

THE TOME CELESTIAL

The Jaws of Mork are a Squigalanche of such prodigious size that they are more akin to an entire nation of cave-beast riders than a conventional army. This horde of boggle-eyed loons is united by a single deranged desire – to jump clean over the Bad Moon itself. Woe betide any who stand between the grots and their goal.



THE JAWS OF MORK

By Jordan Green and Louis Aguilar

It begins with a shuddering of the ground, faint at first but soon powerful enough to shake peasant hovels apart at the seams. A pall of dank and cloying cave scent wafts across the land, followed by a chorus of hideous growls and whooping, high-pitched cackles. As the ominous celestial entity known as the Bad Moon casts its sickly glare onto the realms below, the Gloomspite Squigalanches crest the horizon. By the time they are spotted, it is already too late to flee. Those in their path must pray to the gods for the strength to endure the maelstrom of bouncing bloodshed these beast-riding grots spread wherever they go.

It would not be beyond the pale to say that all grots are a little bit mad. One would have to be to revel in living amongst the dankest environs imaginable and to worship a maniac moon-god that spreads anarchy and horror in its wake. But even so, there are those grots who prove a few stabbas short of a skrap even by the standards of their kind. These shroom-addled greenskins dedicate their typically short and miserable lives to rearing the deadly cave creatures known as squigs. The most manic will dare to climb atop the bounding beasts, riding them into battle like a bizarre form of shock cavalry. Such grots are capable of sailing right over a shieldwall in a single jump from their mount, and crushing whatever unfortunate they land on to boot. Where these loonatics meet, they form eclectic Squig Rider Stampedes – and when several



Stampedes come together as one, the dreaded Squigalanches are born.

It would be wrong to think of a Squigalanche as a formal army. For starters, the Loonbosses who command these nomadic hordes tend to have very little control over where they and their lads are actually going – that is decided almost entirely by the crazed creatures upon which they ride. Hanging onto a bounding squig while fighting to survive and being under the fevered influence of the Bad Moon is no easy feat, and so few of these grots have time for such things as cunning stratagems or the finer arts of generalship. Only a fool, however, underestimates the raw destructive capacity of a Squigalanche. The sheer force of one's impact can buckle even a determined shieldwall, and that is before the jaws of the squigs set about their grisly work. More dangerous still is the bedlam a Squigalanche spreads by its mere presence. They are nearly impossible to predict on the battlefield, guided by no discernible logic or overarching strategy. Even veteran commanders can find themselves vexed by the disorienting rampages of a Squigalanche, their cunning plans and clever ambushes thwarted and overwhelmed by the mania of the mounted grots.

Over the years since the emergence of the Gloomspite Gitz, many Squigalanches have bounded into infamy across the Mortal Realms. The Badgob Batterers loudly boast to any who will listen of having fought at the side of the

THE TAXONOMY OF THE SQUIG

The archetypal image of a squig is that of a rotund mass of rubbery flesh, typically red in colouration, from which sprouts all manner of strange cave fungi. Their eyes – of which there is no uniform number – are beady and yellow, and aside from two powerful legs their most distinctive feature is an oversized gob full of drool-coated fangs that can punch through even meteoric plate. In size, squigs range from small enough to perch on a leering Loonboss's shoulder to slaving colossi the size of a Sigmarite chapel. Though famed for their ill tempers and a tendency to run rampant at the slightest provocation, squigs fulfil several key roles in Moonclan grot society, and they have done so for as long as any can recall. As well as being beasts of war they also serve as food, ingredients in the fungal brews cooked up by the Madcap Shamans, and on occasion toothy mascots for particularly brave or unwise grot skulkmobs.

As the biggest and baddest Squigalanche around, at least according to the Overbouncer, it is unsurprising that the Jaws of Mork count many breeds of squig amongst their rowdy ranks. The most famous of these is the Yskian Bouncer, known to the grots as the Kommon Git-Snappa. Though similar to the classical cave squig in appearance, these ravenous creatures are suffused with motes of Ghyranite magic that coalesce within the fecund caves of Yska. When coupled with the magically fertile soils of the Yskian Veldt, this strain of squig is bestowed with a truly remarkable ability to grow from fungal spore to full maturity in a matter of days – or even hours, under the gaze of the Bad Moon. It is this quality that has made them the workhorse of the Jaws of Mork. After all, even should a hundred of the beasts fall, there are always more where they came from – much like the grots themselves.





Above: A horde of squig riders from the Jaws of Mork invade the leafy forests of the Everspring Swathe in search of fresh ingredients for their latest madcap concoctions. The Sylvaneth that reside there are less than accommodating.

Loonking himself, while Zaggit and his mounted minions bring war to the Sylvaneth of western Ayadah in search of their mystic treasures. Few Squigalanches, however, have matched the reputation of the Jaws of Mork. Led by a mysterious boss known only as the Overbinder, this vast horde of loons has trampled entire cities beneath their deranged advance. In the pursuit of their singular obsession – to leap right over the Bad Moon itself – they will doubtless crush more still before they are done.

LAND OF BOUNDING DOOM

In Ghyran's Everspring Swathe, across the Potence river that demarcates the boundaries of Thyria, stands the Jade Kingdom of Yska. It is a land of swaying grasses, sloping hills and barren shrub, dotted with glistening lakes and the ruins of fallen civilisations. On its southern shores stand the monasteries of the Deepspring Chanters. Tattooed with swirling viridian sigils, these sages are known to treat with the mysterious water-born naiads that dwell along the archipelagos and within the depths of the Tendril Sea. Many Thyrians risk the journey to seek the wisdom of the Chanters – but any attempt to cross the Yskian Veldt is forever fraught with peril, for this is the bounding ground of the Jaws of Mork.

No outsider knows when the first grots came to the Veldt. Considering their habit of infesting every nook and cranny they can get their grubby little hands on, it is likely they were present before the first human tribes settled the region, but beyond that, all is conjecture. The grots themselves have no real recollection of their earliest days, though this is largely because most grots struggle to remember what they did yesterday. What oral histories they do possess are gabbered at great git-meets when the assembled grot spell-flingers have ingested unfortunate quantities of hallucinogenic deffcaps. These tales tend to vary wildly based on how many weirdly glowing fungi the shaman has stuffed down their gob before commencing. However, these shamans can agree on two things: the Jaws of Mork are the greatest grot horde for leagues around, and that this fact is due in no small part to the apparent favour shown by the Bad Moon.

The shamans of Shivver's Pit proclaim that it was from their lurklair that the first boss of the Jaws, Norg Nasty-necka, rose to infamy. The legend goes that Norg took great umbrage with the passage of the stalker moon Kurnalune through Ghyran's skies each night as it was, to quote the shamans, 'proppa mugging 'im off'. Seeking to imitate his hero Boingob, the godbeast father of

squigs who supposedly attempted to devour the light of Hysh in one massive leap – and burned to a crisp for his efforts, not that Norg really thought too much about that part – the Loonboss fed his giant squig Gitsnappa on an exclusive diet of puffgut-balls and hopsplatter fungus until gastric build-up saw it balloon to an impressive degree. On one particularly dark night, the Loonboss and his squig clambered to the top of the tallest of the Veldt's hills, took two or three probing jumps and launched themselves skyward towards the arcing orbit of Kurnalune. No one is really sure what he intended to achieve through this, though it likely involved stabbing the moon in the back when it wasn't looking. Norg was never seen again, but the Bad Moon was so amused by the whole affair that it has kept a portion of its boggle-eyed gaze on Yska forevermore.

It is possible that there is some truth to this legend. However, given the suspiciously similar moon-jumping motives of Norg and the Overbouncer, it is equally likely that these shamans spread the legend in an effort to curry favour with the renowned boss, or to bolster their own reputations off his success, or simply because they have got their timeline somewhat confused. A more likely explanation is to be found in the qualities of the Yskian Veldt itself – more specifically, within its soil. Whether due to the natural mystical traits of Ghyran, a by-product of rituals performed by ancient druidic civilisations or the enchanted waters of neighbouring Aquia trickling into the land over great distances, the Veldt has always possessed an astounding degree of fertility. Even now armies from the Living City are regularly dispatched to re-colonise the grasses, though thus far they have met with negligible success.

The Bad Moon has risen over the Veldt on numerous occasions, and in doing so wrought great changes. Where once hale crops and swaying wheat-stalks dominated, now mould and fungi sprout in luminous clumps across the plains. The scent of mildew hangs in the air, and much of the life-giving soils possess the consistency of a clammy quagmire, sucking in the unwary and leaving them easy prey for roaming grots and even nastier critters. In this dank environ, the Yskian Bouncer squigs thrive. Already suffused with Ghyranite magics, these beasts grow incredibly swiftly from the mouldering soils of Yska, bursting from fungal sacs before sprinting or hopping great distances to catch up with the erratic rampages of the Jaws of Mork. Even when the Squigalanche passes into other realms these squigs are sure to follow, passing through Realmgates and even active war zones in bizarre and terrifying migrations. How exactly they find their way is unclear, but since the coming of the Overbouncer, more and more

SQUIGS OF THE REALMS – SYARI SCREAMERSQUIGS

The Hyshian Great Nation of Syar is renowned for the quality of its artisans. Its aelven inhabitants craft blades and mystical prisms of breathtaking artistry, spending many mortal lifetimes in pursuit of mastering their art. Some choose to train amid the most rugged and inhospitable regions of their homeland, reasoning that only here can true greatness be brought forth – and amongst other dangers, they must contend with the Syari screamersquigs. These fungal beasts possess a great loathing for light of all kinds; whenever its rays touch them, they will break into ear-splitting howls that can scramble the brains of any who dare too close. Dwelling as they do in Hysh and being regularly hunted by the radiant Lumineth, it is unsurprising that screamersquigs are relatively rare. The greatest bosses of the Jaws of Mork possess a limited number of this strange breed, however, acquired after they pursued the Bad Moon along the Tourmaline Coast. The wisest grots stuff their ears with all sorts of unpleasant waxes – or, alternatively, simply refrain from picking their ears clean until they become naturally clogged – before exposing screamersquigs to the light, using them to overwhelm their foes through sheer auditory onslaught as they bound in for the kill.



have flocked to the Squigalanche's seething mass. This has led to something of a vicious cycle. The Jaws of Mork are a truly vast horde who, in their pursuit of the Bad Moon, have regularly fought beneath its glare and apparently pleased it with their loonatic antics. In turn, this apparent favour leads more and more squigs to bounce into their service, swelling their ranks and increasing the scope of their destructive rampages further still.

TO JUMP DA MOON

Given that grots tend to be a bunch of self-absorbed little hooligans, the fact that the greatest bosses and gitlords from their race's chequered history inevitably become the stuff of awed legends to the greenskins suggests just how dangerous these spiteful champions can be. The Overbouncer – the crazed master of the Jaws of Mork – has already earned his place amongst this veritable rogue's gallery. His origins, however, remain shrouded in mystery. It is known that he bounded over the horizon one loonlit eve, mounted atop the snarling Mangler Squigs Gobbit and Chompa. He defeated the previous overboss of the Jaws of Mork, Rizza da Red, in a deadly race through caverns infested by irate adult scorpisquigs, leaving the screeching Rizza to be viciously stung to death by the creatures. Squigs of all kinds heed his will. Indeed, some

grots claim that the Overbouncer can speak the squigs' growling tongue – and as such they are far more pliable than those of most Squigalanches, albeit still prone to the occasional rampage through hapless grots should the mood strike. Sigmar's Knights Excelsior, Contagiums of Nurgle Rotbringers, even other greenskins who get too big for their iron-shod boots – all have been crushed upon the killing fields of Yska at the command of the Overbouncer.

Gloomspite warlords are prone to displays of ostentation, festooning themselves with all manner of showy gubbinz or granting themselves overblown titles such as Under-Emperor or Great Grotlord. The Overbouncer, however, has taken this one leap further by armouring himself from head to toe – quite literally – in jagged armour and moon-shaped paraphernalia. None have ever seen his face, which the boss-grot claims is quite deliberate. After all, by going 'in cognee toes', there is no way the Bad Moon will be able to see him coming before he leaps straight over it on his trusty Mangler Squigs Gobbet and Chompa. This is the all-consuming obsession of the Overbouncer, and considering that grots are highly impressionable beings, it has become the

obsession of the Jaws of Mork also. Certainly many of the loons that follow in the Overbouncer's wake have been sufficiently awed by the Morkish kunnin' of his 'disguise' that they will do anything he says with only a minor degree of complaining. If there are those who mutter that this intentional obfuscation is to hide the Overbouncer's identity as one who failed beneath the gaze of the Bad Moon before – and didn't have a good enough excuse to offset it – then they are drowned out by the many shrieking converts to the Loonboss's deranged desires.

Just why a grot should want to jump over the Bad Moon is unclear, but the Overbouncer is not the only one seized by this madcap scheme. Most Squigalanches are formed from members of the 'Buvvers of da Biggest Bounce', or more simply 'Loons', nomads who are outcast from wider Gloomspite society due to their moon-jumping – or in the most extreme cases, moon-biting – urges. The Jaws of Mork are no exception to this, and whenever they are encountered by other Moonclan skrapts there are always those grots who become enthused with the need to join in the Loons' bizarre quest. These greenskins will wander into the deepest caves surrounding their

Below: The grot Loonboss known as the Overbouncer leads the Jaws of Mork into battle. Quite where his Mangler Squigs Gobbet and Chompa may take him is anybody's guess, but then perhaps that is part of the Overbouncer's kunnin' strategy ...



lurklairs, searching out the most impressive squigs to ride upon. The fraction who survive will race along upon their new mount after the Jaws of Mork, eager to catch up to the Overbouncer's erratic path.

A SCOURGE OF SQUIGS

It is those travellers and armies who dare cross the Yskian Veldt who have most reason to fear the Jaws of Mork, but they are certainly not the only ones to have suffered at the malicious hands of the grots and the fangs of their unruly mounts. In his quest to leap the Bad Moon, the Overbouncer has directed his followers – as much as their squigs allow, anyway – into the heartlands of Thyria, across living islands to the wider Jade Kingdoms, and even through Realmgates to menace other lands entirely. Where they search, the Bad Moon never seems far away – or perhaps it is the moon that in turn follows after the Jaws of Mork, amused as ever as it watches them reduce everything in their path to dank and mouldering rubble.

It is almost impossible to miss the coming of the Jaws of Mork, though to most, the Squigalanche is less a distinct cultural entity than a manifestation of unthinking ruin come to trample all they know and love. Quite apart from the thunderous shaking of the ground, the presence of the Bad Moon brings with a sense of creeping, cloying malice that drives men to madness. Likely more through luck or the unconscious will of their lunar deity than any tactical sense, the Jaws of Mork tend to attack during the twilit hours. It is here that shadows loom largest and strangest, even before the warping effects of the Bad Moon's gaze are taken into consideration. Animals flee before the Jaws of Mork – or perhaps more accurately, the voracious and unnatural squiggly beasts upon which they ride – in numbers uncountable, and more than one fledgling township of Order has been trampled into oblivion by the moon-crazed stampeding of these beasts alone.

The tactics of the Jaws of Mork are not complex. Chief amongst their strengths is raw numerical might. No matter how many ravening fungal beasts are slain there always seem to be more, a snapping storm of fangs that can drag down even the greatest titans of the battlefield. Where the fighting looks thickest, the Overbouncer directs his Mangler Squig riders and elite – by grot standards – Boingrot Bouncerz to quite literally crush the foe. The vast majority of these bloated beasts are of Yskian Bouncer stock. Whatever magical process sees this class of squig grow to violent maturity so quickly can, if left unchecked, lead them to grow larger and larger in a shockingly swift amount of time, giving the Squigalanche an unparalleled degree of access to squiggly colossi of war. Some wise-grots of the

SQUIGS OF THE REALMS – MOON CITY KLANKASQUIGS

When the sky-port of Barak-Khazzar was overrun by a horde of Gloomspite grots, the vindictive greenskins wasted no time before breaking into the great guild laboratories of the Kharadron and looting their technological gubbinz. Most were soon trashed by the grots, but some were experimented upon more successfully – and thus, the Moon City klankasquigs were born. These half-mechanical monsters are equipped with an arsenal of 'loony know-wotz' that are invariably as dangerous to the riders as they are to the enemy. Fungus-burnas, mecha-chompas, soopa-thrusta-bouncers and many other 'marvels' are crafted by the tech-bosses of Moon City and grafted onto the toughest and surliest squigs, if only to see what they'll do. They are typically employed at the forefront of any siege escalade, since the untried and untested upgrades built into them are capable of blasting a fortress wall to smithereens – along with everything else in the immediate vicinity.



Jaws of Mork attribute this quirk to their steeds being of the lineage of mighty Boingob himself, and none see fit to gainsay the frothing loons on the matter. Gobbit and Chompa, the twin Manglers ridden by the Overbouncer, are certainly fierce enough to claim descent from the godbeast, and they typically leap into battle alongside packs of their oversized kin to form a force of disaster like no other.

The Jaws of Mork originally favoured red garb, a mark of affinity with their voracious mounts. However, given their propensity for picking up other grot mobs wherever they go, much of the Squigalanche still wears the traditional black of the Moonclans – and the Overbouncer has bigger things on his demented mind than enforcing anything so civilised as a uniform. Many Jaws of Mork are eternally covered in a fine coating of dust and stone flakes, a by-product of the Squigalanche's favoured tactic of biting clean through particular weak points in an enemy stronghold – when they can't jump over the walls, that is. Such was the fate of Dreadhold Rarkenfal of northern Yska, its corrugated iron gates devoured in the maws of hundreds of hungry squigs, and the infected Slaves to Darkness slaughtered by the whooping horde of loons as they attempted to reach the highest points of the fortress and leap for the Bad Moon.

KRONIKLES OF CARNAGE

Where the Jaws of Mork ride, anarchy reigns. In their quest to catch up to the Bad Moon they have rendered the Yskian Veldt into a fungus-addled wasteland – and if they are not stopped, then other regions of the realms will surely meet a similar fate.

COMETH THE OVERBOUNDER

The Jaws of Mork have long bounced across the Yskian Veldt in pursuit of the Bad Moon. Their destiny is to change, however, with the rise of the Overbouncer. No grot knows where the Loonboss has come from, and even he has only a vague idea of where he's going. His supremacy is assured however when he defeats the Squigalanche's former leader, Rizza da Red, in a deadly race through caverns filled with incensed scorpisquigs. Those grots who witness this contest swear blind that the Overbouncer spoke to the squigs, sending the venom-dripping beasts after his rival. Through these tales does the legend of the Overbouncer cement itself – though it is also possible that the squigs just took a fancy to Rizza's bright red cloak.

THE TERROR OF YSKA

The Yskian Veldt has long suffered under the grot hordes cavorting across its expanse, but the ascension of the Overbouncer accelerates its degradation to an alarming degree. Whole swathes of grassland are warped and moulded under the gaze of the Bad Moon as it watches the rampages of the ever-growing Squigalanche. A Vanguard Auxiliary Chamber of the Knights Excelsior, under the command of Lord-Aquilor Thraejen, attempts to collar the rabble-rousing loons by launching a deadly ambush – only to find that they have engaged merely the rearguard of the vast horde, as the main body of the Squigalanche turns about and tramples them into the mire.

WOZZIK'S BIG ADVENTURE

As the Jaws of Mork bound into northern Yska, a Squig Stampede under the control of Loonboss Wozzik are lured into a creeping forest by strange lights. Bouncing through a concealed Realmgate, the grots find themselves in the Magthar Mountains of Hallost – Shyish's Land of Dead Heroes. Jagged shivs are immediately drawn as the grots blame one another and debate what to do; some wish to head north and join up with the great orruk warlord Dakkbad, while others point out that the Ironsunz boss proudly boasts the epithet of 'Grotkicker'. The matter is resolved, however, as the Bad Moon rises over the Endless Boneyard that lies beyond the mountains. The Stampede begins to leap through the canyons of the Magthar Mountains,



and in some cases straight over the heads of the bemused Alarith warriors who maintain Lumineth shrines in the peaks and have mustered to repulse the greenskins. Wozzik and his lads are never seen again. A few weeks later, however, a scouting party dispatched by the Swordthegn Conclave – the leaders of Hallost's mortal communities – discover the mouldering remains of a Khornate war party that would soon have violently spilled into the civilised lands around Vaddenheim. Many of their number have clearly been crushed flat by some great force from above, or otherwise bitten in half by great fang-filled maws.

DA GRAND JOUST

Crashing their way through the Middle Mountains of Ayadah, the vanguard of the Jaws of Mork are confronted by a horde of Boingrot Bounders naming themselves the Loonking's Lancers. Skragrott has heard of the Overbouncer's apparent favour with the Bad Moon, and he demands the Loonboss's service. The Overbouncer is not inclined to acquiesce. A bizarre battle soon commences as squig riders launch themselves at one another, accidentally careen into their allies, or bound off on different trajectories altogether – including right into the reclaimed Dispossessed Fortress of Ghuzgarm that has the

misfortune of being caught up in the middle of the grots' bickering. Eventually the Jaws of Mork manage to outpace the Loonking's Lancers, who are left to simmer and gripe in the ruin of Ghuzgarm. Though casualties on both sides are heavy, so many grots forget which faction they were supposed to be fighting for during the carnage that neither force actually sees much of a reduction in strength when all is said and done.

THE JAWS CLOSE

While battling against the Ghyran Guard Stormhost on the banks of the Potence river, inspiration strikes the Overbouncer as though a Colossal Squig had leapt from atop a mountain and onto his head. The storm-touched warriors of the Hammer God, as the grots know Sigmar, don't stick around after being shanked or trampled, but instead blast up into the heavens. Those greenskins who have tunnelled into the God-King's cities even report that there are great shiny castles from which these warriors travel to and from the stars. If the Overbouncer could somehow follow in their wake, then he could catch the Bad Moon from an unexpected angle. Like the first stones of an escalating avalanche the outriders of the Jaws of Mork turn north, towards the Living City deep in Thyria – for there the Overbouncer intends to put his fiendish plot into action.



JAWS OF MORK ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

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

ABILITIES

Running Riot: *The Jaws of Mork are all too eager to unleash themselves upon the enemy, for the sooner they begin their rampage, the sooner they can catch up to the Bad Moon and leap right over it.*

You can re-roll the roll that determines the Move characteristic of friendly SQUIG units.

COMMAND ABILITY

'Get Some Loonshine Down 'Em!': *The strange fungal growths that sprout across the Yskian Veldt are used by the Jaws of Mork to work their mightiest war beasts into a terrible, heedless frenzy.*

You can use this command ability at the start of any phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly JAWS OF MORK MANGLER SQUIGS model. Until the end of that phase, use the top row on that model's damage table, regardless of how many wounds it has suffered.

COMMAND TRAIT

A JAWS OF MORK general must have this command trait instead of one listed on pages 62-63 of *Battletome: Gloomspite Gitz*.

Envoy of the Overbouncer: *The presence of the Overbouncer, or one of his favoured bosses, sees the manic and disorganised Jaws of Mork fight with something almost approaching focused courage. Almost.*

You can re-roll failed battleshock tests for friendly JAWS OF MORK units wholly within 12" of this general.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first JAWS OF MORK HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given a Syari Screamer squig.

Syari Screamer squig: *This rare breed of squig screams incessantly when exposed to light, startling even the most resolute warriors and leaving them vulnerable to a sneaky shivving.*

At the start of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy HERO within 3" of the bearer. If you do so, until your next hero phase, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by the bearer that target that HERO.

WARSCROLL UPDATE – BAD MOON LOONSHRINE

Add the scenery rule below to the Bad Moon Loonshrine scenery warscroll (this affects all Bad Moon Loonshrines, not just those included in armies that have been given the JAWS OF MORK keyword).

Swarms of Lair Lurkers: *The greatest Squigalanches are constantly pursued by packs of slaving cave-beasts that pour from deep and dark places to join in with the carnage.*

If your general has the SQUIG keyword, after you set up this terrain feature, you can replace its Moonclan Lairs ability with:

'At the end of each of your turns, you can pick 1 friendly SQUIG HERD, SQUIG HOPPERS or BOINGROT

BOUNDERZ unit that has been destroyed. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 4+, a new replacement unit with half of the models from the unit that was destroyed (rounding fractions up) is added to your army. You must set up the replacement unit wholly within 12" of a friendly BAD MOON LOONSHRINE and more than 3" from any enemy units. Each destroyed unit can only be replaced once – replacement units cannot themselves be replaced.'

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

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

JAWS OF MORK WARSCROLL BATTALION

MOON-JUMPER STAMPEDE

ORGANISATION

A Moon-Jumper Stampede consists of the following units:

- 2-3 JAWS OF MORK Squig Hoppers units or JAWS OF MORK Boingrot Bounderz units in any combination
- 0-1 JAWS OF MORK Mangler Squigs

ABILITIES

Crushing Gobs: *The fertile soil of Yska produces not only boulder squigs of immense size, but also beasts with overwhelming power in their fang-lined jaws.*

Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of Fang-filled Gob, Massive Fang-filled Gob and Huge Fang-filled Gobs weapons used by units from this battalion if they made a charge move in the same turn.

JAWS OF MORK WARSCROLL BATTALION

MOON-BITER SQUIGALANCHE

ORGANISATION

A Moon-Biter Squigalanche consists of the following units:

- 1 JAWS OF MORK Loonboss on Mangler Squigs or JAWS OF MORK Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig
- 0-3 JAWS OF MORK Loonbosses on Giant Cave Squigs
- 1+ Moon-Jumper Stampedes
- 1-3 JAWS OF MORK Mangler Squigs
- 0-2 JAWS OF MORK Squig Herd units

ABILITIES

Overbounding Loonatics: *The beady-eyed hooligans of a Moon-Biter Squigalanche lunge at the enemy as if they were the Bad Moon itself.*

After armies have been set up but before the first battle round begins, up to D3 units from this battalion can move up to 6". If both players can move units after armies have been set up, the players must roll off, and the winner chooses who moves their units first.

WARSCROLL	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
Moon-Jumper Stampede	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	
Moon-Biter Squigalanche	-	-	90	Warscroll Battalion	

PAINTING SQUIG HOPPERS

Everyone loves squigs, right? Studio painter James Perry certainly does. He's created two stage-by-stage painting guides for Squig Hoppers, one using the classic method, the other using Contrast paints. Here's what he's got to say about them.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: Squig Hoppers are pretty quick and easy models to paint, as they are predominantly just three colours – red, green and black (or whatever three colours you choose to paint them in). In fact, they're the perfect models to paint in batches of five, ten or even more. By the time you've finished the last model in the batch, you

can start the next colour on the first model. You should even be able to apply washes pretty quickly this way.

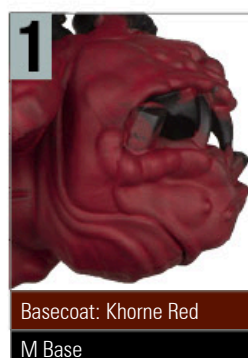
For the classic painting style, I used Chaos Black spray, since most of the model will be pretty dark. I started with the red squig skin first since it's the largest part of the

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James painted a Squig Hopper to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.



SQUIG FLESH



GROT SKIN

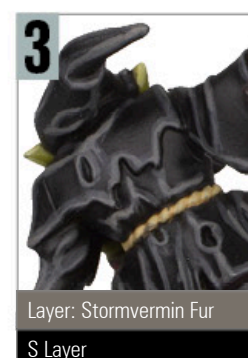
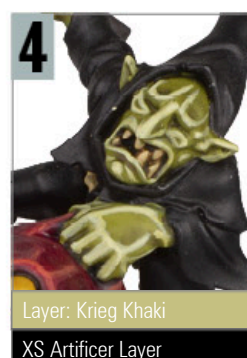


ROBES & CLAWS



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the Battle Ready Squig Hopper and made him Parade Ready.



model, and I used Druchii Violet to shade it instead of Nuln Oil to give it a more natural tone (if angry red skin can be described as natural).

TOP TIP

I found the best way to paint Squig Hoppers is to adopt a basecoat, wash, basecoat, wash approach. That way you can apply a main colour, then shade it, then apply another main colour and shade that, too. You'll end up with a Battle Ready unit of models very quickly this way.

ANOTHER TOP TIP

When highlighting the grot's skin, use the natural ridges and crevices in its face to determine where you place your highlights. Grots have really expressive faces, so if you place your highlights on its brow, nose, cheeks and chin, you really can't go far wrong. You can use the same logic to paint the squig's face, too.

ALTERNATIVE SQUIG COLOUR SCHEMES

If you're after a few alternative colour schemes or painting techniques for squigs, then why not take a look at the Warhammer TV channel on YouTube? There are loads of instructional videos on there, including squig skin, Mangler Squigs and squig lips and gums. There are also videos for Zarbag's Gitz and Moonclan Grot skin and robes, not to mention countless Ork and orruk videos that you could use for inspiration.



WOOD	DIRTY SILVER	SQUIG GUMS	TEETH & BONES	PURPLE SHROOMS	SQUIG EYES
1 Basecoat: Dryad Bark S Base	1 Basecoat: Iron Warriors M Base	1 Basecoat: Screamer Pink M Layer	1 Basecoat: Morghast Bone S Layer	1 Basecoat: Grey Seer S Base	1 Basecoat: Averland Sunset S Layer
2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Glaze	2 Wash: Nuln Oil M Shade	2 Wash: Druchii Violet M Glaze	2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade M Glaze	2 Wash: Druchii Violet M Shade	2 Wash: Seraphim Sepia M Glaze
3 Layer: Baneblade Brown S Layer	3 Layer: Ironbreaker M Layer	3 Layer: Pink Horror S Layer	3 Layer: Ushabti Bone S Layer	3 Layer: Grey Seer S Layer	3 Layer: Yriel Yellow XS Artificer Layer
4 Layer: Karak Stone XS Artificer Layer		4 Layer: Kislev Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: White Scar XS Artificer Layer	4 Layer: Abaddon Black XS Artificer Layer

CONTRAST STYLE

James: I painted the Contrast-style Squig Hopper using a similar process to the classic style, starting with the squig's skin, then the grot and his robes.

I undercoated this model with Wraithbone spray, then set straight to work painting the squig's skin with Flesh Tearers Red. It's important that you use the right amount of Contrast paint for this stage. Not enough and it will look patchy and you might miss bits of the squig (such as around the rider's hand). Too much and it will run down the squig's leg and onto the scenic base. My advice here is to dip the first few millimetres of a M Shade brush into your pot, then drag the bristles past the lip of the pot as you withdraw it. This should ensure that there's still plenty of paint on the brush, but not too much as to make a mess when it's applied.

Talking of making a mess, it's likely at this stage that some Flesh Tearers Red will get onto the grot's skin. If it does, simply re-basecoat the skin with Wraithbone. Don't be tempted to try and paint the Militarum Green over it like you would with regular Base paints. Contrast paints are translucent, not opaque, so any red you have on the skin will show through the Militarum Green, resulting in a brown mess. Tidy up, then Contrast: that's the best way to get great results.

On that note, when working with Contrast paints, it's worth starting with a fairly large brush, then working down in size as you get to the smaller areas of a model. As you can see from the swatches below, I tend to use a M Glaze brush for the smaller details as it offers better control than a M Shade brush, and you don't use as much paint.

BATTLE READY
Using mostly Contrast paints over a Wraithbone undercoat, James painted this Squig Hopper to Battle Ready status.



SQUIG FLESH



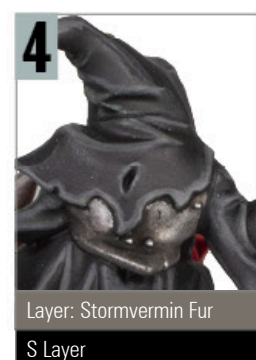
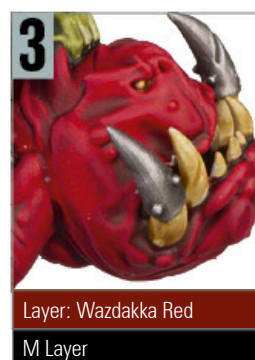
GROT SKIN



ROBES & CLAWS



PARADE READY
With a couple of extra highlights, James took the Contrast-painted Squig Hopper and made him Parade Ready.



TOP TIP

For the grot's black robes, use two coats of Black Templar to really build up the depth of colour. Don't be tempted to use one thick coat, though, or, as I mentioned earlier, you'll just end up with paint everywhere.

ANOTHER TOP TIP

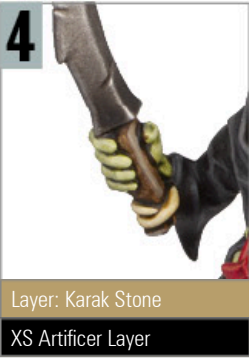
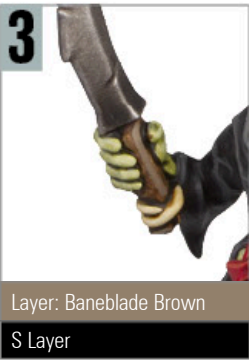
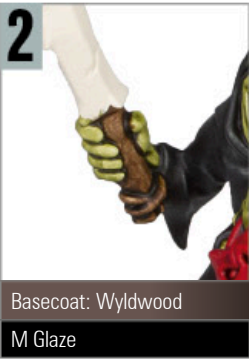
Classic paints and Contrast paints don't have to be used exclusive from one another on a miniature. It might be that you like the flesh colours of the Contrast squig, but the skin tone of the Classic grot. Or vice versa. You can even use Contrast paints over Base paints (such as Militarum Green over Death Guard Green) to achieve different results. Greenskins and their beasts come in all shades, so mixing up the colours and styles you use on a unit is a great way to make them really stand out.

CAVE BASES

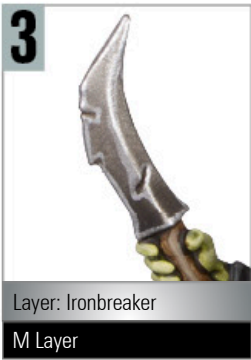
James didn't want to use grass on the bases of these Squig Hoppers, as he imagined them to be fighting underground where there are all kinds of bioluminescent plants. Instead, he took a frame of Barbed Bracken and sprayed it with Grey Seer. Next, he covered the plants in Aethermatic Blue while they were still on the frame. Once the Contrast paint was dry, he clipped the plants off the frame, glued them to the base and highlighted them with Blue Horror.



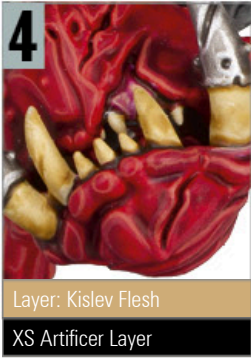
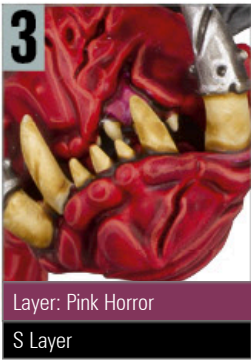
WOOD



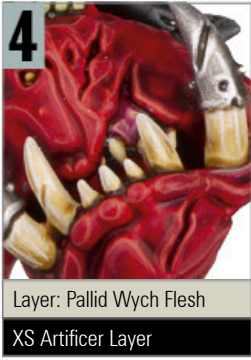
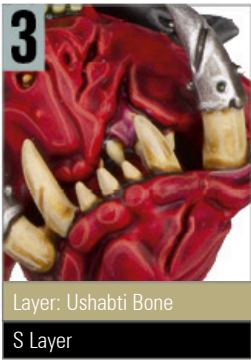
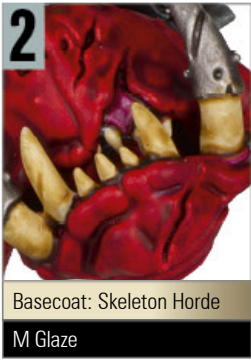
DIRTY SILVER



SQUIG GUMS



TEETH & BONES



PURPLE SHROOMS



SQUIG EYES

