in the Badlands, the wandering prophet Wurrzag called Gitilla 'cla hunter' – for despite his ceaseless raids and plundering, he remains single-minded in the pursuit of his prey, and a great destiny.

Gitilla envisions his eventual return to his homelands, not as another rider or mere mob boss, but as a triumphal Wolfchampion who will unite the tribes into a single almighty horde-pack and sweep all before him, like the great Wolfkhans of legend. That day may yet come, but until then Gitilla continues to affiliate with other greenskin tribes as outriding scouts, leading them on lightning raids and adding to his already fearsome reputation.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gitilla da Hunter	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7
Ulda the Great Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Goblin).

Ulda the Great Wolf: *Ulda is lethal in pursuit and has a knack for escaping when the fight goes poorly.*

Gitilla, and any unit he is with, can choose to re-roll any Pursuit or Flee rolls they make.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves.

Da Howlerz: *Gitilla is always accompanied by his trusty mob of slavering wolf boyz, da Howlerz.*

Da Howlerz are a unit of Goblin Wolf Riders with an additional +1 Ballistic Skill and the Quick To Fire special rule. Gitilla must set up with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

EQUIPMENT:

Stinky Pelt: *Gitilla's thick, Gruntalope-fur cloak has protected him many times.*

The Stinky Pelt grants Gitilla a 4+ armour save.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bone Bow (Magic Weapon)

The Bone Bow is carved from a single piece of mammoth bone and strung with wolfgut,

The Bone Bow is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
24"	4	Multiple Shots (3), Quick To Fire

SNAGLA GROBSPIT

Leader of the Deff Creepers

When men from the Empire first cut their frontiers deeper into the surrounding forest, they unwittingly began the bitter War of the Drakwald that continues to this day. The fractious Forest Goblin tribes who dwelt in the hinter regions of that sprawling woodland ceased their internal strife to unite against the enemy.

Unbeknownst to the men of the Empire, their deepest forays had encroached dangerously close to the most holy of sites to the Forest Goblin tribes, the sacred lands known as the Black Pit, or the Valley of Many Eyes. To stray near that dark and web-strewn place is certain death, for the Forest Goblins will stop at nothing to destroy any interlopers who dare approach it.

At first, forest patrols and huntsmen disappeared at an alarming rate. The deep woods were always treacherous, but the men of the Empire were savvy enough about life beneath the boughs to understand that something terrible was brewing. They didn't have to wait long, for soon the Forest Goblin raiding parties mobbed together to form armies. Emboldened by their numbers, the Forest Goblins left the confines of the woods to mount fierce attacks on the nearest human settlements. In turn, fresh troops marched out from the Empire's cities, eager to push the boundaries of civilisation further. Many ambushes and large battles followed, most fought entirely beneath the gloomy canopy.

One of the rising legends amongst the Forest Goblins was Snagla Grobspit. He and his mob of Spider Riders, the Deff Creepers, were at the forefront of every greenskin victory. It was Snagla who rode straight into the line of Handgunners and broke the Empire's flank, leading to what is now known as the Forest Road Massacre. It was the stealthy Deff Creepers who silenced the central watchtower, leading to the fall of the walled town of Glomstadt. His foes whisper that Snagla and his Spider Riders can creep right out of the very shadows, and perhaps it is true.

Snagla Grobspit is a woodcrafty Spider Rider, able to sneak around enemy armies and launch attacks from unexpected quarters. While all Forest Goblins wail a high-pitched cry as they charge, none can match the horrible undulating cry of Snagla and his mob. Snagla has a knack for picking his way through dense cover and scuttling unseen over the forest canopy. Once the Deff Creepers have worked their way into the most advantageous position, they will dart out of hiding to ruthlessly destroy their target.

Of Snagla's tribe, the Redvenom Forest Goblins, little is known. They were destroyed early on in the battles in the Drakwald, for they dwelt on the edge of the Gnarlwood – the lands that were first cleared by the

Empire soldiery. If there were any survivors they never returned from out of the woods. When Snagla returned to find his camp in ruins, it is rumoured that the Spider-god spoke to him. All that is known for sure is that Snagla took the fangs from his tribe's cannonball-blasted Arachnarok Spider. With these he fashioned a throwing spear and a great spiked club. When the Forest Goblins first began to gather, seeking to push the invading humans farther away from the sacred Black Pit, Snagla and his Deff Creepers mob turned up, eager to join the fight. They alone still wear the distinctive striped feathers and facepaint associated with the Redvenom tribe. Snagla and his mob have a penchant for the feathers worn by many Empire troops. After battle, the Deff Creepers soak these feathers in the blood of their former owners and wear them as grim trophies upon their weapons and shields. With their status still growing, Snagla and his mob travel throughout the vast forest, ever eager to join any battle they can.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snagla Grobspit	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Forest Goblin).

SPECIAL RULES: Creeping Assault, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Hatred (Empire), Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spider only), Wall-crawler.

Deff Creepers: *Snagla always rides into battle at the head of his elite Deff Creepers.*

The Deff Creepers are a unit of Forest Goblin Spider Riders with the Ambushers, Devastating Charge and Hatred (Empire) special rules. In addition, they cause Fear in any turn that they successfully charge into combat. Snagla must set up with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

EQUIPMENT:

Sting of Snagla: One use only. The Sting is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6"	3	Multiple Wounds (D3), Poisoned Attacks, Quick To Fire

MAGIC ITEMS:

Fangspike (Magic Weapon)

The Fangspike has the Poisoned Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

SPELLS OF DA BIG WAAAGH!



GAZE OF MORK (Signature Spell) Cast on 7+

Mork (or possibly Gork) gives the Shaman the ability to project beams of coruscating energy from his eyes.

Gaze of Mork is a **direct damage** spell. Extend a straight line, 4D6" in length, within the Shaman's forward arc and directly away from his base. Any model whose base falls under the line suffers a Strength 4 hit. The Shaman can choose to extend the range of the spell to 8D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

1. BRAIN BURSTA Cast on 6+

Projecting violence in a mental wave, the Shaman glowers at his target and lets loose a bolt of brain-melting force.

Brain Bursta is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18" and targets a single enemy model. The target is selected just as if the Shaman had the Sniper special rule. The target suffers a Strength 5 hit. The Shaman can extend the range of this spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

2. FISTS OF GORK Cast on 8+

In a fit of fighting fury the Shaman's gnarled fists grow large, becoming harder than iron.

Remains in play. *Fists of Gork* is an **augment** spell. The Shaman that cast the spell gains +3 Attacks, +3 Strength and a Ward save (6+).

3. THE HAND OF GORK Cast on 9+

The Shaman's eyes roll back and an enormous, ghostly green hand materialises in order to pick up a nearby mob and plonk them down where the fighting is fiercest.

The Hand of Gork is an **augment** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single unengaged friendly unit. Remove a model from the front rank of the unit and place it anywhere within 3D6" of its original position, facing in any direction. Remove the remainder of the unit from the battlefield and form them up around the first model so that the unit keeps its original formation and the first model maintains its original position in the unit (if the unit comprised just one model, such as a chariot or character, then this step is unnecessary). Models from the unit cannot be placed in impassable terrain, nor may they be placed within 1" of any other unit. The Shaman can choose to extend the distance that the target unit moves to 5D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

POWER OF DA WAAAGH! (Lore Attribute)

The magical powers of Orc and Savage Orc Shamans are boosted by the positive energies of Orcs fighting nearby. Conversely, if nearby Orcs are running away, their negative energy weakens a Shaman.

For each friendly Orc unit in close combat within 12" of the Shaman, he adds +1 to his casting roll. Conversely, for each friendly Orc unit fleeing within 12" of the Shaman, he suffers -1 to his casting roll.

4. 'EADBUTT

Cast on 9+

As the Shaman chants and thrusts his head forward, a wave of potent green energy emanates outwards, forming a shockwave of power that assaults an unfortunate enemy wizard.

'Eadbutt is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 4D6". One enemy Wizard within range suffers a Strength 4 hit that inflicts Multiple Wounds (D3), which Ignores Armour saves. The Shaman can extend the range of this spell to 8D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

5. 'ERE WE GO!

Cast on 11+

As the Shaman chants his gibberish, he seems to visibly leak fighty energy, which boosts the aggressive zeal and close combat prowess of nearby mobs of Orcs.

'Ere We Go! is an **augment** spell with a range of 2D6" and targets all Orc units (of any kind) that are in range, including the Shaman himself. The target units may re-roll To Hit rolls in close combat until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

6. FOOT OF GORK

Cast on 15+

The Shaman raises his arms and implores the sky with wild gesticulations. An almighty green foot descends to crush the foe, making a resounding krunching sound as it does so.

Foot of Gork is a **direct damage** spell. Place the Foot of Gork template within 36" of the Shaman. It then scatters D6", maintaining the same facing. All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 6 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. The Shaman can choose to intensify Gork's involvement in the battle to a full warpath of stomping. If he does so the casting value is increased to 18+, but after resolving the effects of the spell, roll a dice and consult the following table:

- 1 *Gork slips and stomps one of your own units!*
Your opponent places the template anywhere on the table. It then scatters and inflicts damage exactly as described above. The spell then ends.
- 2-3 *Gork gets bored and wanders off.*
The spell ends without further effect.
- 4-6 *Gork stomps another enemy unit (or the same one – when Gork wants something stomped, he stomps it!).*
Place the template again, as described above. After resolving the effects of this stomp, roll again on this table.

SPELLS OF DA LITTLE WAAAGH!

SNEAKY STABBIN' (Signature Spell) Cast on 6+
This spell focuses mischievous energy to ensure blows from the mob blessed by this spell find the weak spot in armour; go right after hurty bitz' or sneak in at unexpected angles.

Sneaky Stabbin' is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's close combat attacks have the Armour Piercing (1) special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. In addition, until the start of the caster's next Magic phase members of the target unit can re-roll all failed To Hit and To Wound rolls when attacking in close combat against an enemy's flank or rear.

1. VINDICTIVE GLARE Cast on 5+
Green bolts of purest spite burst forth from the Shaman and streak towards the foe. As the Shaman concentrates his vitriol, the bolts explode, pop and fizz amidst the foe.

Vindictive Glare is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" and causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits. The Shaman can choose to boost the power of the spell so that it inflicts 3D6 Strength 3 hits. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. GIFT OF THE SPIDER-GOD

Cast on 8+

Hissing and baring his own fangs, the Shaman calls upon the Spider-god for its wicked aid. As if in answer to his call, nearby allies seem to take on a spider-like aspect...

Gift of the Spider-god is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's attacks have the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If the unit already has Poisoned Attacks, the spell will boost its venom so that they wound the target automatically on a To Hit roll of 5 as well as 6.

3. ITCHY NUISANCE Cast on 8+

The Shaman vigorously scratches his armpits, cackling maniacally as he does so, and projects unhygienic discomfort and painful chafing onto a nearby foe.

Itchy Nuisance is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Roll a D6. The target unit immediately reduces its Movement and Initiative by this number (to a minimum of 1), until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. Troops with Random Movement reduce the number of dice they roll by D3 (to a minimum of 1D6), and their Initiative by D6.

SNEAKY STEALIN' (Lore Attribute)

When a Spell of da Little Waaagh! is successfully cast, and after its effects have been resolved, roll a D6. On a roll of 1-4 nothing happens, but on a roll of 5-6 you may take one dispel dice from the opponent's dispel pool and add it to your power pool. If there are no dice left in the opponent's dispel pool, then this lore attribute has no effect.

4. GORK'LL FIX IT Cast on 8+

The Shaman points a bony finger at a nearby enemy, and curses them in the name of Gork.

Gork'll Fix It is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit must re-roll any of its To Hit, To Wound and armour save rolls of 6 (in shooting and close combat), until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

5. NIGHT SHROUD Cast on 9+

The Shaman throws a black-capped nightshade mushroom into the air; which bursts to form a cloud of pitch darkness.

Night Shroud is an **augment** spell that targets the Shaman and any unit he is with. They count as being in soft cover until the beginning of the caster's next Magic phase. Any enemy model that charges into base contact with the Shaman or the unit he is with while the spell is in effect must take a Dangerous Terrain test. The Shaman can also choose to have the Night Shroud target all friendly units within 12" of himself. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 15+.

6. CURSE OF DA BAD MOON Cast on 15+

With a chilling howl the Shaman summons a great pale moon with a leering goblinoid face and large, tusk-like fangs.

Remains in Play. *Curse of da Bad Moon* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the caster nominates the direction in which it will move. Roll 4D6 to determine how many inches the template moves. In subsequent turns the template will move 3D6" in a random direction.

Any model under or passed over by the template is cursed, and must pass a characteristic test or take a wound, with no armour save allowed. The type of characteristic test is determined by rolling on the following chart. Roll once each Magic phase, just before moving the template, and apply the result to all models affected by the curse in that Magic phase.

D6 Characteristic

1-2	Strength
3-4	Toughness
5-6	Initiative

By increasing the casting value of the spell to a mighty 25+, the Shaman can boost the *Curse of da Bad Moon* so that it uses the large round template instead.

Additionally, before the template moves each turn, the Shaman can choose the type of characteristic test that the victims must take instead of rolling on the table.

SHINY STUFF

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most infamous, powerful and iconic sorcerous items ever used by the greenskins. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

BATTLEAXE OF THE LAST WAAAGH! 85 points

Magic Weapon

Rumour has it that this is the legendary axe that will start the battle that will end the world in an unstoppable orgy of fire and slaughter. According to Orc myth, this will come about when Warlord Ragna da Destroyer; Gork's (or possibly Mork's) chosen leader of the Last Waaagh! goes mad with an axe and destroys the whole world. This is the famous Orcish day of Ragnarok, and forms the basis of one of Orcdom's most popular and enduring campfire tales. It remains to be seen if the Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh! is actually the instrument that will bring about this destruction. However; there is no doubt that it is one of the most powerful magical weapons to be found anywhere in the Old World.

Roll a D6 at the start of each round of combat – the wielder of this weapon adds that number to both his Attacks and Strength in that round. However, the more attacks the wielder makes, the more difficult the axe is to control. Because of this, the bearer's Weapon Skill is lowered by an amount equal to half the dice roll (i.e. 1-2 = -1 Weapon Skill, 3-4 = -2 Weapon Skill, and 5-6 = -3 Weapon Skill).



BASHAS AXE OF STUNTY SMASHIN' 50 points

Magic Weapon

This weapon is battered and stained through long years of hard use. While it shows evidence of many rough 'improvements', the core of its broad-headed blade and cutting edge is of a pure and untarnished metal, much like the expertly wrought master weapons forged by the Dwarf Runesmiths at the height of their powers. The rest of the chunky weapon is bashed and cobbled together from many metals. It is a blade that slices armour with its razor edge, before punching through it with its hefty bulk. Bathed in the spiteful magics of the Night Goblins, it is a weapon to bring home all their curses upon the stuntries.

The wielder of this weapon has the Armour Piercing (1) special rule, and adds +1 to both his Attacks and Strength in close combat. This bonus is doubled if the wielder is in base contact with a model from the Warhammer Armies: Dwarfs. In addition, the wielder causes Fear in models from the Dwarf army book.

ARMOUR OF GORK 75 points

Magic Armour

Bashed together out of the blackest metals of the underground, together with the reforged suits of slain stuntries, this armour is thick and heavy. It wasn't until the blessing of Gork was bestowed upon it that the suit of armour became so formidable. Now, imbued with the brutal and aggressive spirit of the most ruthless and fightiest of greenskin gods, it is fit for a king amongst Warbosses. The Armour of Gork gives its wearer an iron belligerence that steels his resolve, even as it hardens his hide.

Heavy Armour. The wearer has +D3 Toughness. Roll to determine the armour's effectiveness the first time the wearer is hit each turn, and use the result for the rest of the turn. In addition, the wearer has the Impact Hits (D6) special rule.

THE COLLAR OF ZORGA 15 points

Talisman

This studded collar is inscribed with ancient glyphs entwined with the shapes of mysterious beasts. The wearer can stare imperiously at any beast that dares confront him and say 'Don't even fink abart it' or something like that, and the beast cowers before him. The Collar also enables its wearer to enter the mind of monsters and overpower or bind them to his ill.

War Beasts, Monstrous Beasts, Monsters, Cavalry mounts, Monstrous Cavalry mounts and beasts pulling chariots require 6's to hit the bearer. In addition, the wearer can attempt to take control of any one creature belonging to the above Troop Types at the start of each close combat phase. Each player roll a D6 and add the unmodified Leadership of the wearer of the Collar and the beast he is trying to control. If the Orc player scores equal or higher, he takes control of the beast who will now attack any friendly models in base contact for the remainder of the close combat phase. If the Orc player scores lower, the beast may act normally this turn.

THE HORN OF URGOK 25 points

Enchanted Item

The Horn of Urgok is a twisted ram's horn with bands of rune encrusted red copper, and contains a potent spell. It has the power to panic enemies with feelings of dream and doom and fill friendly troops with courage with a single blast. When sounded, all enemy regiments within earshot may flee and all fleeing friendly regiments within range will rally themselves. If truth be known, most of Urgok's victories can be ascribed to the terrifying sound of this enchanted horn rather than his own generalship.

Bound item, power level 3. When this horn is sounded, all friendly units within 24" receive +1 Leadership and all enemy units within 24" suffer a -1 penalty to their Leadership until the end of the sounding player's turn.



SKULL WAND OF KALOTH

50 points

Arcane Item

Originally captured from the Necromancer Kaloth, this staff fascinated the Goblin Shaman Kazgi, who spent long hours trying to plumb its secrets – that is until his mysterious disappearance. At first glance this skull on a stick seems like any other Shaman's fetish, at least it does until the ancient headbone's eye sockets gleam with an unearthly glow. Then the jawbone moves and a voice as dry and raspy as the ages gone rattles out. It speaks in a language long forgotten, but its words hold a fell power that even simple beasts might recognise and rightfully fear: Should you be close enough to hear it tell its dread secrets and mouth its unholy curse, then that will be the last thing you ever hear, for its words are death.

The Skull Wand unleashes a curse on a single enemy model that is in base contact with the bearer at the start of the Close Combat phase. The victim must pass a Leadership test (using its own, unmodified, Leadership) or be slain instantly, with no save of any kind allowed. In addition, the bearer of the Skull Wand causes Terror.

LUCKY SHRUNKEN HEAD

50 points

Arcane Item

Small and gruesomely shrivelled, like some over-ripened fruit, only a powerful enemy can be turned into the right kind of Shrunken Head. There are few charms as potent, but it can be made stronger still by the application of the correct rituals, shuffling dances and chants. Orcs have known this magic for as long as there have been Orcs. Some have forgotten, but the Savage Orc Shamans have not. When the crude stitches that keep the mouth sewn shut quiver, and the long-closed eyelids twitch, then the spell has worked. It is no minor charm, but a Lucky Shrunken Head. The old ways are best.

Savage Orc Shamans and Savage Orc Great Shamans only. It increases the Warpaint save of the bearer and any unit he joins from by +1.

MORK'S WAR BANNER

60 points

Magic Standard

Mork's War Banner drips with the raw Waaagh energy of the great god Mork. While the ladz march beneath its awesome shadow they enjoy the protection and favour of Mork. After powerful rituals and plenty of Shaman mumbo-jumbo, this banner was left leaning against an idol of Mork. There, under the totem's stony gaze, the banner has absorbed a fraction of the great Mork's mighty and indomitable spirit. This great green blessing drifts over and protects any that march under the banner's aura. The puny spells of enemy Wizards will be confounded – 'outclevered' by Mork's cunning. So strong is Mork that the enchanted weapons and items of foes become feeble in his merest presence. Good ol' Mork.

A unit with Mork's War Banner has Magic Resistance (D6). Roll to determine the effectiveness of the banner the first time the unit needs to take any saving throws against spells in a turn. The result is used for all such saves made that turn. In addition, all magic items belonging to enemy models that are in base contact with the bearer do not work and will count as mundane versions of the same type.

SPIDER BANNER

50 points

Magic Standard

Covered in skulls and the webbed and dried husks of many offerings, this banner oozes with an evil aura. From out of the great webbed void, multiple-eyes gaze down upon the battlefield, with slaughter reflected in their blackness. When the wind moves the tattered banner, it flutters soundlessly, like so much webbing. Yet, ever so faintly, the furtive noise of scuttling can be heard, or perhaps the clicking and chittering of steel-hard mandibles. The divine blessings of the great Spider-god have been bestowed upon this banner and those who march beneath it visibly seethe with a black and deadly venom. Under the gaze of their Spider god's magic the Forest Goblins fill with Waaagh! energy, their eyes glint with power and anticipation of the slaughter.

Forest Goblin Big Boss only. Models in a unit with the Spider Banner, including the bearer, have Poisoned Attacks. Models that already have Poisoned Attacks will automatically wound on To Hit rolls of 5 or 6.

THE BAD MOON BANNER

40 points

Magic Standard

The Bad Moon Banner is a creation of the Night Goblin shamans. When the leering, yellowed face of the Bad Moon Banner rises, all Night Goblins swell with an insane blend of daring and pure battle-madness. The very air about the banner seems to thicken into an inking gloaming. In the shadowy murk, the much-revered moon seems to shine more fully and more sickly still. As the light seems to get sucked away from their surroundings, the Night Goblins cackle and screech their glee. For those nearby, it feels for all the world like the damp and confined air of some darksome tunnel has materialised around them. Just the thing to fill a Night Goblin full of renewed bravery. Of a sort.

Night Goblin Big Boss only. Night Goblin models in a unit with the Bad Moon banner are Stubborn. In addition, the banner shrouds the unit in darkness. The bearer and any unit he joins count as being in soft cover, and any enemy model that charges into base contact with the bearer or the unit must take a Dangerous Terrain test.







ORCS & GOBLINS ARMY LIST

If there's one thing we know to be true of greenskins, it's that they love a good scrap! As a commander of an Orc & Goblin army, you'll no doubt be eager to get your horde into the fray as soon as possible.

This section of the book helps you to do just that. Here, you'll learn how to turn your collection of miniatures into an army of rampaging greenskins ready for tabletop battle.



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:

ORC BOYZ

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

6 points per model

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:

- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a Orc Boss.....10 points
- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with one of the following:
 - Shields.....1 point per model
 - Spears and shields.....1 point per model
 - Additional choppa.....1 point per model
- One unit of Orc Boyz in the army may be upgraded to Big 'Uns.....2 points per model
- A unit of Big 'Uns with a Standard Bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points

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

GORBAD IRONCLAW

335 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorbad Ironclaw	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	10	Cavalry (Special Character)
Gnarla	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-

Equipment:

- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Morglor the Mangler

Mount:

- Gnarla
(War Boar)

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Da Boss 'as a Plan!
- Da Great Leader
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Orcs are da Best
- Size Matters
- Tusker Charge (Gnarla only)
- Waaagh!

AZHAG THE SLAUGHTERER

460 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Azhag the Slaughterer	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9	Infantry (Special Character)
Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Monster

Magic Items:

- Slagga's Slashas
- Azhag's 'Ard Armour
- The Crown of Sorcery

Mount:

- Skullmucha (Wyvern)

Special Rules (Azhag):

- Choppas
- Get on Wiv it!
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!

Special Rules (Skullmucha):

- Fly
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Poisoned Attacks

GRIMGOR IRONHIDE

320 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	4	5	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Gitnsnik
- Blood-Forged Armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Da Immortulz
- Hatred
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Waaagh!

Note:

- If Grimgor is taken, then you must include at least one unit of Black Orcs in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Special Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to da Immortulz for 1 point per model.

GORFANG ROTGUT

190 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorfang Rotgut	4	6	1	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Red Fang
- Evil Sun Armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!



MORGLOM NECKSNAPPER

245 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Morglum Necksnapper	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Cavalry (Special Character)
War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-

Magic Items:

- The Humie Hewers
- Bulak's Bloody Armour

Mount:

- War Boar

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Natural Leader
- Quell Animosity
- Waaagh!

LORDS

WURRZAG UD URA ZABUHU

330 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wurrzag	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Special Character)
Spleenrippa	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	War Beast

Magic Items:

- Baleful Mask
- Bonewood Staff
- Wizzbang the Power Squig

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters
- Frenzy
- Mork's Favourite
- Warpaint of Wurrzag

Magic:

Wurrzag is a Level 4 Savage Orc Shaman. He uses the Spells of da Big Waaagh! Additionally, Wurrzag always knows Wurrzag's Revenge as well as his other spells.

Options:

- May be mounted on Spleenrippa (War Boar).....24 points

GROM THE PAUNCH

240 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grom the Paunch	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	- (Special Character)
Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 5+)
Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-	-
Giant Wolves	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Axe of Grom

Mount:

- Grom's Chariot (pulled by three Giant Wolves. Includes Niblet)

Special Rules:

- Eats Elves for Breakfast
- Grom's Waaagh!
- Regeneration (4+) (Grom only)

SKARNSNIK

265 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	8	Infantry (Special Character)
Gobbla	-	5	-	6	-	-	4	4	-	-

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Skarnik's Prodder

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Killing Blow (Gobbla only)
- Sneaky Schemes
- Tricky Traps



THE BLACK GOBBO

170 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Black Gobbo	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Thagi Az
- Belt Buckle of Durzik Al Drazh
- Gotkid's Beard
- Hood of Night

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Really Hates Dwarfs

LORDS

ORC WARBOSS

130 points

Profile
Orc Warboss

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 3 points
 - Great weapon..... 6 points
 - Spear..... 3 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour..... 3 points
- May take a shield..... 3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar..... 24 points
 - Barded Gore-grunta..... 50 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew)..... 80 points
 - Wyvern..... 160 points
 - Maw-Crusher..... 220 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 100 points

SAVAGE ORC WARBOSS

160 points

Profile
Savage Orc Warboss

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!
- War Paint

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 3 points
 - Great weapon..... 6 points
 - Spear..... 3 points
- May take a shield..... 3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar..... 24 points
 - Barded Gore-grunta..... 50 points
 - Wyvern..... 160 points
 - Maw-Crusher..... 220 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 100 points

BLACK ORC WARBOSS

165 points

Profile
Black Orc Warboss

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Quell Animosity
- Waaagh!

Options:

- May take a shield..... 3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar..... 24 points
 - Barded Gore-grunta..... 50 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew)..... 80 points
 - Wyvern..... 160 points
 - Maw-Crusher..... 220 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 100 points



LORDS

GOBLIN WARBOSS

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Spear.....3 points
- May take a short bow.....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Wolf.....18 points
 - Goblin Wolf Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points

FOREST GOBLIN WARBOSS

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forest Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Spear.....3 points
- May take a short bow.....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May have Poisoned Attacks.....10 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Spider.....21 points
 - Gigantic Spider.....50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points



NIGHT GOBLIN WARBOSS

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Spear.....3 points
- May take a short bow.....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted on a Great Cave Squig.....50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points

LORDS

ORC GREAT SHAMAN

185 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters

Magic:

An Orc Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard who uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar.....24 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....80 points
 - Wyvern.....160 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

SAVAGE ORC GREAT SHAMAN

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- War Paint

Magic:

A Savage Orc Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard who uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar.....24 points
 - Wyvern.....160 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	War Beast
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	War Beast
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	2	War Beast
Gore-grunta	7	3	0	4	5	3	3	3	4	Monstrous Beast
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	3	Monstrous Beast
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	3	Monstrous Beast
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Monster
Maw-Crusher	6	5	0	6	6	6	2	4	6	Monster
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	0	5	6	8	4	8	3	Monster

Special Rules:

- *War Boar*: Natural Armour (6+), Tusker Charge.
- *Giant Wolf*: Fast Cavalry.
- *Giant Spider*: Creeping Assault, Fast Cavalry, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Wall-crawler.
- *Gore-grunta*: Impact Hits, Tusker Charge.
- *Gigantic Spider*: Creeping Assault, Forest Strider, Natural Armour (6+), Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Wall-crawler.
- *Great Cave Squig*: Immunity (Psychology), Random Movement (3D6), Loner.
- *Wyvern*: Fly, Natural Armour (4+), Poisoned Attacks.
- *Maw-Crusher*: Hover, Impact Hits (D6), Natural Armour (3+).
- *Arachnarok Spider*: Forest Strider, Immunity (Psychology), Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Natural Armour (4+), Stubborn, Swiftstride, Wall-crawler.

LORDS

GOBLIN GREAT SHAMAN

155 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Goblin Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Wolf.....18 points
 - Wolf Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

FOREST GOBLIN GREAT SHAMAN

160 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forest Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Forest Goblin Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Spider.....21 points
 - Gigantic Spider.....50 points
 - Arachnarok Spider.....260 points
- The Arachnarok Spider may take one of the following:
 - Flinger.....30 points
 - Catchweb Spidershrine.....30 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Spider Venom
- Stupidity

NIGHT GOBLIN GREAT SHAMAN

150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	1	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Magic Mushrooms

Magic:

A Night Goblin Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

HEROES

BIGFEET BONEHEAD

130 points

Profile

Bigfeet Bonehead

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Bonehead's Whacker

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Hatred (The Empire)

- Size Matters
- Warpaint

BORGUT FACEBEATER

170 points

Profile

Borgut Facebeater

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	3	5	5	2	3	3	9

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- 'Ardlad's Axe of Doom
- Drog's Dead 'Ard Armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Do as I say and wot I do
- The Facebeater
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Keep Your Enemies Closer
- Quell Animosity

BADRUK 'EADSPLITTA

135 points

Profile

Badruk 'Eadsplitta

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Magic Items:

- Dwarf Trinket

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Executioner's Strike
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Quell Animosity

GITILLA THE HUNTER

70 points

Profile

Gitilla the Hunter

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

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Ulda the Great Wolf

9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3
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Equipment:

- Spear
- Stinky Pelt

Magic Items:

- Bone Bow

Mount:

- Ulda the Great Wolf

Special Rules:

- Da Howlerz
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves

Note:

If Gitilla da Hunter is taken, then you must include a unit of Goblin Wolf Riders in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Core Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to da Howlerz at a cost of 1 point per model.

SNAGLA GROBSPIT

90 points

Profile

Snagla Grob spit

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

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character)

Giant Spider

7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2
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Equipment:

- Sting of Snagla

Magic Items:

- Fangspike

Special Rules:

- Creeping Assault
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves
- Forest Strider
- Obstacle Strider
- Hatred (Empire)
- Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spider only)
- Wall-crawler

Note:

If Snagla Grob spit is taken, then you must include one unit of Forest Goblin Spider Riders in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Core Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to the Deff Creepers at a cost of 1 point per model.



HEROES

ORC BIG BOSS

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 2 points
 - Great weapon..... 4 points
 - Spear..... 2 points
- May replace light armour with medium armour..... 2 points
- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar..... 16 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew)..... 80 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points



SAVAGE ORC BIG BOSS

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- War Paint

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 2 points
 - Great weapon..... 4 points
 - Spear..... 2 points
- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May be mounted upon a War Boar..... 16 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points

BLACK ORC BIG BOSS

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc Big Boss	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Quell Animosity

Options:

- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar..... 16 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew)..... 80 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points



ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Big Boss (of any type) 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.

HEROES

GOBLIN BIG BOSS

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 2 points
 - Great weapon..... 4 points
 - Spear..... 2 points
- May take a short bow..... 3 points
- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Wolf..... 12 points
 - Goblin Wolf Chariot (replacing one of the crew)..... 50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points

FOREST GOBLIN BIG BOSS

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forest Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 2 points
 - Great weapon..... 4 points
 - Spear..... 2 points
- May take a short bow..... 3 points
- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May have Poisoned Attacks..... 10 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Giant Spider..... 14 points
 - Gigantic Spider..... 50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points



NIGHT GOBLIN BIG BOSS

30 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon..... 2 points
 - Great weapon..... 4 points
 - Spear..... 2 points
- May take a short bow..... 3 points
- May take a shield..... 2 points
- May be mounted on a Great Cave Squig..... 50 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of..... 50 points

HEROES

ORC WARCHANTER

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Warchanter	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	2	8	Infantry (Character)

Note: An Orc Warchanter may never be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy of Violence
- Size Matters

Options:

- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - War Boar.....16 points
 - Orc Boar Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....80 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....50 points

ORC SHAMAN

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters

Magic:

An Orc Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon a War Boar.....16 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....50 points

SAVAGE ORC SHAMAN

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- War Paint

Magic:

A Savage Orc Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon a War Boar.....16 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

GOBLIN SHAMAN

60 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Magic:

A Goblin Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon Giant Wolf.....12 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

HEROES

FOREST GOBLIN SHAMAN

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forest Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Fear Elves
- Spider Venom
- Stupidity

Magic:

A Goblin Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon Giant Spider.....14 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Hand weapon
- Fear Elves
- Spider Venom
- Stupidity

NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	3	1	5	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Magic Mushrooms

Magic:

A Night Goblin Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard who uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)



CORE UNITS

ORC BOYZ

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour



Options:

- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a Orc Boss.....10 points
- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Orc Boy may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with one of the following:
 - Shields.....1 point per model
 - Spears and shields.....1 point per model
 - Additional choppa.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Big 'Uns (normal restrictions apply).....2 points per model
- A unit of Big 'Uns with a Standard Bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points

ORC ARRER BOYZ

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Arrer Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow
- Light armour

Options:

- One Arrer Boy may be upgraded to a Orc Boss.....10 points
- One Arrer Boy may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Arrer Boy may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points

SAVAGE ORCS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Savage Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- War Paint

Equipment:

- Hand weapon



Options:

- One Savage Orc may be upgraded to a Savage Orc Boss.....10 points
- One Savage Orc may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Savage Orc may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with one of the following:
 - Spears and shields.....1 point per model
 - Bows.....1 point per model
 - Additional hand weapon.....1 point per model
 - Shields.....1 point per model
- The unit may include Big Stabbas.....20 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Big 'Uns (normal restrictions apply).....2 points per model
- A unit of Big 'Uns with a Standard Bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points

CORE UNITS

GOBLINS

3 points per model

Profile

Goblin

Goblin Boss

Goblin Jester

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Infantry
Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Infantry
Goblin Jester	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	0	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves

Special Rules (Goblin Jester):

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Goblin Jester

Options:

- One Goblin may be upgraded to a Goblin Boss.....10 points
- One Goblin may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Goblin may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with spears.....free
- The entire unit may replace shields with short bows....½ point per model
- The unit may include a Goblin Jester.....20 points per model

GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

12 points per model

Profile

Wolf Rider

Wolf Rider Boss

Giant Wolf

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Wolf Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Fast Cavalry

Mount:

- Giant Wolf

Options:

- One Wolf Rider may be upgraded to a Wolf Rider Boss.....10 points
- One Wolf Rider may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Wolf Rider may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace spears and shields with short bows.....free

NIGHT GOBLINS

2,5 points per model

Profile

Night Goblin

Night Goblin Boss

Night Goblin Fanatic

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry
Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	Infantry
Night Goblin Fanatic	2D6	2	3	5	3	1	3	*	10	Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Special Rules (Fanatic):

- Immunity (Psychology)
- Force of Destruction
- Hide in Units
- Out of Control
- Random Movement (2D6)
- Release the Fanatics!
- Splat!

Options:

- One Night Goblin may be upgraded to a Night Goblin Boss.....10 points
- One Night Goblin may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Night Goblin may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with spears.....free
- The entire unit may replace shields with short bows.....½ point per model
- The entire unit wear light armour.....½ point per model
- The unit may be upgraded to include Netters.....45 points
- The unit may include up to three Fanatics.....25 points per model



CORE UNITS

FOREST GOBLINS

2.5 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Forest Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Infantry
Forest Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- One Forest Goblin may be upgraded to a Goblin Boss.....10 points
- One Forest Goblin may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Forest Goblin may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with spears.....free
- The entire unit may replace shields with short bows....½ point per model
- The entire unit may have Poisoned Attacks.....1 point per model

FOREST GOBLIN SPIDER RIDERS

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spider Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Spider	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Creeping Assault
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves
- Forest Strider
- Obstacle Strider
- Poisoned Attacks
(Giant Spider only)
- Wall-crawler

Options:

- One Spider Rider may be upgraded to a Spider Rider Boss.....10 points
- One Spider Rider may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Spider Rider may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with short bows.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have Poisoned Attacks.....1,5 point per model

Mount:

- Giant Spider



SNOTLINGS

15 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4	Swarm

Note: Snotlings do not count towards the minimum percentage of Core Units that needs to be included in your army.

Unit Size: 2+ bases

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Explodin' Spores



SPECIAL UNITS

BLACK ORCS

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8	Infantry
Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Armed to da Teef
- Immunity
(Psychology)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Options:

- One Black Orc may be upgraded to a Black Orc Boss.....10 points
- One Black Orc may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Black Orc may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model

ORC BOAR BOYZ

19 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Cavalry
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters
- Thick Skinned
- Tusker Charge

Mount:

- War Boar

Options:

- One Boar Boy may be upgraded to a Boar Boy Boss.....10 points
- One Boar Boy may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Boar Boy may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Big 'Uns (normal restrictions apply).....2 points per model
 - A unit of Big 'Uns with a Standard Bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points

SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ

18 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Savage Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Cavalry
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Thick Skinned
- Tusker Charge
- War Paint

Mount:

- War Boar

Options:

- One Savage Orc Boar Boy may be upgraded to a Savage Orc Boar Boy Boss.....10 points
- One Savage Orc Boar Boy may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Savage Orc Boar Boy may be upgraded to a standard bearer...10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with one of the following:
 - Spears and shields.....4 points per model
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points per model
 - Shields.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Big 'Uns (normal restrictions apply).....2 points per model
 - A unit of Big 'Uns with a Standard Bearer may take a Magic Standard worth up to.....50 points

SPECIAL UNITS

ORC BOAR CHARIOT

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Boar Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 4+)
Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
War Boar	7	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Crew: 2 Orc Crew

Drawn by: 2 War Boars

Equipment (Orc Crew):

- Spear

Equipment (Chariot):

- Scythed Wheels

Special Rules:

- Choppas
- Size Matters
- Tusker Charge

GOBLIN WOLF CHARIOT

50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wolf Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 5+)
Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1-3

Crew: 3 Goblin Crew

Drawn by: 2 Giant Wolves

Equipment (Goblin Crew):

- Spear

Special Rules:

- Fear Elves

Equipment (Chariot):

- Scythed Wheels



GOBLIN SPEAR CHUKKA

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppa (Orc Bully only)
- Fear Elves
- Size Matters (Orc Bully only)
- Slipshod

Options:

- May add an Orc Bully.....10 points

Crew:

3 Goblin Crew

GOBLIN ROCK LOBBER

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Choppa (Orc Bully only)
- Fear Elves
- Size Matters (Orc Bully only)

Options:

- May add an Orc Bully.....10 points

Crew:

3 Goblin Crew

SPECIAL UNITS

GOBLIN NASTY SKULKERS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Nasty Skulker	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- Smoke Bombs
- Surprise!

Options:

- The entire unit may take throwing weapons.....1 point per model

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Squig Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry
Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Obnoxious
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Skirmishers



NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HERD

9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Squig Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry
Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	-

Unit Size:

10+ Squigs

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Obnoxious
- Squig Herd
- Squigs Go Wild!

Note: You must have at least one Night Goblin Herder for every three Cave Squigs. These models are added at no additional cost.



ORC BRUTES

22 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Brute	4	4	3	4	4	2	2	2	7	Infantry
Orc Brute Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	2	3	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Duff Up da Big Thing

Options:

- One Orc Brute may be upgraded to a Orc Brute Boss.....10 points
- The entire unit must be equipped with one of the following:
 - Two hand weapons.....4 points per model
 - Great weapons.....4 points per model

RARE UNITS

ORC GORE-GRUNTAS

57 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gore-grunta Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Gore-grunta Big 'Un Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Gore-grunta	7	3	0	4	5	3	3	3	4	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Animosity
- Choppas
- Fear
- Impact Hits (D3) (Grunta only)
- Natural Armour
- Size Matters
- Tusker Charge

Mount:

- Gore-grunta

Options:

- One Big 'Un may be upgraded to a Big 'Un Boss.....10 points
- One Big 'Un may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Big 'Un may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points



TROLLS

35 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	2	3	4	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Regeneration
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

Options:

- The entire unit may be upgraded to one of the following:
 - Stone Trolls.....10 points per model
 - River Trolls.....10 points per model

GOBLIN DOOM DIVER

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Doom Diver	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Crew:

- 3 Goblin Crew

Special Rules:

- Choppa (Orc Bully only)
- Doom Diver Catapult
- Fear Elves
- Size Matters (Orc Bully only)

Options:

- May add an Orc Bully.....10 points

SNOTLING PUMP WAGON

45 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pump Wagon	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour save 6+)
Snotling Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	5	6	-

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Impact Hits (2D6)
- Random Movement (2D6)
- Pump Harder Ladz!
- Too Pumped Up
- Unbreakable
- Unstable

Options:

- A Snotling Pump Wagon may take any of the following:
 - Spiky Roller.....15 points
 - Out-rigga.....10 points
 - Flappas.....5 points
 - Giant Explodin' Spores.....15 points

Crew:

- Mass of Snotlings

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

RARE UNITS

MANGLER SQUIGS

70 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*	3	Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Completely Out of Control
- Force of Total Destruction
- Gone Crazy!
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Ker-splat!
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Watch Out!



NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG GOBBA

120 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Squig Gobba	-	4	0	6	5	4	3	3D6	3	Monstrous Beast
Night Goblin Tenders	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size:

1 Great Squig and 4 Night Goblin Tenders.

Special Rules:

- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Monster and Handlers



COLOSSAL SQUIG

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Colossal Squig	4D6	4	0	7	5	5	3	5	3	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Dinner's Dinner!
- Falls Apart
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Random Attacks (2D6)
- Random Movement (4D6)



RARE UNITS

ARACHNAROK SPIDER

260 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	0	5	6	8	4	8	3	Monster
Forest Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-

Unit Size:

1 Arachnarok Spider and
8 Forest Goblins Crew

Equipment (Crew):

- Spear
- Short bow
- Special Rules:
 - Immunity (Psychology)
 - Swiftstride
 - Forest Strider
 - Large Target
 - Obstacle Strider
 - Natural Armour (4+)
 - Poisoned Attacks (Spider only)
 - Stubborn
 - Howdah Crew
 - Wall-crawler

Special Rules:

- The Arachnarok Spider may take a Flinger.....30 points



ROGUE IDOL OF GORK

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rogue Idol	6	3	0	7	6	6	1	4	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Da Big 'Un
- Impact Hits (D6)
- Killing Blow
- Natural Armour (2+)
- Unbreakable
- Unstable



GIANT RIVER TROLL HAG

235 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant River Troll Hag	5	2	2	6	5	6	2	S	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Marsh Strider
- Regeneration (4+)
- River Strider
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Slimy Shanks
- Swamp Breath
- Terror
- Troll Hag Special Attacks
- Water Wise

Magic:

A Troll Hag is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death.

GIANT

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	S	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

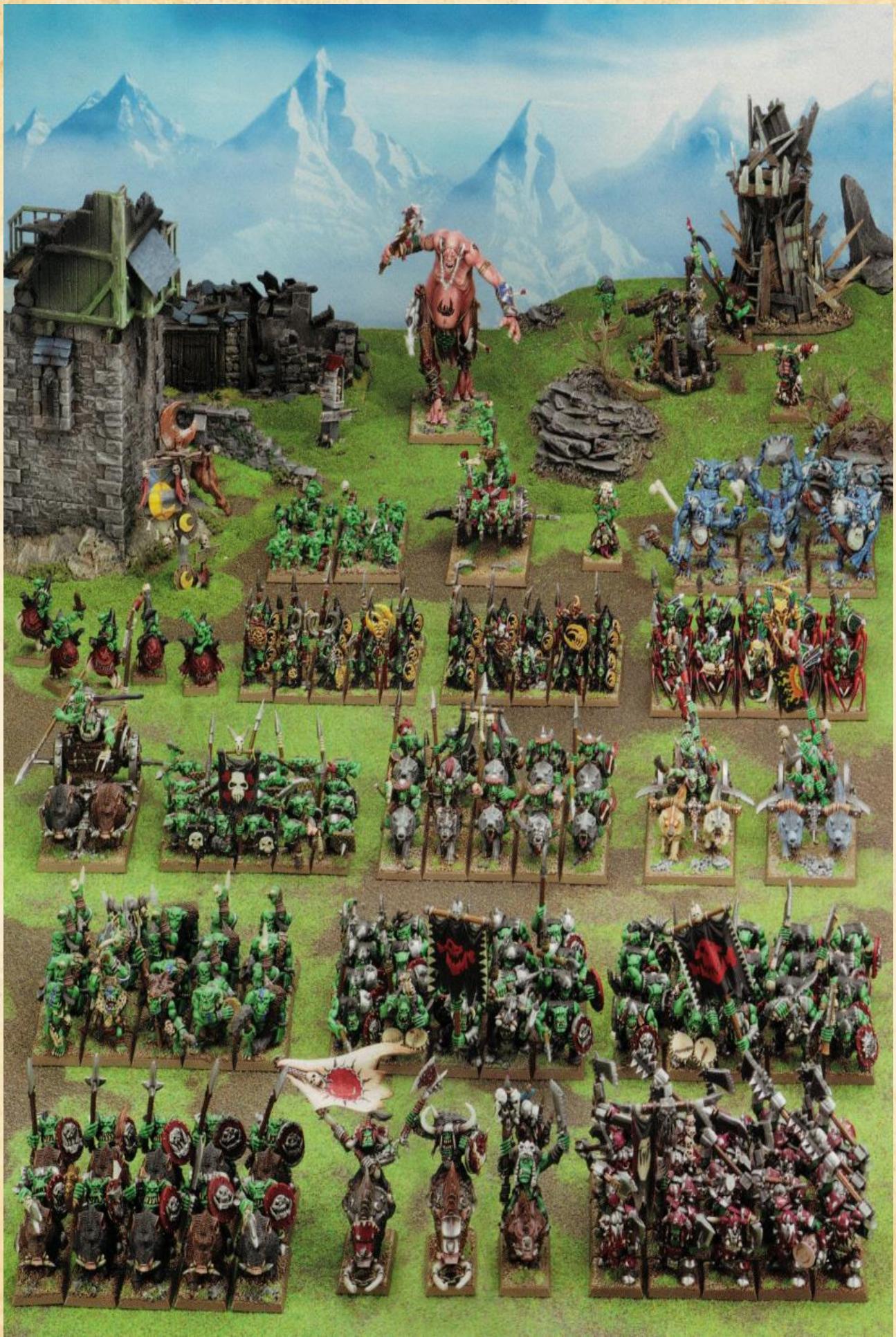
- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Stubborn

Options:

- If the army contains at least one Savage Orc Shaman or Savage Orc Great Shaman, then any Giant may have Warpaint.....20 points

Equipment:

A tree-trunk or other impressively large blunt implement (hand weapon)



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Azhag the Slaughterer	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9	In
- Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Mo
The Black Gobbo	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	In
Black Orc Warboss	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In
Forest Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	In
Forest Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	In
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	In
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	In
Gorbad Ironclaw	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	10	Ca
- Gnarla	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-
Gorfang Rotgut	4	6	1	5	5	3	4	4	9	In
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	4	5	9	In
Grom the Paunch	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	-
- Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-	-
- Giant Wolves	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-
Morglum Necksnapper	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Ca
- War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-
Night Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	1	6	In
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	In
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	In
Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	In
Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In

LORDS (cont.)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	8	In
- Gobbla	-	5	-	6	-	-	4	4	-	-
Wurrrzag	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	In
- Spleenrippa	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Badruk 'Eadsplitta	4	6	3	5	5	2	3	3	8	In
Bigfeet Bonehead	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	In
Black Orc Big Boss	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	In
Borgut Facebeater	4	6	3	5	5	2	3	3	9	In
Forest Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	In
Forest Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6	In
Gitilla the Hunter	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7	Ca
- Ulda the Great Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	In
Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6	In
Night Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	6	In
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	3	1	5	In
Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	In
Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	In
Orc Warchanter	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	2	8	In
Savage Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	In
Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	In
Snagla Grobsplit	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7	Ca
- Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	-





CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Forest Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	In
- Forest Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	In
Forest Goblin Spider										
Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca
- Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca
- Giant Spider	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	In
- Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	In
- Goblin Jester	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	0	6	In
Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca
- Wolf Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	In
- Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	In
- Night Goblin Fanatic	2D6	2	3	5	3	1	3	*	10	In
Orc Arrer Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	3	4	1	2	1	7	In
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	In
- Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Orc Big 'Un Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	In
Savage Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Savage Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	In
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4	Sw

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8	In
- Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	In
Goblin Nasty Skulker	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
- Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
- Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-
Wolf Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-
Night Goblin Squig										
Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	In
- Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	In
Night Goblin Squig										
Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Ca
- Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	-
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Ca
- Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Ca
- War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-
Orc Boar Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
- War Boar	7	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-
Orc Brute	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	2	7	
- Orc Brute Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	
Savage Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Ca
- Savage Orc Boar Boy										
Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Ca
- War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	-	

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	0	5	6	8	4	8	3	Mo
- Forest Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-
Colossal Squig	4D6	4	0	7	5	5	3	5	3	Mo
Doom Diver	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	-	WM
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
- Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	S	10	Mo

RARE UNITS (cont.)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Giant River Troll Hag	5	2	2	6	5	6	2	S	10	Mo
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*	3	MB
Night Goblin Squig										
Gobba	-	4	0	6	5	4	3	*	3	MB
- Night Goblin Tenders	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Gore-grunta Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	MC
Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	MC
- Gore-grunta	7	3	0	4	5	3	3	3	4	-
Rogue Idol of Gork	6	3	0	7	6	6	1	4	8	Mo
Snotling Pump Wagon	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Snotling Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	5	6	-
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	2	3	4	MI

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	0	5	6	8	4	8	3	Mo
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	3	MB
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	2	WB
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	WB
Gore-grunta	7	3	0	4	5	3	3	3	4	MB
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	3	MB
Maw-Crusher	6	5	0	6	6	6	3	4	6	Mo
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	WB
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	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.









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