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OGRE KINGDOMS™

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OGRE KINGDOMS

By Jeremy Vetock & Jervis Johnson

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INTRODUCTION

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

WHY COLLECT OGRES?

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

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

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

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

- **Big and Brutish.** This section describes the background of the Ogres: their bloody history, most famous battles and legendary leaders. Also included are details on Ogre tribes and an exploration of their realm – the monster-ridden Mountains of Mourn, also known as the Ogre Kingdoms.
- **The Lumbering Hordes.** Each and every unit type in the army is examined here, with a full description of each entry, alongside its complete rules. This section also includes the Ogres' Tools of Destruction (magic items) and the Lore of the Great Maw (the Ogre spell lore).
- **Gathering of Might.** Here you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Ogre Kingdoms army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team.
- **Ogre Kingdoms Army List.** This list takes the troops, war machines, and infamous individuals from previous sections and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as Characters (Lord or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Ogre Kingdoms* contains everything you need to play a game with your army, there are always more tactics to use, different battles to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine White Dwarf contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Ogres and their violent ways on our website:

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BIG & BRUTISH

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

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

OGRES

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

The first thing anyone notices about Ogres is how big they are. A full-grown Ogre stands nearly twice as tall as a man and several times as wide. Those who deal with Ogres find they chiefly exhibit two distinct expressions – that of glum intimidation and a sinister grin, which is far worse. Aside from rancid meat-breath that can startle a Dwarf sober, Ogres have flat, overlapping teeth that are unusually strong – they can bite through the bark of a sturdy Drakwald Oak as easily as if it was the skin of a roast chicken. When an Ogre grins, it has little to do with mirth and everything to do with showing the victim what is going to happen next.

GUTS AND GLORY

There is little that Ogres cannot eat and their large guts attest to this. To Ogres, a gut is of utmost importance to its owner – socially, physically and even spiritually. Not only are an Ogre's vital organs situated deep within his belly, but the gut is also a status symbol that declares wealth and power. The largest and most impressive guts belong to the Tyrants, the leaders and tribal kings that rule large groups of Ogres. All Ogres protect their innards with a large, circular 'gut-plate' worn over the protrusion. These are usually made of metal beaten into shape, but poor Ogres are known to use hide-skins, cast off cart wheels, or even ones made of bone.

While Ogres are undeniably fat, underneath all that blubber resides massive slabs of pure muscle. Their thick arms end in great ham-fisted hands that wield large clubs with lethal ease. An Ogre's legs are stout and tireless, all the better to carry such a lumpen frame. With thick skin as resilient as cured leather, Ogres can survive cold environments and are extremely tough, able to shrug off minor wounds. For this reason, only the richest and most elite Ogres bother with armour beyond their gut-plates and instead stride to battle bare-chested. It is common amongst many tribes to tattoo themselves or daub themselves with warpaint, although, as Ogres are not hygienic in the least, it is hard to distinguish what is a tribal marking and what is post-dinner gristle.

MIGHT MAKES RIGHT

A lone Ogre is capable of besting a dozen men in a fight and a dozen Ogres can overwhelm a village of men and eat the better half of its defenders. A whole army of Ogres, however, is something else altogether. Each Ogre regiment is a sweaty, bellowing mass that builds up fearsome momentum that slams home like a ton of bricks. An army is made up of many such regiments and it hits like an avalanche – a great, sweeping wave of crushing destruction. But Ogres do not stomp to war by themselves, they bring with them lumbering cave creatures, hairy and long-tusked monsters from the wild mountains, and all manner of ferocious beasts.

The reason Ogres find warfare so much to their liking is that as they crush and conquer their way across the land, they can seize everything they need to survive, and more to spare. Where does an army full of ten-foot tall, muscle-bound monsters go? The answer, naturally, is 'wherever it wants'. So Ogre armies, led by the largest and most ferocious of their kind, trudge the world, seeking riches and endless supplies of fresh meat. And no matter how much food or loot they seize, it never satisfies them for long.

CRUDE INGENUITY

Ogres are not great builders – learned scholars describe them as 'thick as two short planks', although they do also note that Ogres can beat nearly anything to death with two such planks. Rumour has it that by putting an ear close to an Ogre's head, it is possible to hear the ocean. This, however, seems unlikely speculation, as no one in their right mind would dare to put his ear that close to such a ravenous creature's mouth. It is true that most Ogres are somewhat dim and as a race do not invent things or create anything of beauty or lasting worth. However, they do have success cobbling things together out of scrap materials.

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

WANDERERS FAR AND WIDE

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

TAKING A HEAVY TOLL

The Ogres establish their camp by erecting flea-ridden hide tents and digging out a massive ceremonial pit in the camp's centre. Then it's time to 'get down to business' – and business, for Ogres, means either intimidating others into

giving them food, or waging war to take what they want. Lookouts are posted along roads, mountain passes or other obvious travel routes and a toll is exacted upon any thoroughfare, those who can't pay are eaten. Ultimatums demanding steep tithes are delivered to nearby settlements.

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

A BRUTAL PRACTICALITY

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

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

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

THE GREAT MAW

For many thousands of years, the Ogres lived far to the east, in an area of great sweeping steppes. On the borders of far Cathay was a fertile grassland that spread endlessly across the horizon, and there the Ogres thrived and multiplied. They lived in nomadic tribes that followed the plentiful herds of grazing beasts that roamed that open country.

It is said that Ogres learned the secret of fire and basic metalworking from their neighbours in Cathay and there were no conflicts along their shared border. As more and more tribes stalked the steppes for food, it was only a matter of time before Ogre raids entered into Cathay and some Ogres preyed upon their neighbours, even acquiring a preference for Cathayan flesh. With the peaceable relations eroding away, the Celestial Dragon Emperor of the Imperial Palace of Cathay changed his opinion of the Ogres.

At this time a light appeared in the sky. At first it was visible only at night, but with each passing day the object grew brighter until it shone like a second sun. At night the blazing orb grew more luminous, until it eclipsed the light of the twin moons. The glowing light crackled and spat above the plains and drove animals and monsters alike mad with fear. A corona of sickly green light shone as the comet daily grew closer, and fanciful observers even claimed that the new celestial body had a face or, more accurately, a mouth.

One fateful night, the comet slammed into the Ogre homelands with such force that it was felt half the world away. All life around the impact site was obliterated in an instant. Two-thirds of the Ogre population was extinguished as if smote by an angry god. Only those near the edge of the plains escaped immediate destruction. The raging firestorms that followed the comet's fall incinerated everything for miles and distant witnesses said that it seemed as if beasts of living flame hunted the lands. Could any have been close enough to peer into the massive crater, they would have seen that the comet had burrowed deep into the heart of the world.

Not all the Ogres were destroyed – those farthest from the impact survived, but for them the worst was yet to come. The once vital plains were reduced to a searing desert of howling sandstorms and toxic mists. The grasslands were gone, the beast herds were dead and there was nothing in this wasteland to provide nourishment, so the remaining Ogres soon fell to starvation. Cannibalism quickly set in and an unnatural hunger gnawed away at the once-full bellies of the Ogres. Perhaps the whole disaster was engineered by the Dragon Emperor's coven of astromancers, or perhaps it was some ill turn of fate that crashed the comet directly into the heart of their homeland. To the Ogres it seemed that a vengeful deity had fallen upon them, consuming all before it: a great and terrible maw that existed purely to feed. Thus, the insatiable and merciless god of the Ogres was born.

A HARSH NEW ERA

The remaining Ogres were greatly reduced in number, but the survivors proved to be the strongest of their species – for the weak did not last long. With bellies aching from hunger, desperate tribes wandered the barrens seeking any kind of sustenance, while keeping wary eyes on the sporadic storms that scoured the empty plains. Those without the muscle or fortitude to make it were soon eaten by their own tribes. Yet no matter how much the Ogres gorged, they could never fully satisfy their eternal appetites. Mired in the barren wastes with no food and suffering endless hunger pangs, there was little choice for the survivors but to move elsewhere. A great cloud of poisonous vapours hung over the comet's wake, blocking all eastward routes towards Cathay, so the Ogres were forced to travel into the unexplored west.

THE FIRST PROPHET OF THE MAW

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

The gaping hole that stretched before Groth was immense, like some newly grown inland sea, except there was no water within, only empty and plummeting blackness. Its edge was filled with ridge upon ridge of jagged teeth and rippling, convulsing muscle that stretched down into vast nothingness. Here was a gullet so bottomless it could swallow the Ogre race into oblivion and still hunger for more.

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

The presence of the Great Maw writhes in the minds of all Ogres, beckoning them to return, to stand upon that mighty precipice. So Ogres have become a restless race, forever seeking to escape from that whisper in the back of their minds that pulls them back to their gluttonous, yet insatiable god. Some Ogres, those that have travelled around the globe, even claim that there is another Maw in the ocean on the far side of the world – a vast, fanged whirlpool that devours any ship that strays too close.

Yet no distance is great enough to escape the pull and lure of the Great Maw, no ritual or feast can fully appease its eternal appetite and, whilst it hungers still, its barbarous sons will feed and feed and feed until they consume the world...

THE BIG MIGRATION

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

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

OGRE ORIGINS

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

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

A FEAST OF SKY-TITANS

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

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

Noting the growing losses amongst their herds, the Sky-titans were soon made aware of this ugly new threat that had climbed the mountains to assail them. Although alarmed, the Sky-titans were far from helpless, and they unleashed lightning storms and avalanches, slaying many Ogres and driving others off the mountainside to fall to their doom. Thus began what the Ogres call the War in the Sky, pitting the last surviving Ogre tribes against the Sky-titans. Always the attackers, the Ogres surrounded and besieged each peak while the Sky-titans defended their castles with enormous cannons, their largest and most loyal herd beasts and, finally,

their vast bodies – stomping upon Ogres or snatching them up and hurling them great distances so they plummeted through the clouds and fell many miles to their deaths.

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

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

THE SHIMMERING HEIGHTS

Not content with destroying their foes utterly, the Ogres slaughtered their herds of beasts and rampaged across the peaks, toppling castles into the valleys below. Today only a few shattered stone shells and a wide scattering of immense ruins on the valley floors give any evidence of the once-proud race of gentle giants and the amazing heights they had reached with their architectural marvels. For a while, the Ogres were content to stay put, sprawling out atop the shattered halls of the Sky-titans and dining on the dwindling and now shepherdless creatures. Yet there, on the very roof of the world, the Ogres began feeling the ill effects of living at such heights.

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

A NEW HOMELAND

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

OGRE BUTCHERS

Butchers are the Ogre equivalents of shamans or holy men and they lead tribal rituals to the Great Maw. Blood-covered and primal, Butchers prepare feasts, which for Ogres are the most religious of all events – eating and worshipping are considered the same thing. While the Great Maw cannot ever truly be sated, a Butcher's best offerings can somewhat lessen the eternal gnawing within an Ogre's gut.

THE OGRE KINGDOMS

Wandering armies of Ogres can be found wrecking their way across the globe, and they have many strongholds in far off and exotic realms. Despite their widespread nature, all Ogres refer to the scattered kingdoms along the slopes and river valleys of the Mountains of Mourn as their homeland. It is here, amongst those peaks and lowlands, that the Ogres rule over their own brutal domain. Although they may spend years plundering the four corners of the world, hiring out as mercenaries or stomping trails of destruction across various nations, an Ogre will always seek to return to the Mountains of Mourn, if for nothing else than to boast about his exploits.

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

THE BEASTS OF THE MOUNTAINS

Despite the inhospitable weather, the Mountains of Mourn teem with life. Herds of great woolly beasts are plentiful, crisscrossing the boulder-strewn slopes and snowy plateaus seeking food. They are primeval creatures that have existed unchanged since the world was still covered in ice. Due to their harsh environment, the beasts are hardy, but the weather and steep heights are not the only danger – a host of large and especially fierce predators stalk the mountainsides. To survive against the host of carnivores, even the lowliest herd beasts have developed tremendous size, great strength or some other defensive trait to combat the red-toothed hunters. The Rhinoxen, a common herd animal, will lower their impressively large horns and charge anything that doesn't stink of their own kind. The twin horns of a Rhinox can gouge a furrow into a cliff face and no predator wishes to be on the receiving end of charge from a single beast, much less a stampeding herd. Likewise feared are Ice Mammoths – icicle-encrusted pachyderms of colossal size, each equipped with lengthy tusks. It would take an entire pack of starving-mad Mournfangs, or something massive like a Frost Dragon, to dare a head-on confrontation with a fully grown bull mammoth.

Whether predator or prey, hunter or herbivore, all the beasts of the mountains grow large and ferocious. The weak do not live long, succumbing to the elements or prowling monsters, their carcasses left to be picked over by the carrion-eaters. Even among this low tier of animals, the skulking scavengers grow menacingly large in the Mountains of Mourn. While blood vultures or fangweasels are little more than a nuisance to an Ogre, such pests are more than capable of taking down and slaying an unwary Gnoblar. The Mountains of Mourn are rife with Gnoblars, particularly around Ogre camps where the thieving creatures live a parasitic existing in the cracks and crevices. Close relatives of Goblins, Gnoblars are tolerated by Ogres, who find them too scrawny to eat, at least if there is anything else around. Some Ogre tribes even allow the little runts to fetch things or tag along to battles.

A LAND OF CAVES

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

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

THE EVER-CHANGING LANDSCAPES

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

Untainted by the powers of raw Chaos, a glacier might take decades to form and the ice mountain would travel only a modest distance. Yet in the Mountains of Mourn, glaciers can form in a day and move as rapidly as a charging Rhinox, eradicating all in their path – camps, roadways, and even mountains – it is a land where even the summits seem to be at war. The Ogres tell of living mountains, colossal, rocky titans as once walked the lands. To Ogres, all quakes or tremors are merely signs of the enormous creatures waking up or showing their displeasure. The most famous of all the

sentient peaks is Mount Thug, and Ogres place great store in scaling its lethal heights. Mount Thug is as malevolent as it is vast, and most who dare its slopes are crushed by avalanches or caught up within stony jaws as the mountain feeds. To the Ogres, these occasional shifts are just another danger to overcome. The nomadic tribes keep a wary eye for oncoming threats and, more importantly, for opportunities that might arise, such as a newly uncovered mountain pass or recently made migratory route for tasty herd animals.

VALLEYS OF DEATH

Most Ogres reside in the valleys, where they are less subject to the severe cold and wild beasts of the higher altitudes. Each separate valley is considered the territory of a single tribe. Ever straightforward, an Ogre Tyrant defines his kingdom by the distance he can see in all directions. This might seem like a vague method of declaring borders, but the steep, sheer-sided valleys frame one's vision and offer (at least to an Ogre) clear-cut demarcation. Best of all, this approach leaves opportunities for ambitious Tyrants to crane their almost non-existent necks and thereby expand their realm. Mountain passes or rivers that cut through the valleys allow greater vistas and naturally form contentious hotspots between neighbouring tribes. Disputes are settled by fighting – either by battle between tribes or a challenge between Tyrants. With a race as warlike as the Ogres, such disputes are common and bloody, with the weaker tribes driven out or devoured. Thus the Ogre system mirrors that of the beasts of the higher mountains: only the strongest survive.

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

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

ROADS AND MOUNTAIN PASSES

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

There are a few well-known roadways, although to call them trade routes implies they are better maintained and travelled than is true. The most renowned route is the perilous Ivory Road, a trail that enters the Mountains of Mourn at the Giant's Rocks – a crude ford in the River Ruin made of colossal stones hurled into the raging current to form a rare, if dangerous, crossing. It is an ominous sight, for from there the road passes between two immense pinnacles that frame the most accessible entrance into the mountain range. This is the Valley of Horns, a steep-sided vale littered with the petrified remains of enormous beasts, many of which can only be relics from a different age of the world. At one point the Ivory Road passes through the ossified ribcage of a creature so large it defies belief. Elsewhere, the largest of ancient tusks have been stood on end to form imposing archways, which even a Giant could easily walk through without stooping.

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

THE FIRE MOUTH

Every so often the skies of the Ogre Kingdoms are thrown into turmoil, set alight by the volcano the Ogres call the Fire Mouth. Located near the centre of their mountainous realm, the vast conical edifice is considered by Ogres to be the offspring of an unholy alliance between the Great Maw and the sun. As a result, the Fire Mouth is itself a god, given reverence by all Ogres and especially worshiped by those tribes that have witnessed the power of its titanic eruptions. The volcano even has its own blazing priests, the Firebellies. The majority of the Firebellies cluster in a small tribe at the foot of their molten-hearted god where they lead many rituals. After years of service to their god, Firebellies often become possessed with wanderlust and will join other tribes throughout the Ogre Kingdoms, or even travel to far distant realms. Along the way, Firebellies will spread the word of their angry god before returning, leading a pilgrimage of many Ogres. Never truly at rest, the Fire Mouth periodically bubbles and spits thick streams of lava down its sides like an over brimming meat pot. Its major eruptions are always seen by the Ogres as a sure sign that it is time for war.

N
Chaos Wastes
The Realm of Chaos
Eastern Steppes
Icespeyer
Floating Mountain
Golgfag's Monument
Fleshgreeders
The Challenge Stone
Sabre Mountain
Sabreskin
The Great Hunt
Ice Caverns of Ymirdrak
Battle of the Blizzard
Bulgers
Blizzardpeak
Hidden Hoard of Hrak Opaleye
Boulderclubs
Bloodmaw
Ironskin
Gorger Rock
Loose Tooth
Eagle Eyries
Hissing Pits (Cockatrice Lair)
Creeping Caves
Path to the East
Fulg
Karak Vrag (Abandoned)
Ambush at Mount Cragg
Skulltakers
Gash Kadrak (Vale of Woe)
Mountaineaters
Granite Spikes
Chimerae Pass
Bloody Fist
The Sacking of Jaugrel's Lair
Black Fang
Lake of Eyes
MOUNTAINS OF MO
Zharr Naggrund
Rock Skulls
Slavetakers
Suneaters
Bone Road
The Last Sky Castle
Plateau of Bones
Titan's Notch
Feast on the Fire Mouth
Angry Fist
Bloodpeak
Yhetee Peak
River Ruin
Fire Mouth
The Sky Monolith
The Plain of Zharr
Horrok's Gap
Carrion Craggs
Valley of Fangs
Vale of Webs
Blood Guzzlers
Karak Azorn (Abandoned)
Bubbling Pits
Mount Sky Eater
ANCIENT GIANT LANDS
Red Maw
The Tusk
The Dark Lands
The Daemon's Stump
The Horn
Crossed Clubs
Amblepeak
Sons of the Mountain
Mist Gorge

Howling Wastes
Battle of Slave-slaughter
Another Golgfag Monument
Big Fang Pass
Ivory Road
Howling Summit
Last Stand of the Titans
Vale of Titans
To Far Cathay
Valley of Horns
Glowing Crater
The Giant's Rocks
Greasus Goldtooth's Kingdom
Great Hall of Greasus
Fallen City
To The Great Maw
Shambletown
Grimtop
Ivory Road
The Sentinels
Silver Road
Eyebiter
The Maw Gate
Skabrand
Red Fist
Battle of Ice Pass
Lazarghs
Bury Bone Hills
Rockguts
Karak Krakaten (Abandoned)
Grabbers
Worlds Edge Mountains & Civilised Lands
Feastmaster
Black Fortress
Flayed Rock
Slavelords
Wyrm Pass
Thunderguts
Mount Thug
Skrap Towers
Spice Route
The Great Butchery
Boulderbellies
Gnoblar Country
Treehammers
Gnobby Gorge
River Ruin
Skraggleguts
The Haunted Forest
Spice Route
Deathtoll
Direbogs
Pigbarter
Shattered Stone Bay
To Ind
Swamp Eater
The Dragon Isles
Scalded Delta
Tribe
Battle
Hundreds of tribes reside amidst the vales and peaks and there have been untold battles. Those labeled are merely the most prominent.

THE ROAD TO THE GREAT MAW

All Ogres are drawn to return to their ancient homelands, to see the wastelands of legend and to stand before the great precipice of their living god. Constant battle, arduous travel and, most of all, gluttonous feasts can temporarily drive thoughts of the Great Maw away, but they always return. If an Ogre lives long enough, that is to say, if battles or prowling monsters don't take him first, they eventually must answer the siren call. Most often this happens to individuals or small groups, who typically just drift away to begin their trek without saying a word. On occasion, entire tribes become smitten and will pack up camp for the long journey.

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

THE WANDERERS

Some Ogres have branched out of the Mountains of Mourn, often hiring out as mercenaries and following the lucrative call of battle. Ogres can be found throughout the Old World, in the lawless lands of the Border Princes, the greenskin-infested Badlands, Araby and even Naggaroth. Those who leave intend to return one day, although whether they survive to do so is another matter. Ogres remaining in the Mountains of Mourn always welcome back such travellers, eager to hear tales of foreign battles and exotic things to devour. Some Ogres settle in these far away places for a time, enticed by the promise of rich pickings. The Ironfist tribe, for instance, has established residence at the eastern side of Peak Pass in the Worlds Edge Mountains, and many tribes frequent Gristle Valley, an Ogre stronghold in the Grey Mountains. Ogres are bold; the Backbreaker tribe infamously set up its camp within a few hour's march of the city of Altdorf, piling up many toll fares before being driven off by an army led by Emperor Karl Franz himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the foot of the mountain, Gragus' Ogres sighted the oncoming danger and dispatched their Mournfang Cavalry up the slopes to meet the threat. When the gibbering Horrors finally drove off the ravenous creatures with baleful magic, many Daemons had been crushed or driven back to the ether. Even more of the hellish host was lost to icewyrm pits or ambushing crag-beasts, but it was the Stonehorn that did the most damage. Urged on by Gargog the Red, its Hunter, the Stonehorn lumbered out of the ice-fog like the avenging spirit of the mountain and ploughed through the crimson ranks of Bloodletters, squashing them beneath its powerful limbs. With every angry twist of its head, the vast stone horns sliced lithe Daemonettes in half, their return blows barely scratching the beast's rock-hard flanks.

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

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

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

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

OGRE TRIBES

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

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

LARGE AND IN CHARGE

Tribe leaders are known as Tyrants and are the biggest and most dominant individuals. They naturally rise to rule and do so with an iron fist (literally, for Ogres commonly wear bladed gauntlets just for this purpose). The next largest Ogres under the Tyrant are known as Bruisers and these contenders for tribal power assume lesser command duties. Dissension within a tribe (or without for that matter) is handled with sudden and predictable violence, and any who question a Tyrant's decisions must be prepared to fight the leader in a match to the death. Before such a duel, each Ogre removes his gut-plate – an ominous sign, as the victor in such a contest is expected to feast on the guts of the loser. Ogres refer to this traditionally as a 'guts out' challenge.

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

FEASTS FOR THE STRONG

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

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

TRIBAL CHARACTERISTICS

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

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

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

Besides their weapons, Ogre tribes typically carry few possessions and so are ready to move at all times. One of a tribe's most valued items is its Mawtooth, a stone that bears the tribe's scrawled marks and sigils. This icon is carried to every new location and placed prominently in every new camp – often near the Tyrant's hut, or in the ring of giant stones that encircle some Ogre camps.

WORKING TOGETHER (OR NOT)

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

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

TRIBES OF LEGEND

The Ogre Kingdoms are made up of hundreds of different tribes, each widely known by their reputation, as tales of a tribe's feats, heroics and gastronomic exploits are passed up and down the valleys. It is typical for an Ogre tribe to adopt a bold visual, most often a repeated icon seen on banners, gut-plates, tattoos and other surfaces. Here are but a few examples of some active tribes. Each tribe marks the boundaries of their territories hunting grounds with their sign.

THE GOLDTOOTH TRIBE

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

THUNDERGUTS TRIBE

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

CROSSED CLUBS

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

THE SONS OF THE MOUNTAIN

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

THE FEASTMASTER TRIBE

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

THE ROCK SKULLS

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

THE BLOOD GUZZLERS

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

THE IRONSKIN TRIBE

The Ironskin Ogres are a fierce lot, known for their hard-hitting charges and their penchant for black iron gut-plates. The tribe's speciality is to launch massive avalanche-like attacks onto their foes, smashing into them in a single sweeping crush. During such assaults, they always seek to grab as many prisoners as they can, and then march them quickly home to their deep valley in the north-western range of the Mountains of Mourn. So prodigious and successful are these attacks that the Ironskin tribe can afford to trade a goodly portion of their grabbed slaves away, instead of just eating them all. The Ironskin tribe has thus established strong ties to the citadel of Zharr Naggrund, whom they trade with to obtain their armour and, as rumours have it, the great mechanical beast ridden by their Tyrant, Ghark Ironskin.

THE LAZARGHS

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

THE MOUNTAINEATER TRIBE

The hulking Tyrant Bauldig Mountaineater is the kind of Ogre of which legends are made. Bauldig has sought out and conquered many of the most menacing peaks found in the Mountains of Mourn, including the much-dreaded Mount Thug. He has defeated them all and even, it is said, toppled Bigstride Peak when he burrowed under it and ate the heart of the mountain. Naturally drawn to such a tough and charismatic leader, the growing Mountaineater tribe imitates Bauldig by eatings rocks with every meal so they can become as tough and stubborn as their Tyrant. Often underground, the Mountaineaters have developed a taste for the races they habitually find there, actually preferring Dwarf, Skaven or Night Goblin meat to all others.

THE EYEBITER TRIBE

One of the many terrors of the Dark Lands, the Eyebiter tribe dominates the region around the Sentinels, the great rocks that tower over the crossroads where the Silver Road, Spice Route and Ivory Road meet in the Howling Wastes. There, in addition to heavily tithing the waypost traders set up in shanties and burrowed into the great rocks, they range out to capture slaves, smash any settlements they can find, and to hunt the dreary plains for the many foul monsters that live there. The Eyebiters are a close-knit tribe ruled by Malron Eyebiter, a long-lived Tyrant who has sired more strong sons and grandsons than any other Ogre alive.

BIG TIMES
A TIMELINE OF THE OGRES

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

c -5700 — Creations of the Old Ones
Elven scholars estimate that at about this time the Old Ones create Ogres to help stop the spread of Chaos.

-2750 — The Coming of the Great Maw
A titanic meteorite strikes the heartland of the Ogres and the Great Maw is born to forever haunt the Ogre race.

c -2749 — A Butcher Is Born
The Ogre prophet, Groth Onefinger, makes a pilgrimage to see the Great Maw and holds a banquet of his own disciples on the lip of the glistening, pulsing gullet.

c -2748 — Maelstrom in the Sea
The warpstone comet finally burrows its way through the world, emerging in the opposite hemisphere and causing the ocean there to boil. Few who see it live to tell the tale.

-2745 to -2735 — War in the Sky
The remaining Ogre tribes head west to ascend the colossal peaks where they encounter the Sky-titans, whom they systematically destroy and eat in a decade-long war.

c -2720 — The Mountains of Mourn
Most Ogres leave the Ancient Giant Lands, driven away by the unnaturally shimmering skies. They descend the towering peaks and arrive at the Mountains of Mourn.

c -2600 — The Ice Beasts Cometh
First sightings of the supernatural race of Yhetees – the mutated Ogres who remained in the Ancient Giant Lands.

c -2400 — The Dragon Ogre Wars
Amidst the peaks, the Ogres discover the ancient creatures known as Dragon Ogres. Enemies at first sight, many battles were waged, toppling many mountains over and finally driving the Dragon Ogres northwards.

c -2300 — Great Bull Roast
Great battles are fought with the Beastmen from the Haunted Forest, culminating with the largest Bull Roast ever.

c -2100 — The Glacier that Walked
Legends tell of a northern glacier that rose up and fought the Ogres, slaying many. Some say it will rise again when the lands freeze over once more.

-1955 — Ogres in the Worlds Edge Mountains
The annals of the Dwarf kings report major Ogre raids into their mines in the Worlds Edge Mountains. At this time, the Dwarfs first hear tales of the mountain of pure gold that resides in the Mountains of Mourn. Expeditions are sent.

c -1700 — The Last Sky-titan
A lone Sky-titan is found roaming the Ogre Kingdoms and is hunted down and slain in battle by Buluk Knifefinger, whose tribe feasts on the remains for a month.

c -1400 — The Daemon War
A rift opens and Daemons beyond count spew out. Many tribes converge in a furious battle that lasts over a year before the fissure is sealed. Only a Plateau of Bones remains.

c -1000 — Gnoblars
A new breed of goblinoid becomes commonplace in the lands south of the Mountains of Mourn.

c -950 — The First Overtyrant
Thug the Fist becomes the first Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms and begins the practice of the Great Feast.

c -947 to c -930 — The Fire Mouth Speaks
Dormant for hundreds of years, the Fire Mouth erupts. Taking the eruption as a sign to go to war, Thug the Fist leads many Ogre tribes to wreak havoc across the lands.

c -800 — Slave Trade
To avoid being enslaved by Chaos Dwarfs, Gnoblars purposefully lurk near Ogres. The plan pays off, as Ogres find Gnoblars more useful as servants than as nutrition.

-734 to -700 — The Ash Battles
Many Ogre tribes are driven from the Dark Lands in a string of bitter battles with the Chaos Dwarfs.

-100 — Black Orc Invasion
The Black Orcs rebel and are eventually driven from Zharr Naggrund. Many make their new lairs in the Mountains of Mourn beginning the first of many battles with the Ogres.

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

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

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

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

c 920-940 Rat Wars
Infestations of Skaven crop up throughout the western edge of the Mountains of Mourn. Most are found and destroyed, Sabretusks proving particularly adept at sniffing out the many tunnel entrances into Skaven lairs.

1001 Knight's Quest
One of the first Questing Knights, Sir Baldrin of Brionne, rides into the Ogre Kingdoms in search of monsters. He finds them. His grisly end is recounted by Empire minstrels in the parody 'Quest's End'.

1401 The Battle of Kurgel's Gulch
Inspired by Dwarf war machines after the bearded warriors slaughter tribe upon tribe of Gnoblars, Ma the Grub, a Gnoblar scrap-lord, embarks upon a quest to create a war engine of his own. Later that year, the first Scraplauncher is built. Later versions are pulled into battle by Rhinoxen, and prove to be unexpectedly useful.

1877 Ogres At the Dark Tower
Ogre mercenaries make it to Naggaroth where they are captured. The astounding part is that they impress the Dark Elves so much that they aren't tortured as is customary, but are instead hired into the Tower Guard.

2302-2304 The Great War In the North
Known in the Old World as the Great War Against Chaos, it is no surprise that Ogres find their way into this colossal battle that pits Chaos-worshipping northern barbarians and their Daemon and Beastmen allies against an alliance of the Empire, Dwarfs and Kislev. Both sides can boast of fielding a fair number of Ogre tribes.

2305 Ambush at Mount Cragg
A broken Chaos army seeks egress to the Northern Chaos Wastes via the Pass to the East. They are ambushed by Ogres in the shadow of Mount Cragg and are never heard of again, though Gnoblar Scrappers are seen sporting fragments of Chaos armour for decades afterwards.

2420 Leadbelchers
After defeating an artillery train out of Nuln, the Loose Tooth Ogre tribe captures six Empire Great Cannons. They find they can carry a cannon into battle, and although many Ogres are killed in the learning process, soon the first Leadbelchers are born. Later, in deals with the Chaos Dwarfs, the Ogres purchase Leadbelcher cannons of their own.

2480 Halfling Chefs
Blaut Granitetooth captures an entire string of Halflings and forces them to take the role of Gnoblars in his kingdom. The Tyrant takes the name 'Blaut Feastmaster', and his tribe – now named for their corpulent leader – swiftly becomes legendary for the quality of its nosh.

2482 The Rise of Greasus the Great
Greasus Goldtooth claims the role of Tyrant for the Goldtooth tribe by eating his father, Gofg, after a challenge.

2487 Greasus Goldtooth Triumphant
Greasus declares himself Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms, which have been without an Overtyrant since the demise of Donner Gutbag in an avalanche some 100 years earlier. Through the education of Greasus, gold is finally recognised as being just as valuable as red meat throughout much of the Ogre Kingdoms and a new reign begins.

2496 Skrag
The Butcher, Skrag, is banished from his tribe, his hands severed from his wrists. In the Gorger-haunted labyrinths below the mountains, he has a revelation, and becomes the latest incarnation of the Prophet of the Great Maw.

2500 to 2510 Golgfag's Rise to Fame
At different times, Golgfag Maneater fights both for and against Orc Warboss Gnashrak Badtooth. Golgfag's many deeds during these battles, namely victory at the Battle of Broken Leg Gully and his decision to loot the Dwarf Lord's treasury, led to the Ogre's growing infamy and his rising reputation as a daring and unbeatable mercenary captain.

2512 Armies of the Crimson King
The Undead legions of Imrathepis, the Crimson King of Numas, stride out of the Land of the Dead, sweeping through the Badlands and into the Mountains of Mourn. The Tomb King is defeated after the Thunderhoof Tribe unleashes a Rhinoxen herd into the narrow Daggertooth Valley, crushing the skeletal army to powdered bones.

2518 We're All Maneaters
Golgfag Maneater's reputation grows to such an extent that all Ogre mercenaries take the name 'Maneater', finding that it leads to more frequent employ. Many fake 'Golgfags' spring up across the known world as a result.

2521 A New Migration
The Ogres, having grown ever more numerous and wealthy under the rule of Greasus Goldtooth, find their population is becoming too large for the Mountains of Mourn. As the Fire Mouth erupts, Greasus orders the conquering of new lands and soon the heavy footfalls of marching Ogres is heard throughout many realms.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE OGRES

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

WHO RULES THE CHALLENGE STONE?

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

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

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

Over long ages the Challenge Stone has been claimed and reclaimed many times. Each time, as the victors crudely hack their tribal marks into the stone, the eldritch rock shudders, showing the previous marks etched in balefire, visible like scars blazed into the ancient edifice. The stone reforms until only the current ruler's symbols are visible. At present, the Challenge Stone bears the mark of the Bloodmaw tribe, for it was they, led by their Tyrant, Folg the Mauler, who drove off the armies that gathered to defend it in an epic fight during a raging storm.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLIZZARD

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

Folg, the Tyrant of the Bloodmaws, assembled his tribe even as storm clouds gathered. The tribe's best Hunter, Targh the Impaler, predicted a heavy snow, claiming all the wild beasts, save for the frost-loving Thundertusks, were hunkering down, a sure sign of foul weather. Folg did not mean to shelter from the storm, but instead to take advantage of it. Just as the winter tempest unleashed its icy fury, the Ogres marched out of the mountains to war. Although they could not yet be seen, the heavy tramp of Ogre feet could be felt. The forces of Chaos rushed to form battle lines, fur-clad barbarians, iron-encased Chaos Warriors and hulking Dragon Ogres gazed into the swirling snows, seeking the lumbering forms they knew must soon come looming out.

Under cover of the howling snowstorm, it was the Yhetees who drew first blood. Loping forward, the white pelts of the beasts made them all but invisible. To the men it was as if the blinding snow had suddenly grown long and wicked claws. Even as the Yhetees disappeared back into the foul weather, dragging their screaming victims with them, the

advancing Ogre army loomed out of the storm. On they came, crashing upon the Chaos lines and driving them back. So fierce was their impact that many of the barbarians were crushed or sent flying by that tide of flesh and muscle.

Into the centre of the enemy line rode Targh, his Stonehorn flattening the foe with every grinding stomp. Not even the black, spiky armour of the Chaos Warriors could withstand those pulverising blows. The largest formation of Bloodmaws was led by Folg himself and they smashed, punched and bullied their way deep into the enemy's midst searching for the Chaos leader. The Chaos Lord's blood red armour stood out like a beacon, seeming to glow from some internal furnace of purest hatred. He rode atop a Chimera, a three-headed monster that was considered fierce even by Ogre standards. Three times did Folg swing his maul, a massive club weighted at the end with a boulder. Each blow was accompanied by a mighty grunt, and followed with the pulping sound of one of the Chimera's heads being split asunder. Thus did Folg earn the title of Mauler. It was afterwards said that the Chimera's great canine head was indistinguishable from that of the reptilian or avian head – all were reduced to a crimson mush. The Chaos Lord, half pinned beneath his fallen beast, was trodden to death.

But the Chaos hordes were too many to fall so easily. For a full day and full night both blizzard and battle raged, piling snow higher than an Ogre's gut-plate. The fight quickly devolved into hundreds of separate combats spread far across the frozen fields. Through that maelstrom of snow, enemies could come from any angle and such was the fury of that icy deluge that each regiment became separated from its comrades. Small groups and makeshift units formed circles of defence or waded shoulder to shoulder into the blizzard to seek out the foe. The superior numbers of the Chaos army could never be brought to bear and when the storm eased, only the Ogres of the Bloodmaw tribe were left standing in the well-trodden and gore-stained snow. No injured were left behind, as the ravenous Yhetees could smell the blood of even those buried beneath heaped banks of snow. Piling horned helmets against the Challenge Stone, the Bloodmaws actually covered the monolith with their victory tokens before marching back to the mountains.

There have been many battles over this spot, yet none have been so devastating to the enemy. Tales of the wholesale slaughter of the vast and powerful Chaos army has spread far and wide across the northern wastes. Such a challenge cannot go unanswered and it can only be a matter of time before the Gnoblar lookouts left to watch the monolith spy sinister forms marching out of mists. Then the bellows and war horns will once again echo from the mountains as an Ogre tribe marches down to meet this new challenge.

CHAOS OGRES

Being warlike and full of wanderlust many Ogre tribes venture into the Chaos Wastes seeking to test their mettle. There they fight the northern tribes and the fantastical denizens of that realm, expanding their diet to include highly unnatural things. Some Ogres even join a barbarian tribe, revelling in the destruction and the opportunities to glut themselves on the slain. Although somewhat resistant to mutation, prolonged exposure to baleful energies can twist even Ogres. Those who have spent decades in the Northern Wastes often develop extra heads or limbs, savage horns or strange grasping tentacles. Some Ogres even begin to worship the Dark Gods as do the humans of those lands. These Chaos Ogres are seen as a bit odd by their brethren in the Mountains of Mourn, but they aren't feared or despised. If anything, the other Ogres are perhaps a bit jealous – for an extra mouth or set of arms would greatly aid one's ability to eat more food at an even faster rate!

SLUGFEST AT THE STIRPOINT

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

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

Preferring to fight by daylight, the men of the Empire retreated to make camp, safe in the knowledge that their foes were trapped. At first light they would wipe out the last pocket of Ogre resistance. They were even expecting reinforcements to arrive by river during the night, all but

assuring that tomorrow would see the annihilation of the Rockeater tribe. Trees were chopped down, gunlines were established and strong picket lines were set – if the doomed Ogres attempted to bull-rush out of their predicament, they would be mown down.

A NEW BEGINNING

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

THE SLAUGHTERER COMETH

Butchers are held in reverence by all right-thinking Ogres, for they know that only the meatmasters can channel the destructive power of the Great Maw itself. But one name is held in highest regard throughout the entire Ogre Kingdoms, for all speak of Skrag the Slaughterer in hushed tones. A wanderer without a tribe to call his own, Skrag stomps across the Mountains of Mourn, dragging his great meatpot behind him. He follows the urgings of his gut and it has led him to battle after battle. It was Skrag whose spells turned the tide against the invading herd at the Battle of Flayed Rock and afterwards he himself led the roasting of the many Minotaurs slain that day. Countless tribes tell tales of Skrag turning up, often arriving just in time to tilt the scales for an Ogre victory. All also speak greedily of the Butcher's skill at preparing the triumphal feast. Truly, when Skrag joins the fighting then the Ogres know that the Great Maw is with them and that victory and a tremendous feast are near at hand.

THE TREASURE OF KARAK AZORN

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

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

The second largest Dwarfen outpost in those lands was discovered by a far-ranging Ogre Hunter who took word of the settlement back to Thogub Smashclub, the Tyrant of the Angry Fist tribe. Thogub, an immense slab of an Ogre, rubbed his meaty hands together at the news, fair chortling with joy. He had learned first hand of the riches stored within such strongholds and he remembered well his own fondness for roast Dwarf meat from his adventuring days in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Gathering his large tribe about him, the Ogres of the Angry Fist marched for war, aiming to break the gates and plunder the riches within.

Breaking into a Dwarf stronghold is a task easier said than done, though. Karak Azorn was a small Dwarfhold, yet the Ogres could not crack it. They braved volleys of handgun and cannon fire to batter at the stone gates, they sent Sabretusks sniffing around the mountainside to track down the many secret entrances and sally ports, and the Angry Fist tribe even dragged their Ironblaster to fire at point-blank range, but still the rune-inscribed doors stood. A few gains had been made – Gorgers had squeezed into a drainage tunnel to terrorise the lower workings before being slain and some headway had been made into a side passage before the Dwarfs collapsed the tunnel, burying many from both sides. The siege dragged on, months turning to long years, until at last the Stonehorns came.

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

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

AWAKENING THE FIRE MOUTH

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

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

AN INEVITABLE CLASH

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

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

The voluminous Overtyrant travelled to many valleys to gather support. Under his demand the Ogre tribes all along the Ivory Road and as far south as Gnoblar Country answered his summons, until an army the like of which the world had never seen was assembled. So great was that Ogre host that the valleys quaked as Greasus led the host north.

Urk Ironskull had not been idle. More Tyrants had fallen before him as he penetrated deeply into the Mountains of Mourn. When word of the new Overtyrant and his coalition reached Urk, he planned to confront them at a place of his choosing. With his vast horde surrounding him, Urk Ironskull assailed the Fire Mouth, driving off the

strange flame-breathing Ogres that ruled there and planting his war trophies onto the slopes of that smoking volcano. Urk knew this was chance to wrest control of the entire territory – and he planned to deliver the Ogres' defeat while standing upon their living god, so that the brutes would know true fear.

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

THE POWER OF GREASUS

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

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

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

BATTLE ON THE SLOPES

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

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

BIG NAMES

When Ogres gain such renown that their deeds are told throughout the kingdoms, it is said they have 'earned a name' for themselves and they gain descriptive titles – an Ogre who has fought and bested a Giant will attach an honorific like Giantbreaker or Big Basher to his name. This kind of big reputation is essential to becoming a successful Bruiser or Tyrant. Ogres that travel into the world often pick up foreign titles or terms, like Captain or 'the unhygienic', which are also incorporated into their titles, even though Ogres might not fully understand their meaning. Sometimes the results can be comical – however, anyone foolish enough to laugh at an Ogre's name is sure to find himself on the wrong side of a gut-plate pretty quickly. Names can grow longer over the years and it is not unheard of for mighty individuals to have so many honorific that they need a Gnoblar around whose sole task is to remember the full titles of the Ogre.

GOLDTOOTH SURROUNDED

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

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

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

NONE CAN STOP THE OVERTYRANT

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

Seeing the Ironskull's banner pole snapped and its bearer sent skywards, the greenskin battle line wavered. Howling in rage, Urk sliced his way through a wall of Ironguts to stand before Greasus on the slopes of the Fire Mouth. It was his battle to win and no Ogre was going to stop him. For the first time during the fight, a smile creased the many jowled face of Greasus, and he bared his bullion teeth. Laying down his colossal sceptre, the Overtyrant grabbed at the Black Orc Warboss. Urk's twin axes bit deep into his foe's meaty chest but, undaunted by his own free-flowing blood, Greasus snatched up his opponent with both hands

and squeezed and squeezed, then squeezed some more. The sound of Urk's armour buckling and snapping under the massive pressure was audible even over the cacophony of the battle. So too was the wet cracking that followed.

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

FEAST ATOP THE FIRE MOUTH

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

THE LUMBERING HORDES

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

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

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

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

OGRE CHARGE

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

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

In addition if, when calculating the charge range, the two highest dice score a total of 10 or more, each Ogre inflicts D3 Impact hits instead of 1. You may want to mark Ogre units that rolled 10 or more for their Charge roll with a suitable marker, so you don't forget in the Close Combat phase. This aside, the normal rules for Impact Hits apply.

IRONFISTS

Ogres often cover their off-hand with a spiked metal gauntlet, a habit which originated from the traditional sport of pit-fighting. This gauntlet can be used to bat aside even the strongest attacks.

An ironfist works in exactly the same way as a shield – an Ogre using an ironfist benefits from a bonus to its armour save, and may be eligible to make a Parry save as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

In addition, ironfists have been specifically developed to allow the Ogre as much freedom as possible in a fight. As such, an Ogre using an ironfist benefits from all of the rules for shields (including the parry save) even if he is mounted.

LOOK-OUT GNOBLARS

Gnoblars are often bullied into makeshift crow's-nests at the top of Ogre standards. If an enemy is targeting the Ogres below, the Gnoblar can give advance warning of the threat.

Look-out Gnoblars can be taken as an upgrade for Ogre standard bearers (see the army list for details). Any character or champion in a unit with a Look-out Gnoblar benefits from the 'Look Out Sir!' special rule as long as there are three rank and file models of the same troop type remaining in the unit.

SPECIAL OGRE WEAPONS

Chaintrap

Some Ogres use these deadly contraptions in battle, which essentially comprise a huge steel mantrap attached to a lengthy chain. A chaintrap is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special
12"	6	Killing Blow.

Harpoon Launcher

Harpoon launchers are huge crossbows that fire a barbed bolt to which coils of rope are attached. A harpoon launcher has the following profile.

Range	Strength	Special
36"	6	Move or Fire*, Multiple Wounds (D3).

** This rule does not apply if the model is mounted on a Stonehorn or Thundertusk.*

Ogre Pistols

Some Ogres carry huge, oversized pistols, often cobbled together from modified Empire handguns. An Ogre pistol can be used as both a missile weapon (with the profile below) and in close combat, following the same rules as an additional hand weapon.

Range	Strength	Special
24"	4	Armour Piercing, Quick to Fire.

Brace of Ogre Pistols: Ogres often carry at least two pistols for close encounters. A 'brace of Ogre pistols' can be used as a missile weapon with profile below. In close combat, they follow the same rules as an additional hand weapon.

Range	Strength	Special
24"	4	Armour Piercing, Quick to Fire, Multiple Shots (2).

BELLOWERS AND MUSICIANS

Many Ogre units don't have musicians that carry an instrument, such as a drum. Although crude musical instruments are used, some Ogre 'musicians' belong to a special caste known as Bellowers. As their name implies, a Bellower's instrument is his voice and lungs, with which he can make an incredible noise, even if only another Ogre would find it musical!

Because of this you will find that many entries in the army list (see page 84) allow the option of taking a musician or a Bellower. For the purposes of the rules, an Ogre Bellower follows the rules for a musician.

TYRANTS

Ogres call the leaders of their tribes Tyrants and it is easy to see why. Tyrants are the biggest and strongest individuals in a hulking race that prides itself on these physical features. To claim rulership over a group of Ogres requires a mighty brawler, a creature powerful enough to wrestle a Giant to the ground or smash his way through a fortified gate using only his bare fists. An Ogre Tyrant uses his tremendous size and brawn to dominate, earning the right to command the tribe by displaying prodigious feats of what the Ogres respect the most – strength, violence, extraordinary girth and a healthy, all-consuming appetite.

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

Some of the oldest and longest serving Tyrants are known to sit upon thrones made entirely from the bones of those foolish enough to challenge their rule over the years. As the dominant male of the tribe, a Tyrant will frequently sire a host of strong offspring – the whelps of the largest Ogres usually grow to maximum size as well. Thus it is not uncommon for a Tyrant to face his progeny in the maw-pit and a successful Tyrant will often devour several of his own young over the years.

All Ogres are greedy, but none more so than a Tyrant. A gnawing hunger drives Ogres to feats of greed and nobody embodies this insatiable, gluttonous behaviour more than a Tyrant. The longer he holds the title of Tyrant, the more ravenous an Ogre leader becomes, and a Tyrant's desires go beyond just food to also include hoarded wealth and power. The longer they rule, the more Tyrants become consumed with their status. To this end, the massive rulers accrue the best wargear in the tribe – often outlandishly large weapons and cumbersome armour. A Tyrant's gut-plate must not only cover his prodigious stomach, but also be more impressive than anyone else's. Beyond elaborate arms and armour, Ogre Tyrants can think of little else to spend their plunder on – however, this does not stop them from adding to their stash. Even when a Tyrant has filled his hidden hoard-cave, he will still readily go to war to snatch up yet more.

Tyrants use boastful titles as the latter part of their names, indicating particular accomplishments during their ascent to the throne. As a successful Tyrant's reign of bloodshed extends, so does his name, often resulting in long lists of violent superlatives. Take the now-legendary Olflab Stonecruncher Fatgut Deathcheater, an Ogre who remained Tyrant of his kingdom for over ninety years before choking to death on his great grandson's skull.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

ABSOLUTE VIOLENCE

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

BRUISERS

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

In battle, it is the Bruisers who generally maintain discipline within the Ogre ranks when the Tyrant's eye is elsewhere. Physically massive, many Bruisers will seek to grow their reputations by performing great feats of slaughter upon a battlefield. Nothing suits a Bruiser better than being the one who singlehandedly turned a fight around. Stopping a chariot with their bellies, breaking entire formations by themselves or squishing the life out of the enemy's mightiest champion are the kinds of deeds that a Bruiser must do to build up his name! With the exception of the Tyrant, Bruisers get the pick of the spoils and equip themselves with the best gear of war, including outlandish items plundered from afar. Occasionally, a Bruiser will place a leadership challenge to the incumbent Tyrant, but it is equally common for a Bruiser to be content with the pure violence of his position without the hefty burden of non-gut related decision making.

Some Tyrants prefer Bruisers that are no more than huge, muscle-bound thugs with no ambition and the brains and temperament of a Rhinox. Not all Bruisers are simple-minded brutes, however. Many are veterans of dozens of campaigns who have travelled through the Old World and beyond, learning the hard way what works on the battlefield and what does not. These veterans have seen it all, and are content to act as loyal advisors and henchmen to the Tyrant. He, in his turn, is grateful to have at least one or two followers he can trust to do the right thing at the right time. Top fighting Bruisers are often found as the captains of mercenary bands of Ogres, having enough intelligence and experience to negotiate a good deal, while still having the brute strength needed to make sure the rest of the crew do exactly as they are told.

Bruisers are sometimes entrusted with the tribe's standard, a massive banner hung with trophies and tokens of the tribe's bloodiest victories and accomplishments – symbols that rouse great feelings of pride and aggression in his fellow Ogres. These banners are so robust that they are often used as weapons themselves – having a metal-bound pole smashed into your head by a Bruiser will hurt no matter what's hanging from it.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

THE CRUSHERGUTS

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

SLAUGHTERMASTERS & BUTCHERS

Ogres approach magic and the worship of their gods in ways that are not easily understood by outsiders. Within an Ogre tribe it is a Butcher who takes the role of both wizard and prophet, for he alone has a direct link to the Great Maw. Through the gory ritual preparation and consumption of meat, Butchers channel a portion of their fearsome deity's eternal hunger into feats of magic. Invoking the single-minded strength of their god, Butchers can instill unnatural vitality to their comrades, swelling the Ogres' muscles and toughening their skin. They can even turn their wrath upon the enemy, causing bones to break or the ground to open up and swallow their foes.

Although not as mighty as a Tyrant, a Butcher is an emissary of the Great Maw and is held in both awe and fear by his tribe. Butchers prepare all of a tribe's feasts, celebrations in which all Ogres take great pride. Around camp a Butcher is given a wide berth, for it is best not to get too close in case he is looking for extra ingredients, as fingers or whole limbs have been known to go missing. In battle, however, Butchers are most often found right in the thick of the fighting, where they use their cleavers and magic to great effect.

Butchers are typically more rotund than an average Ogre and have even worse personal hygiene. They often resemble walking larders, for in addition to being caked in dried blood and offal, Butchers adorn themselves in chunks of meat, along with an array of meat hooks, cleavers, filleting knives and even special tenderisers tucked into a leather apron, or even pierced through their flabby skin. A Butcher must be prepared to use these items in their gore-soaked rituals at a moment's notice. Of all true Ogres, only the Butchers do not wear a gut-plate – they trust their guts to the protection of the Great Maw.

Any infant that conforms to the recognised portents is immediately handed to the tribe's Butcher, who bites deep into the whelp's gut to claim it as his own. The Butcher then force-feeds the child in a continual glut until the protege has grown fat and strong. Further initiations into the secrets of the Great Maw include gulping down rotten meat and toxins to build up a tolerance to poison, learning the art of grinding bones to meal, and discovering which parts of a beast to devour to augment different magics.

Some Butchers show an inclination towards magics other than the Great Maw. Some take powers from the very animals they cull, while those who dream of an oncoming fiery comet have a penchant for reading the future and controlling the weather in destructive ways, whilst always looking to the heavens for some sky-borne disaster. Still other Butchers revel in the final act of their killing work, and their spells focus on death and dying. Regardless of their focus, Ogres believe that to cross a Butcher is to cross the Great Maw itself, a certain recipe for a painful doom. The largest, most fearsome and most powerful Butchers are given the additional title of Slaughtermaster, and there are few things that walk or crawl that such expert killers have not chopped up and prepared for a ritual feast.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

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

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

Immune to Poison: Poisoned Attacks cannot wound Butchers and Slaughtermasters automatically – they must always roll To Wound.

FIREBELLIES

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

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

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

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

The survival and subsequent initiation of a new Firebelly happens perhaps a few times every decade, and often coincides with a major outburst of flame from the Fire Mouth itself. This is seen as a sure signal that it is time to make war on the lands of the weak, with the size of the battles to come coinciding with the strength of the eruption. In war, the Firebellies are well equipped to aid the Ogres, for the disciples of the volcano inherit supernatural powers. Firebellies bear a measure of protection against the fiercest conflagrations, can breath out an inferno upon their foes and can even cast and control flaming spells.

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

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Firebelly	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

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

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Flaming Attacks, Ogre Charge.

Blessing of the Volcano God: A Firebelly receives a 4+ ward save against any Attacks that have the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Fire Breath: All Firebellies have a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

HUNTERS

Ogre Hunters are solitary wanderers, outsiders from their own tribe or perhaps even exiles. Those that survive become fiercely independent warriors and savvy stalkers of beasts. Bereft of a tribe's protection and beefy companionship, the lone Hunter must learn to track and kill, while simultaneously not becoming prey to any ferocious beasts – it is all too common for the Hunter to become the hunted!

To ward off the severe cold of high altitude, Hunters dress in layers of skins and pelts and can also be recognised for their tendency to carry an arsenal of weapons, trapping gear, and skinning knives. When one's days are spent stalking Ogre-eating carnivores, it is best to be prepared. Hunters are incredibly proficient with their specialised gear, able to kill beasts on the move even at range.

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

Although most no longer belong to a tribe, Hunters periodically drag an impressive kill back to an Ogre camp for a special feast day. Some Hunters return to the tribe of their origins, while others wander throughout the kingdoms. Hunters are popular visitors, for not only do they drag down some of the largest carcasses, but they liven up any feast with their rich funds of stories about life on the mountaintops. The profusion of horrible scars and displays of beast skulls and impressive tusks also go a long way towards earning the respect of a local tribe. Before long, a Hunter's solitary ways will take over and he will amble back up the slopes.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

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

EQUIPMENT:

Great Throwing Spear: Hunters are armed with massive throwing spears, which they can hurl at an opponent. A great throwing spear has the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special
12"	+1	Quick to Fire.

UPGRADE:

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

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

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

- Olag Skullcracker, Tyrant

SABRETUSK PACKS

Red in tooth and claw – an apt description for a Sabretusk, as this powerfully muscled hunting beast is a creature perfectly evolved for slaughter. A lone Sabretusk will bound into the midst of its prey, slashing and stabbing with its elongated tusks, seeking to sever arteries and disembowel its quarry. The snarling assault that follows is a fury of pounces, bites and ripping claws. Should an entire pack of Sabretusks attack at once, then even the largest beasts that haunt the Mountains of Mourn can be quickly brought down in a howling flurry, leaving a red mist hanging in the frosty air.

Sabretusks are opportunistic hunters that prowl the slopes and valleys of the Mountains of Mourn. They are silent stalkers, preferring to stealthily work towards unguarded flanks or rear positions before springing their attack. However, a hungry pack is more than bold enough for a straightforward clash, and Ogres admit that even their most numerous hunting parties are not safe from the predations of Sabretusks. Although soundless while stalking its victim, upon slaying its mark a Sabretusk will proclaim its kill to the pack with an enormous roar – a frightful sound that echoes off the peaks. Despite their savagery, Sabretusks are fickle like all felines, and are not above turning tail and bolting should their initial assault go against them.

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

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear.

Running With The Pack: If a Hunter character joins a unit of Sabretusks, then he has the Swiftstride special rule for as long as he remains with the unit. In addition, if a Hunter deploys as part of a Sabretusk pack, then both he and the pack have the Vanguard special rule.

Their Master's Voice: Sabretusk Packs can not be joined by character models other than Hunters. Neither Sabretusk Packs, nor any character that joins them, can use the General's Inspiring Presence or the Battle Standard Bearer's Hold Your Ground special rules.

HUNTERS OF LEGEND

Hunters are mysterious figures that occasionally turn up in camps hauling beasts of prodigious proportions. Naturally, they become figures of awe to many Ogres and tales of famous Hunters are popular.

The most famous Hunter is Jhared Longstrider, the Hunt-father. Jhared was cast out of his tribe as a whelp due to the pelt of red fur that covered him. Refusing to die in the wilds, Jhared was adopted and raised by a pack of Sabretusks, which accompanied him until the end of his days. Jhared's exploits included slaying the tribe that ousted him, stampeding an entire herd of Ice Mammoths off the Cliffs of Ruin and being the first to capture and ride a Mournfang beast. Many Hunters continue to tame their own Sabretusks, although unlike Jhared, most use heavy clubs to do so.

Crobat One-and-a-halfwit was an Ogre Hunter who slew many famous beasts, although he is perhaps best remembered for something else. After destroying a Goblin raiding party, Crobat kept the bolt thrower that wounded him as a souvenir. He learned to fire it from the hip and the first harpoon launcher was created.

OGRES

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

Ogres exhibit a practical, if self-centred, approach to their lives – so long as they are doing well, then all is fine. This isn't saying that Ogres are evil-minded beings or that they are good-hearted either, Ogres are just above (or perhaps beneath) morals altogether. Ogres are out for themselves, and their first and only inclination is to act in the way that will benefit them the most. If invaders attack a tribe from a neighbouring kingdom, other Ogre tribes might ally together to repel the attackers or they might pile on and join the invading side. A third option, chosen by the most veteran Tyrants, is that they might wait until both sides are weakened before smashing them both. Ogres are opportunists and the choice depends on what offers the most reward for an acceptable risk. Ogres are not duplicitous, not because they feel such guile is wrong, but because they lack the quick wits or mental agility to think of such tricks in the first place.

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

Ogre weapons reflect much about the character of their owners – big, solid, and often exceptionally blunt. Although rusty blades are popular, most Ogres prefer the club, which they wield to awesome effect with their great ham fists. Although cumbersome, a club delivers a reliably heavy blow and will only break or splinter after a great deal of use. For most Ogres a club is not only his first weapon, but also his most trusted one. An Ogre treats his club like an extra limb, and will only eat it in the most dire of circumstances.

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Fear, Ogre Charge.**

EATING ON THE MARCH

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

IRONGUTS

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

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

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

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

At the Battle of Magma River, the Rocksplitter tribe was ambushed by a huge Skaven horde. Hemmed in on all sides and outnumbered hundreds to one, the Ogre army was being slowly driven back towards the river of red-hot lava from which the battle took its name. Just when all seemed lost, a furious charge by the army's Ironguts broke a hole in the Skaven line. Swinging to left and right, the Ironguts enlarged the breach while splattering gore in sweeping arcs. Realising their centre was gone beneath the battering swipes of the Ironguts, the entire Skaven army lost heart, turned tail and bolted for it, securing both a great Ogre victory and the ensuing feast of magma-roasted ratmen.

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

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

- Typical Irongut boast.

LEADBELCHERS

Ogres have long been on the receiving end of artillery fire, and they have grown to respect and admire its tremendous killing power. Indeed such weapons are everything an Ogre admires – they are big, loud and have a tremendous ability to smash things. However, making any kind of cannon is beyond the ken of Ogres and for years they had to make due with the salvaged remnants from battlefields, ripped off their carriages and carried by the massive creatures like handguns. There are many Ogre legends about these early pioneers in the art of gunnery and the tales of the Loose Tooth tribe and the army of Nuln, or the Ironstompers and the attack on Karak Unfirth are often the first to be told.

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

It is easy enough to spot Ogres from a Leadbelcher unit, for their faces are scorched, they bear severe powder burns, regularly feature eye patches and often resort to protective metal plates hammered into their faces. This is the legacy of point-blank detonations and an imperfect, if not downright clumsy, understanding of black powder. Regardless, these hardy and noticeably deaf Ogres feel it is well worth sacrificing eyebrows, an eye or even a few fingers for the chance to level such devastating weapons at a foe. In fact, Leadbelchers without some scorching or disfigurement are looked down upon as novices by the rest of the unit until they manage to blast off a few chunks of themselves.

To fire their weighty guns, Leadbelchers fill the barrel with shovel-like handfuls of crude black powder, metal shot, rusty nails, an assortment of wickedly bladed weaponry and occasionally an actual cannonball or similar sized boulder. The Leadbelchers go to battle with smouldering tapers pushed through the flesh of their scalps or held between their teeth. When a prospective target comes into range, they touch torch to the spark-holes and loose thunderous blasts of hot metal and pure concussive force. If all goes well, these shots will blast apart the target or shred it with a salvo of chopping blades. Entire ranks have been blown to smithereens before the hellish firepower of the Leadbelchers, but if it goes poorly, a volley will merely inconvenience the foe with hot wind, smoke and a pinging sound as small metal fragments fly out of the thick coils of smoke that momentarily hide the Ogres.

After discharging their guns, Ogres will immediately move to reload, scooping yet more scrap iron into the maws of their firearms. However, should the enemy close too quickly, Leadbelchers are not at all averse to hefting up the iron barrels and using them as massive clubs to smite their enemies. It was this muscle-bound technique that the Leadbelchers of the Bigclub tribe, a unit notorious for their poor aim, used to beat to death the giant mutated war beast that the ratmen of Crookback Mountain unleashed upon them. Although the Leadbelchers maintained that most of the damage was done at range, everyone present was more impressed by their prodigious close-quarter prowess.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Fear, Ogre Charge.**

EQUIPMENT:

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

Range	Strength	Special
24"	4	Armour Piercing, Multiple Shots (D6), Slow to Fire

In addition, when rolling To Hit with a Leadbelcher gun, ignore the To Hit modifiers for Moving and Shooting, and for Multiple Shots.

MANEATERS

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

Maneaters inherit the cultures of the lands they visit rather than spread their own. These mercenaries learn the fighting skills and adopt the style of dress appropriate to the lands in which they fight. For example, a Maneater in the Empire might wear breeches and an ostentatious feather with a brace of huge pistols across his chest. A Maneater campaigning in the jungles of the Southlands might go into battle as the Savage Orcs do, that is, wearing an undersized loincloth, a gut-plate and nothing else but smeary warpaint, although more civilised folk might not want to visual that...

Maneaters tend to operate in small groups, some of which have fought together for years. Despite their outlandish appearance, these tight-knit bands excel at breaking heads.

At the Battle of Koffler's Gap, a small unit of Maneaters held out against invading barbarians for an entire week, allowing the Empire to muster an army and counterattack. When the Empire forces finally battled their way through to the Ogres, they found them surrounded by huge piles of dead, with the body of the northern chieftain merrily roasting over their cooking fire. All they would say about the siege was that the Marauders were 'good eating,' and wanted to know where they could find some more.

It's rare for any two Maneaters to fight or be equipped in exactly the same manner, and opponents find themselves fighting against a dizzying array of different weapons and combat techniques. The only real factors uniting the individualistic Maneaters are their monumentally inflated sense of self-worth and their capacity to smash aside lesser creatures without breaking a sweat. When they return to the Ogre Kingdoms, Maneaters take any opportunity to bore their tribe-mates with long fanciful war stories, some of which are even true. Although such tales are tiresome, an Ogre Tyrant is always happy if he can call on the services of one or two units of Maneaters to aid his tribe. They will be used to lead important attacks, or hold a vital part of the battle line. Maneaters are famously stubborn opponents and usually prefer to fight to their last breath rather than flee. After all, they have learned the hard way that if they run off in the course of a battle, they won't get paid!

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

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

- **Immune to Psychology**
- **Poisoned Attacks**
- **Scouts**
- **Sniper**
- **Strider**
- **Stubborn**
- **Swiftstride**
- **Vanguard**

Motley Crew: The models in a unit of Maneaters are often armed with a variety of different weapons.

When removing casualties, you must choose a model to remove from the rear rank (or either end of a single line) as usual, no matter what the model is armed with – you can not apply individual Wounds to different models, or randomise Attacks, etc.

MOURNFANG CAVALRY

High up the slopes of the Mountains of Mourn lives a cave-dwelling beast that has always attracted the attention of the Ogres – the Mournfang. Aggressive predators that stalk the icy slopes, Mournfang packs are led by the largest of their kind and, working together, they can hunt and kill anything that lives in that harsh domain. Mournfangs have a notorious tenacity that makes even the most powerful of creatures think twice about confronting them. Ogres' tales tell of defiant Mournfangs blocking cave entrances or refusing to give ground and every tribe has a story about a beast continuing to fight long after drawing its last breath.

It is this bold resilience that attracts Ogres to Mournfangs – for it is hard not to respect an animal that will continue to bite and slash even when its brain has ceased to function. Ogres have tried to capture and break the beasts for mounts since they first encountered the Mournfang – although for centuries every attempt ended in death or crippling injuries for the Ogres. Over the years it has become a sort of rite of Ogrehood, as young aspirants head up the mountains in their attempts to capture one of the savage beasts.

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

For the successful aspirants, there follows a period in which the would-be Mournfang rider must remain 'strong in the saddle' at all times, steering the beast with his club. The Mournfang, its walnut-sized brain addled by the repeated blows, finally becomes fully accustomed to bearing a rider. Once a Mournfang has been broken in this manner, it is nearly possible to domesticate it and the great beast will live and travel with the Ogre tribe. Mournfangs in such captivity do not breed, however, so Ogres must still climb the mountains to seek out Mournfang packs in the midst of their own leadership challenges.

There is a fortune to be made as a mercenary for a young Ogre with his own Mournfang, and every spring a few stout lads from the upper slopes will join together and sell their services as the heaviest shock cavalry in the known world. Powered by thick haunches of purest muscle, Mournfangs surge towards the foe at a speed faster than their muscle-bulked frames would suggest, not slowed in the least by the large Ogre or saddle atop its hairy back. Protected by thick skin and coarse shaggy hair, enemy arrows bounce off the oncoming beast or ping off the Ogre's armour as harmless as hailstones. When they do smash into an enemy, the powerful Mournfangs chomp, slash and stamp the foe whilst the Ogres lay about them, swinging ponderous clubs to bludgeon the foe. The results are devastating, with the fallen not just slain, but utterly pulverised, pounded into the bloody ground by a profusion of heavy blows. Although whole units of Mournfang Cavalry can usually secure the victory of any battle they are engaged in, these brutes and their gigantic steeds do not come cheap, and the Tyrants or paymasters of the victorious side often note a profound feeling of loss when the spoils of war are shared out.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

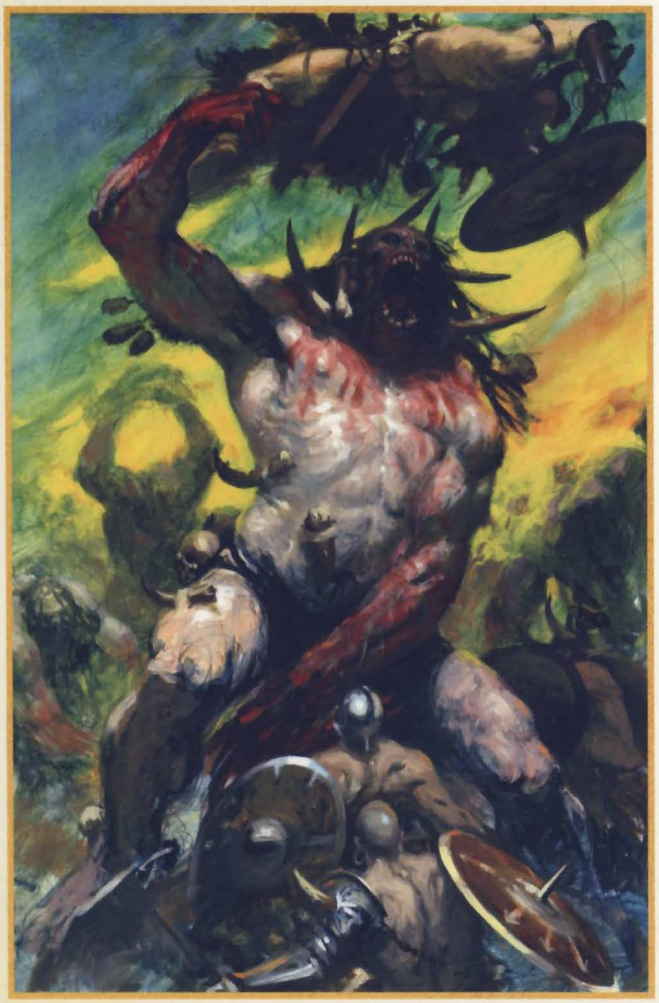
SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Impact Hits (D3).

Thick-skinned: A rider atop a Mournfang receives an armour save bonus of +2, rather than the usual +1 for cavalry mounts.

GORGERS

When a scrawny Ogre is born, the tribe does not suffer the weakling to live. Those born with gangly limbs or without an Ogre's signature paunch are given over to a Butcher who takes them to the deepest cave near the campsite. This cave mouth is invariably sealed with a boulder of tremendous size, but when this hefty blocking device is rolled aside, the mewling newborn is then tossed into the gaping pit and the boulder heaved back into place once again. In Ogre society weakness is a death warrant and by offering a sacrifice to the Great Maw, the tribe shows that it is strong. Ever since the Ogres migrated from the plains, stunted births have become common, and many offerings are cast into the darkness.

The caves of the Mountains of Mourn are home to many monstrosities and it would take extreme good luck for a full-grown Ogre to survive for a week. Yet somehow, despite the dangers and the great odds against it, some of the under-sized Ogre whelplings live, such is their hopeless vitality to cling to life. The few forsaken that survive their first few days begin to scrape out an existence in the darkness, scrabbling for sustenance and feeding on the base things that crawl in the dampness – rats, fang-leeches, crustworms and any scraps of carcass thrown into the interconnecting tunnels by other Ogres. Using stealth and savagery born of rock bottom desperation, a small handful of the aberrant infants eke out an unwholesome and troglodytic existence.



The tunnels below the Mountains of Mourn hold more secrets than just unwanted Ogre cast-offs. Unbeknownst to any, save a few clans of ratmen, the under tunnels are laced with warpstone – the strange black or green-glowing rock that contaminates all it touches. Those Ogre spawn that live long enough learn to survive by snaking their emaciated frames into narrow crevices to avoid predators, which, naturally, include other Gorgers who think nothing about acts of cannibalism. The beasts are so hungry that they will gobble up anything they can scrounge, even the most tainted of things. This unnatural diet speeds their own mutations until the sinewy, filth-encrusted creatures twist and grow into something horrible – what Ogres know as a Gorger.

Even more ravenous than an Ogre, Gorgers are degenerate eating machines consisting of nothing but taut muscle, claws and ferocity. To aid a Gorger in its all-consuming quest to feed, he can distend his jaws in the same way as many serpents do in order to swallow larger prey. If that weren't enough, their mouths are crammed full of teeth that grow rapidly to push through their slimy gums, replacing themselves daily, or sometimes even more quickly.

Accustomed to the pitch black of underground, Gorgers use their flared nostrils to sniff out prey, which they will stalk relentlessly. Sometimes Gorgers unwittingly happen upon an entrance to other caves – perhaps Skaven tunnels or the workings of a Dwarf mine. The Gorger will drag itself through the smallest of openings in order to run amok in such a food rich environment. They will assail all they can find and the wet snapping sounds of broken remnants being devoured will echo down the hallways. Some Gorgers occasionally escape the underground labyrinths, scampering out when their pits are unblocked or finding new exits that lead outwards. There, in the dark, they will stalk the valleys of the Mountains of Mourn, sniffing out and devouring the unwary, returning to their caves before daybreak.

When Ogres go to war, Tyrants unblock the tunnels and lure out Gorgers with carcasses. Gorgers are either captured and dragged to battle in cages, or led in the right direction by a trail of blood-soaked flesh. Ogres often blindfold captured Gorgers before unleashing them, as the creatures's beady eyes are so unaccustomed to light they howl when exposed to the sun. Gorgers are so used to hunting in the dark that this blindness does not hamper their fighting abilities, as they scent the blood of the foe on the wind. With a profusion of razor-sharp teeth and scything claws, a Gorger attacks with a savage ferocity that frequently lops off heads and limbs, splattering gore and viscera in wide arcs.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Fear, Frenzy, Killing Blow, Unbreakable.

YHETEES

The Yhetee packs inhabit the highest slopes of many mountain ranges, but are particularly common amongst the Mountains of Mourn and, the place of their birth – the towering peaks of the Ancient Giant Holds. There, high on the roof of the world, the Yhetees survive by preying on the beast herds of the highlands. The pale pelts of the Yhetees make them hard to spot in the snowy landscape, and only when their shaggy hair is overly matted and blood-speckled are they easy to pick out. There is a strange and almost supernatural connection between the Yhetees and the high altitude mountains themselves. Indeed, the Yhetees exude an aura of cold so powerful that those attacked by them will find their limbs stiffened and joints frozen, making them easy prey for these fierce and feral predators. A large scale attack by a whole pack of Yhetees is inevitably heralded by an avalanche, which the creatures trigger deliberately in order to trap their prey before loping down the side of the mountain to claw out and devour their half-frozen victims.

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

It's not uncommon for an Ogre tribe to include some Yhetees amongst its ranks. How or why the Yhetees are convinced to fight alongside the Ogres is a subject of much speculation. Some scholars suspect that Yhetees are a remote offshoot of the Ogre species dating back to the Big Migration. Others theorise that the Yhetees owe the Ogres a great debt from somewhere in their distant past, even before they evolved into creatures of ice and snow, and hence their habitual reply to the Ogres' summons to war is one of ancestral honour rather than any kind of learned response.

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Flammable, Swiftstride.

Aura of Frost: Yhetees have evolved a specific affinity with the subzero temperatures of their mountainside homes. The magical aura of cold that they exhale not only freezes the blood and marrow of their victims, but also wreathes the crude weapons wielded by the Yhetees with enchanted ice.

While any enemy models are in base contact with one or more Yhetees, they suffer a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill. In addition, all of the Yhetees' close combat attacks are magical.

GIANTS

Giants are enormous, lumbering brutes that stride the world seeking battle, food and strong liquors. They are humanoid in appearance, although their features are coarse and misshapen. They are dull-witted even when compared to an average Ogre, which is really saying something. An Ogre Tyrant, if he can restrain himself from attacking the Giant to prove his own superiority, will often try to recruit the solitary wanderers into his tribe. Sharing food or intoxicating drink with the enormous lummox often does the trick, as do promises of an easy life full of eating and drinking. All that is required of the Giant is that he helps the tribe in battle. More brazen Tyrants might actually intimidate a Giant into joining the tribe, either by displaying his own fierce fighting prowess to physically best the brute, or by scaring the behemoth with exaggerated tales of his tribe's past experience eating Sky-titans.

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Stubborn, Terror.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting monsters, monstrous beasts, monstrous infantry, monstrous cavalry, chariots, war machines, anything with the Large Target special rule, and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Thump with Club
5-6	'Eadbutt

Man-sized or Smaller Things Chart

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

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Jump Up and Down
3	Pick Up and...
4-6	Swing with Club

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

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down his club on a single model from the target unit, that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D6 Wounds with no armour save allowed. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst he recovers his weapon.

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

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

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

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

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit.

GNOBLARS

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

Gnoblar fighters arm themselves with an assortment of broken bottles, swords, spear tips, false legs, fangweasel teeth, pointy sticks and rusted daggers – basically anything they can get their grasping hands upon. Most of the time the Gnoblars will loiter behind the Ogres, making threatening yelps while lurking back in safety. They can unleash a hail of sharp stuff, ranging from bristlehogs or sharpened horseshoes to jagged rocks. While short-ranged, such pointy rubbish can occasionally cause some real damage. In extreme circumstances (ie, actual conflict) Gnoblar fighters will frenziedly jab their enemies in the nether regions with their 'weapons' until either they or the enemy stops moving. Every now and then, their sheer numbers enable them to pull foes down in a tide of snapping bites, stabby blades and pure malice. When things do not go quite so well, and they start to die in their droves, well, they're only Gnoblars...

Some Gnoblars are known as Trappers. These outgoing and vindictive Gnoblars are the largest of their kind, and delight in catching and torturing the small mammals that populate the foothills of the Ogre Kingdoms. Hunting is too sporting for these Gnoblars, who much prefer to trap their prey. To this end, they have perfected the art of laying out jagged man-snappers, pits lined with stakes, wickedly barbed nooses and other cruel devices that will incapacitate the unwary. Once they have snagged something, they like to 'play' with it (usually jabbing it with sharp sticks), before devouring it or bribing their masters with it as a light snack. They will attempt to capture and kill anything up to the size (and violent temperament) of a mountain goat. Gnoblar Trappers decorate themselves in pelts, and smell like they roll about in animal carcasses. Which they do when no one is looking and then later, vehemently deny. Nobody knows or cares why.

No matter how many Gnoblars meet the endless variety of violent deaths promised by the hostile lands of the Ogres, there always seem to be more to take their place, which means when Ogres go to war, so do Gnoblars. It's rare for an Ogre Tyrant to trust Gnoblars to do anything important, especially in battle. Nonetheless, Gnoblars have their uses; a common tactic is to send them ahead of the army, so they can attack with missile fire, and perhaps even in close combat before they inevitably run away. Some Tyrants even use them in hopes of exhausting an enemy's arrows, though this fact is never mentioned to them as part of their duties.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES:

Beneath Contempt: The usual response to a fleeing Gnoblar is a hearty belly-laugh (or a high-pitched giggle – Gnoblars actually get a real kick out of watching their mates run away). Units of Gnoblars do not cause Panic tests when they are destroyed, break or flee through a friendly unit. However, Ogres wouldn't be seen dead leading them, and so Ogre characters may not join units of Gnoblars.

UPGRADE:

Gnoblar Trappers: Some units of Gnoblars include Gnoblar Trappers, mean-spirited greenskin survivalists who specialise in fighting dirty. Every model in an enemy unit that successfully charges the Gnoblars front must take a Dangerous Terrain test as soon as the charge is completed, to represent the various traps set in front of the unit.

GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHERS

The Gnoblar Scraplauncher is an impressive war machine. It is a large and unconventionally built catapult pulled along by an enormous woolly beast. Its design is haphazard – the ramshackle construction seemingly built 'on the go' with a random collection of cast off materials. With each stride of its shaggy beast of burden, the jury-rigged device teeters precariously while a frenetic crew of Gnoblars swarm about – running alongside, clambering on its ropes and pulleys like sailors amongst the rigging, or just hanging on for dear life.

For all its slovenly appearance, the Gnoblar Scraplauncher is a devastating engine of destruction. Too slight (or lazy) to lift rocks, the Gnoblars pack the launcher cup with bundles of weapons that have been accrued during battle. As the so-called 'thinling weapons' are too tiny for Ogres and too large for Gnoblars, they are used as ammunition. These loose-knit bundles of nastiness are hurled towards an enemy like a deadly rain. While the deluge of sharp instruments may sometimes only pincushion the ground or clang loudly against a foe, so many lethally sharp bits fly through the air that odds are at least a few will strike tender flesh. After a battle it is a simple matter to gather the weapons back during the pre-feast corpse-harvest. Many of the blades have seen more battles than the Gnoblars who fire them.

The beast that tows the scraplauncher is usually a young Rhinox – adult Rhinoxen are simply too big stubborn to haul anything, but the younger ones are not yet so strong-willed. Other creatures have been tried, from the Mournfang to the Thundertusk and even a Stonehorn, but the results were unfavourable at best, with lots of smashed timber and squished out Gnoblar-shaped blotches left behind. A Rhinox, even a young one, is a massive creature that hardly strains to pull whatever the Gnoblars build – including great sledges topped with loading platforms, winches, and even vast support beams braced on the beast itself. Unlike most other war machines, the scraplauncher moves at a steady clip and is just as deadly smashing into enemy units as it is at shooting, the Rhinox being only too willing to put down its head and charge.

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

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Fear, Large Target.**

EQUIPMENT:

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

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

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

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

D6	Result
1	**Kerrr-unch!** The scraplauncher comes apart in a shower of metal, wood and broken Gnoblar limbs. The scraplauncher is destroyed.
2	**Groink?!?** The scraplauncher malfunctions dramatically, sending a hatchet at high speed right into the Rhinox's most tender regions. The scraplauncher may not shoot this turn, and from now on it has the Random Movement (2D6) special rule, and will move in a random direction.
3-4	**Splang!** The scraplauncher sprays debris in all directions, but mainly straight up (which soon comes straight back down again)! The model suffers one Wound with no armour saves allowed, and may not shoot this turn or in the controlling player's next turn.
5-6	**It's Mine!** The Scrappers squabble over a shiny thing found nearby and may not fire this turn.

IRONBLASTERS

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

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

Searching through the rubble, Bhograt unearthed a massive bronze cylinder covered in elaborate friezes that depicted the war in the heavens, like unto a Leadbelcher gun or one of the thinling's cannons, but far larger. This was one of the castle-mounted guns the Sky-titans used towards the end of their war against the Ogres all those years ago, and Bhograt believed it was high time such weapons were put back into use. Taming a nearby Rhinox with repeated blows of his club, Bhograt strapped the immense cannon to his new pet and sent it down the mountainside, sat astride the enormous bronze cylinder, content to let gravity do most of the work. Rather more quickly than he anticipated, Bhograt returned to his tribe covered in glory (and bruises) – the bronze cannon intact.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Fear, Large Target.**

EQUIPMENT:

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

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

Range	Strength	Special
36"	10	Multiple Wounds (D6).

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

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

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

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

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

THE RHINOX – OGRE BEAST OF BURDEN

The Rhinox is a hard-headed and hyper-aggressive beast of the snow-ridden Mountains of Mourn. They are notoriously short-sighted and rely on their sense of smell to catch wind of predators. They are likely to lower their heads and charge anything they catch a whiff of that doesn't smell like a Rhinox (which are distinctively foul smelling). As the weather atop that icy realm is as likely to be blizzard-like as anything else, such short-sightedness isn't too much of a drawback. Also, their double-horned and stone-hard heads can cause considerable damage. Even a Frost Dragon would move hastily to get out of the way of a stampeding herd of the great shaggy beasts.

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

STONEHORNS

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

A Stonehorn in a destructive rage is the kind of sight that causes Ogres to gape in slack-jawed wonderment – for it is a display of raw, unthinking strength. It is common in Ogre camps to hear awed tales of Stonehorns shattering cliffsides or battering down mountain peaks and these are not exaggerations, but everyday occurrences. Stonehorns live by 'mining' rock, breaking off suitable chunks by smashing their impressively horned heads into the largest rock facings they can find. Deposits of precious stone and seams of rare metal are favoured, but the creature will also use its iron-hard molars to crunch up mundane rubble or any mammals caught out of their dens. Yet as impressive as such feats are, they pale before the sight of a Stonehorn in combat.

Intolerant to an extreme, a Stonehorn's first inclination is to charge any creature that comes within view. This is no mere bluff or half-hearted measure to scare off any who draw near, but instead a full-tilt attempt to use its horns and bulk to pulverise anything in its way. Few can bear the brunt of such a collision; the Stonehorn can smash mountains asunder, so what hope does a creature of flesh and blood have to stand before such a beast? A Stonehorn's ferocity is not bound only in its charge. After impact, the great beast will rear up on its thick haunches to deliver crushing blows with its forelimbs – hammer blows that can crack a glacier or smash stone to powder. With growling fury, a Stonehorn will swing its horns in sweeping arcs, seeking to slice foes with the surprisingly sharp ridges that form on its stone prongs.

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

In their constant quest to headbutt things, Stonehorns often scrape skin, tendon and meat from their faces, leaving bare patches or glimpses of a skull-like stone mask. Over their long lives, Stonehorns become more like the mountains upon which they graze, in a slow process of petrifaction. That's not the only effect of the Stonehorn's unnatural diet, for their bodies are dotted with mineral deposits the way freckles appear on humans, and the skull of an elder beast can house enough gems to make a merchant prince weep. Getting hold of those riches is difficult – only a fool comes within sniffing distance of a live Stonehorn, and those that die of natural causes are secretive, plodding off to hidden vales before fully transforming to stone. Those that stumble across such hidden grounds are struck by the eeriness of the silent statues.

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Large Target, Terror.

Beast Rider: Unless taken as a mount for a Hunter, a Stonehorn and its Ogre Beast Rider have their own characteristics, but are treated as a single model. If the Stonehorn is removed as a casualty, then the Ogre Beast Rider is removed along with it. When moving, the model always uses the Movement characteristic of the Stonehorn. The Stonehorn and Ogre Beast Rider use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent that the model is in base contact with. Ogre Beast Riders use their own Ballistic Skill when making shooting attacks. All hits upon the model are resolved using the Stonehorn's Toughness and Wounds. In close combat, enemy models attacking the model compare their Weapon Skill to the Stonehorn's Weapon Skill when rolling To Hit. However, we assume the Ogre Beast Rider to be in complete control of the monster, so the Stonehorn's Leadership is never used.

A Stonehorn model is treated as a monster in all other respects, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

THE GRANITETOOTH GRAVEYARD

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

It is perhaps unsurprising that so many expeditions have ended in disaster, for in the blizzard like conditions that perpetually engulf the Granitetooth Graveyard, it is extremely difficult to tell the difference between a dead Stonehorn whose form long ago turned into stone and precious gems, and a dying beast whose body is still undergoing the final stages of petrifaction. These ancient Stonehorns stand virtually motionless amidst the forest of their deceased kin, their frost covered forms indistinguishable from great statues. However, when mining-tools and pick-axes bite into their rocky skin and chip away gemstones, fossilized eyelids suddenly crack open, a sound that is almost imperceptible in the howling winds, and the only warning that the treasure-seekers have just made the biggest mistake of their lives.

Earth-shattering Charge: If a Stonehorn makes a successful charge, it inflicts 3D3 Impact Hits instead of making its normal close combat attacks. In addition, if when calculating the charge range, the two highest dice score a total or 10 or more, then 1 is added to each dice roll, for a total of 3D3+3 Impact Hits. This doesn't prevent the Stonehorn from using its Thunderstomp later in the same turn. Also note that any crew attack normally.

Hunting Beast: A Stonehorn may be included in an army as a ridden monster for a Hunter, in which case the Hunter replaces the normal rider, and any shooting attacks against the model will hit the Stonehorn on a D6 roll of 1-4, and the Hunter on a roll of 5+.

Natural Armour (4+): The Stonehorn is protected by its thick hide and a sturdy stone skeleton. These grant it an armour save of 4+.

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

THUNDERTUSKS

Thundertusks are creatures of ice and doom, ancient monsters that strode the darkest ages long ago, when the world was frozen over. Retreating from the sudden warming of the sun, the forefathers of these mammoth beasts headed to the northern plains where they became saturated in the magic that was unleashed in those strange lands. Imbued by those unnatural winds, the Thundertusks became living embodiments of cruel and ever-enduring winter, primordial things from a long-forgotten past. Their hulking mass exudes an aura, a subzero blast of arctic air so cold it congeals blood and freezes their prey. Thundertusks advance as relentlessly as a winter storm, using their numbing airs to slow their victims down, allowing the beasts to bring their cumbersome but crushing mass to bear.

Thundertusks are solitary wanderers that travel across the cold places of the world, far to the north or high amidst the frozen peaks of the mountains. Needing a great deal of sustenance to sustain their bulk and icy nimbus, they are constantly roaming in search of fresh meat. But the Thundertusk is not just deadly up close, where it can stomp its frozen foes flat. A Thundertusk's horns attract the elemental power of magic like a lightning conductor. The beast's icy breath mixes with this sorcerous flux, coalescing into swirling spheres of eldritch energy and jagged shards of ice. With a sound akin to the peal of a thunderclap, the Thundertusk can hurl these frozen orbs across the battlefield. Upon impact, the glowing sphere of frost shatters, sending lightning-wreathed icicles spinning through the air. The shards scythe into any exposed flesh, cutting bloody holes into anything within a wide radius.

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

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

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

When they meet on the mountainous slopes, Ogres and Thundertusks eye each other warily – for a strong meat-gathering party or a highly skilled Hunter are some of the few predators that can actually bring down such a beast. A slain Thundertusk is a great boon to a hungry Ogre tribe, but slaying one is no easy business – Thundertusks are known to crush, gouge and freeze their way through most attacks. Just occasionally, though, a tribe will manage to bring low an injured Thundertusk and, by the use of iron chains the thickness of an Ogre's forearm, stout clubs and copious quantities of red meat, they can train the beast.

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

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

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Terror.

Beast Rider: The Thundertusk is ridden by two Ogre Beast Riders, and follows the Beast Rider special rule on page 53.

Natural Armour (5+): The Thundertusk is protected by its thick, furry hide, granting it an armour save of 5+.

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

Smooth Ride: The Thundertusk's riders ignore the To Hit modifier for Moving and Shooting.

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

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

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

THE SILVER ROAD IS BREACHED

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

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

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

Then they felt it –a deep rumbling shake. They were Dwarfs, used to the mountains and stones beneath their feet and so they knew, as the Rangers had said – this was no earthquake or avalanche, but was instead something large coming up the Silver Road. The heavy plodding of gigantic feet was coming closer. The watchpost was ready – the stone ports were opened and the cannons run out. Dwarfs peered into the falling snow for a sign of something. Then, like a catapult shot of pure ice, great wintery blasts began to batter into the stone faced tower. At first the Dwarfs laughed, for boulders could not budge their impenetrable stronghold, much less giant snowballs – but that grim laughter died in their beards, or froze rather. A deep chill, a glacial freezing, followed the exploding shards and the Dwarfs, who prided themselves on their tough ruggedness, shivered. The stones themselves groaned and cracked – the rock itself was freezing cold.

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

GREASUS GOLDTOOTH
OVERTYRANT OF THE OGRE KINGDOMS

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

Greasus was scheming a way to claim the title of Overtyrant. To rule the Ogre Kingdoms, he knew his deeds must be legendary – and so Greasus set out to conquer the nearby tribes single-handedly. The first to fall met their fate during a Midwinter Feast. Scaling the mountain above their valley, Greasus heaved boulder after boulder, roaring oaths at the top of his voice until an avalanche of wet snow and rock buried the tribe alive. The second dissenting tribe, that of Gut Badmouth, was paid a visit during the spring Hoof and Horn feast. There Greasus challenged Gut to single combat. Badmouth, older and significantly larger, eagerly clambered into the maw-pit, awaiting his challenger. Greasus launched himself gut-first onto the defendant's head, breaking his neck. Some felt that Greasus had defied pit-fighting traditions, whilst others felt the rules might have been bent, but cleverly. Unperturbed by the debate, Greasus consumed Gut Badmouth and, without wiping his chin(s), he beckoned the next challenger. After beating and consuming three Bruisers in a row, all swore allegiance to Greasus. As word spread of these prodigious deeds and more like them, many Tyrants decided to join the ruthless leader of the Goldtooth tribe. Once again the Ogre Kingdoms had an Overtyrant.

These days, grown older, larger, louder and richer than ever, the Overtyrant's coffers fill faster than his Gnoblars can count. Greasus claims he is now too rich to walk, and so instead he chooses to recline on a living throne of Gnoblar bearers who haul his esteemed bulk about, many expiring from the effort. Yet Greasus' rampant success has not diminished his greed or his all-consuming desire to conquer everything he sees.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear.

Everyone Has Their Price: A master of bribery, the Overtyrant is wont to use his wealth to inspire greed and confusion in the foe. At the start of each enemy turn (before any Stupidity tests are taken) you can nominate D3 enemy units that are within 18" of Greasus to have the Stupidity special rule for the remainder of the turn.

Hoardmaster: Unless Greasus is fleeing, all friendly units within 18" of Greasus (including the Overtyrant himself), add +1 to their combat result scores, and automatically pass Rally tests.

MAGIC ITEMS

Overtyrant's Crown

This enchanted, basin-sized crown was forged by artisans of the Empire for a king's ransom in gold, and is said to increase the Overtyrant's intellect to near-human levels.

Talisman. The Overtyrant's Crown gives Greasus a 4+ ward save. In addition, Greasus and any unit he joins have the Immune to Psychology special rule.

Sceptre of the Titans

This massive sceptre is ensorcelled with spells of might, imbuing Greasus with the strength of a Sky-titan, as befits his status as the most powerful Ogre alive.

Magic Weapon. All close combat attacks made with this weapon, apart from Impact Hits and Stomps, have a Strength of 10 and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

GOLGFAG MANEATER

More tales are told about Golgfag than any other Ogre alive, and Golgfag himself spins a great many of them. Though he exaggerates with wild abandon, Golgfag is still the most successful of all Ogre mercenary captains. He has won countless battles, looted upon the sacred island of Ulthuan, set eyes upon ruinous Skavenblight and survived, guzzled more kegs of Bugman's XXXXXX than most Dwarfs have even seen, and been personally decorated by Emperor Karl Franz. Golgfag has travelled the world and his cronies, known unimaginatively as Golgfag's Maneaters, have gained wide notoriety as being battle-toughened killers.

Golgfag had travelled far before he made his name in the Worlds Edge Mountains. At that time, he was employed by Gnashrak, an Orc Warboss who was fighting the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin. However, the Warboss grew enraged when the Ogres supplemented their diet with Goblins and drank all of the looted ale. Inevitably, a fight broke out. The greenskins were too many, although Golgfag managed to rip off Gnashrak's arm and bash his way out of the encampment with a few of his lads. Golgfag promptly offered the services of his reduced regiment to the Dwarf King, the mighty Ungrim Ironfist, offering Gnashrak's arm as proof of his sincerity. The Dwarf could not refuse such an offer. At the Battle of Broken Leg Gully, Golgfag helped defeat the greenskins and ensured Gnashrak was delivered in chains to the Dwarf King. Although handsomely paid, Golgfag still found time to loot the Dwarf King's treasury. Heading into the Empire, Golgfag discovered his favourite food (Halflings), before moving on to Tilea, a stint on the high seas, and then Bretonnia, where he first sampled 'tinned food', which became Ogre slang for knights. While in the employ of greenskins once again, he was ambushed and captured by a force of Dwarfs from Karak Kadrin. The Dwarfs had not forgotten Golgfag's plundering and, as punishment, they threw the Ogres and greenskins alike into a cramped dungeon. They expected Golgfag to die in this crowded space but, when they returned, they found him picking the flesh from the last Goblin, having eaten every other greenskin in the cell. The only other being alive was Skaff, Golgfag's oldest comrade, and even he had lost a leg to his captain's hunger. Ungrim Ironfist was so impressed he ordered Golgfag to be taken far away and released.

Over the course of his adventures, Golgfag has won and lost more fortunes than there are Gnoblars in the hills. His wanderlust prevents him from becoming a great leader, but earns him plenty of loot and renown. His title of 'Maneater' was coined when he ate his human paymaster whole and set off with his pay-chests – although the moniker is misleading, for he is not picky at all about whom or what he eats. Yet such is his fame, that 'Maneater' is now a general term for any Ogre who travels the lands as a sellsword. At last sighting, Golgfag had returned to the Ogre Kingdoms to recruit more Ogres into his famed regiment. Where he'll head next is anybody's guess...

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

Easy Come, Easy Go: Over the years, Golgfag has owned and lost countless magic items. At the start of a battle, before deployment, roll 2D6 and multiply the score by 10. You may equip Golgfag with magic items with a total points value that is equal to or less than the result. The normal restrictions on choosing magic items apply (so you can't take the same item twice in an army, or equip Golgfag with two items of the same type, etc.). Remember, if Golgfag chooses a Magic Weapon, he cannot benefit from an additional hand weapon. The items chosen do not count against Golgfag's points value or the total points value of the army.

Golgfag's Maneaters: Golgfag often goes to battle at the head of his veteran Maneaters unit. Golgfag's Maneaters always have the Stubborn and Vanguard special rules from the 'Been There, Done That' rule (see page 42). In addition, when included in an alliance they are treated as trusted allies by all units on their side, and count all units on their side as trusted allies in return. If an army includes Golgfag's Maneaters, then Golgfag must set up with the unit, and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

BRAGG THE GUTSMAN

Ogres are a battle-hardened and fearless race, but there walks one amongst their number who is held in dread. Even veterans of a thousand battles feel corpulent shivers at the very name of this killer amongst killers, this shadowy figure that deals out the most gruesome kind of death imaginable. He is the champion executioner of Ogrekind, a slayer of kings and heroes. To see him on the field of battle is to see death itself at work. He is Bragg the Gutsman and none he has marked for slaughter have ever survived.

When presented with his first blade to swing about with wild abandon, as is every young whelp, Bragg showed great affinity for lopping off the heads of any nearby. It wasn't that Bragg fought with grace or finesse (such attributes elude all Ogres), but rather that he had a natural gift for landing blows causing maximum damage.

It was when Bragg created the death-dealing weapon known as the Great Gutgouger that he earned true notoriety. The weapon was cobbled together after Bragg broke his scimitar at the Battle of the Fire Mouth. He fashioned the polearm from the broken blades of a slain Black Orc Warlord, and the magically glowing steel was beaten and reformed using the magma of the Fire Mouth itself. Thus was born a legend.

Wielding the hook-blade with prowess, Bragg could slice off a foe's head with a flick of his powerful wrists. Time and again Bragg slew foes, beheading Orc Chieftains, Skaven Warlords and heavily armoured Champions of Chaos. It was not until Bragg turned his weapon against his own kind that his comrades learned to know fear. During inter-tribal wars Bragg discovered the bladed hook could cut above a victim's gutplate and slide down to scoop out his foe's guts, sending them splashing wetly to the ground. Ogres are used to heinous wounds, but disembowelments cause them to cringe. There can be no recovery from a gutblow and with their extraordinary size, it takes a long, painful time for the innards to fully uncoil outwards. Bragg had become a much-feared executioner, or Gutsman, as Ogres called him.

Since then Bragg has travelled from tribe to tribe seeking battle. He is always welcomed, for he is a powerful Bruiser and helpful in a scrap. Champions of every race have fallen before Bragg, dismembered by his strange weapon. To see the mightiest of their foes chopped down always raises cheers amongst the Ogres, yet sooner or later Bragg finds himself called out or forced to settle with some internal challenger. After spilling his victim's guts in a brief duel, Bragg finds himself no longer welcome. Even when killing a Tyrant, Bragg finds no tribe will follow him. So, shouldering the Great Gutgouger, he moves on, forever seeking the next tribe where he might find work for his thirsty weapon. Bragg feels the need to kill calling him as surely as he feels the voracious stirring of the Great Maw in his own belly.

It is a lonely life – for where Bragg walks, he walks alone, save perhaps the pitter-pattering of a few tagalong Gnoblars. To increase his fell reputation, Bragg has taken to wearing a dark leather hood over his head in the manner of a human hangman, feeling that, since he has such a dreaded aura about him, he may as well capitalise on it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bragg the Gutsman	6	5	3	5(6)	5	4	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Ogre Charge.

MAGIC ITEMS

Great Gutgouger

This massive poleaxe was created by Bragg from a magical weapon formerly wielded by a Black Orc Warlord. Its power seems to be unlocked by the visceral thrill of single combat, and comes alive when Bragg steps forth to challenge the best warriors that the enemy can offer. To accept such a duel against the Gutsman is soon after regretted, as the many notches in the Great Gutgouger's haft can attest.

Magic Weapon. Requires Two Hands. When fighting with the Great Gutgouger, Bragg's close combat attacks are made at +1 Strength (included in his profile, above).

While Bragg is involved in a challenge, he gains the Heroic Killing Blow special rule. In addition, if Bragg slays his foe in a challenge, any enemy units in base contact with him are Disrupted for the remainder of the turn.

SKRAG THE SLAUGHTERER

Skrag is the legendary Prophet of the Great Maw, also known as the Gore-Harvester and the Maw-that-Walks. Dragging his massive meat-pot behind him – attached to his back with a series of painful, tearing hooks and chains – Skrag hacks and rips at his enemies in a glorious blood-fuelled dedication to the Great Maw. In his wake, he leaves a trail of dismembered limbs and body parts, which it is the duty of his Gore-Gnoblars to retrieve and deposit into his cauldron.

Once the head Slaughtermaster of the Tyrant Bron Rockgrinder, Skrag had a dramatic fall in fortune when he accidentally cooked and served up the Tyrant's favoured Gnoblar on a platter at a great feast. In a rage, the notoriously bad-tempered Tyrant hacked off Skrag's hands and devoured them, cheered on by the drunken Ogres at the feast, and then banished the Slaughtermaster to the cursed under-caves of the mountain. Skrag was led from the feast in shame, beaten and bloody. As a final punishment, Rockgrinder ordered that Skrag's great cauldron be attached to his back by a series of chains and hooks anchored deep in the Slaughtermaster's flesh.

Skrag was hurled into the dreaded caverns beneath the mountain, and the way out sealed by a giant boulder. Refusing to despair, Skrag rammed his butcher's implements into his wrist-stumps, forming makeshift weapons. Bleeding and bruised, Skrag stumbled ever deeper into the dank labyrinth, dragging his meat-pot behind him until, in the pitch darkness, he was set upon by a pack of ravenous Gorgers. Skrag hacked around him, ripping and cutting countless assailants before he came face to face with a grotesque, hulking creature that ruled over the other Gorgers. Skrag ripped the foul creature's throat out with his teeth. The other Gorgers backed away from Skrag, respecting him as one of their own.

Driven by visions of bloody revenge, Skrag led his Gorgers up into the mountain until they surfaced in the dead of night deep within the maw-pit of Rockgrinder. Emerging in a frenzy, he led his Gorgers in a grand feast dedicated to his god, ripping apart and consuming every Ogre present. Rockgrinder himself was pulled apart and boiled in Skrag's meat-pot as an offering to the Great Maw. As he made this dedication, Skrag felt his wounds knit together as powerful energies surged through his body.

Having emerged from the maw-pit to devour his foes, Skrag is regarded with awe and fear by even the most terrible of Tyrants, who see him as the living embodiment of their god. His Gorgers remain his ever present guardians, shadowing him wherever he goes – for by following his familiar scent, they are guaranteed fresh kills to feed their insatiable appetites, and as such they revere him as their saviour. When Skrag feeds his maw-cauldron with bloody meat, he is rewarded with tremendous powers, making him nearly unstoppable and able to withstand the most severe of wounds. It is only once battle has ended, and there are none left to slaughter, that his power diminishes and the chains to his cauldron fall slack. Within days, however, visions drive him onwards to satiate his god's hunger, and so Skrag must once again seek battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skrag The Slaughterer	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Skrag is a Level 4 Wizard that uses the Lore of the Great Maw.

EQUIPMENT: Skrag's stump-blades count as two hand weapons.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Immune to Poison (See page 35), Killing Blow, Ogre Charge, Terror.

MAGIC ITEMS

Cauldron of the Great Maw: *Skrag's cauldron has become a tool by which the former Slaughtermaster makes blessed offerings to his ravenous god.*

Enchanted Item. Skrag and all Gorgers in the army receive the blessings of their ever-hungry god according to the table below. The 'Models Killed' column refers to models killed by Skrag in close combat. Models killed by spells or that were pursued and caught when fleeing do not count towards this total. When a new level is reached, bonuses take effect immediately and are cumulative.

Models Killed	Effect on Skrag	Effect on Gorgers
1+	Skrag gains Regeneration.	All Gorgers that have not entered play do so in their next turn.
5+	Skrag gains +1 Attack.	All Gorgers gain +1 Attack.
10+	Skrag gains Hatred.	All Gorgers gain Hatred.
15+	Skrag becomes Unbreakable.	All Gorgers gain Regeneration.

'You don't want to look 'im in the eye Bolgut, trust me on that. I saw 'im at the Battle of Blood Rock and it weren't pretty. Skrag was all whirlin' cleavers, surrounded by a red mist. Chunks of flesh and bone were flyin' everywhere. 'Ee went through them Elves like a Sabretusk through a bag of Gnoblars. Spears was breakin' on his skin like 'ee was made of rocks. All the while those Elves was screaming and 'ee was choppin' em up and chuckin' the bits of their bodies into 'is pot.

'That was when the Gorgers arrived, dozens of 'em. Sniffin' and gruntin' as they followed 'is scent. Then the real slaughter started.'

- Gorg Three-fingers, Ogre Maneater.

LORE OF THE GREAT MAW

Gut Magic, Gastromancy, Shamanic Victuals

Bloodgruel (Lore Attribute)
The Lore of the Great Maw has many recipes for disaster and Butchers often chew flesh, suck marrow or stuff some raw gobbet into their mouths to aid their casting and replenish their own vitality. Roll a D6 immediately after resolving the effects of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of the Great Maw. On a roll of 2-6, the Wizard that cast the spell recovers one lost Wound (up to his starting number of Wounds), and adds +1 to the total rolled on the dice the next time he attempts to cast or dispel a spell. On a roll of 1 the Wizard that cast the spell suffers a Strength 6 hit.

Spinemarrow (Signature Spell) — Cast on 6+

The Butcher holds up a gory spinal column and sucks out all the blood and marrow to empower his companions.

Spinemarrow is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has the Stubborn special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 24". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

---

1. Bonecrusher — Cast on 8+

Shovelling a handful of ribs, skulls and femurs into his mouth, the Butcher crunches them up even while he curses his foes, who immediately find their own bones breaking with loud snapping sounds.

Bonecrusher is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits with no armour saves allowed. The caster can choose to increase the range of this spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 11+.

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2. Bullgorger — Cast on 7+

Greedily devouring the heart of a bull Rhinox or Mournfang, the Butcher can project the raw vitality imbued by such a worthy sacrifice to the Great Maw.

Bullgorger is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has +1 Strength until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

---

3. Toothcracker — Cast on 8+

By consuming a hunk of tooth-breaking granite, the Butcher bestows the rock's resilience and the sturdiness of the mountains themselves into his brethren.

Toothcracker is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has +1 Toughness until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

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4. Braingobbler — Cast on 9+

Selecting a severed head attached to one of the meat hooks secured about his person, the Butcher chomps through the skull and gobbles up the grey dainty within, projecting his victim's worst nightmares into the minds of his enemies.

Braingobbler is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". The target must take a Panic test. Units that are Immune to Psychology cannot be targeted by this spell. The caster may choose to increase the range of the spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

5. Trollguts — Cast on 12+

Downing the toxic and utterly repulsive innards of a Troll isn't easy, but by doing so a Butcher can magically transfer the beast's supernatural healing ability onto himself or nearby companions. The Ogres' wounds seem to stitch themselves together before the eyes of their dumbfounded enemies.

Trollguts is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target has the Regeneration special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The caster can instead choose to target all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 20+.

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6. The Maw — Cast on 15+

By consuming the better part of a large beast, the Butcher can summon the power of the Great Maw itself, causing the ground to split wide open beneath an enemy and revealing a tooth-lined, bottomless pit that hungrily snaps and snarls in anticipation of its next meal. Eternal pain awaits any who fall within...

The Maw is a **direct damage** spell. Place the small round template anywhere within 18" of the caster. Roll the artillery dice and the scatter dice. Unless a Hit! is rolled, move the template the distance shown on the artillery dice, in the direction shown on the scatter dice.

If a misfire is rolled, the opposing player picks up the template and repositions it anywhere on the battlefield. The artillery dice and scatter dice are then rolled again to see if the template scatters from the new target point (re-roll any further misfires until a result other than a misfire is rolled).

Once the final position of the template is determined, all models under the template must take an Initiative test. Models that pass the test suffer a Strength 3 hit from *The Maw's* sharp teeth as they scrabble clear. Models that fail the test are savaged by *The Maw* and suffer a Strength 7 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule. *The Maw* then closes with a satisfied burp and the template is removed.

The caster can choose to use the large template instead of the small template. If he does so, the casting value of *The Maw* is increased to 21+.

BIG NAMES OF THE OGRES

Some Ogres gain such renown that they literally earn a name for themselves. There are certain names that indicate great status in an Ogre army – buying your Ogre character a 'big name' from the list below will allow him to use special abilities on the battlefield that reflect his illustrious history.

OGRE BIG NAMES

Ogre Tyrants, Bruisers and Hunters are able to spend points on a single big name, as detailed in the army list. The points spent on a big name add to the cost of the magic items chosen for the Ogre and are limited by the maximum amount of points the character can spend on magic items (see the appropriate entry in the army list). No big name may be taken more than once in the same army. A Tyrant who chooses the big name Kineater (25 points), for example, will then have 75 points left to spend on magic items.

Mawseeker (Tyrants only) **40 points**

A Mawseeker has completed the pilgrimage to the Great Maw and managed to find his way back. None who have seen the Maw come back unscathed, though, and even those tough enough to survive that deadly trip often return with part of themselves eaten away.

A Tyrant with the Mawseeker name has +1 Toughness on his profile. He also suffers from the Stupidity special rule.

Wallcrusher **30 points**

Some Ogres are renowned for feats of brute smashing, such as bludgeoning their way through a skycastle wall using only their own formidable bulk. A Wallcrusher's gut bears many similarities to a boulder – as does his intellect.

Wallcrushers do one additional Impact Hit on a successful Ogre Charge. In addition, Wallcrushers ignore all the effects of obstacles when attacking units that are defending them – he is likely to barge through or smash it down on top of the foe. This does not benefit a unit he joins.

Kineater (Tyrants only) **25 points**

Having achieved Tyranthood by killing and eating a member of their own family in a pit fight, Kineaters are considered ruthless even by their own tribe. When fighting alongside a Kineater, it is unwise to flee. After all, it doesn't pay to get on his bad side...

Any friendly unit within 6" of a Kineater may re-roll failed Panic tests.

Mountaineater **25 points**

Mountaineaters have dared to scale to the top of a dangerous (and at least partially sentient) mountain. After such a trial, they ritually consume part of the mountain to mark their conquest.

A Mountaineater will never be wounded on a score better than a 3+. For instance, if the Mountaineater was hit by a cannonball (normally wounding him on the roll of a 2+) the cannonball would only wound him on a 3+. Hits that cause automatic Wounds are unaffected.

Giantbreaker **25 points**

An Ogre that has led a Giant Hunt and successfully broken one of the towering brutes in hand-to-hand combat is hailed as a great warrior. Naturally, a Giantbreaker is an extremely strong Ogre and also one that is supremely confident in his own abilities.

A character with the Giantbreaker name has +1 Strength on his profile. He may never refuse challenges, and neither he nor a unit he is with may choose to flee as a charge reaction.

Deathcheater **20 points**

An Ogre that has escaped certain doom is seen as being blessed by the Great Maw. How else could an Ogre live through a Rhinox stampede or survive a major avalanche? Not surprisingly, Ogres with the Deathcheater big name tend to have impressive scars.

Once per game, nominate one model in base contact that has hit the Deathcheater but not yet rolled To Wound. That model must re-roll all successful To Wound rolls this phase. This includes all rolls To Wound made by the model's mount, chariot or other extra attacks.

Longstrider **20 points**

An Ogre with the big name Longstrider has hunted on the slopes of the mountains for decades, and is even capable of running down a sprinting ice elk. The first Hunter, Jhared the Red, was known as Jhared Longstrider until he slaughtered his own tribe.

A character with the Longstrider big name has +1 Movement on his profile.

Beastkiller (Hunters only) **20 points**

A Beastkiller has slaughtered an entire pack of cave-beasts or has stalked and slain an especially large and notorious creature. As a sign of his massive accomplishments, the Beastkiller will invariably wear impressive tusks and fangs about his person.

When making attacks against a Large Target (either close combat or shooting), the Beastkiller gains +1 on his rolls To Wound – the Hunter knows just where to strike his prey for maximum effect. If the character is using a magic weapon, then he does not get this bonus.

Brawlerguts **15 points**

An Ogre with the Brawlerguts big name has earned a reputation for throwing his weight around. Combining brutish strength with a devastating bulk, this Ogre enters combat like an avalanche.

Brawlerguts (but not their mounts) re-roll failed To Wound rolls from their Impact Hits.

TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Ogres of the Ogre Kingdoms. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

THUNDERMACE — 85 points
Magic Weapon

A legendary weapon of old, the Thundermace is made from a great hunk taken out of an unfeasibly large foundation stone from the base of a skycastle. The great weaponhead is bound with meteoric iron onto a long, stout tree trunk. When brought down over the head, the accumulated force of several tons of masonry explodes outward from the point of impact. It is said that the rumbling aftershocks of a blow from the Thundermace can be heard for miles and there have been several times in its storied history when particularly prodigious blows have started avalanches.

Always Strikes Last. Requires Two Hands. In close combat, the wielder of the Thundermace has +2 Strength. In addition, the wielder may choose to exchange all of his Attacks in close combat to make a single 'Thundercrush Attack'. Roll To Hit against the highest Weapon Skill amongst the enemy models in base contact. If the Thundercrush Attack hits, place the small template anywhere so that it is touching the wielder's base. Any infantry, war beasts or swarm models that lie underneath the template (friend or foe!) suffer a single Strength 3 hit. The model under the template's central hole instead suffers a single Strength 9 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. A model with any other troop type beneath the template is too big to be crushed, and doesn't suffer any hits. The wielder of the Thundermace may still Stomp even if he uses the Thundercrush Attack.

SIEGEBREAKER — 85 points
Magic Weapon

The origins of the two-handed obsidian club known as Siegebreaker are unknown, but many notorious Ogre Tyrants have famously wielded it down the ages. It is the very weapon Bruto Thundergut used to smash his way into many of the immense mountaintop fortresses of the Sky-titans many thousands of years ago. Yet not all of the Siegebreaker's deeds are ancient legend, the leader of the Rockheart tribe smashed through the greenskin blockade of Deathpass, and only a few years ago it was used by Tyrant Lug Boulderhead to turn the Dwarfen watchtower atop Ravenpeak into rubble – although Lug was subsequently buried.

Always Strikes Last. Requires Two Hands. In close combat, the wielder of the Siegebreaker has +2 Strength. Roll To Hit against the enemy's Initiative instead of his Weapon Skill, and no Parry saves are allowed – it is impossible to deflect a blow from the weapon. In addition, when assaulting models in a building, the wielder can make a 'Siegebreaker Attack' instead of attacking normally in the Close Combat phase (though he may still Stomp). A Siegebreaker Attack inflicts D6 hits with a Strength equal to the height of the building in inches, up to a maximum Strength of 10 (so, for example, models in a building that is 6 inches high would suffer D6 Strength 6 hits). Measure from the base of the building to its highest point.

GNOBLAR THIEFSTONE — 45 points
Talisman

Although the tunnels beneath the Mountains of Mourn are dangerous, many Gnoblars risk them in order to search for Thiefstones. Strangely enchanted rocks, Thiefstones attract magical power; and with a brief pass of a Thiefstone over a corpse, any item of any importance will quickly stick to the stone. It is common practice for Ogres who notice Gnoblars with Thiefstones to relieve them of their heavy burden. An Ogre might dangle a Thiefstone around his neck on a chain or rope or tie one to his weapon shaft, for you never know when such an item will come in handy.

A Gnoblar Thiefstone grants the bearer Magic Resistance (2). In addition, roll on the following table when the model is deployed to see if the Thiefstone has helped them to 'find' any useful items. Note that this may result in the bearer of the Thiefstone having two Magic Talismans (the Thiefstone and the item from the table). In addition, if the item that has been 'found' is being used by another character (friend or foe), then the other character loses the item – it's been stolen!

D6	Item
1	Nothing
2	Luckstone
3	Talisman of Protection
4	The Other Trickster's Shard
5	The Ruby Ring of Ruin
6	Talisman of Preservation

GREEDY FIST — 40 points
Talisman

All Ogres are in awe of the near-sentient gauntlet known as the Greedy Fist. On great occasions, but always after an especially monumental feat of violence occurs in a tribe's maw-pit – such as a spectacular guts-out challenge for Tyranthood or a particularly brutal pit-fight – a strange and wondrous thing has been known to happen. From out of the bones and broken bits that gather in the corners of any maw-pit, crawls a black ironfist, moving on its own, its articulated finger joints pulling it across the bloody ground. With punch-spikes of iron and tusk embedded into the knuckles, the formidable weapon drags itself to a worthy Ogre who may then claim it for a time.

The wearer has +1 Strength and a 6+ ward save. If a Magic Weapon inflicts a Wound that is saved by this ward save, its magical properties are consumed by the Greedy Fist; it is treated as a normal, non-magical weapon of the same type for the remainder of the game. If no type is listed, it is treated as a hand weapon. In addition, an enemy Wizard loses a Wizard level and a randomly selected spell each time they are hit by an Ogre wearing the Greedy Fist.

GUT MAW
Magic Armour — 45 points

Blessed by generations of Ogre Butchers, this polished brass gut-plate has mighty powers. Its huge set of iron jaws can open wide and swallow a foe in battle, and according to Ogres, the victim passes straight through and into the Great Maw itself. There it is consumed and the life force of those ingested by the Gut Maw is passed on to bolster its wearer.

Heavy Armour. An Ogre wearing the Gut Maw has the Terror special rule. In addition, he recovers one lost Wound (up to his starting number) for each unsaved Wound he causes in a challenge.

GRUT'S SICKLE
Arcane Item — 50 points

Grut the Bloodthirsty was eventually lynched and eaten by his own tribe, who were riled up when he stole their flesh for use as ritual ingredients. Some of that mighty Butcher's malevolence seems to live on in his now-rusty sickle. Whenever a Butcher with Grut's Sickle joins a unit, cries of 'who did that?', 'don't touch me!' and 'he's doing it again!' are sure to follow...

At the start of the Ogre Magic phase, the bearer of Grut's Sickle can inflict a single Wound on any unit he has joined. If he does so, then he adds +2 to all casting rolls he makes during that Magic phase. A Wound inflicted by Grut's Sickle is distributed as a shooting attack, and may not be saved in any way. Roll 2D6 at the end of each Magic phase where Grut's Sickle is used; on a roll of 3 or more nothing happens, but on a roll of double-1 the unit turns upon and slays the wielder of Grut's Sickle, and he is removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed.

HELLHEART
Arcane Item — 50 points

Butchers especially covet the ichor-soaked hearts of Spawn that were once mighty Sorcerers of Chaos. As the fickle powers of the dark gods still reside in such foul organs, a Butcher that can swallow a heart whole can, with a single loud and disgusting belch, issue forth a swirling vortex of magical anarchy. Such a maelstrom is not only malodorous, but will also play havoc with any nearby enemy wizards, subjecting their minds to dangerous currents of deadly magic.

One Use Only. The Hellheart can be used at the start of one of the opposing side's Magic phases, immediately after rolling for the Winds of Magic. All enemy Wizards within D6 x 5" of the bearer must roll on the Miscast table. Special rules or magic items that affect a normal miscast roll can be used against miscasts caused by the Hellheart. After resolving all the miscasts, add an extra dispel dice to the Ogre's dispel pool for each enemy Wizard that was forced to roll on the Miscast table.

ROCK EYE
Enchanted Item — 5 points

An Ogre with a Rock Eye has cast one of his own eyes into the Great Maw and replaced it with a rough pebble taken from the grounds around the vast pit. So the rock doesn't fall out, an Ogre will choose a large one and hammer it into place. Once properly fitted, the bearer gains a second sight – able to focus his stony gaze and glimpse into the unknown, seeing that which can't be seen.

At the beginning of each Ogre turn, pick one unit in the line of sight of the bearer of the Rock Eye. The opposing player must announce the presence of any hidden models (Fanatics, Assassins and the like) within that unit, and say what magic items are carried by the unit or any characters that have joined it. He need not say who carries them, however.

RUNE MAW
Magic Standard — 60 points

Anointed with gore by Butchers, hung with runic items captured from the Dwarfs, and draped with numerous other tribal trophies, a Rune Maw constantly emits a low growl. When the banner detects a magical attack, that rumble rises to a predatory roar and, glowing bright, the banner emits a deafening belch that deflects the magic of the spell, causing it to hit elsewhere.

When any spell targeting a unit with the Rune Maw is successfully cast, roll a D6. On a roll of 2+, the caster must choose a new target for the spell. If no other target is available (because no other target is in range or all eligible units have already been targeted, for example), then the spell is wasted but still counts as having been cast. Spells that do not specifically target the unit are not affected by the Rune Maw.

DRAGONHIDE BANNER
Magic Standard — 50 points

When Greasus Goldtooth slew the ice drake Jaugrel, that great beast's hide was stripped away. It took a full two dozen Ogres to lift that mighty skin and haul it back to the halls of the Overtyrant. Since that day, the vast hide has been cut up and put to many different uses – the most famous of which is the Dragonhide Banner. Although still reeking from the stench of that decaying wyrm, the banner is said to pass on some of its former owner's legendary ferocity and is wreathed in chill winds. Those that fight beneath it certainly believe in its power and glory.

Models in a unit with the Dragonhide Banner can re-roll all To Hit, To Wound and saving throw rolls of 1 on the turn they make a successful charge. In addition, the bearer of the banner can use it to unleash an icy blast. This is a Strength 3 Breath Weapon. A unit hit by the icy blast has the Always Strikes Last special rule until the end of its next turn.

GATHERING OF MIGHT

A well-painted Ogre army is an inspirational sight for any Warhammer hobbyist. Regiments of Ogre Warriors marked with tribal war paint stand side-by-side with monstrous warbeasts, hulking war machines, and hordes of Gnoblars. There is a huge variety of different models to paint and collect, and an almost infinite number of ways to build an Ogre Kingdom army.

This section presents a showcase of some of the fantastic Citadel miniatures in the Ogre Kingdoms range. It is intended as an inspirational guide for those starting, or adding to, their own Ogre Kingdoms collections.

Tyrant

Bragg the Gutsman

Slaughtermaster

Bruiser

Firebelly

Butcher

Skrag the Slaughterer hauls the Cauldron of the Great Maw into battle.

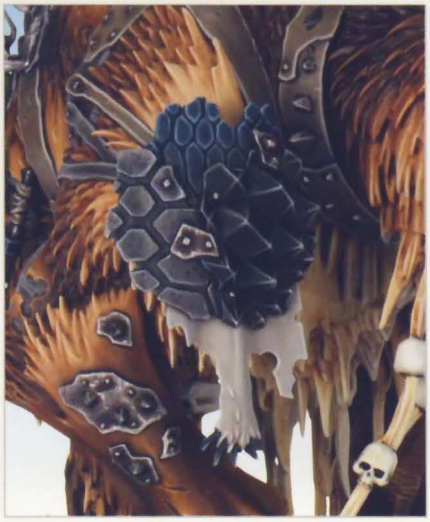
Greasus Goldtooth, Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms

Sabretusks exhibit a variety of colouration and markings.

Sabretusk Pack

Hunter

A terrifying sight indeed – a colossal Stonehorn looks for something to charge.



Stonehorn ridden by an Ogre Hunter

Ogre with two hand weapons

Gnoblar

Ogre standard bearer

Ogre with hand weapon and ironfist

Ogre warriors adorn their bodies with warpaint to show their tribal symbols.

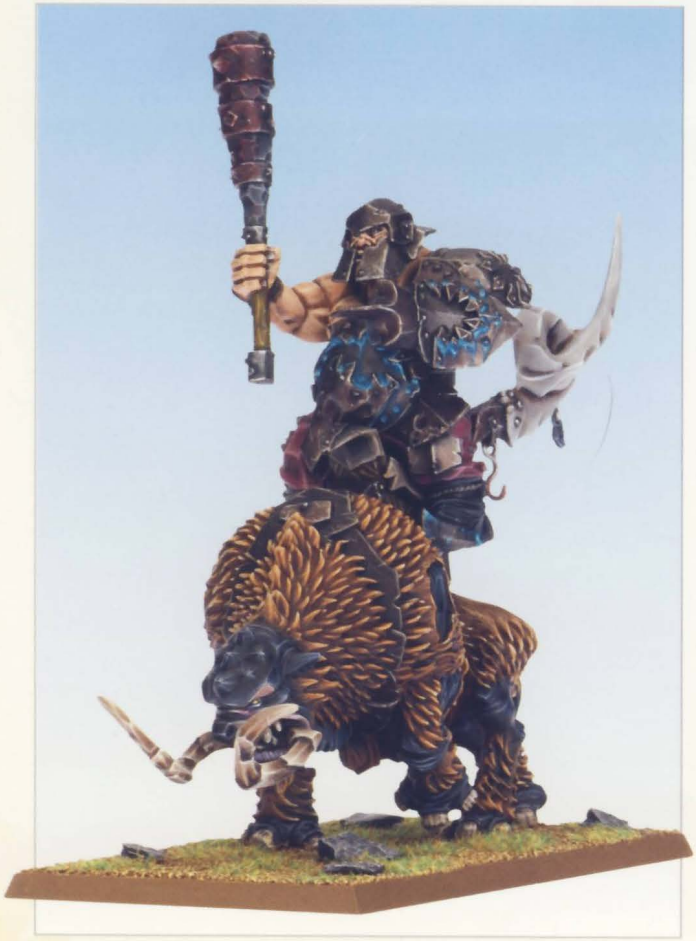
Ogre with hand weapon and ironfist

Ogre standard bearer

Gnoblar

The ground shakes and nothing is safe when the Ogres stomp off to battle.

Crusher with hand weapon and brace of Ogre pistols



Mournfang Cavalry

Mournfang Cavalry

Mournfang Cavalry musician and standard bearer

Mournfang Cavalry are amongst the hardest hitting mounted troops in the known world.

Ogre Ironguts are fearsome warriors who wield huge, double-handed weapons.

Gnoblars

Ironguts Gutlord

Ironguts standard bearer

Leadbelcher

Leadbelcher guns are crafted from a variety of metals, including bronze, iron and steel.

Ironblasters are armed with a massive Cannon of the Sky-titans.

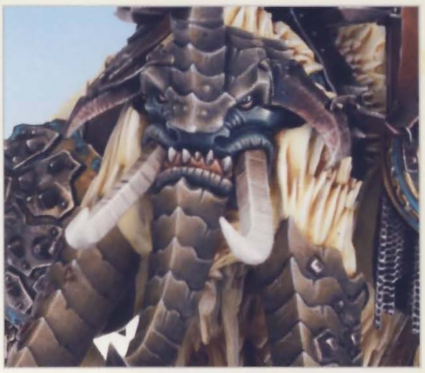
Giants often carry the symbol of the Ogre tribe they serve.

Gorger

Yhetee

Gnoblar Scraplauncher

A Scraplauncher and flanking units of Leadbelchers unleash formidable firepower upon the foe.



A Thundertusk towers over the Ogres as they march from the mountains to smash and destroy.

A mighty Thundertusk with two Ogre Beast Riders

Golgfag Maneater

Maneater with two hand weapons

Maneaters fight as mercenaries all over the Warhammer world and adopt the weapons and dress of the kingdoms they fight for.

Maneater with great weapon

Maneaters fight with a variety of weapons and combat techniques.

Golgfag and his Maneaters hold the centre of the battle line, where the action is sure to be the bloodiest.

OGRES ARMY LIST

An Ogre army is an almost unstoppable steamroller that can crush any foe that gets in its way. Regiments of Ogres march side-by-side with monstrous Stonehorns and Thundertusks, while Leadbelchers, Scraplaunchers and Ironblasters lay down a murderous hail or covering fire.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Ogre Kingdoms Citadel miniatures into a monstrous army ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during *your games.*

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

① OGRES

④ 30 points per model

Profile	② M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	③ Troop Type
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

⑤ **Unit Size:** 3+

⑥ **Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

⑦ **Special Rules:**
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

⑧ **Options:**
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a Crusher ..... *10 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar ..... *5 points*
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapons ..... *1 point per model*
  - Ironfists ..... *2 points per model*

① **Name.** *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

② **Profiles.** *The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).*

③ **Troop Type.** *Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'monstrous cavalry' and so on).*

④ **Points value.** *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, an Ogre costs 30 points, whilst the mighty Greasus costs a whopping 545 points!*

⑤ **Unit Size.** *This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.*

⑥ **Equipment.** *This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.*

⑦ **Special Rules.** *Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.*

⑧ **Options.** *This is a list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.*

The Ogre on the far left is armed with a hand weapon and ironfist. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 32 points to include in your army. A unit of 6 Ogres armed like this would therefore cost 192 points.

The Ogre on the left is armed with two hand weapons. He is slightly cheaper to field than they Ogre next to him, weighing in at 31 points.

LORDS

GREASUS GOLDTOOTH — 545 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Greasus Goldtooth	4	6	3	5	6	6	1	3	9	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
- Sceptre of the Titans
- Light armour
- Overtyrant's Crown

Special Rules:
- Everyone Has Their Price
- Fear
- Hoardmaster

SKRAG THE SLAUGHTERER — 425 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skrag the Slaughterer	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
- Two hand weapons
- Cauldron of the Great Maw

Magic:
Skrag is a Level 4 Wizard.
He uses the Lore of the Great Maw.

Special Rules:
- Frenzy
- Immune to Poison
- Killing Blow
- Ogre Charge
- Terror

Notes:
If Skrag is taken, then units of Gorgers have a unit size of 1-2 and ignore the normal restrictions of duplicate choices.

TYRANT — 210 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tyrant	6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *3 points*
  - Ironfist ..... *5 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *12 points*
  - A single Ogre pistol ..... *8 points*
  - A brace of Ogre pistols ..... *14 points*
- May upgrade light armour to heavy armour ..... *5 points*
- May take magic items and/or big names up to a total of ..... *100 points*

SLAUGHTERMASTER — 250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Slaughtermaster	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge
- Immune to Poison

Magic:
A Slaughtermaster is a Level 3 Wizard. He can use the Lore of the Great Maw, the Lore of Heavens, the Lore of Beasts, or the Lore of Death. However, if you field any Butchers and/or Slaughtermasters in your army, at least one of them must choose his spells from the Lore of the Great Maw.

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *2 points*
  - Ironfist ..... *3 points*
- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard ..... *35 points*
- May take magic items worth up to a total of ..... *100 points*

HEROES

GOLGFAG MANEATER — 260 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Golgfag Maneater	6	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	8	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
- 2 hand weapons
- Ogre pistol
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Easy Come, Easy Go
- Fear
- Golgfag's Maneaters
- Ogre Charge

Notes:
If Golgfag is taken, then one unit of Maneaters in your army may be upgraded to Golgfag's Maneaters at no additional cost in points – see the Golgfag's Maneaters special rule (page 57) for further information.

BRAGG THE GUTSMAN — 210 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bragg the Gutsman	6	5	3	5(6)	5	4	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:
- Great Gutgouger
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

BRUISER — 105 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bruiser	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *3 points*
  - Ironfist ..... *4 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *11 points*
  - A single Ogre pistol ..... *6 points*
  - A brace of Ogre pistols ..... *10 points*
- May upgrade light armour to heavy armour ..... *4 points*
- May take magic items and/or big names up to a total of ..... *50 points*

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Ogre Bruiser may carry the battle standard for 25 points. He may carry a Magic Standard (with no points limit), but if he carries a Magic Standard, he may not choose any other magic items. A Battle Standard Bearer may take a Lookout Gnoblar for an additional 5 points.

HEROES

HUNTER — 130 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Great throwing spear
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Loner
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *3 points*
  - Ironfist ..... *4 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *11 points*
  - Harpoon launcher ..... *10 points*
  - Blood vulture ..... *10 points*
- May choose to be mounted on a Stonehorn (replaces Rider) ..... *250 points*
- May take magic items and/or big names up to a total of ..... *50 points*

BUTCHER — 100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Butcher	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge
- Immune to Poison

Magic:
A Butcher is a Level 1 Wizard. He can use the Lore of the Great Maw, the Lore of Heavens, the Lore of Beasts, or the Lore of Death. However, if an army includes one or more Butchers and/or Slaughtermasters, then at least one of them must take the Lore of the Great Maw.

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *2 points*
  - Ironfist ..... *3 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *9 points*
- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard ..... *35 points*
- May take magic items worth up to a total of ..... *50 points*

FIREBELLY — 120 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Firebelly	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Blessings of the Volcano God
- Fear
- Fire Breath
- Flaming Attacks
- Ogre Charge

Magic:
A Firebelly is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses the Lore of Fire.

Options:
- May choose to be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *2 points*
  - Great weapon ..... *9 points*
- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard ..... *35 points*
- May take magic items worth up to a total of ..... *50 points*

MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5	Monster

Special Rules:
- **Stonehorn:** Beast Rider, Earth-shattering Charge, Frenzy, Hunting Beast, Large Target, Natural Armour (4+), Stone Skeleton, Terror

CORE UNITS

OGRES

30 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a Crusher ..... *10 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar ..... *5 points*
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapons ..... *1 point per model*
  - Ironfists ..... *2 points per model*

IRONGUTS

43 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Irongut	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	Monstrous Infantry
Gutlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
- Great weapon
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- One Irongut may be upgraded to a Gutlord ..... *10 points*
- One Irongut may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*
- One Irongut may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar ..... *5 points*
  - One unit of Ironguts in the army may take a Magic Standard worth up to ..... *50 points*

GNOBLARS

2½ points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gnoblar	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry
Groinbiter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Throwing weapon

Special Rules:
- Beneath Contempt

Options:
- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a Groinbiter ..... *5 points*
- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a musician ..... *10 points*
- One Gnoblar may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
- The unit may be upgraded to include Gnoblar Trappers ..... *25 points*

SPECIAL UNITS

LEADBELCHERS

43 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Thunderfist	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Leadbelcher gun
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Ogre Charge

Options:
- One Leadbelcher may be upgraded to a Thunderfist ..... *10 points*
- One Leadbelcher may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*

MANEATERS

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry
Maneater Captain	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	5	8	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Been There, Done That
- Fear
- Ogre Charge
- Motley Crew

Options:
- One Maneater may be upgraded to a Captain ..... *10 points*
- One Maneater may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*
- One Maneater may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - The standard bearer may take a Look-out Gnoblar ..... *5 points*
  - One unit of Maneaters in the army may take a Magic Standard worth up to ..... *50 points*
- Any model may be armed with one of the following (different models may have different weapons):
  - Additional hand weapon ..... *2 points per model*
  - Great weapon ..... *11 points per model*
  - A single Ogre pistol ..... *7 points per model*
  - A brace of Ogre pistols ..... *12 points per model*
- The entire unit may be upgraded to wear heavy armour ..... *4 points per model*

SABRETUSK PACK

21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4	War Beast

Unit Size: 1-10

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Running With The Pack
- Their Master's Voice

SPECIAL UNITS

YHETEES

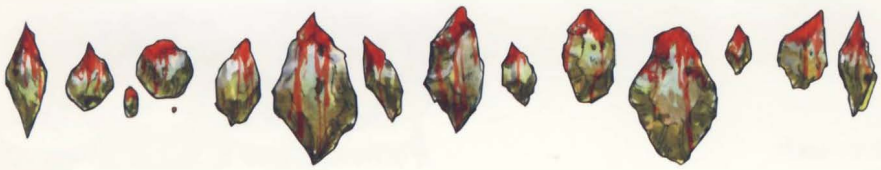
44 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Yhetee	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Greyback	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:
- Aura of Frost
- Fear
- Flammable
- Swiftstride

Options:
- One Yhetee may be upgraded to a Greyback ..... *10 points*



MOURNFANG CAVALRY

60 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Cavalry
Mournfang	8	3	0	5	4	3	2	4	5	-

Unit Size: 2+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Thick-skinned

Options:
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a Crusher ..... *10 points*
  - The Crusher may be armed with a brace of Ogre pistols ..... *6 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a musician or Bellower ..... *10 points*
- One Ogre may be upgraded to a standard bearer ..... *10 points*
  - One unit of Mournfang Cavalry in the army may take a Magic Standard worth up to ..... *50 points*
- The entire unit may be upgraded to wear heavy armour ..... *5 points per model*
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
  - Ironfists ..... *5 points per model*
  - Great weapons ..... *8 points per model*

GORGER

90 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorger	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	4	8	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:
- Ambushers
- Fear
- Frenzy
- Killing Blow
- Unbreakable

RARE UNITS

GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHER — 130 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Scraplauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 4+)
Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-

Unit Size: 1 Scraplauncher

Crew: 7 Gnoblar Scrappers

Drawn by: 1 Rhinox

Equipment (Gnoblar Scrappers):
- Hand weapon

Equipment (Scraplauncher):
- Scraplauncher catapult

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Large Target

IRONBLASTER — 170 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ironblaster	-	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 4+)
Leadbelcher	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-
Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-

Unit Size: 1 Ironblaster
Crew: 1 Leadbelcher and 1 Gnoblar Scrapper

Drawn by: 1 Rhinox

Equipment (Crew):
- Hand weapon

Equipment (Ironblaster):
- Cannon of the Sky-titans

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Large Target

GIANT — 200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Large Target
- Stubborn
- Terror

RARE UNITS

STONEHORN

250 points

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

Unit Size: 1 Stonehorn and 1 Ogre Beast Rider.

Equipment: (Rider)
- Chaintrap

Special Rules:
- Beast Rider
- Earth-shattering Charge
- Frenzy
- Hunting Beast
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Stone Skeleton
- Terror

Options:
- The Ogre Beast Rider may exchange his chaintrap for a harpoon launcher at no additional cost.

THUNDERTUSK

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Thundertusk	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5	Monster
Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-

Unit Size: Thundertusk and 2 Ogre Beast Riders.

Equipment: (Riders)
- One Rider has a chaintrap
- One Rider has a harpoon launcher

Special Rules:
- Beast Rider
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Numbing Chill
- Smooth Ride
- Sphere of Frost-wreathed Ice
- Terror

SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Greasus Goldtooth	4	6	3	5	6	6	1	3	9	MI (SC)	56
Skrag the Slaughterer	6	5	3	5	6	5	3	4	9	MI (SC)	59
Slaughtermaster	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	MI	35
Tyrant	6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9	MI	33

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Bragg the Gutsman	6	5	3	5(6)	5	4	3	4	8	MI (SC)	58
Bruiser	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8	MI	34
Butcher	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7	MI	35
Firebelly	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7	MI	36
Golgfag Maneater	6	5	4	5	5	4	4	5	8	MI (SC)	57
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9	MI	37

CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Gnoblar	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	In	48
- Groinbiter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5	In	
Irongut	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	MI	40
- Gutlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8	MI	
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI	39
- Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MI	

SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Gorger	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	4	8	MI	44
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI	41
- Thunderfist	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	4	7	MI	
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8	MI	42
- Maneater Captain	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	5	8	MI	

SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Mournfang Cavalry	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MC	43
- Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MC	
- Mournfang	8	3	0	5	4	3	2	4	5	-	
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4	WB	38
Yhetee	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	MI	45
- Greyback	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7	MI	

RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	spec	10	Mo	46
Ironblaster	-	-	-	5	6	5	-	-	-	Ch	50
- Leadbelcher	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-	
- Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-	
- Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-	
Scraplauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Ch	49
- Gnoblar Scrapper	-	2	3	2	-	-	3	1	5	-	
- Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	-	
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5	Mo	52
- Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-	
Thundertusk	6	3	0	6	6	6	2	4	5	Mo	54
- Ogre Beast Rider	-	3	3	4	-	-	2	3	7	-	

MOUNT	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Pg
Stonehorn	7	3	0	6	6	6	2	5	5	Mo	52

Troop Type Key:
In=*Infantry*, WB=*War Beast*, Ca= *Cavalry*, MI=*Monstrous Infantry*, MB=*Monstrous Beast*, MC=*Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo=*Monster*, Ch=*Chariot*, *SC=Special Character*, Sw=*Swarms*, Un=*Unique*, WM=*War Machine*.

FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE

To make your template:

- First photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).
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OGRE KINGDOMS

Ogres are big, ugly brutes with an insatiable appetite for eating and fighting. When they lumber down from their mountainous lairs it is for one purpose and one purpose only – to go to war. But Ogres do not stomp off to battle by themselves; they are accompanied by a thunderous host of cave creatures, hairy long-tusked monsters from a primordial age. Ogres seek to smash, flatten and devour any who dare stand before them, plowing into foes like an avalanche, a sweaty, bellowing mass of fearsome momentum. They are coming to grind your bones and eat you...

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