

THE TOME CELESTIAL

From the forgotten corners of Shyish, the Grimscuttle tribes emerge creeping and crawling. These maniacal Spiderfang grots are true zealots of their arachnid god, and in battle, they employ not only their own deep reserves of wicked cunning but also colossal eight-legged horrors that strike without warning or mercy.

THE GRIMSCUTTLE TRIBES

By Jordan Green and Louis Aguilar

There are plenty of good reasons why mortalkind avoids the deep woods where possible. Sylvaneth protect their sacred glades and are merciless to those whom they deem to be interlopers. Twisted gor-kin herdstones and ancient moss-covered shrines honour forbidden gods and play host to grisly rites of appeasement. But it is those places where the gnarled trees stand crooked and close amidst the ruins of decayed civilisation for which the greatest fears are reserved. Protected from the hateful light of Hysh by overgrown canopies and nightmarish tangles of webbing, these are the haunts of gargantuan arachnids and the crazed greenskins who worship them – the Spiderfang grots.

The origins of the Spiderfang lie in the Age of Myth. It was then that, for whatever reason – and the shamans have put forth many theories on this, ranging from a command uttered by mighty Gorkamorka himself to a mushroom-fuelled escapade that blew wildly out of proportion – the original grot tribes diverged. Many sought sanctuary in the dank and clammy places, becoming the Moonclans. Some, often those who hailed from industrious Chamon, took to the air as the Grotbag Scuttlers. A few, however, dared the forbidding jungles and forests. Though the shadowy environs suited grot sensibilities, early greenskin explorers soon became prey for not only vengeful Sylvaneth but also the beasts that



dwelt there – especially the great spiders. But though they could never be described as courageous, grots are capable of displaying a certain spiteful ingenuity when it comes to protecting that which they consider theirs. Over time, these tribes learned how to defeat, tame and rear many of the giant arachnids that infested their new homes. As for the monstrous Arachnaroks, colossal spider-kings that can grow to the size of townhouses, it was found that, through worship and – more importantly – a constant tribute of food, they could be sufficiently appeased to serve as mounts, particularly for those spell-flingers who let venomous arachnids nest upon their bodies and, through the resultant hallucinogenic poison-bites, communed with the so-called ‘Spider God’.

Gradually, these Webspinner Shamans took charge of the tribes. The mutations that sprouted across their bodies were seen as marks of favour from their predatory deity, and at the shamans’ command, the grots no longer avoided Arachnarok lairs; instead, they began to co-exist with the gargantuan creatures. Thus were the first true stalktribes born. Reclusive as they were, when the light of the Bad Moon – a grotesque celestial body worshipped by the grots and feared as a bringer of pure anarchy by the civilised races – shone upon them, they were filled with a frothing mania that was only intensified by the venomous concoctions they

regularly ingested as part of their bizarre religious rites. Cavalcades of spider-mounted grots surged from their broodnests, obeying the will of the Spider God as shrieked by the Webspinners and Scuttlebosses atop their arachnid mounts.

The bestial children of Destruction exhibit a curious tendency to reflect the realms in which they choose to wander and settle, and the Spiderfang are no exception. In Hysh, the Frazzleshun tribes scheme to smother the hated light, while atop Ghyran’s Great Green Torc, the stalktribes have become well versed in hunting the vile Pestigors who challenge their dominion. It is in Shyish, however, where the most sinister Spiderfang make their nests. The Realm of Death is a place of tradition and entropy where the fears of countless civilisations are made real. It is often disparagingly remarked by settlers in other Mortal Realms that only the deranged or the destitute would choose to scrape out an existence in Shyish. But the Spiderfang known as the Grimscuttle tribes have more than just made their lairs in that realm – they have thrived there.

SEPULCHRAL SCUTTLEINGS

In the underworld of Neferatia, mortal peasantry whispers of the fearsome ‘Black Stalkers’. On nights where the moon shines wan and weird, so go the fisherwives’ tales, these sinister beings emerge from the forests and caves riding atop spiders bloated from a diet of human blood.

Below: It is said that the spiders of the realms take on many hues, from iridescent black and sepulchral grey to lurid green, vibrant red and poisonous yellow. Whatever colour they take, they are all to be feared, for they are powerful, voracious and possessed of a deadly animal cunning.



THE SPIDER GOD

The Spider God lurks at the creepy heart of Spiderfang society, its worship uniting stalktribes from Ghyran to Hysh. Many names have been given to this being by the grots: the Feaster from Beyond, the Scuttler in the Void, He Who Weaves The Webs. The most common version of the legend says that this monstrous deity was once a godbeast that encountered Gorkamorka as he rampaged through its lair. In a rage, it scuttled forth and sank its fangs deep into the Twin-Headed God's leathery green flesh; however, instead of injecting its venom, the spider was infused with the god's primal essence. Retreating into the deepest shadows it could find, it swelled to a truly gargantuan size. The thousands of offspring that were the Spider God's brood were in turn blessed with its now hideously potent venom. Many Webspinners claim that the Bad Moon is, in fact, the egg of the Spider God and that one day it will hatch and cover the realms with an onslaught of seething arachnids.

It would be tempting to dismiss the Spider God as a myth, the product of minds broken by ingesting too many venomous brews and living in constant religious awe of the Arachnaroks. Many arrogant scholars have drawn just such a conclusion, attributing the weird spider-magics of the grots' shamans to the toxins pumping through their bloodstreams. But this does not explain the eerie scrutiny spoken of by mages who have faced the Spiderfang, that feeling as if some unfathomable intelligence was watching them from every darkened cranny. Nor does it account for the fact that, across civilisation's seedy underbelly, there are those rare thieves and serial poisoners who pray at secret altars dedicated to a deity known as the Scuttling Queen. For the Spiderfang, there is no doubt. Their legends speak of an underworld known as the Evercrawl, where forlorn ruins are criss-crossed by endless webs. Here the sacred Skitterstrand Arachnaroks make their nests around a great black pit that plunges deep into the realmcrust. This, preach the Webspinners, is the lair of the Spider God, though not even one of their holy order has travelled there and returned.

They descend upon lonely villages to steal away secret heretics, misbehaving children or even entire populations – depending upon the teller – before retreating to their shadowed lairs. Those who pursue the Stalkers are led astray by spiteful laughter and tangling web-walls, soon to fall prey to the gargantuan spider-kings that rule the raiders as their living, ever-hungry gods.

As fanciful as it sounds, all of these legends are at least partially true. Bound together through treacherous double-dealings, religious rites and the tenacious desire to survive, the confederation of Spiderfang stalktribes known as the Grimscuttle – or, as they refer to themselves, 'Deff Grotz' – has carved out a hidden kingdom in this unforgiving land. Theirs is a precarious existence, for many powerful neighbours would see them exterminated were they not constantly beset themselves. But grots have always thrived on being underestimated. If left to multiply, the Grimscuttle might one day be able to drive a poisoned dagger into the backs of all of their rivals; in the meantime, their raids only grow in audacity and spite.

The Webspinner Shamans claim that even before the Age of Chaos, the first Deff Grotz had established their lairs in Neferatia and were offering praise to the Spider God. The name of the visionary – and, considering the unforgiving realities of their new home, more than likely utterly insane – boss-grot who first travelled to Neferatia has long been forgotten. Unsurprisingly, many Grimscuttle tribes claim descent from this legendary figure. This has provided the spark for several internecine conflicts, such as that of the Moon Skuttlerz and Spook-Stranglerz, who mutually destroyed themselves battling over whether the First Boss wielded a spear named Fing-Stabba or a sickle named Fing-Slysa.

The Grimscuttle tribes survived the Age of Chaos for two reasons. Firstly, their proximity to Nulahmia – seat of the legendary Soulblight queen Neferata, Nagash's Mortarch of Blood – actually proved to be a boon, for many champions of ruin desired to sack that darkly magnificent city. Oaths of non-aggression were extracted in exchange for the grots agreeing to lead Chaos warbands through the mountains that divided the Screaming Wastes in the underworld's east from Neferatia proper in the west. There the warriors would break upon the walls of Nulahmia while also occupying the Mortarch's forces. Some warlords attempted to renege on these deals, committing acts of betrayal that the Spiderfang considered entirely understandable, given their own compulsive urge for treachery. Yet many of these double-crossers, either overcome with bloodlust or dismissive of the grots' apparent weediness, made the mistake



of waiting until they were deep in the mountains before revealing their duplicity. One by one, they fell prey not only to the ferocity of the Spiderfang but also to the cunning traps and snares that the grots had set up to cover their inevitable retreats.

The second reason, however, was far more important. Though none entirely trusted another – a wise decision – the Age of Chaos forced many of the Neferatian stalktribes to band together in loose coalitions. In a practical sense, these ‘alliances’ consisted of the biggest and toughest tribes bullying their smaller neighbours into offering tributes of venomous potions and other desirables – which for grots could mean anything from shiny weapons to particularly interesting toe fungus – in return for protection. These associations also provided an opportunity for the underworld’s many Webspinner Shamans to impress their new mates with their supposed knowledge of the Spider God. Shyish is a realm of tradition and superstition, where the bones of a thousand gods lie scattered across the dunes and valleys. Was it not possible, the shamans began to believe as they egged one another on, that their deity had feasted on some of these fallen titans and made its lair in Shyish? Some even claimed to have seen such a place in the visions granted by the bites of their eight-legged familiars: a great chasm surrounded by spiders of a size and inherent malice that resonated with the grots. Gathering together the tribes in the lightless, arboreal depths, the Webspinners embarked upon a master plan to invoke their sinister god.

THE GREAT SKITTERSCREAM

Preparations were made for a ritual as audacious as it was demented. The Webspinner Shamans of the Deff Grotz intended to open a Realmgate directly to the lair of the Spider God, calling forth their deity to devour the essence of the underworld itself. Exactly why they wanted to do this is unclear, for it is unlikely that the Spider God would bother to exclude the grots from its hunger, but such was considered a problem for later by the eager greenskins. Entire caverns were threaded with intricate webbed symbols. Slaves were captured in greater volumes than ever, wrapped in acidic webs that kept them hideously aware while slowly melting their flesh. Skull drums echoed as the Webspinners led the tribes in mass chants and prisoners were hurled screaming into pits filled with seething, hungry arachnids.

Though few outsiders realise it, the Spider God’s brood are no mindless beasts. While Giant Spiders exhibit a mere animal cunning, Arachnaroks are wise and cruel in equal measure – and none more so than the Skitterstrands. These void-stalking predators pursue the

aetheric glow of spellcraft through holes burrowed in reality’s skin, and the frenzied rituals of the Grimscuttle tribes had stoked their ravenous appetites. As the grots’ strange ceremonies reached their zenith, the air was filled with the shrieks of arachnid megapredators. Long blade-like limbs unfolded from web-strewn portals as the Skitterstrand Arachnaroks dragged themselves into reality – only two at first, then three, then five, then seven. First they fell upon the sacrifices, devouring them in orgiastic outpourings of hunger. Then it was the turn of the grots to serve as prey. Reedy screams of exultation turned to squeals of horror as the greenskins fled through the winding tunnels of their nests, pursued by beings they could not hope to outrun. Even the Webspinners were not spared; the mangled bodies of those who fell were eagerly feasted upon by the Skitterstrands.

This disaster of their own making would likely have been the end of the Grimscuttle tribes, were it not for the Bad Moon. Whether it appeared through sheer happenstance or it was drawn to the misfortune of its worshippers, the hateful celestial body cast its sinister loonlight across Neferatia. Dead soil seethed with fungal life, lakes of rich blood curdled and clotted, and the beasts of the mountains launched mass stampedes into the forces of Chaos and Death in the surrounding lowlands. To other races, these were portents of doom, but to the Deff Grotz, this meant salvation. The surviving Webspinners were



overcome with their most violent and frothing visions to date, visions that compelled them to drop to their knees in prayer before the rampaging spider-titans, swaying and chanting even as gore sprayed across them in great gouts.

If the minds of the Grimscuttle tribes had not already shattered, they certainly did so now. But their devotions had the desired effect. The Skitterstrands – either pleased with the grots’ obeisance or simply having satiated their hunger – ceased their feasting, their many eyes now turned towards the zealotry of the greenskins. What happened next has been told and retold so often by the Webspinners that the truth has been utterly lost. It is undeniable, however, that when next the Grimscuttle tribes rode out, it was in the company of many Skitterstrands. Each stalktribe congregated around a particular beast, one judged to be the mightiest or most spiritually akin to its new worshippers. They spread through the valleys of Neferatia like a scuttling plague, dragging off all they could capture to meet a dark fate in the broodnests. Three armies were dispatched from Nulahmia to eradicate the grots, each captained by one of Neferata’s trusted handmaidens. All met with failure; the light of the Bad Moon filled the Spiderfang with a terrible bravery, while the Skitterstrands recognised the threat posed by the undead warlords to their new worshippers and providers of food. From cracks in reality, they struck without warning, dragging screaming vampires through arcane trap-holes to face grisly ends. Many of the Grimscuttle tribes followed the Skitterstrands back through these portals; though these eerie labyrinths are strange and dangerous places, they are often used by the Webspinner Shamans as useful shortcuts – in some cases, they even become the lairs of entire tribes. The Skitterstrands roughly tolerate this, so long as the grots continue to provide them with a steady supply of food.

THE CRAWLING HORROR

Ever since the Great Skitterscream, almost every sizeable raid launched by the Deff Grotz has been accompanied by at least one Skitterstrand Arachnarok. To ride into battle alongside their tribe’s personal totem-beast is a thrill unlike any other, not least because grots draw a measure of courage from being in the shadow of anything large and menacing that happens to be on their side. Though it is unlikely that the Skitterstrands derive much more than a passing, malicious amusement from the grots’ zeal, they too gain something from this arrangement. While the attacks of scuttling Spider Rider mobs disrupt an enemy battleline, the Arachnaroks emerge from their sinister reality-splitting tunnels to pounce upon enemy generals and sorcerers, dragging them back to secluded lairs to be devoured at leisure. This is not done solely to satisfy their

animalistic hunger; the children of the Spider God know full well that this is a time of magical upheaval and that the power of the arcane has the potential to scour their hunting grounds clean of life, should it be left unchecked. If their sudden, violent interventions draw greater awe and greater tributes from the grots, then so much the better.

Though they can still number in the thousands, Spiderfang broodnests tend to contain fewer grots than other greenskin strongholds. This is largely explained by the fact that, despite their symbiotic relationship, there is very little the grots can do to stop an Arachnarok from devouring scores of its devotees if it so desires. As a result, speed is amongst the greatest weapons of the Grimscuttle tribes, their raids conducted to swiftly seize sacrifices before retreating in the face of stern opposition. Though Giant Spiders are outpaced by Xintilian purebreds or pouncing Snarlfangs, their ability to navigate uneven terrain – even scuttling up and down sheer walls – is practically unrivalled. All Grimscuttle warriors are consummate raiders and have long trained to use the agility of their mounts to maximum effect. Scarred Scuttlebosses lead spider-riding Skitterswarms on flanking attacks from seemingly impossible angles, launching a near-constant stream of poisoned arrowfire before charging in to lash out with spears and fangs. Many Deff Grotz are able to follow their patron Skitterstrands through the holes burrowed in reality, attacking without warning in the shadow of their living god.

Nevertheless, the Deff Grotz do not entrust victory to speed and ferocity alone. In the night before a battle or raid, mobs of spider-mounted outriders will scuttle ahead to prepare the ground. Deep pits are dug and filled with sharpened stakes, their tips coated with paralytic venoms. Trip-webs are connected to surprisingly elaborate mechanisms that, at the shrieking command of the Webspinner Shamans, impale the foe with sharpened gargant femurs or eviscerate them with suddenly deploying razor-nets. Their most popular ruse, however, is the use of carefully concealed trap-holes, often disguised using boggle-eyed Loonshrines that crawl with arachnid life, from which entire mobs of Spider Riders can suddenly emerge to outflank a reeling enemy formation. To strike from such hidden avenues is seen as a sacred act to the Deff Grotz, bringing them closer to the Skitterstrands they seek to emulate. They are the masters of the feigned – or not so feigned – flight, using their mobility to lure foes into plotted killing grounds before launching sudden ambushes and cruelly riding them down.

The chitin of Neferatia’s Giant Spiders is

predominantly black of hue. Onto this, the Deff Grotz paint markings in lurid yellows and pallid whites that they believe strike fear into their adversaries; skulls and hourglasses are common choices, not only because these are common elements of Shyishan symbology but also because they are simple enough for grots to copy. As for the stalktribes' patron Skitterstrands, their carapaces are naturally covered in markings of a grim and deathly nature. These beings are the centre of the Grimscuttle's fanatical faith, each a living embodiment of the Spider God's power. Hierarchy amongst the tribes is decided not only by the number of sacrifices brought in but also by the age and deeds of their arachnid idol. The Grave Feasterz, currently the biggest and bossiest of all Deff Grotz tribes, boast to any who will listen of the bloated monstrosity they call 'Boss Seven-Eyez' who once devoured an entire coven of Bloodseeker connoisseurs – as well as the enchanted palanquin upon which they were riding.

THE CULT OF THE SPIDER

Unlike most rowdy beasts of Destruction who view worship of Gorkamorka and their natural propensity towards violence as one and the same, Spiderfang stalktribes are actively religious entities that place great import on appeasing their arachnid deity. Enemy corpses will only be looted once the tide of arachnids that follows a Spiderfang war party has been allowed to feast, though this may have something to do with the fact that over-eager grots tend to be eaten in return for their troubles. Many rituals involve shamans and favoured champions ingesting the venom of their arachnid demigods and enduring the bone-straining seizures and terrifying visions that follow. Mass sacrifices form a key part of this crazed religion, and many of the grots' captives are destined to be devoured alive by swarms of spiders to the sound of the greenskins' high-pitched chanting. All of this, the Webspinners believe, brings them closer to the Spider God. Whether true or not, the rituals undoubtedly bolster the spell-flingers' incantations as well as rendering them near immune to poison – a useful trait in a society as prone to rampant backstabbing as that of the grots.



TO WEAVE THE WEB

The Grimscuttle tribes have long been a blight upon Neferatia. Yet there are few who realise the strength they have amassed in the web-strewn shadows of the underworld – and the damage they could do were the Spider God to set them upon the path of total war.

THE NIGHT OF THE SPIDER

The Great Skitterscream, a demented ritual enacted by the Webspinner Shamans of the Grimscuttle tribes, goes hideously wrong as their summoned Skitterstrands begin to feast upon the grots with wild abandon. Only when the Bad Moon rises across Neferatia and the terror-crazed greenskins throw themselves at the mercy of these sinister arachnid demigods is common cause reached. The survivors ride across the underworld in force, striking not only at armies and settlements in thrall to the vampire Neferata but also at the hosts of Chaos who seek to topple the undead queen. In this way, they are scourges and saviours both, as exemplified when three Skitterstrands suddenly ambush and devour the Tzeentchian daemon prince Xyl'Ax'Thaurum mere hours before he can enact an arcane ritual to translocate his Changehosts directly into the heart of Nulahmia.

DA BIG WEBFEAST

Sizeable mobs from three distant stalktribes – the Ash Skuttlerz, Bad Eggz and Dank-Kreeperz – travel to the domain of the Grimscuttle for 'da Big Webfeast', a recurrent gathering to honour the Spider God. The ceremonies are interrupted, however, by a brotherhood of Astral Templars intent on expunging the unpredictable grots from the Nulahmian war front. Many of the visiting Spiderfang mass for a desperate defence, but as they are pushed back towards the inner broodnests, the Deff Grotz seem strangely unwilling to join the fight. Overcome with ferocious battlelust, Lord-Celestant Thonar of the Ice launches an all-out attack upon the towering catchweb spidershrines at the heart of the Grimscuttle 'temple'. However, in doing so, he and his warriors quite literally fall into the Deff Grotz' trap; shrouded by the deep darkness of the broodnests, the Stormcasts do not realise that the temple floors are made of tightly packed webbing until they become entangled in it. Along the steel-silk strands scuttle mob after mob of Grimscuttle Spider Riders, having lurked in concealment until their enemies were restrained. The slaughter that follows is brutal and only intensifies when the frenzy of the Deff Grotz attracts several of their Skitterstrand patrons to fall upon the Astral Templars. As



the final Azyrite is slain in a blast of cerulean light, the visiting grots agree that this was the most successful Webfeast yet, either ignorant or uncaring of the fact that the loss of so many of their own warriors renders the Grimscuttle tribes the most powerful Spiderfang for leagues around.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRIBBLA

Neferata's patience with the Deff Grotz reaches breaking point. When sinister omens that can only herald the coming of the Bad Moon are detected across Neferatia, the Mortarch deliberately withholds her armies from the defence of several thrall-villages situated near the greenskins' lairs. Sure enough, when the strange celestial body rises, the Grimscuttle tribes begin to raid the vulnerable settlements, only to be caught in a deadly counter-attack by the Legion of Blood. The grots are forced to flee, drawing upon their natural sneakiness to skitter away into the shadows. Yet one stalktribe, under the command of the shaman Gribbla Websnot, strays further than most. In their panicked flight, the grots pass through a hidden Realmgate to Ghur, emerging in a vast subterranean tunnel lined with thick webs. Quickly taking the initiative, Gribbla informs his followers that such was absolutely his intent, and that the tunnel was created by the most massive arachnid in all the realms. The zealous Deff Grotz follow the long and winding tunnel in search of the creature, overrunning several skaven bore-works and outposts of the Underguts Mawtribe without slowing.

DA BOSS IS WATCHING

Roilon Ven Brecht, one of Neferata's devoted courtiers, attempts to impress his mistress by turning the Deff Grotz into an asset. In the labyrinth of crypts below Nulahmia, the vampire lord performs a mass sacrifice of his mortal thralls before conjuring four Purple Suns of Shyish, sending them to menace mortal armies across the lands. If the spells alone do not destroy their adversaries, reasons Roilon, then the Skitterstrands drawn to the magical devastation soon will. Unfortunately for Roilon, the sheer expenditure of arcane energy draws the attention of the titanic Skitterstrand known as Boss Seven-Eyez. The Arachnarok uses the flaring beacon of aetheric power to tunnel straight into the crypts, accompanied by the Grave Feasterz tribe in their entirety. The grisly slaughter that follows at least saves Roilon from needing to explain his error to Neferata.

THE SPIDER GOD STIRS

More and more, the venom-born visions of the Webspinner Shamans focus on two things: a rumbling in Ghur and a black pit plunging into Shyish from which terrible shrieks of hunger emanate. Some tribes argue that the pit represents 'Da Black Gobblehole' at the heart of Shyish; others claim that the roar is the Great Waaagh! of Gordrakk gathering pace. Most, however, are convinced that these are portents of the Spider God's return to the Mortal Realms. Weapons are sharpened, prayers intoned and spider mounts reared in greater numbers than ever, preparing for raids that will – in the words of the Webspinners – secure enough sacrifices to draw their insatiable deity from its abyssal lair.



GRIMSCUTTLE TRIBES ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

If your army is a Gloomspite Gitz army, you can give it the GRIMSCUTTLE keyword. All GLOOMSPITE GITZ units in your army gain that keyword, and you can use the following allegiance abilities in addition to the allegiance abilities in *Battletome: Gloomspite Gitz*.

ABILITIES

Deff Grotz of Shyish: *The zealous grots of the Grimscuttle tribes boast of their connection to the Spider God, and they certainly seem to display a knack for channelling its uncanny powers.*

Each time a friendly GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG unit is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 5+, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on that unit.

Drawn to the Aetherglow: *The Skitterstrands worshipped by the Grimscuttle tribes have developed a taste for magically charged prey, and they pursue these targets with particular hunger.*

You can re-roll hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by friendly SKITTERSTRAND models if the target is a WIZARD or PRIEST.

COMMAND ABILITY

Masters of Feigned Flight: *The Grimscuttle grots are the masters of feigned flight, falling back before returning to attack once more. The fact that such retreats often aren't initially feigned helps a little.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG unit wholly within 12" of a friendly GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG HERO. Until your next hero phase, that unit can retreat and still charge later in the same turn.

COMMAND TRAIT

A GRIMSCUTTLE WEBSPINNER SHAMAN general must have the following command trait:

Prophet of da Spider God: *So fervently does this shaman believe in the monstrous deity of the Deff Grotz that when he raises his squeaky voice in prayer, his followers really do seem to be blessed with the Spider God's potent venoms.*

Once per battle in the combat phase, you can say that this general will unleash their battle cry. If you do so, friendly GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG models are treated as being affected by the light of the Bad Moon until the end of that phase.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Shyishan Spider-sigils.

Shyishan Spider-sigils: *The greatest Grimscuttle bosses daub themselves and their mounts with morbid symbols that strike fear into all those familiar with the scuttling horror of the Deff Grotz.*

Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units while they are within 6" of the bearer. In addition, add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDERFANG units while they wholly within 12" of the bearer.

WARSCROLL UPDATE – BAD MOON LOONSHRINE

If your general has the SPIDERFANG keyword, any friendly BAD MOON LOONSHRINES replace their Moonclan Lairs ability with the Endless Skitterswarms ability.

Endless Skitterswarms: *The Loonshrines of the Spiderfang are often connected to web-strewn caverns, out of which emerge mob after mob of scuttling grot Spider Riders.*

At the end of each of your turns, you can pick 1 friendly SPIDER RIDERS unit that has been destroyed. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 4+, a new replacement

unit with half of the models from the unit that was destroyed (rounding fractions up) is added to your army. You must set up the replacement unit wholly within 12" of a friendly BAD MOON LOONSHRINE and more than 3" from any enemy units. Each destroyed unit can only be replaced once – replacement units cannot themselves be replaced.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These warscroll battalions enable you to field unique formations of Grimscuttle units on the battlefield.

GRIMSCUTTLE WARSCROLL BATTALION

GRIMSCUTTLE SPIDER CLUSTER

ORGANISATION

A Grimscuttle Spider Cluster consists of the following units:

- 2-4 GRIMSCUTTLE ARACHNAROK SPIDER units in any combination

ABILITIES

Monstrous Titans: *The Arachnaroks of Neferatia are possessed of a particularly dark temperament, and they revel in spearing hapless foes on their sharp, agile legs.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by units from this battalion.

GRIMSCUTTLE WARSCROLL BATTALION

GRIMSCUTTLE SKITTERSWARM

ORGANISATION

A Grimscuttle Skitterswarm consists of the following units:

- 0-1 SCUTTLEBOSS or Webspinner Shaman
- 3+ Spider Riders units

ABILITIES

Through the Cracks They Creep: *Whether outflanking the foe via the use of cunning trap-holes or emerging from the tunnels bored through reality by their allied Skitterstrands, Deff Grotz Spider Riders are adept at striking from unexpected directions.*

At the start of the first battle round, after determining who has the first turn but before the first turn begins, you can pick up to D3 units from this battalion and remove them from the battlefield. If you do so, at the end of your first movement phase, set up those units again wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from any enemy units.

GRIMSCUTTLE WARSCROLL BATTALION

GRIMSCUTTLE NEST

ORGANISATION

A Grimscuttle Nest consists of the following units:

- 2-3 Skitterstrand Arachnaroks

ABILITIES

Reality's Skin-crawlers: *The Skitterstrand Arachnaroks that fight alongside the Grimscuttle tribes are amongst the most cunning of their kind, constantly skittering through the skin of reality to catch their prey off guard.*

In your movement phase, instead of making a normal move with a model from this battalion, you can say that it will tunnel through the web-strewn portals. If you do so, remove that model from the battlefield and set it up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

WARSCROLL	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
Grimscuttle Spider Cluster	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	
Grimscuttle Skitterswarm	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	
Grimscuttle Nest	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	

SPIDERFANG GROTS

This month's Tome Celestial is all about Spiderfang Grots, so what better way to follow up an article about background and rules than with some painting guides? If you suffer from arachnophobia, we recommend closing your eyes and turning the page a couple of times ...

It will come as no surprise that this month's painting guide features the wonderful Spiderfang Grots. Over the next four pages, you'll find two painting guides – one for the classic paint range, the other for Contrast paints. Both guides feature models painted to Battle Ready and Parade Ready standards.

CLASSIC STYLE

The Spider Rider below was undercoated using two separate basecoat sprays – Mephiston Red and Death Guard Green. One of the great advantages of this method is that you could, if you wanted to, easily drybrush the Parade Ready carapace colours onto the spider because

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, we painted a Spider Rider so that it's ready for the battlefield. An army painted to this standard this would look great.



CARAPACE



SPIDER EYES



MOUTHPARTS



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, we took the Battle Ready Spider Rider and made him Parade Ready. Watch out for webs!



there would be no grot to get in the way of the brush. For those of us with less steady hands (or less time on our hands), drybrushing is an excellent alternative to layering.

TOP TIP

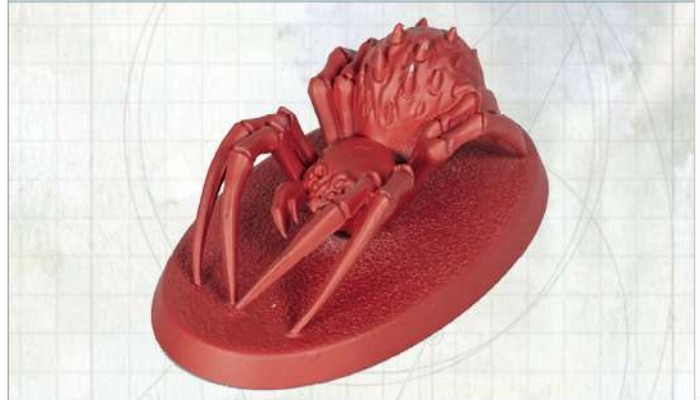
Spiders have lots of legs. Legs get in the way when applying texture paints to bases. Fortunately, the contact points between the legs and the bases are pretty small. This means that you can lightly glue your spiders to their bases (so you've got something to hold while painting them), then when it comes to painting the bases, gently pull the spiders off, paint the bases, and glue the spiders back on. Perfect bases, non-muddy spiders.

TOP TIP 2

If you have two areas of a model that both use the same colour wash (such as loincloth and spear shaft, below), basecoat both areas, then wash them at the same time.

MAKING PAINTING EASIER

To make painting our Spider Rider easier, we kept the rider separate from the spider. This meant that we could undercoat the spider with Mephiston Red spray and the grot with Death Guard Green – the ideal basecoat colours. Keeping them separate would also stop the spider's legs getting in the way when painting the diminutive rider. We stuck the grot to a spare base with a dot of Super Glue to make holding it easier.



GROT SKIN



LOINCLOTH



METAL



SPEAR SHAFT



SHIELD BOSS



FEATHERS



CONTRAST STYLE

Just like the Spider Rider painted in the classic style, this Contrast version was painted in two sub-assemblies: the spider and the rider. While both were undercoated with Wraithbone spray, keeping them separate meant that we could be a little less careful (and therefore quicker) when applying our Contrast paints. For example, we were able to cover the spider in Flesh Tearers Red without worrying about getting any of it on the grot.

On this Spider Rider, the Contrast paints do a considerable amount of the work for you, and a Battle Ready spider looks pretty impressive without any extra highlights. The Battle Ready one shown below was painted in about thirty minutes, not including drying time. Were you to batch paint a whole unit this way, you could basecoat ten spiders with your chosen Contrast colour, have a cup of tea and a biscuit (or coffee and cake,

whatever takes your fancy), and by the time you're finished snacking, the paint on the first spider will be dry, ready for you to apply the next colour.

The grot rider requires a steadier hand when it comes to Contrast paints since it is very small. We started by basecoating the skin (the deepest area of the model) then working outwards to the loincloth, metalwork and smaller details (in fact, in the order they're presented below). All of the Contrast paints were applied with either our S Base or M Layer brush to ensure accurate control was maintained and that not too much paint got into the bristles.

Of course, mistakes did happen along the way, but these were easily tidied up with a layer of Wraithbone. There's some debate about which painting method is better: being quick and messy then tidying up, or neat but slow with no tidying up. The choice is, of course, yours!



CARAPACE



SPIDER EYES



MOUTHPARTS



RED WUNZ GO FASTER ...

... but yellow ones also look cool! Remember, not every spider has to be red. You could try swapping the carapace stage of the guide for some other colours such as Iyanden Yellow or Aethermatic Blue. Both would make great Spiderfang colour schemes. You could even theme the colours to a particular realm or region. Imagine Aqshian fire grots, or mountain-dwelling Spider Riders from Ghur with icy blue spiders.



EIGHT-LEGGED PAINTING ADVICE

What's that, you need more spider painting guides? Well, who are we to refuse? If you head over to our Warhammer TV YouTube channel, you'll find additional painting guides for Spider Riders, Arachnarok Spiders, grot skin, orruk skin, grot noses (they go red in the cold) and plenty more besides. There are a few handy painting tips to be found in *Battletoome: Gloomspite Gitz*, too.



GROT SKIN



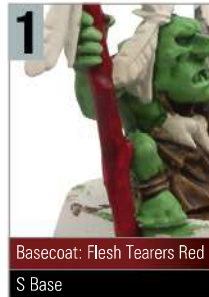
LOINCLOTH



METAL



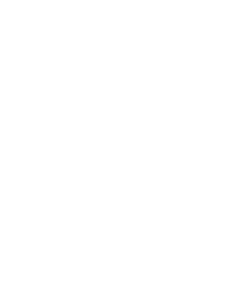
SPEAR SHAFT



SHIELD BOSS



FEATHERS



DA BAD EGGZ TRIBE

This extremely yellow army of Spiderfang Grots belongs to Age of Sigmar background writer Nick Horth, who painted them for a team tournament held at Warhammer World last year. We asked him to tell us more about his scuttling horde.



NICK HORTH

Background writer by day, romantic novelist by night (no, wait, Black Library novelist by night ...), Nick Horth can often be found eyeball-deep in literature about the Mortal Realms. But he's also a keen gamer with more than one army trying to take over his desk, including Necromundan Orlocks, Genestealer Cults and, of course, spiders!

Nick: Da Bad Eggz are a bunch of unpleasant little spider-botherers from the volcanic foothills of the Great Parch. They dwell inside a dormant volcano that's been claimed by a brood of mighty Arachnarok Spiders, whom the Spiderfang worship as living demigods. The Bad Eggz enjoy nothing more than sacrificing prisoners to their eight-legged masters, and they have a particular fondness for force-feeding Arachnarok egg sacs to captured warriors, then sitting back and watching their victims' swollen bodies explode in a skittering tide of newly hatched spiderlings. Gross, eh?

In real life, I'm a medium to major arachnophobe, so it might seem a little odd that I ended up collecting a Spiderfang army. My reasons were twofold. Firstly, I wanted to try out the (then) new range of Contrast paints, and Spider Riders seemed like the perfect test models to work with. I could paint the spiders really quickly and to great effect with the new paints.

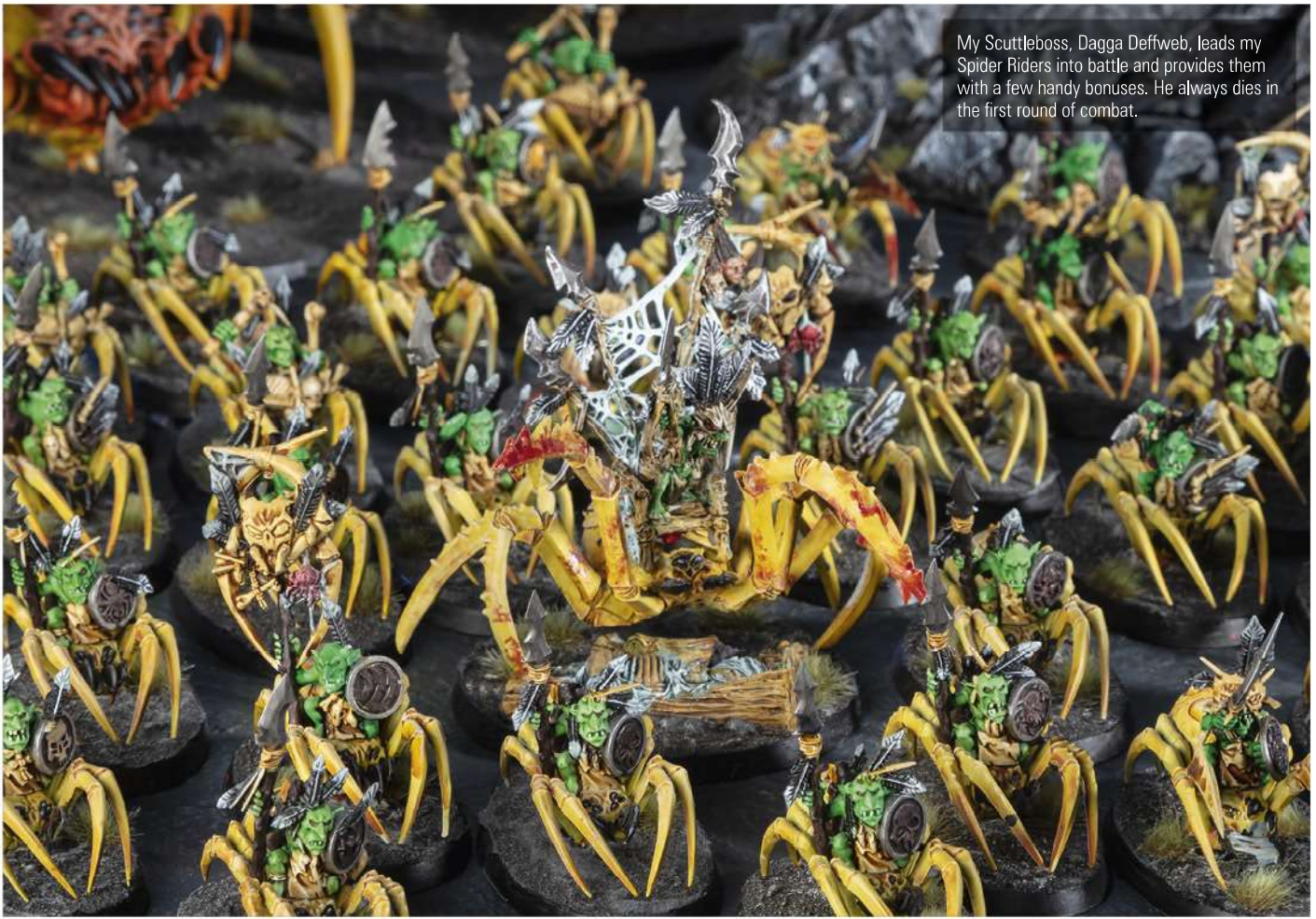
Secondly, the Arachnarok is one of my all-time favourite Warhammer kits – an absolute beast of a model chock full of character and customisation options. I ended up assembling two Arachnaroks with catchweb spidershrines and accompanying Webspinner Shamans, giving me a pretty potent mix of magic and raw power. Then, I painted a couple of riderless Skitterstrand Arachnaroks, whose ability to pop out of nowhere on the tabletop always keeps my opponents guessing. Add in several mobs of Spider Riders and a Scuttleboss on Gigantic Spider, and my highly mobile and deceptively dangerous force was complete. I've had a lot of fun playing with Da Bad Eggz since I finished painting them. They've been to a team tournament at Warhammer World and several staff gaming nights, and they've really done me proud.





My warlord is the Webspinner Shaman Ziggit Scablegs, mounted upon the Arachnarok Queen Fangstabba. They once took on a Megaboss on Maw-krusha and lived to tell the tale!





My Scuttleboss, Dagga Deffweb, leads my Spider Riders into battle and provides them with a few handy bonuses. He always dies in the first round of combat.

CONTRASTING SPIDERS!

Contrast paints are ideal for achieving an effective (not to mention bright) colour scheme really quickly. Nick used a Wraithbone undercoat for his spiders, and then painted them almost entirely with Contrast paints. He painted the bases dark grey with black rims to represent the dormant volcano they live in and to contrast with the brightly coloured spiders.



CARAPACES

- Basecoat: Nazdreg Yellow
- Basecoat: Gryph-hound Orange
- Basecoat: Blood Angels Red

GROT SKIN

- Basecoat: Warp Lightning & Ork Flesh

DETAILS

- Basecoat: Zandri Dust
- Layer: Screaming Skull
- Basecoat: Mournfang Brown
- Layer: Skrag Brown

PAINTING DA BAD EGGZ

I wanted a lurid and aggressive colour scheme for my spiders, a bit like a swarm of angry wasps, so I went with Nazdreg Yellow and Gryph-hound Orange for their carapaces. For the Arachnaroks, I lathered the contrast on nice and thick, and I mixed those two colours together with Blood Angels Red to get a nice gradation running down the legs. I used the same colours for the patterns on the thoraxes.

The fangs, eyes, spines and nobby bits (*highly technical spider terminology* – Ed) were painted really simply with Abaddon Black, while the skin of the grots themselves was painted with a roughly equal mix of Warp Lightning and Ork Flesh to make them nice and bright, just like their mounts. I picked out the armour, bows and other details with Zandri Dust and Mournfang Brown, highlighting with Screaming Skull and Skrag Brown, respectively.

Overall it's a nice, simple scheme that's vibrant and eye-catching but also not too complicated. I was painting these on a tight schedule for a Warhammer World team tournament – which I attended alongside three other members of the Age of Sigmar team – so I didn't want to get too carried away with the details! I think they turned out pretty well in the end.