

WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



BATTLETOME SUPPLEMENT

OGOR

MAWTRIBES



The realms are filled with hazards of every conceivable kind, but to the ogor race, they are a glorious banquet that spreads from horizon to horizon. Every plain, valley and mountain is seen in terms of what fodder it can provide and little else. To the mawtribes, every clan, people and nation is a source of nourishment waiting to be consumed. The thinling races look upon these ever-hungering brutes as monsters, saying that if they could, the ogors would eat the world. But the ogors are more than simple ravenous beasts.

Everywhere across the realms, the law is the same – only the strong survive. And ogors have strength in great measure. They batter the hulking, monstrous beasts of the wilds into submission, riding them to war or using them to draw their wagons. Unlike the troggoth or the Bullgor, the ogor race can create as well as destroy, and the things they create most readily are the tools of war.

These are monsters with the craft of men. They make crude but effective weapons. The battered shields of their slain enemies are strapped to over-muscled limbs, and gut-plates the size of wagon wheels take pride of place on their bulging, oak-hard bellies. Even blackpowder weaponry is not beyond them, to which the shattered and fearful survivors of their cannonades can attest. A tribe of ogors on the warpath is a living avalanche, their beasts of war thundering alongside them even as their snickering gnoblar attendants are swept along for the ride. They are a castellan's worst nightmare, for they will batter down the walls with artillery, greatclub and even their own pounding fists, revelling in the carnage before eating the cowering defenders in an orgiastic display of gluttony.

It is a truth that all must learn in time:
to underestimate the ogor is to be devoured.





'The Sun-eater gobbled up the Solar Drake's spawn and picked his tusks clean with the quills of the great Flamebird. And then, with a roar, he spewed forth fire from his gullet... just like this.'

– Ogrok, Firebelly Elder

FIREBELLIES

Ogors have a tendency to ascribe a degree of spirit to natural forces, particularly those that are destructive, such as fire and volcanoes. It is from this that the Firebelly cult originated. These flame-obsessed priests maintain that the true form of the ogor god is the Sun-eater. During the Age of Myth, they say, their deity reached into the heavens and grabbed the Hyshian sun, cramming the glowing orb into his mouth and chewing it up. As he gulped down the blazing celestial object, he felt its impossible heat course through him and unleashed a great flaming belch across the land. The Firebellies say that that this event created the lava rivers of Aqshy; some even claim it birthed the Realm of Fire in its entirety. Most ogors have brains enough not to argue with them for too long, as they appreciate the fact that the Firebellies can give food a delicious sear in an instant, and even they realise that being turned into a smouldering pile of ashes is bad for one's health.

A Firebelly makes it their business to eat the spiciest and most flammable of foodstuffs to ensure that they always have a volatile gut to call on. Their trials by flame, both internal and external, are all but daily occurrences, the ogor devouring molten slop that could be used to burn through a castle gate even as they walk through the campfire to bask in its wild heat.

In battle, Firebellies are able to breathe great gouts of flame into the ranks of the foe and pull those same flames around them in a mantle of burning magic that scorches the flesh of everyone nearby. To witness a Firebelly in the full splendour of their wrath is to witness a true child of the inferno – and usually to burn to death soon afterwards.

FROST SABRES

Sabrefangs are a kind of sharp-tusked predator found across the realms. Frost Sabres are a sub-breed that stalk the coldest terrain, which makes them natural companions to the Beastclaw Raiders. Some of the most ambitious of these ogors train entire prides of such creatures, using them to shepherd prey into the path of their tribe. A Frost Sabre is far more than a big cat, for it is blessed by the Everwinter and has ice magic in its blood. These great felines do not exude heat, and they can run prey to ground for hours without exhaling so much as a single tell-tale puff of steaming breath. This, combined with their natural stealth and cunning, makes them excellent hunting cats for the ogors. Capable of outpacing even an Ymetrican stallion over short distances, Frost Sabres – like all Sabrefangs – have long, curving tusks that they use to impale their prey. Once a meal-to-be is skewered, their powerful, ripping claws can do the rest.

GNOBLARS

A gnoblar is a type of grot – small, weedy and green with an outsized nose, wide twitching ears and an overdeveloped sense of spite. Unlike the Spiderfang tribes, Gitmob crews and Moonclan hordes, they rarely form their own enclaves and instead act as hangers-on to the ogors.

On their own merit, a gnoblar is unlikely to survive for long. Even a gaggle of these horrible little creatures will get eaten up as a light snack in the wilds of Ghur. By entering a loose symbiotic relationship with an ogor, they at least have a large, fearsome creature of their own to hide behind. Moreover, an ogor tribe on the Mawpath generates a colossal amount of rubbish: weapons that are too small for them to use, pieces of torn or half-eaten armour, and sometimes even coin. There's nothing a gnoblar likes more than a bit of light-fingered corpse-thievery, as all too often the ogors pass over something of genuine worth in their haste to eat the flesh, bone and skin of the fallen. Gnoblars find value in the strangest things; a bent fork or elderly weasel is as likely to be their most precious possession as a corpse-scavenged gem or a elven blade.

Long ago, after an era of persecution at the hands of the orruk warclans, the gnoblars allied with the ogor race – as long as the gnoblars did all their dirty work for them, the ogors promised not to eat them unless they were really, really hungry. It was a very one-sided bargain, for the gnoblars work tirelessly to make ogor society possible and still they get gobbled up, thrown around and stuffed in the cookpot despite their meat being stringy and poor. Regardless of the risks of such coexistence, this unequal alliance has, on the whole, allowed these little horrors to thrive.

ICEBROW HUNTERS

Icebrow Hunters are committed loners who roam the most hazardous and hostile lands across the Mortal Realms on a daily basis, taking on not only the hungering beasts of the wild but also the ice storms, frozen lakes, precipitous climbs and knifeshard blizzards that would flay lesser explorers to the bone. To them, extreme cold is no more impediment than a light summer rain. Some Hunters even revel in drinking the blood of ice wyrms, Yhetees and Frost Sabres in order to breathe out bone-chilling clouds of icy mist that leave thinling enemies ready for the culling club to descend.



Icebrow Hunters have the steady, centred assurance of those who have seen it all and lived to tell the tale. They make excellent trackers, leading the alfrostun to find fertile hunting grounds in the most remote of places. Having such a huntsman as part of the tribe can be the difference between life and death, for ogors are always ravenous, and one who can lead them to a supply of fresh meat is worth their weight in realmstone. Though they make formidable warriors, the Hunters do not fight as part of the great unwashed masses but instead seek and destroy choice targets on their own terms. They tend to attack at range, gravely wounding their prey with hurled spears and metre-long crossbow bolts; with their target so crippled, the killing blow falls true.



ICEFALL YHETEEES

In the depths of the blizzard, long-limbed creatures howl and lope. These are Yhetees, monstrous, shaggy-furred humanoid whose affinity with arctic climes runs so deep that their blood is icy and their breath freezing cold. For time immemorial, these strange beasts have loped alongside the ogor tribes, especially those of the al frostuns. After all, both breeds prize the act of glutting themselves on meat as often as possible.

It is rumoured that Yhetees are ogors who long ago adapted to the conditions of the harshest regions. Some ogors instead maintain that they clambered out from the greatest glaciers and are born from the icy bones of the realms. Many tribes recount the sagas of Charngar, the red-pelted Yhetee King, who ruled from his frozen court high on the slopes of Mount Alvagr and was killed either by the Lord of Predators or one of his favoured hunters (depending on which version of events one believes). Whatever the truth, the Yhetees will not speak of it.

They prefer to hunt in silence; even when they do talk, their language is primitive and strange, and only the spiritual Huskard Torr can communicate with them.

When the enemy seeks to escape or outflank the ogors, it is the Yhetees who leap out from the swirling white mist with shocking suddenness to fall upon them. Claws gouge and fangs sink deep, but it is their heavy, ice-encrusted clubs that wreak the most havoc. Together with the chill aura of the Yhetees themselves, these icy weapons can rob the vitality of one struck by them such that they become little more than shivering wrecks, defenceless against the onslaught to come.



MANEATERS

They say an army marches on its stomach, but a Maneater marches because of it. There is, in the heart of all ogors, a slow but powerful desire to travel the realms; this is not usually driven by a need to see the wonders of the worlds but rather a desire to scoff down as many interesting types of grub as they can find. Some of the most famous Maneaters set off on their path through a kind of gastronomic tourism, others to wage unreasoning violence on as wide a variety of species as possible. Regardless of their reasons, most Maneaters have been there, done that – they have travelled far and wide, and now they're back to tell their mates about it at excruciating length.

The Maneater is the explorer and wanderer of their kind, the one who left the Mawpath of their kin and went their own way – sometimes with a couple of like-minded ogors in tow – to make a sort of aimless pilgrimage across the lands. As they let their gut lead them hither and yon, they will usually offer their services as a mercenary to those forces they encounter on the way, fighting alongside a wide variety of nations and tribes and often taking the trappings and habits of their new-found paymasters in a kind of primitive cultural mimicry. They never stay in one place for too long, though. Eventually, they will return home as their great realm-spanning wanderlust leads them full circle – though they never stop trying to kill as many different types of enemy as they can.

It is well known that one of the Maneaters' main interests is boasting, often in a rambling and free-form fashion that starts adjacent to the truth and covers far more ground than the ogors themselves ever have. Many of the oldest Maneaters are considered to be all talk, their boasts of ravaging the lands and seas of every realm highly unlikely – but lay such an accusation at their door and you might just find a pistol barrel the size of a chair leg ensuring you lose your head a hair trigger after they lose theirs.

MOURNFANG PACKS

Somewhere in form between great white bears and snow tigers, and with tusks long enough to disembowel a mammoth, Mournfangs are famously ill-tempered predators native to the frosty regions roamed by the Beastclaw tribes. Their aggressive demeanour is largely because of their poor eyesight. Already myopic, the creatures have been selectively bred by the ogors to have longer and ever more impressive tusks – so much so that they curl up in front of the beasts' faces and limit their forward vision. This has had the end result of making the creatures all the more ready to charge first and ask questions later – or, rather, sniff the corpse of the unfortunate victim to see if it was someone they liked or disliked. Mournfangs are hardy creatures capable of surviving weeks without food, and only the most grievous wounds will put a stop to their rampages.

Ogors respect the Mournfangs greatly for these qualities and may even feel a brief twinge of regret if forced to eat them.

Typically, Mournfangs will only accept a rider after they have been pummelled over the head for long enough to establish dominance, though if caught early enough in life, another method of cowing them can be used. To ensure they ride only the fiercest and most capable Mournfangs, the al frostuns favour tackling them when they are still whelps, putting a litter of the ferocious creatures into a fighting pit and waiting to see which rise to the top of the food chain before hauling them out. Given the survivors will have been thrown a decent amount of captives, hunks of bloody meat and the occasional gnoblar, they will likely recognise the smell of their would-be masters and are hence a little less likely to gore them on sight. Sometimes, though, the Mournfangs will turn on their prospective masters anyway; those ogors stupid or weak enough to let themselves be gored to death deserve to be weeded out from the rest. While many ogors have come to favour Maulbeasts as mounts, Mournfang-riding warbands are still found in many tribes, more eager than ever to prove their might.



SLAUGHTERMASTERS GREAT MAWPOTS

Slaughtermasters are Butchers possessed of a particular spiritual fervour. In theory, their dedication to the Gulping God places them amongst the highest of his servants; in practice, they are bellowing lunatics whom all but the most devoted ogor cultists find offputting. With the growing power of their deity, these gifted gastro-shamans have quit their former clans and begun to roam the wilds as holy folk following strange, entrail-like signs they glimpse in the heavens, occasionally joining a horde for a feast of battle before trudging on.

Some Slaughtermasters sacrifice their own hands to the ignoble art of butchery, affixing the hacking tools of their trade to their arm-bones in a demented act of worship. Even in the thick of battle they hurl chunks of meat into the giant cookpots they drag, there to be stirred into a bubbling morass by their pet gnoblar. The magical steam and froth that boils out can empower their allies or eat away at the flesh of the foe.

Mawpots are more than just crude cooking apparatus on a massive scale. They are something approaching altars to ogorkind, places from which the Butchers may dispense their deity's gifts. Ingredients of every description (though usually on the horrific side of things) are chunked into the steaming broth, while a sanctified ogor shaman mutters and grunts over the concoction, lacing it with blood drained from living victims and offal made of mashed-up organs. Consuming the resulting gruel invigorates even the most lethargic of ogors, firing their blood and leaving them frothing with a ravenous energy.

Ever since Redd the Maw completed his pilgrimage to frozen Kos and claimed to glimpse the god of the ogors, the Mawpots have acted peculiarly. On occasion, an ogor who sups from one is overcome by a madness that sees them gibber in tongues or else stand transfixed, drooling as they stare into the depths of the pot, entirely insensate even as impatient fellows beat them or cut them apart. Mawpots, now holier than ever, are thus taken to battle only on rare occasions, when the Butchers claim their deity is watching them.



BATTLETOME SUPPLEMENT OGOR MAWTRIBES

Every Age of Sigmar miniature is a unique piece of the ever-evolving narrative of Warhammer. It is, then, an unfortunate truth that we can't continue to sell and support every model we've ever made indefinitely. As we make new models, and new books to explore their background and rules, we have to stop producing and featuring some older models. But just like many of you, we still treasure our collections of older miniatures, and we still want to be able to use them in games and forge glorious narratives on the tabletop!

On 1st June 2027, these rules will move over to Warhammer Legends. This means that they will no longer be legal for competitive play. When that time comes, we encourage you to continue to use your collection for casual play, and we will continue to support this battletome supplement with rules updates as needed throughout the current edition of Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

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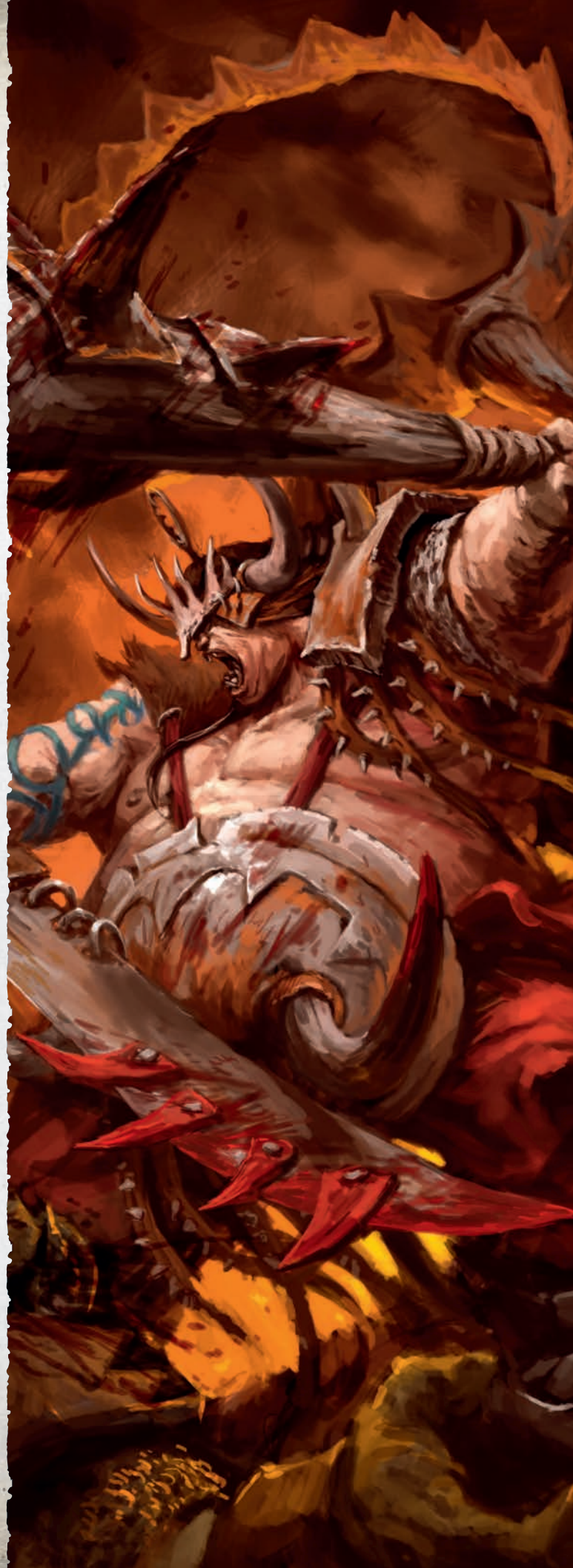
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• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

SLAUGHTERMASTER



Slaughtermasters have entirely lost themselves to their cravings, hacking off their limbs and replacing them with rusty hooks and blades. They drag a cookpot into battle behind them so that they may boil up a tasty broth even as they slice up their prey.

✂ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Stump Blades	2D6	4+	2+	1	1

⚙ Passive

FILL THE POT: As enemies are cut down by the ogors, the Slaughtermaster collects their remains to fill his cauldron.

Effect: This unit's cauldron is either **filled with grisly remains** or **empty**. It starts the battle **empty**. If an enemy unit that was in combat with this unit this turn is destroyed and this unit's cauldron is **empty**, it becomes **filled with grisly remains**.

⚙ Once Per Turn (Army), Any Hero Phase

GREAT CAULDRON: Lashed to a Slaughtermaster is a great cauldron containing the remains of foes, which the ogor gobbles down in order to unleash gastromantic powers.

Declare: If this unit's cauldron is **filled with grisly remains**, pick a visible friendly **MAWSEEKERS** unit wholly within 12" of this unit to be the target.

Effect: This unit's cauldron is now **empty**. Pick 1 of the following effects:

Bloodgruel: The target has **WARD (5+)** for the rest of the turn.

Spinemarrow: Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of the target's melee weapons for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

HERO, WIZARD (1), INFANTRY, WARD (6+)
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR,
MAWSEEKERS

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

MANEATERS



Maneaters are swaggering mercenaries who have travelled the realms and killed and eaten all manner of foes. Wielding a variety of esoteric weapons stolen from distant lands, they cut an imposing sight as they carve their way across the battlefield.

 RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Pistols or Throwing Weapons Shoot in Combat	10"	1	3+	3+	1	2
 MELEE WEAPONS		Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Maneater Weapons		4	4+	2+	1	2

⚔ Once Per Turn (Army), Reaction: This unit was picked to be the target of a non-CORE ability

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT: Having travelled the realms and eaten every conceivable foe, Maneaters just laugh off the puny tricks and magics of their enemies.

Effect: Roll a dice. On a 4+, that ability has no effect on this unit.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR,
GUTBUSTERS

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

LEADBELCHERS



The blackpowder-obsessed gunners known as Leadbelchers lumber into battle, blasting away with their massive guns and utilising them as makeshift bludgeons should the foe be foolish enough to engage them in hand-to-hand combat.

 RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Leadbelcher Gun	15"	2	4+	3+	1	1
 MELEE WEAPONS	Atk		Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Bludgeoning Blows	2		4+	2+	-	2

⚡ Passive

POWDER GNOBLARS: When assisted by a gnoblar minion, Leadbelchers can cause even more carnage.

Effect: This unit's **Powder Gnoblars** are tokens. There are 2 **Powder Gnoblars** for every 4 models in this unit.

Each time this unit uses a **SHOOT** ability, for each of this unit's **Powder Gnoblars** that are on the battlefield, you can re-roll 1 hit roll of 1 but if that attack misses, remove 1 of this unit's **Powder Gnoblars** from the battlefield after that **SHOOT** ability has been resolved.

⚡ Once Per Turn (Army), Your Shooting Phase

FIRING FROM THE BELLY: An ogor's sturdy frame easily absorbs the recoil of even cannon-sized weapons.

Effect: If this unit has not used a **MOVE** ability this turn and was not set up this turn, add 1 to hit rolls for this unit's shooting attacks for the rest of the turn.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR,
GUTBUSTERS

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

GNOBLARS



Devious little creatures obsessed with scooping up scrap metal and other detritus, gnoblars perform a variety of tasks for their ogor masters, including charging into battle in a vast screeching mob.

⚡ RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Sharp Stuff	8"	1	4+	5+	-	1
⚔ MELEE WEAPONS	Atk		Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Motley Assortment of Weapons	1		5+	5+	-	1

⚡ Passive

GUTLESS

Effect: This unit cannot use the 'Bull Charge' ability.

⚔ Once Per Turn (Army), Any Charge Phase

NASTY TRAPS AND TRICKS: These cunning creatures specialise in fighting dirty and laying all manner of lethal and cunning traps.

Declare: Pick an enemy unit in combat with this unit and that charged this turn to be the target.

Effect: Roll a D3. On a 2+, inflict an amount of mortal damage on the target equal to the roll.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY, CHAMPION
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

ICEBROW HUNTER



An Icebrow Hunter is a cunning stalker who utilises their surroundings to launch ambushes with the aid of their Frost Sabres. Not only do they slay opponents with spear and bolt, they also have the power to breathe a killing blizzard over their foes.

	RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
	Great Throwing Spear and Crossbow Anti-MONSTER (+1 Rend)	12"	2	4+	3+	-	D3
	MELEE WEAPONS	Atk		Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
	Culling Club Anti-MONSTER (+1 Rend)	4		4+	2+	-	2

Deployment Phase

MASTERS OF AMBUSH: Always on the move, Icebrow Hunters range ahead of the main ogor force alongside packs of trained Frost Sabres.

Declare: Pick this unit and up to 2 friendly Frost Sabres units in this unit's regiment if none of those units have been deployed.

Effect: Set up those units in reserve **outflanking the prey**. They have now been deployed.

KEYWORDS **DEPLOY**

Your Movement Phase

THE HUNT IS ON: Sensing the time is right, the Icebrow Hunter and their Frost Sabre companions launch their ambush.

Declare: Pick this unit if it is **outflanking the prey**.

Effect: Set up this unit wholly within 9" of a battlefield edge and more than 9" from all enemy units. Then, set up each Frost Sabres unit that was set up **outflanking the prey** with this unit wholly within 12" of it and more than 9" from all enemy units.



KEYWORDS

HERO, INFANTRY

DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR, BEASTCLAW

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

FROST SABRES



Beasts of winter, Frost Sabres bound across the landscape like shadows ghosting over the snow. Icy blood runs in their veins, and their prey seldom sees them coming until they feel the bite of the great cats' sword-like fangs.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Tusks and Claws Companion	3	4+	3+	1	1

Passive

GUTLESS

Effect: This unit cannot use the 'Bull Charge' ability.

Passive

BEAST

Effect: This unit has a maximum control score of 1.

Passive

HUNTERS OF THE FROZEN WILDS: The pale coats of Frost Sabres act as natural camouflage in the bleak wilderness.

Effect: This unit is not visible to enemy units while it is within 3" of a terrain feature and more than 9" from all enemy units.



KEYWORDS

BEAST

DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

MOURNFANG PACK



Ogors mounted on Mournfangs wield clubs, blades and pistols, firing point-blank into their foes before laying about them with brutal abandon. Their foul-tempered beasts trample and gore anything that gets in their way.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Mournfang Rider Weapon Anti-CAVALRY (+1 Rend)	3	4+	2+	1	2
Mournfang's Tusks Charge (+1 Damage), Companion	4	4+	2+	1	1

Passive

ALPHA CAVALRY: Those Mournfangs that have risen to the top of the fighting pits have done so by repeatedly charging equally massive rivals head-on and coming out on top.

Effect: The Charge (+1 Damage) weapon ability has no effect on attacks that target this unit.



KEYWORDS

CAVALRY, CHAMPION, MUSICIAN (1/4),
STANDARD BEARER (1/4)
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR,
BEASTCLAW

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

ICEFALL YHETEEES



Icefall Yhetees are savage creatures of the frozen wastelands. They appear from the howling blizzard that follows in the Beastclaw Raiders' wake to hack apart their prey with weapons touched by magical frost.

MELEE WEAPONS	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Claws and Ice-encrusted Weapons	3	4+	3+	1	2

Once Per Turn (Army), Enemy Combat Phase

BOUNDING LEAPS: Adapted to an environment of plunging chasms and sheer cliffs, Icefall Yhetees possess long limbs with corded strength that see them close the distance to their prey in a single mighty bound.

Effect: This unit can move up to 3". It can move through the combat ranges of enemy units and end that move in combat.



KEYWORDS

INFANTRY
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, BEASTCLAW

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

FIREBELLY



Wandering shamans who worship Gorkamorka as the Sun-eater, Firebellies gobble up the spiciest and deadliest ingredients to stoke the flames within their gut. Should a foe stray too close, they will be incinerated by a gout of fiery breath.

 RANGED WEAPONS	Rng	Atk	Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Fire Breath Shoot in Combat	8"	6	2+	3+	-	1
 MELEE WEAPONS	Atk		Hit	Wnd	Rnd	Dmg
Basalt Hammer	3		4+	2+	1	D3

Passive

TORRENT OF FLAME: *The flames spewed by a Firebelly are perfect for incinerating packed formations of infantry.*

Effect: Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of this unit's **Fire Breath** if the target is **INFANTRY**.



KEYWORDS

HERO, WIZARD (1), INFANTRY
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES, OGOR,
GUTBUSTERS

• OGOR MAWTRIBES WARSCROLL •

GREAT MAWPOT



Blessed with the strange, hungry essence of the Gulping God, the Great Mawpot is a mawtribe's most sacred possession. All manner of ingredients are thrown into this metal cauldron and boiled up into a thick magical broth that reinvigorates any ogors who taste it.

The following universal terrain abilities apply to this terrain feature (Terrain, 1.2):

Cover, Impassable

Passive

THROW 'EM IN: *The bludgeoned and hacked remains of dead foes are thrown into the bubbling cauldron to thicken the stew.*

Effect: This **Great Mawpot** is either **full** or **empty**. It starts the battle **full**.

If an enemy model is slain within 12" of this **Great Mawpot** while it is **empty**, it becomes **full**.

Your Hero Phase

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

Effect: If this **Great Mawpot** is **full**, **Heal (D3)** each visible friendly unit wholly within 18" of it. After you have done so, this **Great Mawpot** is **empty**.

Your Hero Phase

VESSEL OF THE GULPING GOD: *Swirling gastromantic fumes emanate from the Great Mawpot when it is full to the brim.*

Declare: If this **Great Mawpot** is **full**, pick a visible friendly **OGOR MAWTRIBES WIZARD** wholly within 3" of it to be the target.

Effect: Add 1 to casting rolls for the target for the rest of the turn.

KEYWORDS

FACTION TERRAIN
DESTRUCTION, OGOR MAWTRIBES