

WARHAMMER[®]

OGRE KINGDOMS



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The crowd roars for blood as two Ogres fight to the death in a brutal pit fight.

OGRE KINGDOMS

A WARHAMMER ARMIES SUPPLEMENT

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INTRODUCTION

Ogres are big, ugly, brutish monsters that excel at two things: eating and fighting. An Ogre is easily recognised by his massive frame and boulder-like gut, but any that come across one would do well to stay out of its path, for an Ogre will, more often than not, club to death and messily devour any living thing it can catch. The Ogres come from a number of kingdoms scattered throughout the Mountains of Mourn and beyond, far to the east of the Old World. They travel the world fighting as mercenaries and picking on those weaker than themselves, which, to be frank, is nearly everybody. To the dismay of the civilised races, the Ogre populations in the mountains have grown so large that they have begun to foray into the outside world, no longer in groups of two or three, but in their hundreds.

An Ogre Kingdoms army is a massive blunt instrument that smashes into enemy lines with the force of a ton of bricks. It is a hard-hitting, impact driven army that is devastating on the charge but will often be hugely outnumbered on the battlefield. Nevertheless, with the right combination of Ogre units led by one of the fearsome Tyrants, an opponent's battle line can be smashed apart by a devastating bull charge even before a single iron-bound club is swung. But to get the most out of an Ogre Kingdoms army you must coordinate the attacks of its supporting units: amongst them the bestial Ythete packs and shark-toothed Gorgers, the diminutive and cruel slave-race of the Gnoblar, and the shamanic Butchers, who wield the mighty magic of the Great Maw.

The sheer intimidation factor carried by a full army of Ogres is a weapon in itself. Facing unit upon unit of lumbering killing machines with packs of monsters led by some of the most potent characters in the Warhammer world is a daunting prospect, especially given the speed with which an Ogre army closes on its enemy. You only need a couple of dozen models to put together a full-size Ogre force, so it is both easy and quick to collect, and as the models are fewer in number but larger in size, you can spend more time painting each of them than you might on another army's troops.

In this book you will find:

THE OGRES AND THEIR KING

An in-depth look at the nature of the Ogres, their origins and the myths that describe their history, right up to the culture and society of the Ogre kingdoms today.

THE BRUTISH HORDES

Full details and rules for the host of troop types, characters, war machines and monsters that comprise an Ogre Kingdoms army. This section also includes advice on how to paint your own Ogre tribe.

THE KINGDOM OF THE OGRE

This section looks to the east, from the kingdoms themselves to the towering peaks housing the skycastles and even distant Cathay, before detailing the honorifics and magic items available to an aspiring Ogre hero.

A GATHERING OF MIGHT

A full army list covering all the units in an Ogre Kingdoms army, giving everything you need to choose your own force with which to crush your enemies on the field of battle.

GUTS OF LEGEND

The most famous and notorious Ogres to have butchered their way into the annals of history, with details of the immense Greasus Goldtooth, Overyrant of the Ogre kingdoms, and Scrag the Slaughterer, blood-crazed Prophet of the Great Maw.







OGRES

In battle, a single Ogre is more than a match for half a dozen normal men. A full-grown Ogre Bull stands over ten feet tall and is almost half as wide at the gut. His massively-built body is crowned by a snarling, bestial head, with very little in the way of neck to divide the two. His powerful arms are as thick as a man's chest, and are capable of smashing through the walls of a house. An Ogre's legs are stout and tireless, the better to carry his lumpen frame, and his teeth are broad and flat, like the tusks of a beast. His body hair is lank and greasy, and although it is common for an Ogre to be as bald as a boulder, it is rare indeed that one can be found without facial hair, presumably cultivated to trap morsels of food that escape being shovelled into his mouth by his great grasping hands.

Only a fool would mistake an Ogre's sheer bulk for fat, for though he is well insulated against the elements, underneath this tissue lies an extensive lattice-work of muscle. His skin is as tough as a cured leather breastplate and twice as thick, and such is his resilience that even impaling an Ogre upon a lance is no defence against having one's head caved in by the return blow. However, the most notable feature of the Ogre is his gut.

The gut of the common Ogre is of utmost importance to its owner, socially, spiritually and physically. An Ogre with a large gut is seen as wealthy and strong, for he has obviously eaten well to ensure such impressive girth. The Ogre religion revolves around eating, and the gluttonous Butchers believe that they can commune with their primitive god through this simple act. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the Ogre's vital organs are situated far lower than a man's. These organs are protected by a thick interlocking skein of musculature, and can grind and crack with terrific force, allowing the Ogre to digest almost anything he cares to toss into his cavernous maw. But the common Ogre leaves nothing to chance when it comes to his beloved abdomen, and protects his innards further with a large circular 'gut-plate'. This is usually made of metal, beaten into shape or even cast in a mould, and will commonly depict an icon important to the owner's parent tribe. The gut-plate is secured around the Ogre's waist by a heavy belt that is often used to store the Ogre's eating tools.

Aside from the gut-plate and a pair of functional but filthy breeches, it is unusual for a common Ogre to wear much in the way of clothing.



Although richer Ogres may purchase or cobble together some sort of armour, most Ogres leave their torsos bare, daubing themselves with crude tattoos and warpaint when they go to war. They wear iron-shod shoes that come in useful when kicking things to death, and when travelling into the snowy peaks of the mountains they will wear the pelts of the animals that prowled the slopes. Every Ogre owns a club, normally used for knocking out prey so that it can be dragged back to the cave with minimum blood loss. These clubs are crudely fashioned with bindings, spikes and studs, and the craftsmanship of the club an Ogre wields is an indication of his status – an Ogre using a simple log is generally seen as desperate or extremely poor. An Ogre trusts his club, and will eat it only in the direst of circumstances.

Ogres have been described by scholars as “thick as two short planks”. They have also been described as having enough intelligence to nail the planks together and beat the observer to a bloody pulp. There is some truth to this, for although the race is unable to create anything of lasting worth, they do have a knack for cobbling together crude weaponry out of whatever is to hand, and even using the machineries of war they take, trade or earn from other races. That said, the Mountains of Mourn are so inhospitable that nothing that makes its way into the Ogre kingdoms is wasted – if an object is not immediately edible it will invariably find another function within a few hours of its discovery.

Ogres have an insatiable appetite for destruction as well as for food, and even in times of relative peace they will hunt and kill the vicious cave-beasts that dwell in the mountains, as well as war constantly amongst themselves. Ogres are well known for their tendency to travel, and can be found across the four corners of the world, fighting in small mercenary groups that ultimately leave comparatively little evidence of their passing. In contrast, a full migration of Ogres can be devastating, stripping all life from the lands they come across and devouring entire populations in a matter of days. It may take decades before the desolation left in their wake begins to recover, but full-scale Ogre migrations are mercifully rare.

Ogres, being completely illiterate, rely on crude cave paintings and a tradition of storytelling (or just plain old boasting) to convey the folk tales and legends of their civilisation. One of their earliest myths concerns Old Stoneguts, an Ogre that caught and ate the sun one evening but, due to the heartburn it was causing him, threw it back up the very next morning. Ogres place great stock in feats of strength, and the mythology of the Ogre kingdoms is continually fuelled by the Herculean (and often extremely exaggerated) tasks undertaken by its inhabitants.



THE GREAT MAW

The Ogres worship an all-devouring god they call the Great Maw. Their relationship with this entity is not just one of devotion, but also one of fear, for the Great Maw was once responsible for the near-destruction of the entire Ogre race.

Many thousands of years ago, the Ogres lived far to the east of the Mountains of Mourn, in the great sweeping steppes on the borders of far Cathay. Their homelands were fertile and rolling grasslands spread from horizon to horizon, with grazing gnubest and lumbering yak providing an ever-replenishing supply of fresh meat.

With no natural barriers to divide their kingdoms, the majority of the Ogre tribes lived as nomads, trading almost as often as fighting. The great secret of fire was passed to them by their Cathayan neighbours, who in return began to recruit the more intelligent Ogres into the Grand Imperial Army. Tribe upon tribe prowled the rolling steppes as their numbers grew. However, the barbarian Ogre civilisation prospered to such an extent that Ogre raids soon began to stray into Cathay itself, preying on the simple peasant children working in the rice fields. Before long many Ogres had acquired a taste for Cathayan flesh. This was something which His Most Excellent Majesty Xen Huang, Celestial Dragon Emperor of the Imperial Palace of Grand Cathay, took a very dim view of indeed.

Whether Xen Huang's coven of ancient astromancers had anything to do with the catastrophe that befell the Ogres remains speculation, but not too long after the children of that land began to go missing and bloodied bones littered the paddy fields, a great burning light appeared in the sky. It increased in brightness and size with every passing day until it eclipsed even the great spheres of Morrslieb and Mannsleib. Over the weeks, it grew to be a baleful, glowering orb that crackled and spat above the plains, turning night into day and driving the wildlife of the steppes mad with fear. A corona of sickly green light came into focus around the comet as it grew ever closer, and fanciful observers even claimed that this new celestial body had a face, or more accurately, a mouth.

One sweltering night, the comet slammed into the Ogre homelands with such force that it was felt on the other side of the world. All life around it boiled away in an instant; two-thirds of the Ogre population were annihilated as the steppes liquefied under the hammer-blow of an angry god. The raging, blinding firestorms that followed the comet's fall incinerated everything for miles around. Had there been any survivors left to peer into the massive crater left by the comet's descent, they would have seen that the comet had not stopped on contact but instead burrowed deep into the heart of the world.

**"The Ogres were born a long time ago
Big, strong and fat
The little round ones by our side
We ate and drank till our guts filled"**

**"Then came the plains and the tribes
Beasts, sun, grass, wind, earth
The Sunrisers gave us fire
We fought for them and ate their young"**

- traditional saga of the Ogres, as depicted on many cave walls throughout the Ogre kingdoms, and interpreted by the notoriously untrustworthy Marienburg trader Yoban the Honest. Rumour has it that he and his entourage were eaten when he tried to cheat the Angry Fist Tribe.

**"A great toothed comet came
It grew closer by the day
Fire roared in the sky
Killed the night and drove the beasts mad"**

For the devastated tribes of the Ogres, the worst was yet to come. Their verdant homelands had been reduced to a searing desert of howling sandstorms and baleful energies that stripped the skin from their bones. Other than the remnants of the Ogre population, only a few species of insect had the resilience to survive the disaster, and starvation quickly set in. The surviving tribes degenerated into cannibalism, falling upon each other in fear and hunger as the drought and lack of food gnawed away at their once-full bellies. To the Ogres it seemed that a vengeful deity had fallen upon them, consuming all before it; a great and terrible maw that existed purely to feed. Thus the insatiable and merciless god of the Ogres was born.

The strongest and hardest Ogres, even after having eaten their weaker brethren, found that the gnawing hunger visited upon them at the time of the Great Maw's landing would not leave. No longer able to cross into Cathay due to the poisonous desolation left in the comet's wake, the majority of the survivors migrated into the mountain ranges to the west in search of new homelands and respite from the great drought. However, one of the oldest Ogre legends tells of Groth Onefinger, who led his tribe further into the deadly desert with the intention of offering sacrifice to this new and powerful god. What he found has since been depicted on a thousand gut-plates and banners, and is forever etched into the legends of the Ogre race. Before Groth stretched a gigantic, gaping crater the size of an inland sea, filled with ridge upon ridge of jagged teeth

and rippling, convulsing muscle that stretched down and down into nothingness; a gullet so huge it could swallow a race like the Ogres and still hunger for more. It exists there even now, a vile, pulsing god visited upon the face of the world by the vengeful heavens.

To this day, many Ogres follow in the footsteps of Groth, first prophet of the Maw, in a pilgrimage to their deity. Few return, for the Great Maw still hungers. Its presence writhes like a malevolent worm in the mind of all Ogres, beckoning them onward one by one. So it is that the Ogres travel the world, subconsciously obeying the restlessness planted within them by their gluttonous god at the time of its birth. Those that have crossed the oceans sometimes claim that there is another Maw on the opposite side of the world, a vast, fanged whirlpool that devours any ship that strays too close, but these claims are usually dismissed by the civilised races as superstition, for how could a comet have gnawed its way through the core of a planet?

Such is the reverence and awe in which the Great Maw is held that the Ogres dig stake-lined pits wherever they travel, throwing in bloody hunks of red meat as offerings to their god before they begin each feast. They regularly fight to the death in the stinking, meat-filled maw-pits dug into the heart of their feast halls, hoping the blood spilled in their cannibal rites will appease their deity. But the eternal appetite of the Great Maw can never truly be sated, and whilst it hungers still, its barbarous sons will feed and feed until they have consumed the world.

**"The Maw was born from the fire
The earth shook at its coming
The flames ate many tribes
To the mountains some fled"**

**"The hungry flame sat in our guts
We ate the mountains to put it out
But the fire was still there
We climbed further still"**

**"The War in the Sky began
They were strong and tall
But the Ogres were many
We ground their bones in their halls"**

**"We ate the Tall Ones' herds
Cavebeast is good meat
We climbed the peaks
Above the skies the giants dwell"**

OGRE CULTURE

There is one belief that unites Ogres across the world, beaten into them at infancy and carried with them to the grave: might makes right. A strong creature may take what he likes from a weaker creature, including life and limb. Every aspect of the culture of the Ogre kingdoms revolves around this central tenet, engraved on the mind of every inhabitant from the scrawniest Gnoblar to the mightiest Tyrant.

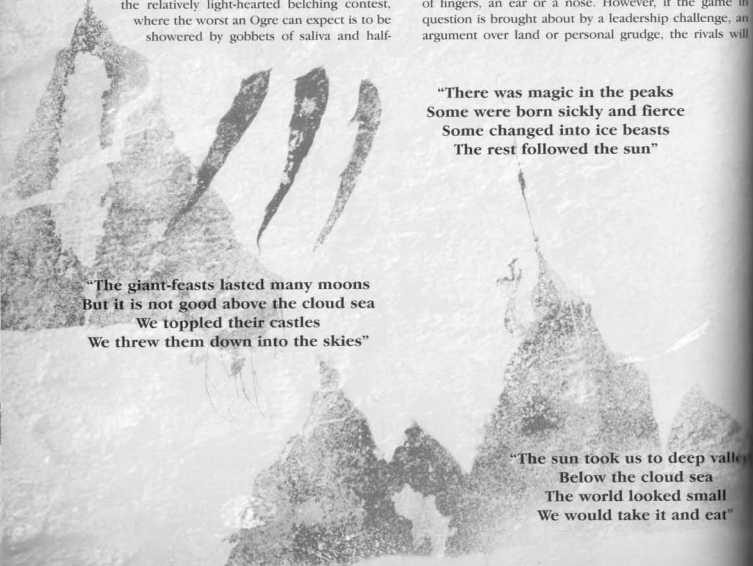
Ogres go to great lengths to illustrate their prowess, although an Ogre's status can quickly be assessed by his physical size and the dimensions of his gut. Nonetheless, Ogres adorn themselves with trophies taken from the cavebeasts they have defeated, daub warpaint on bare flesh to indicate tribal allegiance, take names that refer to their personal strengths, and ritually scar themselves to prove they feel no pain. A full-grown Bull arrayed for battle is a daunting sight; a leader such as a Bruiser or Tyrant positively terrifying.

All this self-aggrandisement is not just posturing, however. Ogres frequently challenge each other to contests of physical strength, especially on feast days or during a bout of Ogre games. These contests are also used as leadership challenges. They range from the relatively light-hearted belching contest, where the worst an Ogre can expect is to be showered by gobbets of saliva and half-

eaten food, to bouts of pit-fighting, a lethal blood sport that has even gained popularity in the Old World. It is permitted, in fact expected, that an Ogre pit-fight will involve weaponry of some sort. This generally includes ironfists, heavy chains, punch daggers and bladed helmets. Suffice to say, the pit fights staged by Mankind are pale in comparison; bloodless and tame next to the extreme violence of an Ogre bout.

Another favourite Ogre game is gut-barging, held in higher esteem than such pastimes as face-cracking or fistsplinter, for it is as much about girth as it is might. Each Ogre grabs hold of his opponent's belt and attempts to force his opponent to the floor with a combination of strength and weight, his efforts centred on the gut. Sinews strain and muscles bulge, with neither combatant giving an inch, until after much belching, spitting, threatening and roaring (much of which comes from the audience), one Ogre finally buckles and is forced into the dirt.

If both challengers survive an Ogre game, the winner is permitted to eat part of the loser as the spoils of victory. Should the contest be recreational or merely to ascertain who gets first cut of a slain foe, this may only be a couple of fingers, an ear or a nose. However, if the game in question is brought about by a leadership challenge, an argument over land or personal grudge, the rivals will



**"There was magic in the peaks
Some were born sickly and fierce
Some changed into ice beasts
The rest followed the sun"**

**"The giant-feasts lasted many moons
But it is not good above the cloud sea
We toppled their castles
We threw them down into the skies"**

**"The sun took us to deep valleys
Below the cloud sea
The world looked small
We would take it and eat"**

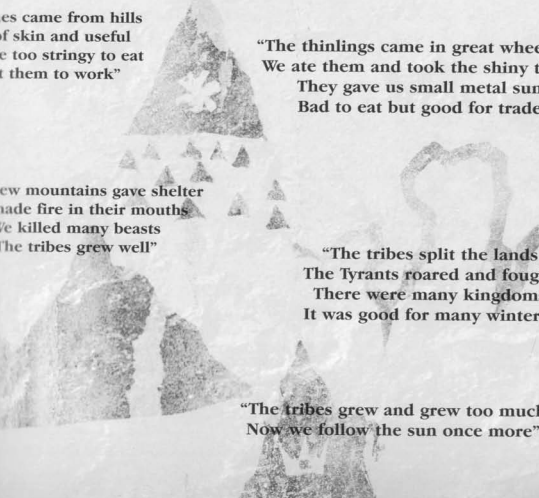
remove their gut-plates before the bout – a very serious sign. The victor in a ‘guts-out’ contest will invariably beat the loser to death with his bare hands and eat his bloody corpse then and there in front of his cheering audience. In this way, the Ogre not only gains the strength of his vanquished opponent but also the respect of his tribe.

Many of these games are staged during or after an Ogre feast, when the tribe is well-fed and the games therefore less likely to turn into a full-scale brawl. Feasts are of religious importance to the Ogres, and given enough meat, they will take any excuse to hold one. The guest of honour at these feasts will sit at the right hand of the Tyrant’s throne, and is therefore permitted the second finest cut of the meat – in practice, this is often the hunter that has brought the meat back to the tribe in the first place.

Hallmarks of an Ogre feast include fireplaces the size of stables and massive trough-like trestle tables around the edge of a maw-pit – a stinking hole in the ground filled with a morass of rotting meat, body parts and rusted weaponry in which the Ogres fight their violent games. Although other races might employ minstrels at a feast, Ogres have no real concept of music, and prefer volume above skill – an Ogre who can shout louder than his fellows is considered a gifted performer. Their feasts resound to bellowing, hollering and belching as well as the omnipresent crunch of meat and bone – the food devoured at an Ogre feast invariably being red meat. However, the Butchers know full well that their tribe appreciates diversity of diet as much as the next

cave full of predators. Whilst the traditional eating songs resound through the feast halls, the Butchers punctuate steaming platefuls of cavebeast with raw Bretonnian in wild garlic, tough Dwarf-meat served in a gromril case, thick sausages stuffed with the finest Empire soldiery, and – widely seen as a delicacy – tender Elf legs fried in horse blood. This is usually washed down with Ogre beer, a thick, viscous and foul concoction, with equal quantities of honeycomb and hornet swimming in its murky depths. Ogre beer is toxic enough to hospitalise a Dwarf, and is commonly taken from a drinking horn snapped from the skull of a beast the owner has killed himself.

The greatest feasts are staged after the defeat and subsequent ransacking of a great caravan, the mile-long trading convoys that crawl through the Badlands towards the Ogre kingdoms and finally Cathay. These armoured land-trains are invariably well defended (often by rival Ogre tribes), but when a predatory Ogre tribe does finally manage to conquer one, it finds itself knee-deep in luxury goods, gold and quality firewood. An Ogre tribe can subsist on the sacking of a single great caravan for a full month, and the subsequent feast is often a week-long orgy of food and drink that is heard for miles around. Sadly, these occasions are becoming rare, as the iron rule of Tradelord Greasus Goldtooth the Overtyrant forces the tribes into a new era of mercenary activity and cooperation with the human race. Slowly but surely the Ogre kingdoms have become aware that gold is just as valuable as meat, and far more likely to last the winter.



**"Little ones came from hills
Green of skin and useful
They were too stringy to eat
We put them to work"**

**"The thinlings came in great wheel huts
We ate them and took the shiny things
They gave us small metal suns
Bad to eat but good for trade"**

**"The new mountains gave shelter
We made fire in their mouths
We killed many beasts
The tribes grew well"**

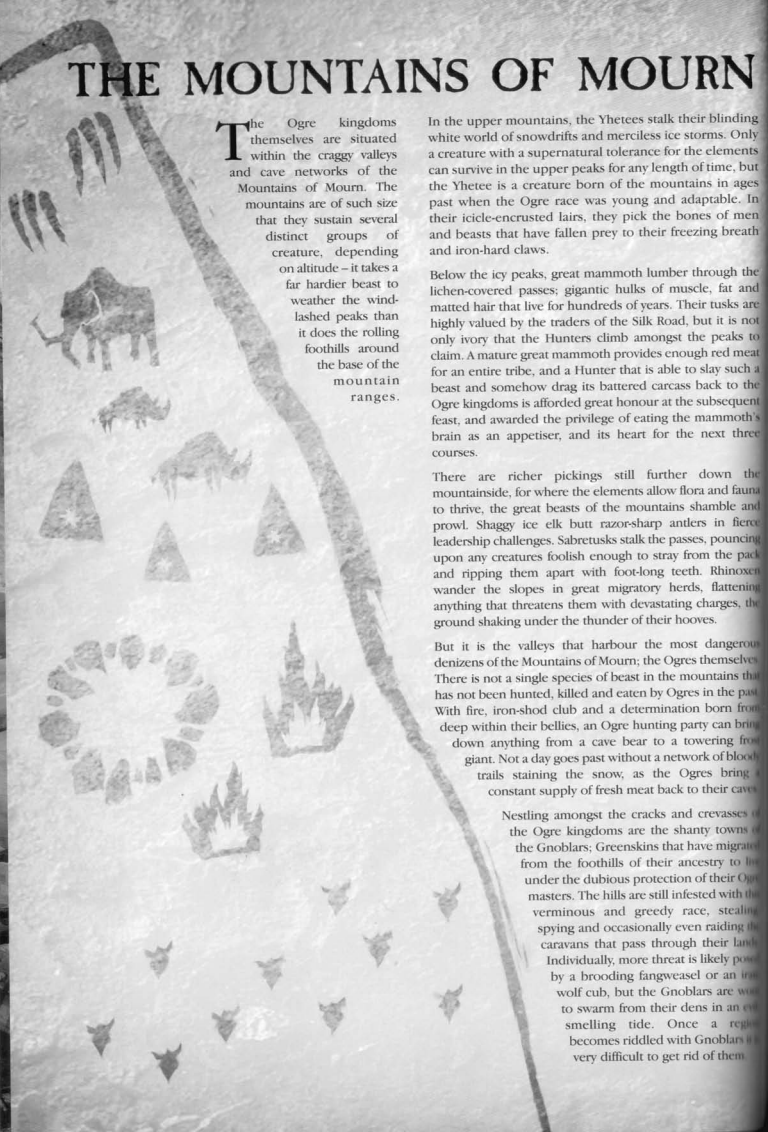
**"The tribes split the lands
The Tyrants roared and fought
There were many kingdoms
It was good for many winters"**

**"The tribes grew and grew too much
Now we follow the sun once more"**





THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURN



The Ogre kingdoms themselves are situated within the craggy valleys and cave networks of the Mountains of Mourn. The mountains are of such size that they sustain several distinct groups of creature, depending on altitude – it takes a far harder beast to weather the wind-lashed peaks than it does the rolling foothills around the base of the mountain ranges.

In the upper mountains, the Yhetees stalk their blinding white world of snowdrifts and merciless ice storms. Only a creature with a supernatural tolerance for the elements can survive in the upper peaks for any length of time, but the Yhetee is a creature born of the mountains in ages past when the Ogre race was young and adaptable. In their icicle-encrusted lairs, they pick the bones of men and beasts that have fallen prey to their freezing breath and iron-hard claws.

Below the icy peaks, great mammoth lumber through the lichen-covered passes; gigantic hulks of muscle, fat and matted hair that live for hundreds of years. Their tusks are highly valued by the traders of the Silk Road, but it is not only ivory that the Hunters climb amongst the peaks to claim. A mature great mammoth provides enough red meat for an entire tribe, and a Hunter that is able to slay such a beast and somehow drag its battered carcass back to the Ogre kingdoms is afforded great honour at the subsequent feast, and awarded the privilege of eating the mammoth's brain as an appetiser, and its heart for the next three courses.

There are richer pickings still further down the mountainside, for where the elements allow flora and fauna to thrive, the great beasts of the mountains shamble and prowl. Shaggy ice elk butt razor-sharp antlers in fierce leadership challenges. Sabretusks stalk the passes, pouncing upon any creatures foolish enough to stray from the pack and ripping them apart with foot-long teeth. Rhinoceros wander the slopes in great migratory herds, flattening anything that threatens them with devastating charges, the ground shaking under the thunder of their hooves.

But it is the valleys that harbour the most dangerous denizens of the Mountains of Mourn; the Ogres themselves. There is not a single species of beast in the mountains that has not been hunted, killed and eaten by Ogres in the past. With fire, iron-shod club and a determination born from deep within their bellies, an Ogre hunting party can bring down anything from a cave bear to a towering frost giant. Not a day goes past without a network of bloody trails staining the snow, as the Ogres bring a constant supply of fresh meat back to their caves.

Nestling amongst the cracks and crevasses of the Ogre kingdoms are the shanty towns of the Gnoblar; Greenskins that have migrated from the foothills of their ancestry to live under the dubious protection of their Ogre masters. The hills are still infested with the verminous and greedy race, stealing spying and occasionally even raiding the caravans that pass through their lands. Individually, more threat is likely posed by a brooding fangweasel or an iron wolf cub, but the Gnoblars are wont to swarm from their dens in an ever-smelling tide. Once a region becomes riddled with Gnoblars it is very difficult to get rid of them.

GNOBLARS

Gnoblar stand little taller than a man's waist, and are relatives of the common Goblins that plague the Old World. These highly unpleasant creatures are possessed of a malicious but limited cunning that entirely fails to make up for their lack of physical strength. Their gnarled bodies are topped with large, bulbous heads, and they have scrawny arms that end in wide and dextrous hands. Despite their slender frames, Gnobblars have a disproportionate amount of strength in their legs and backs, having been selectively bred for load bearing by their masters' tendency to tread on those who fail to prove themselves useful.

The most remarkable feature of a Gnoblar is probably his nose, a massive protruberant lump that can smell an approaching predator before it has a chance to pounce. This is complemented by an acute pair of ears; large, triangular appendages that swivel independently at the slightest sound. A Gnoblar down on his luck will have drooping ears, whereas one ready for a fight will have them perked up expectantly, perhaps to make himself larger and more threatening. However, the Gnobblars found out a long time ago that the best way to make themselves look larger and more threatening is simply to stand between the legs of a well-fed Ogre.

Despite the fact there is very little meat on a Gnoblar, they are preyed upon by all and sundry. They are often enslaved by Chaos Dwarf raiders, of whom they are deathly afraid, and not without good reason. The most important step in Gnoblar evolution was the realisation that the Ogres dwelling in the mountains found them of more use as slaves than sustenance. Before long, a mass exodus of Gnobblars leaving their homelands in the foothills saw the Ogre kingdoms infested, with shanty towns springing up in every available nook and cranny. Since that day, the Gnobblars have performed the menial tasks demanded of them by their Ogre masters, and in return, the Ogres ensure that only a comparatively small percentage of Gnobblars meet a grisly and unfortunate death.

When a Gnoblar is claimed by an Ogre, perhaps after offering a tankard of beer or a dead sibling to a prospective master at exactly the right time, that Gnoblar is then earmarked. This involves biting off a portion of the Gnoblar's ear so that the Ogre's distinctive bite-mark is left as a permanent sign of ownership – far quicker and easier than branding. An earmarked Gnoblar is essentially above the constant bickering and in-fighting that ripples his species. The fortunate few dress in cast-off pieces of clothing taken from the corpses of the Ogre's victims, and even accompany their masters to the field of battle; either at their side or in bickering that they pelt their enemies with anything sharp that they can by their light-fingered hands on.

There is an old Ogre expression; 'I wouldn't trust that one as far as I could throw him', which has its roots in the traditional Ogre practice of hurling a

potential Gnoblar servant to check his worth. Varying quite dramatically in size, the larger Gnobblars tend to be independent, even rebellious at times, and they cannot be thrown nearly as far should the Ogre wish to participate in a Gnoblar-hurling contest. Small Gnobblars are prized not only because they tend to be more subservient, but also because they can be strapped to a stout branch and passed over the shoulder, scratching those hard-to-reach places with sharp, scrabbling claws. It is common for an Ogre to develop a twisted affection for a prized Gnoblar servant, boasting to his tribe-mates that his Gnoblar is a good little runner with a healthy green hide and a particularly droopy nose. Unfortunately, the more often a pet Gnoblar is around his master, the higher the chance he will be eaten or simply crushed by accident.

Almost every Ogre has a Gnoblar to call his own, and they often echo the characteristics of their master – a Gnoblar belonging to a Tyrant will likely be a bullying little tyke with an ill-fitting helmet, whereas one belonging to a Leadbelcher might have soot-blackened features and a rag in each earhole. It is possible to tell a lot about an Ogre by the Gnobblars he keeps.



THE BRUTISH HORDES

This section of the book is the Bestiary. In it are details of the different troop types, heroes, monsters and war engines peculiar to the Ogre kingdoms, with reference to both their origins and the carnage they are capable of inflicting.

OGRE KINGDOMS SPECIAL RULES

Cause Fear

Ogres and their kin are large, frightening monsters with a tendency to brutally kill and devour anyone foolish enough to get in their way. They cause *fear* as detailed in the Warhammer rulebook.

Note that this does NOT apply to Gnoblar Fighters or Gnoblar Trappers; they just aren't that scary!

Bull Charge

Many Ogres, when working together, can harness the tremendous advantage afforded by their great mass against their foes. With enough momentum, the sheer impact of such immense tonnage of muscle and fat behind heavy metal gut-plates can slam the enemy into the dirt even before the Ogres begin to lay about themselves with their brutish weaponry.

Any unit consisting of three or more Ogre models (Tyrants, Bruisers, Slaughtermasters, Butchers, Bulls, Ironguts, Leadbelchers, and Maneaters) on any turn when all models in that unit charge 6" or more, may inflict one impact hit per Ogre in base contact with an enemy model. This is resolved at the model's basic Strength. So, for instance, a unit of three Ogre Bulls with a Bruiser leading it, all of whom are in base contact with the enemy, would inflict three Strength 4 impact hits and one Strength 5 impact hit.

Each Ogre model that causes an impact hit due to a successful Bull Charge may add 1 to the Strength of the impact hit for each Ogre model directly behind it. For example, a ranked-up unit of eight Ogre Bulls with a frontage of four (all four of whom have made it into base contact with the enemy) would inflict four impact hits at Strength 5 upon an enemy unit it charged; whereas a fully ranked unit of twelve Ogre Bulls would cause four Strength 6 hits, and so on.

Bellowers

Ogres do not understand music, but know a good bellow when they hear it. Ogre Bellowers are Musicians in all respects.

Nobody Likes a Gnoblar

An Ogre seen leading a unit of mere Gnoblars would never live it down. Ogre characters cannot join Gnoblar units of any sort.

Notes

As an Ogre Kingdoms army will include a lot of units of large, multiple-Wound Ogres here are a few reminders and clarifications on the relevant rules:

Single Ogres and Ogre characters move as monsters and have Unit Strength 3.

Ranked units containing champions and characters will need to keep track of wounds on rank and file troops and on the champion/character separately, as wounds are not carried over from one to the other. You might like to use differently coloured dice to keep track of wounds caused.

Single Ogre characters cannot be picked out if they are within 5" of a friendly unit of five or more models, unless they are the closest viable target, just like normal sized models. Ogre characters cannot claim the benefit from Gnoblar Fighter or Gnoblar Trapper units.





The truthspillers emerge from their mountain stronghold, eager to slaughter those that stray on their lands.



Grudhath, the Overtyrant of the Ogre kingdoms, 'persuades' the Orcs of the Darklands to pay him tribute.



Skrag the Slaughterer, Prophet of the Great Maw, spearheads the massacre of the town of Herrenburg.



TYRANTS

"He's the boss. That's that. You'll do what he says like the rest o' us. We all do. You just try and give 'im lip. He'll pull yer arms off and eat 'em before you've shut yer trap"

Tyrants are the dominant males of each Ogre tribe. As with many of the less civilised races of the Warhammer world, the Tyrant is generally the biggest, strongest, fiercest and most commanding of the Ogres in a given area. The largest Tyrants are quite capable of wrestling a Giant to the ground or smashing their way through a fortified gate with their bare fists – if a Tyrant wants you as his next meal, then the only thing that can come between you and his vast sprawling gut is a fast horse and an awful lot of luck.

The post of Tyrant is not hereditary. To become the Tyrant of a given tribe, an Ogre simply has to beat the existing Tyrant in single combat; this is decided by the traditional Ogre leadership challenge of guts-out pit fighting. These conflicts are no-holds barred displays of bone-crunching violence. A challenge to a Tyrant's authority can result in one of two fates for the pretender to the throne; if all goes well, the challenger beats the incumbent Ogre on his own turf through pure strength, literally consuming the broken Tyrant and taking his place at the head of the Kingdom. If the Tyrant proves stronger, the contender is beaten down and messily devoured – either way someone gets a good meal. Parts of the challenger's skeleton are then added to the collection of bones and trophies worn by the Tyrant as a lesson against further

insurrection and some of the oldest Tyrants bear whole necklaces of bone taken from those foolish enough to challenge their rule over the years. Due to the fact that a strong bull Ogre will invariably sire strong offspring – a Tyrant's whelp generally grows up to be a worthy challenger to his father's post – it is not uncommon for an Ogre Tyrant to end up devouring all of his rebellious offspring one by one in a particularly harsh example of 'tough love' parenting.

Tyrants accrue all the best wargear in the tribe, and will generally be armed with at least one 'favourite' weapon. It is regarded as the height of folly for any





to touch a Tyrant's prize possession – assuming he objects to the idea of being force-fed his own hands. A Tyrant will have earned his weaponry on his travels or taken it as plunder; Ogres generally reach their physical peak after a couple of decades of mercenary activity. Tyrants dress ostentatiously by the standards of Ogre society. This does not mean they sport fine silks, delicate jewelry or other such foppish affectations, but rather that their armour and weaponry is larger and more cumbersome than those of other Ogres. Tyrants are often heavily tattooed and scarified to denote their status, and their prodigious stomachs are protected by gut-plates that put even those of their Irongut bodyguards to shame.

To reach full maturity Ogres, Tyrants will often have a heraldic title as the latter part of their name, indicating the particular accomplishments of that Tyrant during his ascent to the throne. As a successful Tyrant's career of violence and bloodshed extends, so does his name – the legendary Olflab Stonecruncher Fatgut Gnobblar remained Tyrant of his kingdom for over twenty years before choking to death on his great-grandson's skull.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Bull Charge: Tyrants can Bull Charge, as detailed on page 16.

LUCK-GNOBLARS

Ogres often come to the point where they believe certain long-lived pet Gnoblar are lucky charms. Occasionally, this proves to be true; after all, it can be considered lucky when a foe's blade opens up a pet Gnoblar's skull rather than the Ogre's throat.

An Ogre with a Luck-Gnoblar may re-roll a single Armour or Ward Save, once per battle.

Note: Luck-Gnoblars are represented on the character model they accompany; they do not occupy their own bases or have their own characteristics like 'normal' Gnoblars.

BRUISERS



A Bruiser is second only to the Tyrant in terms of pure size and strength, and is often related to the kingdom's ruler. Bruisers usually act as enforcers or just bullies, and have many privileges as a result of their station. Not least of these is the license to smack seven shades of dung out of any Ogre not toeing the line, not eating messily enough or spending too much time playing with his Gnoblar.

Comparable to a chieftain of an Ogre tribe, it is the Bruisers who generally keep order and discipline within the Ogre ranks when the Tyrant's eye is elsewhere. They are physically massive, and are generally the champions of the Ogre games that play such a large part in their social organisation.

Occasionally a Bruiser will place a leadership challenge to the incumbent Tyrant, but it is common for a Bruiser to be content with the pure violence of his position without the heavy burden of non-gut related decision-making.

As a preference, a Tyrant's Bruisers will be huge, muscle-bound bullies with no ambition and the brains and temperament of a Rhinox.

"They're Bruisers alright. Bigger and uglier than Ogres like us. Cross 'em and they'll kick out yer tusks, split yer 'ead open and eat yer bow. Gnoblar just so's they can tell their mates."



Bruisers are sometimes entrusted with the tribe's standard, a massive banner hung with the tribe's trophies, furs and skulls that rouses great feelings of pride and aggression in his fellow Ogres. These banners are so robust that they are often used as a weapon in themselves – having a metal-bound pole smashed into your head by a Bruiser will hurt no matter what's hanging from it. When an Ogre war party does not contain a Bruiser in its number, a Bruiser will often step to the fore purely by dint of his ability to pummel those who disagree with his plan of action (this usually involves the Bull Charge and little else).

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

SPECIAL RULES

Bull Charge: Bruisers can Bull Charge, as detailed on page 18.

Sword-Gnoblars

The most influential Ogres of each tribe often manage to secure themselves a Gnoblar or two worth more than the dung on their oversized boots. These Gnoblars bide between the legs of their master, poking sharp implements into the flesh of whoever is occupying his attention during the battle.

An Ogre with Sword-Gnoblars benefits from one extra Strength 2 attack per combat round per Sword-Gnoblar in his possession, at the Weapon Skill of the owning model (the opponent's attention is elsewhere!). These attacks are made at the same time as the owning character's attacks and must be directed at models the Ogre character has directed attacks toward.

Note: Sword-Gnoblars are represented on the character model they accompany; they do not occupy their own bases or have their own characteristics like 'normal' Gnoblars.

BUTCHERS

"Hack, grind, cook and eat. Those Butchers are alright. Don't get near their pots though."

Butchers are immense, corpulent hulks covered in offal and dried blood. They have appalling personal hygiene and like nothing more than wallowing in meat, guts and gore regardless of its source. Hideous and mean, Butchers are essentially the Ogre equivalent of a tribal shaman, although their role is more that of holy man than magic-user. They have a direct link to the Great Maw, and are able to channel a small portion of the Ogre deity's insatiable thirst for gluttony and violence in a practice known as 'Gut Magic'.

A Butcher is also directly responsible for preparing his tribe's Feasts, the closest the Ogres have to a religious festival. Finally, during their induction into the cult of the Great Maw, the Butchers are taught how to tame fire. As firemaster, shaman and head chef, Butchers wield an amount of influence within each Ogre kingdom second only to the Tyrant himself. Twinned with their malignant intellect, it is not uncommon for the hoarse whispers of a tribe's Butcher to dictate the bellowed commands of his Tyrant.

So different are the Butchers from the simple bulk of their tribe that they are treated with an equal mix of reverence, awe and suspicion. It is said that an Ogre whelp that draws blood instead of milk from its mother's teat is marked by the Great Maw. That infant will be immediately taken into the custody of the tribe's Butcher, who will bite deep into the whelp's gut to claim it as his own. The Butcher will then allow the whelp to glut itself continually on blood and raw meat until his protégé has grown fat and strong. During the whelp's upbringing, it will be initiated into the secrets of the Great Maw, and taught to gulp down and digest the most foul and poisonous substances, ranging from ragged hunks of rotten meat to ground up bedrock and the slimy, toxic intestines of stone trolls. An adult Butcher takes pride in the fact he can consume substances that would ravage the digestive systems of even his fellow Ogres. Furthermore, Butchers traditionally do not try to hide their sprawling, flabby bellies with garb or plates, trusting the blessing of the Great Maw to be protection enough. This gastronomic fortitude is a great source of respect from the rest of the tribe, who believe that to cross a Butcher is to cross the Great Maw itself and therefore doom themselves to premature reincarnation as a hot and nourishing stew.

Butchers often resemble walking larders, and it is their propensity to carry chunks of meat and other less savoury ingredients





around with them. They typically sport a bewildering array of meat hooks, cleavers, filleting knives, tenderisers and other culinary implements that find equal use on living and dead prey alike. Even the most junior Butcher can brew up all manner of concoctions in his meat pot, a gigantic metal cauldron that is the closest the Ogres have to a religious artefact. But it is in Gut Magic that the true strength of the Butcher lies – simply by devouring the appropriate item and invoking the power of the Great Maw, the Butcher can bolster his strength and that of his comrades, project waking nightmares or shatter his enemies' bones within their bodies.

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

Slaughtermaster

Butcher

SPECIAL RULES

Gut Magic: Butchers and the magic they employ are discussed in full in the Gut Magic section on page 60.

Bull Charge: Butchers can Bull Charge as detailed on page 16.

Immune to Poison: Butchers spend every day of their lives ingesting all manner of grisly and foul items that would debilitate or even kill a normal Ogre Bull. A Butcher can withstand practically any bodily affliction and, with the favour of the Great Maw, can even shrug off the most potent poisons that would rot a man from the inside within seconds.

Successful poisoned attacks made against the Butcher must roll to wound as normal.

BUTCHERS' TEETH

It has been known for Butchers to replace their tusks with flints that they literally hammer into their jaws, adding to their fearsome and unnatural appearance. Other Butchers have several different sets of teeth for different types of food, invariably hung around their neck. These range from fine needle-sharp fangs to strip the delicate flesh from a well-filleted human merchant to massive bear-trap sets that can chew through a Dwarf Ironbreaker. Particularly dedicated Butchers may have a Tooth-Gnoblar or two in attendance to carry their spare sets, and always have the right teeth for the job.

TOOTH-GNOBLARS

Ogre Butchers usually surround themselves with bloodstained menials that do the Butcher's bidding and, one way or another, provide ingredients for his shamanic magicks. These Gnoblar tread a thin tightrope between usefulness and palatability.

Before attempting to cast a Gut Magic spell, an Ogre Butcher with Tooth-Gnoblar may choose to sacrifice one to get +1 to the total casting value of that Shamanic Vritual. Each Tooth-Gnoblar can only be sacrificed once per battle, but a Butcher with two Tooth-Gnoblar may choose to sacrifice both at once for +2 to his casting value if he so wishes.

Note: Tooth-Gnoblar are represented on the character model they accompany; they do not occupy their own bases or have their own characteristics like 'normal' Gnoblar.

HUNTERS

"If he looks like he could stare down a pack of angry cave bears, he's a Hunter. You can tell, 'cos he'll be wearing a couple of 'em as proof."

Hunters are among the most massive and independent of their kind, and think nothing of climbing to the peak of a mountain whilst tracking a wounded great mammoth or bull rhinox. An Ogre becomes a Hunter either by temporarily severing his ties to his tribe to sate his wanderlust, or by being exiled to the harsh white wilderness of the mountain for some slight to his fellow Ogres. Either way these ties are not completely severed, and a Hunter that excels at his solitary lifestyle will drag an impressive kill or two back to the caves on important feast days.

A Hunter is generally covered in a network of scars and tattoos, overlaid by the thick pelts of his prey as protection from the arctic conditions of the Mountains of Mourn. He decorates himself with the tusks, claws, fangs and skulls of the cave-beasts he has single-handedly killed and eaten. A Hunter will typically have a great beast's skull affixed to his gut to illustrate his prowess.

In honour of the first of the Ogre Hunters - Jhareh the Red - it is common for a Hunter to keep a Sabretusk or two to help sniff out his cave-beast prey. These giant, agile felines often have tusks jutting from their lower jaws, for ripping out the guts of beasts larger than they are. Those that prove too difficult to domesticate instead provide both a good fight and a good meal for their would-be keeper - it is a rare Hunter indeed that cannot boast a meal of claw-scars somewhere about his person.

Hunters tend to be very popular amongst the Bulls of the tribe, earning themselves a heroic reputation with their fear of strength and their fund of stories about life on the mountain. There is always good cause when a Hunter's around, and this fact alone has seen many exiled Hunters brought back into the fold.

HARPOON LAUNCHER

Originally invented by Crobat One-and-a-Halfwit, the harpoon launcher's crude appearance belies its potency in the hands of an Ogre Hunter.

Based upon the heavy crossbows used by the lesser races but far too large and tough for a puny human to use, the launcher is capable of firing a barbed bolt as thick as a man's arm, to which coils of rope are attached. Ogre Hunters use these weapons to harpoon their cave-beast prey, digging their heels in and dragging the creature to the ground in a titanic tug-of-war before smashing their prey's cranium with a blow from their trusty club.

Harpoon Launcher

Range 36" Strength 5

The harpoon launcher is fired exactly as a bolt thrower with a Strength of 5, penetrating ranks in the same manner. If it successfully wounds a Large target, that target must pass a Strength test (a result of a 6 always fails). If this is failed, the large target must take a further wound in addition to any it has already suffered as the Hunter rips a great chunk from it. Note that this applies even to non-living models, such as Black Coaches and Screaming Bells, as in the hands of a Hunter the harpoon is more than capable of ripping off wheels and armour plates. Such is his skill and strength that the Hunter may stand & shoot with the harpoon crossbow.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4

SPECIAL RULES

Unit: Hunters may not join other units (with the exception of Sabretusks) under any circumstances, may not be joined by other characters and may never be the unit's general.

The fun, boys: A Hunter will often send his Sabretusks out to chase down vulnerable or wounded victims. They may charge independently of the Hunter using their own Movement rate. In this case, the Sabretusks charge and the Hunter moves as normal – the Hunter may not charge a different target. Once the Sabretusks have been released, they become a Fast Cavalry unit and may only ever be joined by the Hunter that released them (they will cease to be Fast Cavalry should the Hunter rejoin them).

Any Sabretusks accompanying the Hunter will be deployed alongside the Hunter (one on either side if two are taken). A Hunter may never decline a challenge, just as though he were on his own. Missile fire is randomised against the unit by rolling a D6: 1-4 hits the Hunter, 5 or 6 hits a Sabretusk. The Hunter and his unit need never take Panic tests for Sabretusk casualties. If the Hunter is killed, either by missile fire or in combat, then any unreleased Sabretusks are immediately treated as casualties as they feed on his corpse.

If the Hunter breaks an enemy unit whilst he still has one or more Sabretusks remaining, and would normally be able to pursue, he may opt to release the 'tusks. The Hunter will automatically remain stationary whilst his Sabretusks run down the prey; roll 3D6 for their pursuit distance. The Sabretusks then become a separate unit as described above. Victory Points are counted separately for each Sabretusk killed, whether they are with the Hunter or not.

Being huge feline predators the size of a warhorse, Sabretusks cause *fear*.

BULLS

"That's us lot. Clubs an' guts an' tusks. Best not get in our way, unless you wanna be eaten. Oh yeah, and yer bones ground up to make our bread, hur hur..."

The term Bull is used for any adult male Ogre. Bulls make up the majority of any Ogre kingdom, an unwashed mass of muscle and fat that can flatten landscapes as well as settlements when they gather in sufficient numbers.

Big, brutish and extremely violent, a Bull is far taller than a human whilst retaining a massive girth and heavily set frame. Mature Bulls always have pot bellies, ranging from the merely rotund to the prodigious. These heavily muscled paunches, unlike the human equivalent, contain little fat. An Ogre's gut has thick bands of muscle across it that ripple and grind when the Ogre is digesting something particularly solid. In Ogre society, a large gut is a sign of status and strength (after all, he's caught and eaten a lot of prey, or even other Ogres, to get that large), and the towering, blood-hungry Crushers that lead each pack of Bulls on the battlefield are wealthy, strong and mean.

Perhaps the only sign of status in Ogre society unrelated to sheer physical strength is the amount of noise he can make – the quality of Ogre music is decided by pure volume, not melody or skill. The loudest Bulls of each tribe are called Bellowers, and are more than capable of relaying orders at deafening volume over the din of battle.

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

SPECIAL RULES

Bull Charge: Bulls can Bull Charge, as detailed on page 16.

Dogs of War: Bulls may be used as Dogs of War in an army list with the appropriate option, counting as a Rare choice – see page 67 for details.



OGRE CLUB

Almost every Ogre, be he Bull or Tyrant, carries a club about his person somewhere. These clubs range from simple hardwood boughs to banded, studded and spiked bludgeons as brutal-looking as their wielders.

The reason for the popularity of this ubiquitous weapon is, of course, culinary: clubs and bludgeons are ideal for killing prospective meals without spilling any blood all over the place on the journey home. After all, Ogres appreciate succulent meat as much as the best ten-foot killing machine.

Ogre clubs are used to bludgeon and dislocate and, as such, conventional armour offers little protection against them. Many warriors struck by an Ogre club have found their shield arm mangled beyond repair or have their buckled breastplates shatter ribs and damage vital organs even though their armour remains whole. Ogre clubs are hand weapons, but they also impose an extra -1 Save modifier on any Armour Save. An Ogre using its club loses this bonus if it is used in conjunction with any other weapon or ironfist.

OGRE IRONFIST

Originating from the traditional Ogre sport of pit-fighting, Ogres often cover their off-hand with some kind of shield, spiked gauntlet or heavy glove. This can be used to bat aside even the strongest attacks in a similar way to a giant buckler, or merely to smash an enemy's face into an unrecognisable pulp.

At the beginning of each close combat, Ogres equipped with ironfists may choose to use them as an additional hand weapon or as a shield. If they use it as a shield in conjunction with a mundane hand weapon they gain the bonus to their Saving throw for being equipped with a hand weapon and shield.

LOOKOUT-GNOBLARS

Gnoblar are often bullied into makeshift crow's-nests at the top of Ogre banners. If an enemy is targeting the Ogres below, the Gnoblar can either give advance warning of the threat, or fall to his death.

Any character or champion in a unit with a Lookout-Gnoblar benefits from a 'Look Out Below' roll. This is exactly the same as a 'Look Out, Sir' roll, but the unit in question need only number three non-character models (including champion) instead of five to qualify.

IRONGUTS

"If you've got the stomach for it, you might make it to Irongut one day. That said, you better like chewin' on metal and rock 'cos that's a light snack to them boys."



Ogre Ironguts are the Ogres of any given tribe that have the most status and the best weaponry. Although not markedly superior in strength to their fellows, Ironguts are afforded great respect, as they are usually hand-picked by the Tyrant himself. For this reason, a unit of Ironguts may well include the Tyrant's immediate family, where another might be comprised of his drinking cronies.

Ironguts go into battle armed with massive two-handed weapons, be they enormous scimitars, rocks bolted to tree boughs with iron bands, or simply gigantic versions of the traditional Ogre club. They wear large, ornate gut-plates to show their status, and combine their arms and heads in heavy armour cobbled together from various conquests over the years. Ironguts are also typified by an unshakeable belief in their own superiority. This stems from the extensive eating contests that Ironguts go through to prove themselves, both in a crude type of initiation ceremony, or occasionally just to show off. The Ironguts will display their intestinal prowess by eating a range of unpalatable items ranging from rusty nails and broken gravel to iron-banded cartwheels and chainmail armour, which is particularly hard to chew. It was one of these contests that gave rise to the myth of 'When Bolgut Fell Ill', a favourite amongst the whelps due to its fanciful nature. After all, as everyone knows, there is very little an Irongut cannot digest.



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

SPECIAL RULES

Dogs of War: Ironguts may be used as Dogs of War in any army list with the appropriate option, counting as a Rare choice – see page 67 for details.

Bull Charge: Ironguts can Bull Charge, as detailed on page 16.

RHINOXEN LIFTING

The practice of Rhinoxen Lifting is a great tradition amongst certain Ogre tribes. When a relative of a cranky Ogre Tyrant is young, he is often given an immature Rhinox and express instructions not to eat it. This Rhinox, having been reared from birth by the Ogre, is relatively tame, barely ever destroying anything in its path. If the Ogre can pass the first test of not killing and eating the beast, every dusk and dawn the Ogre will lift the Rhinox above his head. This is relatively easy whilst the Rhinox is a calf

weighing only a ton or so. However, the Rhinox grows along with the Ogre, and lifting the beast, in theory at least, becomes more and more difficult. But because the Ogre lifts his Rhinox twice a day, the increments in weight increase that the Ogre has to contend with are tiny, so his strength gradually builds in proportion to the size of the Rhinox. By the time the beast and its master are fully grown, the Ogre is not only capable of truly incredible feats of strength, but also has an extremely large and juicy steak to look forward to at his coming-of-age feast.

LEADBELCHERS



Leadbelchers are a comparatively recent addition to the armies of the Ogre kingdoms. Few in number, these filthy and unhinged Ogres are equally obsessed with destruction and noise, and arm themselves with great portable black powder weapons called Leadbelcher cannons. These are gigantic guns either scavenged from the remains of enemy artillery or earned as a reward from

“BOOM! Hur hur hur...”

the great forges of the Chaos Dwarfs. Although they are diverse in pattern and prone to deterioration in the coarse and clumsy hands of their owners, each Leadbelcher cannon makes as much noise as it causes damage – not all of which is confined to the Ogre's target. In any right-minded Leadbelcher's opinion, it's well worth sacrificing a couple of fingers or an eye for the sheer destructive power these weapons afford.

Leadbelchers are easy enough to spot by the fact they have severe burns, eyepatches, metal plates hammered into their faces, tattered ears and scorch marks all across one side of their bodies: the legacy of a series of point-blank detonations. These disfigurements are worn as a badge of pride by these elite troops just as another Ogre might display scars earned from hunting or a favourite battle wound. Before battle, Leadbelchers fill their cannon's barrel with crude black powder, metal shot, rusty nails, an assortment of wickedly bladed weaponry and even the occasional cannon ball. The Leadbelcher cannon is then bound tightly onto the Ogre's arm with thick leather straps. Many Leadbelchers go into battle with smouldering tapers pushed through the flesh of their scalps or held between their teeth. Others employ scorched, frightened and profoundly deaf Torch-Gnoblarls that perch shaking on their master's shoulder as he strides into battle. Small groups of Leadbelchers will then prowl the battlefield until they are in range of a nice juicy enemy unit, whereupon they will touch their tapers to the spark holes of the cannon and loose a salvo of hot metal, noise and pure concussive force that invariably shreds or blasts apart their opponents. Those enemies that survive this lethal barrage barely have time to reorient themselves before a group of bellowing, half-mad Ogres barge through the smoke toward them, swinging their massive cannons from the bindings just as lesser mortals might use a morning star.



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

SPECIAL RULES

Bull Charge: Leadbelchers can Bull Charge, as detailed on page 16.

Dogs of War: Leadbelchers may be used as Dogs of War in any army list with the appropriate option, counting as a Rare choice – see page 67 for details.

LEADBELCHER CANNON

The portable cannons of the Ogre Leadbelchers are the shot weapons packed with black powder, sharp metal objects and even second-hand cannon balls. Lit by thick fuses as the Leadbelchers close with their enemies, these weapons make one hell of a noise, and a volley can cut down entire ranks of troops before the Ogres hit home.

Each Leadbelcher cannon fires a number of shots equal to the roll of an Artillery dice at Strength 4. Roll to hit as normal with the exceptions described below. If any misfires are rolled, the Leadbelcher cannon malfunctions spectacularly (Ogres having been known to hold the cannon the wrong way round, load it with a tumbler for a laugh, etc). The Leadbelcher unit takes all Strength 4 hits per misfire.

Once a unit of Leadbelchers has opened fire, it may not fire again for the rest of the game unless the Ogre unit

spends an entire Ogre turn stationary and out of base to base contact with the enemy (a turn spent rallying also counts). If this is achieved the Leadbelchers have reloaded and may use their cannons once more. This can be done multiple times during a game.


Leadbelchers may both move and fire and stand & shoot with their Leadbelcher cannon. Due to the scattershot nature of the Leadbelcher cannon and the hail of lethal projectiles they launch, they do not count any penalties for moving, for long range or for multiple shots.

Leadbelcher cannons can be used as Ogre clubs in close combat, regardless of whether they are loaded or not.

Leadbelcher Cannon

Range 12" Strength 4 Multiple Shots (Artillery dice), Armour Piercing

YHETEEES



The Yhetees packs inhabit the highest slopes of the Mountains of Mourn, ekeing out a sub-tribal existence at the peaks of the mountains. These hairy, ferocious beasts

are almost invisible in the snow, as their matted, blood-flecked pelt is generally very pale.

They are possibly one of the few species that has more of a connection with the mountain itself than the common Ogre. Indeed, the Yhetees exude an aura of cold so powerful that those attacked by them will find their limbs stiffen and joints freeze, making them easy prey for these mountain predators. A Yhetees attack is inevitably heralded by an avalanche (also the collective noun for a group of Yhetees), which the Yhetees will trigger to deliberately trap their prey before stalking down the side of the mountain and digging out their half-frozen victims with long, iron-hard talons.

Some scholars suspect that Yhetees are a remote offshoot of the Ogre species dating back to the first Great Migration. Others theorise that the Yhetees owe the Ogres a great debt somewhere in their distant past, even before they evolved into creatures of ice and snow, and hence their habitual reply to the Ogre summons to war is one of ancestral honour rather than any kind of learned response.

Yhetees have developed long, fused claws that are the natural equivalent of climbing pitons, with dewclaws on the back hinge, allowing them to climb features other races could not negotiate. A blow from a Yhetees' iron-hard claws will rip limbs and heads from their former owners with ease. Nonetheless, enough of a vestige of Ogre-like behaviour remains in the Yhetees' ancestry to ensure that they still use clubs of a sort, fashioning weapons by the simple expedient of

"Back when the world was young they was our brothers. They ain't much to look at now, too cold by 'alf and no fun at a feast. But they're fast, and they ain't forgotten how to kill."



stripping a bough from a tree and breathing pure cold into it until it resembles a massive ice-encrusted club. Dominant male Yhetees sometimes use pairs of these, smashing apart everything in their path.

Yhetees are summoned to war by a blast on the Great Horn, a huge curling tusk taken from the largest snow mammoth killed by the tribe. The acoustic qualities of the horn, twinned with the mighty lungs of the Ogre wielding it, send the blast echoing to the peaks of the mountain range. Riding great avalanches of snow, the Yhetees will enter the Ogre kingdoms, ready for the great fight that is open war.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Yhete	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7
Yheteek	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7

SPECIAL RULES

Gift of Frost: The Yhetees of the Mountains of Mourn have evolved a specific affinity with the subzero temperatures of their mountain homes. The magical aura of cold that these beasts exhale is enough to freeze the blood of their foes, making them easy prey for the vicious Yhetees. Any model in base contact with one or more Yhetees at -1 to hit regardless of who they attack.

Yhetees cannot be joined by characters due to the effects of this unnatural aura. They are also immune to the effects of Ice Magic.

Scale Terrain: Having specifically evolved the capacity to scale even the sheerest surface with their iron-hard dewclaws and hooked talons, the Yhetees can cover even vertical walls with jaw-dropping speed. Twinned with the Yhetees' loping gait and sheer strength, there is very little that can stand before an avalanche of Yhetees and its prey. Yhetees treat all undefended obstacles, cliffs, rocks, boulders, scree and woods as clear ground, even if it would normally be counted as impassable terrain. They may not end their move in any terrain classed as Impassable Terrain. Note that such features still block line of sight if they would normally do so.

Ice Weapons

Yhetees ice weapons are as crude as they are lethal, being nothing more than heavy branches that have been transformed into ice-encrusted clubs by the Yhetees' freezing breath.

Yhetees ice weapons count as magical hand weapons. If the Yhetees unit is hit by any flaming attack then it counts as wielding non-magical hand weapons for the rest of the battle.

GORGERS



Gorgers are stinking, pale and degenerate Ogre-kin that have been condemned to the warpstone-laced labyrinths below each tribe's cave network. When an Ogre is born without a paunch, a thankfully rare occurrence, it is thrown down a gaping, jagged pit into the darkness below. The Ogres believe that in offering the infant to this maw, shape their god will pass judgement, and those that are sound will be granted their god's blessing.

The reality is somewhat different. Only pure stealth and savagery will allow the aberrant infant to survive, eking out a troglodytic existence as it devolves into a mewling, tragic mockery of a proper Ogre. The whelps exist in near permanent darkness, scrabbling around for the scraps thrown to them by their Ogre brethren, or feeding on rats, leeches and crustworms. The few that manage to scrape a couple of years of life from the dark tunnels quickly become sinewy, filth-encrusted beasts, but it is only the largest, fastest and most violent of their kind that reach full and terrible size. When food is scarce, which is almost all of the time, Gorgers will feast on their weaker brethren without a moment's hesitation. So it is that if a Gorgor emerges from its caves, it is a twisted abomination of muscle and teeth far larger than a Bull; a diet of cannibalism, constant fighting and desperation conspiring to create a true monster from Ogre stock.

Sometimes Gorgers happen upon an entrance to another race's cave network, roaming the tunnels of Skaven and Dwarf in search of smaller prey. Others even make it out of the labyrinths into the open night, and stalk the lowland forests and moonlit paths, sniffing out unwary travellers as they sleep and ripping them apart in a frenzy of greed and bloodlust.

When the Ogres go to war, they open the cavern networks to the outside world, allowing the Gorgers to spill out into the wilderness in search of blood. Some Tyrants prepare the Gorgers to hunt by bandaging the jet black orbs of their eyes against the rays of the sun. Little more than a loose set of jaws and filth-encrusted talons, Gorgers sometimes have their monstrous claws bound behind their backs by heavy chains to keep them from lashing out. Sniffing the air, these degenerate monsters bound and clatter about anything smaller than themselves. Needless to say, when a starved Gorgor scents blood on the wind and catches up with its prey, things get very messy indeed.

"There's things down there in the lower caves. 'Ungry, blind things. Things that weren't right when they was born. They sniff you out, and then... well, there ain't much to eat down there, that's all I'm sayin'."



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

SPECIAL RULES

Blind scent: Gorgers can smell the scent of blood from several miles away, and Ogres in battle tend to spill rather than die of it. As a result, Gorgers will often enter the field of battle where the fighting is thickest, intent on feeding at all costs.

Gorgers are not deployed on the table at the beginning of the battle. Instead, at the start of each Ogre turn (starting from turn two), roll a D6 to see whether the Gorgor arrives.

Turn	Dice roll to arrive
2	4+
3	3+
4	2+
5	Arrives automatically

At the Remaining Moves phase of the turn when it arrives, the Gorgor can enter the battlefield from any table edge

and will be treated exactly as if it is re-entering play the turn after it had pursued enemy off the table (therefore it may not charge that turn).

Unbreakable: Gorgers completely disregard pain and injury in their single-minded quest to devour any prey-thing they can get their talons on, and are hence Unbreakable as described in the Warhammer rulebook.


Killing Blow: The powerful, filth-encrusted jaws of a Gorgor are more than capable of taking off heads with a single bite, and Gorgers almost always go for the head. They have Killing Blow as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Ravenous: When a Gorgor latches onto the scent of fear, it becomes an unstoppable juggernaut intent on nothing other than feasting on a banquet of flesh and blood.

Gorgers must always end their move closer to the enemy, and if there is an eligible target for a charge then it must do so. If there is a choice of models to charge then the Ogre player may choose freely between them. Gorgers must always pursue, and may never overrun as they are too busy wolfing down great chunks of their prey.

MANEATERS

"Maneaters. Been around those lads have. They been there and killed that. Now they're back to tell you about it."



Ogre Maneaters are veterans of many campaigns that have travelled the length and breadth of the world. Mercenaries beyond peer, they have spent decades accruing scars, tall tales, wealth and exotic wargear before travelling back to the tribe from which they came. As Ogres tend to inherit culture rather than pioneer it, they typically dress in the style appropriate to the lands in which they fought during their mercenary career. In this manner, a Maneater that fought in the Grand Empire of Cathay might wear fine cloth under lacquered bamboo armour and wield a finely balanced Cathayan longsword, whereas one that fought in the Empire might wear breeches and an ostentatious feather with a brace of modified handguns across his chest.

A Maneater that fought extensively in the jungles of Ind might go into battle decorated with gold jewellery and wielding a finely crafted curved sword, and one that fought in the savage wastes of the far north might have an extra arm or head to show off alongside his battlescars.

It is common for Maneaters to operate in small groups that have fought together for years, and despite the fact that they may look outlandish, these tight-knit groups excel in the fine art of breaking heads. The only factors uniting the individualistic Maneaters is their monumentally inflated sense of self-worth and the capacity to smash aside lesser creatures without breaking a sweat. When they finally return to their tribe (as all Ogres are driven to do) Maneaters will take any opportunity they get to bore their tribe-mates with long and fanciful stories, some of which are even true.



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

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology: Collectively, Maneaters have seen every horror the Old World and beyond has to foist upon them. They are Immune to Psychology.

Stubborn: Maneaters form tight-knit groups that have often travelled around the world together. They have fought everything from Lustrian jungle-dragons to

hellish Daemons. Backed up by their hugely inflated opinions of their own capabilities, the Maneaters rarely run from those they see as 'walking food'. Maneater units are Stubborn even though they are normally immune to psychology.

Bull Charge: Maneaters can Bull Charge as detailed on page 16.

Dogs of War: Maneaters may be used as Dogs of War in any army list with the appropriate option, counting as two Rare choices – see page 67 for details.

Brace of Handguns

Ogre Maneaters that have sold their swords across the Empire often pick up specially modified black powder weapons as recompense for their efforts; these are regarded as symbols of great status due to their ability to emit noise and violence in equal measure. Such is the size and strength of their owners that Ogres use these with the ease a human uses a pistol. The most common of these customised weapons is an Empire handgun with a massively enlarged trigger and guard; most Maneaters have at least one of these devices in their possession and some may sport a brace of these handguns across their puffed-out guts.

A brace of handguns has the following profile:

Range: 24 Strength: 4 Pistol, Armour Piercing,
2x Multiple shots

The first time a brace of handguns is fired in any game, it may add D6" to its range to represent the fact the weapons have been densely packed with black powder before the battle. A brace of handguns counts as a pair of pistols in all respects, other than those listed in its profile.

Cathayan Longsword

Those Ogres who have fought in the Grand Armies of Cathay have been gifted with the legendary Cathayan longswords, master-crafted blades that are of great value to the Ogres because they will remain eternally sharp. With the strength of an Ogre behind them, these blades can cause one hell of a mess!

A Cathayan longsword is a one-handed weapon that is so finely crafted it confers +1 Weapon Skill and +1 Initiative to the bearer when used in combat. It is Armour Piercing, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

SLAVEGIANTS

"They're big. Really big. But there's lots of us and few of them. I seen the boss take one down by himself. Giants was never a match for us Ogres – too thick in the 'ead."

Unlike the Giants that accompany the other races of the Warhammer world into battle, those who look down on their smaller comrades and pick fights as and when they choose, the Slavegiants of the Ogre kingdoms live a life of forced servitude. It is seen as a great symbol of status for a Tyrant to own a Slavegiant, indeed the only thing that can get a Tyrant moving faster than a good fight or a good meal is a report of an unclaimed Slavegiant's presence in his kingdom. Any Tyrant knows full well that should the Slavegiant make it into a neighbour's territory, his rival might gain a serious advantage in both status and martial power. So it is that a Tyrant will gather up his favourite weapons, his most trusted Ironguts and the strongest chains he can find and go out Slavegiant-hunting, not to kill, but to beat the behemoth into unconsciousness and subsequent servitude. Needless to say, this has accounted for more than one Tyrant having an oak tree slammed repeatedly onto his head.

Occasionally, though, a truly powerful Tyrant will succeed (how to topple a Slavegiant is a trick long passed from Tyrant to son), and drag back a badly beaten and chained Slavegiant to be branded as his own. This event fills his tribe with ancestral pride, knowing as they do that their forefathers devoured an entire race of Skygiants during the first great migration.

A Slavegiant is typically clad in extremely heavy chains, and goaded into battle with pikestaves. Usually it doesn't take much goading, as any opportunity to take out the humiliation of being enslaved and constantly shackled to cavern floors without the danger of being knocked down, beaten to death and eaten tends to be grabbed by the unfortunate Slavegiant with both millstone-size hands.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slavegiant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	spcl	10

SPECIAL RULES

Broken: A Slavegiant has had its unshakeable conviction that small things cannot hurt it irrevocably smashed apart by the beating it received at the hands of the Tyrant that enslaved it. Note that unlike other Giants, they are not Stubborn.

Ignore Little 'Un Panic: Slavegiants expect smaller, weedier folk to run away and would be disappointed if they didn't. Consequently, when any unit of cavalry-sized or smaller models is destroyed, breaks or flees past, Slavegiants do not need to test for Panic. See the Warhammer rulebook for the complete Panic rules.

Large Target: Slavegiants are large targets!

Terror: Slavegiants are extremely large, rude, threatening and malodorous monsters and it's scarce

wonder that they incite *terror* in their foes. See the Warhammer rulebook.

Move: Slavegiants have long limbs and move over normal sized obstacles such as walls and fences without breaking stride. Treat such obstacles as open ground when working out how far the Slavegiant moves. However, when crossing such obstacles the player must test to see if the Slavegiant falls over.

Fall Over: Slavegiants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often trip, stumble or fall down. When a Slavegiant falls over, this is bad news for everyone nearby as a falling Slavegiant can easily crush anything it falls on.

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

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

To see if the Slavegiant falls over roll a D6. If you score between 2 and 6 then the Slavegiant sways slightly, but regains his balance and no harm is done. If the roll results in a 1, the Slavegiant falls over. Obviously, if a Slavegiant is slain then it falls over automatically.

To determine which direction the Slavegiant falls, roll a Scatter dice – the arrow indicates the direction in which the Slavegiant falls. Place the Falling Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall. Any models lying completely under the template are automatically hit. Any models partly covered are hit on a 4+.

Any model hit by a falling Slavegiant automatically takes one Strength 6 hit which causes D3 wounds. These hits are resolved in the usual way. If the unit is in combat and the Slavegiant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down wounds inflicted by a falling Slavegiant count towards the combat result.

A Slavegiant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound itself with no save. If the Slavegiant is in combat then this wound counts towards the final combat result.

Once on the ground, a Slavegiant may get up in the following Movement phase, but may not otherwise move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Slavegiant may

attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him.

If forced to flee whilst on the ground, the Slavegiant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Slavegiant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground, he stands up instead. A Slavegiant may attack on the turn it stands up.

Slavegiant Special Attacks: Slavegiants do not attack in the same way as other creatures though they select their victims as normal. They are far too large and fractious to take orders, and much too scatterbrained to have any sort of coherent plan. In fact, once in combat even the Slavegiant doesn't really know what he's going to do next!

To determine what happens, each Close Combat phase roll a D6 on one of the tables below when it is the Slavegiant's turn to fight. Which table you use depends on the size of the Slavegiant's victim. When fighting characters riding monsters or chariots, decide whether to attack the rider or mount/chariot, as normal and use the appropriate table for the size of the target.

Slavegiant fighting big things (Ogres, Kroxigors, Minotaurs or similar sized or larger creatures including Chariots):

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Throttle with Chain
5-6	Headbutt

Slavegiant fighting anyone smaller than above:

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

Yell and Bawl: The Slavegiant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience as Slavegiants are unbearably loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Slavegiant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round, but the combat round is automatically won by the Slavegiant's side. The enemy are automatically beaten and retreat as losing the combat by 2.

Throttle with Chain: The Slavegiant wraps his heavy chains around the neck of his opponent and pulls hard, breaking the neck of his prey or even ripping its head clean off. The target must take a Toughness test. If this is failed, it sustains 6D6 wounds with no Armour Save allowed.

Headbutt: The Slavegiant head-butts his enemy, automatically scoring 1 wound with no Armour Saves allowed. If the enemy is wounded but not slain then he is dazed and loses all the following attacks – if the target has not yet attacked that combat round he loses those attacks, if he has already attacked he loses the following round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Slavegiant jumps up and down repeatedly on top of one enemy unit in base contact. When he starts, the Slavegiant must test to determine if he can move. Assuming that he remains on his knees too long he falls, the Slavegiant bounds up and down on the enemy unit, guffawing madly.

The unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits allocated as shooting hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Slavegiants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Slavegiant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A separate test is required at the start of each succeeding combat round to determine if the Slavegiant falls over. A Slavegiant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so until he falls over or until the combat comes to an end.

Flail with Chain: The Slavegiant flails around himself with the stout chains that usually bind him to the cavern floor of the Ogre Tyrant's lair. The Slavegiant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit, allocated as shooting hits.

Pick Up and... : The Slavegiant stoops down and selects a model (Slavegiant player's choice) that is either in base contact or touching a model in base contact (Slavegiants have a long reach). The target may make a single attack to try to fend off the Slavegiant's clumsy hand. If this attack hits and wounds the Slavegiant, the Slavegiant's attack fails, otherwise the Slavegiant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag.** The Slavegiant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Slavegiant should be slain any enemy trapped in his bag is freed unharmed at the end of the battle. Victory Points are not awarded to the enemy for freed models.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat.** The victim is hurled back into his own unit like a living missile. This causes a wound on the victim with no saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits on the unit. Saves are taken as normal.
- 3 Hurl.** The victim is hurled into any enemy unit within 12" of the Slavegiant – randomly determine which. This causes a wound on the victim with no saves allowed, and D6 Strength 3 hits on the unit. Saves are taken as normal. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model becomes a casualty and is removed from the game.
- 5 Eat.** The Slavegiant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed from the game.
- 6 Pick Another.** The Slavegiant stuffs the victim hurriedly into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky!) and attempts to pick up another victim. The second victim makes a single attack (as above) to avoid being picked up. If the Slavegiant rolls a succession of 6s, it is possible for him to amass a collection of trapped foes in his pockets and bags (not to mention down his trousers). Trapped models are effectively casualties, exactly as explained in the Stuff into Bag result described above.

GNOBLAR FIGHTERS

"Gnoblar fighters, hmph, right. Need to be taught their place. Still, funny when they die though."

The larger members of Gnoblar society have a tendency towards independence. These Gnoblar forsake their baggage-carrying brethren and band together into loose but numerous groups that take to the battlefield in the hope of stealing some particularly choice shiny things before the Corpse-Harvest.

Gnoblar fighters arm themselves with an assortment of broken bottles, swords, spear tips, false legs, fangweasels, pointy sticks and rusted daggers – basically anything they can get their grubby, grasping hands upon. Most of the time the Gnoblar will loiter near the Ogres, making threatening yelps and menacingly shuffling forward. In extreme circumstances (ie, actual conflict) Gnoblar fighters will frenziedly jab their enemies in the nether regions with their 'weapons' until either they or the enemy stops moving. Every now and then, their sheer numbers enable them to pull down their foes in a tide of snapping maws, stabbing blades and pure malice. When things do not go quite so well and they start to die in their droves, well, they're only Gnoblar...

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

SPECIAL RULES

Largely Insignificant: No matter how many Gnoblar meet the endless variety of violent deaths promised by the hostile lands of the Ogres, there always seems to be plenty more ready to take their place. As such, the general

response to a fleeing Gnoblar is a hearty belly laugh (or high-pitched giggle – Gnoblar actually get a real kick out of watching other Gnoblar run away). Gnoblar do not cause *panic* if they are fleeing, if they break from combat or if they are destroyed, even amongst other Gnoblar.

Bicker: The constant bickering, bullying, biting and backstabbing inherent in Gnoblar culture is such that even on the battlefield a group of Gnoblar will often grind to a halt. Whether it is by finding a creature smaller than them that they can hurt, getting bogged down in an argument over a lucky boot or just idly watching the fight whilst picking their noses, when the heat is on the Gnoblar have a tendency to do absolutely nothing. Roll a D6 at the beginning of the turn for each unit of Gnoblar Fighters that is not in combat, fleeing or subject to any compulsory movement. If a unit rolls a 1 it may do nothing at all this turn.

Gnoblar are counted as Greenskins in all respects.

Sharp Stuff

Gnoblar generally carry around a number of small, sharp projectiles ranging from irate bristlebogs to sharpened horseshoes, for throwing at any enemies that get too close. For a Gnoblar, there's nothing quite like the satisfaction of hurling a jagged rock into an unprotected face.

SHARP STUFF

Range: 8" Strength: 2 2 x Multiple shots,
Thrown Weapon



GNOBLAR TRAPPERS

"Little green things that catch little things. Mind you I did see one of them Elfs with a bear trap clamped on his 'ead once, made me laugh fer days."

These outgoing but vindictive Gnoblar are the largest and most intrepid of their kind, and delight in catching and torturing the small ferocious mammals that populate the foothills of the Ogre kingdoms. Once they have finished 'playing' with these animals (usually jabbing them with sharp sticks), they either devour them there and then or take them back as an offering to their Ogre masters as a light snack. They will attempt to capture and kill anything up to the size of a mountain goat. Gnoblar Trappers decorate themselves with the pelts of their prey, and are adept at laying mantraps, stake pits and barbed nooses of all sizes. On the battlefield, Trappers will crawl forward unnoticed into areas of brush and woodland, lying in wait for any that seek to use the cover to flank their Ogre masters. Occasionally, a small bunch of Gnoblar Trappers will form a self-appointed gaggle of followers for one of the hardy Ogre Hunters, pelting those that charge their role model with sticks, stones and mantraps without actually ever putting themselves in harm's way.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
Barfinger	4	2	4	2	3	1	3	1	5

SPECIAL RULES

Largely Insignificant: All Gnoblars are Largely Insignificant, and therefore do not cause *panic* if they are fleeing, if they break from combat or if they are destroyed.

Bicker: Gnoblar Trappers are prone to bickering amongst themselves at the most inopportune moments. Roll a D6 at the beginning of the turn for each unit of Gnoblar Trappers that is not in combat, fleeing or subject to any compulsory movement. If a unit rolls a 1 it may do nothing at all this turn.

Skirmish: Gnoblar Trappers skirmish, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Scouts: Gnoblar Trappers are Scouts as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Entourage: Any Gnoblar Trappers within 12" of a Hunter can use his Leadership for any tests they have to take, as if he were the army General. Furthermore, any unit of Gnoblar Trappers within 6" of the Hunter when he is charged may stand & shoot at the charging unit without the normal -1 penalty, even if they are not contacted by the charge.

Gnoblar Trappers are counted as Greenskins in all respects.



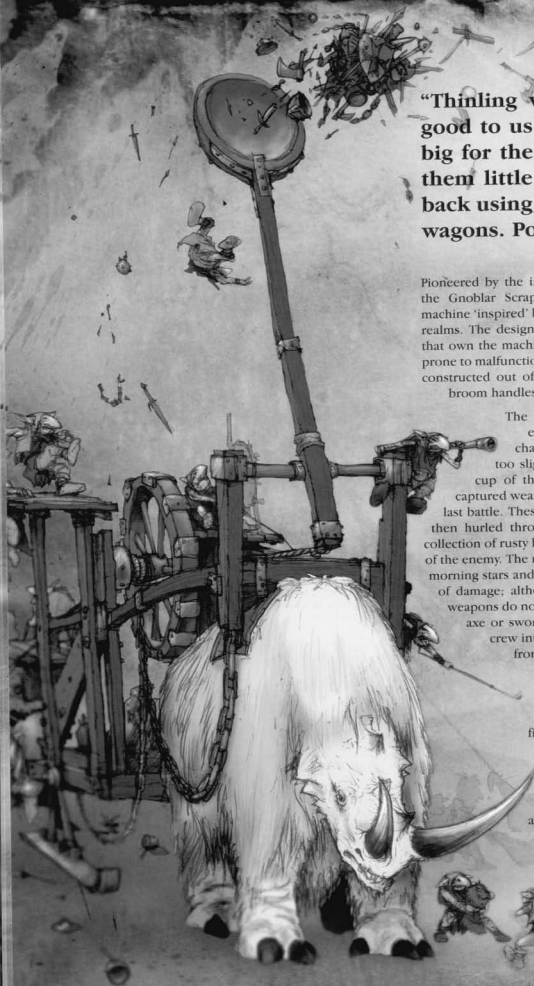
GNOBLAR SCRAPLAUNCHER

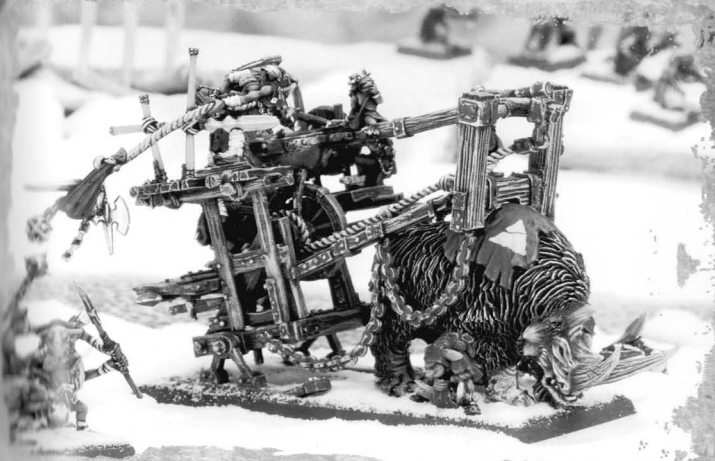
"Thinling weapons ain't much good to us. Too fiddly. And too big for the Gnoblar. So we let them little thieves give 'em all back using one of their... wotsit wagons. Pointy end first."

Pioneered by the infamous Ma, self-appointed King of the Gnoblar Scrappers, the Scraplauncher is a war machine 'inspired' by the stone throwers of the Dwarven realms. The design varies depending on the Scrappers that own the machine, although they are always hugely prone to malfunction – a Scraplauncher has usually been constructed out of everything from enemy chariots to broom handles.

The principle of the Scraplauncher is essentially sound; the Gnoblar in charge of this ramshackle war machine, too slight to lift rocks of any size onto the cup of the launcher, bundle up any and all captured weapons that they have accrued since the last battle. These loose-knit bundles of nastiness are then hurled through the air toward the enemy, the collection of rusty blades bursting apart above the heads of the enemy. The resultant rain of spearheads, hatchet morning stars and other sharp instruments can do a lot of damage; although some of the broken or rusted weapons do no more than bruise the enemy, the odd axe or sword will land precisely as the Gnoblar crew intended, skewering or stabbing the foe from afar. After the battle, it is a simple matter to gather back these weapons during the Corpse-Harvest: some axes and swords have seen more battles than the Gnoblar scrappers firing them.

Scraplaunchers are usually towed into battle by immature Rhinoceroses, enabling the Scrappers to take the field of battle in relative safety. After all, if any enemy comes too close, the Gnoblars simply point the Rhinos in the right direction and belch fire across the haunches of the foul temper and sheer mass of the Rhinos and the rest.





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

The Scraplauncher has a 4+ armour save and is crewed by 10 Gnoblar Scrapers.

SPECIAL RULES

Fear: The Rhinox is a large and dangerous cave-beast with horns as long as a full-grown man. Its presence means the Scraplauncher causes *fear*.

Chariot: The Scraplauncher is a Chariot (albeit a highly unusual one) and uses the rules for chariots given in the Mechanicum rulebook.

Not Tempered: Even those Rhinoxes that the Gnoblar Scrapers have managed to edge towards a semblance of civility have a temper shorter than a pygmy's thumb. If there is an enemy model that is an eligible target for the Scraplauncher to charge during the Declare Charges part of the Movement phase, it must immediately pass a Leadership test or declare a charge – if there is a choice of models to charge, then the controlling player may choose between them.

Stone Thrower: When they fire, Scraplaunchers determine where their shot lands exactly like stone throwers. They can only fire and have a 90° arc of sight. All hits from the Scraplauncher use the large template and are resolved at a Strength of 3, causing 1 wound. They have the Killing Blow rule. Other than this exception, normal Armour rules apply.

A Scraplauncher is a manic construction of metal, wood, Gnoblar and cave-beast, and as a result uses the following Misfire chart.

SCRAPLAUNCHER MISFIRE CHART

D6 Effect

- 1 The Scraplauncher comes apart in a spectacular shower of metal, wood and broken Gnoblar limbs. Remove it from play.
- 2 The Scraplauncher malfunctions dramatically, sending a hatchet at high speed right into the Rhinox's most tender regions. The Scraplauncher charges 3D6" in a random direction. If it strikes a unit, that unit will immediately take 2D6 hits at Strength 5, and the Scraplauncher is then removed from play.
- 3 The Gnoblar Scrapers decide that now is the time to get revenge against the last Ogre that ate one of their mates. The opposing player may immediately fire the Scraplauncher as if it were under his control.
- 4 The Scraplauncher sprays broken weapons in all directions, but mainly straight up. Resolve the shot with the large template's hole directly on the centre of the Scraplauncher, scattering as usual.
- 5 The Scrapers have found a shiny thing lying on the ground nearby and may not fire this turn.
- 6 The mischievous Scrapers have waited for the least popular amongst them to step on the loading mechanism and fired him instead. The hit lands on target, but instead of using the large Blast template, resolve a single Strength 5 hit instead at the point of impact (this still has Killing Blow).

PAINTING OGRES

The Gutripper tribe are famous for dipping their right arms in a cauldron of gore and daubing themselves with blood before going in to battle. Below, you'll find information on how to paint an Ogre Bull and a Gnoblar Fighter from the Gutripper tribe.

RUSTING BLADES

- Begin with a basecoat of Dark
- Flesh then, stipple on layers of Vermin Brown and Blazing Orange. Finish off by painting Chainmail onto the weapon edges.



BLOODY FIST

- Apply a basecoat of Scab Red, then add layers of Blood Red and Fiery Orange, then apply a wash of Red Ink.



LEATHER

- Apply a Basecoat of Bestial Brown then, highlight with a mix of Bestial Brown and Bleached Bone.



BOOTS

- Add Scorched Brown
- highlights to a Chaos Black basecoat.



BELLY PLATE

- Paint a layer of Brazen Brass over a basecoat of Tin Bitz, then highlight with a mix of Brazen Brass and Mithril Silver.



OGRE SKIN

- Begin with a basecoat of Graveyard Earth
- mixed with Shadow
- Grey then, lighten the colour with Kommando Khaki. Finally, add highlights with Bleached Bone.



TROUSERS

- Apply a layer of Shadow
- Grey over a Chaos Black basecoat then, add highlights with Spide Wolves Grey.



PAINTING GNOBLARS

WOODEN SHIELD

- Drybrush Bestial Brown over a Scorched Brown basecoat, then drybrush the wood with Snakebite Leather.



LOINCLOTH

- Begin with a coat of Desert Yellow, then highlight with Bleached Bone.



SKIN

- Apply a basecoat of Cattaban Green over a Chaos Black
- undercoat, then highlight with Fortress Grey.



BANDAGES

- Paint the bandages with a basecoat of Bronzed Flesh, then highlight them with a mixture of Bleached Bone and Skull White.



For everything you need to know about painting Citadel miniatures



OGRE TRIBES

One way to mark out your own Ogre tribe is to apply war paint designs to your models. Although the style of the war paint may vary between individual ogres, you can tie together the look of an army by using the same colour on every model.



The Rocksplitter tribe wear lots of armour and paint Great Maw tattoos on their backs.



The Ogres of the Moonbiter tribe wear yellow warpaint and prefer to attack at night.



The Deathmaw tribe believe blue to be the colour of death.



The Tribe of the Blooded Gut traditionally paint their gut-plates red.



The Sons of the Mountain use white warpaint, the better to camouflage themselves in snow.



The Goldtooth tribe wear as much precious metal as they can find.



The Mighty Fist tribe tattoo their faces in the belief it will add to their brute strength.



The Ogres of the Skulltaker tribe paint their faces as white as the skulls they collect.



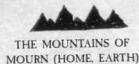
The Suneater Ogres paint their gut-plates yellow, believing the beat of the sun itself lies in their bellies.

SYMBOLS

Ogres use a selection of pictograms instead of the written word, which they paint on cave walls and sometimes daub on themselves as warpaint. These symbols can be combined to convey such complex concepts as "strong Ogre" or "slaughtered humans".



COMING OF THE
GNOBLARS
(UNDERLING, SLAVE)



THE MOUNTAINS OF
MOURN (HOME, EARTH)



THE SKYTITANS
(BIG, CONQUERED)



MOUNTAIN/STRONG/
TOUGH/ EARTH



DESOLATION/
DEVASTATION



COMING OF
THE MAW (FEAR)



WATER/RAIN/SLAUGHTER



CUT/GOODS
(TRADE)



THE TWIN CREATION
(BROTHERHOOD)



BLOOD/
BUTCHER



SLAVERY



FIST/VIOLENCE/
STRENGTH



YHETEES



LAZARGHS
TRIBE



THE MAW (GOD)



IRONSKIN TRIBE



CHAOS



BAULDIG
MOUNTAINEATER



CLUB/HIT



SUN/GOOD/HOT



FEASTMASTERS TRIBE



TRIBE



OGRE/HUNGER



CAVE-BEAST



COIN/WEALTH/POWER



EYEBITERS TRIBE



CARAVAN/
TRADER/HUMANS



MEAT/FOOD/FEAST



ANGRY FIST TRIBE



GNOBLAR/SMALL/
OF LITTLE WORTH



SKYCASTLE/
HISTORY/BIG



MOON/DARK/UNKNOWN



KILL/FIGHT/
CHALLENGE/RIP



CASTLE/
FORT/SIEGE




WAR ABOVE THE
CLOUDS (STORM)



MIGRATION
(TRACK, FOLLOW)



TOPPLING OF THE SKYCASTLES
(DESTRUCTION, SHATTER)



*Pray bark! To brave Sir Baldrin's tale
Who travelled far to mountain vale,
To slay an ogre, fiend or drake
And meet the Lady of the Lake*

*Dismounting now, Sir Baldrin strode
Further still up mountain road,
From nook and cranny, hungry eyes
Did stare, then widen in surprise*

*And thus it was that Ogre foul
Stepped out, and gave a fearsome growl:
"I'll grind yer bones to make my bread"
The knight replied "I'll have your head!"*

*Sir Baldrin charged, with greatsword raised
His downward stroke the Ogre grazed,
The monster's club came arcing down
And landed bard on Baldrin's crown*

*There came a grisly snapping sound
The knight was pitched into the ground,
But Baldrin's tale does not end here
For in the mountains, all is dear*

*His guts were gobbled then and there
The rest dragged back to Ogre's lair,
Sir Baldrin's heart, both stout and true
Took pride of place in wholesome stew*

*His legs were chewed, his fingers grilled
On botplate made from Baldrin's shield,
Bones were snapped and marrow bled
Then powdered into Ogre bread*

*Chain-mail fitted Ogre's arm
A goblin took his lady's charm,
His greatsword, once a weapon dire
Spitted meat on open fire*

*His altar – thrown into the hearth
His breastplate – now a goblin's bath,
His blanket – used to stuff a hole
His skull – a hollow drinking bowl*

*And so it was that Baldrin's fate
Was met upon an Ogre's plate,
Let ye be warned: when eastward bound
Pray take some friends, lest ye be found.*

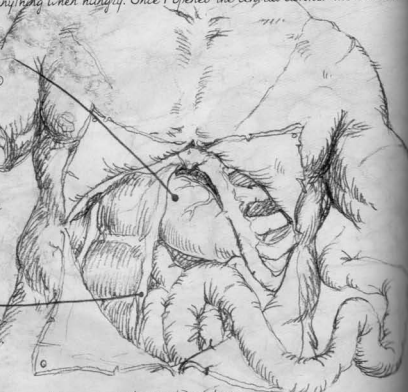
Excerpted from *Quest's End*, a parody of a popular Bretonnian folk story, sung to the tune of "Carroburg Fayre"

After initial dissections on the subject recovered from the wreckage of the Adolphus barracks, I have made a number of remarkable discoveries. It is well known that the appetite of an Ogre is voracious and folklore would have us believe that an Ogre will eat almost anything when hungry. Once I opened the central cavities the reason for this became apparent.

The massive stomach, which fills much of the Ogre's body cavity, seems capable of expanding to hold very large quantities of food, or indeed anything else - see the list below. This is protected by thick bands of overlapping muscle to create the Ogre's prodigious gut. It is not, as I first suspected, made up of fat, nor is a large gut a sign of bad health. The layers of gut muscles appear to be able to operate independently - when engaged in digestion, the Ogre's stomach would ripple and grind to physically break apart hard fodder such as bone and even metal. In addition, these muscular abdomens would prove particularly difficult to pierce with a blade. (1)

Various acids appear to brew within the sack like stomach itself, which are highly corrosive, allowing the Ogre to digest almost anything given enough time. (2)

Here is listed the contents of the gut that I discovered, in various stages of digestion:



i) Easily thirty pounds of raw meat, in early stages of digestion.

ii) An ornate hilt of a sword of far eastern design.



iii) Five chunks of rock. This could indicate that Ogres have gastroliths - pebbles and rocks that they swallow in order to aid the digestion and breakdown of large matter.

iv) A near-complete skeleton of a horse, Bretonnian by its bone structure.

v) Bones that I would guess belonged to a small goblinoid (3)

vi) Various articles of clothing (that could belong to the raw meat, above.)



vii) A battered Bretonnian gorget, with neck vertebrae within (though the flesh has long since been digested). Also twisted lance tip. The gorget and lance tip are both in an extreme state of decay, indicating that over a long period of time, an Ogre could digest metal.

viii) A standard design Hemmler and Co. duelling pistol.



Cutting through the skull of the Ogre, one can see the miniscule brain cavity. The brain itself is little larger than that of a wolfhound, though it is well protected. This bone shows signs of damage and repair, particularly on the forehead where the skull has thickened to astonishing levels.

The teeth are very powerful and rooted deeply into the jaw, specialising in different roles. They include massive tusks for ripping and killing, molars worn flat from grinding hard substances, and saw-like teeth for carving through flesh.

Extremely dense and heavy, the Ogre bone is made up of countless layers, latticed together to make it far stronger. There is copious evidence of breakages, though these will generally only shatter a handful of the layers, enabling the limb to continue working where a normal one would have been snapped.

The thick skin is akin to cured leather. I found this difficult to cut through, and would imagine it is highly resistant to extremes of temperature, and rather lacking in feeling.

The lungs are of such size, combined with the oversized heart of the Ogre, that one could easily imagine these brutes capable of living in extremely high altitudes with little discomfort, as well as being perfectly able to maintain long periods of physical exertion - though the amount of food needed to maintain their powerful bodies would of course be very high.

Most interesting of all is the manner of the beast's death. It has sustained an incredible amount of damage over the years - amongst its scars is an eight inch deep web of scar tissue over the left armpit, consistent with a massive sharp trauma from a penetrating weapon (lance?). Recently, however, the Ogre has sustained non-fatal injuries including fourteen sword cuts to the shins and groin, three of which run to the bone, no less than eight crossbow quarrel wounds in the chest, neck and face (six bolts recovered), and five handgun shot pellets, heavily impacted, recovered from the upper torso. The fatal wound appears to have been sustained accidentally whilst eating a combatant armed with a pistol weapon - the gun was found in the beast's gullet, and a point-blank bullet wound runs through its throat into the base of its skull. Sigmar help us all, if a single Ogre can cause such destruction, what could an entire tribe achieve?

I showed several knives trying to penetrate the thick fibrous layers of muscle.

One of my musician's stabs and several flagstones were irretrievably corroded when I finally got to the ogre's stomach (Note: must accompany Marns Bruckenheim and Neulens).

THE OGRE KINGDOMS

If an explorer were intrepid or foolhardy enough to cross from the Old World into the Worlds Edge Mountains and beyond, he would find himself travelling through the ash-choked plains of the Dark Lands. Were he then to negotiate his way past hissing, oily quagmires and crackling rivers of lava, all the while avoiding roving bands of Hobgoblins and Goblin wolf riders, he might survive long enough to reach the Howling Wastes. Should he travel safely along the passage between the Chaos Dwarf citadel of Daemon's Stump and the squat, malignant shadow of the Black Fortress, a vast mountain range would appear on the horizon. If he could complete his trek across the acrid, parched earth of that realm and cross the pollution-choked River Ruin, he would enter the Ogre kingdoms, and it is there that the real dangers lurk.

It is said that there are a thousand ways to die in the Ogre kingdoms, but in truth a good half of those involve disappearing down something's gullet. There are species in this inhospitable world that cannot kill a full-grown man, but they are few in number. The Mountains of Mourn crawl with predatory species, and even the few herbivorous cave-beasts that prowl the slopes are equipped with lethal natural weaponry. But it is the Ogres themselves who pose the direct threat to an unwary traveller straying upon their territory.

In the valleys of the Mountains of Mourn, each Ogre kingdom is loosely defined by the distance its Tyrant can see in all directions. At first this might seem like an incredibly vague and impractical distinction, but as each valley is steep and surrounded by sheer mountainsides, this demarcation generally suffices. Natural borders such as mountain passes and the tributaries that flow down to the River Ruin also play an important part in the division of one Tyrant's territory from another.

Nonetheless, with a race as warlike as the Ogres, the potential for war over the precise boundaries of each kingdom is enormous. Indeed, when the Ogres first settled in the Mountains of Mourn, several centuries of tribal war saw the Ogre population decrease to a third of its original size before territory became less of a problem. The more prosperous the Ogre race becomes, the more the strife of those times is likely to resurface. This limiting factor keeps the Ogre population

in check and also helps weed out the weaker tribes, who are invariably eaten by their stronger neighbours.

But times are changing in the Ogre kingdoms. Through sheer strength of will, force of personality and size of coffers, Greasus Goldtooth, the current Overtyrant of the Ogre Kingdoms, has managed to unite the tribes under one gut. This newfound unity is due in part to his exceptional network of Gnoblar spies and messengers. Any Ogre tribe that declares outright war against their neighbours will soon find themselves on the end of an attack by the Goldtooth clan itself, the most numerous and best equipped of the Ogre tribes, until order is restored once more. It is because of this enforced truce amongst the kingdoms that the Ogre population is brimming over, and the tribes have begun to migrate west once again. Once a year, this truce is strengthened by the Grand Feast held by the Overtyrant on the sacred Meat Day.

The Grand Feast

At the heart of each Ogre kingdom is a great moss-covered menhir with the tribe's own sigil carved into its side, known as a Mawtooth. These are not religious in their own right (for the Ogres use their maw-pits as a focus for their sacrifices) but rather serve to connect the Ogre kingdoms on a spiritual level. When each tribe brings its Mawtooth to the Grand Feast every year, they are placed in a wide circle to form the teeth of the Great Maw. The Grand Feast is traditionally a festival that runs for at least a week on the slopes of the volcano known as the Fire Mouth.

It is a great honour to carry the Mawtooth, and only the Tyrant, his Bruisers and his Ironguts will make the journey, taking it in turns to carry the burden until they are in the shadow of the Fire Mouth. When the circle of Mawteeth is complete, the feast begins in earnest. All disputes between Tyrants are fought, put out, within this circle of monoliths, and settled in blood. These are by far the most vicious duels seen throughout the year, and cause great excitement, weeding out any animosity between tribes before the week of eating and drinking takes place.

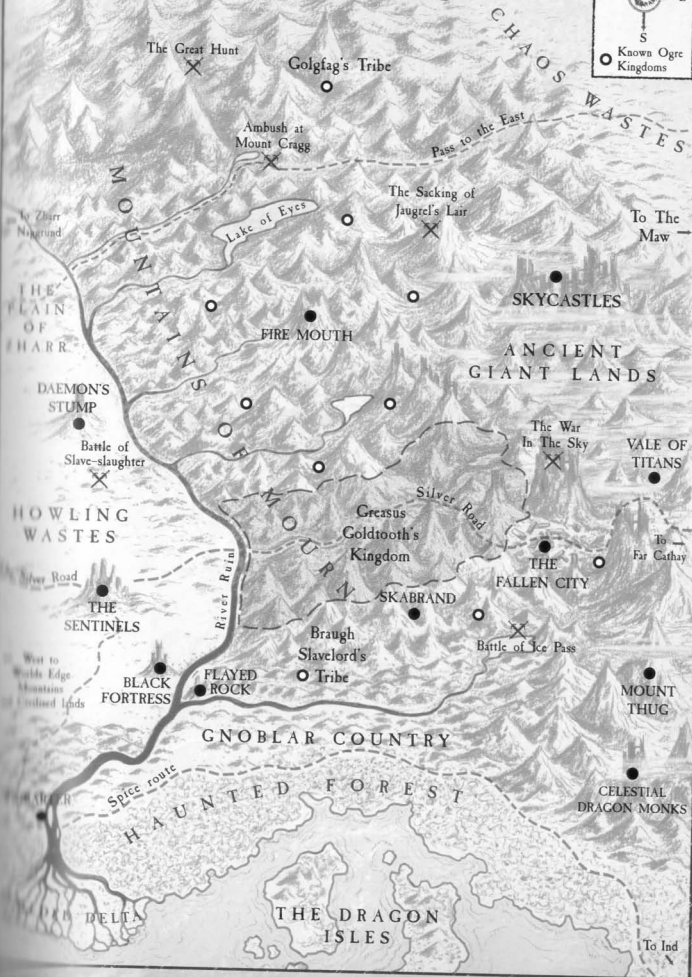
The Mawtooth of Greasus Goldtooth himself (somewhat predictably) made of purest gold, and set at the top of the circle. So it is that many rich Ogres will hammer a chunk of gold into their gums to replace a lost tooth, the better to resemble the incarnation of their deity.

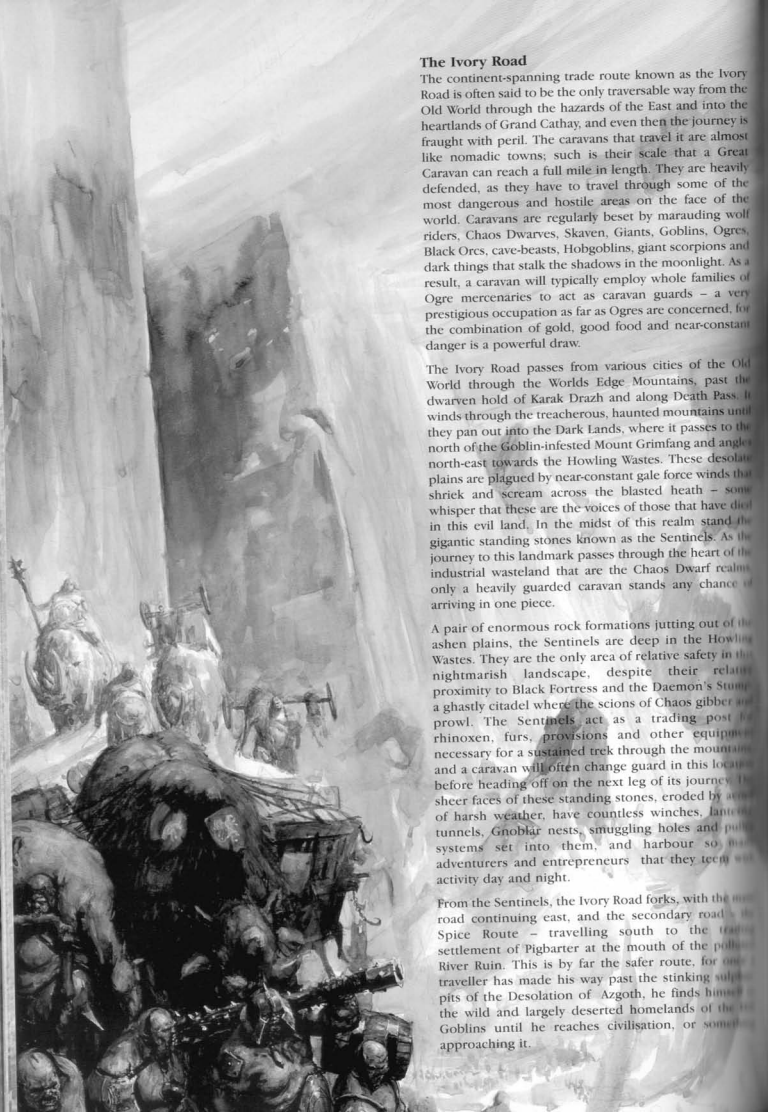
THE FIRE MOUTH

Once every couple of hundred years, the skies of the Ogre kingdoms are thrown into turmoil, set alight by the volcano the Ogres call the Fire Mouth. Located almost in the centre of the kingdoms, it is considered by Ogres to be the offspring of an unboly union between the sun and the Great Maw. As a result, the Fire Mouth has great religious significance to the Ogres, and many pilgrimages are made to the volcano when it is impossible for an Ogre to seek out the Maw itself.

The Fire Mouth is never truly at rest, and bubbles and spits thick streams of lava down its sides like a brimming meat-pot. The Great Feasts that are held in its shadow inevitably result in the deaths of those Ogres that cannot stomach an entire week spent doing little else but eating meat. Towards the end of the Great Feasts, there are always a few who refuse their food, whose guts have distended and split under the pressure of constant consumption. These Ogres are seen as heretics, committing the cardinal sin of refusing to eat in the shadow of an Ogre demigod, and are hoisted bodily up the slopes of the Fire Mouth to be thrown into the hissing lava below. Such is the fate of all that disrespect the Maw during the Grand Feast.

The Ogre Kingdoms





The Ivory Road

The continent-spanning trade route known as the Ivory Road is often said to be the only traversable way from the Old World through the hazards of the East and into the heartlands of Grand Cathay, and even then the journey is fraught with peril. The caravans that travel it are almost like nomadic towns; such is their scale that a Great Caravan can reach a full mile in length. They are heavily defended, as they have to travel through some of the most dangerous and hostile areas on the face of the world. Caravans are regularly beset by marauding wolf riders, Chaos Dwarves, Skaven, Giants, Goblins, Ogres, Black Orcs, cave-beasts, Hobgoblins, giant scorpions and dark things that stalk the shadows in the moonlight. As a result, a caravan will typically employ whole families of Ogre mercenaries to act as caravan guards – a very prestigious occupation as far as Ogres are concerned, for the combination of gold, good food and near-constant danger is a powerful draw.

The Ivory Road passes from various cities of the Old World through the Worlds Edge Mountains, past the dwarven hold of Karak Drazh and along Death Pass. It winds through the treacherous, haunted mountains until they pan out into the Dark Lands, where it passes to the north of the Goblin-infested Mount Grimfang and angles north-east towards the Howling Wastes. These desolate plains are plagued by near-constant gale force winds that shriek and scream across the blasted heath – some whisper that these are the voices of those that have died in this evil land. In the midst of this realm stand the gigantic standing stones known as the Sentinels. As the journey to this landmark passes through the heart of the industrial wasteland that are the Chaos Dwarf realms, only a heavily guarded caravan stands any chance of arriving in one piece.

A pair of enormous rock formations jutting out of the ashen plains, the Sentinels are deep in the Howling Wastes. They are the only area of relative safety in this nightmarish landscape, despite their relative proximity to Black Fortress and the Daemon's Stump, a ghastly citadel where the scions of Chaos gibber and prowl. The Sentinels act as a trading post for rhinoxen, furs, provisions and other equipment necessary for a sustained trek through the mountains, and a caravan will often change guard in this location before heading off on the next leg of its journey. The sheer faces of these standing stones, eroded by ages of harsh weather, have countless winches, lanterns, tunnels, Gnoblar nests, smuggling holes and pulley systems set into them, and harbour so many adventurers and entrepreneurs that they teem with activity day and night.

From the Sentinels, the Ivory Road forks, with the main road continuing east, and the secondary road – the Spice Route – travelling south to the trading settlement of Pigbarter at the mouth of the polluted River Ruin. This is by far the safer route, for once a traveller has made his way past the stinking sulphur pits of the Desolation of Azgoth, he finds himself in the wild and largely deserted homelands of the Goblins until he reaches civilisation, or something approaching it.

From Pigbarter the Spice Route heads east into distant Ind, the Land of a Thousand Gods. It snakes through the far north of Ind, at the tail of a great mountain range, where the monasteries of the Celestial Dragon Monks are to be found. Mystical but highly aggressive, these legendary warriors practice enlightenment through violence, and through strict meditation and training have even mastered the ability to breathe fire and run across water without breaking its surface.

The Ivory Road itself runs alongside one of the tributaries of the River Ruin high into the mountains. There it faces a new set of dangers, amongst them the tribes of the Ogres and their Gnoblar slaves. Bizarrely, it is the latter that pose more of a problem to the caravans: 'civilised' Ogres, and especially those under the rule of Greasus Goldtooth, have a healthy respect for the great caravans and in general will not attack them unless in direst need. Not only that, but it is easy to see an Ogre raid coming and defend accordingly. Not so with the Gnoblar wrappers: a lightfingered, mean-spirited subculture of Hill Goblins (often called Magpies by the caravan's staff) that seem to get just about everywhere and make off with anything they can carry for their own tiny imitation scrap-caravans. If a Great Caravan makes it through the Ogre kingdoms, fending off predatory sabretusk packs, feral raptors, hungry cave bears and worse, all the while withstanding the harsh climate and sub-zero temperatures, it will eventually cross the Mountains of Mourm and emerge into the Ancient Giant Holds.

The Ancient Giant Holds

The mountain range to the east of the Ogre kingdoms is colossal in scale, making even the mighty peaks of the Mountains of Mourm look small by comparison. Even their lower slopes are so far above the cloudline that very few know of their true scale, and the air is so thin at such a dropping altitude that a normal man could not explore a fraction of their majesty before his lungs collapsed. And yet, back when the world was young, they supported an entire civilisation of intelligent Giants, known as the Skytitans. The Skytitans hewed and crafted the mountains into megalithic castles that climbed high into the crystal blue sky, enabling them to look out across a sea of cloud punctuated by great islands of rock on which other citadels perched. These Skygiants lived a hermitic existence, ignorant of the younger races, and only descended onto the slopes to shepherd the herds of great mammoth that inhabited the plateau below.

Hundreds of miles away, the coming of the Great Maw triggered the first of the Ogre migrations, sending thousands of confused and starving Ogres up into the mountains in an attempt to escape the lethal attentions of their new god. Their arrival heralded violence of unprecedented scale in the mountaintops. The Ogres came as a plague of locusts to the Skytitans, for they ate anything they could find, stripping the mountains of all life and slaughtering their mammoth herds with precision. A bitter war raged above the clouds for years, but the Ogres were far more numerous than the Skytitans, and soon grew strong on their flesh. Eventually the Ogres overthrew the Skytitans, devouring the entire race down to the last fingerbone in grand feasts, sometimes whilst their unfortunate victims were

still alive. Not content with destroying their foes utterly, the Ogres rampaged through the peaks, toppling their castles into the valleys below.

The only shreds of evidence of this once-proud race's existence are the immense ruins that have tumbled down into the mountain passes at the feet of the mountain range. The famous trade route known as the Ivory Road joins one of these passes, winding around enormous chunks of masonry that were once the foundation stones of a city of castles in the sky. The deserted city of megaliths is amongst the safest areas the Ivory Road passes through, as the Ancient Giant Holds are haunted by little more than shadows and movements seen out of the corner of the eye.

The Baleful Deserts

Once the caravans have passed through the mountains and emerged on the other side, they tumble into the Baleful Deserts in the north-east of Cathay. Heavy metal screens are erected to protect against the hazards of this barren desert, and much of this period of the journey is spent sealed within the caravans. After all, almost nothing lives in the deserts aside from the odd Ogre pilgrim and the razor-limbed, black-carapaced giant insects that burst from under the vitrified sand in showers of glass to attack unwary prey. Nonetheless, there are a host of other dangers the caravan faces on its way through the desert, and all are far more insidious. Sickness, cabin fever, starvation, dehydration, mutation and poisoning are all likely to occur as the caravan makes the last leg of its journey before desert finally turns to rice field and the caravan rumbles into Great Cathay. It is a testament to the vast riches that can be amassed by a successful caravan trading mission, or perhaps to plain human greed, that such a hazardous journey should be undertaken in the name of commerce.

MOUNT THUG

The infamous Mount Thug is enormous in scale, a huge and forbidding peak that stretches far above the clouds. It is widely regarded by the Ogres as a living thing, because those foolish or brave enough to attempt to scale its glacial sides are usually buried under hundreds of tonnes of boulders and wet snow before they leave the lower slopes. To the denizens of the Ogre kingdoms, this is how the mountain feeds on its victims – jaws of jagged rock closing on those that dare to rouse it from its sleep. Even the sounds of a pick impacting on the vertical face of a glacier is enough to send an aspiring climber to an icy tomb, so any Ogre who dares challenge the mountain is forced to do so with his bare hands. It is seen as a feat of great prowess to reach the upper slopes of Thug, and any who do so inevitably go on to become Tyrant of their tribe.

A more learned observer might comment upon how the unusual shape of Thug could lead to a greater number of avalanches than usual, and how this could lead to its daunting reputation in a primitive society. But the Ogres know the truth – Mount Thug is as malevolent as it is vast.

OGRE TRIBES

The Ogre Kingdoms is a place alive with the reputations and renown of many an Ogre tribe, the tales of which can serve as a territorial boundary, or as a dire warning to those foolish enough to wander the mountain passes and foothills unprepared.

THE TRIBE OF SHREWD FULG



Shrewd Fulg is a hunchbacked and grizzled Tyrant who, although far from the strongest of his peers, is as cunning and evil as a serpent. He rules the lands to the north-west of the Mountains of Mourn with an iron fist, ensuring those who annoy him eat poisoned meat or fall foul of the monstrosities he keeps in his menagerie. The Ogres under his rule dare not even break wind in his presence, for Shrewd Fulg cannot abide

any kind of challenge to his authority and will have anyone that crosses him turned into a Rat Ogre at the first opportunity. As he has strong ties to the beastmasters of Clan Moulder, even his Irongut bodyguards live in fear of waking to find themselves transformed into something horrible by the Skaven master mutators.

THE FEASTMASTER TRIBE



The well-fed lowlanders of the Feastmaster tribe are famous for two things: the quality of their food and the Halflings that live amongst them. Their heavily jawed Tyrant, Blaut Feastmaster, captured an entire string of the small folk on his travels and, in a display of supreme foresight and self-control, brought them home

for the lads instead of eating them then and there. The Halflings, in perpetual fear of ending up 'in the trough', fulfil much the same role as Gnoblar in other kingdoms; huffing and puffing as they fetch and carry for their contented masters. But as long as the food they prepare tastes good, they are in little danger. For who knows their way around a larder better than a Halfling?

THE EYEBITER TRIBE



The Eyebiters have been monitoring the safe passage of the Empire Great Caravans for over sixty years. The tightest-knit of all the Ogre kingdoms, the Eyebiters are ruled over by the infamous Grandfather Malron Eyebiter, rumoured to have sired more offspring than any other Ogre. The close family ties of the Eyebiters are a tremendous advantage in their long-standing deals with the Empire traders, and they rule the Badlands waypost of the Sentinels with uncompromising force. It is said that to ask a favour of the Eyebiter clan is to put yourself in very deep debt indeed, and tales abound of double-crossing Caravan Masters who have been found decapitated, the errant head found in their own horse's feed bag the following morning.

THE IRONSKIN TRIBE



In the north of the Mountains of Mourn is the Ironskin tribe, a kingdom of Ogres with unparalleled ties to the chaotic Chaos Dwarf Naggrund. This tribe values iron more than gold long before they even began to trade with the Chaos Dwarfs, and typically wear black iron gut plates, have iron teeth and mix iron filings into their

warpaint. With scores of Leadbelchers in their ranks, even the Ironskin Bulls adorn themselves with as much metal as they can, but it is Ghark Ironskin himself who is responsible for the tribe's fearsome reputation. Having traded slaves for decades with his Chaos Dwarf allies, Ghark rides to war in a custom-fitted suit of plate mail with great curving horns, seated in a hissing mechanical rhinox that some whisper is powered by daemonic sentence.

THE MOUNTAINEATER TRIBE



Bauldig Mountaineater rules his kingdom up in the peaks with irresistible will and complete authority. He is a living legend, and the tale of the Mountaineater has spread far and wide throughout the kingdoms. In his quest to scale the indomitable Mount Thug, Bauldig found a yawning fissure and followed it into the gloomy depths. What he found at its end is not certain, though

Bauldig insists it was the Heart of the Mountain – a great stone-skinned warrior that he wrestled to the ground and finally devoured. The evidence of this feat is upon Bauldig himself, for his skin has taken the consistency and appearance of a lichen-speckled crag. Bauldig's Ogres wear heavy stone gut-plates and eat rocks at every meal so that they can all grow as tough and unhorned as their master.

THE GREAT TRIBE OF GHUTH SPAWNCHOMPER



In the far northern wastes of the world, under the watchful eyes of the Chaos gods, the Great Tribe of Ghuth Spawnchomper attack and devour anything that they can find. Many of the Great Tribes have come to bear the mark of Chaos in some way, but this is not a stigma in Ogre society – an extra arm is regarded as extremely useful, whereas an extra head is a distinct advantage in an eating contest. Ghuth

himself long ago developed a predilection for fried Spawn tentacles, and his unusual diet has begun to take its toll; not only has he sprouted a crown-like frill of gesticulating fingers across his forehead, but he has also begun to bring the legendary Dragon Ogres, much maligned by Ogrekind in general, into the ranks of his tribe.

THE ANGRY FIST TRIBE



When two Empire explorers stumbled across the Angry Fist tribe, they made history. Having displayed a hitherto unseen mastery of fire, considerable culinary prowess and strange flat stones that showed perfect reflections – all before dinnertime – they managed to convince their captors they were of more use alive than spitted and eaten (although the Ogres reasoned they only needed one, and roasted the other). The survivor, Rueben Kyte, went on to

become a highly valuable tinderbox for the Ogres of the Angry Fist and eventually became their Firemaster – the closest a human can get to Tyrant. Kyte's memoirs make for illuminating reading, and the once-barbaric Angry Fist tribe is now one of the most culturally and technologically advanced of the Ogres, with everything from working kilns to modern toilet paper (and the appropriate Gnoblar) at their disposal.

THE LAZARGHS TRIBE



The Lazarghs are one of the oldest Ogre tribes. They are descended from Groth Onefinger himself, the first prophet of the Great Maw. Living on the outskirts of the desolate wastes that used to be the Ogre homelands, the Lazarghs are twisted and malformed creatures, permanently wrapped in filthy sackcloth, with chains and piercings studding their flesh. They are extremely devout, regarding the Great Maw as their Tyrant, and the sound of their bells haunt the

passes that lead to the Maw itself. Having lost their hair and teeth to the debilitating energies of that ravaged land, the Lazarghs hammer black rock directly into their gums, lending them a horrifying appearance.

BIG NAMES OF THE OGRE KINGDOMS

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

Ogre names are typically as blunt and obvious as their owners. This is because Ogres have a limited capacity for honorifics and titles, and lose interest very quickly after the first syllable or two. The exception to this are those names Ogres traditionally associate with great heroes; the so-called 'big names', which invariably tie into a hazardous feat the Ogre has undertaken in order to prove his mettle. In this way, an Ogre who has scaled the sheer face of Mount Thug with only his bare hands may adopt the name Mountaineater, whereas an Ogre who has slaughtered his way through a unit of knights with nothing more than a jagged rock and a bad hangover might take the name Skullcracker. With typical Ogre directness, an Ogre's name tells anyone alive long enough to hear it what that Ogre excels at or the particular skills he prides himself in. In this way an Ogre will know whether the Ogre he is talking to is worthy of great respect, having earned himself a big name.

Certain Ogre feats are so difficult that Ogres very rarely even attempt them – tracking down and breaking a wild Giant, for instance. These are the tests by which a grown Ogre shows he is ready to challenge the Tyrant. An Ogre who achieves one of these extreme feats of prowess earns not only a big name but also his right to challenge the Tyrant to defend his crown.

Those Ogres who go on to become mercenaries tend to exchange the name they earned during their rite of passage for a given name bestowed upon them by those they accompany into battle. These normally take the form of titles rather than surnames. Some of the oldest and most successful Ogre mercenaries may have long and ostentatious titles, often including words that they don't even understand themselves; an Ogre Maneater is as likely to be called Brog the Unsanitary as he is Brog the Unstoppable. It is debatable if the Ogres care what their given name is, just so long as it sounds impressive. After all, anyone foolish enough to laugh at an Ogre's name will find himself the wrong side of a gut-plate pretty quickly.

An Ogre's name may change over the course of his life. For instance, Gulg the Hungry, upon his fifth change of gut plate to accommodate his spreading girth, decided to adopt the name Gulg the Fat. Some Ogres have almost comically long and overcomplicated names, but these mighty individuals invariably have enough status to keep a Name-Gnoblar or two around to remember the Ogre's title.

As with so many things in the Ogre Kingdoms, there are no hard and fast rules as to what an Ogre may call himself, and many Ogres have names as simple as Hulg the Big or Fat Bauldreg. You are encouraged to come up with a suitably impressive name for your Tyrant even if you forgo the opportunity to use one of those listed opposite.

OGRE BIG NAMES

Tyrants may purchase a single Big Name of any points value. Other characters allowed to purchase a big name may purchase one up to the value of 25 points. Different characters in the same army can have the same Big Name. The points spent on Big Names adds to the cost of the magic items chosen for the Ogre and is limited by the maximum amount of points the character can spend on magic items (see the appropriate entry in the army list). A Tyrant who chooses the big name Kineater (35 points), for example, will then have 65 points left to spend on magic items.

KINEATER

35 POINTS

Having achieved Tyrantblood by killing and eating a member of their own family in a pit fight, Kineaters are considered ruthless even in their own tribe. These vicious killers are always the first to issue a challenge to the death in any dispute. When fighting alongside a Kineater, it is unwise to flee.

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

MOUNTAINEATER

25 POINTS

Mountaineaters are invariably strong in tendon and tusk. After their trial, they ritually consume part of the mountain they have scaled to mark their conquest.

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

LONGSTRIDER

25 POINTS

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

An Ogre with the big name Longstrider adds 1 to his Movement rate.

GIANTBREAKER

25 POINTS

An Ogre that has led a Giant Hunt and successfully brought in and broken a Slavegiant is hailed as a great warrior. A Giantbreaker is invariably extremely brave and supremely confident of his own abilities.

A character with the Giantbreaker name has +1 Strength on his profile. He may never refuse challenges, neither he nor the unit he is with may flee as a cowardly reaction. Any army with one or more Giantbreakers in its ranks must include a Slavegiant.

DEATHCHEATER**20 POINTS**

Sometimes an Ogre will suffer a horrible mishap during his rite of passage, but succeed nonetheless. These heavily scarred individuals are rightly seen as blessed by the Great Maw.

Once per game, one nominated model in base contact may be forced to re-roll all successful rolls made to wound the Deathcheater. This includes all rolls to wound made by the model's mount, chariot or other extra attacks.

BEASTKILLER**15 POINTS****Hunters and Tyrants only**

A Beastkiller has slaughtered an entire pack of cave-beasts as his rite of passage and will invariably wear their tusks and fangs about his person.

Beastkillers are Immune to Psychology. When making Close Combat attacks against a Large Target, each unsaved wound they inflict becomes two wounds – they know just where to strike for maximum effect. If the character is using a magic weapon then wounds are not doubled in this way.

WALLCRUSHER**15 POINTS**

Some Tyrants perform their rites of passage in a very literal way by smashing their way through a skycastle wall using only a series of gut barges and headbutts. A Wallcrusher's gut bears many similarities to a boulder, as does his intellect.

Wallcrushers do one additional impact hit on a successful Bull Charge. In addition, enemies gain no advantage from being behind a defended obstacle against a Wallcrusher – he is as likely to barge through it or even smash it down on top of them. This does not benefit a unit he joins.

MAWSEEKER**10 POINTS**

The devout Mawseekers have not only completed the pilgrimage to the Great Maw but also managed to find their way back. None who have seen the Maw come back unscathed, though, and even those tough enough to survive return with part of them eaten away.

Mawseekers have +1 Toughness. They also suffer from Stupidity.



GUT MAGIC - RECIPES FOR DISASTER

Ogre Butchers practice Gut Magic, shamanic spells that can inflict the predations of the Great Maw upon their enemies or bolster the strength of their fellow Ogres.

Known to the scholars of the Old World as Shamanic Victuals, Gastromancy, Thaumaphagy or Corpomancy, Gut Magic is quite unlike the arcane arts used by human wizards. Ogre Butchers use shamanistic rites that revolve around devouring parts of their victims, the items acting as fetishes that channel the raw power of the Great Maw. These Gut Magic spells explain why the Ogre Butchers often appear to be walking larders, as to cast one of his shamanic spells the Butcher must physically eat anything from a nice healthy heart to a stinking pile of guts. In this act, he communes with the power of the Great Maw, taking some of it for himself and bestowing the rest upon his comrades that they might run roughshod over their enemies, or inflicting painful curses upon the heads of his foes.

Gut Magic spells work in a slightly different manner to other spells, because instead of manipulating the winds of magic, the Butcher is calling upon the power of his

god and channelling it through a focus - Gut Magic spells are more religious miracle than arcane science.

CASTING GUT MAGIC

Each Butcher and Slaughtermaster knows all of the Gut Magic spells listed opposite, as Butchers have a communal spiritual 'pool' from which they take their magic. If a Gut Magic spell has already been successfully cast that phase and a second Butcher wishes to cast the same spell, the Casting level is doubled to 6+. If a third Butcher wants to cast the same spell that phase, the Casting level is tripled to 9+, and so on.

Gut Magic spells cannot augment any unit that is not listed as an Ogre unit (see page 16 - this also includes Hunters, but Sabretusks will remain unaffected).

Butchers and Slaughtermasters accrue Casting and Dispel dice in the normal manner. A Butcher counts as a level 4 wizard and a Slaughtermaster counts as a level 4 wizard for the purposes of determining how many dice they add to the Casting/Dispel dice pool. However, Butchers may not allocate more than two dice to any one Gut Magic spell and Slaughtermasters may not allocate more than 3 dice.

Once a Gut Magic spell with a lasting effect has been successfully cast, place the appropriate token (photocopied from the reference page) or other marker next to the unit on which it has been played.

Unlike remains in play spells, a Butcher may have more than one Gut Magic spell in play at any one time, although no unit may have more than one Gut Magic spell in play upon it at any one time.

Any tests a Butcher must take are taken and resolved before any beneficial effects of the spell in question take effect. For instance, a Butcher may not benefit from the +1 Toughness granted by the Toothcracker spell when taking the associated Strength 6 hit. If a Butcher is killed by any wound he takes as a result of casting a Gut Magic spell, the spell fails immediately.

An opponent may dispel any Gut Magic spell in his own Magic phase as though it was a Remains in Play spell cast with a Power level of 7.

Note that in all cases references to 'Butcher' also apply to a Slaughtermaster.



BLOODGRUEL**3+**

The Butcher puts a disembodied limb to his mouth and sucks all the blood, fluid and marrow out of it with one titanic intake before casting the husk to one side. As he gulps down this vile cocktail of juices, his gut gurgles with magical energy, either healing him or, if the Maw is displeased, ravaging his insides.

Roll a D6; on the result of 2+, the Butcher gains a Wound. On the result of a 1, he takes a Strength 6 hit. This spell cannot increase a Butcher's current Wound total up to more than his starting value.

BRAINGOBBLER**3+**

Selecting one of the enemy's severed heads from the stinking selection of disembodied body parts around his person, the Butcher scoops out and gobbles down a helping of fresh, delicious brains. As grey matter drips from his flabby jowls the Butcher projects the worst nightmares plucked from his victim's brain into the minds of his foes and those around him.

The Butcher chooses an unengaged enemy unit within 18" and within line of sight. That unit must take a Panic test.

BULLGORGER**3+**

The Butcher greedily devours the heart of a Bull Rhinox, no doubt enjoying the feast of healthy blood and muscle whilst he imbues himself and his fellows with the strength of a charging Rhinox.

The Butcher must pass a Strength test. If this is successful, a nominated Ogre unit within 6" of the caster (12" if the caster is a Slaughtermaster) benefits from +1 Strength whilst this Gut Magic spell is in play. This also affects the strength of that unit's Bull Charge. This can be cast on a unit in Close Combat.

BONECRUNCHER**3+**

Shovelling dry bones into his mouth, the Butcher painfully crunches his way through femurs, ribs and skulls. As he points at his foes and spits his bloody curse, the enemy find their own bones breaking within their bodies.

This is a magic missile with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits with no Armour Saves as the targets' bones splinter and snap within them. The Butcher himself takes a Strength 4 hit.

TOOTHCRACKER**3+**

The Butcher grinds his way through a lump of earth-encrusted bedrock taken from the peak of a mountain, imbuing himself and his charges with supernatural resilience. This often costs the Butcher more than just a couple of teeth.

A nominated Ogre unit within 6" of the caster (12" if the caster is a Slaughtermaster) benefits from +1 Toughness and becomes Stubborn whilst this Gut Magic spell is in play. The Butcher must take a Strength 6 hit. This can be cast on a unit in Close Combat.

TROLLGUTS**3+**

The Ogre Butcher forces down the toxic guts of a Stone Troll, great quantities of acid and bile ravaging his much-abused gut as he transfers the supernatural abilities of the Troll onto himself and his companions.

A nominated Ogre unit within 6" of the caster (12" if the caster is a Slaughtermaster) benefits from both Magic Resistance (2) and Regeneration whilst this Gut Magic spell is in play. However, when the spell is cast the Butcher must automatically take a wound that cannot be regenerated and with no saves of any kind allowed. This can be cast on a unit in Close Combat.

GUT MAGIC MISCAST TABLE

Many of the more traditional magic users in the Old World would question the wisdom of actually ingesting the ingredients of their spells. Butchers and Slaughtermasters roll on the following table instead of the usual table each time they miscast.

D6 Miscast result

- 1 The Butcher spasms and squeals as his magic goes horribly awry before bursting apart in an explosion of stinking offal. Remove him from play. All models that were in base contact take a Strength 4 hit, and all other Butchers on the battlefield take D3 wounds.
- 2 The Butcher drops to his knees, blood pouring from his mouth as the Great Maw eats away at him from the inside. He suffers D6 strength 4 hits and may not cast any more spells for the remainder of the game.
- 3 The Butcher turns white, emitting a thin wail as his digestive system is ravaged. He suffers D3 wounds.
- 4 Iridescent light shines from the Butcher's mouth and eyes and he bellows in pain as his god shows his displeasure. The miscast spell may not be cast by any Ogre Butcher for the remainder of the game.
- 5 The Butcher's gut churns and writhes, emitting a great cloud of magical by-product. Any model in base contact with the Butcher will suffer a Strength 2 hit with no Armour Save allowed.
- 6 A part of the Great Maw possesses the Butcher as he opens a direct channel to the power of his god. The Butcher becomes Frenzied.

TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION

You may choose magic items for your characters and units from the following list and/or the common magic items in the rulebook. Note that Ogre magic items bought from the Common Magic Items list may need to be thought of as scaled-up versions. A Biting Blade, for example, is quite likely to have been strapped to a thick club to make an Ogre-sized 'equivalent'.

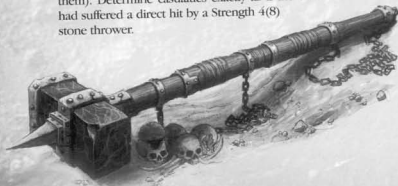
COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

SWORD OF STRIKING Weapon; +1 To Hit.	30 PTS
SWORD OF BATTLE Weapon; +1 Attack.	25 PTS
SWORD OF MIGHT Weapon; +1 Strength.	20 PTS
BITING BLADE Weapon; -1 Armour Save.	10 PTS
TALISMAN OF PROTECTION Talisman; 6+ Ward Save.	15 PTS
STAFF OF SORCERY Arcane; +1 to dispel.	50 PTS
DISPEL SCROLL (One use only) Arcane; Automatically dispel an enemy spell.	25 PTS
POWER STONE (One use only) Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell.	25 PTS
WAR BANNER Banner; +1 combat resolution.	25 PTS

MAGIC WEAPONS

THUNDERMACE <i>The Thundermace is a foundation stone taken from the base of a skycastle and bound with meteoric iron onto a long, stout haft. When brought down over the head, the accumulated force of several hundred tonnes of masonry explodes outward from the point of impact.</i>	55 POINTS
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The Thundermace is a two-handed weapon that follows all the rules for great weapons. A Tyrant with the Thundermace may opt to make only one attack per Close Combat phase. On a successful hit (use the highest Weapon Skill amongst the enemy models in base contact to determine whether the Tyrant hits), place the small template anywhere so that it is touching but not overlapping the Tyrant's base (it may touch friendly models should you so wish, though it does not affect them). Determine casualties exactly as if the unit had suffered a direct hit by a Strength 4(8) stone thrower.



In a challenge, a Tyrant choosing to use this special attack does not use a template, but instead strikes at Strength 8, doing D6 wounds and ignoring normal Armour Saves.

THE TENDERISER <i>Made from the axle of a Great Caravan, this massive two-ended club is so heavy even a normal Ogre Bull would struggle to lift it. The destructive power bound into its twin beads enables the bearer to shatter a boulder with one strike.</i>	50 POINTS
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The Tenderiser is a two-handed weapon that follows all the rules for great weapons. A model wounded by the Tenderiser (after saves, etc) loses not one but D3 wounds.

SIEGEBREAKER <i>Siegebreaker is a huge, two-handed obsidian club that was used by the Tyrant Bruto Thundergut to smash his way into the skycastles many thousands of years ago.</i>	30 POINTS
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Siegebreaker is a two-handed weapon that follows all the rules for great weapons, but adds +3 Strength instead of +2. When rolling to hit, compare the Ogre's Weapon Skill with the enemy's Initiative value instead of his Weapon Skill – it is impossible to deflect a blow from the Siegebreaker. Targets without an Initiative characteristic will be hit automatically, and will take D6 wounds instead of the usual 1.

SKULLPLUCKER <i>This heavy, spiked metal gauntlet was originally used by its namesake Big Agt Skullplucker, who had a particular dislike for Elves, and enjoyed nothing more than twisting off their girly little beads with this nasty looking and bloodstained glove.</i>	30 POINTS
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The Ogre with this weapon has Killing Blow.

BLOODCLEAVER <i>Butchers only</i> <i>The Bloodcleaver is a revolting, gore-encrusted club weapon with the vampiric ability to channel the life force from its victims into its wielder.</i>	25 POINTS
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Every time a Butcher causes an unsaved wound with the Bloodcleaver, he may regain one wound he lost earlier in the battle.

MAGIC ARMOUR

MASTODON ARMOUR <i>The Mastodon Armour is a great set of plates and chainmail forged by the Chaos Dwarfs in exchange for hundreds of Human and Gnoblar slaves. It shifts and bards in response to incoming attacks.</i>	50 POINTS
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The Mastodon Armour is heavy armour and therefore confers a 5+ Armour Save. If at any point the wearer is killed by an attack that is not made in close combat, he rolls a dice. On the roll of a 2+, he is instead restored to life on 1 wound at the end of the phase.

GREATSKULL

35 POINTS

This ancient, tattooed cave-beast skull, worn as a gut-plate, bleeds hostility and confusion into the minds of any who would do its bearer harm with the arcane arts.

Grants a 6+ Armour Save that can be combined with other equipment normally. Any spellcaster that targets the character with the Greatskull, or the unit he is with, will miscast on any roll of a double 2 or a double 3 as well as on the roll of a double 1.

BULLGUT

30 POINTS

A bullgut is a heavy-duty gut-plate with two sharp curving horns that jut out from it, wrenched from the skull of a mighty cave-beast. The ground itself shakes when the bearer makes a bull charge.

The Bullgut confers a 6+ Armour Save that can be combined with other equipment normally. On any turn the bearer charges, he counts his Unit Strength as 6, and any impact hits caused by the Ogre's Bull Charge are considered to be Armour Piercing.

GUT MAW

30 POINTS

Blessed by several generations of Butchers and passed through clan to clan, this polished brass gut-plate has a set of huge silver jaws attached to it. Those the bearer kills in single combat are swallowed by the gut-plate and pass straight into the Great Maw, and their life force passed to the wearer in return.

Grants a 6+ Armour Save that can be combined with other equipment normally. If an Ogre wearing the Gut Maw kills an opponent during a challenge, he may immediately restore a number of wounds equal to the starting Wounds characteristic of the slain opponent. If the owner of the Gut Maw is already at full Wounds, then he may add +1 Wound to his profile.



GREEDY FIST

20 POINTS

This ancient, near-sentient gauntlet is painted to resemble the Great Maw itself, with a black palm and silver teeth tied to the fingers and thumbs.

Grants a 6+ Armour Save that can be combined with other equipment normally. A successful Saving Throw made by the bearer of this gauntlet 'eats' the magical properties of any close combat weapon used against it. The enemy weapon counts as a normal, non-magical weapon of the same type for the remainder of the game. If the bearer is struck by an Ogre with the Greedy Fist loses 1 Wound level per successful hit.

TALISMANS

CATHAYAN JET

30 POINTS

This well-travelled character is in possession of a finely crafted jet pendant, bowl, ring or other trinket. It protects against all forms of hostile magic, excepting those sacred energies described in the East as ying and yan.

The character gains a 3+ Ward Save against all wounds caused on him by spells or bound spells, apart from spells chosen from the High and Dark Magic spell lists and wounds incurred from Gut Magic.

SPANGLESHARD

30 POINTS

This was once a finely-wrought gemstone bound into a silver filigree cone, no doubt of Elven origin. Now a dirt-encrusted, chipped remnant of its former glory, the defensive powers of the Spangleshard still activate against powerful attacks.

For each individual wound the bearer suffers, roll a D6. If this roll is higher than the result of the To Wound roll, that wound is discounted. For instance, if the bearer takes a Strength 10 hit and the resultant To Wound roll is a 3, the bearer would have to roll a 4+ to nullify it. This roll is taken before any multiple wounds are caused, and cannot affect automatic wounds.

WYRDSTONE NECKLACE

20 POINTS

Perhaps plucked from the ruins of Mordheim or even from the searing deserts around the Great Maw, this shard of Wyrystone has been bound into a crude necklace where it quietly and silently absorbs its bearer's life force.

The Ogre with this item gains a 5+ Ward Save. Roll a D6 after deployment, if the result is a 1 the bearer suffers a wound with no saves allowed.

GNOBLAR THIEFSTONE

15 POINTS EACH

Thiefstones attract magical power, and a quick pass of a thiefstone over a corpse will quickly stick any item of any importance firmly to the stone. Ogres regularly relieve their Gnoblar of these items and bang them on a necklace around their necks.

Due to the magical flux generated by this item, the wearer and the unit he is with benefits from Magic Resistance (1). A character may take more than one Thiefstone (to a maximum of three) at 15 points per stone, each additional Thiefstone adds +1 to his Magic Resistance.

ARCANE ITEMS

HELLHEART

50 POINTS

One use only

The Butcher has the ichor-soaked heart of a foul Chaos Spawn, hunted from the northern tundra. The fickle powers of the gods of Chaos are still in the offal, and by forcing it down his gullet the Butcher may create a vortex of magical anarchy.

The Butcher may use this item at the start of his opponent's Magic phase, immediately taking an automatic Strength 3 hit. For the remainder of the phase, any Casting roll that includes a double will result in a Miscast, not just a double 1. Any wizard suffering a Miscast must roll on the Gut Magic Miscast table instead of his own (he is counted as a Butcher). If a spell is cast with Irresistible Force, resolve the spell as usual and then roll on the Gut Magic Miscast table.

GRUT'S SICKLE

35 POINTS

Grut the Bloodthirsty was eventually lynched and eaten by his tribe, who were fed up with him using them as spare ingredients. Some of his malevolence seems to live on in his rusty sickle, however.

After rolling Casting dice for a Gut Magic spell, a Butcher with the Sickle may choose to cause a wound on a unit he has joined in order to gain another Casting dice, which may exceed his normal limit. This extra dice is rolled immediately and added to the casting total. This may cause Irresistible Force or a Miscast as usual, and may only be done once per phase. Wounds caused by the Sickle may not be allocated to characters, and may not be saved or Regenerated in any way.



HALFLING COOKBOOK

25 POINTS

The Halfling Cookbook, rumoured once to have belonged to Skrag the Slaughterer, is the lone remnant of the Halfling Wars. Butchers keep it near them when practicing the more unpalatable aspects of gut magic.

A Butcher with the Halfling Cookbook may re-roll the To Wound dice when he suffers a wound from a successful Bonecruncher or Toothercracker spell, and only suffers a wound from the Trollguts spell on the roll of a 4+.

BANGSTICK

25 POINTS

Bound Spell – Power Level 3

Bannaga, the original owner of the Bangstick, was a fiery-tempered and profoundly deaf Butcher that travelled extensively throughout Cathay and Ind. He was famous for the loudness of his voice and his total contempt for the lives of any Gnoblar in the vicinity.

The Bangstick may be used once per turn to cast a magic missile with a 24" range, causing D6 S4 hits. Line of sight may be freely drawn through friendly unengaged Gnoblar units, which will also sustain D6 S4 hits in exactly the same manner as the target.

SKULLMANTLE

20 POINTS

After a significant victory, a Butcher may collect a bagful of beads and boil them all in quicklime. Spending careful bours with the help of a Scalp-Gnoblar or two, he will twist ropes, wood, hair, iron nails and bide into a hideous ritual mask, infused with the fears of his defeated foe.

Any enemy unit forced to take any Leadership tests (including Psychology and Break tests) due to the Butcher wearing the Skull mantle, or a unit he has joined, suffers a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

ENCHANTED ITEMS

BRAHMIR STATUE

35 POINTS

Probably recovered from some burning temple in far-off Ind, this is a wooden effigy of one of the thousand gods worshipped there by Man and Man-kin alike. For reasons unknown, the four-armed thing holds a particular horror for the worshippers of the Dark Gods.

All Psychology tests caused by the bearer (or the unit he is with) upon Chaos or Skaven units are at -3 Leadership.

DAEMON-KILLER SCARS

35 POINTS

Ogre Tyrant Only.

Hunted in the East, Chaos daemons are bled into lead jars. Talented Butchers pay well for this acidic ichor and know how to apply it as warpaint, capturing some of the ferocity of the daemon and giving their Tyrants a truly terrifying appearance.

The Tyrant causes terror.

GREYBACK PELT

35 POINTS

Hunters and Tyrants only

This silvery pelt is all that remains of a skinned Yhetee Greyback, bunted down and killed by the wearer. It bestows some of the power of the ice creatures onto its owner.

A character with the Greyback Pelt (and any Sabretusk that accompany that character) may move through difficult terrain as if it were open ground. Enemies are at -1 to hit the wearer in close combat. No Yhetees may be used in an army that includes a character with the Greyback Pelt.



JADE LION

30 POINTS

In far Catbay, the Jade Lions are revered for their courage and level-headedness. Occasionally an Ogre may be found carrying the likeness of one of these as an amulet, and they still contain some of their power, although showing cowardice will cause the magic to depart.

The bearer, and any unit he is with, may re-roll any failed Psychology tests. Once the unit flees for any reason, this benefit is lost.

ROCK EYE

20 POINTS

The Ogre with the Rock Eye has cast one of his own eyes into the Great Maw. The rough pebble taken from the parched earth around the Maw and hammered in its place gives him the power of second sight.

At the beginning of the owning player's turn, pick a unit that is in line of sight of the character with this item. The opposing player must announce the presence of any hidden models (Fanatics, assassins and the like) within that unit, and announce what magic items are within that unit. He need not describe who carries them, however.

FISTFUL OF LAURELS

15 POINTS

One use only

Ogres don't really believe in declaring their leadership qualities by making such trinkets, but that doesn't mean they are above taking them from the bodies of their prey...

A character with this item or the unit he is with may re-roll a failed Break test once per game, just as if a Battle Standard was within 12".

MAGIC STANDARDS

DRAGONHIDE

60 POINTS

Ripped bleeding from the flanks of Jaugrel, the ice drake slain by Greasus Goldtooth, and still ripe with the stench of decay, the Dragonhide passes some of its former owner's legendary ferocity onto its bearers.

On the turn that they charge, Ogres in a unit bearing the Dragonhide may re-roll all dice rolls of 1 to hit, to wound and for Armour Saves.

Ogres in the unit with the Dragonhide Standard are immune to Ice Magic.

RAGBANNER

35 POINTS

The Ragbanner's name belies the esteem in which it is held, for it is a crude patchwork of banners taken from every one of the mortal races that tribe has encountered and subsequently bad for dinner.

Before the unit carrying it takes a Panic test, the Ogre player may call upon the power of Ragbanner—that unit may roll three D6 for their Panic test and discard one D6 of their choice.

CANNIBAL TOTEM

25 POINTS

The Cannibal Totem is blessed by the Great Maw, and lends power on those who would devour the strong under the eye of their god.

When in base contact with any enemy models with the same base size as themselves, any model in the unit bearing the Cannibal Totem may re-roll failed To Hit and To Wound rolls in the first round of combat. They may overrun but must pursue if this ability is used.

BULL STANDARD

20 POINTS

The Bull Standard is crowned with a massive gut-plate bearing huge curved horns. It lends the strength of a charging Rhinox to the Ogres that march under it to battle.

Ogres in a unit with the Bull Standard can re-roll any failed To Wound rolls caused by the impact hits of their Bull Charge.

RUNE MAW

20 POINTS

Bearing the device of a massive set of jaws and bung with runic items captured from the Dwarf holds, the Rune Maw constantly emits a low growl that rises to a predatory roar when it detects magic, spitting the arcane energies back out with a loud belch.

When a spell is successfully cast by an enemy spellcaster against the unit bearing the Rune Maw, roll a D6. On the roll of a 2+, the controlling player may redirect the spell against any other friendly unit within 6" of the unit with the standard, regardless of whether it was originally a valid target or not.



A GATHERING OF MIGHT

The purpose of an army list is to enable players with vastly different armies to stage games that are as fair and evenly balanced as it is possible to make them. The army list gives each individual model a points value which represents its capabilities on the tabletop. The higher a model's points value, the better it is in one or more respects: stronger, tougher, louder, better Leadership, and so on. The value of the army is simply the value of all the models added together.

As well as providing points costs, the list also divides the army into its constituent units. The list describes the weapons and optional equipment that troops can have and occasionally restricts the number of very powerful units an army can include. It would be very silly indeed, albeit highly entertaining, if an army were to consist entirely of Scraplaunchers. The resulting game would be a frustrating and unbalanced affair, if not a complete waste of time. We employ army lists to ensure that this does not happen!

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army lists enable two players to choose armies of equal points value to fight a battle, as described in the main body of the Warhammer rules. The following list has been constructed with this purpose in mind and has many pictures of Ogres growling. The list can also be used when playing specific scenarios, either those described in the Warhammer rulebook, or others, including ones you may care to invent such as Gnoblar-Culling and Giant Kicking. In this case, the list provides a framework which the players can adapt as required. It might, for example, be felt necessary to increase or decrease the number of characters or units allowed, or to restrict or remove options in the standard list such as magic items or the more unusual types of Gnoblar. If you refer to the Scenarios section of the Warhammer rulebook, you'll find some examples of this kind.

ARMY LIST ORGANISATION

The army list is divided into four sections:

Characters

These represent the most able, skilled and ravenous individuals in your army: extraordinary leaders with healthy appetites such as Tyrants and Slaughtermasters. These form a vital and potent part of your force.

Core Units

These units are the most common warriors. They usually form the massive, stinking bulk of the army and will often bear the brunt of the fighting.

Special Units

Special units are amongst the best of your warriors and include troops that can kill their foe from a distance as well as ripping off their limbs face to face. They are available to your army in limited numbers.

Rare Units

So called because they are scarce compared to your ordinary troops, Rare units include a selection of roaring, psychopathic killing machines.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points value. Most players find that 2,000 points is about right for a battle that will last over an evening. Whatever value you agree on, this is the maximum number of points available to you. You can spend less and will probably find it is impossible to use up every last point without resorting to the odd Gnoblar or two. Most 2,000 points armies will therefore be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points, but they are still '2,000' points armies for our purposes.

Once you have decided on a total points value, it is time to choose your force.

Choosing Characters

Characters are divided into two broad categories: Lords (the most powerful characters) and Heroes (the rest). The maximum number of characters an army can include is shown on the chart below.

Army Points Value	Max. Total Characters	Max. Lords	Max. Heroes
Less than 2,000	3	0	3
2,000 or more	4	1	4
3,000 or more	6	2	6
4,000 or more	8	3	7
Each +1,000	+2	+1	+2

An army does not have to include the maximum number of characters allowed; it can always include fewer than indicated. However, an Ogre Kingdoms army must always include at least one character: the General. An army does not have to include Lords - it can include all of its characters as Heroes if you prefer.

At the start of the battle, choose one of the characters to be the General and make sure that you let your opponent know which one it is. The General must be the model with the highest Leadership value in the army. It helps if he has the biggest gut-plate too!

For example, a 2,500 points army could include an Ogre Tyrant (Lord), a Bruiser Battle Standard Bearer (Hero), a Bruiser (Hero), and a Butcher (Hero) (ie, four characters, of which one is a Lord).

Choosing Troops

Troops are divided into Core, Special and Rare units. The number of each type of unit available depends on the army's points value, indicated on the chart below.

Army	Core	Special	Rare
Less than 2,000	2+	0-3	0-1
2,000 or more	3+	0-4	0-2
3,000 or more	4+	0-5	0-3
4,000 or more	5+	0-6	0-4
Each +1,000	+1 minimum	+0-1	+0-1

In some cases, other limitations and/or requirements may apply to a particular kind of unit. This is specified in the unit entry. For example, Ogre Bulls have a 1+ note in front of their entry, denoting that at least one unit of them must always be taken. Other units, such as Tyrants, are accompanied by a note (ie, 0-1) explaining that a maximum of one unit of this kind can be included in the army.

Unit Entries

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles. The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes. Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases, units also have a maximum size.

Weapons and Armour.

Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The value of these items is included in the points value. Additional or optional weapons and armour cost extra and are covered in the Options section of the unit entry.

Options. Lists the different weapon, armour and equipment options for the unit and any additional points cost for taking them. It may also include the option to upgrade a unit member into a Champion, Standard Bearer or Musician. See the appropriate section of the Warhammer rulebook for details.

Special Rules. Many troops have special rules which are fully described elsewhere in this book. These rules are also summarised for your convenience in the army list.

It would be a long and tedious business to repeat all the special rules for every unit within the army list itself. The army list is intended primarily as a tool for choosing armies rather than for presenting game rules. Wherever possible, we have indicated where special rules apply and, where space permits, we have provided notes within the list as 'memory joggers'. Bear in mind that these descriptions are not necessarily exhaustive or definitive and players should refer to the main rules in the bestiary for a full account.

DOGS OF WAR

Ogres are notorious mercenaries, indeed much of their culture revolves around fighting in exchange for wargear, gold or even huge quantities of meat. Several Ogre units may be used as Dogs of War in other Warhammer armies. If the entry for a given Ogre unit type has the special rule 'Dogs of War', they may be taken in a Warhammer army with the option of taking Dogs of War as a Rare choice. Manecater units are rare even in the ranks of the mercenary world and hence take up two Rare slots instead of the usual one.

In a Dogs of War army, any Ogre unit with the Dogs of War rule counts as a Special choice.

Similarly, Ogre armies are not above fighting alongside other Dogs of War units, and hence may employ Dogs of War themselves as Rare choices. Note this cannot include troops from the Ogres list itself. Ogres are unlikely to pay money for little thinlings and their like to bolster their ranks, this kind of alliance can be put down to a common cause. It really doesn't take more than a couple of stomach rumbles to get an Ogre up and fighting, after all...



LORDS

Ogre Tyrants are the largest and toughest Ogres from each kingdom, their great strength matched only by their appetite. Slaughtermasters are the prophets of the Great Maw, channelling the spiritual energy of the Ogre god into those around them.

The total number of Lords you can field in your army can be found on page 66.

0-1 Tyrant

Points/model: 200

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

Weapons & Armour: Ogre club, light armour

Options:

- May choose either a great weapon (+14 points), an additional hand weapon (+10 points), an ironfist (+12 points) or a Cathayan longsword (+10 points). May also choose a brace of handguns (+12 points).
- May be accompanied by up to two Sword-Gnoblar (+5 points each) and/or a Luck-Gnoblar (+5 points)
- May choose to upgrade light armour to heavy armour (+6 points).
- May choose big names and/or magic items from the Common or Ogre magic items list to a maximum total value of 100 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge

Slaughtermaster

Points/model: 200

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

Slaughtermasters can only be taken in armies that include a Tyrant.

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon

Magic: A Slaughtermaster always uses Gut Magic (see pages 62-63).

Options:

- May be accompanied by up to three Tooth-Gnoblar (+5 points each) and/or a Luck-Gnoblar (+5 points).
- May choose magic items from the Common or Ogre magic items list to a maximum total value of 100 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Immune to Poison

Bruiser *

Points/model: 130

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

Weapons & Armour: Ogre club, light armour

Options:

- * May choose either a great weapon (+8 points), an additional hand weapon (+8 points), an ironfist (+10 points) or a Cathayan longsword (+8 points). May also choose a brace of handguns (+12 points).
- * May be accompanied by up to two Sword-Gnoblar (+5 points each) and/or a Luck-Gnoblar (+5 points).
- * May choose to upgrade light armour to heavy armour (+4 points).
- * May choose big names and/or magic items from the Common or Ogre magic items list to a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge

Hunter

Points/model: 145

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4

Weapons & Armour: Ogre club, light armour, harpoon crossbow

Unit Strength: 3 for the Hunter, +2 for each Sabretusk

Options:

- * May be accompanied by up to two Sabretusks (+20 points each)
- * May choose big names and/or magic items from the Common or Ogre magic items list to a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Sic 'em boys, Loner

Butcher

Points/model: 130

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

A Butcher may not be the army general.

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon

Magic: An Ogre Butcher always uses Gut Magic (see pages 62-63).

Options:

- * May be accompanied by up to two Tooth-Gnoblar (+5 points each) and/or a Luck-Gnoblar (+5 points)
- * May choose magic items from the Common or Ogre magic items list to a maximum total value of 50 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Immune to Poison

HEROES

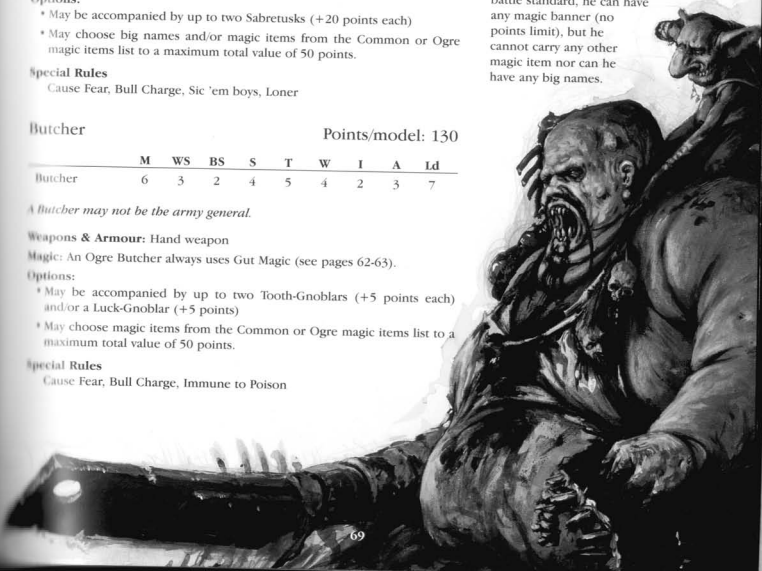
Ogre Heroes are powerful individuals that add more than mere muscle to the ranks of their tribe. Ogre Bruisers use their fists to keep discipline in the ranks whilst the Butchers see to the spiritual and gastronomic well-being of their charges, enhancing the skills of their comrades in arms. Ogre Hunters lead by example, hunting down the largest and strongest of the enemy with the sole intention of taking their skull as a trophy.

The total number of Heroes you can field in your army can be found on page 67.

* ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Ogre Bruiser may carry a battle standard for +25 points. This Bruiser cannot be the army's general even if he has the highest Leadership in the army. The Bruiser carrying the Battle Standard cannot choose any extra weapons, nor can he use an ironfist. He may take a Lookout gnoblar for +5 points.

If a Bruiser is carrying the army battle standard, he can have any magic banner (no points limit), but he cannot carry any other magic item nor can he have any big names.



CORE UNITS

Core units make up the bulk of the Ogre Kingdoms army, and consist largely of Ogres armed with anything from simple clubs to massive two-banded scimitars.

There is a minimum number of Core choices that must be fielded, and this varies depending on the size of the army (see page 66).

There is no maximum to the number of Core units that can be fielded.

1+ Bulls

Points/model: 35

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

Unit size: 3+

Weapons & Armour: Ogre club

Options:

- Any unit may be given either additional hand weapons (+4 points/model) or hand weapons and ironfists (+5 points/model).
- Any unit may be equipped with light armour (+3 points/model).
- Any unit may upgrade one Bull to a Crusher at +20 points.
- Any unit may upgrade one Bull to a Bellowar at +10 points.
- Any unit may upgrade one Bull to a Standard Bearer at +20 points.
- The Standard Bearer may be given a Lookout-Gnoblar for +5 points.

Special Rules

Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War

Ironguts

Points/model: 48

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

Unit size: 3-16

Weapons & Armour: Great weapon and heavy armour

Options:

- Any unit may upgrade one Irongut to a Gutlord at +20 points.
- Any unit may upgrade one Irongut to a Bellowar at +10 points.
- Any unit may upgrade one Irongut to a Standard Bearer at +20 points.
- The Standard Bearer may be given a Lookout-Gnoblar for +5 points.
- One unit may carry a magic standard worth up to 50 points.

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Bull Charge,
Dogs of War

Gnoblar Fighters

Points/model: 2

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

You cannot have more units of Gnoblar Fighters than you have units of Ogre Bulls.

Unit size: 20+

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon, sharp stuff

Options:

- * Any unit may upgrade one Gnoblar to a Groinbiter at +2 points.

Special Rules

Largely Insignificant, Bicker

0-1 Gnoblar Trappers

Points/model: 6

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5
Snarefinger	4	2	4	2	3	1	3	1	5

Gnoblar Trappers do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include in your army. Each Hunter in the army allows you to take an extra unit of Trappers.

Unit size: 8+

Weapons & Armour: Hand weapon, sharp stuff

Options:

- * Any unit may upgrade one Gnoblar to a Snarefinger at +4 points.

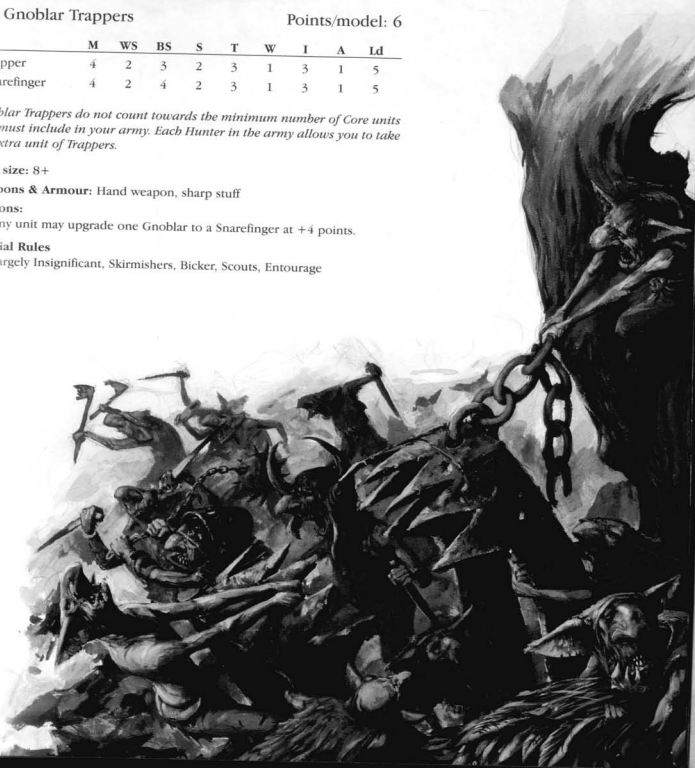
Special Rules

Largely Insignificant, Skirmishers, Bicker, Scouts, Entourage

CORE UNITS

When the Ogres march to war, behind them scuttle those Gnobblars that believe themselves tough enough to fight. Great swarms of these cowardly runts take to the battlefield, occasionally even managing to aid their Ogre masters.

Gnoblar Trappers range ahead of the Ogre army, scouting out concentrations of enemy troops and pelting them with sharp rocks.



SPECIAL UNITS

Special units include Yhetees, the descendants of the Ogre race, as well as cannon-toting Leadbelchers and the ramsbackle war machines brought to the battlefield by their diminutive companions.

Special choices appear with less frequency and in fewer numbers than basic troops. There is a maximum number of special units that can be fielded in any army, and this varies depending on the size of the army (see page 66).

Leadbelchers

Points/model: 55

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

Unit size: 2-5

Weapons & Armour: Leadbelcher cannon, light armour

Options:

- Any unit may upgrade one Leadbelcher to a Thunderfist at +10 points.
- Any unit may upgrade one Leadbelcher to a Bellowar at +10 points.

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War

Yhetees

Points/model: 65

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

Unit size: 3+

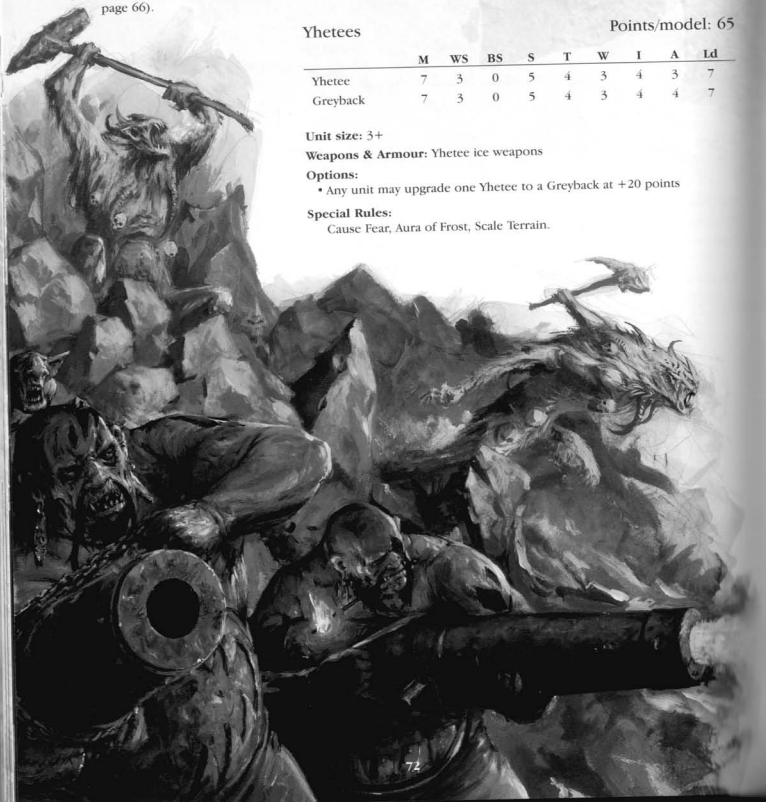
Weapons & Armour: Yheteec ice weapons

Options:

- Any unit may upgrade one Yheteec to a Greyback at +20 points

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Aura of Frost, Scale Terrain.



Gnoblar Scraplauncher

Points/model: 165

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

You cannot have more Scraplaunchers in your army than the total number of Gnoblar Fighter and Trapper units.

Unit size: 1

Armour: Baggage, random junk and thick shaggy hide (4+ Armour Save)

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Chariot, Stone Thrower, Bad Tempered, Unit Strength 5

SPECIAL UNITS

The Scraplauncher is possibly the only successful invention ever made by a member of the Gnoblar species. It flings captured weaponry into the ranks of the enemy, with intermittent but occasionally fatal results. Just as lethal is the giant Rhinox that tows the Scraplauncher, a creature with a temperament even worse than an Ogre.



RARE UNITS

Rare units are some of the largest and most dangerous of those comprising the Ogre Kingdoms army, from monstrous Gorgers to lumbering Slavegiants. Any army including these creatures would do well to have plenty of fresh meat!

There is a maximum number of rare units that can be fielded in any army, and this varies depending on the size of the army (see page 66).

Dogs of War are mercenary units which you can hire to supplement your army. You may choose a unit of Dogs of War as detailed in the Dogs of War rules, from Bronzino's Galloper Guns to the ferocious Giant Pygmies of Lemuria.

Maneaters

Points/model: 80

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

Unit size: 1+

Weapons & Armour: Light armour, Ogre club

Options:

- May upgrade light armour to heavy armour (+4 points/model)
- Each Maneater may replace his Ogre club with a Cathayan longsword (+6 points), a great weapon (+6), or a brace of handguns (+6 points). A mix of weapons in the unit is allowed.

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Immune to Psychology, Stubborn, Dogs of War, Bull Charge

Slavegiant

Points/model: 175

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

Unit size: 1

Equipment: Manacles, chains and bad attitude

Special Rules:

Ignore Little 'un Panic, Large Target, Cause Terror, Fall Over, Move Over Obstacles, Broken, Slavegiant Attacks

Gorger

Points/model: 75

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

Unit size: 1

Weapons: Gaping maw and crusted talons

Special Rules:

Cause Fear, Unbreakable, Killing Blow, Bloodscent, Ravenous

Dogs of War

Points/model: Variable

Dogs of War are mercenary units that you can hire to supplement your army. You may opt to choose a unit of Dogs of War as a Rare choice, unless otherwise stated in the Dogs of War unit's special rules.

GUTS OF LEGEND

This page details some of the most notorious, bad-tempered or just plain belligerent Ogres ever to have barrelled forth from the Ogre kingdoms. They may inspire you to create characters of your own for use in your games, which you can use with your opponent's consent.

On the pages that follow are rules and background for Greasus Goldtooth, the immensely corpulent tradelord of the Ogre kingdoms, and Skrag the Slaughterer, a blade-fisted butcher possessed by the will of the Great Maw. These two characters may be included in your army and do not require your opponent's consent.

BRAUGH SVELORD

Known to the Chaos Dwarfs as Ghrask Dragh, literally 'corpse-slaver', Braugh Svelord is a legend even amongst his own merciless peers. Ogre slavers are a common enough sight in the far corners of the world, but only one amongst them can claim to enslave his prey in death as well as life.

Back when he was a Maneater travelling the forests of the Old World, Braugh was imprisoned by a powerful necromancer. But Braugh was strong even for an Ogre, and eventually broke free of the Necromancer's dungeons. He found his captor asleep in a coffin, and beat him to death with a chair, skinning the remains as a trophy. Braugh then ate half of the Necromancer's prisoners and dragged the rest away as slaves, tying them to his gut-plate with the enchanted chains he had ripped from the dungeon wall.

Were it not for the trophy Braugh took, his legend would end there. But the Necromancer's magic was strong – even when one of Braugh's slaves died of exhaustion, it remained bound to his servitude. So it is that Braugh Svelord deals not only in flesh but in spirits, trading the services of the quick and the dead to whoever pays the right price, an army of unquiet ghosts and walking corpses shambling meekly in his wake.

GROTH ONEFINGER, FIRST PROPHET OF THE GREAT MAW

Groth Onefinger was the first Ogre to set eyes upon the manifestation of the Ogre god. Considered a madman due to his insistence that the coming of the Ogre god was near, he was severely wounded in the cataclysm that proved him irrefutably correct. Groth was horribly burned by the resultant firestorm, losing his nose, eyelids, lips, ears, and all bar one of his digits to the searing flames. But Groth rose again like a hideous phoenix; blackened, wide-eyed and utterly convinced his god had come to earth.

Instilled with faith, Groth led the survivors of his tribe across the vitrified sands toward the impact crater. They battled thirst, hunger and despair, keeping their spirits high by eating the weaker members of the tribe on the way, until they set eyes on the Great Maw. Momentarily satiated after devouring several thousand of his kin, it let Groth and his kin live.

Groth became the first Butcher, slaughtering several of his kin and holding a cannibalistic feast right on the lip of the Maw itself. His name is still praised by Butchers across the kingdoms, many of who still ritually burn themselves in honour of the first great prophet.

JHARED THE RED

Jhared the Red was the first true Ogre Hunter, and his is a story told to all Ogre whelps. His father, Huhgr Loudgut, was disgusted to find his son was a runt; smaller than the others of his litter and covered from head to toe in red hair. In disgust, Huhgr hurled the whelp out into the snow.

The infant Jhared survived the first cruel hours of his exile, only to stumble across the den of a suckling female Sabretusk. Rather than being devoured, the hairy whelp was unwittingly welcomed into the beast's litter. When Jhared reached maturity, he threw his adoptive father off the edge of a crevasse, taking the place of dominant male in the pack. The silent red-haired killer and his pack of daemon cats soon became legend amongst the Ogres of the valleys.

Jhared eventually returned to his tribe, a score of sleek killing machines padding through the snow on either side of him in the darkness of a new moon. He and his pack slunk into the feast halls of his tribe, locating the slumbering Ogres by smell alone. After blocking the cave mouth with a boulder, Jhared and his Sabretusks clawed apart their panicking prey in the pitch darkness. Jhared himself sniffed out his father and put out his eyes, playing with him like a cat would a defenceless mouse before finally ripping out his throat and eating his corpse.

Jhared the Red was the first Ogre to tame cavebeasts, and to this day Ogre Hunters emulate their predecessor by taming Sabretusks and Rhinoxen, usually with clubs. His story teaches all Ogres to tolerate those different from themselves, even those with unfortunate hair.

GOLGFAG MANEATER, MERCENARY CAPTAIN

Possibly one of the most successful Ogre mercenaries of all time, Golfag Maneater forged a reputation for the Ogres as fearsome killers for hire long before they became a relatively common sight in the mercenary armies of the Old World. Although he could be mistaken for a mere Bruiser, Golfag has been in active service for over sixty years, and has considerable tactical acumen to go with his lattice-like network of scar tissue. Golfag's reputation and wealth have grown so considerable that in recent years he has begun to hire his own mercenary armies, including more and more Ogres as the great migration gathers speed. The term 'Maneater' was first coined when, after a drunken argument, Golfag ate his paymaster whole and left carrying his coffers. He insists to this day that his name is misleading for, just like the faithful band of violent thugs that travel with him, Golfag really isn't that fussy about what or who he eats.

SKRAG THE SLAUGHTERER, PROPHET OF THE GREAT MAW

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

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

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

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

Having emerged from the maw-pit to devour his foes, Skrag is regarded with awe and fear by even the most terrible of Tyrants, who see him as the living embodiment of their god. His Gorgers remain his ever present

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

Skrag is a Slaughtermaster, and counts as a Lord choice in an Ogre Kingdoms army. He must be used as presented here and may not be given any additional equipment or magic items. Skrag must be the army general. The usual restriction for taking Slaughtermasters (having to take a Tyrant first) does not apply.

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

Points: 400

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

SPECIAL RULES

Unit Strength

Skrag and his cauldron have a Unit Strength of 6.

Chosen of the Great Maw

Skrag is a crazed, gore-splattered killing-machine driven on by the will of his god. He causes *terror* and is subject to Frenzy.

The Blessings of the Great Maw

These blessings take effect as the limbs of Skrag's butchered enemies are thrown in dedication into the pot. The more the maw-pot is fed, the more powerful Skrag becomes, and the more the power of the Maw infuses his Gorgers.

Skrag and his Gorgers receive the blessings of their ever-hungry god according to the table below. The 'Models Killed' column refers to the number of models killed by Skrag in combat. Models killed by Gut Magic or from running down fleeing units do not count towards this total. When a new level on the table is reached, the bonuses take effect immediately and are cumulative, although Skrag is only ever automatically restored to his starting number of Wounds after his first kill.

Models killed	Effect on Skrag	Effect on Gorgers
1+	Skrag is automatically restored to his starting number of wounds, and gains Regeneration	All Gorgers that have not entered play will enter play in the next Ogre Kingdoms turn.
5+	Skrag gains +1 Attack	All Gorgers gain +1 Attack.
10+	Skrag may re-roll failed rolls to hit in combat	Gorgers may re-roll failed rolls to hit in combat.
15+	Skrag becomes Unbreakable.	All Gorgers gain Regeneration.

Master of Butchery

Skrag is an expert at butchering and carving up his foes, using the various implements jammed into the bloody stumps where once his hands were. All attacks by Skrag count as having the Killing Blow special ability.

Army of the Slaughterer

In an army led by Skrag the Slaughterer, Gorgers are a Special choice, and in addition 2 Gorgers may be taken for each Special choice (rather than just 1). Skrag **MUST** be accompanied by at least 2 Gorgers (therefore using up 1 Special choice).



GREASUS GOLDTOOTH, OVERTYRANT OF THE OGRE KINGDOMS

Greasus Goldtooth, or to give him his formal title Tradelord Greasus Tribestealer Drakecrush Hoardmaster Goldtooth the Shockingly Obese, was one of many whelps sired by the infamous Gogf, Tyrant of the Vale of Titans. Like his brothers, Greasus grew up to become strong and fat. Unlike his brothers, he subsequently killed and ate his own father.

After assuming the Tyranthood of the tribe, and, feeling the need to prove himself, Greasus begun demanding tithe from the neighbouring kingdoms. When their Tyrants refused, paying for Greasus's blood, they had little idea who they were dealing with.

The first of the Ogre tribes single-handedly conquered by Greasus met their fate during the Great Feast of Midwinter. Scaling the mountain above the tribe's great halls, Greasus heaved boulder after boulder over the precipice, roaring oaths at the top of his voice until an avalanche of wet snow and rock buried the entire tribe alive. The second tribe, that of Gut Badmouth, was paid a visit by Greasus at the spring solstice, where the budding Overtyrant challenged their Tyrant to single combat. Badmouth, older and larger, eagerly clambered down into the pit below, cracking his knuckles. Greasus launched himself gut-first onto the defendant's skull, cracking his neck. When word spread of his deeds, the other neighbouring Tyrants decided it probably was a good idea to join Greasus after all, and the kingdom of the Overtyrant was forged.

These days, older, larger and louder than ever, the Overtyrant tithes all the kingdoms along the Silver Road, and due to his highly effective financial strategy (insatiable greed and brute force) his coffers fill faster than his army of Gnoblar attendants can count. Greasus still insists to this day that he earned every one of the thousands upon thousands of gold sovereigns in his possession, a fact that despite his years of exacting tithes remains founded in truth. As those who contradict the massive Overtyrant often find themselves his next meal, few challenge him on this, or indeed any other matter.

Greasus can be taken as one of your Lord choices in an Ogre Kingdoms army. In addition, so powerful is he that he takes up an additional Lord choice – he also counts as the army Battle Standard Bearer. He must be used as presented here and may not be given any additional equipment or magic items. Greasus must be the army general.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Greasus	4	6	3	5(10)	6	6	1	3	9

Points cost: 565

SPECIAL RULES

Unit Strength

Greasus is so fat that he and his Gnoblar retinue have a Unit Strength of 6.

Too Rich to Walk

Greasus's preferred mode of travel is reclining on a living throne of Gnoblar bearers who are far more afraid of being flattened than of any nearby enemy. He may always march and counts as being accompanied by five Sword-Gnoblars. In addition, such is the overbearing mass of the Overtyrant that a successful Bull Charge causes D6 impact hits instead of the usual 1.

Hoardmaster

The Overtyrant is renowned for his largesse to those who fight well and, after each battle, bestows great wealth upon those who have most impressed him, encouraging his followers to fight with renewed ferocity when his gaze is upon them. All friendly units within Greasus's line of sight receive a +1 bonus to their combat resolution.

Everyone Has Their Price...

A master of bribery and coercion, the Overtyrant is wont to use his wealth to inspire greed and confusion in the enemy – even the most disciplined of troops have their price when tempted by their hidden desires, be it wealth, ancient artifacts or the safety of one's home and family. At the start of each of his opponent's turns, the Ogre player can nominate D3 enemy units within Greasus's line of sight. These units become subject to Stupidity for the remainder of the turn (this ability has no effect on units that are Immune to Psychology).

The Goldtooth Tribe

The Overtyrant's employ attracts the strongest and most experienced fighters, drawing them in with the promise of untold wealth and glory. At least two units of Ironguts must be fielded in an army led by Greasus.

MAGIC ITEMS

Sceptre of the Titans

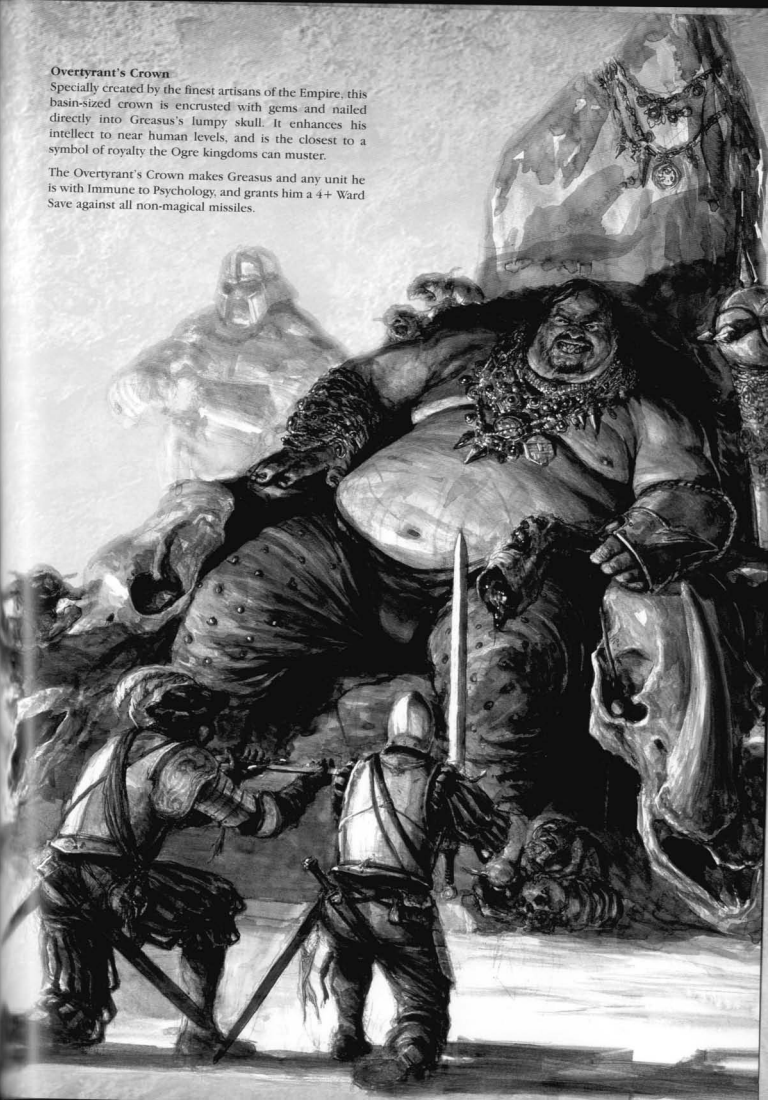
This great sceptre, larger than a full-grown man, is bound in golden chain and studded with diamonds. Heavily ensorcelled with spells of command, Greasus merely needs to point this massive symbol of power at his minions to instill them with iron resolve. It also comes in useful for smashing enemies into a nourishing paste.

Any friendly Ogre Kingdoms unit that is fleeing at the beginning of the Ogre player's turn, and is within Greasus's line of sight, rallies automatically. In addition, the Sceptre grants Greasus Strength 10 in combat (included in his profile above), causing D3 wounds. This does not affect his Bull Charge.

Overtyrant's Crown

Specially created by the finest artisans of the Empire, this basin-sized crown is encrusted with gems and nailed directly into Greasus's lumpy skull. It enhances his intellect to near human levels, and is the closest to a symbol of royalty the Ogre kingdoms can muster.

The Overtyrant's Crown makes Greasus and any unit he is with Immune to Psychology, and grants him a 4+ Ward Save against all non-magical missiles.



REFERENCE

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Special Rules
Tyrant	6	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	9	Cause Fear, Bull Charge
Slaughtermaster	6	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	8	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Immune to Poison

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Bruiser	6	5	3	5	5	4	3	4	8	Cause Fear, Bull Charge
Hunter	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	9	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Sic 'em boys, Loner
Sabretusk	8	4	0	4	4	2	4	3	4	
Butcher	6	3	2	4	5	4	2	3	7	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Immune to Poison

CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Ogre Bull	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Crusher	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Irongut	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	8	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Gutlord	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	8	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Gnoblar	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	Largely Insignificant, Bicker
Groinbiter	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	2	5	Largely Insignificant, Bicker
Trapper	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	1	5	Largely Insignificant, Skirmishers, Scouts, Bicker, Entourage
Snarefinger	4	2	4	2	3	1	3	1	5	Largely Insignificant, Skirmishers, Scouts, Bicker, Entourage

SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Thunderfist	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	4	7	Cause Fear, Bull Charge, Dogs of War
Yhete	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	3	7	Cause Fear, Aura of Frost, Scale Terrain, Yhete Packs may not be joined by characters.
Greyback	7	3	0	5	4	3	4	4	7	Cause Fear, Aura of Frost, Scale Terrain, Yhete Packs may not be joined by characters.
Scraplauncher	-	-	-	5	5	5	-	-	-	Chariot, Stone Thrower,
Gnoblar Scrappers	-	2	-	2	-	-	3	6	5	
Rhinox	6	3	-	5	-	-	2	3	-	Cause Fear, Chariot, Stone Thrower, Bad Tempered

RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8	Cause Fear, Immune to Psychology, Stubborn, Dogs of War, Bull Charge
Slavegiant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10	Ignore Little 'un Panic, Large Target, Cause Terror, Fall Over, Move Over Obstacles, Broken, Slavegiant Attacks
Gorger	6	3	0	5	5	4	2	4	8	Cause Fear, Unbreakable, Killing Blow, Bloodscent, Ravenous

Gut Magic Tokens



Bullgorger



Trollguts



Toothcracker



FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE

To make your Fallen Giant Template, first photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).

Next, carefully cut around the dotted line with a sharp pair of scissors or a craft knife.

Now all you need is to wait for your Giant to fall over!

SHOWCASE



Ogre Bull
by Joseph Wiltshire



Gnoblar
by Mike Anderson



Ogre Pit Fighter
by Mike Anderson



Ogre Butcher
by Mark Bedford



Slaughtermaster
by Keith Robertson



Slavegiant
by Jakob Nielsen



Army Standard of Bauldig Mountaineater
by Mark Bedford

WARHAMMER OGRE KINGDOMS

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Olag Skullcracker, Tyrant

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GUTS OF LEGEND

Rules and background for Greasus Goldtooth the Overtyrant, as immense in wealth as he is in girth, and Skrag the Slaughterer, blood-maddened Prophet of the Great Maw.

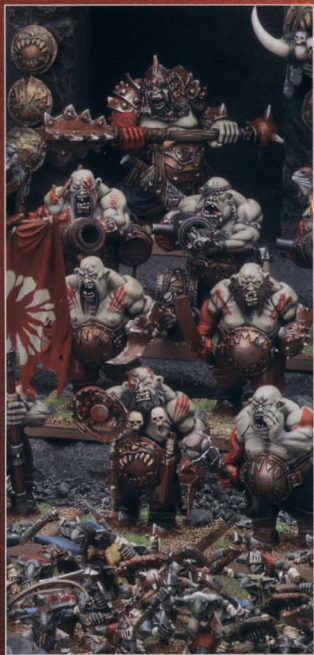
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