

THE TOME CELESTIAL

The Ironsunz are amongst the most feared of all orruk warclans, a brutal but kunnin' horde that has carved a swathe of destruction across the Mortal Realms. Led by their mighty Megaboss, the infamous Dakkbad Grotkicker, the Ironsunz are fully convinced of their own supremacy and delight in smashing up anything that says otherwise.



IRONSUNZ

By Jordan Green & Jervis Johnson

Stomping, brawling and bellowing come the Ironjaw warclans. From the primal savannahs of Ghur to the sulphurous wastes of Aqshy, these green-skinned marauders seek nothing more than to drown the realms in savage, endless war. They do this not for any conscious purpose, nor even to honour the bestial god Gorkamorka (at least not intentionally). Ironjawz seek endless battle because they are the biggest and meanest orruks around, and in their eyes, that means they were made solely to fight.

Though the Ironjawz are unified in their lust for wanton carnage, they are as prone to idiosyncrasy and obsession as any other race. The Bloodtoofs are wandering nomads, and Da Choppas delight in the spread of mindless anarchy. While the Fang-krushas swagger over their supposed favour with the Fist of Gork, the Kryptboyz raid Shyishan necropolises and hunt Ossiarch legions, looting the finest bones to strap to their dented warplate. Yet there is one warclan whose name, above all others, has become a byword for terror amongst the civilised races. They are the Ironsunz, and in them is embodied the savage duality of the Great Green God.

Clad in their unmistakable, garish yellow armour, the Ironsunz are amongst the most numerous of all warclans. Only the Great Waaagh! contains more Ironjaw warriors, and many of the brawls that fight under Gordrakk's banner are themselves Ironsunz swept up in the cascade of violence. Yet it is not simple numerical strength that makes the Ironsunz mighty, or even the high proportion of fearsome Brutes and bosses that fight in their rampaging armies. The Ironsunz have fully embraced the kunnin' brutality of their barbarous race, and led by their grand overboss Dakkbad Grotkicker, they seek nothing less than to become the greatest orruks that ever were. If they are not stopped, they just might succeed.

THE RISE OF DAKKBAD

For as long as any orruk can remember, there have been Ironsunz. The primogenitors of the warclan fought alongside Gorkamorka during his first great rampage across the realms. The daemoniac invasion of Ghur was met by bellowing mobs of Ironsunz. When the Fist of Gork himself emerged in the bestial lands of the Wildheart, the Ironsunz raised their voices in savage greeting alongside their fellow greenskins. Yet despite this proud history of 'doin' over everyfing dat looks at us funny', the Ironsunz did not truly rise to prominence until the coming of Dakkbad Grotkicker, arguably the greatest Megaboss ever to rule the warclan.

Dakkbad was once one Brute amongst many, and aside from a habit of booting grots or unlucky

Megaboss Dakkbad Grotkicker leads a mighty Waaagh! into the Realm of Life, where good fights and challenging foes are plentiful.



Ardboys on a whim, there was little that marked him as special. Yet Dakkbad was that rarest of things – an orruk possessed of grand ambitions, and the brains to see them realised. As a yoof, Dakkbad had been weedier than many of the other young orruks that haunted the caverns of Ghur. Though this would normally have led to his swift demise, the runt Dakkbad soon learned the value of convincing two rivals to bash each other senseless before he finished off the dazed winner, or otherwise delivering a good kicking to an orruk who wasn't looking. Such would be the start of Dakkbad's appreciation for 'all that finkin' stuff', even as he grew into a muscled and fearsome Ironjaw.

Upon reaching maturity, Dakkbad did not forget the creed that had served him so well as a yoof: the less one gets hit, the more hitting they are then able to do. He applied this knowledge to the beast hunts his brawl undertook, making sure to always attack from the flanks while the monster was otherwise preoccupied with devouring Dakkbad's mates. Though some orruks grumbled that this was 'not proppa' behaviour, it did see Dakkbad as the victor of countless fights. Before long, he had grown to such a size – enlarged by carnage as all orruks are – that few would dare espouse such doubts in his presence.

DRESSIN' TO IMPRESS

All orruks are natural bullies, thrilling in pushing around anything punier than themselves, but only the Ironsunz have elevated showing off to something approaching an art form. The defining colour of their warplate is a bright and striking yellow. While this often makes their approach incredibly obvious, to the Ironsunz this is just another example of their 'orruky know-wots' at play. After all, the more fights an orruk gets into, the bigger and tougher he becomes. The red markings on an Ironsun's armour represent teeth, flames or claws, depending on which orruk is telling the story. While the Ardboy mobs take pride in making these markings as neat as possible for a greenskin, most Ironsunz simply let the spray of their enemies' blood define how the patterns take shape.

When Sigmar's Tempest thundered into being above the realms, some scholars claimed that the armour worn by the orruks – for many of the first greenskins encountered by the Stormhosts were of the prolific Ironsunz – was painted in imitation of the God-King's blessed champions, particularly the golden Hammers of Sigmar. While some orruks no doubt did attempt this, simply because they found it amusing, the majority of Ironsunz were not amongst these conscious imitators. In fact, some of the boyz even boasted that the 'lightning ladz' were in fact mirroring their warclan's crude heraldry, a claim that irritated many prouder Stormcast to no end.



Above: Gore-gruntas make up the heavy cavalry of the Ironjawz warclans, and they will often lead the charge into the enemy lines. Few foes can stand in their way as both rider and mount hack, gouge and tear apart everything in their path.

Opposite: The Megaboss known as Gutdrukk Fourfist ruled the Ironsuns before Dakkbad. It's said that Dakkbad convinced his predecessor to enter a Realmgate that led into a Chaos Dreadhold, then smashed the gate so that the forces of Chaos couldn't escape Gutdrukk's fury. Whatever the truth of the matter, no one has ever challenged Dakkbad on his version of the story.

Dakkbad cemented his rise to power through the death of his brawl's previous Megaboss, Gutdrukk Fourfist. Upon the plains of the Gnashka Plateau, Gutdrukk had noticed the other orruk warleader hanging back during the slaying of a colossal gargant, so he challenged Dakkbad to prove himself by leading the next beast hunt. Dakkbad agreed, but not before quietly scooping yellowish wax from the dead gargant's head. The next morning, Dakkbad led the boyz off bright and early in pursuit of the gargant's monstrous Maw-krusha 'pet'. By using the wax as crude earplugs, he was able to withstand the auditory barrage unleashed by the cornered beast. The Grotkicker gleefully allowed the creature to prey upon his rivals, Gutdrukk amongst them, before battering it into submission. This Maw-krusha, known as Bossbiter, is still ridden upon by Dakkbad to this day. It has been fed on a rarified diet of commanders, champions and great lords, and it is unusually loyal to its orruk master. Bossbiter has even been known to suppress its violent urges for a time, should the possibility of a grander feast later present itself.

Dakkbad would fight many battles to climb his way to the top of the Ironsuns, but few were as decisive as the siege of the Mawgate. A passageway to the cursed Eightpoints, the Realmgate was located in the gullet of Fangathrak, a godbeast imprisoned by six

colossal Chaos-tainted forts amidst the Ghurish Scarlands. Dakkbad's Ironsuns were but one of the warclans drawn into battle against the Chaos armies that garrisoned the forts and the Stormcast who sought to turn the gate to their own purposes. Dakkbad once again proved his kunnin' by luring a large portion of a Khornate warhorde into the gargant-infested Deffgorge before joining up with Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork, once he arrived with his horde. But though Dakkbad fought at Gordrakk's side for a time, he was never content and soon went his own way.

Perhaps Dakkbad resents Gordrakk because his power is of godly origin, rather than having been earned by fighting his way from the bottom. Maybe he simply wants to be the best, like all orruks. Either way, Dakkbad has set his sights on nothing less than taking command of the Great Waaagh! for himself. If that means humbling Gordrakk in the process, so much the better.

AFTER THE DEFFSTORM

The cataclysm of deathly magic that was the Shyishan necroquake soon entered the mythology of each of the Mortal Realms' many races. To the orruks, the aetheric surge was known, with typical lack of 'mukkin' about', as the Deffstorm. Across the realms, unquiet spirits rose in the tens of thousands to take vengeance upon the living, while the laws of magic were violently rewritten,

birthing new and lingering manifestations of arcane energy that blighted the land.

None of this initially bothered the Ironsunz. While 'spookz' did not crumple quite as satisfyingly as humies did when you hit them, they were at least a new challenge for Dakkbad and his boyz. As for the Endless Spells, the Ghurish orruks of the warclan boasted that they had been facing far stranger predators ever since they were gangly yooofs. For a time, the Ironsunz continued their rampages much as they ever had; if the Boneboss, as they knew Nagash, wished to meddle in their warpath, then they would simply duff him up, too.

Yet soon enough, the Ironsunz realised that their early optimism had been misplaced. Many of the lands they travelled were silent tombs, their populace already slain by the Nighthaunt advance. The wild Endless Spells they had previously dismissed proved impervious to choppa and hacka, and they reaped a great toll on the boyz whenever they were encountered. Even those territories already claimed by the Ironsunz came under attack from the unrelenting dead, and crude monuments raised to the glory of Dakkbad were cast down by the omnicidal fury of Nagash.

To make matters worse, the Megaboss's old rival Gordrakk had profited from the Deffstorm in his own way. The destruction of many warclans saw the ragged survivors soon joining up with the Great Waaagh!, while many of Sigmar's newly revealed Stormvaults were plundered of their powerful relics. Gordrakk's power swelled as never before, while the Ironsunz were beset by misfortune at every turn. Many younger orruks muttered that all their boss's vaunted kunnin' hadn't accounted for this setback. Dakkbad was inconsolable, which in orruk terms means that those who approached him rarely remained in one piece for long. It seemed that all the Megaboss had worked for would slip from his grasp, his mighty warclan sundered by outside malediction and internal strife.

But even as disaster beckoned, luck was to send the Ironsunz on the active offensive once more. Dakkbad had regarded the omens of the Time of Tribulations with suspicion and had dispatched several of his most trusted Megabosses to Shyish before the eruption of the Deffstorm. Most never returned. But eventually, word reached the Ironsunz of an underworld named Hallost, the Land of Dead Heroes. Here the spirits of mighty warriors battled eternally, rising with each new dawn to continue their endless war. Inspiration hit Dakkbad like a great green bolt; this underworld must surely be full of belligerent orruk souls, for what greater fighters were there

than the Ironjawz? Furthermore, Dakkbad suspected that these spirits, like any good greenskin, would be spoiling for new and better scraps. With such a host of powerful souls at his back, the Grotkicker could rise to new heights of glory. Besides, even if there were no orruks to be found in Hallost, his armies would inevitably grow stronger and stronger through the constant fighting anyway.

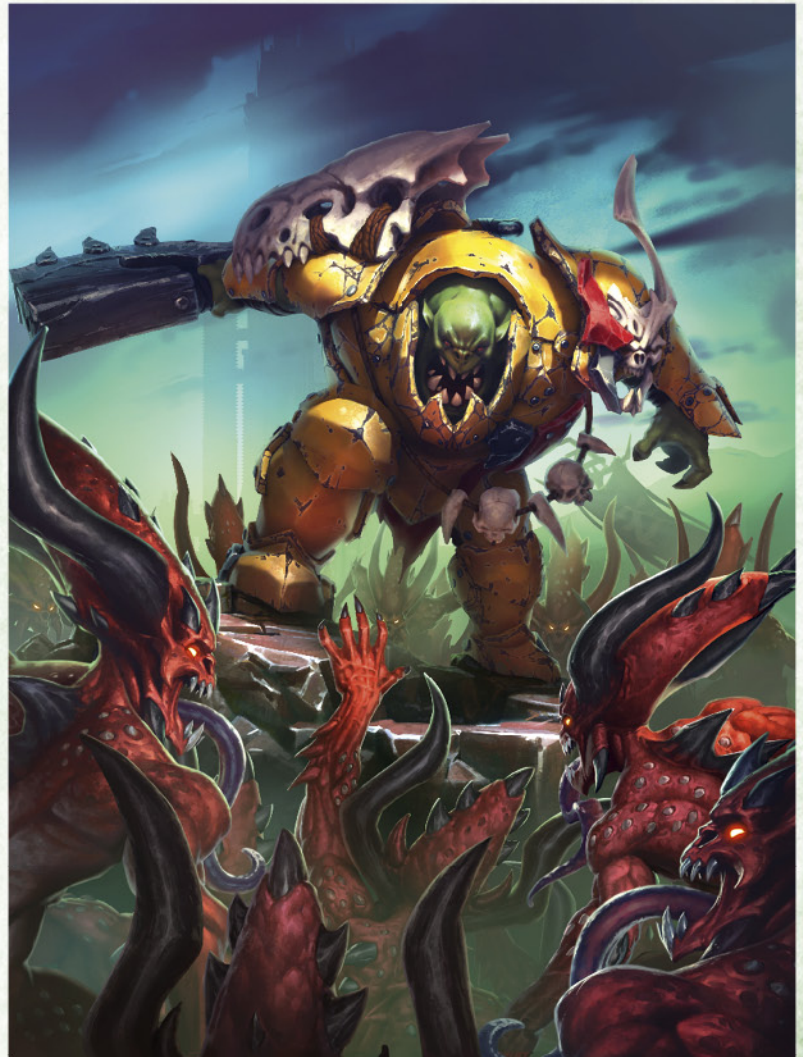
His warlike vigour restored, Dakkbad summoned his mightiest Megabosses. The strength of the Ironsunz was mustered to a degree not seen in decades. Before long, a tide of armoured orruks snaked its way through the hinterlands of Ghur, heading for those gates that led to the realm of endings. The iron sun would rise over grim Hallost, and when it did, Dakkbad would return to glory once more.

MUSTERIN' THE BOYZ

The Ironsunz are a vast and legendary warclan, but at their core, they loosely organise themselves in the same manner as any other Ironjawz. Each orruk will get together with like-minded mates, from hulking Brutes to stomping Gore-gruntas, to form a mob. Five mobs are known as a fist, five being the number an Ironjaw

'Right then, yoos horrible lots, let's 'ave a look at ya. Stand up straight now. It's a proper honour to be fightin' in da colours of da mighty Ironsunz y'know. Hmm ... yeah, you'll do. It's the Ardboys for you, my ladz. Now go an' make me an' Dakkbad proud.'

**– Big Boss
Moggorz of the
Rekrootin'
Krew**



DA BOSSFIST

Dakkbad's Bossfist is the most fearsome fighting force the Ironsunz can muster, an assemblage of veteran Brutes and battle-scarred Megabosses who fight in the shadow of the Grotkicker himself. Though he has a talent for tactics, Dakkbad is still an orruk, and so he cannot resist rushing forward atop Bossbiter to be first into battle. His Bossfist forms the crushing implement with which Dakkbad punches straight through the enemy lines, fracturing a foe's formation in time for the rest of the boyz to carve them apart. Dakkbad's 'inner circle' of bosses are largely responsible for bellowing his orders to the boys around them, leaving him to concentrate on 'finkin' and fighting'. It also allows him to keep a close eye on these chosen warleaders, to make sure none rise above their station.

can easily count up to on one hand. Five fists make up a brawl, and many brawls with a shared sense of identity constitute a warclan. At every level of a warclan's primitive hierarchy can be found Warchanters, shamans and bosses leading the orruks in pursuit of carnage. All of these are in turn subservient to Dakkbad, Megaboss of the warclan entire and 'ardest Ironsun of them all.

This is quite a claim, for Ironsunz pride themselves on being tough as nails. While Brute mobs form the heart of many warclans, the Ironsunz can call upon vast numbers of these fearsome orruk warriors to fill out their ranks. The Brute mobs of the Ironsunz are infamous not only for their resilience, but also for using a repertoire of sneaky tricks most uncommon to greenskins. They will wait until it is raining before charging a line of handgun-armed Freeguilders, bait the enemy into approaching through bellowing all manner of creative obscenities at them and even hide behind things where necessary (though never when boyz from another warclan might see). Unlike most orruks, Ironsunz Brutes do not hurry into battle. Instead, they have mastered the art of putting on a surprising turn of speed when the enemy dares to come too close, and a single bellowing shout from their Megabosses is enough to send them crashing headlong into the stunned foe. Conserving their energy on the advance leaves more for the fighting later, and besides, it's much funnier to watch the overeager Ardboys go charging off to absorb most of the incoming firepower anyway.

As far as the bosses of the Ironsunz are concerned, they have it all. Not only are they 'ded hard' and 'ded killy', but they're 'ded good at that finkin' stuff' to boot. Dakkbad has expended great effort in bringing powerful orruk war leaders to his banner, but he only wants the best. Such will be necessary if he wishes to take down Gordrakk, after all. While some of these orruks are pure blunt implements, many Ironsunz bosses have taken to imitating the Grotkicker in

employing 'proppa taktikz'. While none are possessed of Dakkbad's own natural gifts, these war leaders are practically masterminds by the standards of most orruks, forever competing to attract their overboss's gaze by utilising such complex manoeuvres as a 'flanking attack' or even an 'ambush' to ensure their lads can get into the press of melee and start smashing as quickly as possible.

IRONSUNZ OF THE REALMS

Though every orruk of the warclan has a solid grasp on what it means to be an Ironsun, their fists and brawls are by no means united. As one of the largest warclans, the Ironsunz have spread far and wide across each of the Mortal Realms, save Azyr, and few civilisations have not heard tell of their barbarous exploits. While Dakkbad Grotkicker leads his vast armies in pursuit of his own greatness, other Ironsunz brawls roam far from the main bulk of the warclan. This may be a result of being sent on a special mission at Dakkbad's behest, being a potential rival sent far from the overboss's side, or simply because the boss orruk in question feels like it.

Ghur will forever be the spiritual home of the Ironsunz, as it is for all orruks. The Gnashka Plateau in particular is practically sacred to the warclan, for it was here that Dakkbad first rose to power. These savage and practically inimical lands were once the hunting grounds of Stonehorns, Manticores, Crag Leviathans and stranger predators besides. Over the years, the Ironsunz have cleared most of these monsters out, but they regularly release monstrous beasts – or unfortunate prisoners – captured on raids onto the plateau to chase them down whenever they get bored. Standing sentinel over the bone-strewn wastes is the unimaginatively named 'Fort Dakkbad'. Ironjawz build few permanent settlements, but the Overboss has realised the value of a fortified powerbase, and he regularly returns after particularly brutal Waaagh!s to replenish his warclan's ranks and plot his next move. A great totem pole of piled bones and offal marks the centre of the huge, ramshackle encampment. At the very top sits the mangled skull of Gutdrakk Fourfist, the fallen boss condemned to forever look out over his former rival's conquests.

The Ironsunz have made their mark on plenty of realms besides Ghur. It is possible that many orruks who identify with the warclan have never even heard of Dakkbad Grotkicker; rather, they have simply seen the mighty Brute mobs marching in their distinctive plate and decided it looks dead good. With that said, plenty of these roaming warbands are formed of kunnin' Ironsunz through and through. In Ghyran, the mobs under Snappa Krookjaw have used their shamans to

Ardboyz that join the Ironsunz warclan are always keen to prove their worth to Dakkbad and his Big Talka, the surprisingly loquacious Moggorz.



overwhelm a Jotunberg mountain with raw Waaagh! energy, sending it careening across the wilds of the realm like an out-of-control battering ram of living ice. In Ulgu, the Gloomswallowaz Brawl has long fought through the network of shadowy tunnels that threads the sub-terra of the realm, collapsing key passageways and junctions to funnel Moonclan grots, lumbering troggoths and hungry ogors of the Underguts Mawtribe towards the sight of their bright yellow armour.

Some Ironsunz have managed to end up in even more bizarre locations. None exemplify this better than Gurzag Ironskull and his Ardboyz. Decades ago, Gurzag got the bright idea to lead his lads – Basha, Hakka and Bonekutta – into the ruined city of Shadespire in search of loot. Unaware of the curse hanging over those dead streets, Ironskull's boyz found themselves transported to the twilight sub-realm known as the Mirrored City, where those who fall soon rise again. Like any good Ironsun, Gurzag has swiftly turned this to his advantage and is currently having the time of his life indulging in the seemingly endless battle.

MOGGORZ'S REKROOTIN' KREW

During his time in Gordrakk's Megafist, Dakkbad learned that truly great bosses have gargantuan hordes of orruks to call upon. To facilitate this, he turned to the big boss Moggorz. Moggorz was once a simple Brute, caught stealing a prime haunch of Grunta meat from Dakkbad's own larder. Dragged before the Megaboss, he somehow managed to convince the Grotkicker to not immediately beat him to a lifeless pulp. Dakkbad was so impressed by this that he swiftly named Moggorz his 'Head Big Talka' and bid him bring more warriors into the Ironsunz ranks.

Moggorz has travelled far and wide in pursuit of this duty, followed by his veteran mob known as the Rekrootin' Krew. Around flickering fire pits he regales fellow orruks with tales of the mighty Dakkbad Grotkicker and his exploits. Some of these are even true. As unlikely as it seems, Moggorz is so skilled a rhetorician by greenskin standards that many in audience soon wish for nothing more than to join the Ironsunz themselves. Mobs of these aspirant orruks, often still clad in their old warclan colours with a coat of yellow hastily daubed atop, form up around the Rekrootin' Krew in battle and will fight ferociously to prove themselves worthy in Moggorz's eyes.

DA AGE OF IRON

The Ironsunz have been causing mayhem across the realms for centuries, but it is only with the rise of Dakkbad Grotkicker at the end of the Age of Chaos that they have truly become a force to be reckoned with. Their armies march at the Megaboss's command, smashing and bashing wherever they go.

RISE OF A LEGEND

Upon the Gnashka Plateau of Ghur, Dakkbad Grotkicker schemes to bring about the deaths of his fellow bosses and seize control of the Ironsunz. He finally accomplishes this with the aid of the fearsome Maw-krusha Bossbiter, and soon sets about battering the orruks now under his command into a semblance of cohesion.

A HEAD FOR FINKIN'

Though Dakkbad holds his position through strength and kunnin', some of the boyz still grumble that he is 'un-orryky'. A demonstration is needed. The fortress of Chaos Lord Felgraen Hexflyer amidst the Ghurish wastes presents a fine target. Rather than launch a frontal assault, however, Dakkbad announces he will claim victory through a 'klassic pincer move'. Many of

his warriors are confused, until Ardboy tunnelers dig their way into the great menageries of Lord Hexflyer and release the scorpioid megafauna held there. The beasts rampage through the fortress before the Ironsunz move in to slaughter both the monsters and beleaguered Chaos garrison alike. More of the warclan become converts to Dakkbad's kunnin' ways, while the Megaboss takes Hexflyer's skull as a trophy.

THE WEB SEVERED

Deep in the clammy Spidergulch, the Webspinner Shaman Spittlefinger spins his so-called 'Realm Web'. All is going well until the Ironsunz arrive. Dakkbad reinforces his 'Grotkicker' appellation by booting any small greenskins he can get his hands on into the strangling webs. When the queen Arachnarok emerges from her lair to feed on the entangled grots, the Ironjawz swiftly proceed to batter her, too. Demoralised by the loss of their living goddess and swiftly overwhelmed by the relentless Ironsunz, the surviving Spiderfangs make Dakkbad the new target of their devotion, painting their arachnid mounts a bright yellow as they follow after his armies.



SIEGE OF THE MAWGATE

The Chaos-held Mawgate of Ghur comes under siege from Ironjawz and Stormcast alike. The fighting is fierce, with hundreds slaughtered on all sides. The Ironsunz compete ferociously against Zogbak's Bloodtoofs and Da Choppas to prove their strength, with Dakkbad slaying the Slaaneshi daemon prince Synlesha Paleblood, but eventually all the orruks submit to the domineering authority of Gordrakk, the Fist of Gork. Ultimately the godbeast Fangathrak, who bears the Mawgate in his gullet, breaks his bonds and escapes into the Ghurish hinterlands. Dakkbad joins Gordrakk's horde for a time, though only so he can get a first-hand look at how the Fist of Gork fights.

BRINGIN' DOWN DA HOUSE

Long has the Aqshian settlement of Cinderwatch, situated amongst the mountains of the Great Parch's Reclaimed Demesnes, held out against the Ironjawz of the Brightbelcha Warclan. This all changes with the arrival of boss Moggorz and his Rekrootin' Krew, however. Moggorz makes a deal with the depleted Brightbelchas – should he smash Cinderwatch flat without raising a choppa, they will take the Ironsunz yellow. Moggorz soon heads into the mountains and engages in a shouting contest with the gargant tribes dwelling there. So loud is their idiot bawling that the great ash-banks that line the mountainsides slip free in an avalanche, surging down over Cinderwatch and crushing the entire settlement.

A STATEMENT MADE

Though Gordrakk undoubtedly knows where the best fights are, the ambitious Dakkbad soon chafes under his authority. It is not long before he and many of his Ironsunz break off from the Great Waaagh! for pastures new – though not before Dakkbad and his boyz ambush their old rival Zogbak of the Bloodtoofs, covering the Megaboss in fresh gore before feeding him to his own Maw-krusha. The new boss of the Bloodtoofs, Braka Skullhorn, swears vengeance on Dakkbad for his 'cheatin' ways.

SWALLOWED BY DEATH

Wary of the strange portents filling the realms during the Time of Tribulations, Dakkbad sends Megaboss Drogha and his ladz to investigate the mysterious happenings in Shyish. Drogha thoroughly enjoys smashing his way through several underworlds, but during the march on Nagashizzar is trapped in the Great Oubliette along with all those who attempted to thwart the Great Necromancer's ambitions.

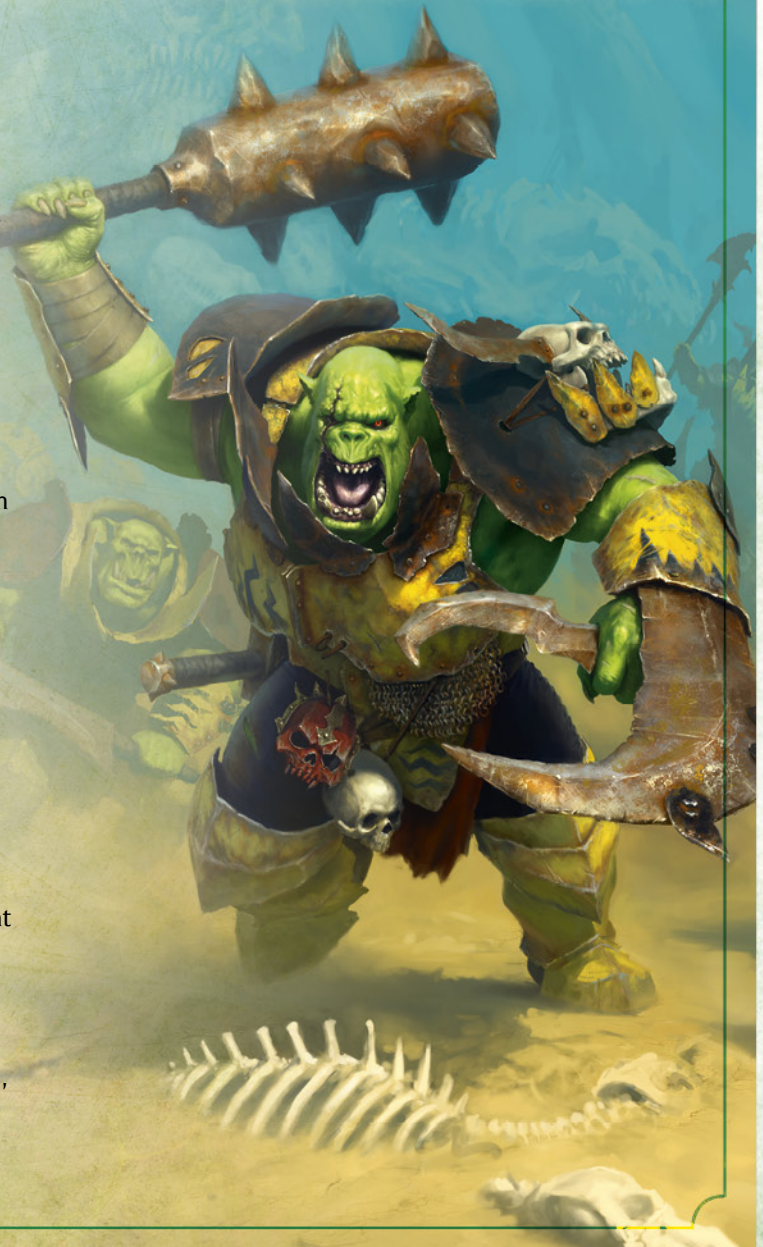
SPOOKWAR

The necroquake, known to the orruks as the 'Deffstorm', howls across the realms as a result of Nagash's darkling schemes. Mortals of all races and creeds are beset by wave after wave of ethereal terrors, the Ironsunz

amongst them. Fort Dakkbad itself comes under siege, with the attacking Nighthaunt procession only banished when a mob of Weirdnob Shamans detonate in accidental unison and unleash a devastating storm of aetheric force.

THE GREATEST SCRAP OF ALL

As the main body of the Ironsunz returns to their fortress on the Gnashka Plateau, they are joined by a stumbling and battered orruk. Dakkbad is shocked to learn that it is Drogha, escaped from the Great Oubliette just before the formation of the Shyish Nadir. Grinning manically, Drogha explains that he has travelled far across the inverted lands of Shyish. There he learned of Hallost – where the souls of mighty warriors rise with each new day to engage in glorious battle. Seeing a chance to bolster his forces with deathless recruits spoiling for a fight, Dakkbad and much of his warclan depart with all haste for Hallost.



WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These warscroll battalions enable you to field unique formations of Ironsunz on the battlefield. Waaagh!

IRONSUNZ WARSCROLL BATTALION DAKKBAD'S BRAWL



The seething hordes of the Ironsunz have fully embraced the kunnin' brutality of Gorkamorka. They seek nothing less than to become the greatest orruks that ever were. If they are not stopped, they just might succeed.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Da Bossfist warscroll battalion
- 1 Moggorz's Rekrootin' Krew warscroll battalion
- 1 Orruk Warchanter
- 1 Orruk Weirdbob Shaman
- 1+ Brute fist, Gore fist, Ard fist, Weirdbob or Iron fist warscroll battalions in any combination

This battalion can only be taken as part of an Ironjawz army that is from the IRONSUNZ warclan.

ABILITIES

Boss Waaagh!: Dakkbad is able to channel and direct the Waaagh! energy generated by the Ironsunz under his command through his subordinate bosses and hangers-on.

Once per battle, if Dakkbad is on the battlefield, another ORRUK HERO from this battalion can use the Ironjawz Waaagh! command ability. This does not stop Dakkbad from using the Ironjawz Waaagh! command ability, but you cannot use the command ability more than once in the same combat phase.



IRONSUNZ WARSCROLL BATTALION

DA BOSSFIST

At the head of the Ironsunz hordes comes Dakkbad Grotkicker, the grand overboss himself. Around him are assembled the 'ardest orruks he can muster, their prowess further enhanced by his formidable kunnin'.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Megaboss on Maw-krusha (Dakkbad Grotkicker)
- 0-2 Megabosses on Maw-krusha
- 2-3 Megabosses
- 2-3 Orruk Brute units

This battalion can only be taken as part of an Ironjawz army that is from the **IRONSUNZ** warclan. You cannot include more than 1 Da Bossfist warscroll battalion in your army.

ABILITIES

Da Boss 'Imself: *Dakkbad Grotkicker is arguably the greatest, and certainly the most kunnin', Megaboss ever to rule the Ironsunz warclan.*

Dakkbad must have the Right Fist of Dakkbad command trait. In addition, if Dakkbad is on the battlefield at the start of your hero phase, roll a dice. On a 4+, you receive 1 extra command point.

Battle scarred Veterans: *The orruks that make up Dakkbad's Bossfist are amongst the most deadly fighters of their brutal green-skinned race.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by models in this battalion (including those used by their mounts).

IRONSUNZ WARSCROLL BATTALION

MOGGORZ'S REKROOTIN' KREW

Under the steely gaze of Moggorz and his Rekrootin' Krew, mobs of orruks from across the realms fight for the chance of becoming true-blue Ironsunz. Though not as kunnin' as the warclan's own, their desire to impress lends them a deadly courage in battle.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Megaboss (Moggorz)
- 1 Brute unit (Da Rekrootin' Krew)
- 1-5 Orruk Brutes or Orruk Ardboys units in any combination (Aspirants)

This battalion can only be taken as part of an Ironjawz army that is from the **IRONSUNZ** warclan. You cannot include more than 1 Moggorz's Rekrootin' Krew warscroll battalion in your army.

ABILITIES

Out To Impress: *Though not yet Ironsunz themselves, the boyz that fight alongside the Rekrootin' Krew will face down truly insane odds without fear to earn Moggorz's approval.*

The Ironsunz Kunnin' ability does not apply to Aspirant units from this battalion. Instead, do not take battleshock tests for Aspirant units from this battalion while they are wholly within 18" of Moggorz or Da Rekrootin' Krew.

UNITS	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLES	NOTES
Dakkbad's Brawl	-	-	120	Warscroll Battalion	
Da Bossfist	-	-	220	Warscroll Battalion	
Moggorz's Rekrootin' Krew	-	-	150	Warscroll Battalion	

PAINTIN' DA IRONSUNZ

The Ironsunz Warclan are the colourful stars of this issue's Tome Celestial, so it's only fitting that the yellow-clad orruks get a painting guide. Studio painter James Perry shows us how to paint an Ironsunz Brute using both classic and Contrast painting methods.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: Ironjawz models have a lot of layers, which means you have to think carefully about the order in which you paint them. I find it easiest to work from the inside out, painting the skin first, then clothing, armour and, finally, any stuff that happens to be nailed or strapped to the

armour. That way you can paint the deepest recesses of the model (like the area around the neck) and not worry about trying to manoeuvre a paintbrush loaded with paint past an area you've already finished. I find this way of painting is doubly important when the model in question

BATTLE READY

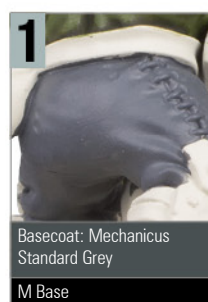
Using the stages to the right, James was able to get this Ironjawz Brute to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.



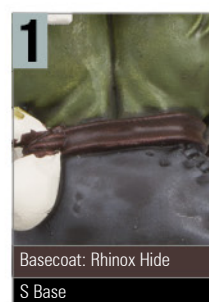
GREEN FLESH



GREY CLOTH

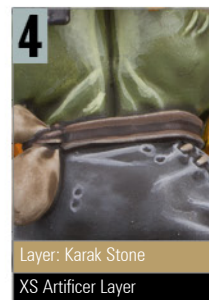
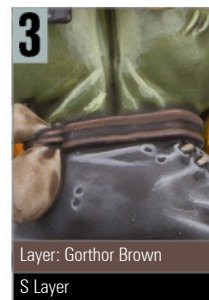
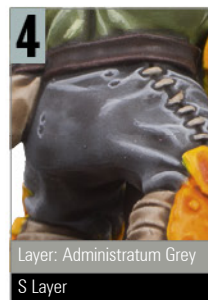
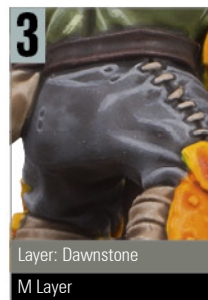


LEATHER



PARADE READY

With a couple of extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the Battle Ready Brute and made it Parade Ready. It's stompin' time!



is wearing bright yellow armour. Tidying up yellow is tough at the best of times, but imagine getting a black or green wash on it accidentally – what a nightmare! It's much easier to leave it until last, tidy it up with Wraithbone, then apply the Yriel Yellow.

TOP TIP

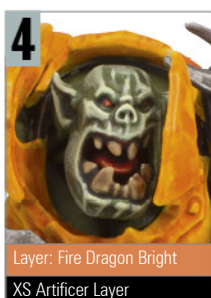
Try a little blending on your skin tones to make them look more natural. After applying a highlight of Nurgling Green to the skin, I thinned the remaining paint on my palette with water. Then, using my S Layer brush, I applied a glaze of Nurgling Green to the area next to the highlight, carefully thinning it out with more water to create a smooth transition between the dark recesses and the sharp highlights. You can see the effect most clearly on the orruk's back, as shown in Leather stages 3 and 4. This thin glaze helps tie the two colours together and gives the skin a softer texture compared to the hard armour next to it.

MORE PAINTING GUIDES

Wot's dat? You want more painting guides? If you head over to the Warhammer TV YouTube channel, you'll find loads of Ironjawz painting videos. There's one for a Maw-krusha and another for Gore-gruntas. There are guides for rusty armour, orange armour, red armour and even warpaint. Head there now and check out what Duncan, Chris and Nick have to offer.



EYES AND MOUTH



ORRUK SKULL



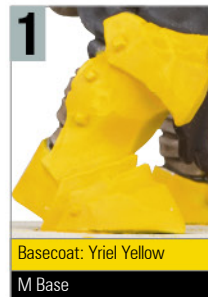
BASHED METAL



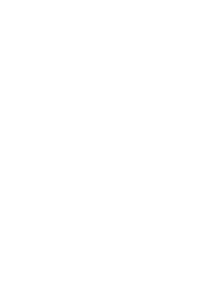
STRAPS



YELLOW ARMOUR



BLACK ARMOUR



CONTRAST STYLE

James: The first stages of this Brute are very similar to the ones shown on the previous page – I just used Contrast paints instead of the classic range of paints.

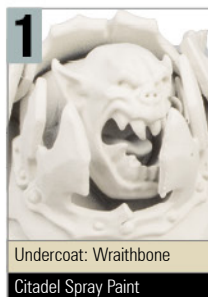
A useful thing to think about when painting your models is what colours to apply where. I used yellow for the majority of the armour, but painted the left shoulder pad black. The reason for this is simple: the skull nailed to the shoulder pad will show up much better on a black background than a yellow one. I painted all the other 'nailed-on' panels and dags black, too, to help break up the colour scheme and add contrast to the model. You could even use this as a way to create rudimentary unit markings for your mobs of Brutes. One unit could have black pads and dags, while another could wear red. Just try to avoid colours that clash with yellow and green.

BATTLE READY

Like the Ironsunz Brute on the previous page, James applied just a few paints to get this model ready for the battlefield.



GREEN FLESH



GREY CLOTH

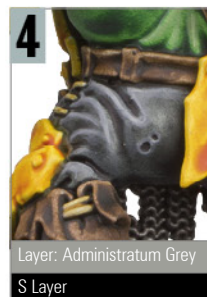


LEATHER



PARADE READY

After finishing the Battle Ready stages, James added just one or two highlights to each area of the model to get it Parade Ready. Da Brute is ready for Waaagh!



WASTELANDS OF GHUR

James painted the bases using Stirland Mud to represent the earthy wastelands of Ghur. He then painted the base rims with Steel Legion Drab to make the model Battle Ready. A drybrush of Balor Brown, then a second of Screaming Skull makes the bases almost Parade Ready. They are finished off with Mordheim Turf.



Technical: Stirland Mud	Drybrush: Balor Brown
M Texture	M Dry
Layer: Steel Legion Drab	Drybrush: Screaming Skull
M Base	M Dry



EYES AND MOUTH



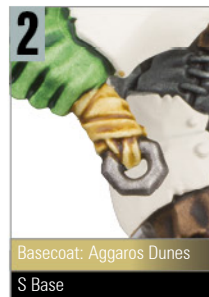
ORRUK SKULL



BASHED METAL



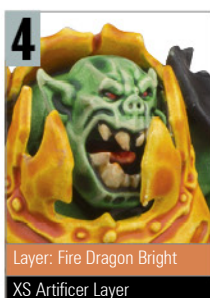
STRAPS



YELLOW ARMOUR



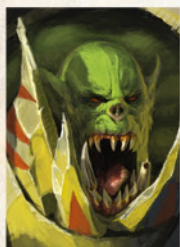
BLACK ARMOUR



THE DEATH OF DAKKBAD GROTKICKER



Dakkbad Grotkicker is wun of da most kunnin' orruk Megabosses around. He's also pretty brutal. Pitted against humies, stunties, grots and pointy-ears, can da kunnin' warboss survive, or will dis be his death? Find out in this short story by Jordan Green.



The sounds of battle had not yet faded as the mob of orruks stamped through the undergrowth. Men and aelves still screamed. Bass greenskin laughter still split the gathering dark. But even as skulls shattered, choppas smashed home and tongues of flames licked at the inky night sky, the Ironsuns were uneasy.

As they passed under the forest eaves to the clearing, Zorkazug – one of the Megabosses clad in Ironsuns yellow – could understand why. The day had started out so promisingly. They had been looking for a fight, and the newly founded settlement of humies and pointy-ears taking shape in the Ghurish heartlands had provided plenty of opportunities for carnage.

The lonely body lay slumped on its side at the centre of the clearing, surrounded by its own viscera. Unease flickered within the Megaboss's gut. It wasn't the death on display that he cared about; like all orruks, Zorkazug had been battering everything weedier than him to a bloody pulp since he was a gangly yooof. Yet though this corpse was that of a hulking greenskin champion, no enemy bodies surrounded where it had fallen. That wasn't right at all.

'Wot happened 'ere, then?' said Dakkbad Grotkicker, overboss of the Ironsuns, as he glared at the corpse. He'd left his Maw-krusha, Bossbiter, behind to have its fun with the last of the defenders. Seeing him on foot did little to diminish the Megaboss's presence. Zorkazug had been bossing around his fellow Ironsuns for years, had even fought alongside the Fist of Gork himself when their paths had crossed, but even he made sure to always pay Dakkbad the respect his conquests had earned. The Grotkicker was kunnin' in a way no other Ironjaw was. He put great stock in finkin' and had even convinced his subordinates to give it a go. Most orruks would have ignored one body amongst hundreds, but not Dakkbad. His scowl deepened as he recognised the corpse.

'Zog me. Dat's Big Grakka, dat is.'

'One of the lads found 'im like this, boss,' said one of the hulking Big Bosses nearby. He stomped over to the former Megaboss's body, letting out a displeased grunt. Dakkbad wasn't far behind. The overboss's expression remained troubled as he rested a foot on Big Grakka's shoulder and kicked the corpse onto its front.

'Pointy-ears.'

Zorkazug's growl was guttural as he looked to the curved blade driven into Grakka's back. Its design was unmistakably aelven. For a moment that settled it, until Zorkazug looked again. The aelves they'd spent the afternoon fighting had been tree-loving gits. This blade, however, appeared to be formed from shadow itself. A crude nudge from Dakkbad's armoured toe saw the dagger dissipate into wisps of purple-grey smoke.

'Looks like it,' Dakkbad said. Clutching their weapons tighter, the orruks glanced around the shrouded line of trees. For a moment, Zorkazug thought he saw something lurking amongst the claw-like branches. Then it was gone, another shadow amongst shadows.

'I liked Big Grakka,' another of the other Ironsuns said. The orruk did not dwell on his grief. 'But it's done now, boss. One of them krumped 'im, then we krumped them. Fair's fair.' The statement earned a general murmur of assent from the assembled orruks.

'There's some stunties livin' nearby. Da cave-grots were askin' fer help to duff 'em up. Useless zoggin' grots.' Another rumble of agreement from the mob.

Dakkbad was silent for a time, still staring at Big Grakka's remains. At last he shook it off, nodding and stomping back towards the sounds of fighting.

'Yeah, yeah. It's somefin', I suppose.'

Most of the orruks simply followed in Dakkbad's wake. Zorkazug lingered briefly, eyes narrowed in suspicion. He looked at the scar running down Big Grakka's face.

It was very similar to a scar of Dakkbad's own.



The great halls and ancestor-temples of the duardin kingdom echoed to Khazalid oaths and the wordless howls of Gorkamorka's children – Zorkazug amongst them. Blood flowed in rivers through the subterranean tunnels. Duardin blood, grot blood and – more rarely – orruk blood mixed together in a gory soup. Hordes of shrieking Moonclan charged down the dark passages, only to be swallowed by gouts of flame belched from the duardin's fire-throwing devices. Ironbreaker shieldbands stood firm, at least until the orruks peeled them open with jagged hackas and snapping pincers.

Zorkazug battled alongside the Bossfist, the hardest orruks the Ironsunz had to offer, wherever the fighting was thickest. Dakkbad, as ever, was the killiest of them all. The tight passageways meant that he had once again foregone riding atop Bossbiter, but his lethality remained unparalleled. Ziggitt, the bossgrot who had sought their aid in the first place, fought beside Dakkbad. Zorkazug disliked grots, but he had to admit that the Loonboss's great moon-cleaver was satisfyingly vicious.

'In 'ere!' Ziggitt screeched. Zorkazug looked up from stamping in an unfortunate duardin's face to see the grot gesticulating wildly into an adjoining antechamber. 'In 'ere! The stunties probably put loadsa shiny loots in 'ere!'

It was clearly good enough for Dakkbad. Pausing only to direct his lads further down the corridor, the Megaboss ducked into the antechamber. Zorkazug followed, eyes darting around the inside of the shadowy vault. Half-collapsed doorways ringed the space, too small for the orruks to squeeze through. Stone statues of duardin ancestors glowered down at the intruding greenskins. The air was rank with foulness, almost enough to make even Zorkazug retch.

'Ziggitt?' Dakkbad shouted, coming to a halt in the centre of the chamber. Zorkazug stopped just behind him. Of the grot, there was no sign. 'Where'd you go, you little runt?'

A growl echoed from the shadowy recesses of the chamber. Both Ironsunz turned to its source – a hulking Dankhold Troggoth, lumbering forward with murder in its beady eyes. Dakkbad grunted in displeasure.

'Oh, zog.'



Dakkbad Grotkicker was dead.

Amber-tinted morning was just beginning to dawn as Thajara's heralds delivered the news. The aelven sorceress's surprise at the unexpected turn of events was so great, so tinged with cruel glee, that she barely restrained herself long enough to summon her Black Guard before descending her tower. Dakkbad Grotkicker was dead, and his killer waited outside with the proof.

Through her blood-scryng, Thajara had learned of the Ironsunz approach weeks prior. En masse, they would be near impossible to stop. Yet the sorceress was possessed of the cunning of the ancient Ulguan dynasties, and she had swiftly moved to turn the situation to her advantage – should Dakkbad fall, the warclan would descend into infighting, and a powerful unified threat would be scoured from the plains of Ghur.

That had been the plan, at least. She had called forth shadowy allies using old, forbidden words – but outside blessed Ulgu their power was weakened, and they had slain the wrong mark. Then, she had attempted to coerce a clan of filthy grots into doing her bidding. Their talent for treachery had not, it seemed, overpowered their natural incompetence on this occasion. She had been plotting her next move when the news arrived and rendered it all moot. The orruk had fallen, and she wanted to see it with her own eyes.



'How long has he been there?' the sorceress asked Felion, the captain of her guard, as they looked to the base of the incline upon which the tower stood. At the end of the winding path flanked by craggy rock bluffs stood a bulky orruk. In one hand he held the end of a rusted chain fastened around the jaws of some huge, snorting monster. Across the Maw-krusha's back was slung an armoured corpse. Such imposing warplate could only belong to a powerful boss.

'Not too long, my lady,' the Black Guard responded. He sounded suspicious, but then again, such was his duty. 'He has been ... patient, for an orruk.'

'Well then,' Thajara said. 'Let us not keep him waiting.' She spat a string of rasping syllables, the shadow-gathering waystones that concealed her stronghold breaking their enchantment. The orruk took that as his cue to approach, yanking on the chain and bidding the beast to follow him up the winding path. The sorceress met him halfway, flanked by her guardians. She wasn't worried. The rocky shelves above would soon be lined by her enthralled warriors, crossbows ready.

'You are not what I expected,' Thajara said once she was close enough to smell the orruk. Her nose wrinkled.

'Heard ya wanted 'im dead,' the orruk replied. His face was enclosed within a tusked iron helmet, as many of the barbarians wore. 'Was finkin' I'd collect on dat reward.'

'And rewarded you shall be,' the aelf nodded. She cast a sidelong glance as the larger monster let out a rumble, expression curling into a sneer. 'The beast?'

'I killed da boss. Dat makes me da boss. It does what I say.' That made sense to Thajara, considering the orruks' idiot simplicity. She nodded two of her guardians forward. They hesitated just a moment before approaching the bound monster, pulling the armoured corpse to the ground. It landed with a metallic crash.

'You were a potential thorn, greenskin,' the aelf spat as she eyed the body. 'Now, your death will remove a vexing problem from these la—'

She stopped as she turned the corpse's head. Thajara blinked, before scowling at the helmeted orruk.

'This is not Dakkbad Grotkicker.'

'Ain't it?' the Ironjaw asked. He tilted his head before nudging the corpse onto its back, ignoring the halberds levelled his way by the Black Guard.



'Zog me, so it ain't. Dat's Big Grakka. Easy mistake to make, wot wif the same scar an' all. Come to fink of it,' the orruk said as he cast his helmet to the ground. Thajara's eyes widened. Dakkbad grinned back at her.

'Might be me yer after.'



There was no telling how Ziggit had convinced the Dankhold Troggoth to wait for just this moment to strike. Yet the distinctive bellow was soon followed by the huge beast charging from the darkness. The chamber shook under its tread, thick slobber dribbling from its maw. Zorkazug raised his choppa, but a snarl from Dakkbad warned him off. The boss would handle this himself.

The momentary distraction gave the troggoth time to swing its club. The club's stone head connected with Dakkbad, the impact echoing like a funerary bell clattering down a dark crevasse. The Megaboss was hurled across the chamber, slamming into the opposing wall. The stonework cracked more than his armour did. With a growl, Dakkbad staggered back to his feet, spitting out a broken tusk.

'Dat almost hurt.'

When the troggoth came on again, Dakkbad was ready. He waited until the last moment before ducking under the cave-dweller's grasping hand, punching his spiked gauntlet deep into the creature's thigh muscle. Dakkbad did not attempt to drop the beast with a single blow. Rather, his jagged gauntlet punched back and forth, ripping apart tendons before they could regenerate, slowly driving the troggoth to its knees.

The troggoth collapsed with a thud, just in time for Dakkbad to swing his choppa and shear off the beast's head. Another thud was followed by echoing silence. Zorkazug's hearing was filled by the swift beating of his own heart. As he recovered, he noticed a diminutive shape wriggling through the tumbledown door beside him and glancing fitfully about the chamber.

'Ere, you big lug? Didja get 'em?' Ziggit's questions came to a halt as he spotted Dakkbad limping out from behind the fallen troggoth – bloodied, battered, but most certainly alive. The grot's gaze shot round to Zorkazug. He gulped.

Ziggit attempted to duck away, but Zorkazug was fast despite his size. His hand shot out, fastening around the grot's neck. The Loonboss kicked and struggled as he was lifted up, but there was nothing that could stop him being presented to the fuming Dakkbad.

'Now then,' the Megaboss began. His voice was tectonically low. 'Is there anyfing you think you want to tell me?' Ziggit gave a craven whimper, struggling all the more ferociously. Dakkbad's patience snapped almost immediately. 'Talk, ya little git! Or I'll show ya why dey call me Grotkicker!'

'It ... I-it was the pointy-ears!' Ziggit croaked at last. A grunt from both orruks was the signal to continue. 'One of 'em came 'ere, said his lady boss had a ... had a job fer us! Said that whoever gitted ya would get all the shiny stuffs they could ever need!'

'Is dat so?' Dakkbad asked, still wheezing from the troggoth's battering. 'Where'd da pointy-ears say he was from?'

'Didn't say. But ... s-some of the spellflingers went a-snooping. Found a tower up in da hills, got magic hidin' it. Dat's where she is, I swears it on da Bad Moon itself!'

'Right you are, then,' Dakkbad said with a nod. Zorkazug's grip tightened around the grot's neck with a sickening crunch. Hurling the carcass away, he looked back to his overboss.

'So,' Zorkazug said. 'Wot we gonna do, boss?' For a few moments, Dakkbad considered the question. Then a toothy grin split his scarred features. He straightened up, clapping Zorkazug's shoulder.

'Round up some of da boyz and get 'em to go fetch wot's left of Grakka. I've got a plan ...'



Felion lunged like a bolt of black lightning. The veteran aelven warrior was swift enough to slip inside Dakkbad's guard; the orruk grunted as the halberd punched into his armour, staggering him. Dakkbad growled before stepping forward, a swing of his gnarled fist tearing the aelf's head clean off.

The Maw-krusha had been waiting for this moment. Its jaws opened wide, snapping the chains binding it with ease and letting out an ear-bursting roar. The wave of sound was enough to blast several aelves off their feet. Those who remained standing were soon set upon by the beast, its sheer bulk crushing their lithe bodies with horrific ease.

Ears ringing, Thajara staggered backwards. She twisted in place, opening her mouth to call out to the Darkshards. The words died on her lips as green light illuminated the upper vantage points. With her mystical wards dropped, one of the orruks' gibbering shamans had been able to summon in a mob of the hulking monsters, commanded by another war leader. Now, at such close quarters, they were hacking through her loyal servants with horrific brutality, guffawing even as disciplined storms of repeater crossbow bolts pelted them.

'Ya wanted me. 'Ere I am,' a voice rumbled nearby. Thajara turned just in time for a punch to impact her gut, sending her sprawling. The aelf tried to rise; the boot pinning her down prevented it. Dakkbad looked at her with barely disguised scorn. There was an intelligence in his gaze she would never have expected from an orruk.

'Didn't expect me to outwits ya, did ya, pointy-ears? But I ain't like da uvver boyz. I'm Dakkbad Grotkicker, and I'm always one step ahead.' The cacophony of death echoed around Thajara as she stared into the orruk's ugly grin.

'Dat's why I'm da best.'