

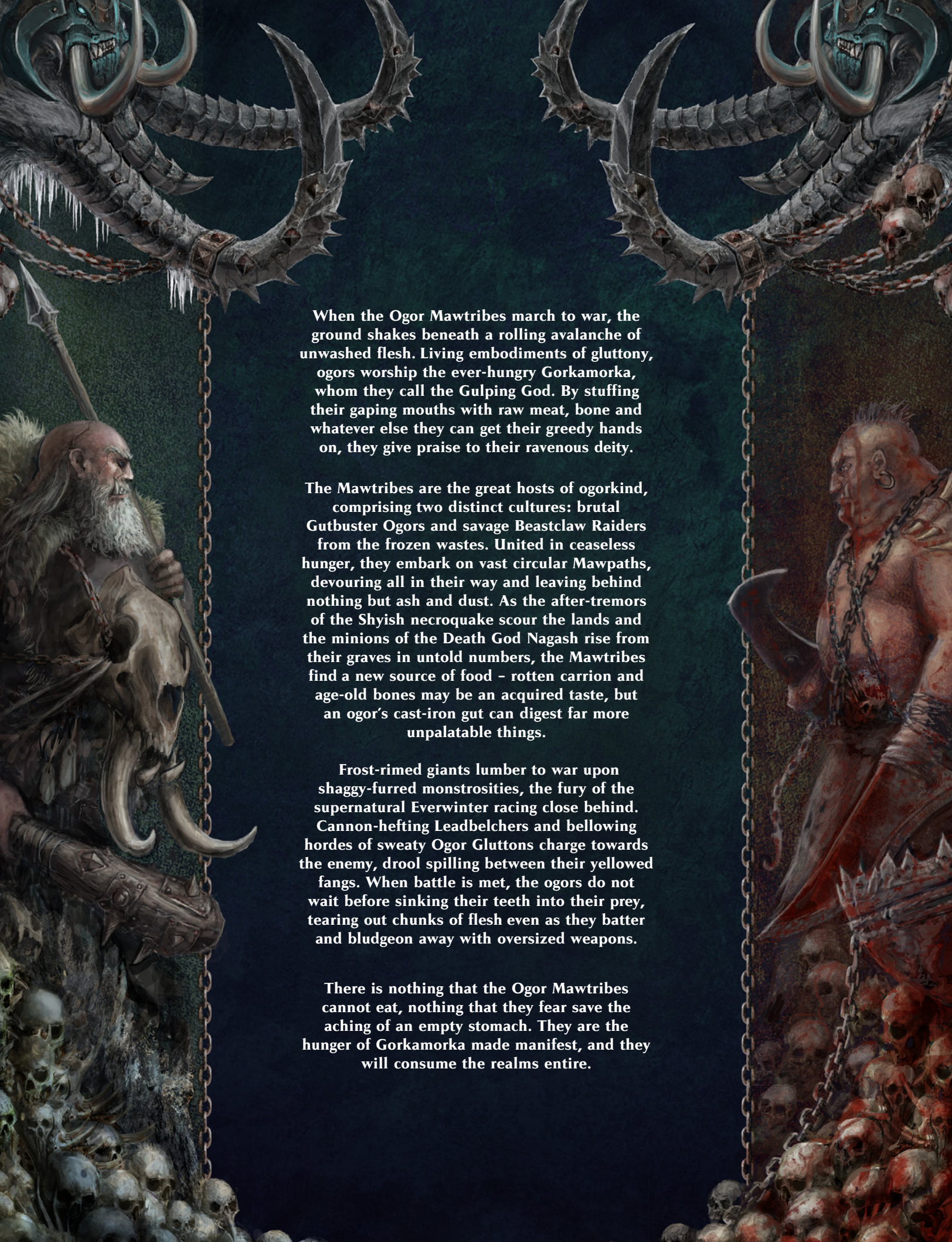
WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



— DESTRUCTION BATTLETOME —

OGOR MAWTRIBES



When the Ogor Mawtribes march to war, the ground shakes beneath a rolling avalanche of unwashed flesh. Living embodiments of gluttony, ogors worship the ever-hungry Gorkamorka, whom they call the Gulping God. By stuffing their gaping mouths with raw meat, bone and whatever else they can get their greedy hands on, they give praise to their ravenous deity.

The Mawtribes are the great hosts of ogorkind, comprising two distinct cultures: brutal Gutbuster Ogors and savage Beastclaw Raiders from the frozen wastes. United in ceaseless hunger, they embark on vast circular Mawpaths, devouring all in their way and leaving behind nothing but ash and dust. As the after-tremors of the Shyish necroquake scour the lands and the minions of the Death God Nagash rise from their graves in untold numbers, the Mawtribes find a new source of food – rotten carrion and age-old bones may be an acquired taste, but an ogor's cast-iron gut can digest far more unpalatable things.

Frost-rimed giants lumber to war upon shaggy-furred monstrosities, the fury of the supernatural Everwinter racing close behind. Cannon-hefting Leadbelchers and bellowing hordes of sweaty Ogor Gluttons charge towards the enemy, drool spilling between their yellowed fangs. When battle is met, the ogors do not wait before sinking their teeth into their prey, tearing out chunks of flesh even as they batter and bludgeon away with oversized weapons.

There is nothing that the Ogor Mawtribes cannot eat, nothing that they fear save the aching of an empty stomach. They are the hunger of Gorkamorka made manifest, and they will consume the realms entire.

CONTENTS

HUNGERING HORDES.....4	PAINTING YOUR OGOR MAWTRIBE64	Jorlbard.....101
THE MAWPATH8	OGOR MAWTRIBE64	Eurlbad101
GUTBUSTER WARGLUTTS10	APPETITE FOR WAR.....70	Torrbad101
AN ENDLESS HUNT12	ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES71	Skal101
THE EVERWINTER14	Battle Traits.....71	Tyrant.....102
BEASTCLAW ALFROSTUNS16	Command Traits.....72	Slaughtermaster103
HISTORY OF HUNGER18	Artefacts of Power74	Butcher.....104
Meatfist Mawtribe22	Spell Lores.....76	Ogor Gluttons.....105
Bloodgullet Mawtribe.....23	Everwinter Prayers77	Ironguts106
Underguts Mawtribe.....24	Mount Traits.....78	Gorgers106
Boulderhead Mawtribe.....25	Great Mawpot.....80	Leadbelchers.....107
Thunderbellies Mawtribe.....26	Meatfist Mawtribe82	Ironblaster.....107
Winterbite Mawtribe.....27	Bloodgullet Mawtribe83	Gnoblar Scraplauncher.....108
Gutbuster Tyrants.....28	Underguts Mawtribe.....84	Gnoblar108
Favoured of the Gulping God.....30	Boulderhead Mawtribe.....85	Frostlord on Stonehorn.....109
Warriors of the Wargluts.....32	Thunderbellies Mawtribe.....86	Frostlord on Thundertusk.....110
War Engines.....34	Winterbite Mawtribe.....87	Huskard on Stonehorn.....112
Frostlords36	Battleplan:	Huskard on Thundertusk.....113
Jorlbads and Eurlbads38	Gorkmaw's Gullet.....88	Stonehorn Beastriders.....114
Torrbads40	Battleplan:	Thundertusk Beastriders.....115
Skals41	Challenge of Rule.....90	Icebrow Hunter116
Camp Followers42	PATH TO GLORY.....92	Frost Sabres.....117
GLUTTONOUS HORDES46	Ogor Mawtribes	Icefall Yhetees117
HUNGRY FOR BATTLE.....62	Warband Tables94	Mournfang Pack118
	WARSCROLLS.....98	Firebelly.....119
	Gutbuster Warglutt98	Maneaters.....119
	Tyrant's Gutguard.....99	PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES120
	Goremand99	
	Butcher's Band.....99	
	Junkmob.....99	
	Alfroston.....100	

DESIGNED BY GAMES WORKSHOP IN NOTTINGHAM

With thanks to The Faithful for their additional playtesting services.

Destruction Battletome: Ogor Mawtribes © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2019. Destruction Battletome: Ogor Mawtribes, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, Stormcast Eternals, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

ISBN: 978-1-78826-552-2

Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, United Kingdom
games-workshop.com

When an Ogor Mawtribe goes to war, it combines the unstoppable winter fury of the Beastclaw Raiders with the massed charges and smoke-belching war machines of the Gutbusters.



HUNGERING HORDES

Devouring their way through the realms on massive, circular Mawpaths, the ogors are a scourge upon all beings. Whether living or dead, beast, plant or inanimate object, nothing is safe from their insatiable hunger; these brutish tyrants can chew through solid metal and crunch a man's skull to pieces with a single bite.

The coming of an Ogor Mawtribe is heralded by tremors in the earth caused by the headlong charge of hundreds of hulking brutes and war mounts. This wall of flesh and iron rolls relentlessly over everything in its path. Those who stand in its way are crushed to bloody ruin by boisterous packs of ogors who crack open skulls and shatter limbs with their heavy iron-wrapped clubs, stuffing their gaping maws with flesh after every kill. Once the Mawtribe has gorged itself to bursting, it moves on in search of the next meal, leaving naught but splattered blood and shards of bone in its wake.

RAVENOUS BRUTES

Ogors have roamed the Mortal Realms since the earliest days of the Age of Myth, when the God-King Sigmar embarked upon his great quest to bring enlightenment and civilisation to the wilds. At that time, they were uneasy allies with the armies of Azyr, but this peace did not last; the creatures' predatory appetites can never truly be restrained for long. Such is the ogors' tenacity and brute strength that they survived even amidst the darkness of the Age of Chaos, when the armies of the Dark Gods rampaged across the land. When the God-King's hosts finally returned to the realms, the mighty Stormcast Eternals at their fore, the ogors rejoiced at having such exotic new treats to sample.

Gathering into enormous migratory hordes known as Mawtribes, ogors march the length and breadth of the land, eating as they go. These nomadic routes are not as random as they first appear: each Mawtribe traces a circular journey, heading out from their lair and chewing a great bite out of the realm before returning to their homeland for a gluttonous feast. With every consecutive raid, they must travel further and further in order to find new sources of food. Those unfortunate civilisations that

lie on the route of this Mawpath are most often summarily devoured, for few armies can stop the devastating momentum of an ogor attack.



An ogor warrior stands twice the height of a mortal man, though the sheer girth of these creatures makes them appear far larger and more ferocious to their foes. They carry crude yet effective clubs and cleavers – the better for hacking up and tenderising their enemies' flesh – and their ruddy, sweaty skin is stitched with tattoos and tribal markings. Formidably resilient and grotesquely swollen with fat and muscle, an ogor can withstand all manner of hostile environments and can survive almost anywhere in the realms. They are near impossible to stop once roused, bowling their way through any obstacles with single-minded obstinacy and cruel laughter. Ogors have been known to survive spear thrusts, cannonades and gouts of magical flame without succumbing – certainly lasting long enough to bludgeon their attackers to a fine paste.

The most notable trait of ogorkind is their bottomless hunger. Folk tales and legends abound regarding the creatures' appetite, and rarely are they more extraordinary than the truth. An ogor can consume almost anything; their rock-hard teeth crunch up even the toughest of materials, and their guts are capable of digesting shards of plate armour and venomous offal with only minor

rumblings. Despite the ogors' wide-ranging tastes, flesh is typically craved above all else. Enterprising foes might attempt to placate an oncoming ogor horde with offerings of meat, but such strategies are rarely successful; any proffered food is swiftly devoured, and no sooner have the ogors finished stuffing themselves full than their bellies begin to rumble anew. Before long, their piggish eyes will turn upon their would-be appeasers, and another bloody feast will begin.

Though not even the most deluded scholar would describe them as intelligent, ogors are capable of a degree of low cunning. Driven solely by the desire for food, an ogor might be convinced to align with almost any cause in exchange for meat or the coin with which to buy it. Doomed are those who rely upon such arrangements, however, as ogors scorn such inedible concepts as honour and loyalty; they will switch sides in a moment if doing so seems beneficial. Nevertheless, ogor mercenaries are a common sight in many armies, since their fighting prowess cannot be doubted.

EATERS OF THE REALMS

The Ogor Mawtribes are dominated by two very different cultures, united by their worship of Gorkamorka and their ceaseless quest for meat. The Gutbusters are the most numerous of the ogor tribes and can boast the most 'shinies' – a catch-all ogor term for treasure – and the finest weapons. These nomadic raiders see themselves as the epitome of ogorkind, a force of devastation that sweeps across the realms in a never-ending orgy of consumption. They have learnt to make great use of blackpowder weapons in order to soften up their intended prey, and they are guided along their migratory trails of destruction by the visionary blood-mages known as Butchers. Teeming hordes of

Gnoblar scampers alongside the ogors as they march, scooping up the detritus that the Mawtribe leaves behind. These diminutive creatures perform a variety of dangerous and unpleasant tasks for their masters, and in return the ogors largely refrain from gobbling them up – at least until food becomes scarce.

The second major culture within ogor society is that of the Beastclaw Raiders. These brutish nomads are driven along their migratory paths by the magical blizzard that bites at their heels. Known as the Everwinter, it forces the ogors ever onwards, else they become frozen amidst its icy depths. Riding upon massive beasts of the mountains, they stampede over their foes like a living avalanche. Lolloping, shaggy-furred horrors and vicious hunting cats run at their side, driven by grizzled ogor huntmasters. Defeated enemies are either eaten on the spot or gathered up in the ogors' saddlebags to be consumed at a later date.

Many Mawtribes maintain a greater connection to the Gutbuster way of life and are ruled by the near-mythical Overtyrants, towering

warrior-emperors, gigantic and hugely obese even by the standards of their own kind but no less deadly for their bulk. Others – such as the formidable Boulderhead Mawtribe – are dominated by Frost Kings, feared conquerors who, according to ogor folklore, are vested with the icy power of the Everwinter itself.



When they are not raiding in search of food, these two decidedly different cultures regularly clash for domination. The civil wars that often result from these hostilities are terrible bloodbaths, but they do lead to a surplus of quality meat. Ogors are not too proud to feast upon their own kind, given the opportunity; in truth, many Tyrants and Frostlords consider such flesh

to be a delicacy. Regardless of the roots of their society, nearly every Mawtribe contains a number of wargluts – the nomadic tribes of the Gutbuster Ogors – as well as many Beastclaw Raider Alfrostuns. Though this relationship is not always a peaceful one, it undoubtedly makes the Mawtribe a power to be truly feared. When their shared hunger unites the various ogor cultures as a single, meaty fist, the resulting rampage of destruction and ravenous consumption spells disaster for every living thing in the vicinity.

'We have proffered half a season's grain, six tonnes of pickled raga-meat, three hundred and seventy caskets of Cyphian amber and three steam-tugs filled with freshly caught silt-eels. How we will feed the garrison in the coming days I do not know, but, praise the God-King, the ogors have accepted our proposed terms. Catransa is safe.'

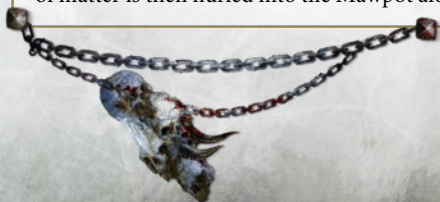
– The last words of
High Arbiter Myros Hale,
recorded two days before the sacking
of Catransa by the Ugmor Warglutt

THE GREAT MAWPOTS

Most prized of any Mawtribe's possessions is its Great Mawpot. This immense iron cauldron serves as both a cooking tool and a shrine to the Gulping God, and it is always filled with a bubbling stew of blood, marrow and boiled flesh known as battlebroth. Whilst it is utterly inedible to any other species, battlebroth acts as a healing draught when consumed by the children of the Gulping God. Fashioned from the melted-down heraldry, armaments and treasures of those foes the tribe has eaten, Great Mawpots are built and blessed by the meatmasters of Gorkamorka and function as a magical focal point for the Butchers' strange gastromantic powers.

Great Mawpots are usually placed at the centre of a Mawtribe's nomadic camp, surrounded by campfires. It is here that the entire tribe will gather in the aftermath of a raid for a great feast – or 'gutbash' – in Gorkamorka's honour. Butchers and Slaughtermasters carve up hunks of meat and captured prey-things, paring slices of flesh and cracking open bones to scoop out the delicious marrow within. Every scrap of matter is then hurled into the Mawpot along with a

few special ingredients – perhaps a sprinkling of dried salamander glands for an extra fiery kick or some handfuls of gargant blubber to thicken and enrich the blend. Such is the magical power of a Mawpot that even the incorporeal or daemonic can be trapped within its iron skin; to some tribes who dwell within Shyish, such esoteric ingredients are quite a treat. Once the meat is nice and tender, and the waiting ogors are almost drowning in their own drool, the Butcher pours the first bowl, which always goes to the highest-ranked ogor present. Gnoblar attendants then rush and scamper about, handing out servings according to prestige, refilling bowls the moment they are emptied. To take advantage of their great power, ogor armies often drag their Mawpots into battle. They are positioned at the centre of the ogor line and anchored in place by bones or tusks driven deep into the earth. Next to the cauldron is a slab of bloodstained rock where the Butcher can carry out their gory work in the heat of battle. Defeated foes are gathered up and hurled into the cauldron; the lucky ones are already dead at this point, but, unfortunately for their captives, some Butchers and Slaughtermasters prefer the taste of freshly boiled meat.





The sound of trampling boots and the rumble of swollen stomachs heralds the coming of an Ogor Mawtribe. All foes learn to fear this terrible sound regardless of their allegiance, for the children of the Gulping God are not fussy about their food – they will eat anything and everything that gets in their way.



THE MAWPATH

To the unfortunate kingdoms that lie in the path of a Mawtribe, the chaotic, headlong momentum of the ogors' advance might seem entirely random. In fact, if one is to view these migratory routes from afar, a terrifying pattern emerges – that of a great mouth, chewing its way through the Mortal Realms.

Ogor legends tell that, in the ancient days, the greenskin deity Gorkamorka – whom they call the Gulping God or the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms – was so ravenous that gobbling down mere creatures no longer sated his hunger. Thus, he began to chew upon the realms themselves. Mountains, canyons, volcanoes and calderas were all formed by Gorkamorka taking great bites out of the world. Still, it was not enough. Ropy strings of drool dribbled from the greedy god's mouth, seeping into the bite marks he had left in the realmcrust, and from these primordial underground pools emerged the first of ogorkind. Therefore, ogors believe themselves to be a physical embodiment of their deity's hunger; they are his digestive juices, flooding across the land and softening the realms so that they may eventually be consumed.

LEGACY OF HUNGER

During the Age of Myth, the ogors fought in Gorkamorka's armies, the greenskin god having made war upon the deadly beasts of the realms at the behest of Sigmar the God-King. Gorkamorka had joined the God-King's pantheon after fighting Sigmar to a standstill, impressed by the warrior-god's great strength. He now found himself standing alongside old foes such as the duardin smith-god Grungni and the fearsome goddess of nature, Alarielle the Everqueen. It was a fraught but powerful alliance, and it paved the way for Sigmar to bring light and order to the wild realms.

In those times, the ogors directed their hunger towards the ferocious monsters and abominations that surged forth from the untamed wilds to threaten the God-King's growing empire. For a time, this task satisfied the children of the Gulping God, for the hunting was good and the meat plentiful. Yet they swiftly grew

to resent the fact that they could not stuff their bellies with the flesh of Sigmar's people – deny an ogor anything and he will crave it more than ever. Ultimately, Gorkamorka tired of doing the God-King's bidding and embarked upon a wild and directionless rampage across the Mortal Realms. The ogors eagerly followed after their frenzied deity, carving great furrows through the realms as they indulged their gluttony to the full. The ogors called these migratory routes Mawpaths and were guided on their pilgrimage by the magic of the Butchers, blood-prophets capable of reading the eternal hunger of their deity and intuiting the direction of the greatest quantities of fresh meat.



Throughout the Age of Chaos, when the Dark Gods' daemonic legions spilled into reality to pillage and despoil, the ogors revelled in their new-found freedom to eat humans. They feasted at will upon both the ragged survivors of the God-King's empire and the mortal servants of Chaos.

Although the Mawtribes suffered losses of their own, as many champions of the Dark Gods saw the ogors as worthy foes to slaughter in the name of their unspeakable deities, the ogors' fearsome resilience and nomadic way of life enabled them to escape the grim fate that

struck the abandoned peoples of the God-King. Indeed, impressed by the creatures' brutish strength, many Chaos Lords offered great bounties of flesh to the Mawtribes in return for their aid in cracking open the last few strongholds of civilisation that remained – a task that well suited the wrecking ball of an ogor army.

Each of the Mawtribes long ago claimed a stretch of sacred ground as its own, often a mountainous retreat or subterranean complex. Known as Gluttholds, these holy places include the Great Mawfort of the Ogor Hinterlands, the Tallow Pits of Glissom and Butcher's Gorge, the gore-splattered cavern home of the Bloodgullet Mawtribe. Most of the Gluttholds still stand, having survived the God-King's return to the realms and the assault of his heavens-forged Stormcast Eternals. They remain gruesome monuments to hunger and greed, lined with maw-shaped totems to Gorkamorka and dominated by vast feeding pits dotted with bloodstained butcher slabs and cooking fires.

At the culmination of its migratory conquests, a Mawtribe returns to its ancient Glutthold carrying vast hauls of flesh and gore gathered from its raids. This bounty is poured into immense bubbling cauldrons, and thousands of ogors feast, fight and give praise to the Gulping God in a great celebration of virility that births the next generation of ogors.

Such is the potency of this festival that the Mawtribe's Butchers channel its power to tear the gory morass of the feasting pits open like a clotted scab. A magical portal forms from the piles of coagulated gore, which leads to a new and untouched feeding ground. Thus does the Mawtribe embark upon a fresh Mawpath, each subsequent migration more devastating and further reaching than the last.

THE SOUL WARS

In the aftermath of the catastrophic necroquake and the formation of the Shyish Nadir, many of the ancient Mawpaths have been thrown off course, buffeted by the winds of amethyst magic sweeping across reality. The traditional cycle has been disrupted, as fertile lands are transformed into barren deserts of ash and supplies of meat spoil and turn rancid. An ogor can survive on anything, of course – even dirt and sand if necessary – but such offerings do not satiate the boundless hunger of Gorkamorka. Butchers and Slaughtermasters grumble and frown

as they stir their half-empty flesh-cauldrons, muttering that this dire situation was caused by the ogors' blasphemous lack of appetite. They urge their Tyrants ever onwards and direct many smaller wargluts away from the Mawpath into occupied lands, hoping that by spreading the trail of devastation they might atone for the Mawtribes' failure.

As a result of this disruption, the Mawtribes have quickened the pace of their march, overwhelming free cities and Chaos bastions alike and even attacking their fellow children of Gorkamorka when other food

is scarce. The growing power of Nagash has also found the ogors locked in battle with his undead legions. Deathrattle phalanxes and frozen throngs of shambling Deadwalkers are hardly the prey that the raiders desire most, but in these dark times, many Alfrostuns and wargluts have survived only by feasting upon the offal of the long dead. This has brought the ogors into conflict with Nagash's elite warriors, the Ossiarch Bonereapers, who are charged with destroying anything that threatens the rise of the Great Necromancer's nascent undead empire.

9

THE UNDERGUTS' GREENFEAST

The ruinous campaign that the Underguts Mawtribe calls its Greenfeast is just one example of the terrible destruction wrought by an ogor Mawpath.

After passing through the Nightskein Realmgate, the cavern-dwelling ogors of the Underguts found themselves in the bounteous valleys of Verdia in the

Realm of Life. Having lived for many centuries off the pallid, slime-covered things that wriggle in the soil of their lightless homeland, the ogors were delighted to find vast tracts of wild land filled to the brim with all manner of delicious treats. Having devoured countless townships, verdant forests and frontier forts, they now push ever closer towards the Sigmarite stronghold of Hammerhal Ghyra.

The main force of the Underguts Mawtribe – a gathering of scores of Alfrostuns and wargluts – chews its way across the wilds of Verdia in a series of ever-expanding concentric circles. Each march is more destructive and wide-ranging than the last, for the ogors must journey further and further in search of food.

While the Mawtribe marches on, individual wargluts and Beastclaw raids divert from the Mawpath into untouched regions. Guided by the auguries of their Butchers, they gouge jagged trails of destruction through the land. Viewed from afar, these diversions take the shape of fangs puncturing the crust of the realms.



GUTBUSTER WARGLUTTS

Each Gutbuster warglutt is ruled by a Tyrant, the biggest and toughest ogor in the tribe. These hulking warlords gather an elite retinue of warriors to their side to enforce their will, relying upon the primal blood magic of their Butchers and Slaughtermasters to guide them to their next feast.

Warglutts are the tribal gatherings of the Gutbuster Ogors. Each of the great Mawtribes contains many of these lesser hosts, which can vary greatly in size and composition. Some warglutts contain little more than a score of ogors scavenging for food, while others number in the hundreds and are more than capable of sacking even heavily defended cities. Though they typically advance alongside the main body of the Mawtribe, on occasion warglutts will divert from the Mawpath, setting out on their own in pursuit of particularly tasty prey – or according to the unpredictable whims of their shamans. These splinter forces will ravage their way across verdant lands, sometimes setting up camp in a region for decades or even centuries to pillage and feast, before ultimately returning to join their Mawtribe when every last scrap of matter has been consumed.

In the majority of cases, a Gutbuster warglutt is ruled by a Tyrant, who commands with unquestioned and brutal authority. There is no hereditary inheritance in ogor society – power is earned through brute force, battering one's rivals and messily consuming their innards. In time, an ogor might rise from the lowly status of an Ogor Glutton to become a Tyrant or even an Overtyrant in command of an entire Mawtribe.

The Tyrant's word is law on all matters save the direction in which the warglutt heads in search of food – this is the purview of the tribe's Slaughtermaster, who reads the giblets of butchered prey to intuit the will of the Gulping God. All other business, including the waging of battles and the busywork of negotiating with preyfolk for greater hoards of food, is conducted by the Tyrant. In order to enforce their will and safeguard their position at the head of the warglutt, a Tyrant assembles an elite retinue of the

biggest and meanest Ironguts to serve as their Gutguard. These ogor champions keep the greater tribe in line through intimidation, bullying and bursts of extreme violence. In return, they are granted the choicest loot and the finest cuts of meat in the aftermath of a raid.

The Gutguard rarely leave their master's side; in battle, they fight as one to form a brutal cleaver that hacks into the heart of the enemy line. Their self-interest should not be mistaken for loyalty, however. The great majority of challengers to a Tyrant's rule will come from within the ranks of the Gutguard. This apparent contradiction seems perfectly natural to ogorkind.



Aside from the Tyrant, the most respected and feared member of a warglutt is its Slaughtermaster. This imposing figure leads the Butchers in their gruesome rituals and is responsible for cooking up the Tyrant's meal after every battle. All ogors are in awe of the mystical connection that these strange shamans share with the Gulping God, and they often draw a following of fascinated worshippers. On rare occasions, Slaughtermasters have even been known to overthrow Tyrants and take command of an entire warglutt when they feel that the will of Gorkamorka has not been fulfilled – or if their hunger simply gets the better of them.

Beneath the Slaughtermaster, but still occupying positions of great influence, are the Butchers, who gather and boil up slain foes for the tribe's nightly meal. Ogor Gluttons flock about the carvery slabs like hungry boars hunting for scraps, alongside Leadbelchers whose task it is to blast apart particularly large chunks of flesh for the cooking pot and Ironguts seeking the favour of the Gulping God.

The warglutt's feasts draw out the cursed abominations known as Gorgers, who wail and drool as they watch the blood-priests hack and tear apart prime cuts of meat. Though they maintain a strange connection to a tribe's Butchers, Gorgers are seen as nothing more than repulsive beasts by their fellow ogors and are forced to live on the edge of a warglutt's encampment, foraging for scraps of flesh and bone left behind.

The scrawny beasts known as Gnoblar are obsessed with the seemingly worthless junk that the ogors leave in their wake. For their part, the ogors typically avoid feasting upon them unless food supplies are desperately low; not only do the scraggy things taste particularly foul, they prove rather useful as disposable fodder to hurl at fortified enemy positions. Plus, their crude, ramshackle war machines known as Scraplaunchers are surprisingly effective.

Depending on its size, an ogor war camp may also attract a number of followers from outside the warglutt's sphere of influence. The shamans known as Firebellies may wander out of the wastes, preaching the word of the Sun-eater – their interpretation of the Gulping God. Likewise, swaggering mercenary bands of Maneaters, their pockets stuffed with coin and loot, might deign to fight alongside a warglutt for a time, at least until they obtain a better offer.

HIERARCHY OF THE TARKAN

The Tarkan Warglutt of the Endless Boneyard is one of the largest and most powerful warglutt in the Meatfist Mawtribe. Ruled by the fearsome Tyrant Kagrük Kin-eater, it has fought across the length and breadth of Hallost in Shyish. In recent times, it has drawn the ire of the Ossiarh Bonereapers of Cartoch, who were enraged by the ogors' refusal to stop eating their precious stocks of bones.

Despite suffering grave losses in a series of brutal battles against the soul-constructs, Kin-eater still commands a potent fighting force. The Tarkan are currently migrating north towards the Realmgate of High Harrow in search of more prosperous lands.

TYRANT KAGRUK KIN-EATER

GUTGUARD

IRONBLASTERS

Kin-eater calls his cannons the Big Bellowers, and they are his pride and joy.

IRONGUTS

The Bully Boys, Kagrük's favourite band of head-crackers.

CAMP FOLLOWERS

GOREMAND

BUTCHER BANDS

OUTSIDERS

GORGERS

The Slobberers, a band of pale-fleshed wretches who feed off the Tarkan's scraps.

SLAUGHTER-MASTER

Bufolg Bloodbelch, eater of the Albino Croxor.

BUTCHER

Old Glabb, blind and ancient but still as deadly as ever.

MANEATERS

The Goldguts, a mercenary troupe out of Hallost.

GNOBLARS

Teeming masses of puny greenskins who scamper along with the Tarkan.

IRONGUTS

Bellyrippers, a band of brash fighters with a penchant for warm entrails.

IRONGUTS

Glabb's Lot, personal bodyguard of the warglutt's Butcher.

FIREBELLIES

Odjo and Burl, wandering shamans of the Sun-eater.

SCRAP-LAUNCHERS

The Gnoblar can field several rickety catapults.

OGOR GLUTTONS

The Greasers, youths who hang around the cookpots in hope of a good meal.

OGOR GLUTTONS

Meatrippers, whose task it is to collect choice cuts for the Butcher's pot.

LEADBELCHERS

The Shouters, old hands rendered slightly deaf by constant gunfire.

LEADBELCHERS

Scorch Blasters, who like sizzling strips of meat on their red-hot gun barrels.

AN ENDLESS HUNT

The origins of the Beastclaw Raiders are shrouded in the half-remembered legends of the Age of Myth. The truth behind the icy curse that haunts them may never be known, but it is certain that their existence of constant hardship and war has forged them into one of the most fearsome fighting forces in the Mortal Realms.

TRIBES OF THE FROZEN WASTES

Perpetual winter and gnawing hunger drive the Beastclaw Raiders ever onwards to find fresh hunting grounds. The ogors ravage the regions they cross, leaving only ruin in their wake. Taking as much food as they can, they flee before the arrival of the Everwinter – the supernatural blizzard that pursues them eternally. It is the destiny of these tribal raiders to forever seek new prey, while it is the fate of their victims to be mercilessly devoured.

It was not always so, and though only myths remain of their past, the raiders still tell tales of the first

Alfroston and the Beastclaw raid from which it was born. In those ancient days, the ogors were the skilled hunters and trackers of Gorkamorka's armies as well as its heavy cavalry. There are many stories of the Beastclaws riding into battle before the assembled hosts of the Gulping God.

For an age, the legends say, the Beastclaw were favoured warriors of Gorkamorka and their rewards were foes to fight and mounds of meat – but it was not to last. Some say it was Baergut Vosjarl, the first Frost King, who betrayed Gorkamorka and was punished with the first Everwinter. Others claim that it was Sigmar

who cursed the Beastclaw tribe for their gluttony, that the God-King created a winter storm to deny the ogors prey, though they learned to stay ahead of its killing cold. There are also legends of how the ogors opened the Icefell Vaults of Shyish, unleashing the dreaded Winter Gods from the prison Nagash had crafted for them. The tales claim that these fell creatures follow the ogors still, granting their saviours the gift of endless cold.

Many of the great Ogor Mawtribes are ruled not by Gutbuster Overtyrants but by Frost Kings, immense warrior-emperors of the frozen winter. Unsurprisingly, these



Mawtribes are dominated by the Beastclaw Raiders' distinct culture, though they also boast many conquered wargluts within their ranks. These Gutbuster Ogors must swiftly learn to handle the deadly extremes of life at the edge of the Everwinter – as well as the derision of the Beastclaw Raiders, who see them as coddled weaklings. Yet even the most scornful Frostlord would admit that Gutbusters have their uses. Butchers and Slaughtermasters are particularly prized, for they have mastered the art of cooking and seasoning their meat – an enticing concept to their Beastclaw cousins, who are more used to crunching up frozen meat-shards and chewing on weeks-old strips of hide.

RISE OF THE SVARD

Tensions have always simmered between the different ogor cultures as Beastclaw and Gutbuster vie for dominance. On many occasions, this rivalry has erupted into outright war, the ogors deciding that the only way to settle their differences is to club each other into gory mush.

During the Age of Myth, the Frostlord Braggoth Vardruk ranged far across Ghur in search of the fabled Golden Hunting Grounds, a mystical paradise that he believed would shield the Beastclaw Raiders from the bite of the Everwinter. However, he was lured into the path of the Everwinter by the trickery of aelven wizards, and he and his Alfrostun were encased in ice. Centuries later, at the dawn of the

Age of Sigmar, an errant lightning bolt from the God-King's Tempest shattered Vardruk's icy prison, and he and his warriors staggered into the light of a new world. Rejoining with his ancient people, the Boulderhead Mawtribe – or Svard in the tongue of the Beastclaw Raiders – Vardruk was angered to learn that they had suffered greatly at the hands of their Gutbuster Overtyrant. Untroubled by the cursed winter that forever prowls after the Beastclaw Raiders, this legendary figure had grown fat and rich. He had conquered many Alfrostuns and demanded ever greater volumes of tribute from his vassals.



Vardruk ended this reign of terror in a typically blunt fashion: by trampling his rival to a fine paste beneath the hooves of his Stonehorn. Claiming the title of Frost King, Vardruk swayed many Beastclaw raids to his cause. In decisive battles, he defeated the Mawtribes of the Bloatpaunch and the Eyegougers, subsuming their warriors into his ranks. His next target was the Meatfist Mawtribe, the mightiest of all the ogor kingdoms, who had long maintained an alliance with the Boulderhead. Both Mawtribes bore the proud, red fist of blood as a symbol of dominance, though they

disagreed on its provenance: the Meatfist claimed that it hearkened back to their ancient progenitor, Grawl Meatfist, while the Svard insisted it symbolised the victory of the legendary Baergut Vosjarl over the ur-bear Jorhar. If Vardruk was to triumph, the Meatfist must kneel before him. Yet Globb Glittermaw, Overtyrant of the Meatfist, was of no mind to oblige. Possessed of great cunning and foresight for an ogor, Glittermaw's name was well earned. As the vast Svard horde swept ever closer to his sacred lands, Overtyrant Glittermaw summoned to his side no fewer than five other Mawtribes through a combination of bribery, threats and brute force.

Before the gates of the Great Gutfort raged the ferocious Battle of Ice and Gold. The Boulderhead were ultimately overpowered, though at the cost of untold ogor lives. Indeed, such were the losses sustained by the Meatfist that Glittermaw grudgingly agreed to a cessation of hostilities, rather than inflicting the humiliating and total defeat that he desired. As a symbol of his continuing defiance, Vardruk erased the ruddy stain of his former allegiance by thrusting his blood-spattered fist into the mouth of a white-hot Ironblaster cannon, gritting his teeth as the glowing metal blackened his flesh, scouring all bonds of fellowship with the Meatfist. This gesture is still observed by all warriors of the Boulderhead, who maintain that the battle for dominance of the Mawtribes is not yet decided.

TONGUE OF THE ICE LORDS

Svoringar, the ancient tongue of the Beastclaw Raiders, is a harsh, guttural language influenced by the nomads' strong tribal traditions and age-old hunter wisdom. It is spoken still by many Alfrostuns, and there are numerous local variations and subdialects.

The core of the language seems simple at first, with a meagre vocabulary and only a smattering of verbs. However, the meaning of a single word can change greatly depending on its intonation. For instance, the word Atta is the Beastclaw term for a mountain, but it can also be used to indicate strength or dominance over one's rivals or uttered as a direct threat. Each of

these words is depicted by an angular rune, which can often be seen daubed upon flesh, armour or the hides of war beasts.

The Beastclaw Raiders guard the secrets of their language carefully, typically conversing with their Gutbuster kin in basic ogorspeak. Thus, the majority of ogors refer to the Beastclaw-led Mawtribes by their 'common' names; the Boulderhead Mawtribe, for example, is known as such by all except the Beastclaw, who still proudly use the svoringar term Svard. Likewise, the Thunderbellies Mawtribe refer to themselves as the Olwyr and the Winterbite as the Fraya.



THE EVERWINTER

Winter follows hard on the heels of the Beastclaw Raiders. These savage ogors must stay ahead of this supernatural blizzard, for if they were to fall into its clutches, they would be frozen alive and condemned to an eternity of hunger – the most terrible fate imaginable for any of the Gulping God's children.

THE HUNGRY BLIZZARD

A frozen shadow that looms over the shoulders of the Beastclaw Raiders, the Everwinter is a mystical snowstorm of terrible power, capable of instantly freezing anything that falls into its grasp. It is not a single force of nature but a gathering of ice storms that sweep across the realms in pursuit of the scattered Al frostuns and Beastclaw-dominated Mawtribes. To the Boulderhead Mawtribe, this magical storm appears as a furious barrage of fist-sized hailstones; the ogors of the Winterbite march to war enveloped in a blanket of white fog; and the Thunderbellies charge into battle behind a booming gale that drives their foes inexorably backwards.

While their blubberous bodies and thick skin make them well equipped to deal with extreme cold, even Beastclaw ogors cannot withstand the mystical temperatures of the Everwinter. Any who find themselves in its icy embrace are frozen to the ground, rendered unable to

move while their hunger remains unabated. Though this does not kill the ogor, it subjects them to a far worse fate – they must stand, immobile, while their hunger grows ever more agonising and insistent. There are places in the realms where entire Al frostuns of Beastclaw Raiders stand in frozen formation, having been rooted to the spot for generations. Woe betide any who stray into such locations. Most of these foolish adventurers are frozen alongside the brutish creatures, but some suffer a more violent fate, as the tantalising presence of fresh meat can make the ogors strain hard enough to shatter their icy bindings. When such beings are freed, the results of their ravenous rampages are gruesome indeed.

The Al frostuns ride on the edge of the blizzard's fury, always on the very cusp of disaster. Yet the paradox of this existence is that the Everwinter is also the source of their power. The shamanistic war-leaders known as Huskard Torrs can channel the ferocious power of the

storm in order to batter their foes with deadly missiles or shroud them in freezing palls of fog.

The coming of the Everwinter can be just as horrifically devastating to the Raiders' victims. Those few who manage to survive the spears and blades of the ogors might give their praises to the gods for a brief moment as their attackers depart – only for relief to turn into horror as a freezing blizzard rushes down from the mountains to swallow them whole. Instead of the barren wastes left behind by the Gutbusters, Beastclaw Raiders leave frozen, featureless tundra haunted by the savage beasts of winter.

For their part, the Gutbuster tribes look upon the Everwinter as a curse that haunts those who have failed to properly appease Gorkamorka. Many Tyrants and Overtyrants openly scorn the Beastclaw Raiders for this great shame, and more than one brutal civil war has been initiated as a result of just such an unwise insult. Though the great blizzard



does not chase after the Gutbusters directly, they are no more immune to its ravages than their wild kin. The wargluts that swear allegiance to the Boulderhead, Thunderbellies or Winterbite Mawtribes soon come to appreciate the Everwinter's terrible ferocity.

DEATHLY WINDS

In the wake of the Shyish necroquake, the pattern of the Everwinter has become ever more erratic. As the immense surge of deathly magic birthed in the aftermath of Nagash's spell swept across the lands, it battered against the blizzard's fierce storm front. This resulted in a series of intense supernatural tempests that devastated great portions of the realms. Swirling ice blended with clouds of ethereal matter, and wherever the black clouds gathered, hosts of ice-taloned gheists spawned. Worse still, many Alfrostuns found their hunting grounds stripped of prey and rendered barren and lifeless by the spectral tempests. Forced to divert, they ranged across new frontiers.

The damage wrought upon the ogors' migratory trails has brought the Gulping God's children into conflict with new prey. The Boulderhead

Mawtribe has found fine feasting grounds in the Grachwold Valleys of Ghur, the domain of the Allherd Greatfray. Their Stonehorn stampedes thunder across the plains, seeking out the throngs of beastmen cavorting about the Herdstone and falling upon them in a ravenous frenzy. The Thunderbellies battle for control of the Lodebridges of Ayadah in the face of stubborn resistance from the sky-fleets of Barak-Urbaz, while the icy mists that herald the Winterbite Mawtribe have frozen the shores of the Dwindlesea from the Glittering Marsh to the Desert of Bones – neither living nor dead are safe from the Winterbite's sudden attacks. Meanwhile, offshoots from these Mawtribes have diverted from the Mawpath and formed their own raids into hostile lands.

While several Alfrostuns and wargluts were entirely consumed by the raging deathstorms of the necroquake, frozen in the final throes of death, other Frostlords looked behind them to find the skies were bright and clear in all directions and the Everwinter's grasp had loosened. However, the Huskards of these Alfrostuns have warned that this is merely a temporary reprieve – Gorkamorka's hunger is eternal, and even death cannot quench it.

THE GREAT THAWING

As the death-gales of the Shyish necroquake battle against the icy storms of the Everwinter, the freezing embrace of the latter has been driven back in many regions, leading to a great thawing. As a result, many imprisoned Beastclaw Raiders have at long last been freed from their icy prisons. Driven entirely mad by their long existence without the taste of fresh meat and gore upon their lips, these ogors – and in some cases entire Alfrostuns – have embarked upon a desperate search for food. The Coast of Tusks in Ghur has been savaged by the packs of Beastclaw Raiders known locally as the Snow Fiends. Having glutted themselves upon a shipment of prophetic augur-stones from the nearby city of Excelsis, these animalistic savages have launched unerringly well-timed raids upon Freeguild Outrider formations, merchant caravans and shore patrols. All attempts by Vanguard-Hunters of the Knights Excelsior to hunt down and slay the deranged creatures have proved costly and fruitless.



BEASTCLAW ALFROSTUNS

An Alfrostun is an extension of its Frostlord's will. Each of their Huskards, the tribal chieftains that enforce their orders, commands a separate and distinct arm of the tribe. The Jorlbard is the 'Fighting Hand', the Eurlbard the 'Eating Hand' and the Torrbard the 'Hand of Thunder'.

The Beastclaw equivalent of the Gutbuster warglutts, Alfrostuns are the traditional nomadic tribes of the Beastclaw Raiders. Most Mawtribes boast at least a few of these roving bands, though they are most commonly sighted fighting under the banner of Beastclaw-dominated Mawtribes such as the Boulderhead or Thunderbellies. The masters of the Alfrostuns are the Frostlords. These hulking chieftains are the biggest and toughest of their kind, second in prestige only to the Frost Kings, the legendary overlords of the Beastclaw Mawtribes. While a Frostlord's dominance is unquestioned – at least until a challenger decides to make a play for leadership – these war leaders maintain a trio of subordinate chieftains who control the three major arms of the Alfrostun.

The most prestigious arm is the Jorlbard, or the 'Fighting Hand'. Formed from the tribe's most celebrated warriors, the Jorlbard is granted the greatest share of meat upon a triumphant raid, for it is they who are found at the thick of the fighting. Its Huskard is typically the Alfrostun's most fearsome champion, second only in skill and ferocity to the Frostlord.

After the Jorlbard comes the Eurlbard, or the 'Eating Hand'. The role of this arm is no less important than that of the Jorlbard, though it is viewed as less prestigious. It is tasked with securing the areas overrun by the Alfrostun's vanguard forces, slaughtering any last pockets of resistance and harvesting every last scrap of meat.

Before each battle, the Frostlord will select which of their Huskards will command the Jorlbard and which will take control of the Eurlbard, a decision that depends on who has proven themselves most worthy during previous raids. Despite their differing duties, the composition of both the Jorlbard and Eurlbard is similar. Each is led by a Huskard mounted upon a Stonehorn. At the chieftain's side ride Stonehorn Beastriders, deadly shock troops that form the elite Atta pack. Beneath these are packs of Mournfang riders led by sub-chiefs known as Skalgs. The exact size of these packs depends upon the wealth and prestige of the Alfrostun.

The final arm is the Torrbard. Unlike their fellow chieftains, the Huskard Torr will maintain their position until death. The Huskard

Torr is a spiritual figure, shaman and wise advisor whose connection to the Everwinter is invaluable to the tribe's Frostlord. Comprising the Alfrostun's Thundertusks, the Torrbard is the herald of winter, and Frostlords use its freezing presence to great effect upon the battlefield. Its chill also serves to draw in other creatures of winter, such as Icefall Yhetees, that add to the Torrbard's savagery in battle.

Unaligned with any of the Alfrostun's distinct arms is the Skäl. This is the Alfrostun's scouting force, formed of veteran Icebrow Hunters whose task it is to seek out the richest hunting grounds. They answer directly to the Frostlord, though it is rare that the Frostlord exerts control over them; their hunter's instincts are trusted implicitly and they are usually granted the freedom to roam and track as they see fit. Most Alfrostuns include a Jorlbard, an Eurlbard, a Torrbard and a Skäl, though not all do. Some, such as the Thunderbellies' beastrider clans of the Sky Roads, consist entirely of mounted Stonehorn riders, while others include several roaming Icebrow Hunter packs. The Winterbite Mawtribe particularly favours the latter.

THE RISE OF GARL GRISTLEBEARD

Frostlord Garl Gristlebeard rules over the Nibolg Alfrostun, one of the largest and most feared of the Winterbite's tribes. His story is one that typifies the brutal, merciless way of life amongst the Beastclaw Raiders. Gristlebeard once rode with the Mournfang cavalry of the Nibolg, gaining a fearsome reputation as an outrider and prey-seeker. Over the course of hundreds of battles, he eventually earned the rank of Huskard, making the journey into the deadly mists of the Everwinter to find and break a Stonehorn mount. Naming his foul-tempered companion Bittertusk, Gristlebeard became a favoured chieftain of Frostlord Yorva, master of the Nibolg. He fought at the tip of the spear in the Battle of Black Peaks, grinding the Blood Warriors of the Fell Scythe into the sulphurous earth.

He personally slew the Jabberslythe of Jod, eating the mad beast's eyes to gain its deranged insight. In time, his legend grew to rival that of Yorva himself. When the venerable Frostlord was slain in battle with a vampiric Terrorgheist, the ogors of the Nibolg observed the Rite of Hoctgar. The most powerful warriors, including Gristlebeard, left the main tribe and roamed into the wilds, searching for worthy prey to offer up to their kin. Gristlebeard sought out the very beast that had slain his predecessor – the Ravener of Icespine Pass. After a hunt that lasted many days, he cornered the Terrorgheist in its lair, impaling the undead horror with Yorva's frost spear and lashing its rotting corpse to his Stonehorn. Upon arrival back at the Nibolg's war-camp, Gristlebeard's offering was accepted and his place as Frostlord assured.



Most Alfrostuns adhere to the tribal structure depicted here. However, the mix of packs and the number of warriors that fill their ranks can vary widely from one raid to the next.

- A. Frostlord on Stonehorn
- B. Jorlbard
- C. Eurlbard
- D. Torrbard
- E. Skal and Frost Sabres
- F. Atta packs
- G. Svo packs
- H. Otri packs
- I. Fvor packs
- J. Hirf packs
- K. Icefall Yhetees

HISTORY OF HUNGER

Ogorkind has endured throughout the dark centuries of the Age of Chaos, growing fat and strong from a nomadic life of ceaseless conflict. Now, as the tremors of the Soul Wars rock the Mortal Realms to their core, the children of the Gulping God march forth in vast numbers, anticipating the greatest feast they have ever known.

● THE AGE OF MYTH ●

AN UNEASY ALLIANCE

The God-King Sigmar seeks to unite the Mortal Realms under a single pantheon of deities. As he travels the realms, bringing the light of hope and reason to his scattered people, he encounters great numbers of greenskins and ogors. The warlike creatures prove hostile to all attempts at diplomacy until Sigmar battles their barbarous deity Gorkamorka to a standstill. The Great Green God joins Sigmar's Pantheon of Order and for a time there is peace, though the ogor tribes soon grow frustrated, having been denied the delicious taste of human, aelf and duardin flesh.

ON THE MAWPATH

Seeking to divert the attention of the destructive greenskin deity, Sigmar charges Gorkamorka with hunting down the deadliest beasts of the Eight Realms, those unnatural abominations that most threaten his nascent empire. The twin-headed god calls a Great Waaagh! and charges off across the realms, the ogors racing along after him. Stonehorn packs and thundering stampedes of Ogor Gluttons clash in battle against malformed monstrosities and arcane horrors. Wherever they roam, there is a surfeit of meat to be devoured, and the power of the ogors swells as their Mawpaths gouge through the realms.

CANNONS OF THE SKY-TITANS

The Sky-Titans that dwell in the clouds above the Scabrous Sprawl of Ghyran are known for their terrifying blackpowder weapons, which they mount upon immense floating citadels. According to ogor mythspeakers, these strange beings earn the ire of Gorkamorka when they employ their artillery to blast apart the megalofin shoals of the Great Green Torc, upon which the

Gulping God desired to feast. In his fury, Gorkamorka batters the citadels of the Sky-Titans out of the air, causing them to plummet and smash to pieces upon the rocky ground below. It is the ogors who recover several greatcannons from the wreckage and rubble, naming them Ironblasters and delighting in the terrible devastation unleashed by each thundering blast.



A PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP

Sick of being picked on by orruks and rival grot clans, the creatures known as Gnobblars come up with a clever solution: they seek out the biggest and meanest allies possible. Accordingly, they end up taking shelter amongst the Mawtribes of the ogors. Expert scavengers and surprisingly effective tinkerers, they prove incredibly useful and are put to work on all the tedious, dangerous or downright unpleasant jobs the ogors cannot be bothered to perform themselves. In return, the Gnobblars gain a measure of protection and are very rarely eaten.

THE RED FIST

The Tyrant Grawl Meatfist grows so fat and ravenous that no normal beast can slake his appetite. In search of a meal that will quieten his protesting gut, he seeks out and battles the Ghurish Titanox – a legendary herd-beast from which it is claimed that all rhinoxen descend. After a bout that lasts several days,

Grawl finally opens the horned beast's belly with his glaive, pulling out its sloppy innards with his bare hands and cramming them into his mouth. With this act, Grawl Meatfist earns the favour of the Gulping God. He becomes the first of the Overtyrants, and his ever-swelling following of wargluttons merges to form the great Meatfist Mawtribe.

THE COMING OF THE EVERWINTER

The ogors of the Beastclaw Raiders have many myths regarding the arrival of the Everwinter, the ice storm that forever stalks at their heels. Many still claim that it was the first Frost King, Baergut Vosjarl, who damned his descendants for all time by feasting upon the innards of the frozen ur-bear Jorhar. Yet it is also known that in these primordial times, the progenitors of the Beastclaw Raiders breached the Icefell Vaults of Shyish in search of food and, in doing so, released the Winter Gods – ancient deities of ice and bitter winds. Whatever the truth of things, from the dawn of the Age of Myth to the present day, the cursed blizzard stalks the Beastclaw still.

● THE AGE OF CHAOS ●

EASY PICKINGS

The weakness and sin of mortalkind opens the way for the daemonic legions of the Chaos Gods to spill into reality. These numberless legions sweep away the armies of Order before them and crush the great civilisations of the realms to rubble. With Sigmar having retreated to Azyr, the ogors immediately renege on their old truce with his people. They join in the rampant sacking of fallen kingdoms, unleashing their ravenous hunger upon the God-King's abandoned flock. By and large, the Mawtribes avoid the concentrated wrath of the Dark

Gods' armies, who focus their attacks upon the few remaining bastions of civilisation. Some wargluts and Alfrostuns even fight beneath the banners of Chaos armies, earning a bounty of flesh in return for their service.

A RANCID MEAL

The worshippers of Nurgle rampage across Ghyran, spreading plague and pestilence. At first, the ogors of that realm are dismayed to find entire stretches of land turned to toxic slurry, but eventually they develop a taste for the stuff. Frostlord Yoruk of the Korbag Alfrostun hunts giant mutated hagfish along the coasts of Glut Lake. Though the gigantic pus-seeping abominations are tremendously difficult to slay, Yoruk judges the hunt to be well worth the risk; he delights in the slimy wetness of their flesh as it slides down his gullet.

MERCENARIES OF CHAOS

The ogors of the Vintbrad Mawtribe fight in the armies of Archaoon the Everchosen. Gradually they take on the heraldry of their new master, wearing scavenged hell-forged steel and inking their skin with blasphemous symbols of the Dark Gods. Though they claim to still worship the Gulpng God, they are looked upon with suspicion and scorn by all right-thinking ogors. Mercenary work is one thing, adopting strange religions and un-ogorish customs quite another.

UPSET STOMACHS

Magister Xerool of the Cult Pandemonius is driven to fury when ogors of the Split Cheek Warglutt break into his eldritch tower and devour reams of priceless arcane texts and occult devices. Calling upon his Arcanite Cabal, Xerool unleashes his full sorcerous might against the Split Cheek, blasting the ogors with flesh-warping bolts of wyrdflame and setting packs of capering daemons upon them. However, the vast quantities of forbidden magics that the Split Cheek have devoured begin to repeat on them. Clutching their guts, they vomit up streams of magical fire and bubbling jets of molten silver. One of these

unpleasant eruptions catches the unfortunate Magister Xerool full in the face, burning his skull to ashes.

FALL OF THE DAWNHold

The aelven refuge of the Dawnhold stands among the Ember Mountains of Aqshy, a shining beacon of hope amidst the darkness of the Age of Chaos. The fortress-sanctuary rebuffs all attempts by the armies of the Chaos Lord Slathynex to breach its walls. Swordmasters guard the ramparts and fire-hurling Loremasters obliterate any war machines sent forth. Frustrated, Slathynex digs in for a lengthy and costly siege.



But fortune is on his side. Tyrant Klugg the Flatulent of the Meatfist Mawtribe has long sought to feast upon tasty aelven flesh. He offers to bring his great Ironblaster cannons to bear upon the stronghold – if the Chaos Lord agrees that every living thing inside the Dawnhold belongs to the ogors and is theirs alone to devour. After ten days of ceaseless bombardment, Klugg's rusted, oversized cannons shatter the outer wall of the Dawnhold and the allied force of ogors and Chaos Warriors rushes in to butcher the occupants. However, during the carnage that follows, Slathynex's Manticore mount feasts upon a single fallen aelf. Furious, Klugg the Flatulent accuses the Chaos Lord of breaking the terms of their treaty. His Ogor Gluttons immediately turn upon their allies, hacking them to death with enormous cleavers.

FORBIDDEN TASTES

An ogor's single-minded craving makes them particularly susceptible to the temptations of Slaanesh, God of Excess. Many are drawn to the

illicit pleasures of flesh-bazaars and sensoriums erected by Hedonites of the Dark Prince. Within their perfume-shrouded depths, these ogors become addicted to all manner of forbidden tastes. Such decadent sadists can be found at the forefront of many Slaaneshi armies, their fleshy bodies scrawled with tattoos and pierced with hooked chains, their skin slick with unguent oils.

DRUNK ON BLOOD

The Sanguinarch vampire Contessa Margol de Viresse rules over one of the largest blood-farms in Golvaria. Within the Crimson Gardens of Nescalene, thousands upon thousands of mortal slaves from across the realms are sacrificed daily upon exsanguination tables, their lifeblood drained, blended to the Contessa's exacting instructions and then bottled to be consumed at her leisure.

The tantalising odour of this gruesome distillery reaches the nostrils of the Bloodgullet Mawtribe's Butchers. They sweep down upon the Gardens, smashing their way through the Contessa's Blood Knight retinue and hacking apart both Margol de Viresse and her ornate palanquin. In the aftermath of battle, the ogors break into the distilleries of the Crimson Gardens to gorge themselves upon their contents. Drunk on ichor of the rarest vintage, the Bloodgullet depart with great sackfuls of bottled blood, the decapitated head of the Sanguinarch glowering furiously down at them from its place atop a rusty pike.

HERALDS OF THE VOLCANO

Firebellies from all across the realms are drawn to The Eye, an immense, volcanic crater in the Parching Wastes. The strange shamans dance and pray before the flames, devouring the shredded hearts of salamanders and crushed Aqshian fire-crystals before vomiting streams of liquid fire into the bubbling pool of the caldera. Scores of nearby volcanoes erupt simultaneously, drowning vast tracts of land in molten rock, as some gargantuan primordial entity stirs deep below the realmcrust of Aqshy.

◆ THE AGE OF SIGMAR ◆

THE TEMPEST OF AZYR

The Gates of Azyr open and Sigmar's Tempest crashes across the Eight Realms. Riding upon trails of celestial lightning come the Stormcast Eternals, the God-King's mighty champions, who launch themselves upon the unprepared armies of Chaos. The storm of Azyr does not merely herald the dawn of the Age of Sigmar, it also shakes loose forgotten threats left dormant since the Age of Myth.

As a Warrior Chamber of the Astral Templars slams to earth in the Rime Valleys of Ghur, an errant bolt of aetheric energy summoned by its arrival crashes down upon the icy prison of the Frostlord Braggoth Vardruk. Rock-hard ice shatters, blood pumps into atrophied limbs and Vardruk and scores of his warriors stagger into the light of a new age, their stomachs growling with terrible hunger. They fall upon the astonished Stormcasts and slaughter them entirely. Upon reuniting with his own descendents in the Boulderhead Mawtribe, Vardruk announces himself their new Frost King. Any ogor who disagrees is quickly clubbed into submission.

BRIEF ALLIANCES

At the Battle of Gauntpass, Globb Glittermaw's Meatfist warriors join forces with the Eyebrand Horde of the Chaos Lord Skantor against the Hammers of Sigmar. This alliance lasts only until the Overtyrant realises that slain Stormcast Eternals are all but inedible. Immediately the Meatfist turn upon the Eyebrand, displaying absolutely no contrition for their betrayal. Idly chewing on Skantor's butchered corpse, Glittermaw retreats from the battle while the golden warriors of Azyr look on in confusion.

REALMGATE WARS

The Realmgate Wars rage across reality as the armies of the heavens battle the mortal and daemonic hordes of Chaos for control of the ancient arcane pathways between the realms. For the ogors, this is a time of plenty. Hiring themselves out as

mercenaries or simply preying upon beleaguered foes, they stuff their mouths with vast amounts of food.

OF STORM AND SNOW

During the war for the Golt Realmgate, the Cerulean Comets Stormhost allies with the Heroth Alfrostun against frenzied Bloodbound hordes. The ogors' devastating Stonehorn charges crush hundreds of wild-eyed berserkers into puddles of bone and gore, turning the battle in the Stormcasts' favour. Yet as the ogors depart, their saddlebags stuffed with fresh meat, the Everwinter descends across the battlefield. Many warriors of the Cerulean Comets are frozen solid, and those that escape are forever wreathed in an aura of frost.



THE GREAT WAAAGH!

Word reaches the leaders of the Ogor Mawtribes that Gordrakk, Fist of Gork, is gathering a Great Waaagh! that will shake the realms to their very core. Every single Mawtribe sends forces to join the growing greenskin horde, and Butchers drool at the prospect of the great feast that will soon commence.

THE GRAND GOLLOP

Butchers and Slaughtermasters from every Mawtribe travel to the Hungry Mountain in Ghur, bringing with them a delectable variety of ingredients and quality meats that they have gathered on their Mawpaths. There, the shamans of the Gulping God partake in a great display of butchery and gruesome ritual, competing against their peers to cook up the finest offerings to

Gorkamorka. Such is the potency of the gastromantic magic gathering at its summit that the Hungry Mountain tears itself out of the earth. It embarks upon a ravenous rampage, cramming forests, hills and luckless mortal settlements into its rocky maw.

EATERS OF LIGHTNING

The Thunderbellies Mawtribe meets the Lightspear Chamber of the Knights of the Aurora in battle upon the Sky Roads of Chamon. The Stormcast Eternals wish to secure these vital causeways as trade routes between their newly founded strongholds of Order, while the ogors have no intention of allowing their sacred paths to be conquered. Amidst a churning electrical storm, formations of lightning-wreathed Fulminators crash into the Thunderbellies' massed bestial cavalry, the force of the impact very nearly tearing the metal highway apart. Even though the Lightspear's Dracothian Guard bring down many ogors and their mounts, their charge falters as they are buffeted and crushed under the grinding hooves of Stonehorns and Mournfangs.

As slain Knights of the Aurora transform into streaks of celestial lightning, the Thunderbellies rush forward in a desperate attempt to catch the bolts in their gaping maws. Upon returning to their Stormkeep, the Lord-Celestants discover, to their horror, that the souls of many warriors have not made the journey back to Azyr to be reforged. These disappearances are blamed upon the terrible alchemical storms that cloak the Sky Roads, but some Knights of the Aurora believe in a darker truth: the ogors of the Thunderbellies Mawtribe somehow feasted upon the disembodied essence of their comrades.

IRON AND ICE

To bring down the Dreadhold surrounding the Manticore Realmgate, Ironjaw Megaboss Grakgob makes an uneasy alliance with the Svard. The Chaos defenders finally cave in the face of combined packs of Mournfang riders and mobs of Gore-gruntas and are butchered to the last warrior.

A GHOSTLY FEAST

Furious at the Winterbite Mawtribe's incursion into the lands of Athanasia, which he claims as his domain alone, the Death God Nagash unleashes the Sorrowful Host upon the Beastclaw Raiders. This innumerable Nighthaunt army sweeps down upon the Winterbite, who fall back before the spectral assault, retreating into the mists of the Everwinter.

Masses of Spirit Hosts and Chainghasts follow in pursuit, but such is the supernatural cold of the cursed blizzard that even their ethereal bodies begin to freeze, crystallising into semi-solid matter. The ogors rush to counter-attack, with Icebrow Hunters leading loping packs of Yhetees into the fray and smashing their would-be assailants into shards of ice. The Fraya crunch their brittle foes between their teeth and the Great Necromancer learns a disturbing truth – even the spectral dead are not immune to the eternal hunger of the Everwinter.

TROGGOTH TROUBLE

The Underguts Mawtribe accidentally awakens a slumbering band of Rockgut Troggos while blasting their way through the Warrens of Mur. The lumbering beasts squash scores of Ogor Gluttons flat before they are at last obliterated by point-blank Ironblaster bombardments.

AERONAUTICAL APPETITE

Driven entirely insane by his regular consumption of grot shamans and their lunatic concoctions, the Tyrant named Tarrar the Drooler announces that he wishes to eat an entire Kharadron sky-vessel, bolt by bolt. His warglutt attacks the Barak-Zilfin mining outpost of Hailpoint, and before the duardin can retreat upon their Ironclad flagship, Tarrar and his Ironguts clamber aboard and hack the crew into pieces. Over the course of a season, the Tyrant dismantles and consumes the entire sky-vessel, from its vast endrin-spheres to the smallest porthole latches. Unfortunately, just as he gulps down upon the last scrap of metal – the warhead of a grudgesettler bomb – the acid in his

gut triggers the explosive. Tarrar explodes in a hail of sloppy flesh and iron shards, splattering his surprised attendants with gore.

THE SVARD WAR

Frost King Braggoth Vardruk desires to assert total dominance over the Ogor Mawtribes. Gathering many of the most powerful Beastclaw-led Mawtribes under his banner, Braggoth launches an assault upon the Great Gutfort, stronghold of the Meatfist. If the eldest and most famed of the Mawtribes can be humbled, then Vardruk's rule would be uncontested. But Overtyrant Globb Glittermaw of the Meatfist is no fool; he gathers allies of his own, and before the gates of the Gutfort a furious battle rages between Gutbuster and Beastclaw.



Both sides suffer grave losses, but the sheer size of the Meatfist army proves too much even for the formidable Boulderhead. Vardruk agrees to a truce, but in his fury at the outcome of battle, he thrusts his bloodstained arm into the mouth of an Ironblaster cannon, turning his flesh coal black. Thus does he sever the ancient accord between Meatfist and Boulderhead. From this point on, all Svard make the same symbolic gesture.

FIREWYRM EGGS

Having developed a taste for Magmadroth eggs, Tyrant Blurg Scorchfinger of the Underguts Mawtribe sets his eyes upon Ashen Cradle, a magmahold defended by the Lofnir lodge of Fyreslayers. Scores of blind cavern-rhinoxen are loaded with saddlebags packed to the brim with blastpowder and sent stampeding across the great bronze bridge to the gates of the Cradle, terrified Gnoblar riders at their

reins. As soon as the Fyreslayers' elite Magmadroth riders unleash their mounts' flaming breath, the rhinoxen's explosive cargo detonates with mountain-shaking force. Chortling with laughter, their ears bleeding, soot-covered Underguts warriors sweep into the magmahold. Scorchfinger feasts well that night, dipping charred duardin limbs into lava-baked Magmadroth eggs.

WAR OF BONES

In the land of Hallost lies the Endless Boneyard, a desert waste littered with the skeletons of long-dead titans. At its centre stands the Necropolis of Cartoch, a stronghold of the Ossiararch Bonereapers – Nagash's elite legions. For centuries, these deathly soul-constructs have known a measure of peace with the neighbouring Tarkan Warglutt; the long-held Pact of Bones dictates that while the Tarkan can feast on anything that passes through the Boneyard, they must leave the skeletons for the Bonereapers to use in their horrific rituals. However, when the Tyrant Kagrak Kin-eater rises to power, he breaks the ancient truce, marching across the borders of Cartoch and devouring all the skeletal remains he can get his hands on. Vokmortian, Master of the Bone-tithe, is despatched to mete out brutal punishment. After a brief and bloody conflict, the Tarkan are forced to retreat, though Kin-eater vows he will return to feast upon the dead.

GORK'S GUTRUMBLE

Nagash, the Great Necromancer, works a spell of unthinkable power, inverting the magic of the Realm of Death and unleashing the necroquake, a tidal wave of deathly energy that crashes across the realms and raises great hosts of spirits in its wake. The ogors call this Gork's Gutrumble, believing that the trauma is caused by the hungry greenskin god's protesting stomach. Many Mawpaths are thrown off course as fertile feeding grounds are stripped bare by swirling deathstorms. The Slaughtermasters see this as a sign of the Gulping God's great displeasure and preach that the ogors' portion sizes have been far too meagre.

MEATFIST MAWTRIBE

The Meatfist see themselves as the greatest of all of the Mawtribes, and they have ample reason to make such a claim. Possessed of greater riches and vastly more ogor warriors than their rivals, the Meatfist stampede over their foes in an avalanche of sweaty flesh, gorging themselves upon the corpses of defeated kingdoms.

The proud Meatfist beat their chests and proclaim their Mawtribe to be the greatest of all. In light of the vast quantities of meat and plunder that roll into their fortress, the Great Gutfort, at the culmination of every successful raid, that claim is not without merit. The blood-smeared hand that marks a Meatfist warrior is a sight known and feared by civilised folk, corrupt tribespeople and deathly warlords alike – and with good reason. Their Mawpath has reached further and consumed more of the realms than any other, stripping entire regions of every scrap of matter.

The familiar red-stained hand of a Meatfist warrior is achieved by thrusting a forearm into a boiling vat of gore, letting the scalding blood stain the flesh crimson. Performed anew before each fresh raid, this symbolic act recalls the legend of Grawl Meatfist, first of the Overtyrants, who earned his title by defeating the Ghurish Titanox and pulling out the great beast's innards with his bare hands. It is said that by feasting on this primordial behemoth, Grawl was filled with vitality and strength beyond that of any ogor. The Meatfist claim that Grawl's blood still runs thickly in their veins. Though the other Mawtribes resent this boastful arrogance, not to mention the fact that the Meatfist regularly claim the choicest hunting grounds as theirs alone, they cannot deny the power of the Meatfist – nor challenge it without risking obliteration.

Whether or not the tales of its ancient primogenitor are true, the Mawtribe certainly boasts a greater number of ogors than any of its rivals. The Meatfist are particularly adept at defeating and absorbing smaller competitors into their ranks; the Bilegulers, Clotted Throat and Stoneteeth have all been humiliated and conquered, their rulers devoured and their lesser wargluts and Alfrostuns subsumed. Even the fearsome Boulderhead once bore the red fist to honour their allegiance with the



Meatfist, though the two have been fierce rivals ever since Braggoth Vardruk's attempt to dominate the Mawtribes.

The Meatfist have thrived through the tumultuous coming of Sigmar's Tempest and even the deathly storms of the Soul Wars, their wargluts travelling across vast distances in search of food. Many great armies have been sent to stop them, from Stormcast Warrior Chambers and Chaos war parties to the Ossiarch legions of Mortarch Katakros. The ogors are of course delighted by this steady stream of intriguing new flavours delivered straight into their waiting mouths. The Tyrants of the Meatfist have grown hugely rich and corpulent as a result of the Mawtribe's success, which has had the effect of increasing their already immense appetites tenfold. Each feast must be greater than the last, and thus the Meatfist set their sights upon ever more ambitious conquests.

OVERTYRANT GLOBB GLITTERMAW

Globb Glittermaw is the undisputed ruler of the Meatfist Mawtribe, a massive, corpulent titan the size of a gargant, clad in crimson robes with a jaw stuffed full of shining jewels – gems fashioned from pure realmstone, according to rumour. Glittermaw claimed the title of Overtyrant when his predecessor exploded in his sleep – a fortuitous event that Glittermaw maintained was a sign of Gorkamorka's displeasure. The Slaughtermaster who alleged that the deceased's wine-trough had been laced with unstable Aqshian fire-crystals mysteriously fell into a boiling cauldron of gall-slime soon afterwards, and Glittermaw's ascension swiftly followed.

Glittermaw's canny mind and eye for opportunity are infamous. It was he who first extolled the concept of storing looted treasure rather than simply eating it, exchanging it with mortal kingdoms in return for weapons and fodder. Under Glittermaw's rule, the Meatfist have often hired themselves out as mercenaries, growing their wealth and prestige with every victory. The legends of his deeds grow increasingly outlandish with every telling. It is said that he breached the Vaults of Light in Hysh and devoured every golden treasure within, and that his furiously rumbling belly caused the avalanche that buried the armies of Tempest's Eye at the Battle of Slit Throat.



BLOODGULLET MAWTRIBE

The Bloodgullet do not cook the flesh that they consume, for they believe that power lies in good, rich blood. Thus, they consume their meat raw, letting its crimson juices dribble down their chins and clot in their beards – their gruesome appearance is often enough to make the bravest warriors take flight.

Even their fellow Mawtribes are wary of the Bloodgullet's strange powers. For these ogors, blood is everything. No flesh is worthy of devouring unless it is fresh and dripping; the sensation of gore dribbling down one's chin is a holy communion with the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms. In battle, they strike not simply to kill but to bleed their enemies dry, slicing open throats and arteries and slurping down the crimson rain that spills forth.

The skin of a Bloodgullet warrior is grotesquely florid and their bodies are swollen and bloated like well-fed leech-grubs. Their rubescent complexion is entirely due to the Mawtribe's preference for raw and bloody flesh. According to the teachings of the Bloodgullet Butchers, cooking meat dilutes its inherent power. It is the rich potency of spilled gore that the Gulping God desires above all. To this end, the Mawtribe's ogors see it as a blasphemy to waste a drop. They allow it to scab across their flesh and cake their weapons, to matt their hair and stain their teeth a ruddy brown. Even for ogorkind, the stench of a Bloodgullet army on the march is thoroughly appalling – the rotten stink of weeks-old gore mixing with the aroma of rancid sweat drifts before them like a suffocating cloud.

The Bloodgullet seek out the finest, richest blood, sniffing it out from afar like hounds tracking wounded prey. Though they are no less gluttonous than others of their kind, to the Bloodgullet a 'good drop of the red stuff' is more prized than a great haul of dry meat and bone. They delight in sampling new flavours from their latest victims, often devouring them alive so that the meat is at its freshest and most succulent. The very concept of roasting one's food is enough to make these ogors recoil in disgust – they look upon Firebellies with something approaching horror, for the fire-obsessed shamans char all the subtle flavours out of every foe they kill. One might suspect that the ice-shrouded Beastclaw Raiders would be similarly shunned, but in fact Bloodgullet ogors find slurping on shards of frozen gore quite refreshing.

Boasting more Butchers and Slaughtermasters than any other Mawtribe, the Bloodgullet's connection to the primal magic of the Gulping God is second to none. This ensures that the Bloodgullet's meatmasters wield considerable influence; their counsel is received with respect even by the Overtyrants of the other great Mawtribes, for they are believed to be the chosen heralds of the Gulping God. Some even command their own warglutts, having eaten their former Tyrant and assumed their position at the head of the tribe.

Bloodgullet Butchers are renowned for the accuracy of their prophetic pronouncements and the intoxicating power of their raw concoctions of flesh and ichor. In



battle, the Butchers splatter their warriors with potent blends that swell their muscles and heighten their predatory senses, ensuring that every strike carves open a gushing wound and sends scarlet geysers spurting into the air. The Mawtribe's Gnoblars are tasked with darting across the battlefield carrying buckets and pans to catch this deluge for later consumption.

The Bloodgullet hail from Butcher's Gorge in the Realm of Aqshy. This Glutthold is built around a vast bubbling underground lake that holds great spiritual significance for all of the Gulping God's faithful. The Bloodgullet claim that somewhere beneath the lake lies one of Gorkamorka's broken ribs, torn from his body during the greenskin deity's ferocious duel with Sigmar the God-King. It is said that the marrow of this cracked bone still seeps Gorkamorka's blood, forming subterranean rivers that feed the gruesome baths of Butcher's Gorge. Butchers from other Mawtribes and warglutts occasionally make pilgrimages to the Gorge, wallowing in its gore-springs as they seek a greater connection to the Gulping God.

Owing to their obsession with blood and raw flesh, ogors of the Bloodgullet sometimes find common cause with the armies of Khorne, for where the Blood God's followers roam, invariably there are lakefuls of viscera to be sampled. Indeed, it is said that the mighty Korghos Khul, greatest of all Khorne's mortal followers, counts Slaughtermaster Horg Blacktooth of the Bloodgullet among his most valued advisors. At the Battle of the Red Wake, the Bloodgullet joined with Khul's Goretide to slaughter so many Idoneth warriors that the seas clotted with their briny gore.

UNDERGUTS MAWTRIBE

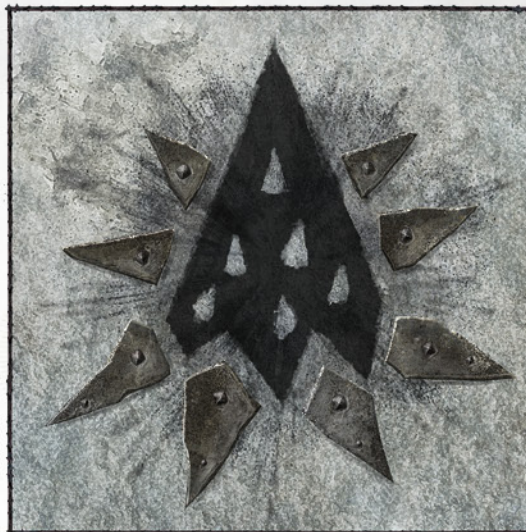
The free peoples of the Mortal Realms are kept awake at night by blood-curdling tales of pale-fleshed, troglodytic monsters that blast their way up from the deep earth, emerging inside cities and townships to feast upon the luckless occupants. These legends are invariably inspired by the cavern-dwelling Underguts.

The Underguts Mawtribe hails from the deepest, darkest caverns of Ulgu, the Realm of Shadow, where the light of the stars has never reached and vile things writhe through the soil and stone in search of prey. These pale-skinned ogors have spent generations feasting upon these horrifying creatures and have developed a taste for the putrid and the venomous. Their unpleasant diet has turned their flesh a sallow greenish-yellow and causes them to drool unspeakably vile and poisonous liquids. The Underguts subterranean existence has also forged them into surprisingly effective miners; they can tunnel vast distances through solid rock, though their method of excavation would surely prove fatal to any species less resilient than the ogors.

It was during the Age of Chaos that the Underguts first discovered their aptitude for explosives. The duardin Underlords of Kazak Fulgar were once renowned across the realms for the quality of their blastpowder, which they created from a blend of crushed emberworm scale and chips of culverite. Both were found in enormous quantities in the cavernous abyss that ran beneath the mountain of Kazak Fulgar. Like so many other powerful empires, the duardin were driven underground by the coming of the Dark Gods' legions. In their hidden cavern-gunforts, they thought themselves safe, but they did not anticipate the ferocity of another enemy – the Underguts. In a long and bloody war, the ogors devoured the gunforts of Kazak Fulgar, one by one.

During the fighting, the Underguts learned to use the Underlords' greatest weapon against them. The Mawtribe had always made use of vast numbers of Gnoblar, and these diminutive tinkerers managed to intuit a method of creating crude, unrefined blastpowder by copying the duardin's methods. This volatile, deadly substance proved fascinating to the Underguts, who delighted in the cacophonous explosions it caused and the taste of the charred, splattered flesh it left in its wake. The Underlords of Kazak Fulgar were soon destroyed and devoured as the ogors blasted great holes in their fortifications and swept in to overwhelm the dazed defenders. With their enemy consumed, the Underguts claimed Kazak Fulgar as their Glutthold, renaming it Mount Bellow for the thunderous explosions caused by mining Gnoblars that rumble through its cavernous depths. The Mawtribe's warriors bear the image of the mountain proudly upon their gut-plates and in the form of crude skitterpillar-blood tattoos.

All through the Age of Chaos, the Underguts journeyed along an ever-expanding Mawpath. Unlike the majority of their fellow Mawtribes, the Underguts did not travel by land but instead burrowed their way through the bowels of the realms. Whenever they met an impassable



obstacle, they simply blasted a path through it with explosive barrels, chewing their way through the piles of rock and debris left behind. More than once, such crude demolition work caused a rockfall that squashed hundreds of Gnoblars into a bloody paste. Yet on countless other occasions, this unexpectedly straightforward tactic proved very effective. It made hunting the pallid abominations that were the ogors' prime food source far easier, and the Underguts found the charred flesh left behind in the aftermath of a detonation particularly tasty. Their new-found explosive expertise also allowed the ogors to bring down the foundations of mountain strongholds and castle walls, leading to many delicious feasts.

Unsurprisingly, given their vast stocks of blastpowder, the Underguts count great numbers of Leadbelchers within their ranks. These gun-wielding brutes are well used to fighting in the close quarters of subterranean grottos, blasting their foes into chunks of cooked flesh or clubbing them into mush with the butts of their weapons. The Mawtribe's favoured tactic is to unleash a booming cannonade with their Ironblasters and Leadbelcher guns that pulverises the main line of their intended prey in a single devastating blow. Their Ogor Gluttons can then sweep forward to bludgeon the stunned survivors into submission. As a result of their monopoly on precious blastpowder, the Underguts have swiftly risen to prominence amongst the Mawtribes. Their Tyrants have amassed perhaps the largest armoury of Ironblaster cannons ever assembled and have secured particularly prosperous alliances with fellow cavern-dwellers such as the clans of the Gloomspite, joining their night-time raids upon the civilised realms.

BOULDERHEAD MAWTRIBE

Pariahs and rebels amongst their own kind, the Boulderhead are as stubbornly resilient as the mountains of the realms. Calling themselves the Svard in the ancient tongue of the Beastclaw Raiders, these proud warriors have tamed the most ferocious of winter beasts, upon which they ride to battle and trample their foes to ruin.

From the mountains they descend, shaking the earth beneath their thunderous advance. Immense shaggy-furred Stonehorns charge into battle, the ogor warriors atop them hurling javelins and striking out with clubs and fists. Those enemies that are unwise enough to stand in the face of this juggernaut are crushed to unrecognisable puddles of gore or speared and dragged away for the ogors to feast upon at their leisure. Each of these savage warriors bears a blackened and burned right fist, which they raise aloft as they bellow fearsome battle cries proclaiming the unrivalled might of the Boulderhead Mawtribe.

The ogors of other Mawtribes look upon the Boulderhead as malcontents and troublemakers, but none would be so foolish as to doubt their ferocity in battle. Calling themselves the Svard, which means 'unbreakable ones' in the language of the Beastclaw Raiders, these rebellious ogors see themselves as the only true warriors of Gorkamorka and decry their kin as soft-bellied weaklings. Many times they have made war upon their own kind, seeking to once and for all claim dominion over all of ogorkind. That they have not yet succeeded is only due to the fact that their rivals have been forced to ally against them, lest they be swept aside by the Boulderhead Mawtribe's devastating cavalry charges.

Even for the wild and hardy Beastclaw Raiders, the Boulderhead are notable for the harshness of their culture and the fortitude of their warriors. The Svard consume rock and metal in vast quantities to toughen themselves up, with the effect that their hides grow thick and their skulls dense – it is said that a Boulderhead ogor can headbutt a flying cannonball out of the air. A lifetime of this relentless brutality, combined with the Svard's endless raiding and frequent battles against their own kind, has culled the weakest ogors from their ranks. As a result, though their numbers are far fewer than that of the Meatfist or the Bloodgullet, the Mawtribe's ranks are filled with thick-skinned brutes that can shrug off almost anything their enemies throw at them. The Svard take great pride in the belief that they are the toughest of all ogors, and they are particularly scornful of the Gutbusters, whom they see as soft and weak. Nevertheless, they have conquered many warglutt in order to swell their numbers.

Warriors of the Boulderhead pride themselves on breeding and raising only the most ferocious war mounts. The Huskard Torrs of the Boulderhead are known as Beastmasters, and it is their sacred duty to select the fiercest Stonehorns and Mournfangs from the whelping pits, setting them against captives, captured monsters and riderless Boulderhead warriors in a series of gladiatorial battles designed to weed out the weak. In



the aftermath of this carnage, the Beastmasters conduct the ritual of Yorask-Or, in which slices of blubber are carved from the riders and beasts that survived and each feasts upon the flesh of the other. This symbolic act joins ogor and mount as one, creating a fearsome and unbreakable bond of loyalty.

In battle, this bond manifests with terrifying effectiveness. No matter the volume of fire directed at a Boulderhead charge, the stampede simply keeps on coming. Freeguild artillery companies, Kharadron gunships and sorcerous Tzaangor archers have all thought to slay the Svard from afar, only to realise to their horror that the ogors' Stonehorns still thundered forward, shrugging off the devastating barrage unleashed upon them. Even when their mount's rock-hard skeleton has been fractured and broken in a hundred places and its flesh seared from its bones, the most skilled Boulderhead riders can summon one final burst of vengeful fury from their bonded companion. These death-rampages can tear down castle walls and crumple greatcannons into twisted piles of metal.

Ruled by the feared Frost King Braggoth Vardruk, the Boulderhead have thrived in the years since the Battle of Ice and Gold, when the Svard and their allies fought the combined forces of the Gutbuster-led Mawtribes to a standstill. Impressed by Vardruk's blunt, uncompromising ferocity, dozens more warglutt and Alfrostuns have scorched their right fists, taking up Vardruk's famous symbol of defiance. For now, an uneasy truce remains between the Meatfist and the Svard, though few ogors doubt that there will come a day when the Mawtribes struggle for dominance once more.

THUNDERBELLIES MAWTRIBE

The Thunderbellies embody the relentless fury of the Everwinter. Racing into battle upon hulking steeds that appear to flicker and glow with destructive energy, they reach speeds bordering on the supernatural before slamming into their foes, sending shattered bodies spinning through the air.

A relatively young Mawtribe by the standards of the ogor race, the Thunderbellies have greatly grown in prominence during the Age of Sigmar, launching furious raids from their homeland at the centre of the Sky Roads of Chamon. Bounding through the alchemical lightning clouds of that storm-wracked land, the Olwyr – as they are known in their native svoringar tongue – absorb its fulminating energy; their Mournfang mounts begin to glow with barely restrained power, granting them formidable speed. To gleeful roars and the crack of blackpowder pistols, they crash into their prey, splintering skulls and spines before wheeling away before the enemy can recover. No sooner has the enemy struggled back into the semblance of a defensive line than another wave of riders barrels into their flank, crushing them once and for all.

The Thunderbellies' Everwinter takes the form of a furious tempest and moves more swiftly and erratically than any other incarnation of the Beastclaws' curse. As a result, the ogors of the Mawtribe are well used to moving at pace across the realms. Thus, they favour the use of swift Mournfangs, rarely if ever leaving the saddle as they embark upon their raids. Even food is consumed on the move; the tribe's riders have mastered the art of skewering unfortunate prey and affixing it to their harness so that it can be devoured without pausing to set up camp. The Mournfang mounts of the Mawtribe are so attuned to the alchemical tempests of the Sky Roads that the magic of the region has seeped into their flesh. Their storm-black fur ripples with crackling streaks of lightning, camouflaging them amongst the heavy clouds of their environment. Likewise, their riders tend to favour dark blue armour plates and helmets.

In battle, the tribe's Huskard Torrs have mastered the art of channelling the Everwinter's relentless, rolling momentum to batter their foes and grant terrifying speed to the Olwyr's charging mounts. The Mawtribe's Gutbuster contingents follow behind on rhinoxen, clatterhorns and other mount-beasts, dismounting before they engage the enemy. Only Beastclaw riders are considered worthy of taking part in the Mawtribe's massed cavalry charges, but the Olwyr delight in the thunderous bombardments of Ironblasters cannons and Leadbelcher guns, fielding as many of these blackpowder weapons as they can.

The Sky Roads of Chamon wind their way across the continent of Ayadah, bisecting tall mountain peaks and rising high above churning lakes of molten silver. Most inhabitants of the region claim that they were forged by the smith-god Grungni as a way to connect his scattered children, but the Thunderbellies see them as the twisted guts of Gorkamorka, trailing behind the deity as he



rampages across the Mortal Realms. They believe that if they travel far enough along the seemingly infinite sky-ways, they will eventually catch up with the Gulping God and be granted a place of honour at his side. In the meantime, the fiercely contested expanse of the Sky Roads ensures that the Olwyr never run out of foes to fight and eat. Constantly surrounded by coruscating lightning storms, the Thunderbellies pride themselves on being the loudest and most obnoxious of all the Mawtribes. They speak only in bellowing exclamations and delight in unrestrained destruction, taking very nearly as much pleasure in smashing down enemy cities and fortresses as they do in feasting upon the occupants. The Thunderbellies have a particularly long-standing rivalry with the Dragon Ogors that populate the Sky Roads and they compete with the savage beasts to chase particularly effervescent storms, trying to catch bolts of lightning in their open mouths. Unsurprisingly, this is a rather dangerous pastime, but the Olwyr see it as a good way of sorting the wheat from the chaff. Those ogors who are incinerated from the inside out are clearly unworthy of the Thunderbellies name.

Ever since the arrival of the Stormcast Eternals in the Mortal Realms, the Olwyr have been obsessed with feasting upon what they call 'lightning meat' – the disembodied energy that flashes back to Azyrheim upon a Stormcast's death. The Olwyr's Butchers and Huskard Torrs claim to possess the ability to trap this celestial lightning within the blue-black clouds of the Everwinter, whereupon it can be captured and stuffed into Mawpots. Certainly, in several battles between the Thunderbellies Mawtribe and the champions of Azyr, there have been troubling reports of missing Stormcast warriors.

WINTERBITE MAWTRIBE

Hunters without peer, the Winterbite Mawtribe roams across the icy plains of Ghur, eternally cloaked in a freezing fog. Its warriors and beasts are as ghosts against a backdrop of perpetual white – killing, feeding and then vanishing without trace.

Without warning, a pall of icy fog descends across the world, blanketing everything in the same featureless shroud of white. Those caught in this endless mist peer into its depths, terrified; within, shapes can be seen moving as wraiths in the haze and the blood-chilling howls of hunting beasts can be heard. When it comes, the attack is swift and merciless. Frost-rimed ogors lumber out of the fog, hurling javelins to impale their petrified prey or clubbing them down before dragging them back into the white-out. Sabre-toothed felines run at their side, their woolly fur already slathered with freshly spilled blood, their eyes blazing with predatory hunger as they bound across the snowy ground. Soon, the feasting is over and the screaming subsides – all that can be heard is the crunching of bones and the bitter wailing of the wind.

The Winterbite are among the most isolated and mysterious of all the Mawtribes. Their strange habits and mystical connection to the Everwinter unnerve even their own kind; their tendency to eat shards of frozen meat without even bothering to cook them is regarded as particularly strange. A Winterbite warrior's skin is pale and their beard and hair thickly crusted with ice, no matter the environment in which they fight. Icebrow Hunters from the Mawtribe wear pale furs and cloth, and the ogors breed their hunting beasts and Mournfang mounts to have stark white fur in order to be better masked by the snow. With the aid of this camouflage, even a sizeable Winterbite force can hide within the Everwinter's mists, its warriors becoming as wraiths amidst the perpetual white until the moment is right for them to attack. For obvious reasons, it is a sight harder to conceal the behemothic bulk of a Stonehorn or Thundertusk, but by the time the ogors let loose their heavy cavalry, the enemy is usually already doomed.

In the Beastclaw language, the Winterbite are known as the Fraya, which, loosely translated to the common tongue, means the 'unseen hunters'. It is a name well earned. For the Winterbite, the Everwinter manifests as a thick, icy mist that shrouds the lands in all directions for many a league. Unlike their other Beastclaw kin, the Winterbite live dangerously close to the freezing heart of the Everwinter, for they feel a primal connection to its supernatural power. Indeed, they rely upon the cover provided by the impenetrable mist to hunt, waiting for the perfect moment before bursting out of the fog and falling upon their prey. Even those Gutbuster warglatts subsumed by the Mawtribe learn to fight and survive in the deadliest frost-ravaged environs.

Ogors are not by nature shrewd or patient beasts, but, in a rare case among their kind, the Fraya do not rely upon crushing frontal assaults. They have never been the most numerous of Mawtribes, and they lack the vast hosts of



monster-riding cavalry so prized by the Svard and Olwyr. Instead, they have mastered the art of ambush warfare and the use of the environment as a weapon. Winterbite Alfrostuns strike suddenly from the mists, wearing their prey down with continuous lightning raids and hunting packs of winter beasts led by grizzled Icebrow Hunters.

Fear is a primary weapon in the Winterbite's arsenal, and one they employ with cruel cunning. The tribe's Huskard Torrs summon packs of Icefall Yhetees from deep within the mists of the Everwinter to lope ahead of the main advance, their mere presence seeming to draw the mantle of mist ever thicker across the land. These strange, silent monsters descend from the cover of the snowstorm to snatch away helpless souls before retreating once more into the impenetrable white. Those confused and terrified foes not taken by the Yhetee packs are forced to listen to the horrendous screams of their comrades as they are butchered and consumed, knowing full well that the horrors in the mist will soon come for them as well. Panic swiftly descends. Crossbows and hand-cannons are discharged at half-glimpsed shadows by frightened soldiers, and tightly ordered ranks are gradually pulled apart by the Winterbite's relentless assault.

When the enemy is scattered and ripe for the slaughter, the ogors and their hunting beasts finally descend upon them en masse, overwhelming and devouring them whole. In order to praise the Breath of Gorkamorka – as they call the Everwinter – after every feast, the Mawtribe leaves several captives staked out in the freezing cold, some of them still alive. As the tribe departs for more bountiful hunting grounds, this offering is slowly swallowed up by the gathering fog.

GUTBUSTER TYRANTS

Even amongst a species well known for its brutality, Tyrants stand out as particularly savage. Clad in thick iron armour and wielding weapons large enough to cave in a gargant's skull, these ogor warlords launch themselves into battle with throaty bellows of laughter, slaughtering their foes and laying claim to the finest cuts of meat.

The hierarchy of a warglutt is really quite simple – the biggest and strongest ogor claims leadership, using their prodigious girth and strength to outfight and out-eat any who dare challenge them. Known as Tyrants, these towering brutes lead the war parties of the Gutbusters in their ceaseless search for food. This duty is of the utmost importance, not only because ogors require an enormous amount of sustenance, but because feasting is regarded by ogors as a sacred act. Each mouthful of dripping flesh is an offering to the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms, the ogors' interpretation of the greenskin god Gorkamorka. Should a Tyrant fail to provide sufficient food for their grumbling warriors, their reign will come to an abrupt and violent end.

Leadership disputes are solved through traditional, one-on-one combat. In front of an audience of hollering ogors, the two combatants will remove their belly-plates and face off. Disembowelling is considered a particularly humiliating form of death among the wargluts, for as the old saying goes, 'Him that's got no guts can't hold onto his food'. If the Tyrant triumphs, they will messily consume their would-be deposer, while a defeat will result in their own gory demise.

A Tyrant will fight many of these succession battles during the course of their reign. This life of constant conflict serves a Tyrant well in battle, as it only improves their strength and fortitude. Tales abound of the Tyrant who tore the arms from a gargant before beating the unfortunate creature to death with its own limbs, while another is famed for chewing off the head of a Chaos warlord mid-duel. Tyrants can survive arcane fireballs, hails of cannon fire and the crushing charge of armoured cavalry, protected as they are by layers of blubber and thick iron armour.

It is little surprise that many kingdoms and free cities seek to placate warlike Tyrants with offerings of food and tribute rather than face them in battle. Such truces typically last only as long as said city's food stocks remain full – not very long when there are hundreds of ravenous ogors to feed.



Should an enemy ruler decide to hide behind thick walls and wait out the ogor's rampage, in the unlikely event that their fortifications are robust enough to withstand an Ironblaster barrage, they will emerge to discover that every living thing in the immediate vicinity has been eaten, including crops, livestock and any unfortunate villagers dwelling beyond the ramparts. Even if they fail to sack the city itself, the passing of a Tyrant can render great stretches of land utterly uninhabitable.

The appetite of a Tyrant can have a drastic effect not only on their own Mawtribe but on the surrounding region as a whole. Though they can eat anything, ogors often develop a taste for a certain kind of flesh above all others, and they will obsessively seek out this delicacy with single-minded determination. Tyrant Ogbort Oakeater of the Meatfist Mawtribe developed a particular craving for Sylvaneth bark. His warriors laid waste to vast swathes of the Futilian Wood in southern Thyria, burning down trees by the hundred to drive the forest folk into the open where they could be hacked

down and devoured. Some unwise ogors mocked their leader's taste for greenery and grumbled about having to live off plants like aelven hermits. Oakeater responded by slaughtering all these discontents and grinding up their bones to sprinkle over his next meal.

During their long and bloody career, a Tyrant will accumulate an extensive list of bluntly descriptive titles, names that honour their most infamously gluttonous acts. For instance, Tyrant Stalgo Hammerskull earned his name by headbutting a frenzied bullgor to death, while Balrak the Filthy was so called because he vowed to never again let a drop of water touch his skin, following an unpleasant encounter with Idoneth soul-raiders. A Tyrant may also attach an honorific that they find particularly imposing or easy on the tongue, such as 'Grand Headcrusher', 'Emperor' or 'the Imprudent'. Often, the ogor will have no idea what their chosen name actually means, but it is seldom a good idea to bring this up in their company. When the Provost-General of Sayron made the foolish mistake of chortling at Brumgar the Imbecile, the Tyrant responded by biting his arms and legs off.

As ruler, a Tyrant has first pick of the spoils of war – not just food but wargear, treasure and trophies. As a result, they are always the most finely outfitted and well-equipped of the warglutt, bearing the thickest gut-plate, the cruellest weapons and the largest rolls of belly fat. Many Tyrants choose to carry a bone-crushing thundermace, a weapon that can tenderise and pulp their intended meal without spoiling the meat. The beastskewer glaive is another favoured weapon, a great polearm with a heavy blade on the end used deliver the killing blow to enormous monsters and other potential meals.



FAVoured OF THE GULPING GOD

The blood-spattered shamans of the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms are both gourmands and spiritual leaders; it is they who serve up colossal feasts in honour of their ever-hungry deity and they who guide the Ogor Mawtribes across the realms on their great Mawpaths.

BUTCHERS

The mysterious clergy of the Gulping God, Butchers are regarded with awe and no small amount of fear by their fellow ogors. They are wizards and prophets both, channelling their deity's ravenous hunger into gruesome displays of magical might and divining the swiftest route to bounteous hunting grounds by studying the blood and entrails of their victims. In battle, their strange powers manifest in a variety of hideous ways. Butchers can send

allies and foes alike into a frenzied bloodlust, shower the enemy with a deluge of boiling fat, or cause thick metal armour to crumble apart as if it had been dissolved in bubbling stomach acid.

One might be tempted to view ogors as crude, simplistic creatures, and in many ways that is the case. Yet magic and religion both play important roles in their society, even if they are practised in a somewhat unorthodox manner. The preparation and

consumption of meat takes on great spiritual significance: by consuming vast quantities of food, the warglutt strengthens its connection to the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms and its members grow strong and virile. It is the meatmasters' task to ensure that their flock feeds well and appeases the wrathful hunger of Gorkamorka by constantly stuffing their mouths with food. It is they who prepare all of their Mawtribe's mammoth feasts, hacking apart great haunches of meat with their vicious cleavers, cracking open bones to drain the marrow and stirring cauldrons of simmering blood. Butchers favour stews and broths; they can get rid of the gristliest and most putrid ingredients by boiling them up nice and slowly.

Although they are at their happiest when carving up joints on their gore-stained stone slabs, Butchers are fearsome opponents in battle. They cheerfully wade through the thick of combat, one moment lopping off limbs and opening throats with their cleavers, the next scooping up handfuls of brains and offal and tucking them into their aprons for later. The sight of these obese monsters going about their gruesome work, caked from head to toe in gore and with all manner of hideous ingredients and torturous cooking utensils dangling from their aprons, is enough to strike utter terror into even the most hardened of soldiers.

Butchers are chosen young and for a variety of reasons. They may be picked out for their unusual girth, the presence of maw-shaped birthmarks on their hide, or because they display a strange tendency to season the flesh of slain crèche-mates before devouring them. Whatever the case, when it is decided that the Gulping God has selected a particular ogor for this hallowed duty, they will be presented to one of the warglutt's existing Butchers.



The apprentice will then be trained in the art of gastromancy for many years. They will learn which bits of offal to consume in order to cast a particularly devastating spell, which ingredients go best with minced Maw-krusha flank, and countless other secrets kept by the chosen vessels of the Gulping God.

As the favoured heralds of the Great Beast that Consumes the Realms, it is the Butchers who interpret his will and guide their tribe along the Mawpath. To divine the direction their tribe should take, Butchers perform gory rituals with the entrails of slaughtered prey. Gnawing upon blood-slick innards, they enter a form of trance-like communion with their deity. Many hours later, they emerge from this fugue state to reveal the desires of Gorkamorka. No matter how strange or seemingly illogical a Butcher's epiphanic advice is, their word is always followed without question. Wargluts will depart from rich and fertile lands in order to follow the hungry will of Gorkamorka, and though the journey may be hard, inevitably they are rewarded with new and tasty foes to consume.

SLAUGHTERMASTERS

Over the course of their lifetime, a Butcher's already swollen frame will grow to truly obscene proportions. Entirely obsessed with the carving of raw flesh, some even hack off their own limbs and replace them with hooks and cleaving blades – the better to cut their enemies into easily consumable chunks. Known as Slaughtermasters, these beings are regarded as living embodiments of the Gulping God's insatiable appetite and are the highest ranked of the meatmasters. They act as their Tyrant's personal chef and most trusted advisor.

Slaughtermasters often drag their own cooking pots into battle, continuing their vile gastromantic experiments even as violence rages around them. This revered vessel, formed of thrice-digested metals, is beaten into shape by Gnoblar according to the Slaughtermaster's exacting

instructions. Once crafted, the cauldron is attached to the Slaughtermaster's flesh by hooked chains and dragged behind the monstrous ogor as they lumber across the battlefield.

While the Slaughtermaster cuts a bloody swathe through their prey, it is the task of their Gnoblar attendants to catch the flying limbs and entrails, dump them into the cauldron, and feed their master mouthfuls of gruel. This position is greatly prized among Gnoblar, for it ensures a steady supply of food and junk from butchered corpses. Unfortunately, it is also a particularly hazardous job – trying to lever a spoonful of greasy stew into their boss's snapping maw is a task fraught with potential danger.

Unlike the tribe's Great Mawpot, the cauldron of slimy gore that a Slaughtermaster drags into war is only to be used to feed themselves and their Tyrant. Any other ogor foolish enough to try and sneak a mouthful is likely to find their own most precious body parts cut off and added to the gloop. In any case, so refined are the palates of Slaughtermasters that they prize flavours that would prove lethal to all but the most resilient of ogors; even the cooks themselves are not immune to a bout of explosive indigestion upon gobbling down a particularly foetid clot of matter.

'Oh, just look at that. That's a tasty bit of flesh, right enough. All red and raw and glistening. Chew it up and wash it down with a great big swig of the red stuff. Lovely.'

- Slaughtermaster Yark Sourbreath of the Bloodgullet Mawtribe

Though only a select few may imbibe a Slaughtermaster's precious bloodgruel, the magical effects produced by the holy concoction are felt by all. Depending on the hunk of flesh that the Slaughtermaster pulls out of their meat-pot, nearby ogors might find their muscles start to bulge or their skin becomes as tough as Stonehorn hide.

This strange magic can also be turned upon the warglutt's foes; with a cruel leer, the Slaughtermaster can crunch up a mouthful of bones and channel the Gulping God's bizarre witchery to cause the skeletons of nearby warriors to snap and splinter.

BUTCHER GOLLOPS

Most Butchers will remain with their chosen warglutt for their whole lives, never leaving their close-knit flock. Yet as they slumber in the afterglow of a hearty meal, a Butcher or Slaughtermaster may be visited by a strange vision of a faraway region of Ghur, the heartland of ogorkind; they may find themselves gazing down upon a looming mountain, a sprawling forest of fleshy trees or an underground acid lake. In any case, they will feel inexorably drawn to this sacred land, a place of power where the ravenous hunger of the Gulping God is keenly felt. Leaving their wargluts behind, these pilgrims will journey across unimaginable distances, accompanied only by slavering packs of Gorgers and enterprising Gnoblar.

As they make their way to the destined location, the Butchers will gather up sackfuls of delicious ingredients and the meat of beasts they happen upon. On arrival, they will unite with Butchers and Slaughtermasters from dozens of other Mawtribes, and together these pilgrims will stage a grand festival of gulosity known as a gollop. Recipes and rare meats are shared, toasts to the Gulping God are drunkenly made and vast quantities of captives are butchered and consumed. Such is the immense aura of gastromantic power summoned by these festivals that the surrounding land begins to cannibalise itself: mountains rise up to swallow the clouds and surging tides devour entire coastlines.

WARRIORS OF THE WARGLUTTS

In the warlike Gutbuster society, all ogors learn to fight; they know how to crush a skull with a single swing of a metal-studded greatclub and the best way to hack an enemy apart without spoiling the choicest cuts of meat. When the warglutt march to battle, no one stays behind, not even the ogors' Gnoblar minions.

OGOR GLUTTONS

Huge, belligerent and always hungry, Ogor Gluttons form the bulk of a warglutt's fighting strength and are feared across the realms for their violent nature and savage appetite. A stampede of these brutes is a truly terrifying sight – a living avalanche of iron and sweaty, unwashed flesh that crushes everything in its path. Even the bravest soldiers may break in the face of such relentless force, especially when they witness their comrades being torn apart and consumed before their eyes.

Each Ogor Glutton is a mountain of muscle and fat, immensely strong and formidably tough. They wield broad clubs and maces, crude but effective armaments that can cave in a Stormcast's helm with a single blow. Should their weapon shatter, Ogor Gluttons possess fine backups: a set of yellowed teeth that can chew through stone and metal and meaty fists that can snap spines and crush skulls.

The greatest warrior of each pack of Ogor Gluttons is granted the title of Crusher. This is a fitting epithet, for these veteran ogors swing their immense war clubs with startling ease, pulverising enemy soldiers by the dozen. Some Ogor Gluttons carry banners capped with the skulls and bones of particularly memorable meals, and packs are commonly accompanied by Gnobblars acting as lookouts or – if food proves particularly scarce – light snacks. Bellowers, meanwhile, are the loudest ogors in a pack, continuously roaring out challenges, oaths and crude songs in the midst of battle. This cacophonous racket unsettles any foes who hear it.

Though they are capable of reason, and even a certain low cunning, Ogor Gluttons are driven first and foremost by self-interest. As long as they are fed and Gorkamorka's ravenous appetite is appeased – if

only for the briefest moment – then nothing else matters. Concepts such as honour and loyalty are utterly alien to these creatures, and they are just as likely to ally with a neighbouring kingdom to fend off an invading army as they are to gleefully join with the raiding force and fill their bellies with flesh.



GNOBLARS

Scuttling ahead of an Ogor Mawtribe comes a tide of diminutive, ugly creatures. Dressed in tattered scraps of clothing and wearing pans and oversized helms on their bulbous heads, they are armed with a diverse and remarkably crude variety of weapons: broken bottles, planks with nails poking out and rusty daggers. Whooping and hollering, they bound towards the enemy en masse, hacking and stabbing with wild abandon as they overwhelm foes with their sheer weight of numbers.

At first glance, a rampaging horde of Gnobblars might not strike terror into the hearts of the enemy, but it does not do to underestimate their malicious cruelty – or their surprising accuracy with hurled metal shards and other improvised missiles. Though the creatures' armaments might seem paltry things, any Freeguild soldier unfortunate enough to be on the receiving end of a Gnoblar dagger will attest to their effectiveness.

Gnobblars are distant cousins of the grot tribes of the Gloomspite. Originally, they hailed from the junk mountains of Skrappa Spill in the Realm of Metal. The rusty debris fields of the Spill were a land of plenty for the Gnobblars, until they were driven out of their lairs by tribes of rampaging orruks who took great delight in pulling their oversized ears off.

In order to escape this unjust persecution, the Gnobblars formed a kind of symbiotic – though entirely lopsided – relationship with the Ogor Mawtribes. In exchange for a measure of protection from the hulking ogors, and an unspoken agreement that they will not be eaten except in the direst of circumstances, the Gnobblars serve them faithfully.

Ogors are only too happy to accept this deal. They find Gnoblar meat rather gritty and unpleasant in any case, and the creatures make surprisingly useful minions. Not only do they carry out a variety of menial and unpleasant tasks on behalf of their chosen camp, such as fetching bowls of food, feeding Gorgers and cleaning out slop buckets, they also make excellent living shields.

No matter how many Gnobblars are splattered by cannon fire, ground up beneath the hooves of thundering cavalry or otherwise obliterated, there always seems to be more of them around. Their uncanny ability to stitch together weapons and war machines from whatever junk happens to be lying about is also greatly prized, and they are often put to work repairing the ogors' favourite tenderisers and cleavers.

IRONGUTS

The veteran brutes known as Ironguts are the most fearsome warriors fielded by the warglutt. Clad in plates of heavy armour and

wearing gut-plates crafted from the shiniest metals, they thunder into battle swinging oversized two-handed weapons. Heads are pulped, limbs are lopped off and spines are crushed to powder. When every last enemy has been thoroughly dismembered, the Ironguts claim the prime cuts of meat from the gory pile of limbs and torsos – much to the envy of watching Ogor Gluttons.

To become an Irongut, an ogor must be hand-picked for the honour by their Tyrant. It is a rank bestowed only upon the most grizzled and rotund members of the tribe, those warriors who have marched with the Tyrant for many decades, fighting, feasting and getting roaring drunk at their side. Upon being chosen, as a final test of fortitude, they must consume a particularly lethal concoction cooked up by the warglutt's Butcher. The exact recipe differs

from tribe to tribe but typically involves at least one ingredient that even ogors find troublesome to digest; crushed Aqshian fire-crystals, Jabberslythe brains and the bubbling venom of mighty Skitterstrand Arachnaroks are all considered an acquired taste. Ironguts take great pride in their intestinal prowess and often challenge one another to grotesque eating contests in order to prove their dominance, sometimes in the middle of battle.

Along with their favoured warriors, it is common for a Tyrant's offspring to fight in the ranks of the Ironguts, where they can be watched and gorily disposed of if they display any signs of rising ambition. However, no matter how paranoid a Tyrant becomes, they cannot keep an eye on all potential challengers. Threats to their rulership will almost always hail from the ranks of the

Ironguts, simply because they are the toughest and most arrogant brutes in the tribe. The Tyrant's closest companions they might be, but there is absolutely no room in ogor society for sentiment or loyalty. Given the opportunity, an ambitious Irongut will turn upon their chief in the blink of an eye.

Ironguts are typically employed at the decisive moments of a battle to seek out and club to death fierce pockets of enemy resistance. The Tyrant's Gutguard contains a great number of these champions, but other packs of Ironguts can be found across the warglutt's battle line, liberally splattered with the blood and brains of their enemies. Many hard-fought engagements are decided by their devastating charges, so much so that a common refrain is heard whenever the outcome of a battle is in the balance: 'It's down to the Ironguts'.



WAR ENGINES

Ogors are not by nature an ingenious people, preferring to loot whatever weapons and engines of war they require from defeated foes. However, they are capable of making brutally effective use of purloined blackpowder weapons and the deranged creations of their Gnoblar minions.

LEADBELCHERS

Ogors have a particular fondness for blackpowder weaponry. They delight in loud and explosive displays of destruction, and their heavy cannons suit those requirements well. Rather than positioning these guns safely behind their front line, however, some ogors have adopted the unusual tactic of carrying them into battle by hand.

Known as Leadbelchers, these units of ogor gunners lumber towards the enemy with lit tapers in their mouths. The barrels of their crude guns are stuffed with whatever is within reach; rocks, debris and handfuls of scavenged weapons all prove to be effective ammunition if there are no cannonballs to be found. When a Leadbelcher gun

is fired, this hail of shrapnel blasts outwards and shreds everything in a wide arc to a bloody paste. At least, that is the intended outcome. Never the most cautious of creatures, ogors practise a form of fire discipline that would make a veteran Ironweld cannonmaster blanch with horror.

Most Leadbelchers are covered with powder burns and scars, the result of point-blank detonations and misfires. But such injuries are considered a small price to pay for the thunderous firepower at their disposal. Should Leadbelchers find themselves in close combat – a common event, considering that they are no less ravenous than their fellow tribal warriors – their iron-wrought guns serve as devastating bludgeons.

SCRAPLAUNCHERS

Crude yet effective creations of the Gnoblars, Scraplaunchers are huge catapults that propel fistfuls of metal shards, broken weapons and other oddments high into the air. These razor-sharp pieces of junk metal then rain down upon the heads of the ogors' foes. Accuracy is not a Scraplauncher's strong point, and much of its payload will simply bounce off iron helmets or embed itself into the earth. However, the deluge of sharp instruments is so intense that at least a few will sink deep into the unfortunate targets' flesh with horrific results.

Constructed in the typically ramshackle Gnoblar fashion, a Scraplauncher seems perpetually on the verge of falling to bits as it



rumbles into battle, hauled by an ill-tempered rhinox mount. Its crew of Scrappers swarm about, retying loose ropes and hammering wobbly nails back in even as they pour fistfuls of sharp implements into the catapult's bucket.

Most of the Scraplauncher's ammunition consists of human-sized weapons— items too big to be wielded by the Gnoblarers themselves but too small for an ogor's meaty fist. However, the Scrappers take particular glee in adding a few unusual items into the mix: captured prisoners, poisonous spikefish, angry jabbertoads and other amusing objects. In the aftermath of battle, the Gnoblar crew will search the field to see where these unusual objects landed. They collapse in fits of malicious laughter when they see an enemy warrior with, for example, a gargant's toenail embedded in their skull.

Should the enemy close upon the Scraplauncher, they will have to contend with a furious rhinox. The last thing most foes expect is for a siege machine to up and start charging at them, and they usually have only a few moments to ponder the strange sight before a snorting beast of burden smashes into them with boulder-shattering force. While their rhinox bucks and stamps in a mad rage, the Gnoblar Scrappers atop the Scraplauncher will stab at hands and faces with their own crude weapons.

IRONBLASTERS

Mounted upon scrap-built chassis and hauled by immense shaggy-furred rhinoxen, the cannons of the Ironblasters are mobile siege pieces capable of blasting apart a castle wall in a single volley. The sound of an Ironblaster cannon firing is akin to a volcanic eruption. A gout of flame bursts from its huge barrel, and multiple cannonballs are hurled into the ranks of the enemy, splattering them into a pinkish mist. Any shell-shocked survivors are easily clubbed down by the Ironblaster's gunner or trampled into mush by their foul-tempered mount.

There are many legends told throughout the Gutbuster-led Mawtribes regarding the origins of the first Ironblaster cannons, but all agree upon one thing: these formidable weapons were first created by the Sky-Titans, who mounted them upon their gigantic floating citadels in the skies above the Scabrous Sprawl of Ghyran. When the empire of these master engineers was torn down – or devoured by a hungry Gorkamorka, as some ogor mythspeakers insist – the cannons were recovered from the shattered ruins by enterprising ogors, along with a number of other destructive weapons.

Over the long years, the use of these oversized weapons has filtered out to the nomadic wargluts across the realms. Only the richest and most powerful Mawtribes can claim to possess one of the rare and original cannons of the Sky-Titans, of course. The rest make do with similar devices either looted from the walls of conquered cities of the God-King or crafted by those willing to do business with the unpredictable ogors. There are also tales of captured Ironweld engineers being held hostage and forced to create terribly destructive weapons for their ogor masters – before being summarily eaten.



FROSTLORDS

A Frostlord is a master of the wild steppes, sweeping wastes and broken mountain ranges. From atop their lumbering mount, they command their warriors with a voice like thunder. When battle calls, they lead the charge, always the first to fight and the first to devour the flesh of the prey.

Only the mightiest of ogors can hope to become a Frostlord. Mounted upon an Alfrostun's most ferocious Stonehorn or Thundertusk, they charge ahead of the killing blizzard that marks the advance of the Beastclaw Raiders. All are ancient and powerful warriors; some are even said to recall the time before the coming of Chaos. During their long and bloody rule, a Frostlord might have fought alongside the armies of Sigmar, the legions of the living dead and the champions of the Dark Gods as often as against them. Armies and nations alike will have been destroyed by their commands.

It is the Frostlord's duty to drive the Mawtribe forward and provide their ogors with a constant supply of food. Any and all who challenge their position must be met with swift, brutal violence. There can be no room for mercy or pity in a Frostlord's heart; only an ogor whose soul is touched by the cold of winter can hope to hold on to the chieftain's mantle. Those who stand in their path will be smashed apart with shocking savagery and messily devoured.

In battle, the Everwinter itself lends its terrible power to the Frostlord's spear arm. Bellowing praise to Gorkamorka, they drive their frost spear through the hearts of enemy

champions and warbeasts, laughing off any attempt to hack through their blubberous hide.

In a culture as dominated by the notion that 'might makes right' as that of the Mawtribes, leadership challenges are common. Unlike those that occur in the Gutbuster wargluts, leadership contests among the Beastclaw Raiders are commonly conducted upon Stonehorns or Thundertusks. The loser is hurled to the ground and either consumed by the beast or trampled beyond recognition; their war mount is then served up to the rest of the tribe by the victor. Tyrants do not typically challenge for the rank of Frostlord or vice versa, since neither quite understands the other's way of war and both struggle to comprehend any culture but their own.

If a Frostlord falls in battle, those who would replace them gather for what is known as the Rite of Hoctgar. Aspirants set out alone into the wild, returning only when they have slain a mighty beast. They will then offer up this flesh to the rest of their tribe – to accept food from a contender's hand is to acknowledge them as master. The ogor with the most followers will be crowned Frostlord. The greatest leaders earn the greatest kills, and it is not

uncommon to see the carcass of a gargant or Cygor being dragged back to the Mawtribe's cooking fires.

One of the most potent assets of a Frostlord is their booming voice. Riding at the forefront of a Beastclaw assault, the Frostlord's call echoes over the roaring gales and spurs their warriors onwards. So commanding is their presence that even the beasts of an Alfrostun redouble their efforts at their behest, the ground churning under their tread as the charge slams home. The greatest Frostlords are rumoured to have voices that resound across continents, drawing ogors to their side to form an avalanche of destruction. When the winds howl their fury through the mountains, the primitive peoples of the realms cower, for they say that sound is the deafening roar of a Frostlord.

'The Svard ride! We are the thunder of the avalanche, my Jorlbard! We shall grind our enemies up beneath the hooves of our Stonehorns. And if anyone takes a bite out of that big one on the flying lizard before me, their guts will be hanging off the end of my spear.'

- Tulok No-nose, Frostlord of the Jarvak Alfrostun

FROST SPEARS

More than just a simple weapon, the frost spear is the symbol of a Frostlord's authority. Cooled in the freezing blood of Thundertusks and blessed by the icy breath of Gorkamorka, they are an order of magnitude greater than even the huge cleavers and clubs fashioned by other Beastclaw Raiders.

When an ogor rises to claim rulership over an Alfrostun, they will either forge their own frost spear with the mystical aid of their Huskard Torr or claim the weapon of their defeated rival from their dead, frostbitten fingers. When wielded in battle, a frost spear can punch through armour with ease and drive a killing cold deep into the body of the victim, the weapon's cruelly serrated head glistening with the power of the Everwinter.





JORLBADS AND EURLBADS

The Jorlbad and Eurlbad are the two main fighting arms of the Alfrostun, a fearsome force of destruction for any Mawtribe. Their ranks consist of hard-hitting stampedes of heavy cavalry – the toughest ogor warriors mounted upon the most fearsome beasts of the frozen wilds.

HUSKARD ON STONEHORN

Standing just below the Frostlord in the savage hierarchy of the Beastclaw Raiders, Huskards are powerful ogor warriors and hunters. They have to be, for their position is earned through their ability to impose their will on the other ogors of a Mawtribe. Mounted upon the mightiest beasts of the savage wilds, Huskards serve as experienced advisors to Tyrants and Frostlords as well as their strong fists in battle.

Command of a mounted ogor raiding party is divided between two Huskards. Of the two, the Huskard Jorl has the more prestigious role. Meaning the 'Fighting Hand' in the tribal dialect of the Beastclaw, the Jorlbad is typically first into the fight and is thus rewarded with first choice of the meat in its aftermath. The Huskard Jorl is often the mightiest warrior of a tribe after its overlord. The Huskard Eurl, meanwhile, has a task just as vital, if somewhat less respected. The Eurlbad, or the 'Eating Hand', charges forth in the wake of an Alfrostun vanguard to quite literally stamp out any remaining pockets of resistance. The Huskards fiercely compete for command of the more prestigious Jorlbad; their ruler will often encourage this rivalry, for ogors shun assassination and treachery as the tools of cowardly 'little 'uns' and the Huskards' attempts to prove their superiority over one another will either openly weed out the weak or result in more foes crushed underfoot.

Whether leading a Jorlbad or Eurlbad, the Huskards ride upon a towering Stonehorn. Chosen from amongst the eldest and hoariest of the tribe's bonded rock-beasts after the Frostlord's own mount, the formidable strength and single-minded temperament of the Stonehorns complement the Huskards perfectly in their role

as line-breakers. Amidst packs of slaving Mournfangs and their brutish riders, the Huskard ploughs through even the most heavily armoured enemies, the leonine beasts in their wake hurtling forth with increased ferocity. Many Huskards attach metal plates or coverings to their mount's fangs and hide. In truth, this does little to improve the already legendary resilience of the Stonehorns; rather, these trophies display the prowess and might of the Huskard rider, garnering respect that will be crucial if they are to one day rise to the rank of Frostlord.



STONEHORN BEASTRIDERS

There is very little that ogors will not eagerly hunt and eat, but even they will pause when confronted with a Stonehorn. Consuming one of the colossal brutes is akin to digesting a mountain of the hardest granite. Normally, this would merely be considered an intriguing challenge for a hungry ogor; however, Stonehorns are no simple prey, and to get on one's bad side is to be swiftly stomped flat under the beast's titanic weight.

A Stonehorn's skeleton is made from gemstone and solid rock, by-products of their curious diet of metals, minerals and heavy stone. These precious resources shine out from their tusks and horns, which would attract treasure hunters and poachers from miles around were it not for the beasts' fearsome reputation. Noticeably larger than even the burliest of ogors, each step a Stonehorn takes sets the earth

shaking, and that is to say nothing of the effects of their charge. Having built up enough speed, a Stonehorn can smash through the gates of a fortress without slowing its pace – what happens to lesser beings caught in its warpath is best not considered.

Yet, like the Beastclaw Raiders themselves, Stonehorns are possessed of their own curse that forces them ever onward. Though almost invulnerable to all but the most concerted attacks, they must always keep moving, for sedentary Stonehorns begin to lock up, their joints fusing into unyielding rocks. Those that halt too long become living statues, trapped in the prison of their stone skeletons.

As they trample along the Mawpath, the Beastclaw Raiders value the Stonehorn as a premier beast of burden and war mount alike. The creatures are capable of carrying armour and provisions for countless miles without issue and can even bear the weight of two adult ogor beastriders in battle. The job of these ogors – known as Thegns in the nomadic tongue of the Beastclaw – is more to direct the Stonehorn than to fight as mounted warriors. They often carry a sharp chaintrap or hungry blood vulture with which to menace foes from afar, but most Thegns are content simply to revel in the satisfaction of riding upon the Stonehorn, watching as it mangles even the mightiest foes with its bone-shattering charge or gores them upon its gargantuan sedimentary horns.

MOURNFANG PACK

Mournfang Packs race in the vanguard of the Beastclaw Raiders. Tons of slab-muscle brute combined with bellicose beast, anything that finds itself in the path of this heaviest of cavalry is soon trampled and reduced to an unrecognisable smear.

Mournfangs roam the barren wastes in fearsome hunting groups. The beasts' natural belligerence stems from their famously poor eyesight. As its tusks lengthen, a Mournfang's vision worsens, until much of the world is obscured by the bony protrusions. Not only does this infuriate the creatures, it also means that Mournfang Packs are almost unstoppable battering rams when on the charge.

Mournfang riders see themselves as a warrior elite. Riding alongside Frostlords and Huskards, they mock the ground-bound Ironguts trudging along behind. This boastfulness is understandable, considering how dangerous it is to claim such a position. Most ogors who try to tame a Mournfang are fatally gored by the beast's immense horns and subsequently devoured; however, those who are successful often form surprisingly close bonds with their beasts. Mournfangs are hardy creatures capable of surviving weeks without food, and only the most grievous wounds will put a stop to their rampages. Ogors respect the Mournfangs greatly for these qualities, and may even feel a brief twinge of regret if forced to eat them.

Most Mournfang mounts originate from the whelping pits. Having sent out Icebrow Hunters to capture young pups, the ogors dig a deep fighting pit lined with stakes. Into this hole will be thrown the pups, pleading captives, bloody meat and the occasional screaming Gnoblar. The Mournfang young are then left to fend for themselves as the tribe migrates onwards along the Mawpath, with many ogors placing wagers upon which of the runts will prosper. When the tribe returns, they will find a few hulking Mournfangs that have grown strong from consuming their rivals. These creatures will remember the ogors, and it is this familiarity that makes them slightly more amenable to accepting riders. Of course, often the Mournfangs will simply turn upon their tormentors. Ogors consider this entirely fair; after all, those devoured by the frenzied creatures would have had no business riding one into battle.

BRAGGOTH'S BEAST HAMMER

During the decades-long Realmgate Wars, mighty forces battled to control the mysterious arcane portals that allowed mortals to travel the vast distances between the realms in an instant. Frost King Braggoth Vardruk of the Boulderhead Mawtribe led an Alfrostun against the Manticore Dreadhold, then in the hands of the Chaos Lord Urthrex. The fort had been contested for centuries, with the Ironjawz orruks hurling army after army against its walls without success.

To see the Dreadhold finally broken, Megaboss Grakgob and Braggoth Vardruk joined their forces as one mighty wedge of iron and flesh that would smash its way into the fortress. The Beast Hammer was born that day, its ranks filled with Mournfang Packs and mobs of orruk Gore-gruntas. Fierce rivalry drove the alliance onward, and Braggoth himself led the Stonehorn charge that breached the fortress's thick wall. The orruk and ogor riders bulldozed their way through the opening and into the Manticore Dreadhold, laying waste to its defenders. So successful was this combined force that many Frostlords and Tyrants have attempted to imitate its methods in the years since.



TORRBADS

A shaman of the snow-covered wilds, the Huskard Torr of the Torrbad is capable of wielding the terrible destructive powers of the Everwinter against their foes. Such is their connection to the primal savagery of nature that they can summon packs of shaggy-furred, flesh-eating monsters to their side.

HUSKARD ON THUNDERTUSK

Even a Frostlord takes great care when addressing their Huskard Torr. Grim and taciturn, these shamans are attuned like no other to the brutal essence of the Everwinter. They summon its killing winds and icy hailstorms at will, unleashing upon their enemies the very doom that snaps at the heels of the Beastclaw Raiders. As well as possessing formidable shamanistic powers, Huskard Torrs are mighty warriors. Riding to war upon Thundertusks, true beasts of the frozen winter, they hurl harpoons and lethal shards of ice at their foes, battering down any who stray too close with their meaty fists.

The Huskard Torr leads the Torrbad, the Thundertusk riders of the clan. A mysterious and enigmatic figure, they can read the winds and see the will of Gorkamorka in the frost. To the other members of the tribe, they are a creature not entirely of this world, their soul having been frozen by their connection to the Everwinter. They go by numerous names, including the Voice of Thunder, Frostborn and the Blizzard Speaker. They seldom make an utterance, but when they do, they speak with the voice of winter. Their freezing words, filled with harsh and undeniable truth, are like the keening gales of the Everwinter, each one cutting and cold.

A Huskard Torr is chosen by the Everwinter. When their predecessor dies, the storms and Thundertusks accept them as their voice with howling winds and baying roars. The Frostlord officially bestows the title, but it is rare that they will go against the omens the Everwinter sends. Once named, only death may release the ogor from their duty. In rare instances, a Huskard Torr might become the leader of an Alfrostun, turning their clan into a Svarthegn, or Icewind Raid.

THUNDERTUSK BEASTRIDERS

The Huskard Torr's most trusted companions are the Thundertusk Beastriders. Each of these warriors embarks upon a deadly journey to the very edge of the Everwinter and there bonds with one of the mysterious, destructive monsters called Thundertusks.



These magical beasts are focal points for unnatural cold, and, like a raging snowstorm, they send out constant waves of frost and ice. In battle, their riders direct the deadly chill of the Thundertusks to do as much harm to the enemy as possible. With their frozen breath, the beasts can render thick castle gates brittle enough to be smashed or freeze rivers solid so the tribe can more easily cross. This power increases exponentially as more Thundertusks gather together, their aura growing ever more intense.

While the Thundertusks wreak carnage with their chilling breath, their riders wield harpoon launchers and chaintraps. They use these missile weapons to impale and ensnare terrified prey or shatter frozen foes into icy chunks, which can be gathered and consumed later.

ICEFALL YHETEES

From out of howling ice storms emerge fearsome, simian shapes. Frost sparkling on pale fur, blue eyes burning bright in the cold mist, they

stalk through the tundra in utter silence, implacable as an oncoming blizzard. They are the Icefall Yhetees, and they are true children of the Everwinter.

The origins of the Yhetees remain shrouded in mystery. Perhaps they were once ogors, abandoned or exiled and remade by the soul-deep chill of the Everwinter. Some Azyrite scholars believe that Yhetees are born from the winter gales – where the primal magic of each realm meets the fiercest storms, glaciers split and Yhetees pour forth from the frozen depths. The Weirdnob Shamans of the Icecrackas Warclan adamantly maintain that Yhetees are Gorkamorka's divine offspring. The Yhetees themselves speak not of their history. Their tongue is eldritch and strange, and only the Huskard Torr can converse with them.

For all their silence, Icefall Yhetees are deadly foes. Following the chilling cold exuded by a Mawtribe's Thundertusks, the creatures lope through the snow at the speed of a howling blizzard. Ogors recognise some kinship with the creatures and leave them be, though some grumble at their tendency to deep-freeze food. When the Yhetees strike, it is akin to an avalanche; they are capable of crossing substantial distances with strong leaps, and many have found Yhetees that were one moment a snow-shrouded mirage suddenly descending upon them.

The Yhetees' weapons are covered in a thick patina of magical hoarfrost, and the temperature of the air around them plunges such that it freezes the blood. Even in the parched lands of Aqshy, warriors find their breath steaming before them in the presence of the Yhetees, their blows sluggish as they are wracked by shivers. This brief delay gives the Yhetees ample time to pulverise their unfortunate victim with sparkling rime-encrusted clubs.

SKALS

Ranging far ahead of their Frostlord's main host, the Icebrow Hunters of the Skal seek out foes to destroy and flesh to consume. Hard-bitten and relentless trackers, these ogors have learnt to tame packs of great hunting cats, who run down the Hunters' prey and tear it to shreds.

ICEBROW HUNTERS

Icebrow Hunters are a Mawtribe's eyes and ears. Formidable trackers and prey-stalkers, each is perfectly at home in the warped and frostbitten wilds of the Mortal Realms. To them falls one of the most vital tasks amongst ogorkind, for it is they who range ahead of the devouring locust-swarm of the Mawtribe and locate new sources of food for the ogors to descend upon.

Icebrow Hunters are loners by nature, more content in the company of beasts and the elements than their fellow ogors. Whether through god-given gift or simple natural intuition, each possesses a keen sense of direction and innate survival skills. Such things are necessary, for those who cannot master the wilderness are sure to be broken by it. Though brutish, gruff and possessed of little regard for personal hygiene, the skill of the Icebrow Hunters is so renowned that they have even occasionally found employment with the other races of the realms. Few are more capable than an Icebrow Hunter when it comes to locating legendary monsters or hidden ruins, and it is said that the most experienced Hunters are even able to track down lost and twisted paths between realms.

Icebrow Hunters report directly to their Frostlord, but they are one of the few ogors that a wise tribal leader will not try to bully into submission; after all, it is through the skill of the Icebrow Hunters that the ogors find their next meal. Typically left to their own devices, Hunters may occasionally be enticed into fighting alongside an Alfrostun. Though they carry trusty clubs to batter prey into submission, Icebrow Hunters are unusual amongst ogors in favouring ranged weapons. This has a basis in practicality, as even the mightiest Hunter will struggle to bring down a raging Stonehorn or Maw-krusha up close. The most common weapon

used by the Icebrow Hunters is their great throwing spear – when given enough of a run-up and hurled with enough force, these sharpened staves can fell flagging monsters with a single blow. Some also carry heavy-duty crossbows in order to bury their prey under a storm of monstrous projectiles. The strangest quality of the Icebrow Hunters, however, is their ability to produce icy breath. They have learnt how to brew potent concoctions from the freezing blood of their Frost Sabres, which, when downed swiftly, allow them to exhale a magical blizzard that freezes those it touches where they stand.

FROST SABRES

Frost Sabres are hefty feline predators that often congregate in marauding packs. Their most defining features are the sword-sized fangs that curve upwards from their lower jaws. Swift and hardy, they are capable of running down even the pure-blooded steeds of the aelves without tiring. When they pounce, their fangs punch effortlessly through the toughest armour plates, gorily tearing apart the flesh and bone within.

Unlike other creatures employed by the Beastclaw Raiders as war mounts, Frost Sabres are neither captured and broken by the ogors nor forced to prove themselves in brutal whelping pits. Instead, an Icebrow Hunter will raise their chosen Frost Sabres from cubs, perhaps having chanced across a den where the mother Sabre had already been slain or adopting the offspring of a

Sabre that attempted to prey upon them. The Hunter is rewarded with powerful hunting beasts that are utterly loyal to them. Each Frost Sabre will charge the most fearsome of foes without hesitation, willing to die for their ogor master. A curious quirk of the Frost Sabres that has made them so valuable to the Hunters is that their bodies do not exude heat, nor does their breath steam even in the bitterest cold, making them largely invisible to many types of prey. Their freezing blood is the source of this ability, and the creatures are often carefully bled by the Hunters to work the magical vitae into powerful winter-touched potions.



CAMP FOLLOWERS

An Ogor Mawtribe is followed on its nomadic route by many roving shamans, mercenaries and flesh-obsessed monsters. These itinerant souls do not technically owe allegiance to the tribe, but nonetheless they will fight and slay on its behalf in exchange for the promise of a good meal.

FIREBELLIES

Firebellies are strange, tattooed ogors that worship Gorkamorka as the Sun-eater. Belonging to no tribe but their own strange cult, they wander the realms gobbling up combustible ingredients that allow them to belch great gouts of flame across their enemies. In this way, they give honour to the Sun-eater

– and also ensure that they have a steady source of delicious roasted flesh on which to feast.

The origins of the Firebelly cult are passed down from ogor to ogor by word of mouth. It is said that during the Age of Myth, Gorkamorka reached up and grabbed the Red Sun that loomed over Ghur, cramming

the glowing orb into his mouth and chewing it up. As he gulped down the impossibly hot celestial object, he felt its flames course through him and unleashed a great belch of spewed molten fire across the land. The Firebellies insist that this event birthed Aqshy, the Realm of Fire. Most ogors do not care to argue the point, not wanting to risk being turned into a smoking pile of ashes.



In order to join the cult, an ogor must seek out a Firebelly shaman and be subjected to a number of lethal rituals. First, their hair is scorched away through the application of acidic unguents mixed from the crushed-up innards of ashcrawler spiders. Sacred tattoos are then scrawled across their skin in chorsquid ink. Finally, they must seek out, slay and devour a Magmadroth – an act that often brings the would-be Firebelly into conflict with the Fyreslayers, mercenary duardin who prize these towering reptiles as mounts.

Firebellies wander the land at will, seeking out volcanoes, magma spouts, lava lakes and other volatile natural wonders that they view as manifestations of their deity's combustible hunger. They dance and pray before these phenomena, consuming flammable ingredients of all kinds in order to stoke raging fires within their giant oiled bellies. They then hunt down their prey, spitting streams of liquid flame that scorch flesh and melt metal armour to bubbling liquid. Such is their command of fire that they can even wrap it around their greasy bulk like a shield. Those rare enemies that prove resistant to a Firebelly's blasts of flame are bludgeoned into mush by their great basalt hammers.

Though other ogors look upon the shamans of the Sun-eater with a mixture of bemusement and awe, they are always welcomed into any warglutt or Alfrostun they happen

to bump into. This is mostly because the Firebellies have mastered the art of adding spice to their meat, seasoning hunks of spit-roasted flesh with salamander scales, minced-up Magmadroth glands and other delicious flavours. For ogors used to the hearty stews cooked up by Butchers, these mouth-scalding blends are a rare delicacy – although on occasion they can cause some unfortunate gastric detonations. For their part, Firebellies relish the opportunity to spread the word of their god and to gather up plenty of fresh and flammable ingredients.

MANEATERS

The mercenary life is one to which ogors are very well suited; they are at their happiest when there are enemies to batter, plunder to take and a surplus of carcasses for the cooking pot. Therefore, it is not surprising that ogors can be found fighting as sellswords for all manner of generals, from ambitious Chaos warlords to vampiric tyrants and Freeguild Lord-Generals.

Such ogor mercenaries call themselves Maneaters. This name was first coined during the excesses of the Age of Chaos, when the ancient pact between Gorkamorka and Sigmar was broken and the ogors once again found themselves able to feast upon humans without drawing the ire of the absent God-King. It sounded appropriately intimidating, and so it stuck. Even those Maneaters who find themselves allied with the armies of the free cities maintain their use of the term, often to the unease of the Freeguild soldiers they fight beside.

It is often younger, brasher ogors that take up the restless life of a Maneater. The chance to travel to new and interesting lands and eat whoever lives there is a hard one to pass up. During their adventurous careers, these sellswords will sample exotic foods, earn vast amounts of plunder and arm themselves with all kinds of esoteric weapons. Ogors can be found wielding Aqshian sunblades, Sayronite falces and even spiky throwing stars as well as more makeshift weapons such as anchors

and gigantic rolling pins. Many also wield a brace of pistols, because anything that makes a loud bang is considered fittingly impressive for a dashing mercenary.



Maneater bands such as the Swollentoes, Growt's Blaggards and Ashur's Gutstuffers find that their reputation precedes them. Each of these roving bands has established a particular speciality: some enjoy a good punch-up and delight in bashing their foes' faces in up close, while others claim to be crack shots – by ogor standards, at least. When they encounter other ogors on the Mawpath, these folk heroes are made very welcome. They are prized assets not only because of their undoubted skill in battle but also because all ogors enjoy a good story – particularly if it ends in dismemberment and disembowelment, which Maneater tales generally do.

'Gather round, me buckoes, and listen to this one. It's about the time we fought for His Infinite Majesty of Threng, until we cleared out his larders and he ran out of grub to feed us with. Turns out he weren't so infinite after all. I mopped up what was left of 'im with a nice cob of saltbread.'

*- Growt the Gruesome,
Captain of the Blaggards*

GORGERS

For an ogor, there can be no more terrible fate imaginable than to be unable to enjoy a good meal. They would rather die than be subjected to the dreaded Empty Belly curse. It is

said that this affliction affects those who have in some manner displeased the Gulping God, rendering them unable to gain even a moment's satisfaction from consuming food. It is said that Gorgers – as those who suffer from the curse are known – taste nothing but ash even when devouring the most delicious scraps of flesh, and that no sooner has a mouthful of bloody meat slipped down their gullet than it dissolves to nothing.

Driven entirely feral and mad by their insatiable hunger, Gorgers are kept away from a warglutt's camp, confined to cages, lightless underground lairs and filth-strewn warrens. Here they moan, whimper and snarl in the darkness, gobbling up scraps of flesh and bone hurled to them by the tribe's Butcher, the only being that can converse with the savage creatures.

As befitting their status as outcasts amongst ogorkind, Gorgers lack the hearty paunch prized by their kin. They are sinewy, long-limbed horrors with blade-like raking claws and mouths that hang open and dribble unspeakable fluids. In their desperate but doomed quest to fill their bellies, Gorgers can detach their jaws like snakes, stretching their maw impossibly wide to swallow prey many times their size. No matter how much they consume, however, they are destined never to satiate their hunger. This hideous existence robs Gorgers of any semblance of reason beyond the desperate craving for meat.

Though Gorgers are despised and looked down upon by all right-thinking ogors, that does not mean their usefulness is entirely discarded. They are often used by the Mawtribes as shock troops, lured towards the enemy with spilled buckets of blood and juicy scraps of rotten meat. Emerging from their cavernous lairs beneath the earth, these degenerate beasts follow the trail of gore, sniffing and tasting the air. When they scent the aroma of fresh meat, they lunge madly into battle, their jaws distending horribly to reveal row upon row of blackened fangs as they rip and tear their victims limb from limb.



Bellowing their praises to the Gulping God, the Ogor Mawtribes thunder across the Mortal Realms, gobbling up anyone foolish enough to stand against them.



GLUTTONOUS HORDES

The sight of an Ogor Mawtribe on the rampage is enough to bring even seasoned warriors to their knees. Bellowing warriors brandish blood-smeared weapons and crude banners, their prodigious rolls of fat wobbling as they barrel into the fray, while immense iron cannons spit explosive shells into the enemy ranks.



Having laid their piggish eyes upon a Chaos warband, ogors of the Meatfist Mawtribe bound down from the mountainside, eager to stuff their mouths full of tasty flesh.



Meatfist Tyrant



Meatfist Butcher



Meatfist Slaughtermaster



Bloodgullet Ogor Glutton



Meatfist Ogor Glutton



Ogor Glutton with tribal banner



Ogor Gluttons form the bulk of a warglutt's forces. They enjoy nothing more than hacking and clubbing their prey into a bloody mess, before scooping up and devouring handfuls of nicely tenderised meat.



A Bloodgullet Butcher mixes up a gory broth in his tribe's Great Mawpot, blending together the drained juices of foes while a band of Ogor Gluttons looks on, drool spilling down their bloody jowls.



Ironguts



Maneaters



Leadbelchers of the Underguts Mawtribe blast their way up from the deep earth and find themselves in a skaven lair. The rat-things might not make for the tastiest meal, but at least there are plenty of them to go around.



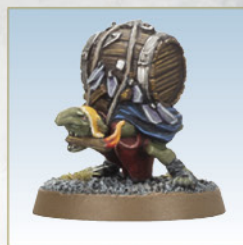
Swaggering their way into battle with typical braggadocio, a mercenary band of Maneaters launch themselves at the nearest foes, eager to sample some intriguing new flavours.



Meatfist Ironblaster



Ever since the Shyish necroquake, the realms have borne witness to many a brutal battle between the Ogor Mawtribes and the soul-constructs of the Ossiarch Bonereapers – the former resent the latter's stockpiling of edible bones.

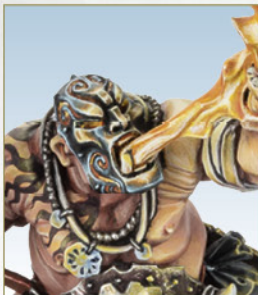


Powder Gnoblar



Leadbelchers



*Firebelly**Gorger*

A Firebelly shaman leads his Meatfist kin into battle against a band of Fyreslayers, hoping to get hold of a few Magmadroth eggs for his strange gastromantic rituals.



Gnoblar Scraplauncher



It is easy for the enemy to underestimate small and spindly Gnoblars – at least until one of the greenskins' ramshackle Scraplaunchers flings a bucketful of razor-sharp metal into their faces.



Winterbite Thundertusk Beastriders



Winterbite Frostlord on Stonehorn



Winterbite Horn Blower with culling club



Winterbite Skalg with prey hacker and ironlock pistol

The Thunderbellies Mawtribe has long battled clans of Dragon Ogors for control of the Sky Roads of Chamon, its Mournfang Packs clashing with the hulking beasts in brutal, thunderous encounters.





Winterbite Mournfang rider with gargant hacker



Winterbite Banner Bearer with culling club





Frost Sabre



Icebrow Hunter



Frost Sabre



A Huskard rides his Stonehorn mount into battle, puncturing squigs with his harpoon launcher, while nearby an Icebrow Hunter drives a ravenous pack of Frost Sabres towards the spherical monsters.



As belligerent and unrelenting as the ill-tempered beasts they ride to battle, Boulderhead Frostlords and their warriors enjoy nothing more than crushing their foes to death with an unstoppable cavalry charge.

HUNGRY FOR BATTLE

When assembling an Ogor Mawtribes force, you have a great deal of options to choose from. Do you wish to field the heavy infantry and deadly war machines of a Gutbuster warglutt or the devastating cavalry of the Beastclaw Raiders? Of course, you could always choose to pick a selection of heavy-hitting units from both forces.

When deciding which units you want to take in your Ogor Mawtribes army, there are a few different things that can help you choose. Firstly, are there any models you especially like the look of? This range has a particularly varied aesthetic, from the icy war mounts of the Beastclaw Raiders to the rusty, crude-but-effective war engines of the Gutbusters. Alternatively, you might wish to take a look at each unit's warscroll and pick a range of models that fits your favoured play style – an ogor gun line packed with Leadbelchers and one or two mighty

Ironblasters can be a truly terrifying force! Whatever you choose, there's no right or wrong way to begin your collection. Presented below is a sample army that might help you get started.

Any Ogor Mawtribes army needs a mighty warlord at its heart, bellowing out orders as he batters the enemy into a slimy paste. It's very rare – though not impossible – for an ogor army to include more than one such figure. Since this is a Meatfist army, a Mawtribe dominated by the Gutbusters, we decided that

we should choose a Tyrant as our general. Big, burly and armed with an array of brutal weaponry, he is truly fearsome in close combat. As an added bonus, he can ensure our other units will not flee by using a combination of threats and physical violence.

The core of our army is formed of two units of Ogor Gluttons. These battleline units are both deadly in melee and hard to kill, so they will be the first units we hurl into battle. They are accompanied by a unit of elite Ironguts, who are even more



fierce. Since these shock troops wield heavy, armour-piercing two-handed weapons, they are great for taking on your opponent's tougher units. A Butcher provides healing and a variety of other bonuses to nearby ogors, and he is fairly terrifying in combat with his deadly cleaver. Keep him close to your main battleline units so he can shore them up and increase the damage they dish out. We have also added a Firebelly for some added magical punch, a roving mystic who can wreath his foes in flame, roasting them up nicely for the cooking pot.

Behind this wall of sweaty flesh, we will place our Leadbelchers and a massive Ironblaster cannon. The former add some ranged capability to our army – and are no slouches themselves when the battle gets up

close and personal. The latter is a truly formidable weapon, capable of blasting huge gaps in your enemy's ranks.

To represent a band of the Meatfist Mawtribe's frost-rimed allies, we have added several Beastclaw Raiders units. They are led by a Huskard on Stonehorn, an intimidating mass of flesh and fur that can smash through almost any foe. He leads a massed cavalry contingent, which includes a Mournfang Pack and a unit of Thundertusk Beastriders. Use this devastating hammer to punch an opening in your opponent's defences. An Icebrow Hunter leads a pack of Icefall Yhetees and some fleet-footed Frost Sabres; these fast-moving units are perfect for running down exposed enemies or securing objectives.

1. Tyrant
2. Butcher
3. Huskard on Stonehorn
4. Icebrow Hunter
5. Firebelly
6. Icefall Yhetees
7. Thundertusk Beastriders
8. Mournfang Pack
9. Frost Sabres
10. Ogor Gluttons
11. Ogor Gluttons
12. Ironguts
13. Leadbelchers
14. Ironblaster



PAINTING YOUR OGOR MAWTRIBE

Whether you are a veteran brush-wielder with decades of experience or you have never painted a Citadel Miniature in your life, painting an Ogor Mawtribes army offers a unique and exciting challenge. The pages that follow contain some tips and examples to get you started with painting your own fleshy horde of guzzlers.

There is nothing quite like a fully painted army of Citadel Miniatures, and a rampaging throng of ogors is a particularly menacing and formidable sight. It also offers plenty of variation, whether you are painting rusty Gutbuster war machines or frost-covered Beastclaw Raiders. There is real satisfaction to be had in adding colour to your collection, teasing out the finely sculpted details, making your miniatures your own and creating a unified force.

Before painting your models, you'll first need to assemble them. To begin with, we suggest you follow the advice given in the construction booklet provided with your models.

There's no right or wrong way to go about painting your collection of miniatures. Some people revel in treating each miniature as a work of art, lavishing attention on every millimetre of every model and painstakingly crafting scenic bases. Others prefer a far simpler approach with basic but consistent paint jobs that allow them to quickly complete legions of warriors. And, of course, there is plenty of middle ground for those that enjoy painting their troops but want to devote special attention to key figures such as their Tyrants and Ironblasters. Again, there is no one way to paint, just the way that works best for you. In the end, the goal is to field a fully painted Ogor Mawtribes army on the tabletop.

On the following pages, you will find stage-by-stage guides, variant colour schemes and top tips to inspire you as you paint your gluttonous host.

WARHAMMER TV

Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone as they show you how to paint Citadel Miniatures from start to finish. The guides are available for free on games-workshop.com and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. Why not take a moment to check them out?

SKIN



1 Apply a basecoat of Cadian Fleishtone.



2 Apply an all-over shade of Reikland Fleshshade.



3 Layer with Kislev Flesh, avoiding the recesses.



4 Highlight with Flayed One Flesh.

OTHER SKIN SHADES



Base with Catachan Fleishtone, shade with Agrax Earthshade, layer with Bloodreaver Flesh, highlight with Knight-Questor Flesh.



Base with Stormvermin Fur, shade with Nuln Oil, layer with Baneblade Brown, highlight with Karak Stone.



Underguts: Ionrach Skin base, 2:1 mix of Lahmian Medium/Drakenhof Nightshade, Deepkin Flesh layer, Pallid Wych Flesh highlights.

BLADES



1 Apply a basecoat of Leadbelcher.



2 Shade heavily with Agrax Earthshade.



3 Use a Dry brush to stipple Ryza Rust onto the blade.



4 Use Stormhost Silver to highlight the edge of the blade and add some scratches.

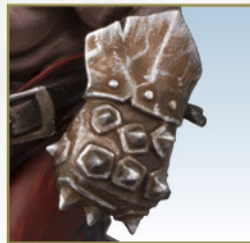
OTHER WEAPON TECHNIQUES



Base with Iron Warriors, shade with Nuln Oil, add Ironbreaker highlights and Stormhost Silver chips.



Base with Mechanicus Standard Grey, drybrush Dawnstone then Administratum Grey.

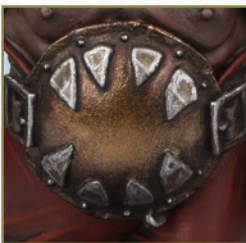


Use thinned down Mournfang Brown to create a dark, dirty rust.

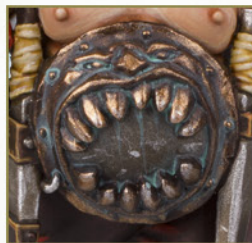


Base with Balthasar Gold, shade with Agrax Earthshade, highlight with Brass Scorpion.

ARMOUR AND GUT-PLATES



Base with Warplack Bronze, shade with Agrax Earthshade, highlight with Hashut Copper.



Follow previous steps, then weather using Nihilakh Oxide.



Base with Retributor Armour, shade with Reikland Fleshshade Gloss, Stormhost Silver highlights.



For the symbol, base with Averland Sunset and add a line of Dorn Yellow around the edges.

CLOTHES



Base: The Fang.
Shade: Nuln Oil.
Highlight: Altdorf Guard Blue and Fenrisian Grey.



Base: 1:1 mix of Mephiston Red and Abaddon Black.
Highlight: Mephiston Red then Evil Sunz Scarlet.



Base: Caliban Green.
Shade: Nuln Oil.
Highlight: Loren Forest and Nurgling Green.



Base: Mournfang Brown.
Shade: Agrax Earthshade.
Highlight: Gorthor Brown and Baneblade Brown.

DETAILS



Base: Ushabti Bone.
Shade: Seraphim Sepia.
Layer: Ushabti Bone, then Pallid Wych Flesh.



Base: Stormvermin Fur.
Shade: Athonian Camoshade.
Highlight: Dawnstone.



Base: Ushabti Bone.
Shade: Seraphim Sepia, heavier towards the tip.
Layer: Rhinox Hide.



Base: Abaddon Black.
Layer: Eshin Grey.
Highlight: Dawnstone.

BEASTCLAW TATTOOS



First, apply the skin's Base, Shade and Layer colours (see pg 64).



Next, apply thin lines of Abaddon Black.



Gradually apply bolder lines to draw the horns.



Finally, use the side of the brush's tip to create the claws.

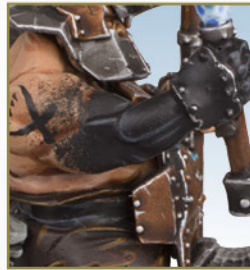
WAR PAINT AND OTHER EFFECTS



Use Abaddon Black over skin and Screaming Skull over banners.



Meatfist: Apply Blood for the Blood God to the fist. Use a Dry brush to stipple the edges.



Boulderhead: Use Abaddon Black on the fist. Stipple for the transition.



Bloodgullet: Apply Blood for the Blood God over the mouth area. Stipple the edges.

ICE WEAPON



Apply a basecoat of Ceramite White.



Next, glaze with Guilliman Blue.



Drybrush the area with Praxeti White.



Finally, paint the metals to match the ogor's armour.

SIMPLE BEASTCLAW BANNER SYMBOL



1 Apply the Base, Shade and Layer colours of your chosen scheme.



2 Paint thin lines of Karak Stone to establish where the design will fit.



3 Now add the upright lines to elaborate on the design.



4 Carefully broaden out the shape, tapering the ends to neat points.



5 Finish by adding the claws. Use the tip of the brush to make the shape.

The glyphs shown here can be applied to any surface you like – armour, flesh, even the hides of the Beastclaw Raiders' monstrous steeds.

A useful tip for painting Beastclaw banners is to use a 'colder' colour palette of blues, greys and sallow flesh shades. This really helps to underline the frosty nature of these ogors.

COMPLEX BEASTCLAW BANNER SYMBOL



1 Make sure you start with a smooth, clean area of colour.



2 Draw the triangular shapes using a pencil. You can use an eraser to remove mistakes.



3 Using the original shapes as points of reference, add the other symbols.



4 Carefully fill in the design using Abaddon Black.



5 Apply small lines of the underlying colour to represent damage.

Giving the designs a battered appearance by painting on small nicks and scratches helps illustrate the Beastclaws' warlike existence – as well as making the flag even more eye-catching.

Apply the marks with the extreme tip of your brush and be sparing for best results. After all, it's always easier to add a painted-on effect than to remove one!

WINTERBITE MOURNFANG FUR



1 Apply a 3:1 mix of Lahmian Medium and Nuln Oil over a Corax White undercoat.



2 Shade the lower half with a 2:1 mix of Lahmian Medium and Nuln Oil.



3 Shade the lower quarter with a 2:1 mix of Lahmian Medium and Nuln Oil.



4 Drybrush with White Scar.

OTHER FUR COLOURS



Base with Zandri Dust, shade with Agrax Earthshade, drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull.



Base with Stormvermin Fur, drybrush with Baneblade Brown and Karak Stone.



Thunderbellies fur: Chaos Black undercoat, drybrush with Dark Reaper, Thunderhawk Blue and Fenrisian Grey.



Corax White undercoat, apply a 2:1 mix of Lahmian Medium/Thunderhawk Blue and a 2:1 mix of Nuln Oil/Lahmian Medium, drybrush Ulthuan Grey.

IRONGUT KITBASH



Take the armour pieces, weapon and arms from the Mournfang Pack kit and the head and bucket from the Ironblaster kit.



Attach the head, arms and armour first.



Cut the handle off the Mournfang rider's weapon at the base of the blade.



Glue the catapult bucket from the Ironblaster kit to the weapon handle.



Here is the finished model. We added a Gnoblar from the Ironguts kit to the edge of the catapult bucket.

MOURNFANG KITBASH



Take all of the above pieces from the Ironguts kit.



Next, attach the arms and weapon.



First, attach the head.



Glue the shields to the Mournfang's front legs.



Here is the finished model: a unique Mournfang rider.

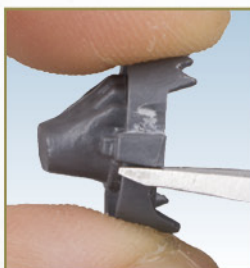
LEADBELCHER KITBASH



Take the trap, head and cables from the Ironguts kit and the armour from the Mournfang Pack kit.



Glue the jaws of the trap around the end of the cannon.



Cut the trap square at its hinges, as shown.



Attach the head, armour and cables.



Here is the finished model – with an added Gnoblar!

APPETITE FOR WAR

This battle tome contains all of the rules you need to field your Ogor Mawtribes miniatures on the battlefields of the Mortal Realms, from a host of exciting allegiance abilities to a range of warscrolls and warscroll battalions. The rules are split into the following sections:

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

This section describes the allegiance abilities available to an Ogor Mawtribes army. The rules for using allegiance abilities can be found in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*.

BATTLE TRAITS

Abilities available to every unit in an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 71).

COMMAND TRAITS

Abilities available to the general of an Ogor Mawtribes army if it is a **HERO** (pg 72-73).

ARTEFACTS OF POWER

Artefacts available to **HEROES** in an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 74-75).

SPELL LORES

Spells available to **WIZARDS** in an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 76-77).

EVERWINTER PRAYERS

Everwinter prayers available to **PRIESTS** in an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 77).

MOUNT TRAITS

Traits for the mounts ridden by **HEROES** in an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 78-79).

GREAT MAWPOT

Here you will find the rules and scenery warscroll for the Great Mawpot (pg 80-81).

MAWTRIBES

Abilities for six of the most notorious Mawtribes (pg 82-87). These rules can be used by units in an Ogor Mawtribes army that have been given the appropriate keyword (see the Mawtribes battle trait, opposite).

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes two new narrative battleplans that can be played with an Ogor Mawtribes army (pg 88-91).

PATH TO GLORY

This section contains rules for using your Ogor Mawtribes collection in Path to Glory campaigns (pg 92-97).

WARSCROLLS

This section includes all of the warscrolls you will need to play games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar with your Ogor Mawtribes miniatures. There are two types of warscroll included in this section:

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These are formations made up of several Ogor Mawtribes units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 98-101).

WARSCROLLS

A warscroll for each unit is included here. The rules for using an Ogor Mawtribes unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll (pg 102-119).

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units and warscroll battalions in this book (pg 120).

ALLIES

This section has a list of the allies an Ogor Mawtribes army can include (pg 120).



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

BATTLE TRAITS

71

ON THE MAWPATH

TRAMPLING CHARGE

At the first opportunity, an ogor will barge into combat, using its immense girth as a weapon.

After an **OGOR** or **RHINOX** unit makes a charge move, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll a number of dice equal to the unmodified charge roll for that charge move. Add 2 to each roll if the **OGOR** unit that made the charge move has 8 or more models or is a **MONSTER**. For each 6+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

GRASP OF THE EVERWINTER

To wage war against the Beastclaw Raiders is to battle the brutality of winter itself. The magical ice storms that follow the Beastclaw tribes can bring death to those who face them in battle, as flesh and bone splinter in the supernatural cold.

At the start of your hero phase, roll 1 dice for each enemy unit within 3" of any friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** units. If the roll is equal to or less than the number of the current battle round, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

Ogors and their savage mounts are so immense that it takes many lesser creatures to drive them from the lands they have claimed.

When determining control of an objective, each **OGOR** counts as 2 models instead of 1, and each **OGOR MONSTER** counts as 10 models instead of 1.

Designer's Note: *If the battleplan being played does not follow the normal rules for controlling objectives, the Might Makes Right battle trait cannot be used. However, if an Ogor Mawtribes model is eligible to count as multiple*

*models during a battle, the Ogor Mawtribes player can pick whether to use this battle trait or to follow the battleplan. For example, when determining control of an objective during 'The Relocation Orb' from the General's Handbook 2019, an **OGOR MONSTER HERO** that bears an artefact of power could count as either 10 or 20 models instead of 1.*



RAVENOUS BRUTES

An ogor exists in one of two states: it is either ravenous with hunger or stuffing its mouth with food.

If an **OGOR** unit is more than 3" from any enemy units, it is hungry. If an **OGOR** unit is within 3" of any enemy units, it is eating. Add 2" to the Move characteristic of a unit that is hungry. Add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of a unit that is eating.

EVERWINTER PRAYERS

It is said the Huskard Torrs can interpret the will of Gorkamorka in the Everwinter and call upon its wrath to smite their foes.

Each **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS PRIEST** in an Ogor Mawtribes army knows 1 Everwinter prayer from the Manifestations of the Eternal Snowstorm table (pg 77) in addition to any other prayers they know.

In your hero phase, each friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS PRIEST** that knows any Everwinter prayers can chant 1 Everwinter prayer. If they do so, make a prayer roll by rolling a dice.

Each Everwinter prayer has a chanting value. If the prayer roll is equal to or greater than the chanting value of the Everwinter prayer, the prayer is answered.

Each Everwinter prayer can only be attempted once per turn, regardless of how many **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS PRIESTS** know that Everwinter prayer.

MAWTRIBES

The most formidable of the Mawtribes are feared throughout the Mortal Realms and leave a path of devastation in their wake.

If your army is a Ogor Mawtribes army, you can give it a Mawtribe keyword from the list below. All **OGOR MAWTRIBES** units in your army gain that keyword, and you can use the extra abilities listed for that Mawtribe on the page indicated.

- **MEATFIST** (pg 82)
- **BLOODGULLET** (pg 83)
- **UNDERGUTS** (pg 84)
- **BOULDERHEAD** (pg 85)
- **THUNDERBELLIES** (pg 86)
- **WINTERBITE** (pg 87)

If a model already has a Mawtribe keyword on its warscroll, it cannot gain another one. This does not preclude you from including the unit in your army.

COMMAND TRAITS

TRAITS OF THE TYRANT

TYRANT only.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Furious Guzzler:** *Chunks of flesh and bone are torn from the enemy as this Tyrant greedily fills their belly.*

At the start of your hero phase, if this general is eating, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to them.

- 2 **Prodigious Girth:** *This Tyrant towers over their lesser kin and scoffs at their measly appetites.*

Add 2 to this general's Wounds characteristic.

- 3 **Killer Reputation:** *Mighty are the deeds of this Tyrant and feared is their name.*

Before this general is set up for the first time, you can pick a second big name for them. Their second big name cannot be the same as their first big name.

- 4 **Mighty Bellow:** *Even the din of battle cannot drown out the roar of this Tyrant.*

If an enemy unit fails a battleshock test within 6" of this general, add D3 to the number of models that flee.

- 5 **An Eye for Loot:** *When this Tyrant spots a treasure amidst the enemy ranks, nothing can stop their plunderlust.*

You can re-roll hit and wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this general that target an enemy HERO with an artefact of power.

- 6 **Crushing Bulk:** *Entire enemy ranks are crushed by this Tyrant as they throw their weight about.*

This general is treated as a MONSTER for the purposes of the Trampling Charge battle trait (pg 71).

TRAITS OF THE BUTCHER

BUTCHER only.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Questionable Hygiene:** *This Butcher is absolutely caked in rancid meat and grime.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by enemy units while they are within 6" of this general.

- 2 **Herald of the Gulping God:** *It is said that when this Butcher consumes raw flesh, they commune directly with the Gulping God.*

Friendly units do not take battleshock tests while they are wholly within 15" of this general and this general is eating.

- 3 **Growling Stomach:** *When not eating, this Butcher's stomach rumbles ominously.*

Subtract 2 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 12" of this general and this general is hungry.

- 4 **Gastromancer:** *There is no gory ritual that this Butcher does not know.*

This general knows all spells from the Lore of Gutmagic (pg 76).

- 5 **Rolls of Fat:** *This Butcher is so immensely obese that their blubber can stop a spear thrust.*

Add 2 to this general's Wounds characteristic.

- 6 **Spell-eater:** *There is nothing that this Butcher cannot eat – even magic provides a tasty meal.*

Each time this general dispels an endless spell, you can heal any wounds allocated to them. If this general has no wounds allocated to them, you can instead add 1 to this general's Wounds characteristic until the end of the battle. In addition, each time this general dispels an endless spell, they can cast 1 additional spell in that phase.

TRAITS OF THE BEASTCLAW

FROSTLORD or HUSKARD only.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Nomadic Raider:** *This mighty warlord ventures deep into enemy lands in search of food and plunder.*

You can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this general (including their mount) while this general is wholly within enemy territory.

- 2 **Voice of the Avalanche:** *It is said this warrior's voice can level mountains and shatter glaciers.*

Once per battle round, this general can use a command ability on their warscroll without spending 1 command point.

- 3 **Frostfell Aura:** *Such is the aura of icy power swirling around this warlord that nearby foes find their limbs have frozen solid.*

Enemy units cannot retreat while they are within 3" of this general.

- 4 **Master of the Mournfangs:** *Howling packs of Mournfangs bound along in the wake of this warrior.*

Friendly MOURNFANG PACK units do not take battleshock tests while they are wholly within 18" of this general.

- 5 **Skilled Rider:** *Few ogors can match this warlord's prowess in the saddle.*

Halve the number of wounds suffered by this general (rounding up) when determining which row on its damage table to use.

- 6 **Touched by the Everwinter:** *This warrior strayed close to the heart of the Everwinter and emerged with strange, mystical powers.*

This general is a PRIEST. If this general is already a PRIEST, they know 1 additional Everwinter prayer (pg 77).

TRAITS OF THE HUNTER

ICEBROW HUNTER only.

D6 Command Trait

- 1 **Winter Ranger:** *It is not unheard of for this warlord to spend weeks hunting alone, waiting for the perfect moment to eviscerate their prey.*

At the start of each of your hero phases, if this general is in ambush, you gain D3 additional command points.

- 2 **Eye of the Blizzard:** *A ferocious snowstorm surrounds this hunter in battle. This seems to be a blessing of the Everwinter, for enemies cannot strike a telling blow through the mists.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target this general.

- 3 **Blood Vulture's Gaze:** *As keen-sighted as a hunting raptor, this hunter never misses their quarry.*

Add 1 to hit and wound rolls for attacks made with missile weapons by this general.

- 4 **Frost Maw:** *Bitten by an Ice Drake in infancy, this warrior has been imbued with its power and is now known as a Frost Maw.*

When you use this general's Icy Breath ability, you can pick D3 enemy units within 6" of this general instead of 1.

- 5 **Raised by Yhetees:** *While the origins of this hunter are unknown, it is said they were raised in the wild among the Yhetees.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by friendly units of ICEFALL YHETEES while they are wholly within 12" of this general.

- 6 **Skal Packmaster:** *More comfortable amongst beasts than his own kind, this hunter leads the fiercest Frost Sabres into battle.*

When you use this general's Masters of Ambush ability, up to 2 units of FROST SABRES can join this general in ambush instead of 1.

ARTEFACTS OF POWER

TYRANT'S PLUNDER

TYRANT only.

D6 Artefact of Power

- 1 **Headmasher:** *This enormous mace is a relic of the first Great Waaagh!*

The bearer's Thundermace has a Damage characteristic of 4 instead of 3.

- 2 **Grawl's Gut-plate:** *It is said that this golden gut-plate was once worn by the first of the Overtyrants and is infused with his insatiable appetite.*

Add 4" to the bearer's Move characteristic while they are hungry instead of 2".

- 3 **Gruesome Trophy Rack:** *This collection of skulls, entrails and hides is a potent indication of the Tyrant's formidable prowess in battle.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by friendly GUTBUSTERS units wholly within 12" of the bearer that target a MONSTER or HERO.

- 4 **Flask of Stonehorn Blood:** *This icy blue liquid imbues one with the toughness of the Stonehorn.*

Once per battle, at the start of any phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, until the end of that turn, roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to the bearer. On a 4+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

- 5 **Sky-Titan Scatter Pistols:** *These handcannons were looted from a Sky-Titan stronghold.*

The bearer's Ogor Pistols have an Attacks characteristic of 6 instead of 2.

- 6 **The Fang of Ghur:** *This ancient weapon is said to hold the fury of Ghur within it.*

The bearer's Beastskewer Glaive has a Rend characteristic of -3 instead of -1.

BUTCHER'S VITTLES

BUTCHER only.

D6 Artefact of Power

- 1 **Dracoline Heart:** *The blood of this mighty organ is so rich that it can feed an entire tribe.*

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, pick 1 GREAT MAWPOT terrain feature that is part of your army, within 6" of the bearer and empty. That GREAT MAWPOT is now full.

- 2 **Shrunken Priest Head:** *This grisly trophy still holds a sliver of divine power.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to the bearer. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

- 3 **Wizardflesh Apron:** *This Butcher's apron was once the skin of a powerful wizard.*

The bearer can cast 1 additional spell in each of your hero phases.

- 4 **Bloodrock Talisman:** *This primitive talisman has a nulling effect upon sorcery.*

Add 2 to the roll when the bearer attempts to unbind or dispel an endless spell.

- 5 **Grease-smeared Tusks:** *The bones of this great beast empower nearby titans of winter.*

Add 1 to charge rolls for friendly MONSTERS while they are within 9" of the bearer.

- 6 **Rotting Dankhold Spores:** *Noxious gas clouds are released when these spores are squeezed.*

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of the bearer and roll a number of dice equal to the number of models in that unit. For each 4+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

RELICS OF THE EVERWINTER

FROSTLORD or HUSKARD only.

D6 Artefact of Power

- 1 **The Rime Shroud:** *As enemy projectiles whip towards the bearer of this ancient mantle, they freeze and shatter in mid-air.*

Re-roll unmodified hit rolls of 6 for attacks made with missile weapons that target the bearer.

- 2 **Blade of All-Frost:** *The razor edge of this legendary weapon can freeze its victim's blood and sap their strength.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. If any wounds inflicted by this weapon are allocated to an enemy **HERO** or **MONSTER** model and that model is not slain, subtract 1 from hit and wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by that model for the rest of the battle.

- 3 **Carvalox Flank:** *The meat of these avian creatures is much sought by Frostlords, as Icefall Yhetees crave it above all else.*

Friendly **ICEFALL YHETEE** units that are wholly within 12" of the bearer at the start of the movement phase can move an extra 2" when they make a normal move during that phase.

- 4 **Alvagr Rune-tokens:** *Hewn from the heart of Mount Alvagr, these runestones give a warrior a measure of the Everwinter's true power.*

Once per battle, at the start of your hero phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, until the start of your next hero phase, you can re-roll hit and wound rolls for attacks made by the bearer and re-roll save rolls for attacks that target the bearer.

- 5 **Skullshards of Dragaar:** *Strange magic clings to the shattered skull of this once powerful mage.*

Once per battle, the bearer can attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase as if they were a **WIZARD**. If they do so, that spell is automatically unbound (do not roll 2D6).

- 6 **Elixir of Frostwurm:** *Distilled from the blood of a giant Frostwurm, this rare elixir ravages the drinker's insides, turning their blood to liquid ice before they vomit forth a torrent of frost magic.*

Once per battle, at the start of your shooting phase, the bearer can use this artefact. If they do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 9" of the bearer that is visible to them. That unit suffers D6 mortal wounds. The bearer then suffers D3 mortal wounds.

TROPHIES OF THE SKAL

ICEBROW HUNTER only.

D3 Artefact of Power

- 1 **The Pelt of Charngar:** *The flayed pelt of this fell Yhetee Lord still holds a portion of his unnatural healing abilities.*

In your hero phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to the bearer.

- 2 **Kattanak Browplate:** *The skulls of these hardy creatures are symbols of great status.*

Add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target the bearer. In addition, at the start of your first hero phase, you receive 1 additional command point.

- 3 **Frost-talon Shardbolts:** *Blessed with the sting of winter, these missiles turn the victim's blood to ice.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with the bearer's Hunter's Crossbow is 6, that attack inflicts D3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any normal damage.

SPELL LORES

You can choose or roll for one spell from one of the following tables for each **WIZARD** in an Ogor Mawtribes army.



LORE OF GUTMAGIC

BUTCHER only.

D6 Spell

- 1 Fleshcrave Curse:** *The Butcher locks his piggy eyes upon the enemy as he gulps down raw flesh. Nearby foes are infected with the Gulping God's insatiable hunger and transformed into feral cannibals.*

Fleshcrave Curse has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. That unit suffers D6 mortal wounds. In addition, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that unit's melee weapons until the start of your next hero phase.

- 2 Blood Feast:** *The liver of a powerful beast is held high over the Butcher's head. As gore drips and runs down the meatmaster's face, nearby ogors are overcome by a frenzy of bloodlust.*

Blood Feast has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **OGOR** unit that is not a **MONSTER** and that is wholly within 18" of the caster and visible to them. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that unit's melee weapons until the start of your next hero phase.

- 3 Ribcracker:** *The Butcher dances around a skeletal carcass, periodically hacking at it with their cleaver. Finishing the ritual with a guttural bellow, they hurl the split bones at nearby foes, who soon find their own ribs splintering and crumbling to dust.*

Ribcracker has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Subtract 1 from save rolls for attacks that target that unit until the start of your next hero phase.

- 4 Blubbergrub Stench:** *Foul-smelling blubbergrubs are chewed into a thick paste, which the Butcher then smears onto their face. The smell is known to attract whole herds of rhinoxen, who apparently find it irresistible.*

Blubbergrub Stench has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, until the start of your next hero phase, friendly **RHINOX** units are treated as **MONSTERS** for the purposes of the Trampling Charge battle trait (pg 71) while they are wholly within 18" of the caster.

- 5 Molten Entrails:** *The red-hot innards of a Magmadroth are held aloft in the wind, the scent reaching the nostrils of nearby beasts and driving them into a hungry rage.*

Molten Entrails has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly **OGOR MAWTRIBES MONSTER** wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, add 1 to the Damage characteristic of the melee weapons used by that **MONSTER'S** mount.

- 6 Greasy Deluge:** *The Butcher chews up a big mouthful of rancid fat and gall-slime before spitting it onto the ground. Enemy warriors find themselves trapped in a foul-smelling deluge of grease, slipping and sliding as they try to bring their weapons to bear.*

Greasy Deluge has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by that unit until the start of your next hero phase.



LORE OF THE SUN-EATER

FIREBELLY only.

D3 Spell

- 1 Fiery Whirlwind:** *The Firebelly greedily devours a fiery salamander's heart before spitting out a roaring cyclone of flames.*

Fiery Whirlwind has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit. Roll 1 dice for each model in that unit that is within 12" of the caster and visible to them. For each 4+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound. If that unit has only 1 model, roll 3 dice instead of 1.

- 2 Billowing Ash:** *Consuming a shard of Aqshian flint, the Firebelly breathes thick plumes of volcanic ash that mask their allies from the enemy.*

Billowing Ash has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, until the start of your next hero phase, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks that target friendly units wholly within 12" of the caster.

- 3 Tongues of Flame:** *Lashing tongues of living flame wind their way about the enemy; the risk of immolation prevents them from moving.*

Tongues of Flame has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit that has 5 or more models that are within 18" of the caster and visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, each time that unit finishes any type of move, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

EVERWINTER PRAYERS

You can choose or roll for one Everwinter prayer from the following table for each **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS PRIEST** in an Ogor Mawtribes army.

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE ETERNAL SNOWSTORM

D3 Prayer

- 1 Pulverising Hailstorm:** *Fist-sized chunks of ice rain from the sky to crush those beneath.*

This prayer is answered on a 4+. If this prayer is answered, pick a point on the battlefield within 18" of the model chanting this prayer. Roll 1 dice for each unit within 3" of that point. On a 3+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

- 2 Keening Gale:** *A bone-chilling wind howls across the battlefield, giving speed to the beasts of winter.*

This prayer is answered on a 4+. If this prayer is answered, pick 1 friendly **MONSTER** or **MOURNFANG PACK** unit wholly within 18" of the model chanting this prayer. Until the start of your next hero phase, add 3" to that unit's Move characteristic.

- 3 Call of the Blizzard:** *An impenetrable snowfall surrounds the caster and from its depths emerge terrors of the frozen wastes on the hunt for fresh blood.*

This prayer is answered on a 4+. If this prayer is answered, pick 1 friendly unit of **ICEFALL YHETEEES** within 18" of the model chanting this prayer that is visible to them. You can return 1 slain model to that unit.

MOUNT TRAITS

If an Ogor Mawtribes army includes any **HEROES** mounted on **STONEHORNS** or **THUNDERTUSKS**, one of those **HEROES** can have a mount trait.

Declare which **HERO** has the mount trait and then choose or roll for a mount trait from the appropriate table. You can choose one extra **HERO** to have a mount trait for each warscroll battalion in your army.

The same **HERO** cannot have more than one mount trait, and an army may not include duplicates of the same mount trait.

STONE-SKINNED MONSTERS

HERO mounted on **STONEHORN** only.

D6 Mount Trait

- 1 **Black Clatterhorn:** *Found on the steppes of northern Ghur, this breed of Stonehorn is infamous for its bloodthirsty nature.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with this model's Rock-hard Horns.

- 2 **Metalcruncher:** *This Stonehorn has developed a taste for dense metal and chews up ironclad enemy war machines with ease.*

At the start of the combat phase, pick 1 enemy **WAR MACHINE**, or 1 enemy unit with a Save characteristic of 4+, 3+ or 2+, that is within 3" of this model. That enemy unit immediately suffers D6 mortal wounds.

- 3 **Belligerent Charger:** *This brash and aggressive beast barrels forward into battle as soon as it sniffs out the enemy.*

When determining the number of dice to roll for the Trampling Charge battle trait (pg 71), treat charge rolls made for this model of less than 7 as 7.

- 4 **Frosthoof Bull:** *Frosthoof Stonehorns roam very close to the heart of the Everwinter and their hooves are encased in lethal shards of ice.*

Improve the Rend characteristic of this model's Crushing Hooves by 1.

- 5 **Rockmane Elder:** *The skeleton of this truculent old Stonehorn has grown even thicker and more robust.*

Add 1 to this model's Wounds characteristic.

- 6 **Old Granitetooth:** *This ancient creature is a paragon of its kind; lesser Stonehorns and Mournfangs flock behind it.*

Add 1 to charge rolls for friendly **STONEHORNS** and **MOURNFANG PACK** units while they are wholly within 12" of this model.

BEASTS OF ALVAGR

HERO mounted on THUNDERTUSK only.

D6 Mount Trait

- 1 **Fleet of Hoof:** *This beast is terrifyingly fast over short distances, closing in on the enemy in the blink of an eye.*

You can re-roll one or both of the dice when making charge rolls for this model.

- 2 **Fleshgreed:** *This Thundertusk has a fearsome appetite for raw meat.*

At the start of each hero phase, if this model is eating, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model.

- 3 **Rimefrost Hide:** *The fur of this beast is toughened and frozen, softening the blows of enemy weapons.*

Worsen the Rend characteristic of melee weapons that target this model by 1 (to a minimum of '-').

- 4 **Gvarnak:** *On occasion, a Thundertusk will enter a state of blind rage known as gvarnak, rendering it all but impossible to kill.*

Add 1 to this model's Wounds characteristic.

- 5 **Matriarch:** *This elder female strides forward at the front of the herd, leading the Thundertusk charge into the thick of battle.*

Add 1 to charge rolls for friendly THUNDERTUSKS while they are wholly within 12" of this model.

- 6 **Alvagr Ancient:** *For generations, this mighty beast has carried the lords of its tribe to war. It is said to bring with it the chill of Mount Alvagr.*

If this model has not made a charge move in the same turn, enemy units that are within 3" of this model at the start of the combat phase fight at the end of that combat phase.



GREAT MAWPOT

Set down in the middle of the battlefield, the magical cauldron known as a Great Mawpot is soon filled with all manner of unspeakable ingredients. As its contents bubble away, they release powerful fumes of gastronomic magic. A single sip of this blessed mixture can revive a wounded ogor and send them charging back into the fray.

An Ogor Mawtribes army can include 1 GREAT MAWPOT terrain feature (see opposite).

After territories have been chosen but before armies are set up, you can set up the GREAT MAWPOT anywhere on the battlefield more than 1" from any other terrain features, more than 12" from enemy territory and more than 6" from any objectives.



If both players can set up a terrain feature before armies are set up, they must roll off, and the winner can choose the order in which the terrain features are set up.

Mumblo hummed to himself as he worked, hacking away at the bloody carcass strewn across his Butcher's slab. Once he had carved it into several nice big chunks, he picked them up and flung them over his shoulder, grinning as he heard the satisfying 'sploosh' of the meat dropping into the Great Mawpot. As the lumps struck the surface, he caught a whiff of the battlebroth.

'Oh, by my bones,' he said, through a mouthful of drool. 'That's a good blend.'

Truly, the Gulping God had blessed him with a lovely spread this day. In the distance, he could hear the clash of blades and the agonised screams of dying aelf-things.

A sudden commotion behind him caused the Butcher to turn. Several slithery, serpentine shapes were winding through the air towards him, crest-helmed riders upon their backs. They levelled pronged lances that crackled with lightning, and as Mumblo's bodyguards lumbered up to block their path, the riders thrust their weapons into the ogors' flesh.

There was a burst of sparks, and the stench of charred blubber filled the air. One of the riders swerved gracefully away from the melee and lowered his crackling polearm as his eel slithered towards Mumblo.

At the very last moment, the Butcher stepped aside and hacked downwards with his cleaver. The blow sliced through the eel's armoured collar easily and lopped off its head. The rider tumbled free and landed hard, right next to the bubbling Mawpot. Mumblo advanced towards the dazed aelf, an evil grin spreading across his jowly face. He raised his cleaver and licked salty blood off the blade.

'Lovely,' he chortled. 'Always nice when the meat comes to you.'



• SCENERY WARSCROLL •

GREAT MAWPOT

Crafted from the melted-down weapons of defeated enemies and blessed with the strange, hungry essence of the Gulping God, the Great Mawpot is a Mawtribe's most sacred possession. All manner of gruesome ingredients are thrown into this metal cauldron and boiled up into a thick magical broth that reinvigorates any ogors who taste it.

DESCRIPTION

A Great Mawpot is a single terrain feature. It is an obstacle.

SCENERY RULES

Vessel of the Gulping God: Swirling fumes of powerful gastronomy emanate from the Great Mawpot.

Add 1 to casting or unbinding rolls for **OGOR WIZARDS** while they are within 1" of a **GREAT MAWPOT** from your army.

Battlebroth: The contents of a Mawpot are suffused with strange magic; a single mouthful can restore an ogor's vitality and stitch up their wounds.

A **GREAT MAWPOT** is said to be either full or empty. At the start of the battle, it is full. In your hero phase, 1 friendly **OGOR HERO** within 6" of a full **GREAT MAWPOT** from your army can spend all of that **GREAT MAWPOT**'s magic. If they do so, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to each friendly **OGOR** unit wholly within 36" of that **GREAT MAWPOT** (roll separately for each unit). Once the **GREAT MAWPOT**'s magic has been spent, it is empty.

Throw 'Em In: The bludgeoned and hacked remains of dead foes are thrown into the bubbling cauldron to thicken the stew.

If an enemy model is slain within 6" of an empty **GREAT MAWPOT** from your army, it becomes full.



KEYWORDS

SCENERY, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GREAT MAWPOT

MEATFIST MAWTRIBE

Bullies and braggarts of the first order, the Meatfist are the most numerous of all the Mawtribes and a great plague upon the realms. They enjoy nothing more than burying their foes beneath a massed charge of ogor warriors, crushing them into a gory mess before flinging the squashed remains into their cookpots.

Bold, swaggering and toweringly arrogant, the warriors of the Meatfist Mawtribe are feared across the realms for the relentless nature of their raids. Their Tyrants are the fiercest and fattest of their kind, warlords who have crushed hundreds of kingdoms in their time and picked their teeth with the bones of countless champions. Of all the Mawtribes, the Meatfist are the most forward-thinking, having embraced such rarefied concepts as bartering, trade and temporary truces. These diplomatic acts rarely last long, however, typically ending as soon as the ogors' bellies start to rumble.

The Meatfist believe there is no creature in all the realms, living or dead, that they cannot devour. They take it as a point of pride to eat every last scrap of their foes, leaving absolutely nothing behind for the crows. The Mawtribe prizes brute force above all and can boast so many packs of Ogor Gluttons that the ground shakes beneath their advance. Bellowing praises to the Gulping God, this avalanche of unwashed flesh crashes down upon the enemy, often routing them in a single brutal charge.



ABILITIES

Fleshy Stampede: *The Meatfist have little time for strategy and tactics. They simply charge headlong towards their foes, flattening them with the fearsome force of their momentum.*

You can roll 1 additional dice when a **MEATFIST** unit uses the Trampling Charge battle trait (pg 71).

COMMAND ABILITY

The Unstoppable Feast: *With a guttural bellow, the warlords of the Meatfist order their warriors to commence feasting and not to cease until all is devoured.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **MEATFIST HERO**. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of friendly **MEATFIST OGOR GLUTTONS** units' Gulping Bite while they are wholly within 18" of that **HERO**. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per combat phase.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **MEATFIST** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

Food for Thought: *It is said that this warlord's best ideas come to them whilst they are eating.*

At the start of your hero phase, if this general is eating, you gain 1 additional command point.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **MEATFIST HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Gut-plate of Ghur.

Gut-plate of Ghur: *The strange pattern on this ancient gut-plate is said to be a map of the realm surrounded by the crushing jaws of the Great Maw.*

You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target the bearer.

BLOODGULLET MAWTRIBE

The ogors of the Bloodgullet like their meat raw and bloody. Their Butchers have a stronger connection to the Gulping God than those of any other Mawtribe, and in battle they channel their deity's eternal hunger into horrific feats of gory magic.

When the Bloodgullet march to war, they bring with them not only the appalling stench of clotted gore but a swirling tide of gastromantic magic. The Butchers of this Mawtribe use freshly spilled blood to channel the magic of the Gulping God. The more enemies hacked apart by rusty cleavers or impaled upon razor-sharp hooks, the thicker the blood flows and the more powerful the shamans' spells become. As spilled gore sloshes around their feet, the ogors of the tribe enter a deranged, murderous frenzy, slurping at the gushing wounds of their prey and gobbling down trails of intestines and lopped-off fingers.

It is considered incredibly bad luck for a Bloodgullet warrior to wash off the blood that soon cakes them from head to toe, and so they are continuously smeared in a brownish, dried ichor. Owing to their monstrous appearance, unbearable stink and general bloodthirstiness, the Bloodgullet are usually attacked on sight by those whose territories they enter. This suits the ogors just fine – they always appreciate it when their food comes to them.



ABILITIES

Heralds of the Gulping God: *The shamans of the Bloodgullet know many gruesome secrets of gastromantic magic.*

BLOODGULLET BUTCHERS know 1 extra spell from the Lore of Gutmagic (pg 76). In addition, friendly **BLOODGULLET BUTCHERS** can attempt to cast 1 extra spell in your hero phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bloodbath: *Bloodgullet Butchers have an uncanny ability to sniff out the weakest spots in the enemy line and carve them open in a shower of gore.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **BLOODGULLET BUTCHER**. Until the end of that phase, you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly **BLOODGULLET OGOR GLUTTONS** units that are wholly within 12" of that **BLOODGULLET BUTCHER**.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **BLOODGULLET** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

'Nice Drop of the Red Stuff': *This warlord seeks out the most delicious sources of rich blood, and their warriors know to follow closely behind.*

Friendly units that start a pile-in move wholly within 12" of this general can move an extra 3" when they pile in.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **BLOODGULLET HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Splatter-cleaver.

Splatter-cleaver: *The serrated edge of this cleaver sprays blood, gore and bone in all directions. The resolve of Bloodgullet warriors is strengthened if they are caught beneath this shower of ichor.*

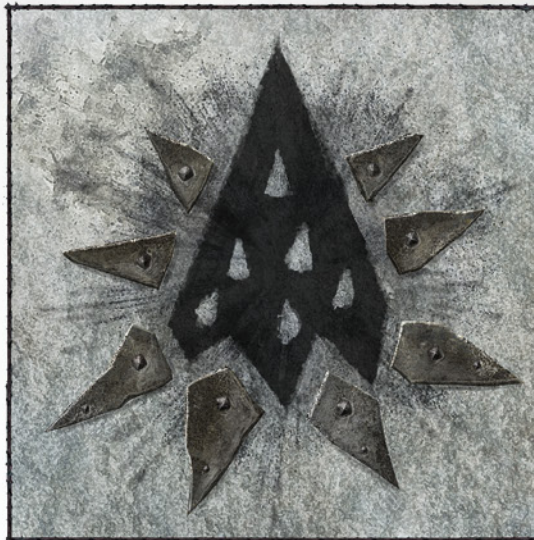
Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. At the end of the combat phase, if any wounds inflicted by that weapon in that phase were allocated to an enemy model and not negated, you can heal D3 wounds allocated to each friendly **BLOODGULLET OGOR** unit wholly within 12" of the bearer (roll separately for each unit).

UNDERGUTS MAWTRIBE

The Underguts are pale-fleshed bogeymen that blast their way up from the deep earth to raid and feast upon surface-dwellers. They are obsessed with firepower and explosives, and they love to explode their prey into chunks of cooked meat with an overwhelming bombardment from their heavy cannons.

No Mawtribe boasts as many Ironblasters and blackpowder weapons as the Underguts. Having unlocked the secrets of crafting crude and incredibly volatile explosives, the Mawtribe now considers blowing things up to be the sole solution to all its problems. In all fairness, this approach tends to be very effective. Few wish to cross the Mawtribe's Overtyrant, Grumlog Blisterhands, who is only too happy to unleash every destructive tool at his disposal.

The Underguts particularly enjoy cracking open enemy fortresses, especially those that are deemed to be unbreachable. While the Ironblasters pound the walls with a relentless barrage, Leadbelchers march forward to hurl blasting charges – or, on occasion, unfortunate Gnoblar strapped head-to-toe with bombs. When the smoke clears, the Underguts lumber through the breach to clobber any survivors to death. This was how the supposedly impregnable Freeguild fort of Asverd Heights was overcome, along with the Fermgar Magmahold and the Citadel of Whispers.



ABILITIES

Gunmasters: *Leadbelchers of the Underguts Mawtribe are famed – amongst ogor society at least – for the accuracy of their fire.*

Leadbelcher Guns used by UNDERGUTS

LEADBELCHERS units have a Range characteristic of 18" instead of 12".

COMMAND ABILITY

Thunderous Salvo: *Warlords of the Underguts always carry extra munitions into battle to ensure the enemy is obliterated by a barrage of detonations.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your shooting phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly UNDERGUTS HERO. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of missile weapons used by friendly UNDERGUTS IRONBLASTER units wholly within 12" of that UNDERGUTS HERO. You can only use this command ability once per shooting phase.

COMMAND TRAIT

An UNDERGUTS general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

Mass of Scars: *This warlord is covered in scars, scorch marks and other wounds, relics of a lifetime spent wielding deadly firearms and explosives.*

Subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first UNDERGUTS HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Gnoblar Blast Keg.

Gnoblar Blast Keg: *Packed with volatile blastpowder, knives, nails and whatever else its Gnoblar crafters could stuff into it, this explosive barrel detonates in a shredding hail of shrapnel.*

Once per battle, at the start of your shooting phase, you can use the Gnoblar Blast Keg. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 9" of the bearer that is visible to them and roll 6 dice. Add 1 to each roll for every 10 models in the target unit. For each 6+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

BOULDERHEAD MAWTRIBE

The Boulderhead are as stubborn as mountain stone and twice as unyielding. Unmatched beastmasters, they charge headlong into every battle upon fearsome creatures of the Everwinter, smashing their foes aside in a storm of swinging horns and stamping hooves.

The Svard are proud of their warrior legacy, considering themselves the most ferocious fighters around and everyone else little more than puny weaklings. This stubborn pride has been the cause of several civil wars between ogorkind and has meant that the other Mawtribes now always keep a wary eye on their nomadic raids. Though they are fewer in number than many of their rivals, the Svard make up for this with their legendary belligerence. Although they have no shortage of more appealing foods, the Mawtribe's ogors and their mounts eat the hardest rocks they can find, stubbornly crunching up mouthfuls of meat and gravel while insisting that this grants them the strength of the mountain.

Boulderhead warriors deign to ride only the most foul-tempered beasts into battle. They set packs of Thundertusks and Stonehorns against one another in vicious blood-games to seek out the fiercest creatures and then set about headbutting the survivors into submission. This ensures that when a Svard cavalry charge strikes home, it does so with an all but unstoppable momentum.



ABILITIES

Fearsome Breed: *The beasts of the Boulderhead are said to be the most ferocious of all their kind, and the riders atop them are adept at nurturing a savage and wicked temperament in every one.*

Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of friendly **BOULDERHEAD MONSTERS**. In addition, each **BOULDERHEAD HERO** on **STONEHORN** or **THUNDERTUSK**, instead of only 1, can be given a mount trait (pg 78-79).

Deadly Hail: *The supernatural storm that follows the Boulderhead manifests as a bludgeoning downpour of fist-sized hailstones.*

Add 1 to prayer rolls for Pulverising Hailstorm when a **BOULDERHEAD PRIEST** is chanting that prayer.

COMMAND ABILITY

Dig Deep your Heels!: *The beast roars as pig-iron spurs dig deep into its flanks, driving it forwards in a maddened rage.*

You can use this command ability at the start of any phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **BOULDERHEAD HERO** that has a mount. Until the end of that phase, use the top row on that unit's damage table, regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **BOULDERHEAD** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

Lord of Beasts: *This general is able to bend even the most belligerent creatures to his will.*

Friendly **BOULDERHEAD MONSTERS** that are wholly within 12" of this general at the start of the movement phase can move an extra 1" when they make a normal move during that phase.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **BOULDERHEAD HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Brand of the Svard.

Brand of the Svard: *The ancient glyph of the Boulderhead Alfrostun is burned deep into the flesh of this beast, filling it with Gorkamorka's fury.*

If the bearer has a mount, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with that mount's melee weapons.

THUNDERBELLIES MAWTRIBE

Bellowing so loudly that they can even be heard above the furious hurricane that races at their heels, the Thunderbellies charge into battle upon fleet-hooved mounts. They strike their foes' flanks again and again, bludgeoning them into submission with relentless ferocity.

The Thunderbellies stalk the wind-whipped Sky Roads of Chamon. A forbidding wilderness of freezing bridges that weave through valleys of cloud, only the most skilful riders can master this forbidding landscape.

The thunder of Mournfang cavalry and the snarl of countless beasts heralds the Mawtribe's arrival into the fray. These ogors are renowned for the bellicose nature of their riders and the lightning speed of their steeds, for only the quick survive the Sky Roads.

The success of the Olwyr – as the Thunderbellies call themselves – also rests in the hands of their leaders, the vast majority of whom fight at the very spear-tip of their cavalry packs. The greatest of them have spent so long chasing electrical storms across the Sky Roads and swallowing forks of lightning that fulminating energy crackles within their very bones. Instinctively, these mounted warlords can scent their prey on the shifting winds, mustering their packs to strike the enemy in sudden and merciless attacks.



ABILITIES

Swift Outflank: *Before the enemy can even muster a cohesive defence, they find rampaging packs of Mournfangs crashing into their flanks.*

Friendly **THUNDERBELLIES MOURNFANG PACK** units wholly within 12" of the edge of the battlefield at the start of your charge phase can charge in that charge phase even if they ran in the same turn.

Riders of the Hurricane: *The Everwinter sends howling gales after the Thunderbellies. The Mawtribe's shamans have learnt to ride these winds into battle.*

Add 1 to prayer rolls for Keening Gale when a **THUNDERBELLIES PRIEST** is chanting that prayer.

COMMAND ABILITY

Rip and Tear: *The Mournfang riders of the Thunderbellies like to encircle their prey, tearing them apart piece by piece.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit with 1 or more wounds allocated to it that is within 6" of a **THUNDERBELLIES HERO**. Until the end of the phase, you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made by friendly **THUNDERBELLIES MOURNFANG PACK** units that target that enemy unit.

COMMAND TRAIT

A **THUNDERBELLIES** general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

Storm Chaser: *This warlord has spent a lifetime chasing the fulminating storms of the Sky Roads and drives his warriors into battle at fearsome speed.*

Add 1 to charge rolls for friendly **THUNDERBELLIES** units while they are wholly within 18" of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first **THUNDERBELLIES HERO** to receive an artefact of power must be given the Shatterstone.

Shatterstone: *Infused with the devastating power of an alchemical storm, this fragment of rock sends cracks and splinters rippling across the earth.*

Enemy units treat terrain features within 12" of the bearer as having the Deadly scenery rule in addition to any other scenery rules they may have.

WINTERBITE MAWTRIBE

Most mysterious of all the Mawtribes, the Winterbite stray close to the icy grasp of the Everwinter so that its snowstorms hide them from their quarry until the last moment. They strike from this shroud of blinding white with sudden and terrifying brutality, sending forth packs of winter beasts to tear apart their prey.

Unlike the majority of the Beastclaw-led Mawtribes, who stay as far ahead of the Everwinter as possible, the Winterbite rely on it to mask their movements and conceal them from their prey. To do so, they roam dangerously close to the swirling blizzards of the supernatural storm, waiting for the mists to descend upon their prey before setting packs of Yhetees and Frost Sabres upon them. In order to tread this hazardous line and avoid becoming trapped in frozen oblivion, the Mawtribe relies upon its Icebrow Hunters, expert trackers who maintain a primal connection with the monstrous creatures of the Everwinter. These imposing warriors are held in great regard by the Mawtribe and sometimes even command their own raids.

Calling themselves the Fraya in ancient svoringar, the Winterbite are a mysterious breed. Even their fellow ogors find them more than a little odd, not least because they tend to pick at their food with a series of swift ambushes rather than simply overwhelming and devouring their prey in a single gluttonous festival of slaughter.



ABILITIES

Ghosts in the Blizzard: *The tribes of the Winterbite remain masked by the shroud of the Everwinter's snowstorm until the moment that they strike.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target friendly WINTERBITE units that are wholly within your territory.

Call of the Endless White: *Winterbite shamans can call upon the icy mists of the Everwinter, summoning the hideous creatures that dwell within.*

Add 1 to prayer rolls for Call of the Blizzard when a WINTERBITE PRIEST is chanting that prayer.

COMMAND ABILITY

Howl of the Wild: *Unleashing a blood-chilling cry, the warlord sends their winter beasts forth to kill and to feed.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly WINTERBITE HERO. Friendly WINTERBITE FROST SABRES units and WINTERBITE ICEFALL YHETEEES units wholly within 12" of that WINTERBITE HERO can fight at the start of that combat phase. These units cannot fight again in that combat phase unless an ability or spell allows them to fight more than once.

COMMAND TRAIT

A WINTERBITE general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 72-73.

Wintertouched: *This warlord bears the frostbitten mark of the Everwinter and supernatural monsters of the great snowstorm flock to their side.*

Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly WINTERBITE FROST SABRES units and WINTERBITE ICEFALL YHETEEES units while they are wholly within 12" of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first WINTERBITE HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Frostfang.

Frostfang: *Found deep within the Yholgor Rime Caverns of eastern Ghur, this ancient weapon takes the form of an oversized Yhetee fang.*

Pick 1 of the bearer's melee weapons. At the start of each battle round, roll a dice. On a 5+, add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with that weapon for the rest of the battle. This effect is cumulative.

BATTLEPLAN

GORKMAW'S GULLET

Two rival warlords locked in a long and bitter war each march on Gorkmaw's Gullet, a vital mountain pass in the Ghurish hinterlands, intent on entering enemy territory and crushing their opponent at last. However, upon arrival, they find a band of notorious ogor mercenaries camped in the pass. Their delegations meet with the sellsword leader, who demands a tribute of flesh and bone if either side is to secure his services. At first, supplies and provisions are readily offered, but the mercenary lord soon turns his greedy eyes upon the camped forces, his stomach growling...

At daybreak, war horns blare as the early morning mist rises from the shadow of the pass. The ogor army feasted the night before and now stands eager to fight, but which of his would-be employers was desperate enough to offer their own soldiers in bloody tribute?

TRIUMPH & TREACHERY

This is a Triumph & Treachery battle for three players. Use the Triumph & Treachery rules from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book*. Secret Objectives are not used in this battle. Furthermore,

players do not pick an opponent to be their enemy at the start of each phase. Instead, the following rules will explain which opponent is considered the enemy of each player.

OBJECTIVES

This battle is fought to control six objectives. One objective is located in each player's territory, as shown on the map. The Ogor Mawtribes player cannot control objectives this battle, and units from their army are not counted when checking to see if either Rival player has gained control of any objectives.



THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army as described in the core rules. One player is the Ogor Mawtribes player. The other two players are the Rival players. The Ogor Mawtribes player must use an Ogor Mawtribes army.

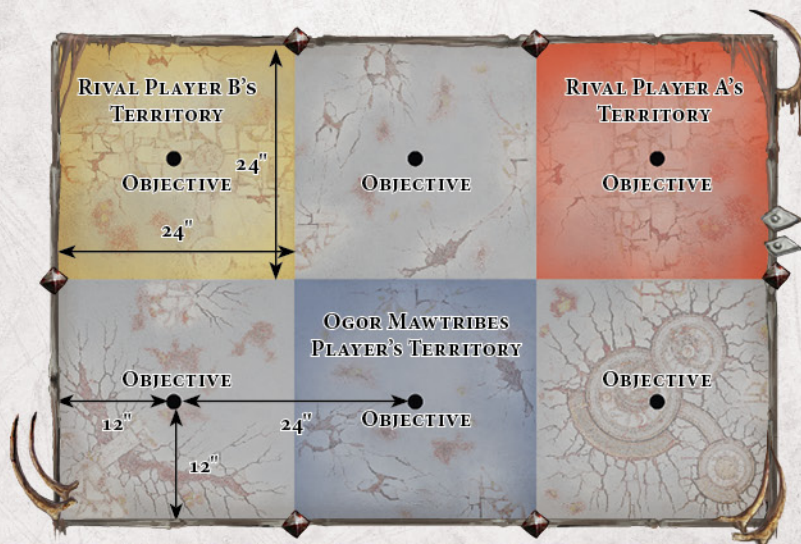
SET UP

The Rival players roll off and the winner decides which territory each Rival player will use. The territories are shown on the map below. The Rival player who won the roll-off sets up their army first, followed by the other Rival player and then the Ogor Mawtribes player. Players must set up their units wholly within their own territory and more than 6" from enemy territory.

THE TRIBUTE

A terrible price must be paid to secure the alliance of these ogors, for they demand raw flesh. It is said your rival will even offer their own warriors as tribute to secure their services. Will you do the same?

Before the first battle round begins, each Rival player secretly writes down a number and shows it to the Ogor Mawtribes player. This number represents their tribute. The Ogor Mawtribes player picks one tribute to accept and one to reject. The player who has their tribute accepted then removes a number of models from their army whose combined Wounds characteristic equals the number offered as tribute. These models are counted as being slain.





BLOODY CONTRACT

An ogor's appetite can never be quelled for long. As the battle rages, the mercenary chief demands a share of the spoils and will side with whoever offers more.

For the first two battle rounds, the Rival player whose tribute was accepted and the Ogor Mawtribes player are said to be in contract. When two armies are in contract, units from those armies treat units from the other army as neutral models.

Armies that are not in contract treat units from other armies as enemy models.

Starting from the second battle round, the contract ends at the end of each battle round. When the contract ends, each Rival player secretly notes down the number of victory points they are willing to give the Ogor Mawtribes player, which cannot exceed the number of victory points the player currently has. This number represents their

offering. The Ogor Mawtribes player picks one offering to accept and one to reject. The Rival player whose offering was accepted and the Ogor Mawtribes player are now in contract until the end of the next battle round, and the players' victory points balances shift (see Victory Points).



GLORIOUS VICTORY

In this battle, the Rival players and the Ogor Mawtribes player have different criteria for victory.

The battle ends at the end of the fifth battle round (or when the amount of time allocated for the battle runs out). When the battle ends, if the Ogor Mawtribes player has more victory points than either of the Rival players, they win a **major victory**.

In addition, if one Rival player has more victory points than the other Rival player, they win a **major victory**. It is possible for the Ogor Mawtribes player and one of the Rival players to both win a **major victory**.

If all players have an equal number of victory points, the battle is a draw.

VICTORY POINTS

At the end of each of their turns, each Rival player scores 3 victory points for each objective in their territory that they control and 1 victory point for each objective not in their territory that they control.

When the Ogor Mawtribes player accepts an offering, the Ogor Mawtribes player gains the number of victory points offered and the Rival player whose offering was accepted loses the same number of victory points.

BATTLEPLAN CHALLENGE OF RULE

No Tyrant's rule lasts forever. Ogor society is brutal and unforgiving; for a Tyrant to hold on to power, they must be ever willing to crush any and all of their rivals. Still, if a tribe falls on hard times, or if a Tyrant begins to make unpopular decisions, dissonance will stir, a usurper will rise and bloodshed will inevitably follow.

This battleplan tells one such tale. A young and brash ogor has bellowed a challenge and now charges headlong towards the Tyrant. The loyalties of the tribe are split in two, and whilst the two warriors battle, ogors will clash on either side against their kin to establish rule over the tribe.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army as described in the core rules. One player is the Tyrant player and their opponent is the Usurper player. Both players must use an Ogor Mawtribes army. Each player's general can only be a **MONSTER** if the other player also picks a **MONSTER** to be their general.

SET UP

The territories for both armies are shown on the map below. The Usurper player sets up their army first, followed by the Tyrant player. Players must set up their units wholly within their own territory.



RISE TO THE CHALLENGE

The Tyrant and the usurper charge at each other, eager to begin the fight.

After armies have been set up but before the first battle round begins, the players roll off. Starting with the player who won the roll-off, each player's general can make a normal move (you can declare that it will run).

FIRST TURN

The player whose general is closest to the centre of the battlefield decides who will take the first turn. If both players' generals are equally close to the centre, the players roll off and the winner decides who will take the first turn.

GRUDGE MATCH

Battle rages on all sides, but every ogor knows better than to interfere with the fight between the Tyrant and the usurper.

During the battle, players cannot pick the opposing player's general to be the target of any attack or spell unless that attack or spell is made or cast by their own general.

In addition, players cannot set up or move an endless spell within 3" of the enemy general.





ACTS OF DOMINANCE

The Tyrant and the usurper are empowered by the slaughter of their enemies. They draw on this power to beat their rival into submission.

Each time an enemy unit is destroyed, players gain 1 dominance point. At the start of each player's

hero phase, if their general is within 3" of the enemy general, they can choose to spend any number of their dominance points on abilities from the table below (including the same ability several times), as long as they have enough dominance points to do so. Each ability costs 1 dominance point.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The battle ends when either player's general is slain. If the Tyrant player's general is slain, the Usurper player wins a **major victory**. If the Usurper player's general is slain, the Tyrant player wins a **major victory**.

Feast: <i>The butchered remains of your fallen foes taste all the sweeter as you devour them in front of your rival.</i>	Roll a dice. On a 4+, you can heal 1 wound allocated to your general.
Gut Punch: <i>You deliver a mighty blow to your rival's gut.</i>	Roll a dice. On a 4+, the enemy general suffers 1 mortal wound.
Grapple: <i>Crashing into your rival, you wrestle them to the ground.</i>	Roll 2D6. If the roll is greater than the enemy general's Wounds characteristic minus the number of wounds allocated to them, they are said to be grappled until the end of the turn. Grappled models fight at the end of the combat phase.
Bellow: <i>You let out a guttural roar in your rival's face, a display of might that few can withstand.</i>	Roll 2D6. If the roll is greater than the enemy general's Bravery characteristic, they are said to be shaken until the end of the turn. Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by models that are shaken.

PATH TO GLORY

Path to Glory campaigns centre around collecting and fighting a series of battles in the Mortal Realms. Players start off with a small warband. Over the course of several battles, each warband will gather more followers to join them in their quest for glory and renown.

In order to take part in a Path to Glory campaign, you will need two or more players. Each player will need a **HERO** to be their champion and must then create a warband to follow and fight beside their champion during the campaign.

The players fight battles against each other using the warbands they have created. The results of these battles will gain their warbands glory. After battle, warbands may swell in numbers as more warriors flock to their banner, or existing troops may become more powerful.

After gaining sufficient glory or growing your warband enough to dominate all others through sheer weight of numbers, you will be granted a final test. Succeed, and you will be crowned the victor of the campaign, your glory affirmed for all time.

CREATING A WARBAND

In a Path to Glory game, you do not select your army in the normal manner. Instead, you create a warband that consists of a mighty champion, battling to earn the favour of the gods, and their followers. The details and progress of each warband need to be recorded on a warband roster, which you can download for free from games-workshop.com.

To create a warband, simply follow these steps and record the results on your warband roster:

1. First, pick an faction for your warband. Each faction has its own set of warband tables that are used to generate the units in the warband and the rewards they can receive for fighting battles. The warband tables included in this battle tome let you collect an Ogor Mawtribes warband, but other Warhammer Age of Sigmar

publications include warband tables to let you collect warbands from other factions.

2. Next, choose your warband's champion by selecting one of the options from your faction's champion table. Give your champion a suitably grand name and write this down on your warband roster.
3. Having picked your champion, the next step is to make follower rolls to generate your starting followers. The champion you chose in step 2 will determine how many follower rolls you have. To make a follower roll, pick a column from one of the followers tables and then roll a dice. If you prefer, instead of rolling a dice, you can pick the result from the followers table (this still uses up the roll).

Sometimes a table will require you to expend two or more rolls, or one roll and a number of Glory Points (see *Gaining Glory*), in order to use it. Note that the option to expend Glory Points can only be used when you add new followers to your warband after a battle (see *Rewards of Battle*). In either case, in order to generate a follower unit from the table, you must have enough rolls and/or Glory Points to meet the requirements, and you can then either roll once on the table or pick one result from the table of your choice. If you expend Glory Points, you must reduce your Glory Points total by the amount shown on the table.

Followers are organised into units. The followers table tells you how many models the unit has. Follower units cannot include additional models, but they can otherwise take any options allowed by their warscroll. Record all of the information about your followers on your warband roster.

4. You can use 1 follower roll to allow your champion to start the campaign with a Champion's Reward or to allow 1 of your follower units to start the campaign with a Follower's Reward (see *Rewards of Battle*).
5. Finally, give your warband a name, one that will inspire respect and dread in your rivals. Your warband is now complete and you can fight your first battle. Good luck!

TO WAR!

Having created a warband, you can now fight battles with it against other warbands taking part in the campaign. You can fight battles as and when you wish, and you can use any of the battleplans available for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. The units you use for a game must be those on your roster.

When you use an Ogor Mawtribes warband in a Path to Glory game, you can use the Battle Traits from page 71, but you cannot use any other Ogor Mawtribes allegiance abilities.

Any casualties suffered by a warband are assumed to have been replaced in time for its next battle. If your champion is slain in a battle, it is assumed that they were merely injured; they are back to full strength for your next game, thirsty for vengeance!

GAINING GLORY

All of the players in the campaign are vying for glory. The amount of glory they have received is represented by the Glory Points that the warband has accumulated.

As a warband's glory increases, it will also attract additional followers, and a warband's champion may be granted rewards.

Warbands receive Glory Points after a battle is complete. If the warband drew or lost the battle, it receives 1 Glory Point. If it won the battle, it receives D3 Glory Points (re-roll a result of 1 if it won a **major victory**).

Add the Glory Points you scored to the total recorded on your roster. Once you have won 10 Glory Points, you will have a chance to win the campaign (see Eternal Glory).

REWARDS OF BATTLE

After each battle, you can take one of the three following options. Alternatively, roll a D3 to determine which option to take.

D3 Option

- 1 **Additional Followers:**
More loyal followers flock to your banner.

You receive 1 follower roll that can be used to select a new unit from a followers table and add it to your warband roster. See step 3 of Creating a Warband for details of how to use the followers table to add a unit to your warband.

Once 5 new units have joined your warband, you will have a chance to win the campaign (see Eternal Glory).

- 2 **Champion's Reward:** *Your champion's prowess grows.*

Roll on the champion rewards table for your warband and note the result on your warband roster. Your champion can only receive one Champion's Reward – if they already have a Champion's Reward, you must take a Follower's Reward instead.

- 3 **Follower's Reward:** *Your warriors become renowned for mighty deeds.*

Pick 1 unit of followers and then roll on the followers rewards table for your warband. Note the result on your warband roster. A unit can only receive one Follower's Reward. If all of your follower units have a Follower's Reward, you must take Additional Followers instead.

ETERNAL GLORY

There are two ways to win a Path to Glory campaign: by Blood or by Might. To win by Blood, your warband must first have 10 Glory Points. To win by Might, your warband must have at least 5 additional units of followers. In either case, you must then fight and win one more battle to win the campaign. If the next battle you fight is tied or lost, you do not receive any Glory Points – just keep on fighting battles until you win the campaign... or another player wins first!



You can shorten or lengthen a campaign by lowering or raising the number of Glory Points needed to win by Blood or the number of extra units that must join a warband to win by Might. For example, for a shorter campaign, you could say that a warband only needs 5 Glory Points before the final fight, or for a longer one, you could say that 15 are needed.





OGOR MAWTRIBES WARBAND TABLES

Use the following tables to determine the champion that leads your warband, the followers that make up the units that fight at their side, and the rewards they receive after battle.

CHAMPION TABLE	
Champion	Follower Rolls
Frostlord on Stonehorn or Thundertusk	0 rolls
Huskard on Stonehorn or Thundertusk	1 roll
Tyrant	3 rolls
Slaughtermaster	4 rolls
Icebrow Hunter	4 rolls

RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE		
D6	Beastclaw Raiders	Gutbusters
1-2	2 Mournfang Packs	3 Ogor Gluttons
3-4	2 Mournfang Packs	2 Leadbelchers
5	4 Frost Sabres	Gorger
6	3 Icefall Yhetees	Ironblaster

ELITE RETINUE FOLLOWERS TABLE (uses 2 rolls, or 1 roll and 1 Glory Point)		
D6	Beastclaw Raiders	Gutbusters
1-3	4 Mournfang Packs	6 Ogor Gluttons
4-5	4 Mournfang Packs	3 Maneaters
6	4 Mournfang Packs	4 Ironguts

HERO FOLLOWERS TABLE	
D6	Followers
1-2	Icebrow Hunter
3-4	Firebelly
5-6	Butcher

BEASTS OF EVERWINTER FOLLOWERS TABLE (uses 3 rolls, or 1 roll and 2 Glory Points)	
D6	Followers
1-3	Stonehorn Beastriders
4-6	Thundertusk Beastriders

GNOBLAR FOLLOWERS TABLE	
D6	Followers
1-3	20 Gnoblars
4-6	Gnoblar Scraplauncher
Cannot be given Follower's Rewards	



RETINUE, ELITE RETINUE AND HERO FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Brutal Bodyguards: <i>These warriors fight to earn the favour of your champion and show no mercy to enemies who stray too close to their charge.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by this unit while they are wholly within 6" of your champion.</p> <p>2 Greedy Chompers: <i>These warriors like to take great bites out of their enemies even in the thick of battle.</i></p> <p>At the start of your hero phase, if this unit is eating, you can heal 1 wound allocated to them.</p> <p>3 Well Fed: <i>These warriors have grown fat on the spoils of war.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to this unit's Wounds characteristic .</p> | <p>4 Thick Blubber: <i>These warriors are protected by an impenetrable layer of fat.</i></p> <p>Subtract 1 from wound rolls for attacks that target this unit.</p> <p>5 Makeshift Plate: <i>These warriors have taken to looting scraps of armour from fallen foes.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this unit.</p> <p>6 Boisterous Rampagers: <i>These warriors are always first into the fray.</i></p> <p>This unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.</p> |
|---|---|



CHAMPION REWARDS TABLE

2D6 Reward

- 2 Empty Stomachs:** *Your champion and their tribe has fallen upon hard times. Food is scarce and all feel the strain of hunger.*

You lose 1 Glory Point. In addition, subtract 1 from your champion's Wounds characteristic for the remainder of the campaign.

- 3 Notorious Bully:** *Your champion enjoys throwing their not-inconsiderable weight around.*

At the start of the battleshock phase, you can pick 1 friendly unit within 3" of your champion to be bullied. If you do so, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound, but it does not need to take a battleshock test that phase.

- 4 Bulging Biceps:** *Your champion wields oversized weapons with ease.*

Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made by your champion.

- 5 Maw Tattoos:** *These enchanted markings devour incoming blasts of magic.*

Each time this model is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 4+, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on this model.

- 6 Prodigious Girth:** *Your champion has now secured numerous victories, and the feasting that followed has only added to their impressive bulk.*

Add 1 to your champion's Wounds characteristic.

- 7 Blood Hungry:** *Your champion leads from the front, eager for a taste of fresh meat.*

Add 1" to your champion's Move characteristic.

- 8 Relentless Marauder:** *Your champion is always hunting for food and leaves a blazing trail of destruction in their wake.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by your champion while your champion is wholly within enemy territory.

- 9 Rare Plunder:** *In the aftermath of battle, an exotic treasure is found that your champion takes as their own.*

Choose 1 artefact of power from the Ogor Mawtribes allegiance abilities for your champion to carry. Your champion can have more than one artefact of power as long as none are duplicates.

- 10 Beastmuncher:** *Your champion's appetite knows no bounds. It is said that they once devoured an entire lavaconda before it had even cooled.*

At the end of the combat phase, if any attacks made by your champion in that combat phase destroyed any enemy **MONSTERS**, you can heal up to D6 wounds allocated to your champion.



- 11 Cunning Brute:** *Your champion is surprisingly adept at sniffing out the enemy's weaknesses.*

At the start of your first hero phase, you gain 1 additional command point.

- 12 Pulverising Strike:** *Your champion holds their weapon high and lets loose a mighty roar before bringing it down with devastating force.*

Once per battle, at the start of the combat phase, you can say your champion will attempt a killing blow instead of fighting. If you do so, pick 1 enemy model within 1" of your champion and roll a dice. On a 4 or 5, the target model suffers D3 mortal wounds. On a 6, the target model is slain. If your champion has a mount, they can still be picked to fight later in that phase, but only their mount can attack with any melee weapons it has.

BEASTS OF EVERWINTER FOLLOWERS REWARDS TABLE

D6 Reward

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Iceblooded: <i>Grievous wounds wrought upon this creature's flesh quickly freeze up and close, allowing it to swiftly recover from any injury.</i></p> <p>At the start of each of your hero phases, roll a dice. On a 4+, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model.</p> <p>2 Terror of the Tundra: <i>Enemies flee in terror as this monstrous creature slams into their lines.</i></p> <p>Subtract 2 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units within 6" of this model if this model made a charge move in the same turn.</p> <p>3 Gargantuan Monster: <i>This mighty creature towers over others of its kind.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to this model's Wounds characteristic.</p> | <p>4 Sacred Fang: <i>Your champion's warriors see this creature's presence on the battlefield as an omen from Gorkamorka.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly units wholly within 12" of this model.</p> <p>5 Fury of Winter: <i>On the verge of death, this creature can enter a terrible killing rage.</i></p> <p>Once at the start of any phase, you can say that this model will use its reserve of strength. If you do so, until the end of that phase, use the top row on that model's damage table, regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.</p> <p>6 Mountain-shaking Charge: <i>When this beast puts its head down and charges, it moves with terrifying speed.</i></p> <p>Add 1 to charge rolls made by this model.</p> |
|--|---|

The ogor charge hit the lines of the Stormcast Eternals with the force of a comet. Hulking Ogor Gluttons pulled aside shields with their bare hands and caved in breastplates with mighty swings of their weapons, laughing heartily as they did so. Yet their good humour turned to a growing frustration with every Stormcast that fell, as edible flesh and bone was transmuted into celestial lightning.

'Gork's bones!' roared the Tyrant Rug Skullchewer in exasperation. 'Meat that runs away from yeh? Pah!'

He spat a mouthful of bloody phlegm in disgust and took in the chaotic battle raging around him.

Through a press of blubber and shining metal, Rug saw a particularly fancy-looking cove, clad in ornate armour and wielding a sword and hammer. This champion was bellowing over the clangour of battle as he hacked his way through the Tyrant's warriors.

'Victory shall be ours!' the human exclaimed.

An evil smile crossed Rug's face.

'Now there's some good eatin',' he said.

Shouldering his way through the mass of bodies, the Tyrant lumbered towards the gilded duellist, thrusting outward with his beastskewer glaive. Somehow, his foe brought a broadsword up in time, and heavens-

wrought metal clashed with rugged iron and stone. Sparks flew and time seemed to stand still. Neither able to force an opening, Stormcast and ogor locked their weapons together, staring hatefully at one another as they matched their strength.

'You shall not triumph, beast,' growled Sunshield.

'You will feast only upon the edges of our blades.'

In answer, snapping his head forwards and baring his great yellow teeth, Rug clamped his maw around the Stormcast's helmet. There was a sickening crunch as metal and bone crumpled beneath the ogor's powerful bite.

The Stormcast flopped to the ground, his headless body already erupting into a cascade of golden lightning.

For a brief moment, Rug tasted rich and delicious flesh, perhaps the finest flavour he had ever sampled. Then he felt the mouthful of gristle fizzle and disappear, scorching the saliva from his mouth as it evaporated between his grinding teeth and left him as hungry and irritable as ever.

The Tyrant gave a long-suffering sigh.

'I hate these blighters,' he said, and went in search of more heads to crush.

WARSCROLLS

This section includes Ogor Mawtribes warscrolls and warscroll battalions. Updated October 2019; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

WARSCROLL BATTALION GUTBUSTER WARGLUTT



Led by the hulking warlords known as Tyrants, Gutbuster Wargluts are relentless forces of destruction that chew their way across the realms. Consisting of packs of fat-bellied ogors, smoke-belching cannons and blood-smeared shamans, they fight not for glory or ambition but simply to stuff their greedy mouths with fresh meat.

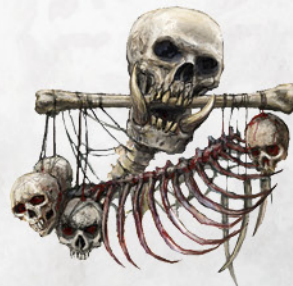
ORGANISATION

- 1 Tyrant's Gutguard battalion
- 1 Goremand battalion
- 1 Butcher's Band battalion
- 1 Junkmob battalion

ABILITIES

The Mawpath: *Armies scatter and kingdoms tremble as the ogors' nomadic feast grinds relentlessly on.*

At the start of your hero phase in the first battle round, each friendly unit from this battalion can make a move of D6". Roll separately for each unit.



WARSCROLL BATTALION TYRANT'S GUTGUARD

ORGANISATION

- 1 Tyrant
- 0-2 Ironblasters
- 1-3 units of Ironguts

ABILITIES

Wall of Fat: *The Gutguard's main role is to put their imposing bulk in the path of any of attacks directed at their Tyrant.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to a friendly **TYRANT** from this battalion while it is within 3" of a friendly **IRONGUTS** unit from this battalion. On a 4+, that wound or mortal wound is negated. That unit of **IRONGUTS** then suffers 1 mortal wound.

WARSCROLL BATTALION GOREMAND

ORGANISATION

- 1 Slaughtermaster
- 1-3 units of Ogor Gluttons
- 1-3 units of Leadbelchers
- 1 unit of Ironguts

ABILITIES

The Tyrant's Butcher: *The Slaughtermaster acts as the Tyrant's personal chef. Their meaty concoctions are enough to make nearby ogors all but drown in their own drool.*

The **SLAUGHTERMASTER** from this battalion can use its Great Cauldron ability twice in each of your hero phases instead of once.

WARSCROLL BATTALION BUTCHER'S BAND

ORGANISATION

- 1 Butcher
- 1-3 units of Ogor Gluttons
- 1-3 units of Leadbelchers
- 1 unit of Ironguts

ABILITIES

Well-fed Warriors: *Under the command of a Butcher, these warriors anticipate a glorious meal after every battle.*

At the start of your hero phase, you can heal 1 wound allocated to each friendly unit from this battalion that is wholly within 12" of the **BUTCHER** from this battalion.

WARSCROLL BATTALION JUNKMOB

ORGANISATION

- 1-3 units of Gnoblar
- 1-2 Scraplaunchers

ABILITIES

Don't Eat Me, Boss!: *Gnoblar are desperate to avoid being eaten by their ogor overlords and fight with surprising ferocity.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of Piles of Old Scrap used by any **GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHERS** from this battalion while they are within 3" of any **GNOBLAR** units from this battalion that have 20 or more models.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

ALFROSTUN



An Alfrostun is a savage raiding army forged by the wintery will of its Frostlord. Moving swiftly over battlefields of ice and snow, it precedes the Everwinter, a wall of cold that scours the land. Naught is left in its wake but ruined cities and empires picked clean of every last shred of meat.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Frostlord on Stonehorn or Thundertusk
- 1 Jorlbald battalion
- 1 Eurlbad battalion
- 1 Torrbad battalion
- 1 Skal battalion

ABILITIES

Alfrostun Avalanche: *When an entire Alfrostun stampedes towards its foes, it is akin to an unstoppable avalanche that sweeps away all before it.*

When using the Grasp of the Everwinter battle trait and rolling a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of a unit from this battalion, subtract 1 from the roll.



WARSCROLL BATTALION

JORLBAD

ORGANISATION

- 1 Huskard on Stonehorn
- 2-4 Mournfang Pack units
- 1-3 Stonehorn Beastriders

ABILITIES

Tip of the Hunting Spear: *Charging at the forefront of any Alfrostun's attack, the Jorlbads are the first to hit the enemy lines.*

At the start of your hero phase in the first battle round, each friendly unit from this battalion can make a move of D6". Roll separately for each unit.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

EURLBAD

ORGANISATION

- 1 Huskard on Stonehorn
- 2-4 Mournfang Pack units
- 1-3 Stonehorn Beastriders

ABILITIES

Crush, Mangle, Tenderise: *Those that face the destructive attentions of the Eurlbad are assured of a brutal death.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a melee weapon used by a model from this battalion is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

TORRBAD

ORGANISATION

- 1 Huskard on Thundertusk
- 0-3 units of Icefall Yhetees
- 3-9 Thundertusk Beastriders

ABILITIES

Heat-numbing Chill: *Amidst the driving snow rides the Huskard Torr atop his lumbering Thundertusk. His Torrbad is the herald of winter, a cold wind rolling out across the land to freeze the enemies of the Alfrostun, blind them with raging blizzards and make them easy prey for the Beastclaw warriors.*

At the start of your hero phase, roll 1 dice for each enemy unit within 3" of any units from this battalion. On a 2+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

SKAL

ORGANISATION

- 1-6 Icebrow Hunters
- 2-10 units of Frost Sabres

ABILITIES

Hunting Pack: *Icebrow Hunters range out from the Alfrostun's flanks in search of prey. At their whistled command, Frost Sabres bound forth from the gloom, tearing apart the target with fang and claw.*

Add 1 to charge rolls for units from this battalion while they are wholly within 12" of another unit from this battalion.



• WARSCROLL •

TYRANT



The ferocious war-leaders of the Gutbuster wargluts, Tyrants are living mountains of iron and blubbery flesh. Despite their girth, they move with surprising speed, hacking their prey into bloody chunks for easier consumption.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ogor Pistols	12"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Thundermace	1"	3	3+	3+	-2	3
Beastskewer Glaive	3"	2	3+	3+	-1	D3
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Tyrant is a single model armed with a Thundermace, Beastskewer Glaive, Gulping Bite and Ogor Pistols.

ABILITIES

Beastskewer Glaive: A Tyrant uses their beastskewer glaive to disembowel their foes.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a Beastskewer Glaive that targets a **HERO** or **MONSTER** is 6, the Beastskewer Glaive has a Damage characteristic of D6 instead of D3 for that attack.

Big Name: A Gutbuster Tyrant usually adopts a big name based upon their most renowned traits.

When you select this unit to be part of your army, you can choose or roll one of the following big names to apply to this model. Record this information on a piece of paper.

D6 Big Name

- Deathcheater:** An ogor that has escaped certain doom is seen as being blessed by Gorkamorka.

This model has a Wounds characteristic of 9 instead of 8.

- Brawlguts:** Combining brutish strength with devastating bulk, this ogor enters combat like an avalanche.

You can add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made by this model if it made a charge move in the same turn.

- Fateseeker:** This Tyrant has travelled far and wide across the Mortal Realms and survived to tell the tale.

This model has a Save characteristic of 3+ instead of 4+.

- Longstrider:** An ogor with the big name Longstrider is capable of running down a sprinting rhinox.

This model has a Move characteristic of 8" instead of 6".

- Giantbreaker:** A Giantbreaker is adept at slaying especially large and notorious creatures.

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by this model's weapons when they are used for an attack that targets a **MONSTER**.

- Wallcrusher:** Some ogors are so strong that they can bludgeon their way through a castle wall.

You can re-roll 1 wound roll for 1 attack made with 1 melee weapon each time this model attacks. In addition, you can re-roll wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by this model that target a unit that is part of a garrison.

Thundermace: When brought down in an overhead smash, the resulting shock wave explodes outwards from the point of impact.

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with a Thundermace is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound in addition to any normal damage. If the target unit has more than 3 models, on an unmodified 6, that attack inflicts D3 mortal wounds instead of 1.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bully of the First Degree: Tyrants use abrupt violence to help them maintain an iron rule over their warglutt.

You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **GUTBUSTERS** unit within 3" of a friendly model with this command ability. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you do not have to take battleshock tests for that unit for the rest of the battle.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, HERO, TYRANT



SLAUGHTERMASTER



Slaughtermasters have entirely lost themselves to their cravings, hacking off their limbs and replacing them with rusty hooks and blades. They drag a cookpot into battle behind them so that they may boil up a tasty broth even as they slice up their prey.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Stump Blades	1"	2D6	3+	3+	-	1
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1
Motley Assortment of Weapons	1"	3	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Slaughtermaster is a single model armed with Stump Blades and a Gulping Bite.

CREW: This model has a Gnoblar crew that attack with their Motley Assortment of Weapons. For rules purposes, the crew are treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Bloodgruel: *Bloodied chunks of meat are ritualistically devoured by the Gulping God's shamans in order to cast their gastromantic powers. They have been known to choke on these pieces from time to time.*

Roll a dice each time a this model successfully casts or unbinds a spell, after the effects of the spell have been resolved. On a 2+, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model. On a 1, this model suffers 1 mortal wound.

Great Cauldron: *Lashed to a Slaughtermaster is a great cauldron containing the bloodied remains of former foes, which the ogor gobbles down in order to unleash gastromantic powers.*

In your hero phase, you can say that this model will reach into its cauldron and feast on the contents. If you do so, roll a dice and consult the table below.

D6 Effect

1 Bad Meat: *The Slaughtermaster suffers from a violent bout of indigestion.*

This model suffers D3 mortal wounds.

2 Troggoth Guts: *The Slaughtermaster gobbles down the slippery innards of a Troggoth to transfer the beast's uncanny healing powers to himself and his allies.*

You can heal D3 wounds allocated to this model. In addition, you can heal 1 wound allocated to each friendly **OGOR** unit wholly within 12" of this model.

3-4 Spinemarrow: *The Slaughtermaster sucks out the marrow from a gory spinal column, empowering his allies.*

Pick a friendly **OGOR** unit wholly within 12" of this model. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by that unit until the start of your next hero phase.

5-6 Bonecrusher: *The Slaughtermaster shovels great handfuls of ribs and skulls into his mouth. As he chews, the enemy's bones begin to snap and break.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 6" of this model. On a 4+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Rockchomper spells.

Rockchomper: *The Slaughtermaster hurls a handful of beast fangs into his cauldron. As the gastromantic magic swells, nearby ogors find their teeth elongated and their jaws swollen with animal power to the point that they can chomp straight through the toughest stone.*

Rockchomper has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit of **OGOR GLUTTONS** wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Until the start of your next hero phase, if the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with that unit's Gulping Bite is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage and that unit can heal 1 wound allocated to it.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, HERO, WIZARD, BUTCHER, SLAUGHTERMASTER



• WARSCROLL •

BUTCHER



The Gulping God speaks through the blood-smeared shamans known as Butchers. Channelling the gastromantic magic of their deity, these swollen brutes can cause the very earth to come alive and munch upon their foes.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Tenderiser	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	3
Cleaver	1"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Butcher is a single model armed with a Gulping Bite and one of the following weapon options: Tenderiser; or Cleaver.

ABILITIES

Bloodgruel: *Bloodied chunks of meat are ritualistically devoured by the Gulping God's shamans in order to cast their gastromantic powers. They have been known to choke on these pieces from time to time.*

Roll a dice each time this model successfully casts or unbinds a spell, after the effects of the spell have been resolved. On a 2+, you can heal 1 wound allocated to this model. On a 1, this model suffers 1 mortal wound.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Voracious Maw spells.

Voracious Maw: *The Butcher's great hunger manifests itself, and the ground splits to reveal a tooth-lined, bottomless pit that hungrily snaps and snarls.*

Voracious Maw has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. After resolving any damage, roll a dice. On a 1, 2 or 3, the maw is said to be satisfied and the spell ends. On a 4+, the target unit suffers D3 additional mortal wounds. Keep repeating this process until the maw is satisfied or the target unit is destroyed.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, HERO, WIZARD, BUTCHER



• WARSCROLL •

OGOR GLUTTONS



Ogor Gluttons are hulking, muscle-bound brutes driven entirely by an unending desire for food. They thunder into battle like an avalanche of sweaty flesh, taking great bites out of their foes even as they hack and tear with crude clubs and cleavers.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Club(s) or Blade(s)	1"	3	3+	3+	-	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Ogor Gluttons has any number of models. The unit is armed with a Gulping Bite and one of the following weapon options: Club or Blade and Ironfist; or paired Clubs or Blades.

CRUSHER: 1 model in this unit can be a Crusher. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Club(s) or Blade(s).

BELLOWER: 1 in every 6 models in this unit can be a Bellower. Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 6" of any Bellowers.

STANDARD BEARERS: 1 in every 6 models in this unit can be a Beast Skull Bearer, and 1 in every 6 models in this unit can be a Tribal Banner Bearer.

Beast Skull Bearer: You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Beast Skull Bearers.

Tribal Banner Bearer: Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Tribal Banner Bearers.

LOOKOUT GNOBLAR: Any Tribal Banner Bearers in this unit can have a Lookout Gnoblar. Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound inflicted by a missile weapon to a unit that includes any Lookout Gnoblar. On a 6, that wound is negated.

ABILITIES

Paired Clubs or Blades: *Most ogors agree that two weapons are better than one.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with paired Clubs or Blades is 6, that attack inflicts 2 hits on the target instead of 1. Make a wound and save roll for each hit.

Ironfist: *An ironfist is used to bat aside an opponent's attacks before punching them in the face.*

If the unmodified save roll for an attack made with a melee weapon that targets a unit armed with Ironfists is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, OGOR GLUTTONS



• WARSCROLL •

IRONGUTS



Ironguts are the meanest ogors around, the elite warriors of their warglutt. Protected by thick metal armour-plates and carrying immense two-handed weapons, they wade into the thick of the fighting, hacking and bashing their foes to bloody chunks.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Mighty Bashing Weapon	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	3
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Ironguts has any number of models, each armed with a Mighty Bashing Weapon and Gulping Bite.

GUTLORD: 1 model in this unit can be a Gutlord. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Mighty Bashing Weapon.

BELLOWER: 1 in every 4 models in this unit can be a Bellower. Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 6" of any Bellowers.

RUNE MAW BEARER: 1 in every 4 models in this unit can be a Rune Maw Bearer. If an enemy unit fails a battleshock test within 6" of any Rune Maw Bearers, you can roll a dice. On a 6, add D3 to the number of models that flee.

In addition, each time a unit with any Rune Maw Bearers is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 6, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on that unit.

ABILITIES

Down to the Ironguts: *It is not often that an Ogor Mawtribe's battle line falters, but when it does so, the Tyrant will call upon their Ironguts to turn the battle back in their favour.*

Once per battle, in your hero phase, if at least 1 **OGOR** model from your army has fled the battle, you can use this ability. If you do so, you can re-roll hit, wound and save rolls of 1 for this unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, IRONGUTS



• WARSCROLL •

GORGERS



Inflicted with a curse that ensures they can never satiate their terrible hunger, Gorgers lope into battle in a frenzied rage, tearing opponents limb from limb and stuffing the bloody remains into their oversized maws.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Long Claws	1"	4	3+	3+	-	2
Distensible Jaw	1"	1	3+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gorgers has any number of models, each armed with Long Claws and a Distensible Jaw.

ABILITIES

Ambushing Hunters: *Their minds filled with eternal bloodlust, Gorgers race ahead of the main tribe looking to feast first upon the flesh of the enemy.*

Instead of setting up this unit on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up in ambush as a reserve unit. If you do so, at the end of your first movement phase, you must set up this unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

Insatiable Hunger: *When the scent of food catches their nostrils, nothing can get between a Gorgers and their prey.*

You can re-roll charge rolls for this unit.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, GORGERS

LEADBELCHERS

The blackpowder-obsessed gunners known as Leadbelchers lumber into battle, blasting away with their massive guns and utilising them as makeshift bludgeons should the foe be foolish enough to engage them in hand-to-hand combat.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Leadbelcher Gun	12"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bludgeoning Blow	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Leadbelchers has any number of models, each armed with a Leadbelcher Gun, Bludgeoning Blow and Gulping Bite.

THUNDERFIST: 1 model in this unit can be a Thunderfist. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Bludgeoning Blow.

ABILITIES

Thunderous Blasts of Hot Metal: *The salvos fired by Leadbelcher guns can blast a target apart.*

This unit's Leadbelcher Guns have an Attacks characteristic of D6 instead of D3 if this unit did not make a move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, LEADBELCHERS

IRONBLASTER

The most destructive blackpowder weapon deployed by the Gutbuster wargluts, the Ironblaster is an immense cannon that hurls solid shot into the heart of the enemy's ranks, blasting foes into scraps of charred meat.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ironblaster Cannon: Cannon Ball	24"	1	4+	2+	-2	D6
Ironblaster Cannon: Hail Shot	12"	6	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Gunner's Clubber	1"	3	3+	3+	-	2
Rhinox's Sharp Horns	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3
Scrapper's Jagged Blade	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

An Ironblaster is a single model armed with an Ironblaster Cannon, Gunner's Clubber, Rhinox's Sharp Horns and Scrapper's Jagged Blade.

ABILITIES

Lethal Payload: *An Ironblaster's barrel can be filled with a single, massive cannon ball or stuffed with handfuls of deadly hail shot.*

Before attacking with an Ironblaster Cannon, choose either the Cannon Ball or Hail Shot missile weapon characteristics for that shooting attack.

Rhinox Charge: *A Rhinox's double-horned skull can inflict considerable damage when it charges into the foe.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this model's Rhinox's Sharp Horns if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, RHINOX, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, IRONBLASTER



• WARSCROLL •

GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHER

The height of Gnoblar ingenuity is the Scraplauncher, a catapult that hurls bucketfuls of razor-sharp metal high into the air to rain down upon the enemy. Despite its crude construction, it is a surprisingly lethal war machine.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Piles of Old Scrap	6"-36"	3	3+	4+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Gnoblar Scrappers' Weapons	1"	7	5+	5+	-	1
Rhinox's Sharp Horns	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Gnoblar Scraplauncher is a single model armed with Piles of Old Scrap, Gnoblar Scrappers' Weapons and Rhinox's Sharp Horns.

ABILITIES

Deadly Rain of Scrap: Salvaged enemy weapons and lethal shards of metal rain down upon the enemy's ranks.

Add 1 to hit rolls and increase the Damage characteristic to D6 for attacks made with Piles of Old Scrap if the target unit has 10 or more models.

Rhinox Charge: A Rhinox's double-horned skull can inflict considerable damage when they charge into the foe.

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this model's Rhinox's Sharp Horns if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, GROT, RHINOX, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHER



• WARSCROLL •

GNOBLARS

Devious little creatures obsessed with scooping up scrap metal and other detritus, Gnoblar perform a variety of tasks for their ogor masters, including charging into battle in a vast screeching mob.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sharp Stuff	8"	1	4+	5+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Motley Assortment of Weapons	1"	1	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gnoblar has any number of models, each armed with Sharp Stuff and a Motley Assortment of Weapons.

GROINBITER: 1 model in this unit can be a Groinbiter. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that model's Motley Assortment of Weapons.

ABILITIES

Screeching Horde: Gnoblar are surprisingly dangerous in large numbers.

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of this unit's melee weapons while it has 10 or more models.

Trappers: These cunning creatures specialise in fighting dirty and laying nasty traps.

Roll 1 dice for each enemy unit that is within 3" of a model from this unit after that enemy unit finishes a charge move. On a 6, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, GROT, OGOR MAWTRIBES, GUTBUSTERS, GNOBLARS



FROSTLORD ON STONEHORN



A Frostlord and their Stonehorn are an unstoppable force. The warlord's booming voice directs the raiders while the bodies of foes are broken and ground to a bloody paste by the horns and hooves of their granite-boned steed.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost Spear	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	3
Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Rock-hard Horns	2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
Crushing Hooves	2"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Rock-hard Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-3	12"	6	2+
4-5	10"	5	3+
6-8	8"	4	3+
9-10	6"	3	4+
11+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Frostlord on Stonehorn is a single model armed with a Frost Spear and Punches and Kicks.

MOUNT: This model's Stonehorn attacks with its Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: *Enemies are crushed and trampled beneath the unstoppable ferocity of a Stonehorn's charge.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this model's Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

Stone Skeleton: *The thick, rock-like skeletons of these beasts can take substantial punishment.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bellowing Voice: *With his booming voice, the Frostlord signals the hunt.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your charge phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, you can re-roll charge rolls for friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** units that are wholly within 12" of that model when the charge roll is made.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, STONEHORN, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, FROSTLORD



FROSTLORD ON THUNDERTUSK



A Frostlord who rides to battle on a Thundertusk is a blizzard-cloaked warlord, a true herald of the Everwinter. The permanent aura of cold emanating from their mount has chilled the ogor's very soul, leaving them a pitiless master of the frozen wastes.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost-wreathed Ice	18"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Frost Spear	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	3
Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Colossal Tusks	2"	4	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Colossal Tusks
0-3	8"	12	2+
4-5	7"	10	3+
6-8	6"	8	3+
9-10	5"	6	4+
11+	4"	4	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Frostlord on Thundertusk is a single model armed with a Frost Spear and Punches and Kicks.

MOUNT: This model's Thundertusk attacks with its Colossal Tusks and Frost-wreathed Ice.

ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: *Thundertusks can focus the cold between their tusks into blasts of ice that hit like cannonballs.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with Frost-wreathed Ice. Instead, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of this model that is visible to it and roll the number of dice shown on the damage table above. Add 1 to each roll if the target unit has 10 or more models. Add 2 to each roll instead if the target unit has 20 or more models. For each 6+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Numbing Chill: *Winter storms gather about these mythical creatures, freezing and slowing any enemy foolish enough to close in.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this model.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bellowing Voice: *With his booming voice, the Frostlord signals the hunt.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your charge phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, you can re-roll charge rolls for friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** units that are wholly within 12" of that model when the charge roll is made.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, THUNDERTUSK, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, FROSTLORD



Bellowing with a voice that could start a landslide, this Frostlord orders his warriors to lay waste to the enemy.



• WARSCROLL •

HUSKARD ON STONEHORN



Many Huskard Jorls and Huskard Eurls lead their warriors from atop the backs of formidable Stonehorns. Together, the beasts and their brutish riders are master line-breakers, using their impressive strength to batter their way through all obstacles.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Harpoon Launcher	20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
Chaintrap	12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Rock-hard Horns	2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
Crushing Hooves	1"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Rock-hard Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-2	12"	6	2+
3-4	10"	5	3+
5-7	8"	4	3+
8-9	6"	3	4+
10+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Huskard on Stonehorn is a single model armed with Punches and Kicks and one of the following weapon options: Harpoon Launcher; Chaintrap; or Blood Vulture.

MOUNT: This model's Stonehorn attacks with its Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: *Enemies are crushed and trampled beneath the unstoppable ferocity of a Stonehorn's charge.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this model's Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

Stone Skeleton: *The thick, rock-like skeletons of these beasts can take substantial punishment.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Blood Vulture: *Blood vultures are vicious predators that help lead the Alfrostuns to prey.*

If this model is armed with a Blood Vulture, at the start of your shooting phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 30" of this model that is visible to it and roll a dice. On a 2+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

COMMAND ABILITY

Line-breakers: *In the wake of a Huskard on Stonehorn come waves of Mournfang riders who decimate enemy lines with precision charges.*

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **MOURNFANG PACK** unit that made a charge move in the same turn and is wholly within 12" of a model with this command ability. If you use that unit's Mournfang Charge ability in that phase, add 2 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with that unit's Tusks instead of 1.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, STONEHORN, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, HUSKARD



HUSKARD ON THUNDERTUSK



The Huskard Torr leads the Thundertusks to war. At the ogor elder's command, the creatures breathe out gales of frost. The ground on all sides grows thick with ice as enemies are turned into gleaming statues and the very life is leeched from their bones.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Harpoon Launcher	20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
Chaintrap	12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
Frost-wreathed Ice	18"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Punches and Kicks	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Colossal Tusks	2"	4	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Colossal Tusks
0-2	8"	12	2+
3-4	7"	10	3+
5-7	6"	8	3+
8-9	5"	6	4+
10+	4"	4	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Huskard on Thundertusk is a single model armed with Punches and Kicks and one of the following weapon options: Chaintrap; Harpoon Launcher; or Blood Vulture.

MOUNT: This model's Thundertusk attacks with its Colossal Tusks and Frost-wreathed Ice.

ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: *Thundertusks can focus the cold between their tusks into blasts of ice that hit like cannonballs.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with Frost-wreathed Ice. Instead, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of this model that is visible to it and roll the number of dice shown on the damage table above. Add 1 to each roll if the target unit has 10 or more models. Add 2 to each roll instead if the target unit has 20 or more models. For each 6+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Numbing Chill: *Winter storms gather above these mythical creatures, freezing and slowing any enemy foolish enough to close in.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this model.

Blood Vulture: *Blood vultures are vicious predators that help lead the Alfrostuns to prey.*

If this model is armed with a Blood Vulture, at the start of your shooting phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 30" of this model that is visible to it and roll a dice. On a 2+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Blizzard Speaker: *The Huskard Torr is said to be the master of the Everwinter and can harness its supernatural cold to unleash upon their foes.*

In your hero phase, this model can chant one of the following prayers. If it does so, pick one of the prayers and then make a prayer roll by rolling a dice. Add 1 to the roll for each other friendly **THUNDERTUSK** within 18" of this model. On a 1-3, the prayer is not answered. On a 4+, the prayer is answered.

Winter's Endurance: If this prayer is answered, pick 1 friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** unit wholly within 18" of this model. You can heal D3 wounds allocated to that unit.

Winter's Strength: If this prayer is answered, pick 1 friendly **BEASTCLAW RAIDERS** unit wholly within 18" of this model. Until the start of your next hero phase, add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by that unit.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, THUNDERTUSK, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, HERO, PRIEST, HUSKARD



• WARSCROLL •

STONEHORN BEASTRIDERS



The ground shakes under a Stonehorn's headlong charge, each footfall a bell-toll of doom. From its back, a pair of Beastriders bring down foes with snapping chaintraps and harpoons, hauling in their kills to add to the Mawtribe's meat harvest.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Harpoon Launcher	20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
Chaintrap	12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Punches and Kicks	1"	6	4+	4+	-	1
Rock-hard Horns	2"	☀	4+	3+	-2	3
Crushing Hooves	1"	D6	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Rock-hard Horns	Crushing Hooves
0-2	12"	6	2+
3-4	10"	5	3+
5-7	8"	4	3+
8-9	6"	3	4+
10+	4"	2	4+

DESCRIPTION

Stonehorn Beastriders are a single model armed with a Harpoon Launcher and Punches and Kicks. In addition, they are armed with one of the following weapon options: Chaintrap; or Blood Vulture.

MOUNT: This model's Stonehorn attacks with its Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves.

ABILITIES

Earth-shattering Charge: *Enemies are crushed and trampled beneath the unstoppable ferocity of a Stonehorn's charge.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this model's Rock-hard Horns and Crushing Hooves if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

Stone Skeleton: *The thick, rock-like skeletons of these beasts can take substantial punishment.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model. On a 5+, that wound or mortal wound is negated.

Blood Vulture: *Blood vultures are vicious predators that help lead the Alfrostuns to prey.*

If this model is armed with a Blood Vulture, at the start of your shooting phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 30" of this model that is visible to it and roll a dice. On a 2+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, STONEHORN, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, STONEHORN BEASTRIDERS



THUNDERTUSK BEASTRIDERS

The Everwinter clings to the Thundertusks and follows them wherever they tread, the air around them thick with glimmering frost. Guided into battle by a pair of savage Beastriders, these mammoth beasts smash and grind their prey to bloody ruin.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Harpoon Launcher	20"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
Chaintrap	12"	1	4+	3+	-	3
Frost-wreathed Ice	18"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Punches and Kicks	1"	6	4+	4+	-	1
Colossal Tusks	2"	4	3+	☀	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Frost-wreathed Ice	Colossal Tusks
0-2	8"	12	2+
3-4	7"	10	3+
5-7	6"	8	3+
8-9	5"	6	4+
10+	4"	4	4+

DESCRIPTION

Thundertusk Beastriders are a single model armed with a Harpoon Launcher and Punches and Kicks. In addition, they are armed with one of the following weapon options: Chaintrap; or Blood Vulture.

MOUNT: This model's Thundertusk attacks with its Colossal Tusks and Frost-wreathed Ice.

ABILITIES

Blasts of Frost-wreathed Ice: *Thundertusks can focus the cold between their tusks into blasts of ice that hit like cannonballs.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with Frost-wreathed Ice. Instead, pick 1 enemy unit within 18" of this model that is visible to it and roll the number of dice shown on the damage table above. Add 1 to each roll if the target unit has 10 or more models. Add 2 to each roll instead if the target unit has 20 or more models. For each 6+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Numbing Chill: *Winter storms gather above these mythical creatures, freezing and slowing any enemy foolish enough to close in.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this model.

Blood Vulture: *Blood vultures are vicious predators that help lead the Alfrostuns to prey.*

If this model is armed with a Blood Vulture, at the start of your shooting phase, pick 1 enemy unit within 30" of this model that is visible to it and roll a dice. On a 2+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, THUNDERTUSK, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MONSTER, THUNDERTUSK BEASTRIDERS



• WARSCROLL •

ICEBROW HUNTER



An Icebrow Hunter is a cunning stalker who utilises their surroundings to launch ambushes with the aid of their Frost Sabres. Not only do they slay opponents with spear and bolt, they also have the power to breathe a killing blizzard over their foes.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Great Throwing Spear	9"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Hunter's Crossbow	12"	1	4+	3+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hunter's Culling Club	1"	4	3+	3+	-	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

An Icebrow Hunter is a single model armed with a Great Throwing Spear, Hunter's Crossbow, Gulping Bite and Hunter's Culling Club.

ABILITIES

Icy Breath: Flasks of distilled Frost Sabre blood allow these ogors to unleash torrents of deadly ice upon their foes.

In your shooting phase, you can say that this model will attack with its Icy Breath instead of attacking with its missile weapons. If you do so, pick 1 enemy unit within 6" of this model that is visible to it and roll a dice. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Masters of Ambush: Always on the move, Icebrow Hunters range ahead of their Alfrostun and strike with devastating speed.

Instead of setting up this model on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up in ambush as a reserve unit. If you do so, when you would set up a friendly FROST SABRES unit, instead of setting up that unit on the battlefield, you can say that it is joining this model in ambush as a reserve unit. 1 unit can join this model in this way.

At the end of your movement phase, you can set up this model anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from any enemy units. You can then set up any unit that joined this model in ambush wholly within 12" of this model and more than 9" from any enemy units. Any reserve units in ambush that are not set up on the battlefield before the start of the fourth battle round are destroyed.

Mighty Throw: The beginning of the hunt is signalled by a massive spear that glides through the air before punching deep into the flesh of their quarry.

This model can run and still shoot with its Great Throwing Spear later in the same turn. In addition, this model's Great Throwing Spear has a Damage characteristic of D6 instead of D3 and a Range characteristic of 18" instead of 12" if it ran in the same turn.

COMMAND ABILITY

Lead the Skäl: With a roar, this hunter beckons the Frost Sabres at their side to chase down the enemy and show no mercy.

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly FROST SABRES unit that is wholly within 12" of a friendly model with this command ability. Until the end of that phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristics of that unit's melee weapons.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, HERO, ICEBROW HUNTER



• WARSCROLL •

FROST SABRES



Beasts of winter, Frost Sabres bound across the landscape like shadows ghosting over the snow. Icy blood runs in their veins, and their prey seldom sees them coming until they feel the bite of the great cats' sword-like fangs.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Elongated Fangs	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Frost Sabres has any number of models, each armed with Elongated Fangs.

ABILITIES

Their Master's Voice: *Obeying without hesitation, Frost Sabres race down the enemy on the flanks of every Icebrow Hunter.*

Add 3 to charge rolls for this unit if it is wholly within 16" of a friendly **ICEBROW HUNTER** when the charge roll is made.

In addition, add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it is wholly within 16" of a friendly **ICEBROW HUNTER**.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, FROST SABRES



• WARSCROLL •

ICEFALL YHETEES



Icefall Yhetees are savage creatures of the frozen wastelands. They appear from the howling blizzard that follows in the Beastclaw Raiders' wake to hack apart their prey with weapons touched by magical frost.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Claws and Ice-encrusted Clubs	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Icefall Yhetees has any number of models, each armed with Claws and Ice-encrusted Clubs.

ABILITIES

Aura of Frost: *Thick plumes of ice surround these winter creatures.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons that target this unit.

Bounding Leaps: *Many a foolish general has not anticipated the speed at which these creatures can close in over short distances.*

This unit is eligible to fight in the combat phase if it is within 6" of an enemy unit instead of 3", and it can move an extra 3" when it piles in.

Invigorated by the Blizzard: *To the primitive Yhetees, Thundertusks are walking gods of the Everwinter and to fight at their side is to be filled with the power of the supernatural storm.*

This unit can run and still charge later in the same turn if it is wholly within 16" of a friendly **THUNDERTUSK** when the charge roll is made.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, ICEFALL YHETEES



• WARSCROLL •

MOURNFANG PACK



Ogors mounted on Mournfangs wield clubs, blades and pistols, firing point-blank into their foes before laying about them with brutal abandon. Their foul-tempered beasts trample and gore anything unfortunate enough to get in their way.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ironlock Pistol	12"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Culling Club or Prey Hacker	1"	3	3+	3+	-	2
Gargant Hacker	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	3
Tusks	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Mournfang Pack unit has any number of models. The unit is armed with one of the following weapon options: Culling Club or Prey Hacker and Ironfist; or Gargant Hackers.

MOUNT: This unit's Mournfangs attack with their Tusks.

SKALG: The leader of this unit is a Skalg. A Skalg can be armed with an Ironlock Pistol in addition to their other weapons.

HORN BLOWER: 1 in every 4 models in this unit can be a Horn Blower. Add 1 to charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Horn Blowers.

BANNER BEARER: 1 in every 4 models in this unit can be a Banner Bearer. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of this unit while it includes any Banner Bearers.

ABILITIES

Ironfist: *An ironfist is used to bat aside an opponent's attacks before punching them in the face.*

If the unmodified save roll for an attack made with a melee weapon that targets a unit armed with Ironfists is 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been resolved.

Mournfang Charge: *Heels dig deep into the flanks of the Mournfangs, spurring them forward in rage as they lower their tusks ready for impact.*

Add 1 to the damage inflicted by attacks made with this unit's Tusks if this unit made a charge move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW RAIDERS, MOURNFANG PACK

FIREBELLY

Wandering shamans who worship Gorkamorka as the Sun-eater, Firebellies gobble up the spiciest and deadliest ingredients in order to stoke the flames within their gut. Should an enemy stray too close, they will be immolated with a gout of fiery breath.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fire Breath	6"	See below				
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Basalt Hammer	2"	2	3+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Firebelly is a single model armed with Fire Breath and a Basalt Hammer.

ABILITIES

Fire Breath: *Fiery morsels are consumed by this ogor moments before a torrent of flame is spat back out at the enemy.*

Do not use the attack sequence for an attack made with Fire Breath. Instead, pick 1 enemy unit that is within range of the attack and roll

a dice. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Cascading Fire-cloak spells.

Cascading Fire-cloak: *The Firebelly creates a shield of fire around himself, scorching nearby foes.*

Cascading Fire-cloak has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, roll 1 dice for each enemy unit within 3" of the caster. On a 4+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

In addition, if this spell is successfully cast, add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this model until the start of your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, HERO, WIZARD, FIREBELLY

MANEATERS

Maneaters are swaggering mercenaries who have travelled the realms and killed and eaten all manner of foes. Wielding a variety of esoteric weaponry robbed from distant lands, they cut an imposing sight as they carve their way across the battlefield.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Pistols and Throwing Stars	12"	1	3+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slicers and Bashers	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Gulping Bite	1"	1	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Maneaters has any number of models, each armed with Pistols and Throwing Stars, Slicers and Bashers, and a Gulping Bite.

ABILITIES

Been There, Done That: *Having travelled the realms and fought against every conceivable enemy, Maneaters have developed their own unique combat styles.*

After armies have been set up but before the first battle round begins, pick 1 ability to apply to this unit from the following list:

Brawlers: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with melee weapons by this unit.

Crack Shots: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with missile weapons by this unit.

Striders: This unit can run and still charge later in the same turn.

Stubborn: Do not take battleshock tests for this unit.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, OGOR MAWTRIBES, MANEATERS

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed in this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. '60/200'), the second value is for a maximum-sized unit. Units that are listed as 'Unique' are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. A unit that has any of the keywords listed on the Allies table can be taken as an allied unit by an Ogor Mawtribes army. Updated October 2019; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Ironblaster	1	1	120	Artillery	
Gnoblar Scraplauncher	1	1	120	Artillery	
Ogor Gluttons	3	12	120/400	Battleline	
Stonehorn Beastriders	1	1	300	Behemoth	Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is a BEASTCLAW RAIDER
Thundertusk Beastriders	1	1	300	Behemoth	Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is a BEASTCLAW RAIDER
Butcher	1	1	140	Leader	
Firebelly	1	1	120	Leader	
Icebrow Hunter	1	1	120	Leader	
Slaughtermaster	1	1	140	Leader	
Tyrant	1	1	160	Leader	
Frostlord on Stonehorn	1	1	400	Leader, Behemoth	
Frostlord on Thundertusk	1	1	390	Leader, Behemoth	
Huskard on Stonehorn	1	1	320	Leader, Behemoth	
Huskard on Thundertusk	1	1	340	Leader, Behemoth	
Frost Sabres	2	12	40		Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is an ICEBROW HUNTER
Gorgers	1	3	80		
Gnoblars	20	60	100/270		
Icefall Yhetees	3	12	110		Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is mounted on a THUNDERTUSK
Ironguts	4	12	220		Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is a GUTBUSTER
Leadbelchers	2	12	80		Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is a GUTBUSTER and unit has 4 or more models
Maneaters	3	12	180		
Mournfang Pack	2	12	140		Battleline in Ogor Mawtribes army if general is a BEASTCLAW RAIDER
<i>Gutbuster Warglutt</i>	-	-	80	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Tyrant's Gutguard</i>	-	-	120	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Goremand</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Butcher's Band</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Junkmob</i>	-	-	100	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Alfroston</i>	-	-	80	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Jorlbard</i>	-	-	120	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Eurlbard</i>	-	-	140	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Torrbard</i>	-	-	120	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Skal</i>	-	-	100	<i>Warscroll Battalion</i>	
<i>Great Mawpot</i>	1	1	0	<i>Scenery</i>	

FACTION

ALLIES

Ogor Mawtribes

Aleguzzler Gargants, Troggoths

EXPLORE THE DIGITAL RANGE

RULES AND BATTLETOMES

The Age of Sigmar is an epic setting populated by myriad armies, powerful heroes and magnificent monsters. It plays host to vast, realm-spanning wars between the forces of Order and Chaos, Destruction and Death. Read on to explore these battle-torn landscapes and learn of the many peoples and creatures of the realms.



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR CORE BOOK

The Mortal Realms have been ground beneath the iron heel of the Dark Gods. These monstrous deities once believed their final victory to be near, yet they have underestimated the forces of Order that stand against them. Across the realms, bolts of energy deliver Sigmar's heroic Stormcast Eternals into battle as the Pantheon of Order gathers its strength. With new cities and fortresses raised in the wake of each conquest, civilisation takes root once more. Yet from the shadow of progress, new and deathly evils come into the light...

This book tells the epic story of the Age of Sigmar, from mythic beginnings to an arcane apocalypse, and provides you with exciting ways to forge your own legends. Inside you will find showcases of Citadel Miniatures, epic stories, and detailed maps of the Mortal Realms – as well as rules that bring your Warhammer Age of Sigmar battles to life on the tabletop.



ORDER BATTLETOME: STORMCAST ETERNALS

By Sigmar's will they are reformed, heroes locked in a hellish war without respite.

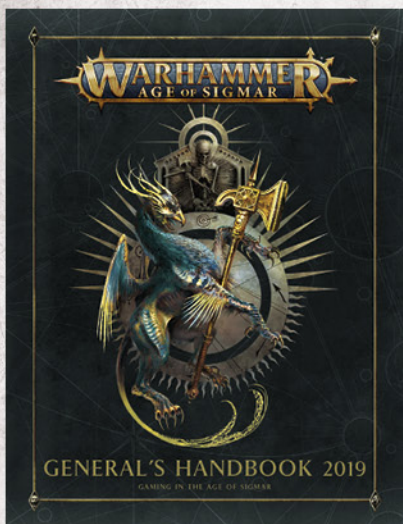
Each Stormcast Eternal was once a mortal who sought to defy the dominion of Chaos. Taken to Azyr by Sigmar and reformed in the fires of the God-King, these warriors have become living weapons that wield the power of the storm. Thundering down to the Mortal Realms in blasts of lightning, the Stormhosts take their bloody revenge on the hordes of Chaos over and over again. But of late, there are those brave enough to ask – at what cost?



DESTRUCTION BATTLETOME: ORRUK WARCLANS

With a mighty cry of ‘Waaagh!’, the warclans of the orruks shake the Mortal Realms to their core.

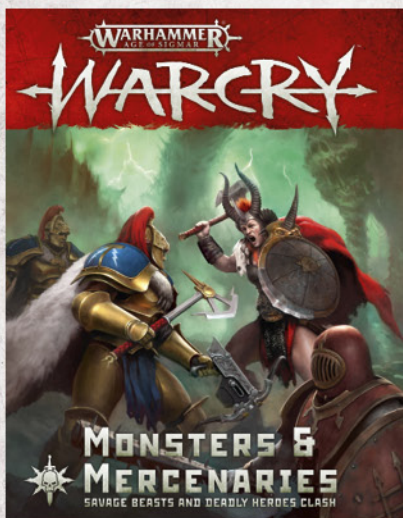
Since the earliest days of the Age of Myth, the orruks have been bashing up anyone and anything they can get their hands on. Brutal Ironjawz clad in thick armour smash through the enemy with bellicose joy, while the insane Bonesplitterz tirelessly hunt down the mightiest of monsters. When these greenskins fight together under a powerful boss, the resulting Big Waaagh! can unleash an unstoppable tide of destruction.



GENERAL'S HANDBOOK 2019

A guide to playing games in the Mortal Realms. Packed with inspiration and brimming with battles, this volume explores all kinds of new and interesting ways for you to enjoy Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

This book expands on the Warhammer Age of Sigmar core rules to support an array of gaming styles that suit all hobbyists, from casual collectors who play occasional games with their friends to veteran warriors who spend years honing their forces for competitive tournaments.



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR: WARCRY MONSTERS & MERCENARIES

Dangers abound throughout the Eightpoints. Dark forests and shadowy caves conceal monstrous horrors, while across the land all manner of deadly champions seek out new challengers to test their blades against. Each day is a battle for survival, and in this realm of endless carnage only the mightiest warbands can hope to prosper. Those who achieve glory in battle may even be able to compel such monsters and heroes to fight by their side, providing them with a deadly edge in the brutal conflicts that rage across the land.

In pursuit of these allies, warbands of all kinds – be they depraved worshippers of Chaos, cursed heralds of Death, brutish followers of Destruction or noble champions of Order – cross the lands on all manner of deadly quests. They pass into the darkest places of the Eightpoints in search of greater power, and hunt down the fearsome of monsters to bind to their cause. Many fail, and nothing more than a grisly demise in a beast's stomach or the edge of a rival's blade. Yet those who succeed become legendary, right, champions of battle and bloodshed whose deeds live on for evermore!

