

Colossal Squig

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Unit	Points
4D6	2	0	6	6	6	1	D6	3	Monster	1	135

SPECIAL RULES

Large Target, Terror, Random Movement (4D6), Falls Apart & Dinner's Dinner!

Falls Apart: When a Colossal Squig dies it collapses in a tide of offal and half-digested meat. Every model in base contact with it suffers an automatic Strength 3 hit.

Dinner's Dinner!: When the Colossal Squig's random movement brings it into contact with a unit, either friend or foe, it will attack it normally as if it were an enemy, and counts as charging that unit. This combat will continue until resolved normally. These appalling creatures are too dull-witted and hungry to care otherwise!

All around Sir Morholt the ground trembled and heaved like a storm-driven sea, loose stones pelted his armour and the world was filled with a terrible grinding sound. Before him the small hill rippled and twisted, as though it sought to free itself from the earth that had created it. Goblins fled from around its base, throwing aside their weapons in their haste and wailing in abject terror. Several were crushed by falling boulders dislodged from the hill's flanks by its violent shaking before they could disappear into the safety of the nearby forest, leaving Sir Morholt alone in the face of the earth's fury.

With a final resounding ground-shaking crunch the entire hill tore itself free of the ground, the cave at its base crumbling away to reveal an immense gaping maw packed full of teeth that might once have been mistaken for stalactites and stalagmites. Then, as a pair of pale, wart-speckled legs unfolded beneath it, the dirt and rock that had once been a hill sloughed away, littering the ground with rubble and revealing the horrific creature that had been trapped within. Revealed in the light of the sun it resembled a huge ball of mottled rubbery flesh, punctuated by a pair of tiny black eyes and a vast mouth that stretched the width of its bloated body. Taking a single lumbering step forwards the creature loomed over Morholt, eclipsing the sun with its bulk, and he stood beneath it alone, in a deserted canyon, lost in the wasteland that was the Grey Mountains.

This was not how Sir Morholt, a questing knight of Bretonnia who had trained since he was a boy in the finest traditions of chivalry, expected to meet his end. In the glorious tales he had listened to as a youth many a knight had perished at the hands of such a terrible beast. However those heroes stood against majestic dragons, defending villages full of grateful peasants; or fought regal griffons amidst blood-soaked battlefields. Though they died they were all immortalised in tale and song. But Morholt had been ambushed on the way to the battlefield. His proud war horse had been slain in a pit trap left by a band of scrawny Goblins, his companions either killed by a cowardly rain of arrows or bound and tossed into the gaping mouth of the hill that became a monster. Only the Lady knew how long the Goblins had been ambushing travellers and feeding them to their entombed behemoth.

Now, standing alone before the ungainly hulk Sir Morholt was filled with despair. Now he would never be part of an epic tale, never be known far and wide for his heroics. No worthy dragon or graceful griffon would end his life, only this wart-ridden monstrosity, a creature fed and worshipped by pathetic Goblins. Despair turned to anger and Morholt tightened his grip on his sword. Raising the blade high he summoned up all his rage and let forth a mighty shout, charging bravely towards the monster.

Despite Morholt's brave charge, yelling defiantly with the sun gleaming on his armour, the creature barely seemed to notice him, half blind in the sun after its long incarceration. Morholt careened towards the beast, hacking frenziedly at its legs and cutting into the rubbery flesh of the limbs. With viscous ooze dripping from its wounds, the great squig became aware of its ant-like tormentor and staggered backwards a few thunderous steps so that it could see Morholt past its own cylindrical bulk. Morholt, seeing the creature retreat, was filled with hope. Sword held poised in front of him and a prayer to the Lady on his lips he sprang forwards and prepared to deal the monstrous Squig a vital blow. The beast, vision still blurred in the bright sunlight, was confronted by the sight of the knight flying towards it and stretched wide its jagged-toothed maw. With a single gulp and a surprised yelp Morholt vanished from sight.

A few moments passed, the clearing suddenly quiet in the battle's aftermath, and then a tremendous belch rang forth from the Squig's gargantuan jaws, shaking the distant trees and spraying the clearing with stinking saliva. With a dull clang Morholt's sword fell to earth, lying forlornly amidst the rubble of the Squig's emergence. The monster regarded the blade thoughtfully, then prodded it with one immense foot. When it neither moved nor cried out it decided it was probably not food and ambled ponderously towards the darkened shadows of the forest.