



the BELL TOWER



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SPECIAL THANKS TO:
HAMMERTOOTH FOR THE
NAME, OUR SUPPORTERS,
AND YOU FOR READING!

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TROUBLEMAKERS AND GUTLESS OGRES WILL BE THROWN INTO THE GORGER PIT.

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FROM THE GUT



It was five years ago when I first discovered the **Ogre Kingdoms**. I loved the imagery, the models, and the idea of hulking monsters chasing down and eating dainty elves. Flash forward two years - I cleaned the layer of dust from my **OK** army book and went in search of the fantastical fatties on the internet. It wasn't long before I stumbled upon the **Ogre Stronghold** and my love of both Ogres and Warhammer took hold on my life.

The **Ogre Stronghold** is a rarity on the web - a collection of individuals from all over the world who gather to discuss their interests without placing judgement on one another. Rare are the "flame wars" and if they do occur they are quickly resolved while stronger bonds are formed in the process. Why is the **Ogre Stronghold** free of such influences while a majority of the WHFB fan sites devolve into one word posts, diatribes against armies, lists, community members, GW, etc? Is it the good natured Ogre banter and sense of self-preservation that comes from being a fan and collector of the **OK** army? Perhaps. Is it the sanctity and peace of mind that comes from being with other gut-minded individuals? Yes, you won't find a community more driven to make the **OK** army a force to be reckoned with on the tabletop. But it isn't just these things that make the Stronghold great - it is the constant, and seemingly limitless, amount of talent on display across all disciplines of the hobby.

It wasn't long after I proposed the creation of an Ogre webzine that I was bombarded by offers of help from talented individuals of all kinds. Writers, artists, modeling, painting, sculpting, the list goes on and on. At first, I was taken aback by the talent on display, but then it occurred to me - this is exactly what makes the **Ogre Stronghold** great! You have both novice and expert hobbyists working side by side, both contributing to something greater than their tabletop force can manage.

Hopefully we've managed to capture some of that community spirit in this first issue of the **Bellower**. Much like Stronghold itself we have a bit of everything in this first issue, and we're still learning and refining our craft. So here's to a new year and the new opportunities it may bring for the **OK** army and the **Ogre Stronghold**. Whether you are a new Ogre player looking for some tips and ideas, an experienced Tyrant looking to share their wisdom, or a mere thinling with but a spark of interest for Ogres in your gut, we'll be happy to welcome you within the Stronghold's virtual walls. We hope to see you soon!

- **Randroid**

Ask Aunty Doreen



Is smashing your problems with a club not working? Never fear - Aunty Doreen offers her decades of experience and advice as the most beloved and famous Ogre den-mother in the Mountains of Mourn. If you have a question for Aunty Doreen send an email or cave scrawl to the bellower@ogrestronghold.com and we'll pass it along. And now on to your questions!

Dear Aunty Doreen,

My Gnoblar's are getting out of hand! I've tried eating a few as an example to the rest, but they still won't do what I want them to do - can you help me?

- Anonymous

Greenskins are like that. Ogres don't eat many Gnob's 'cause they're too runty, but that doesn't mean they shouldn't know better! Yer Gnob's are either too runty to know better, or too big to listen! It's easier to teach runty Gnob's; just keep squashin' 'em 'til one of 'em listens, and soon the rest will too! Big Gnob's aren't so easy to learn - they think because they're big, they're tough. Gob's and Orcs think like that, too. Try and throw 'em hard as you can. If they don't fly very far you know you got big Gnob's. Most Gnob's that size run off to join a pack of Gnoblar Fighters, but if they don't... well, a big Gnob still ain't too runty not to eat anymore, is he?

Dear Aunty Doreen,

My beloved son Burp is currently one of our finest bellowers. However puberty is inevitable. What career advice can you give him? According to my man he can always go as a gorger. Please help me.

- Burb's mum

Bellowing is talent for noise, not tone. Puberty'll make his voice deeper, more bullish! Not sure why yer mate thinks he should be a Gorger... does Burp have a gut? If not, maybe the Maw would like to hear him sing.

As a fat-thing, I was wondering what our great-greatest weaknesses as a whole are. Is it our all-consuming hunger, our weight-weight problems, our sheer-sheer inferiority to the Skaven, or something else-else?

Please find-find enclosed a large chunk of rhinox meat. It isn't poisoned or anything like-like that, so eat as much-much as you want.

Sincerely,
Not-A-Skaven

That meat tasted pretty funny. And your name is pretty funny. Well, send more rhinox if you get the chance. Doreen's brother Borg is a Butcher and he loved it. He especially liked that you didn't poison it, though he would like to know what "spices" you used, because he thought they were very weak.

Ogre weaknesses are hard to figure out. I guess our biggest weakness is thinling races, especially small thinlings like Gob's or Skavens. They are so small we often step on dem. Sometimes we step on lots of Skavens, especially when we charge. Then the ugly rats get crushed, flattened, mashed, smashed, and squished. It gets really messy. We usually have rat soup after that battle. Lots of rat soup.

Thank you all for your questions! Be sure to come back with more questions, and meat, and I'll set you all straight.

♥AUNTY DOREEN♥



10 REASONS TO START YOUR OWN OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY

"OGRES ARE TERRIBLE!" "THEY AREN'T COMPETITIVE!" "THIS ARMY IS BETTER!"

YEAH, YEAH... AT THE OGRE STRONGHOLD WE'VE HEARD IT ALL. THE INTERNET IS FULL OF REASONS WHY YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY AN OGRE ARMY, BUT HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHY YOU SHOULD? WELL THE OGRES OF THE STRONGHOLD HAVE AND WE'VE COME UP WITH 10 REASONS TO START YOUR OWN OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY TODAY. HERE THEY ARE - IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER:

GREAT VALUE

WITH A HIGH POINT COST AND LOW MODEL COUNT, FIELDING AN OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY IS AS EASY AS BUYING A BATTALION BOX SET. WITH THE PURCHASE OF A FEW CHARACTER MODELS, OR SOME MINOR CONVERSIONS FROM THE BATTALION BOX, YOU CAN EASILY FIELD AN ARMY OF 500 TO 1,000 POINTS.

A UNIQUE ARMY UNLIKE ANY OTHER

WHILE MANY ARMIES FEATURE MONSTROUS INFANTRY OF SOME KIND, THERE IS NO ARMY QUITE LIKE THE OGRE KINGDOMS. WITH THEIR HIGH TOUGHNESS, STRENGTH, MULTIPLE WOUNDS, HIGH MOVEMENT, AND FEAR CAUSING TROOPS, OGRES PRESENT A UNIQUE WAY OF PLAYING THE GAME - BOTH GOOD AND BAD.

OGRE MODELS ARE EASY TO CONVERT

EVERY OGRE MODEL OFFERS OPPORTUNITIES FOR CUSTOMIZATION AND CONVERSION MORE EASILY THAN A SIMILAR SIZE FORCE OF RANKED TROOPS. THE LARGER MODEL SIZE MAKES IT EASY TO CREATE AN ARMY OF UNIQUE OGRES WHILE STILL PRESENTING A UNIFIED THEME. WITH MOST OF THE MODEL RANGE AVAILABLE IN PLASTIC, AND THE LARGER SIZE OF EACH MODEL, CONVERTING OGRES IS SOMETHING EVERY HOBBYIST CAN ENJOY - BOTH NOVICE AND EXPERT ALIKE.

IF YOU LOVE CLOSE COMBAT

OGRES MEET ALL CHALLENGES HEAD ON. IF IT CAN'T BE BEATEN INTO SUBMISSION OR EATEN IT PROBABLY ISN'T A FIGHT WORTH HAVING. WITH SOME OF THE HARDEST HITTING CHARACTERS IN THE GAME, OGRES CAN TAKE A BEATING WHILE STILL DISHING OUT PLENTY OF DAMAGE ON THEIR OWN. NONE OF THESE FANCY "STUBBORN" OR "UNBREAKABLE" TROOPS IN OUR ARMY. JUST A BUNCH OF HUNGRY BRUTES WITH CLUBS AND A NEED TO HIT SOMETHING SMALLER THAN THEMSELVES.

THE FEW, THE PROUD, THE OGRES

EVEN THE BEST MATCH UP CAN GO WRONG BUT OGRES ARE A SPECIAL BREED ALMOST EVERY OTHER ARMY IN THE GAME IS CONSIDERED MORE "POWERFUL" BY TODAY'S TOURNAMENTS AND EVENTS STANDARDS. DON'T DESPAIR! WHILE YOUR ARMY MIGHT NOT HAVE THE "INSTANT WIN" CAPABILITY OF OTHERS, YOU WILL LIKELY BE THE ONLY OGRE GENERAL IN YOUR GAMING GROUP, CLUB, OR TOURNAMENT.

AT MANY "COMP" SCORED EVENTS THIS CAN BE A SIGNIFICANT ADVANTAGE, SO DON'T BE AFRAID TO MAKE USE OF IT! OGRES NEED EVERY BIT OF HELP THEY CAN GET!



FUN TO PLAY

FROM LEADBELCHERS FIRING HANDHELD CANNONS, TO GNOBLARS BICKERING OVER SOMETHING SHINY ON THE GROUND, THE OGRE KINGDOMS ARMY BOOK IS FULL OF DARK COMEDY.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A FUN ARMY TO BUILD, PLAY, PAINT, AND COLLECT (AND DON'T WANT TO DEAL WITH THE ANIMOSITY OF THE ORCS AND GOBLINS) LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE OGRE KINGDOMS!

IF YOU LIKE BLOOD AND GORE

THE OGRE KINGDOMS HISTORY AND "FLUFF" IS NOT WHAT MOST PLAYERS WOULD CALL "DELIGHTFUL". FULL OF GENOCIDE, CANNIBALISM, RITUAL SACRIFICE, MURDER, AND SLAVERY, OGRES AREN'T WELL KNOWN FOR BEAUTY OR THEIR GOOD NATURED ATTITUDE. BEST OF ALL, ON OGRES BLOOD LOOKS GREAT AND FITS THEMATICALLY.

WINNING IS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT

THERE IS NO WAY AROUND IT... OGRES ARE NOT THE MOST POWERFUL ARMY IN THE GAME. USE THIS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO LEARN THE SUBTLE NUANCES AND LESSONS FROM THE "SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS".

EASY TO TRANSPORT

DUE TO THEIR LARGE SIZE AND LOW MODEL COUNT, TRANSPORTING YOUR OGRE KINGDOM ARMY IS FAR EASIER THAN A TYPICAL ARMY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO MESS WITH BULKY MOVEMENT TRAYS, FINICKY MODEL PLACEMENT, OR SPECIAL TRANSPORT OPTIONS.

FEWER MODELS ALSO MEANS LESS PARTS TO MAGNETIZE IF YOU ARE A WYSIWIG FANATIC. BETTER YET, OGRES DON'T HAVE A LOT OF OPTIONS TO WORRY ABOUT REPRESENTING!

GAIN NEW INSIGHT FROM EACH LOSS AND SAVOR EVERY HARD FOUGHT VICTORY. THAT IS ONE THING YOU CAN BE GUARANTEED WHILE PLAYING YOUR OGRE ARMY - YOU'VE EARNED IT.

MAN BOOBS

WHILE "MAN BOOBS" MIGHT NOT BE THE BEST REASON, IT IS SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO COME TO TERMS WITH AT SOME POINT DURING THE CONVERSION AND PAINTING OF YOUR FORCE. BEST TO ACCEPT THE "MOOB". EMBRACE IT AND BE PROUD! OGRES HAVE SOME MARVELOUS MAN BOOBS.

CARPE NOCTEM

www.vampirecounts.net



BIG NAMES

MEET HRAGGED - OVERTYRANT OF THE STRONGHOLD

INTERVIEW BY BARNEY



In this first edition of Big Names we'll be interviewing an Ogre who has done much for the popularization of the Ogre Kingdoms. Without him, the Ogre web community as we know it today might not exist. Meet Hragged, founder and Overtyrant of the Ogre Stronghold!

I guess my first question will be quite obvious. When and why did you start with Warhammer?

I started playing Warhammer when I was 11 years old, back in 1995. A few friends from school introduced me to the game, and I was quickly hooked. My first purchase was a box of plastic Orcs (single pose warriors and archers) for £5 from my local Toys 'R Us on the way home from school.

What armies have you played over the years?

Orcs and Goblins, Empire, Skaven, Dogs of War, Vampire Counts, Hordes of Chaos, Lizardmen, Slayers (during the Storm of Chaos campaign) and Ogre Kingdoms. I've also dabbled with a number of other Games Workshop games over the years, including Gorkamorka, Mordheim (including a spin-off game I helped write, based on Robert Jordan's Wheel of Time novels), Battlefleet Gothic, Inquisitor and Warhammer 40K (used to play Orks and Necrons a few years ago).

What got you to play Ogres? What do you love and hate about the fatties? How many Ogres (points-wise) do you own?

The concept of an army of monsters was what first attracted me to the Ogre Kingdoms. Ogres and Giants had already found their way into many of my previous armies, I've always had a soft spot for them.

What do I love about Ogres? They're big, ugly, and a whole lot of fun! What's not to love? Seriously though, I think Games Workshop did a particularly great job with their background. I especially like the culture-absorbing nature of the Ogre race as it allows plenty of room for players to be creative. I'm also a big fan of very characterful miniatures, and there are plenty of those in the current and past Ogre ranges (my favorites include many of the 1985 Giant Ogres sculpted by Jes Goodwin and the Maneaters from the current). Ogres happen to be one of the most inexpensive armies to collect too, which is nice!

As for things I dislike about the Ogre Kingdoms army, I can't say I enjoy the amount of mould lines on the Gnoblar Fighters miniatures – don't think I could cope with putting together another unit! I also wouldn't mind a few extra poses for the plastic Ogre Bulls, considering those two Ogre bodies are used for the majority of the Ogres in a standard Ogre Kingdoms army. Rules-wise, I'd argue that there are too many army composition restrictions when putting together an Ogre army list.

Moving on to my collection, my first Ogre Kingdoms army (named the Thundercats Tribe) didn't really get very far, as I'd quickly had second thoughts about the theme (it was going to be a Hunter heavy army - not the best idea!). I reached around 1,500pts of Thundercats before I sold them and moved on to my next army, the Metal Manglers.

The Metal Manglers, led by Morgut the Mighty, have seen the most battles out of all my Ogre Kingdoms armies to date. They grew to roughly 2,500pts, and accompanied me to a couple of tournaments. They were eventually sold to help fund my third Ogre Kingdoms army.

My third and final Ogre Kingdoms army is a work in progress, and by far the most enjoyable of all my collections. I started delving into the back catalogue of Games Workshop Ogre miniatures about a year ago, and have been slowly tracking down and purchasing many classics. The army is basically one big museum of old and new miniatures - a real mix of stuff that I plan to bring together with the Stronghold's colors. This is the army of the Stronghold – a force comprised of Ogres from many Tribes.

What is your best and worst gaming experience with Ogres?

Best gaming moments and Gnoblars seem to go hand-in-hand I think – it's always great when the little blighters do something unexpected like taking down something big and nasty with sharp stuff, or when they withstand a charge from a block of Knights, win the combat, and run the armoured gitz down.

My worst experience was probably when my Ogres faced a Clan Eshin Skaven army (a Storm of Chaos list) at a local tournament. My opponent was great, but the army was a total nightmare for my Ogres. Specifically the Skitterleaping Skaven character kitted out perfectly for taking on multi-wound critters. He'd Skitterleap into combat, rip an Ogre unit apart, and before I could react he'd Skitterleap somewhere else on the board into another unit. It was a slaughter! My poor Tyrant had awful trouble getting anything in his charge arc, while the Skaven danced around him, pelting him with all manner of wicked things. He was last to fall though.

Do you prefer tournament competitiveness or are you a casual gamer?

I haven't played at many tournaments, though I'd certainly like to take part in more. My highest placing with Ogre Kingdoms was twelfth.

Unfortunately, big tournaments have been quite rare where I live compared to other parts of the UK, but I keep an eye on the tournament scene via the Internet nonetheless.

Tell us a little about your favorite army composition and tactics.

Like most Ogre Kingdoms players, I was a devout follower of the MSU (multiple small units) approach for the majority of the last five years. However, with the changes made to various Thinling armies via new army books, I'm now much fonder of paradigm shift/deathstar lists with no Butchers. See the Paradigm Shift topic on the Stronghold forum for more info!

What led you to create the Ogre Stronghold website?

It was a combination of my interest in the Ogre Kingdoms army when the first rumours broke, a desire to have somewhere online to discuss the new army with other fans without having to wade through all the negativity (there was a lot of it in those days), curiosity into how to build a website, and a lot of free time...

The beginnings are always hard. Tell us something about the earliest history of the Stronghold.

The hardest part of building the Stronghold in the early days was teaching myself how to code in HTML. When I started out, the only knowledge I had of web design was from experimenting with Yahoo! GeoCities, which meant I had close to no experience whatsoever!

I cheated a bit with version 1 of the Stronghold, in that it started out as a free forum which was set up and hosted by a third party. However, this proved to be a great help with learning what various pieces of code meant. Using the guide documents provided by the forum host, I was soon able to tweak the code that determined the forum layout, and thus version 2 of the Stronghold was born!

Once I'd reached this level of understanding, I felt confident enough to buy some web space and have a go at expanding the Stronghold beyond just a forum, creating pages on which I could display members' miniatures, articles etc, and I eventually learned how to install forum software too (thanks to Bugman over at Bugman's Brewery).

Over the years and various versions of the Stronghold website, I continued to expand my coding knowledge to the point where I'm now building and maintaining websites for a living, so my learning experience with the Stronghold has had a pretty big impact on my life.

The best part about the Ogre Stronghold is surely the forums. Nowadays, it overflows with posters, topics, pictures and much more. Was it always so?

The Stronghold was the first Ogre Kingdoms website on the scene, launched before the release of what was a brand new army, and I put a lot of effort into

advertising, so I think that all helped bring in a healthy amount of members from the start. It's been fantastic to see the community continuing to grow day by day.

What I find particularly inspiring, is how far some of the Stronghold's long-time members have progressed on the hobby side of things. Take Kyte for instance – one of our youngest members back in the early days, he was inspired by conversions and sculpts created by some of the more experienced members, and so turned his hand to sculpting. His modeling skills have improved to the point where he's now selling casts of his impressive Fishmen sculpts through Troll Forged Miniatures.

Tell us, but honestly, with such increase in forum traffic, is the Stronghold still a joy, or more of a burden to run?

I can happily say that running the Stronghold has never been a burden, I see it as a very enjoyable hobby – just like wargaming!

You contribute rarely to topics. Is it possible for you to keep track of all the discussions?

Truth be told, I do like reading forum posts more than writing them, and believe me when I say I read almost everything on the Stronghold forum. That said, I'm not completely silent – those 2000+ posts that I've accumulated went somewhere!

I bet there are some great future plans about the Stronghold in your head. Care to share them with us?

By the time this webzine has been released, version 7 of the Stronghold website should already have launched – many of the ideas in my head at the time of writing this will hopefully be in there somewhere!

For example, you'll be able to see how the Stronghold is embracing and incorporating podcasting, webzines (like this one!), video content, and social networking as we move forward.

The Stronghold should also now be prepared for the coming of 8th edition Warhammer, and if the next Ogre Kingdoms army book arrives any time soon I'm all set for that too.

Additionally, I hope to work more closely with the admins at other race-specific Warhammer websites in the future, through competitions, campaigns, and other events.

Who knows, maybe there'll even be a Stronghold tournament someday – it's something I'd love to see happen but it would involve a lot of planning and work, so no promises!

Thanks Hragged! We'll have another interesting interview in the next issue, so stay tuned for more...

TACTICS FOR TYRANTS

BY SCROTH SCULLRIPPA

Looking for new thinling crushing techniques or tricks to smash those larger than yourself? Well look no further as Scroth has you covered!

Hi folks, good to see you're reading the first and greatest Ogre webzine. Make sure you tell all your friends about it too! My name's Keith, I'm an Aussie, 17 and I have been playing Warhammer for 3 years, Ogres for one.

I will be writing a series of articles on ways to best command our favorite fatties, hopefully enlightening new players about the ins and outs of the Ogre Kingdoms army. In this first article I am going to cover the basics of the OK army, its strengths, weaknesses, and a few of the oddities as well.

STRENGTHS

Good basic movement: With the exception of Gnoblar, who only have Movement 4 and a tendency to Bicker, everything in the OK army moves at least 6". This puts us at a level where difficult terrain does not always have to be considered impassable and thus never entered. It also means Ogres will out-charge most infantry based armies, leading (in theory) to relatively easy wins. Against shooty armies, high movement is also handy, allowing us to hit the enemy lines sooner, no matter how far back they set up in their deployment zone.

Although most everything in the army moves 6" you still need to look out for march blockers and ensure you don't let them slow you down. Luckily Ogres are pretty well equipped to deal with these nuisances. Things like Leadbelchers, offensive magic, shooting, Terror causers, or distractions with Gnoblar Fighters and Trappers can help mitigate this threat.

Fear: Everything in the Ogre Kingdoms army, with the exception of Gnoblar, causes Fear. There are quite a few advantages to this. First, you won't have to pass leadership tests to charge other Fear causers (with the exception of Terror). Second, your opponent will have to pass a test to charge you if they don't also cause Fear. While it cannot be relied on, the chance that a unit expecting to charge in with a friend, and ending up having to do it on its own, is always an unexpected bonus. It gives your opponent something else to think about before declaring their charges and can be useful in setting up traps.

Most importantly, you have the ability to auto break (barring insane courage) Stubborn units. Getting caught up in combat is bad for Ogres but this is one way we have of dealing with it. Against a unit of 25 infantry models, you may kill 4 or 5 models. To outnumber you will need 6 ogres, preferably one that is a character to increase the probability of this happening.

Combat prowess: Ogres win games on the charge. Period. Lots of dice and lots of carnage, with the aim to kill everything in base contact, at least. With Ogres the best defense is a good offense, heck they probably don't even know what defense means. A good rule of thumb for Ogres is – a Bull with an additional hand weapon will kill approx. 1 enemy model, an Irongut 1.25 enemy models, and a Maneater about 2 models.

Combat characters tend to kill about half a model per Attack they have, not counting special bonuses. Naturally this means you must be striking first and that means you need to be charging! Get the charge, get the win.

Strength: With the exception of (you guessed it) Gnoblar, the Ogre Kingdoms army is at least Strength 4. While our weapon skill isn't great, if something gets hit by an Ogre there is a pretty good chance it will die.

Another good thing about our high Strength value is that it is easy to bump it up by a point or two. Great weapons are cheap and effective, and striking last rarely causes problems for Ogres. If you don't break a unit on the charge, then something went wrong and you will most probably lose the combat regardless of what weapons you used. Besides, almost all Ogres have an Initiative value of 2, so you'll probably be striking last anyway.

Another point to consider when using this attribute to your advantage is who to pick your fights with. Bulls have a place with lightly armored units, while Ironguts are can openers, great for dealing with the tougher (or more heavily armored) stuff. Naturally, Maneaters are the business, capable of rending almost anything apart regardless.

Multi-wound models: Having 3 wounds per model allows Ogres to take two without losing their much needed attacks. This also helps retain your Unit strength for longer. A benefit of having base models with 3 wounds is that our characters run around with 4 or even 5. Combined with their high toughness, this makes them some of the hardest characters to kill in the game. It also allows for more flexibility when selecting magic equipment as we don't always need to focus on protecting our high cost models.

Characters: With a good basic stat line, an arsenal of mundane items, and a few choice magic items, the Ogre Kingdoms characters are quite good. Tyrants rule the roost with good LD, great combat prowess, and a rather thick hide. They also have access to items that can help the units they join. The Bruisers (basically mini-Tyrants) are your general for small games, can carry the Battle Standard, and are great for combat heavy forces.

The Butcher can go toe to toe with many hero level combat characters, plus they can chuck around a fistful of power dice. Hunters are underused but quite versatile, particularly with an extra magic item or two. It isn't uncommon to spend a majority of your points on a few well equipped and essential characters in an OK list.

Gnoblar: I don't care what anyone says, being able to take a unit of 20 models for 40 points is great. These guys have limitless uses for such a low cost.

They also don't cause panic to the rest of the army (not even other Gnoblar) which can be useful while they are running away. While not for everyone, Gnoblar play an important part in the Ogre Kingdoms army and should not be overlooked.



Now the fun bit. For me, the whole point of playing Warhammer is finding ways to overcome weaknesses in an army through list composition, strategy, and tactics. Luckily, the Ogre Kingdoms army offers plenty of chances to do just that.

WEAKNESSES

Small army size: You are going to be the smaller army in most games you play. Probably less units, definitely less models, and possibly less unit strength. One way of dealing with this is to start the deployment phase with cheap or maneuverable units before focusing on the more important units. Play as many units as possible and bring a few reasonably cheap units to slow down or divert parts of your opponent's army.

Magic and shooting: Like it or not your Ogres are going to be shot. Warmachines, arrows, guns, pistols, and worst of all Magic missiles. There are many ways to help deal with incoming missile attacks, but a few basics are:

- Deploy and move using terrain to reduce the amount of shots coming in at any one particular unit (we can take some hits, just not a lot). This is in particular true for Yhetees.
- Use gut magic to buff your units, Trollguts and Toothcracker are good at this. The key is to get multiple buffs off, preferably 3 or more. Single buffs will get dispelled and leave your Butchers with less wounds for null effect.
- Screen your units when possible. Screens do not have to stop all shooting hitting a unit, just reduce it or force your opponent to spread the shots around. Trappers and naked Bulls make the best screens, Gnoblar Fighters never, but anything should be sacrificed for the survival of Maneaters who cost 30 points a wound.
- Active defense is my preferred course of action. Gorgers, our few own ranged abilities, Leadbelchers, a Hunter and his tusks, and Trappers can all help with this. Remember that they do not necessarily have to kill the missile units, just stop their shooting until something bigger and nastier can come along and clean them off the board.

Out and out speed: Apart from Sabertusks (which come with an expensive Hunter attached), Longstrider characters, and Yhetees (which are expensive and fragile), we lack anything above Movement 6. This makes dealing with calvary rather difficult but there are things we can do about it. The simplest option is taking the charge with a unit that can handle it (i.e. an anvil). For Ogres that means one with a character or two, preferably Stubborn and/or with a re-rollable break test. You need to be really sure of the unit before you go putting them in harms way, but it can work.

Another option is to bait the charging unit and then flee from the incoming charge. Due to the high movement value of calvary this can be hard, but with a little practice you can routinely put your opponent's charge where you want it (for a nasty counter charge). Bulls with bellowing musicians are great for this and Gnoblars can sometimes be used as well.

Fast forwards, slow sideways: The wide frontage presented by Ogre unit makes getting deployment "right" much more important. A good way to help this is starting with Gnoblars, and units of two Leadbelchers. With their cheap point cost (Gnoblars) and high maneuverability (Leadbelcher) you'll be able to get back to the action if you deploy away from the main battle. Fancy Ogre maneuvers can backfire so keep it simple or pay the price!



SCROTH SCULLRIPPA

Guts not guns: With the exception of a few units, Ogres don't bring a lot of firepower to the table. While I don't think it's much of a problem it can be disappointing in some match ups. Bringing a little bit of shooting is always recommended but don't expect to create an Ogre "gun line".

Low weapon skill: Ogres are blessed with many things but high Weapon Skill is not one of them. There is not much we can do about it but relish beating up units of Zombies and Skinks when they come along. Just be aware that you are relying on dice to win combat and you are always working against luck.

No static combat resolution: The fact is we are almost always relying on dice to win a combat. Ogres do not play the static combat resolution game well, in fact we might have failed that course all together. Be ready to start most combats 3-4 points down and only reasonably expect to draw on the flip of a coin. Naturally, if you leave it up to the fate, you will not see many "Win"s. The only possible (and hardest to master) solution is to charge the enemy flanks. It requires serious practice but with a little good timing and a bit of luck you too will be running Dwarf Hammerers off the board on the charge.

Average to low Leadership: While our Leadership isn't the worst in the game, we do tend to take a lot of tests, especially panic and break tests. The danger of this is increased by our 2D6 flee move if we do break from a combat (since that gives even the slowest unit a chance of catching and destroying our expensive units). Thankfully, our Tyrant can add a lot of stability within a 12" range with his Leadership of 9. Keep your lower Leadership troops nearby and hope for the best! Maneaters are also rather disciplined and quite capable of holding up a flank.

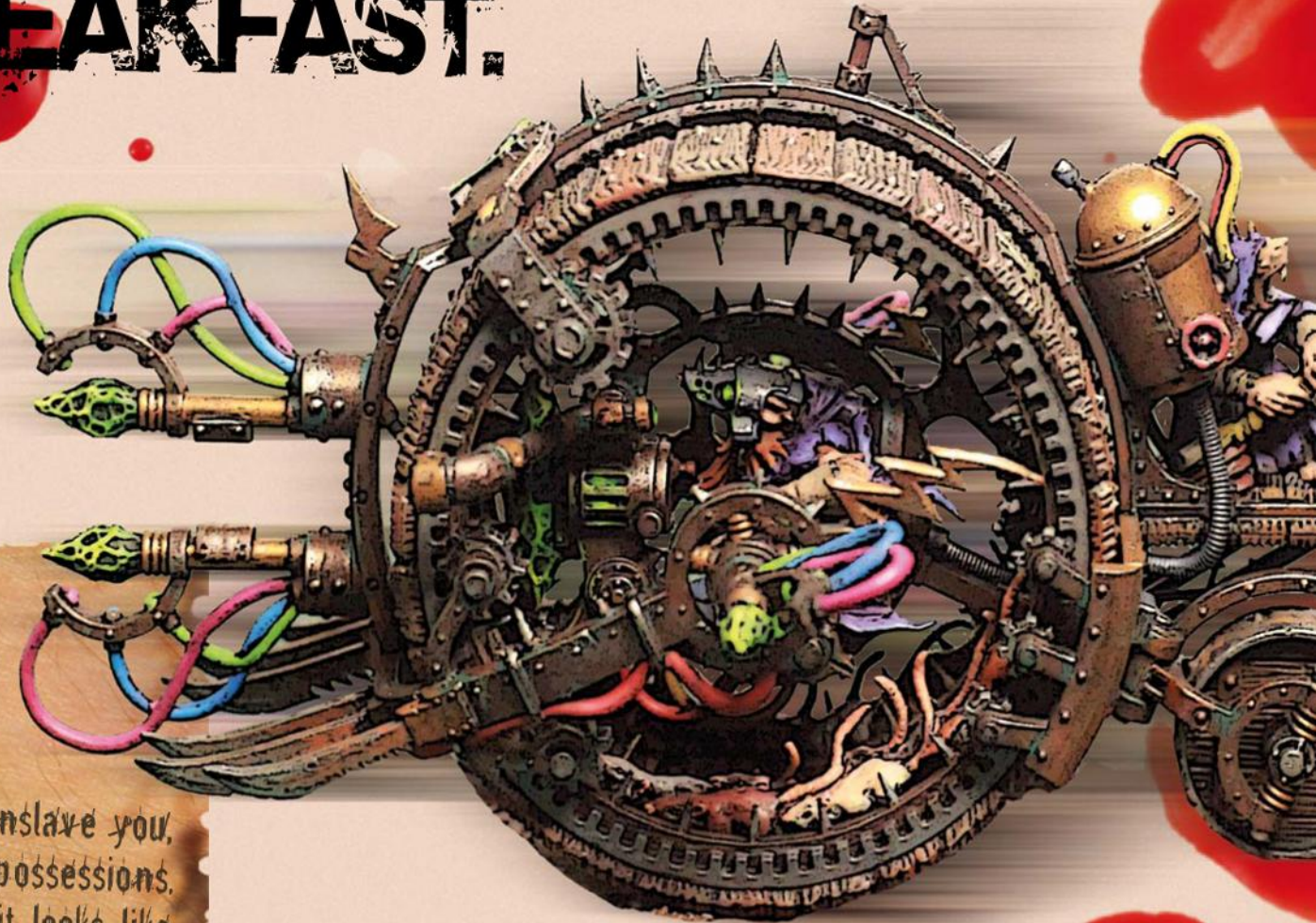
So there you have it, our Ogre Kingdoms army, from its glorious heights to it's miserable lows. Commanding the Ogres is always challenging, but never dull. Good luck and have fun out there! Just remember to play to your strengths, hit hard, and let the Gnoblars do anything you don't want to do. Next issue I will be discussing the overlooked Ogre Hunter, don't miss it!

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“Meat for the Journey”

by MeatHook

The burly hunter Jorgon Whitemane stood upon the mountain top and watched the world end.

Weeks earlier, Jorgon’s aging father Brek leaned his hunched, sagging frame against the pelts lining their yurt. His cream-colored, blind orbs swiveled skyward and he said, “It is closer today.”

Jorgon was busy wrapping his favorite hunting spears in leather. His father rambled more and more in his dimming days, speaking almost as often as a human. Jorgon supposed that if he were so weak, he might have more to say as well.

Brek growled, or gargled, and coughed up something nasty that he spat aside, “You hear me, you ruttin’ whelp?” The old ogre’s long, gnarled stick struck Jorgon’s backside with an impotent snap.

“You can hardly lift your arms anymore,” Jorgon muttered, “I’m going to hunt.”

“It’s closer!” Brek snarled, “Closer now, brighter than the sky rocks that burn at night! I see it!” His drooling lips trembled, and Brek relaxed again. “I see it.”

“You see nothing, blind fool,” Jorgon said, “Your sight fails you.”

“Blind? Fool! You’re the blind one!” Brek said, “The shamans see it, they fear it! It approaches; its jaws wide, its hunger great!”

Jorgon shook his head, “I’m going to hunt. Don’t fall down the steppes and break your spine where I can’t reach you.”

Brek just lay there, babbling and spitting curses under his hoarse breath. Jorgon left the yurt, stretching his arms and legs for the long hike ahead.

Outside, chained to a heavy boulder rooted in the earth, sat a great cave beast, a brown-furred bear, bigger than those witnessed by the humans of Cathay to the southeast. Its fur was matted with scars and its eyes were wild with barely contained fear and rage.

Jorgon drew his club and approached the bear without fear. The bear was dangerous, he knew, it would just as soon rip Jorgon’s throat out as serve him, but Jorgon would show it that he was the stronger, the master. The bear growled and roared and rose up on his hind legs, so Jorgon slammed his rock club hard into its gut, doubling the beast over, and wrestled it down with his bare hands, letting it struggle uselessly under him until it finally relaxed submissively.

Grunting approval, Jorgon stood, unclamping the chain that held the bear to the stone and securing it firmly to his own gut plate. “Come!” He commanded, giving the chain a mighty yank, and the bear eventually complied.

The bear was savage, unruly, and many other hunters preferred the company of the more intelligent and loyal sabretusk found in the north. But Jorgon actually had a fondness for the beast, and was glad that it continued to obey, though he would be just as happy to eat the traitorous beast, if and when such betrayal came.

Southeast he traveled, alone and content in the cool air of the steppes, the bear stalking obediently at his side.

For a day and a night they traveled, through the steppes, past the well-chewed bones and crude fetishes marking the territories of other tribes of ogres, silently avoiding or ignoring other hunters who stalked the steppes for pony or bear. Jorgon stalked into the wet rice paddies of Cathay, where easier prey awaited.

For his great height and weight, Jorgon was an excellent hunter, one who prided himself on his talents for stealth. He squatted down in the thick tree-line on the edges of the rice paddy, watching as the small, thin humans went about their work. The peasant folk moved through the square pools of water, heads shaded with conical straw hats, gathering up bundles of wet rice plants into their baskets. Some were smaller than others – children with short legs. Jorgon ignored them. Unlike other hunters who took meat where they found it, Jorgon preferred the flavor of older prey.

It did not take long for a group of taller humans to gather close to Jorgon. They cast their eyes warily in his direction, watching the trees for any threatening movement. Jorgon was not like other ogres, though, and did not throw himself mindlessly into the charge. He knew he was well hid. The humans kept up their guard, but continued to farm in Jorgon’s direction.

When five of the humans were close enough, Jorgon snapped his tongue and whistled. The signal awoke the training beaten into his bear, and the massive beast erupted from the tree line further west. The monstrous animal charged through the paddy, giving out a bellowing roar.

The humans erupted into panic. Those furthest away fled towards one of the many bamboo guard towers watching over the fields, where armed soldiers waited with spears and bows. The five that Jorgon had selected as prey, however, found themselves cut off from such escape. The bear curved its way towards them, herding them directly towards Jorgon, who waited with his spears in hand.

Foolishly, the humans fled towards the trees, and when they were within range Jorgon stood his full height, planted his feet, and hurled a pair of spears. The eight foot planks of wood were crudely shaped and tipped with worked flint, but they flew true. The first caught the nearest peasant completely by surprise, and the human barely had time to regard the arm-thick shaft of wound jutting from his torso before he died standing, his body perfectly pinned to the ground.

The second spear landed a bit short of its intended target, but the flint spear-head tore through the unfortunate woman's thigh. She fell into the water and was trampled by her kin. Blood and mud clouded the water as she rolled around, screaming.

His trap sprung, the humans saw him and shifted direction. Jorgon hurled a third spear ahead of them and charged out of the tree-line with his club in hand. The spear halted the fleeing humans just enough for Jorgon to reach them, his stout and tireless legs propelling him through the water faster than the shorter, thinner humans could flee.

Down came his club, and with one horrendous crack the skull of an old man was shattered. The human's skin held in the mashed contents, however, ensuring that he did not bleed out anything tasty for the trip home. Even as the old man fell, Jorgon reversed his swing, catching the fourth and fifth humans in the back and launching them into the air. The first fell limp, his spine broken at a strange angle. The last human landed with a painful grunt, but somehow remained intact.

But it mattered little, as Jorgon's bear tackled the screaming peasant to the muddy water and unleashed its rage upon it, savagely tearing into its neck and shoulders with its massive jaws and shaking its body back and forth. Jorgon could hear the flesh tear and bones snap, and the human stopped moving entirely.

Jorgon allowed himself a grim smile, but then he heard the alarm bells ringing from the guard towers. Already soldiers mounted on sure-footed war ponies were making their way to him, armed with bows and long pikes. Jorgon was not concerned. A few humans against an ogre hunter and his beast? They would only add to the feast that he would drag back to –

A sharp whistle caught Jorgon's attention, and he looked up in time to see an iron-tipped bolt the size of a human leg impale the bear. The beast did not so much as roar in pain as it collapsed, the life draining from it even faster than the peasant stuck in its teeth.

Jorgon's eyes focused on the guard tower in the distance. He'd been so pre-occupied with the farmers that he hadn't noticed the changes the Cathayans had made to it: now some sort of gigantic bow – bigger than even Jorgon could wield – sat at the top of the tower, manned by several guards who were even now loading a second massive bolt into it.

Jorgon was an ogre, bigger than his bear, and far stronger. But he did not want to test himself against such a weapon. He grabbed his prized spears and fled. The bolt thrower fired again, but landed well short of him as he smashed through the tree line, escaping back towards the steppes.

"Flee!" A tiny, human voice shouted – one of the mounted pike guards had gotten close enough for Jorgon to hear him, "Flee, ogre, back to your homelands! Join your people in death as the Great Emperor's vengeance falls upon you from the heavens!"

Jorgon had lost his bear, and had nothing to show for his hunt but a single human dangling from one of his spears. But nothing unnerved him more than the ominous words spoken to him by the human warrior. As he fled, he turned his gaze skyward, and even in the light of day he could see the baleful green glow of the orb hanging ominously above.

The return home took many days, and Jorgon was forced to eat the human peasant he'd claimed. Thoughts of his failure seemed inconsequential as he watched the sky. In the moonlight, the green light appeared to be bigger and angrier than he had remembered. Its presence haunted his thoughts all the way back to his tribe.

When Jorgon found himself among the familiar caves and yurts of his tribe, he found it in an uproar. A feast had been taking place before night had fallen, but the troughs of meat had been abandoned or ignored by the anxious bulls that surrounded their tyrant and his shamans.

"What is happening?" Jorgon demanded, shoving and punching his way past the smaller bulls. One of the shamans seemed to melt from the crowd and wrap his gore-speckled hands around Jorgon's leather pelt vest.

"The Maw!" He cackled, "The Maw comes to feast on us all! It has been seen!"

Jorgon growled and shoved the giggling lunatic aside, "What has happened?"

The tribe's tyrant Orog Threefists turned his heavy bulk to face Jorgon, "Shaman named Groth came to my feast, screaming of the green stone above. He say it is the Maw, come to eat us. I threw the fool out! Now all shamans getting stupid!"

"The Maw! The Maw!" The shamans echoed, in unison.

"Quiet!" Orog snarled, but the shamans went on chanting and waving their pudgy hands to the sky and the glowing sphere that was now brighter than the moons.

Jorgon frowned, scratching his chins, "I have hunted human in the paddies. Thinlings there say they want revenge for eating them, say that it will fall on us from the sky."

Orog belched, "Thinlings! They not have the power to make the sky fall upon us all! We are ogres! We are strong!"

"Human shamans wield great magic," Jorgon said, "I see it before; spitting fireballs from their hands; and bringing lightning upon their enemies!"

"Fire! Lightning! They bring the sky upon us!" One bull squealed.

"Flee! We must flee!" A shaman said.

Orog roared and backhanded the shaman, spinning him bodily into the dirt with a great thud, "Silence! I am king! I know, you stupid! I say humans weak! I say sky not falling!"

The tyrant suddenly turned and grasped Jorgon, "You speak stupid! Humans not strong!" He shoved Jorgon, and despite the hunter's own strength he fell onto his back. Orog stepped on his chest. "Sky not falling! Jorgon stupid!"

Jorgon growled and tried to free himself, but the big tyrant was twice his size. After a moment of struggling, Orog finally released him, letting the hunter pick himself up.

"Go!" Orog said, "You hunter, so hunt! Bring food!"

Jorgon hesitated. For a moment the whole tribe was silent, watching to see if Jorgon tried to take on the tyrant. A good fight would go a long way to easing the minds of the bulls.

But Jorgon knew he wouldn't last long against Orog. Grimly, he backed down.

Orog grunted, puffing out his chest, "Listen to Orog! I am king!"

The shamans wailed and pouted, the bulls shifted on their feet, but none spoke out. Jorgon left them, nursing his wounded pride and empty stomach on his walk back to his yurt.

Brek lay where Jorgon had left him, still babbling in a hushed voice. When Jorgon approached, the old hunter shuffled.

"Jorgon!" Brek said, "Jorgon, is it you?"

"It is me," Jorgon said.

Brek heard the anger in Jorgon's voice, "What happened? Speak!"

Jorgon told him, of the failed hunt and the threat of the human, of the commotion amongst the tribe.

Brek relaxed a little, a smug grin spreading on his cracked lips, "I speak truth. I have seen it... the Maw. It comes, Jorgon, and soon. The thinlings have brought it on us, to punish us for eating their kin! Strange humans."

"You do not know that, old man," Jorgon said.

"I know it!" Brek said, "Look with your eyes, see! It is coming. Even you know it, Jorgon."

Jorgon growled, "What will happen?"

Brek sighed, "The Maw will eat. It will feast on us. On all ogres. It is bigger than us all, stronger than us all. It will feast."

"What about the shamans?" Jorgon asked, "They have magic."

"Fools!" Brek snapped, and fell into a fit of coughing, "Fools. They fear it, see it as I see it in my dreams, and beg it to spare them, but it is strong, and does not have mercy. They cannot hope to stop it, so they will serve it... one way or another."

Jorgon frowned, "What will we do?"

Brek blinked, "Leave. We go, far, far away. To the highest mountains, far from the thinlings in the east."

"No food in the high mountains," Jorgon said, "Cold and stone, and nothing more."

Brek sighed. "We must eat. Hunger comes, to eat us. And to feed it, we will eat each other. Jorgon, you must go."

"Go?"

"To the mountains! Know them. Hunt in them. When the Maw comes, others will join you. They will need you to teach them the hunting ways, so that those who hunger will have meat!"

Silence hung heavy in the yurt.

Finally Brek said, "I cannot follow. I am old. But you must have meat. Meat for the journey."

"Bear is gone, and meat is gone," Jorgon said.

Brek sighed, "Not all meat gone. I am old."

"Stupid! That stupid!" Jorgon said, "I won't eat old fool!"

The old ogre merely blinked his blind eyes, "You can. When the Maw comes, you will."

The passing days brought the green orb – the Maw – closer and closer. It glowed so bright that night became day. The animals of the steppes grew frightened and confused, and hunting became harder and harder.

Soon not even Orog could deny the Maw's approach, and its name became evident to even the most dull-witted ogre, for the glowing stone bore upon its face a gaping, fanged mouth stretched wide to consume the world. The shamans danced and screamed day and night, offering up every strange and bloody sacrifice they could think of to convince the Maw to leave. The tribes hunted one another, gathering up bulls to sacrifice. When that did not help, the shamans turned to unbred females, then to whelps. The bones of ogres great and small piled around the caves, and still the Maw came.

Ogres went hungry for days. Hunters could not catch enough to eat, and the constant fighting dwindled what supplied the tribes possessed.

The hunger rumbling in the ogre's bellies seemed to pulse stronger and stronger as the Maw approached, as though it were so hungry that every ogre could feel it even from its place high in the heavens.

Jorgon learned the truth of his father's words when he bore witness to the depths his tribe had fallen. In a fit of rage over the lack of food, Orog had snapped the neck of a younger hunter, and the strangest look came over the chieftain's eyes. Before any could react, Orog fell upon the corpse and began to devour ragged hunks of its flabby flesh, sighing contentedly as he did. Before long most of the tribe had joined him, and the tribe went to war not to steal sacrifices or supplies, but to kill and consume those they captured.

The Maw hung over the steppes those final nights like a great beast savoring the fear it must have scented. Jorgon tried to pay it no mind, but he shared the desperation of his kin nonetheless. He paced around the yurt, gathering all of his best spears and hunting tools.

Brek lay on his back, struggling to breathe. His body was starved from lack of food, his skin hanging from his jutting ribs in an obscene parody of an ogre. Jorgon could not look upon his dying father without feeling disgust at his crippled form, and a nagging hunger that had been lurking in his guts for weeks.

"Jorgon, I am dying," Brek said, "You must go."

"I am," Jorgon said, "I go to the mountains, as you said. But there is no meat there."

"Take the meat you need," Brek said, "You know what you must do."

"I must do," Jorgon said, rolling the worlds over his tusks.

"Yes," Brek gasped, "To the mountains, take the meat, and escape what comes!"

Jorgon set his spears over his shoulder and went to his father, kneeling down. Brek's eyes could not see him, but the old ogre reached up and grasped Jorgon's arm with a fierce strength that surprised the hunter.

"The Maw comes soon! Take the meat you need, and go!" Brek pleaded.

Jorgon clenched his teeth together and reached for the flint knife on his belt, "I go," He said.

"Take the meat!" Brek growled.

"I will," Jorgon said.

"It comes! It comes!"

Jorgon raised the knife over his head. "I know."

The journey had taken but days. Jorgon had enough meat to last him some weeks, and to his quiet surprise he found that he could eat it, just as his father had promised.

Up, up, high into the mountains he had gone. The air grew cold, the snows deep, the familiar sights of the steppes lost far behind him. One balmy night he sat upon a cliff top, and looked out over the entirety of the steppes that had been his home, stretching from one horizon to the next.

Above, the Maw drew closer. It moved faster than he had believed it could.

It must be very hungry, Jorgon thought, as it came down with the speed of a swinging club, down towards the steppes.

He saw the impact before he felt or heard it. The Maw plunged its teeth into his homeland and consume the earth and all who tread upon or below it, eating its way deeper and deeper. A shock wave spread from its body, and Jorgon felt it shake the mountains so violently he was sure they would come crashing down around him. With the tremors erupted a thunderous roar from the Maw's impact, deafening the hunter so that he fell to his knees and tore at his ears, but still the sound rumbled deep within his body, mind, and soul.

For many agonizing moments the world thrashed in agony. Then, slowly, the earth's pain subsided and the tremors ceased. Many more minutes passed before Jorgon risked opening his eyes.

To his great shock he still stood upon the cliffs, the mountains had survived the coming of the Maw.

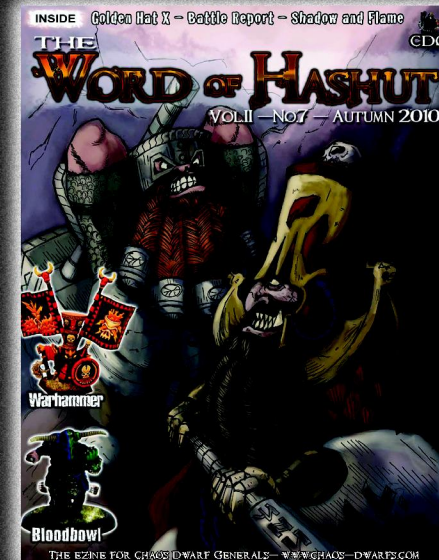
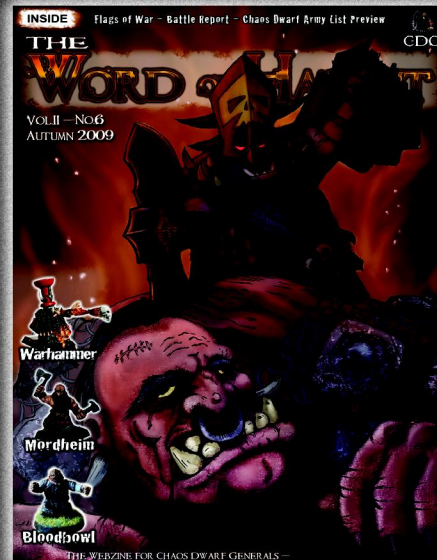
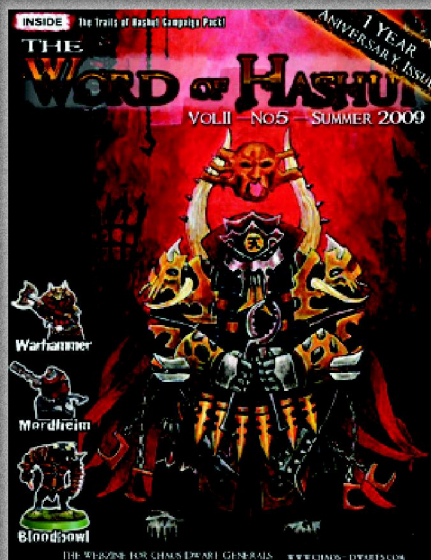
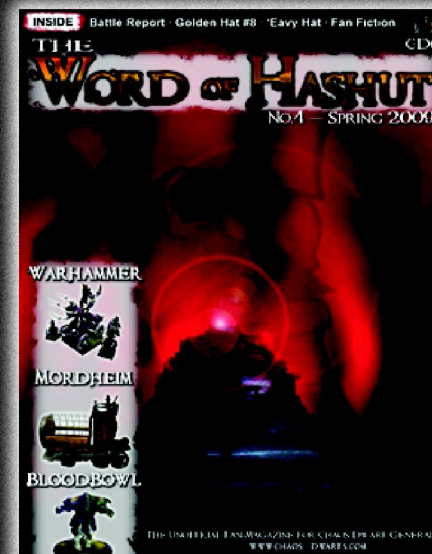
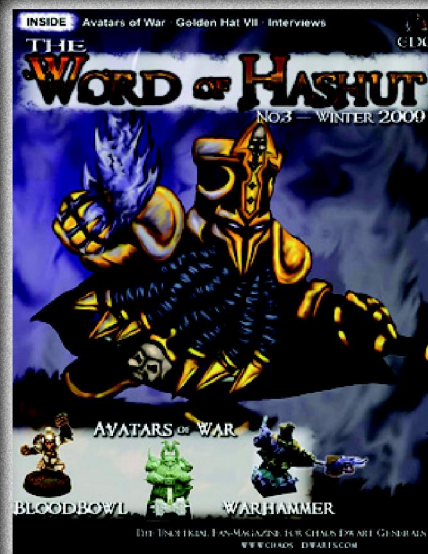
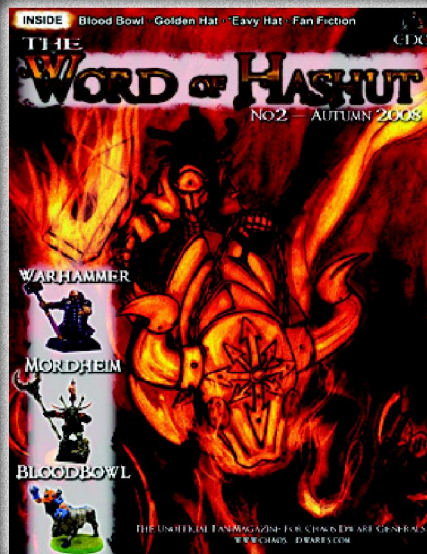
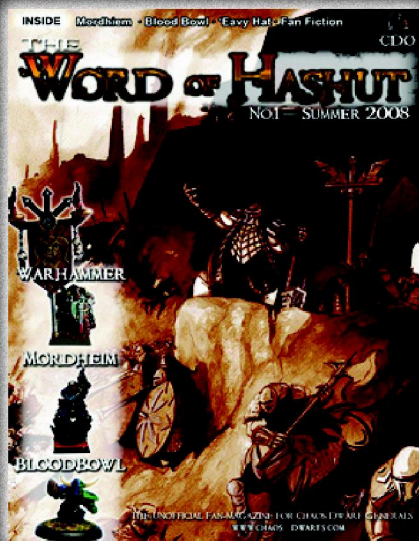
The steppes far below, however, were gone. No rocky hills, no crags, no caves; it had all been consumed, leaving only a warped, glowing landscape of blackened glass. Of the Maw itself, Jorgon could see nothing through the massive, mushrooming cloud at the center of the steppes, where it had first touched the earth.

Jorgon could not believe any ogre had survived. He knew he could not return to the madness below. All he knew was gone, devoured by a hungry god, and Cathay was lost, far to the east through the maelstrom below him.

He would keep to the mountains as his father had said, and survive. Other ogres may have did the same, he realized. He would find them, and they may yet survive to find a new home.

If not, Jorgon had other uses for them. The meat he had brought with him would last, but not forever...

THE WORD OF HASHUT



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GUTS OF LEGEND - SPECIAL CHARACTER

Rustbeard's Horde King Rustbeard

King Rustbeard, or, to use his full name, King Tragh Fatgut Gianteater Rustbeard the Titanic, is the chief Tyrant of the ogre kingdom known only as Rustbeard's Horde. He rules his tribe with an iron fist and has so far managed to devour any opponent daring (or stupid) enough to challenge him. He has maintained his position for more than 25 years and has piled an impressive amount of riches during his reign. Rumor has it that, among the ogres, only Greasus Goldtooth is richer than him.

If he decides that an opponent or raid is worthy of his personal attention, he rides to battle atop his pet mammoth Stompfoot, which he managed to obtain from a Norse chieftain many years ago.

King Rustbeard may be used in an Ogre Kingdoms army. He rides atop the mammoth Stompfoot, accompanied by two of his favorite Leadbelchers. Stompfoot is steered by an ogre Bull who counts as part of the mammoth for all purposes. King Rustbeard uses up two lord choices and one rare choice. He must be the army general and also is the battle standard bearer.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King Rustbeard	4	6	3	5/10	6	6	1	3	9
Leadbelcher	6	3	3	4	4	3	2	3	7
Stompfoot	7	3	1	10	6	12	2	Sp.	5

Points cost: King Rustbeard costs, including Stompfoot and the Leadbelchers, 1175 points (500 for Stompfoot, 565 for King Rustbeard and 110 for his Leadbelchers).

Unit strength: 24 (mammoth 12, King Rustbeard 6, Leadbelchers 6)

Base size: 150 x 300 mm

Special rules: King Rustbeard uses the rules for Greasus Goldtooth (see Warhammer Armies: Ogre Kingdoms), with the following exception: **The rule Too rich to walk is dropped.**

King Rustbeard forms a unit with his two Leadbelchers, which is transported atop the mammoth's howdah. The unit can be targeted separately from the mammoth for the purpose of shooting and magic but counts as having hard cover thanks to the howdah. Due to it's exposed position on top of the mammoth the unit counts as a Large Target. The unit has a look-out gnoblar, so King Rustbeard can use the look out, sir! rule as long as both Leadbelchers are alive. An opponent firing a weapon that does not require a roll to hit must declare if he intends to hit the mammoth or the unit. If the shot misses it's intended target but the point of impact still is on the mammoth's base, it automatically hits the mammoth.

If a spell or effect hits the mammoth (or the unit on it) that requires it to take a characteristics test, that test is passed automatically.

King Rustbeard's ward save against nonmagic shooting is also applied to his Leadbelchers, but not to the mammoth itself.

High above: King Rustbeard and his unit stand high above the battlefield in the mammoth's howdah. This is represented in the rules as follows:

- The Leadbelchers' cannons increase their range by 6" to a total of 18", as they are fired from a great height. As they do not need to walk themselves, they have all the time they need to quickly reload their weapons. The Leadbelchers may fire every turn. If the mammoth is charged, the Leadbelchers may stand & shoot as per the normal rules.

- King Rustbeard can see the entire battlefield from his position and can also be seen by everyone. As a result, friendly units may use his Leadership within 18" of him as the General, and the effects of his Battle Standard Bearer are also extended to 18".

- King Rustbeard and his unit may never leave the mammoth's howdah, as this would take far too much time during a battle. The unit is also so far above the ground that it may not attack or be attacked in close combat. In addition, King Rustbeard may not be challenged and may not issue challenges himself. Flying creatures and Large Targets may attack the unit normally and can also be attacked by the unit, including challenges. Note that the Leadbelchers may not shoot as long as the mammoth is in close combat, even if they are not physically fighting themselves.



Stompfoot the Mammoth

The following rules apply only to the mammoth, not to the unit in the howdah, unless specified otherwise.

Thick skinned: The mammoths thick hide, combined with the sturdy wood of the howdah, grant the mammoth a 3+ armour save.

Iron skull: Missiles aimed at the mammoth from the front have a chance to be deflected harmlessly by the massive metal plate protecting the mammoth's skull. Stompfoot has a 6+ ward save against shooting originating from its front.

Fearless: Nothing scares an enraged mammoth. It is *Immune to Psychology* and *Unbreakable* as described in the Warhammer rulebook. This benefit includes the unit in the howdah as it has nowhere to run.

Scared of mice: Nothing scares an enraged mammoth, except for a mass of small, swarming rodents (or other small, swarming creatures; mammoths do not see too well). Even though it is *Immune to Psychology* the mammoth must take a leadership test at the beginning of any close combat phase in which it is in base contact with one or more swarm bases. If the test is failed, the mammoth may not attack this turn.

Gigantic: The mammoth is, well, mammoth sized. It is a *Large Target*.

Terror: Stompfoot is gigantic, shaking the ground with every footfall while it smashes everything in its way, bellowing and trumpeting. Stompfoot causes *Terror* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Movement: The mammoth is so large that it can easily cross obstacles like walls and fences and snap trees like grass without breaking stride. It treats difficult terrain as open ground, with the exception of swamps, which are impassable for Stompfoot. Stompfoot is a lumbering creature. It may never perform a march move, but may charge normally.

Battering charge: On the charge, Stompfoot causes d6+2 strength 10 impact hits.

Mammoth rage: If Stompfoot has 5 or less wounds remaining at the beginning of his controller's turn, roll a d6. If the result is higher than the remaining wounds the mammoth flies into a rage and stampedes. The mammoth immediately moves 2d6" in a direction indicated by a scatter dice. If this move takes it into base contact with a model or unit (friend or foe), it counts as having charged (causing impact hits). The mammoth automatically performs the special attack *stomp and crush* (see right). Once the mammoth has succumbed to mammoth rage, further rolls to test at the beginning of the controller's turn are not made. It remains enraged until it is slain or leaves the table. The unit atop the raging mammoth is busy holding onto something, and may not shoot or attack in close combat.

Death of a titan: If the mammoth is slain it crashes to the ground, smashing everything that cannot get out of the way in time. Roll a d6 when the mammoth is killed. On a roll of 1-3 it falls to the left, on a roll of 4-6 it falls to the right. Roll a d6 for every model within 6" of the affected side. On a 4+ the model suffers d3 strength 10 hits.

Mammoth Special Attacks

Mammoths do not attack in the same way as other creatures, but they select their targets normally. The player controlling the mammoth may choose one of the following two special attacks when it is the mammoths turn to attack. These attacks work against opponents of any size, as the mammoth is so large.

Stomp and Crush

Stompfoot crushes the enemy under its massive feet and smashes them aside with its trunk and tusks. This can have a devastating effect on tightly packed troops, but skirmishers and single creatures can better avoid the angry mammoth. A unit attacked in this way by the mammoth suffers d6 + their rank bonus (to a maximum of 3) strength 10 hits. Hits are allocated as shooting.

Pick up and ...

The mammoth uses its agile trunk to grab a target either in direct base contact or a target touching a model in direct base contact (the trunk is long). The target may make a single attack against the mammoth to fend off the attack. If the attack hits and wounds, the target avoids being picked up, otherwise the mammoth grabs the target. What happens then depends on the size of the model grabbed.

Against models up to and including ogre size roll a d6 and consult the following table:

1-2 Throw back into combat: The victim is hurled back into his own unit like a missile. This causes d3 strength 10 hits on the victim with no saves of any kind allowed, and an additional d6 strength 4 hits (saves as normal) on the unit. If the thrown model survives place it at the back of the target unit for the remainder of the close combat phase.

3-4 Hurl: The victim is hurled into any enemy unit within 18" of the mammoth, randomly determine which. This causes d3 strength 10 hits on the victim with no saves of any kind allowed, and an additional d6 strength 4 hits (saves as normal) on the unit. If no enemy units are within range threat this as a *Throw back into combat* result. If the thrown model survives place it at the back of the target unit for the remainder of the close combat phase.

5-6 Squash: The Mammoths strong trunk constricts the victim until it pops! The model is a casualty and is removed from the game. Any creature or character with a basic strength of 6 or above is too strong to be squashed, in which case roll again on this table.

If the mammoth grabs a larger creature with its trunk it tries to strangle it. A large target that is picked up by the mammoth must pass a toughness test. If it fails the test it suffers 2d6 wounds with no armor saves allowed.



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ARMIES OF THE OGRE STRONGHOLD

The Ogre Stronghold brings Ogre Kingdoms armies from all across the world together in one place. In this issue we'll be taking a look at the aptly named "Army of the Stronghold" and it's creator Wildcard.



MODELS BY WILDCARD

Who are you?

I'm Joel Henry. I'm 34 and a teacher living in Leicestershire, UK. I'm married with two kids.

When did you first start tabletop gaming and when did you start playing Warhammer?

If you include role-playing games, then 23 years ago! If you mean wargaming, then only 4 years ago.

Was the Ogre Kingdoms your first army?

Yep. They are still my favourite as well. If I could only have one army, it would be the Ogres.

Why Ogre Kingdoms?

When I first decided to get some models to paint, I walked into a Games Workshop store and had a look around. Lots of stuff looked interesting, but most of it was what I expected to see from years of role-playing and reading fantasy books. The Ogres weren't like that - here was an army that looked interesting, looked like it was doing something different and had cool models. Also, the battalion box looked a bit of a bargain and no one I knew of had them either.

All this added together made me grab the book and a battalion box to start with.



Is this your first Ogre Kingdoms army?

If not, how many have you done?

Yes and No. Some of the models in this army date back to the first army I made. Hellgut, my hunter, was my first ever conversion and my tenderiser bruiser served as my tyrant for years.

Some of the plastics have also been re-sprayed and re-painted more than once over the years. I guess you can say that there have been three real versions of my Ogre force - but it has been more like one long work in progress, and it still isn't finished!

The Weird House of Ogres isn't really an army as such, but models like the Feaster Bunny, the Tinkerbull and Father Gut mass - as well as the Lemming Gnoblar - still have a place in my heart.



So what brought you to create this latest army?

My painting skills had increased over the years and I thought it was time to get my army into a proper theme rather than a generic tribe that it was. Lacking a theme, I asked the Stronghold and the idea of an army of the Stronghold itself came up.

Was the theme difficult to execute?

The idea was fairly easy to execute - the colour scheme comes from the forum itself and a contrasting skintone wasn't too hard to settle on. I made good use of devlan mud throughout which helped me tie the palette and models together.

What are you currently working on?

I'm currently working on a Skaven/goblin mixed army for a campaign weekend in March. I'm also wanting to make a start on my Gondor army for War of the Ring and a Grey Knight army for 40K - but time is the great enemy...

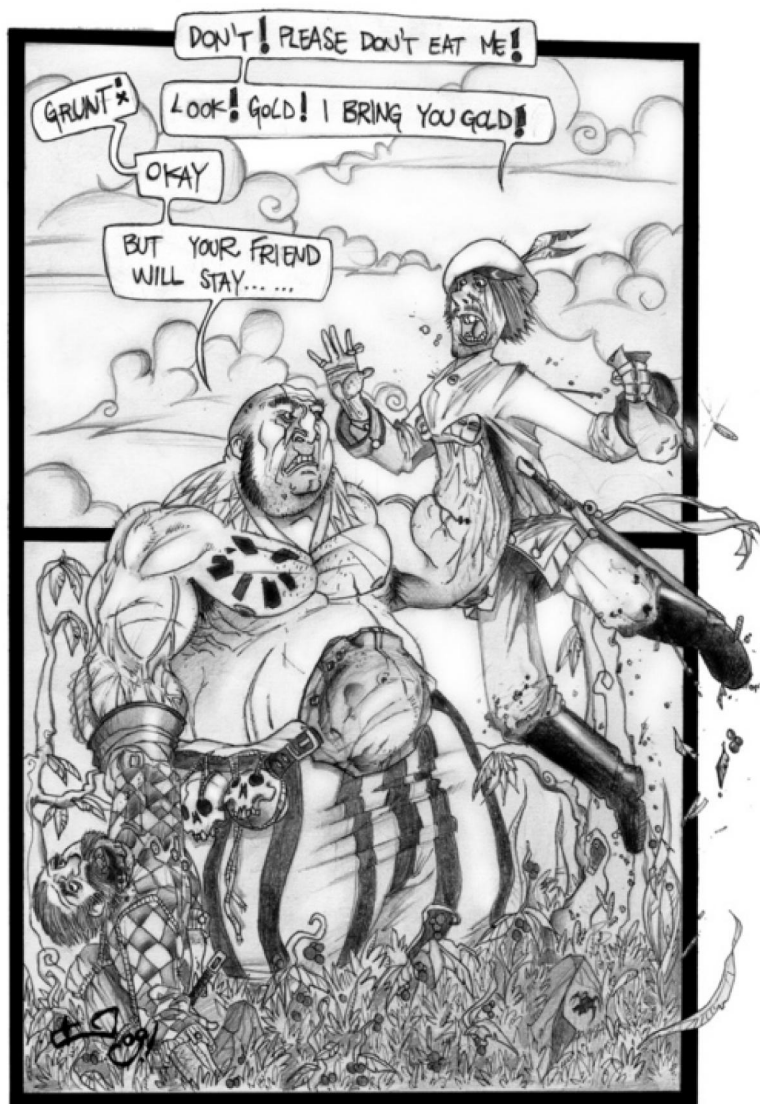
What are you working on next?

Well, I've been looking at revisiting another old army of mine - the Necron Tomb Kings - and re-painting the lot as well as adding to the force,

I've got some more ideas in the pipeline...

*That's our resident Ogre fanatic **Wildcard** - always thinking. We hope you've enjoyed this edition of **Armies of the Stronghold**. Be sure to come back next issue for a look into another Ogre tribe.*





THE BARGAIN.

BY HERMUT ALLMIGHTY



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- * **MORE STRONGHOLD ARMIES**
- * **OUR FIRST "GUTS OF LEGEND" ARMY LIST**
- * **OGRE HUNTER TACTICS AND ARTICLES**
- * **COMICS, AUNTY DOREEN, FICTION, AND MORE**



**HERMUT
ALLMIGHTY**

Dario Jelušić - fantastico20@gmail.com

Thanks to everyone who contributed to this first issue of the Bellow, and thanks for reading! Your support means a lot. Tell your friends about us!

If you are interested in submitting material for future issues of the Bellow, have comments, critiques, praise, bribes, or suggestions, you can email us at:

bellower@ogrestronghold.com

UPDATE: The (first ever) Ogre Kingdoms faction in the Animosity IV online campaign took 1st place overall in a tie with the Ghost Fang Waaagh! Congratulations to all of the Ogres who participated in the event! If you would like to learn more visit: **www.animositycampaigns.com**



ZSOULESS

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