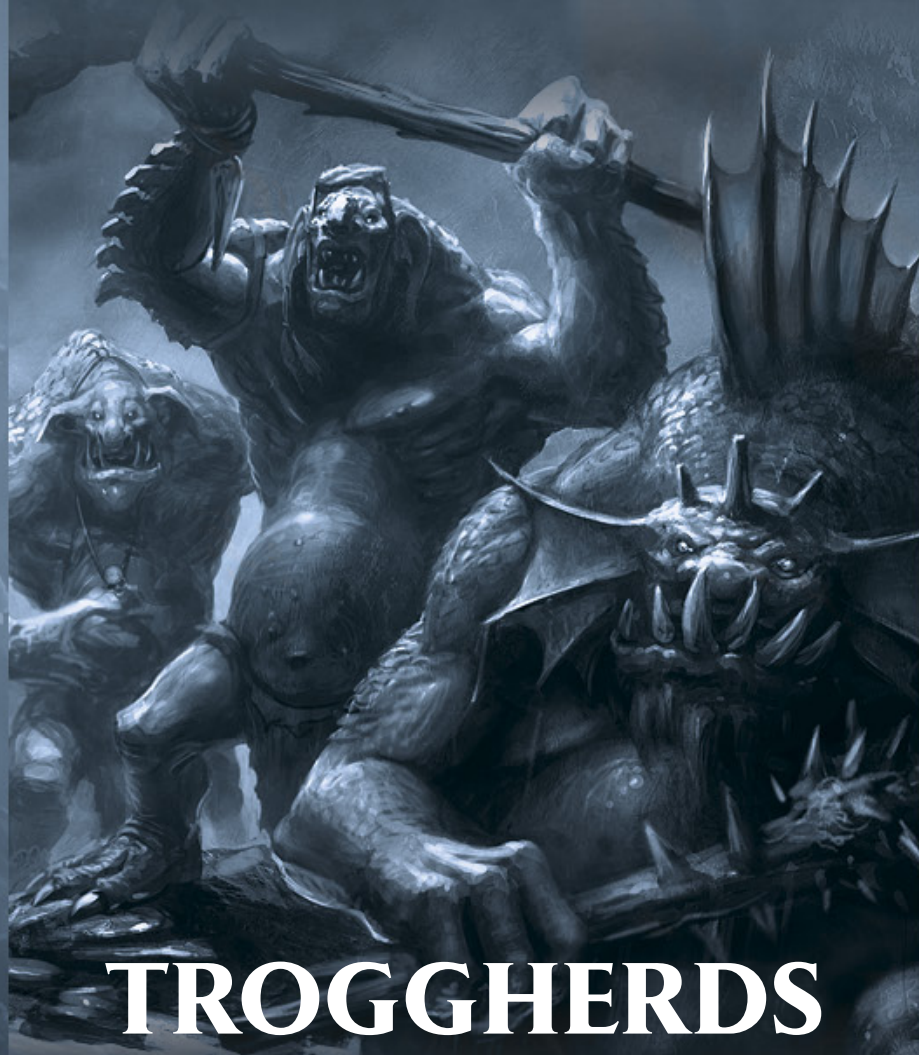


THE TOME CELESTIAL

Huge, stupid and extremely dangerous, troggoths are anathema to all that is reasonable and ordered. Though most commonly found lumbering to war alongside the grot hordes of the Gloomspite Gitz, on rare occasions these idiot beasts will suddenly come together to form the walking disasters known as Troggherds. Woe betide any caught in the way of their brutish onslaught.



TROGGHERDS OF THE REALMS

By Jordan Green and Louis Aguilar

Of all the loathsome beings that dwell in the deepest, dankest reaches of the realms, the troggoth race must surely be the most thick-headed. Odious, ugly, flatulent beasts that habitually make their lairs in filth-strewn rivers or fungal caves, the only thing that outweighs the average troggoth's dearth of intelligence is its capacity for violence. They are dim-witted creatures possessed of such poor reactions that it can take them upwards of several minutes to realise their head has been parted from their body. But once a troggoth gets going on a proper rampage, it is almost impossible to stop. It will smash its way through trees, fortress walls and entire ranks of enemy soldiers without breaking stride, shrugging off or outright regenerating from the puny blows of its adversaries as it lumbers forwards on paths none can readily divine.

Despite their many repugnant traits, troggoths remain a fascinating species that many scholars would relish the chance to study – if only they could get close enough without being crushed into paste. It may seem improbable that a species so impossibly stupid could survive in the harsh environs of the Mortal Realms, but troggoths possess many qualities that allow them to do just that. First and foremost, they have a remarkable ability to adapt to their environment, no matter how inimical to life it might appear. Resilient Rockgut Troggoths roam the sparse and freezing peaks of the realms, noxious Fellwater Troggoths wade through ancient swampland – as well as the polluted waterways that run through industrial Sigmarite strongholds such as Greywater Fastness – and Sulphurbreath Troggoths lurk in the Caverns of Fulminax, their foul secretions enough to overpower even the hulking ash-scaled lizards that contest their subterranean lairs. Perhaps the most infamous are the Dankhold Troggoths, huge beasts of destruction whose diet of realmstone-touched fungi has granted them the weird ability to shrink – or, more unsettlingly, to grow – in order to fill any space in which they decide to sleep off the long years.

The second quality that has allowed the troggoth race to thrive is its strange connection to the Bad Moon. All creatures that skitter, scurry and stomp through the clammiest corners of the realms seem to be touched in some fashion by this most ominous of celestial bodies, and troggoths are no exception. When the leering moon-god casts its unsettling mushroom magic across the land, even the most dullard beast feels a strangely coherent urge for violence flicker in their souls. It is at such times that troggoths, by nature solitary and territorial creatures, most commonly band together into packs. If a single troggoth can smash its way

through a traveller's way station or Sigmarite temple with relative ease, then three or more are more than capable of reducing a small reclaimed town to rubble whether they realise they are doing so or not. The Bad Moon not only fills troggoths with an appetite for wanton ruin but also stimulates their natural regenerative abilities. Under its maddening loonlight, their flesh reknits itself with a terrible swiftness. Many brave warriors have succeeded in driving a true and telling blow into the hide of a troggoth, only to find themselves trapped as the wound closes around their blade, leaving them to be crushed by the brute's idiot strength.

Owing to their shared living space and similar lack of hygiene, troggoth packs often make common cause with the various grot subspecies that infest the Mortal Realms. The Moonclans have long coexisted with troggoths. Many of their ramshackle lurklairs are built near troggholes, and the grots take great reassurance from being able to huddle in the shadow of the beasts when spells and arrows start flying. When the frenzied urge to rise up and despoil the surface world – known as the Gloomspite by the

spore-addled greenskin shamans – descends upon the grots, it is common to see packs of troggoths following the shrieking hordes, drawn towards battle by the promise of easy meat and stranger, deep-seated imperatives that they cannot explain.

'It's not so much that they're out to get you. 'Can't hate an avalanche, can't hate a tidal wave, and you can't hate a trogg' – that's what me pa used to say. If you can catch one as a whelp and chuck it in a pit with some starving hounds, you've even got a decent night's entertainment. Still, you try telling that to the Jadebloods after a bunch of the brutes smashed down the old temple to the Lady of Leaves and decided to use her walking woodspawn as toothpicks.'

- Arvik Yorn, Toll Warden of Heldenhammer's Triumph

Far rarer are those occasions when it is the troggoths who form the core of a Gloomspite horde, but that is not to say that it does not happen. In these circumstances, such ponderous

Below: Grots are sneaky and kunnin'. Troggoths are stupid and violent. Combined, they are extremely dangerous and unpredictable. Many generals have vastly underestimated them, their cleverly concocted battleplans left in ruin by the erratic behaviour of a Gloomspite horde.



but unstoppable avalanches of living destruction are led by the irascible Dankhold Troggbosses. It is these creatures, and these creatures alone, that are capable of asserting some manner of instinctive authority over their lesser brethren. The lingering touch of the deep'n'dark swathes them like a foetid mantle, and in their wake scuttles a seething carpet of repugnant, troglodytic beasts who have never known the caress of Hysh's light. Troggbosses do not make for natural generals and certainly possess no inkling of strategy or tactics. With that said, their bellowed commands are sufficient to focus the wandering minds of other troggoths just long enough to deliver a proper smashing to their adversaries, while grot mobs drawn to the migratory warpath will redouble their efforts in order to avoid the beast-king's grunted displeasure. So it is that the ravages of many Troggbosses and their attendant Troggherds have become cemented in the legends and folklore of the Mortal Realms, cautionary tales to ward off those who would dare stand in the path of such oblivious destruction.

GLOGG'S MEGAMOB

The Trogghorde (a term used to describe the largest Troggherds) of Glogg is perhaps the greatest of these migratory armies to blight the realms to date. This is not due to any particular strategy or subtlety on the part of its leader – indeed, the hulking beast known as Glogg earned his name from his repeated monosyllabic grunts. Nevertheless, what the Troggboss lacks in nuance, he more than makes up for in raw appetite – both literally and in terms of destructive capability. Whilst most Troggherds eventually run out of steam once enough of their members are slain, wander off or stand around forgetting that they are alive, Glogg's Megamob has been in constant motion since the waning years of the Realmgate Wars. Their coming is marked by a terrible grinding that fills the air. This stems not only from the advance of the troggoths themselves but also from the huge, leering Loonshrines dragged along in their wake on great iron chains. None know exactly when or why the troggoths decided to start transporting these unsettling effigies of

Below: The Dankhold Troggboss known as Glogg leads his Trogghorde into battle. Rockgut Troggoths make up the vanguard of his force, crushing all before them in an avalanche of stone. Repeated consumption of realmstone-tainted fungi has turned their skin a pale, phosphorescent shade of purple.



the Bad Moon across the realms, and none can predict where the horde is going. But from the trail of crushed cities, flattened Dreadholds and slaughtered armies that litter the lands, it is certainly possible to tell where they have been.

Glogg's Megamob is not bound together by a shared heraldry, or even a common purpose, but by rather simple bestial instinct. Decades of war, regeneration and stuffing his face with strange fungi has seen Glogg grow to a truly formidable size. His hulking body is criss-crossed with deep welts and scars, and his craggy hide glimmers with chunks of realmstone and other magically charged artefacts that he has jammed into it over the years. Like all creatures of Destruction, troggoths tend to follow the biggest and most boisterous of their number, and so, as he wanders, the Troggboss has been joined by a considerable menagerie of monsters and beasts from the clammy corners of the realms. Foremost amongst these are the greatest concentration of Troggbosses and Dankhold Troggoths assembled outside of Skragrott the Loonking's

MURKY ORIGINS

Like many of the belligerent creatures that make up the hordes of Destruction, troggoths have inhabited the Mortal Realms for almost as long as there have been Mortal Realms. Those priest-scholars of Azyr who have had the opportunity to dissect troggoth carcasses and examine their bizarre biology have concluded that the first of their number were formed from arcane gunge that pooled and festered in the deepest caves – the foetid effluvium of creation, as it were. This magical origin would certainly explain the troggoth race's small-minded fascination with realmstone. Though they are far too dull-witted to exploit its mystic properties, there have been plenty of examples of troggoths forcefully studding their hides with realmstone. This invariably grants them all manner of weird powers, not least of which being the unnatural resistance to hostile spellcraft evidenced by the Dankhold Troggoths.

The tribes and clans of Destruction have a strong tradition of oral histories, and as a result, they have plentiful variant tales regarding the genesis of the troggoths. Unsurprisingly, many of these legends stem from the grot tribes that dwell alongside them. The Badsnatchers of Ulgu believe that troggoths were once a race of shamans who drank too deeply of the hallucinogenic brews found throughout the Realm of Shadows. The Undersnapperz, a Moonclan Skrap that has fought regularly alongside the gargants of Rhondol, claim that the first troggoth was shaped from the noisome gunk that a bored Gorkamorka scraped from between his colossal green toes one day. The strangest legend, however, belongs to the Lunar Grinz of Chamon, who believe that troggoths do not come from the Mortal Realms at all; instead, their original home is the Bad Moon itself, which they vacated long ago in rickety scrap-vessels that are now lost beneath the mountains. Though this sounds bizarre, such a connection would explain why troggoths seem compelled to travel paths that the Bad Moon has already forged – or, as some suggest, to walk where the lunar menace is yet to go.





skulkmobs – who see a winning bet in Glogg’s unabating determination – but also the many scuttering beasts of the realms’ dankest depths. These hordes of bloated arthropods and skittering creatures swarm up around the dragged Loonshrines. Though individually no match for a seasoned warrior, in great numbers, this tide of scuttling horror can disrupt even the sturdiest of formations, rendering them easy prey for the unstoppable advance of Glogg and his mates.

THE STOICAL GOBBLEMAWS

The soaring peaks known as the Stoical Vast lie towards the coast of Ymetrica, most mountainous of Hysh’s Ten Paradises. As with much of the rest of the land, the Alarith – those Lumineth aelves who have forged the strongest connection with the wise mountains of the realm – have established many temples here, protecting their aelementor peaks even as they meditate upon the nature of the earth spirits in search of enlightenment. There are many threats to be found lurking across Ymetrica, from marauding Chaos warbands to wandering gargants, but in the Stoical Vast, it is the Troggherd known as the Gobblemaws that has proved the most consistent danger to the aelves.

Owing to the inherently symmetrical nature of Hysh, Ymetrica is as much a land of plunging chasms as it is of sky-skewering summits. It is from these depths that the first troggholes of the Stoical Gobblemaws were formed. Hysh is not typically a realm favoured by the anarchic forces of Destruction, on account of its orderly and rational nature, and is particularly avoided by those who voluntarily choose to dwell in the gloomiest crannies they can find. Troggoths, though, can adapt to almost anything. Those who reside in the Stoical Vast tend to have large ears and long, flapping tongues – their other senses heightened as the painful light sees their eyes grow smaller and more useless over time – as well as craggy flesh that can turn aside a blow from even the diamondpick hammers of the Alarith Stoneguard.

Packs of Gobblemaw troggoths have been sighted across the realms, having traipsed through subterranean gateways unknown to even the aelves. The majority, however, remain in Hysh, where they live up to their moniker by attempting to chew straight through the mountains of the Stoical Vast. The core strength of the Gobblemaws is provided by Rockgut Troggoths, half-blind beasts who are amongst the sturdiest of their kind, but an increasing number of Dankhold Troggoths has also been observed wandering up from the echoing chasms beneath the Vast. As the decades pass,

own horde. Either in imitation of their monstrous lord or through simple herd mentality, many of these beasts have taken to gorging themselves upon fungal strains that thrive close to realmstone deposits – Spark o’ the Pyres, Mutterer’s Cap, Leering Hob and others besides – with an even greater fervour than others of their brutish ilk. The results of this arcane diet are regenerative powers that work with a sickening speed, as well as a resistance to harmful magics that can confound even the most learned of mages.

Many of the Troggbosses of Glogg’s disorderly army choose to wander off, accompanied by those beasts who get it into their tiny minds to follow. Yet should they survive, these breakaway groups always seem to find their way back to the main body of the greater Trogghorde eventually. Glogg is surrounded by the toughest and meanest Dankhold Troggbosses of the Megamob; in battle, these form a living battering ram whose sweeping blows and incredible resilience sees them belligerently smash their way through even the most determined of shieldwalls without slowing. In their wake comes not only lesser troggoth packs and shrieking grot

Opposite: The Troggboss known as Gorp has been a plague on the lands of Ymetrica for decades. Just when the Lumineth Realm-lords believe him defeated, he returns with yet another Trogghorde stomping in his wake. The Stoneguard maintain a constant vigil for Gorp and his troggoth kin.

they have grown as tough of hide as their lesser kindred. The Alarith temples of the region have, on occasion, mustered in force to descend into the catacombs and cull the troggoths' numbers, and they have even won mighty victories against the Gobblemaws, but these never last. It is as if the deep darkness spews forth an endless procession of monsters; more than one questing Stoneguard patrol has simply disappeared without a trace, each meeting a gruesome end to sate the appetites of the troggoths.

The Troggboss of the Gobblemaws, Gorp, leaves his abyssal lair only on those rare occasions when the Bad Moon is at apogee over Ymetrica. Each time, the Troggboss's loose aim has been the same: to devour his way into Tjenaka, most imperious of all the Stoical Vast's peaks. Thus far, the Lumineth have successfully turned him back each time, but should the venerable Troggboss succeed in reaching the heart of the mountain – and, inevitably, consuming it – then the mountain would likely crumble away, and an entire region of Ymetrica would be subjected to a miserable decline.

THE OLD LADY OF THE BOG

Most troggoths are simple beasts, implacably lumbering along in search of food or something to crush beneath gnarled fists. But there are those rare few, secreted in the isolated and forlorn regions of the realms, who display a glimmer of something darker behind their beady eyes. Deep in the swamps of Verdia, where hag lights flicker and evil things crawl, intrepid frontiersmen pray for the graces of the Old Lady of the Bog. This hideous creature is a troggoth matriarch of unsurpassed cunning and malice. Never has she been recorded leaving her abode at the heart of the great swamps, but her brood of Fellwater offspring traipse all across through the Verdian marshes. The luminescent glow of their bodies – a by-product of the peculiar concoctions brewed by the Old Lady – and angler light-stalks have drawn more than one unwary traveller deeper into the foetid shadows, never to be seen again. Many Verdian swamp dwellers believe that the Old Lady of the Bog has an accord with the twisted Sylvaneth who dwell within the marshes, trading them captured intruders in return for arcane trinkets, while others claim that she sacrifices her captives in strange rituals by the light of the Bad Moon to open gateways to Droogrind, the shadowy troggoth underworld where there roam spirits as ancient as the realms.



AGES OF UNTHINKING DESTRUCTION

No one knows for certain how many Troggherds are stomping their way across the Mortal Realms at any given time. The first inkling of their approach is typically a distant rumbling and a foul scent drifting on the winds. By the time the troggoths have focused their limited attention on destroying all before them, it is too late for those who dare stand fast in the face of such an unstoppable force.

AGE OF MYTH

BIRTH OF THE BEAST

As the Mortal Realms coalesce into being, primordial gunge pools into the deepest and dankest caverns. From these festering pits emerge the troggoths, who immediately set to wandering about aimlessly and devouring everything they see. The coming of Sigmar and the civilisation he brings drives the troggoths deeper into the darkness, but their numbers continue to multiply and grow out of sight.

AGE OF CHAOS

WRATH OF THE DARK GODS

Reality screams as the Chaos Gods make their play for dominion of the Mortal Realms. The walls of unreality are rent asunder as the daemoniac legions spill forth. Vaunting empires and ancient civilisations fall like wheat before the infernal scythe, and after the disastrous Battle of Burning Skies, Sigmar has little choice but to seal the Gates of Azyr and safeguard as many of his people as he can. Those left behind – as well as those seeking an easy road to power – turn to Chaos for survival and glory. The troggoths steadfastly ignore all of this in favour of grunting at one another, stuffing armoured Chaos Warriors into their gobs, and vomiting over icons of fell power they have smashed into the dirt.

STRENGTH IN IGNORANCE

Chamon writhes under the mutative assaults of Tzeentch. The Hosts Duplicitous, a powerful daemoniac convocation of the Change God, lay siege to the duardin stronghold of Karak Thain. Though the doughty clansmen fight hard, the bedazzling illusions and arcane pyrotechnics of the daemons see them driven back inch by bloody inch. When the daemons attempt to infiltrate the deepest tombs of the Karak, however, they unearth more than they bargained for. The Troggherd of Brug emerges blinking into the light and is swiftly entranced by the chromatic capering of the daemons. The Hosts unleash all manner of mirages and subterfuges in an effort to divert the troggoths, but all crumble before their raw stupidity. The troggoths' rampage leads them right into the heart of

the daemon army, with Brug throttling the greater daemon known as the Phantom Lord until it dissolves into arcane mist. Though the troggoths are ultimately overwhelmed through sheer numbers, the havoc they cause gives the duardin time to evacuate from the mountain fastness to the nascent sky-port of Barak-Thargar. In time, these Kharadron will become the menace of aerial Tzeentchian enclaves.



THE WALKING WASTING

Though many Sylvaneth look to their own defences as the War of Life rages, the Daereth-Har Glade are of a more noble breed, offering sanctuary to many mortals fleeing the depredations of Nurgle. Yet the children of the Plague God are not so easily denied. The great River Yaethon, a lapping crystal stream that winds beneath sun-dappled mountains into one of the glade's primary enclaves, is soured with clotted plague-stuff brewed from daemon blood. As Maggotkin forces launch a series of diversionary assaults to stretch the Sylvaneth thin, a cohort of mounted Blightlords lures a pack of Fellwater Troggoths into the Yaethon. With a blind determination, the troggoths continue to lumber along the waterway even as it curdles around them and the plagues of Nurgle slowly take hold. Though their flesh begins to slough off their bones and their boil-studded bellies distend beyond even the norm, their regenerative capabilities prevent them from succumbing entirely. By the time the infected Fellwater Troggoths reach the stronghold of the Daereth-Har, they have become incubators for maladies of incredible potency. Though the diminished Sylvaneth fight fiercely to turn them back, the woods themselves – as well as many who sought shelter with the Sylvaneth – swiftly blacken and die purely through proximity to the corrupted creatures.

AGE OF SIGMAR

COMETH THE GOD-KING

Lightning strikes and thunder roars as Sigmar announces his return to the realms. Carried upon the bright bolts of the tempest are his chosen warriors – the Stormcast Eternals, celestial champions who bear weapons of holy provenance and are reformed upon death so that they may war eternal. The Stormhosts

strike at the tyrants of Chaos on a thousand fronts, beginning the titanic conflict known as the Realmgate Wars. Ancient powers rise, godbeasts fall, and the fate of entire nations is altered in these cataclysmic battles. The troggoth race steadfastly ignores all of this in favour of picking their noses, headbutting mountains and smashing apart anyone – be they devoted to Sigmar or the Dark Gods – who infringes upon their territory.

A STOMPING REVENGE

Though the realms are still mired in war, civilisation begins to take root in isolated enclaves. The freshly founded free city of New Harrazan in Aqshy declares a grand pageant to celebrate, in which the remnants of defeated enemies are to be displayed within the Mirror Hall of Triumph for the citizens to marvel at. Amongst these treasures are the carcasses of an offshoot of Glogg's Megamob that was recently blasted apart by a Kharadron flotilla, as well as a vial of mystically captured light said to be 'stolen from the Cursed Loone'. When a bungled theft sees the vial smashed, however, the released light is soon contained and focused within the Mirror Hall. Beneath its concentrated glare, a monstrous regeneration takes place: limbs, heads and even organs begin to regrow, and a slow but murderous fury sparks in sunken eyes. With chilling, rattling roars, the reanimated troggoths – trapped somewhere between life and death, and in many cases still hideously mutilated by their former demise – smash their way out of the Mirror Hall and into the streets of New Harrazan. The Freeguild garrison musters a desperate defence, but the troggoths are now more difficult to slay than ever. By the time morning comes, much of the city has been trampled flat, while a trail of monstrous footsteps leads out of the shattered walls and towards the distant Flamescar Plateau.

DEATHSCREAM

Nagash's master plan to drown the realms in deathly magic is sent awry at the last moment, but the resultant Necroquake still unleashes a shockwave of amethyst energies. As the very laws of magic are remade, hordes of Deadwalkers and storms of vengeful gheists rise en masse to assail the living. Cities of Sigmar and strongholds of Chaos alike come under siege from the undead armies. The troggoth race steadfastly ignores all of this in favour of staring blankly into the tortured skies, bashing one another over the head with the limbs of sundered skeletal titans, and ignoring the incorporeal nature of the many Nighthaunt spirits they batter into submission.

RISE OF DA LOONKING

In the Chamonic land of Ayadah, the Gloomspite hordes win perhaps their grandest victory to date

when they rise up and conquer Skrappa Spill – a huge mountain of accumulated scrap metal and discarded weaponry formerly held by the most powerful Ironjaw warclans of the region. They are led by Skragrott, the self-proclaimed 'Loonking', who has bound a truly vast horde of troglodytic terrors to his banner. Troggoths play a key part in the Loonking's strategy. Bolstered by the glare of the Bad Moon, packs of the dullard beasts are sent wandering straight through walls of rusted scrap, shrugging off the impaling impacts and opening up new passages through which the Moonclan hordes can spill forth. Any orruk who attempts to stop them is unceremoniously crushed by the monsters. In the aftermath of the battle, Skragrott employs a group of armoured troggoths to serve as unblinking guardians for his Fungal Asylum, as well as inducting the five biggest and toughest Troggbosses he can find into his 'Konkererz' as 'Eavies.



SLAUGHTER AT SUNDERED STONES

The Hjar, a warband of the Slaves to Darkness, are charged by Krosar of the Bane Sons with recovering the cursed lance Dreadfang. The weapon is said to lie beneath the lost Ghurish township of Sundered Stones, and so the Hjar are granted a cohort of Fomoroid Crushers to excavate the place and find Krosar's prize. Upon beginning to dig, the ruinous forces disturb a sizeable pack of Rockgut Troggoths who have been slumbering beneath the shattered masonry. Incensed by the rude awakening, the troggoths waste no time in slaughtering the mortals. The fomoroids, however, prove a harder target. Battle erupts throughout the ruins as the beasts wield broken columns as mauls and smash their way through the remnants of toppled cathedrals to surprise their foes. In the end, both the troggoths and fomoroids are mutually annihilated, Dreadfang remains unclaimed, and neither side achieves anything of lasting value.

THE MONSTROUS MARCH

Without any obvious impetus, Troggherds from far and wide divert their wanderings to head for realmgates that grant passage to the Heartlands of Ghur. None can say why this is so, and any who attempt to halt them are soon smashed aside. Soon, the predatory wilds echo to the tread of countless troggoths, and they show no sign of leaving any time soon.

GLOGG'S MEGAMOB ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

If your army is a Gloomspite Gitz army, you can give it the GLOGG'S MEGAMOB 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

Monstrous Regeneration: *The arcane fungal diet of Glogg's Megamob has boosted the regenerative powers of the troggoths to new heights.*

Add 1 to the dice that determines if a friendly GLOGG'S MEGAMOB TROGGOTH unit heals any wounds when it uses its Regeneration ability.

COMMAND ABILITY

Oblivious to Sorcery: *A meaningful grunt from one of Glogg's Troggbosses can compel its followers to shrug off even the most potent magical assaults.*

You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly GLOGG'S MEGAMOB FELLWATER TROGGOTH or GLOGG'S MEGAMOB ROCKGUT TROGGOTH unit wholly within 12" of a friendly GLOGG'S MEGAMOB DANKHOLD HERO. Until your next hero phase, each time that unit is affected by a spell or endless spell, you can roll a dice. If you do so, on a 4+, ignore the effects of that spell or endless spell on that unit.

COMMAND TRAIT

A GLOGG'S MEGAMOB general must have the following command trait:

Shepherd of Idiotic Destruction: *The many Dankholds of Glogg's Megamob are capable of acting with something almost approaching cohesion when led by one of their brutish bosses.*

If this general is part of your army and on the battlefield at the start of your hero phase, roll a dice. On a 4+, you receive 1 extra command point.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The first GLOGG'S MEGAMOB TROGGOTH HERO to receive an artefact of power must be given the Aetherquartz-studded Hide.

Aetherquartz-studded Hide: *On their travels, this troggoth has picked up many prisms of aetherquartz and stuck them into its tough flesh. Though it almost certainly has no idea why it did so, the power of the Hyshian realmstone nevertheless lends it surprising resilience.*

Roll a dice each time you allocate a mortal wound to the bearer. On a 5+, that mortal wound is negated.

WARSCROLL UPDATE – BAD MOON LOONSHRINE

If your general has the TROGGOTH keyword, any friendly BAD MOON LOONSHRINES replace their Moonclan Lairs ability with the Hidden Troggholes ability.

Hidden Troggholes: *Under the gaze of their alpha beast, troggoth mobs emerge from the shadowy subterranean depths to smash apart the foe.*

At the end of each of your turns, you can pick 1 friendly FELLWATER TROGGOTH or ROCKGUT TROGGOTH 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 Glogg’s Megamob units on the battlefield.

GLOGG’S MEGAMOB WARSCROLL BATTALION

STOMPING MEGAMOB

ORGANISATION

A Stomping Megamob consists of the following units:

- 1 GLOGG’S MEGAMOB Dankhold Troggboss
- 3-9 GLOGG’S MEGAMOB Dankhold Troggoths, GLOGG’S MEGAMOB Fellwater Troggoths or GLOGG’S MEGAMOB Rockgut Troggoths units in any combination
- 0-2 GLOGG’S MEGAMOB Aleguzzler Gargants

ABILITIES

One-track Minds: *When the troggoths of this belligerent horde get going, they can prove incredibly difficult to stop.*

Units from this battalion can retreat and still shoot and/or charge later in the same turn.

WARSCROLL	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
Stomping Megamob	-	-	160	Warscroll Battalion	



GLOGG'S MEGAMOB

This issue's Tome Celestial was inspired by the Troggherd army of Jes Bickham, erstwhile Grombrindal and the Warhammer Age of Sigmar Studio Manager. Here we take a closer look at the army itself, in all its dank, clammy and very hitty glory.





Far right: Glogg is the biggest and, arguably, the most intelligent of the Megamob. His burly chums Blogg and Clogg will often accompany him to the surface world for a spot of recreational head smashing.

Below: The core of my army (or should that be bedrock?) is composed entirely of Rockgut Troggoths. As yet, no Fellwater Troggoths have joined the Megamob, my reasoning being that Glogg's Troggherd is a subterranean cave-dwelling army that has emerged, blinking, into the light of the realms above ground.

However, with the addition of Big Mudda to the army, I can see some Fellwater Troggoths in my future as they are drawn to her and the impressive feats of destruction wrought by her kin.

Jes: It all started with the glorious models, of course. When the wizards down in the miniatures department first showed us the new troggoth kits, I knew I had to collect an army of them. It also helped that in the Age of Sigmar studio, we knew we wanted collectors to be able to run any of the sub-factions in the Gloomspite Gitz battletome as a proper army in their own right, from Moonclan to Spiderfang to squigs to, well, troggoths. And so Glogg's Troggherd was born!

The collecting, painting and gaming I'd done with the army in turn inspired this month's Tome Celestial. We wanted to give this sub-faction a little more punch and a little more depth. Playing a lot of games with the force had given the AoS games development team and me plenty of things to consider about what troggoths needed, while preserving their obvious weaknesses; the army should be slow but hit like a tonne of bricks, and be able to soak up a lot of damage. Nothing says 'fantasy wargame' more, after all, than an army of shambling subterranean fungus-encrusted dimwits smashing everything they can. (Of course, the Tome Celestial needed to be a bit grander than 'just' a Troggherd – and so, in turn, Glogg's Megamob came into being!)

Glogg himself is my Dankhold Troggboss, the inspirational leader of Glogg's Troggherd. He is barely conscious by the reckoning of other beings, but for a troggoth he is something of a renaissance man – he's given himself a name and everything, and he's realised that hitting things really hard will make other troggoths follow you. Glogg's brace of Dankhold Troggoth chums are enforcers, bodyguards and possibly family too (it's hard to tell with troggoths). They go by the names of Blogg and Clogg. Troggoths are not naturally drawn to the complicated business of naming things, even themselves, but inspired by the great intellectual feat of Glogg calling himself Glogg, they copied him with a minimum of effort. Also drawn to the army was the Troggoth Hag known as Big Mudda. I've always wanted to paint this terrifically characterful Forge World miniature, and collecting the Troggherd was the perfect excuse. Whilst not technically part of the Megamob, she is easily added to the army, as we gave her the Gloomspite Gitz keyword.

To me, an army like this is quintessentially Age of Sigmar – fantastical and characterful, possessed of a resonant look and feel, and great fun to build, paint and play games with. From here, the Megamob can only get bigger!





PAINTING GLOGG'S MEGAMOB

We love the colours that Jes used on his troggoths, so we asked him how he painted them. Here are the paints he used for the skin, shrooms, bases and uvver bitz so you can have a go yourself!

'I wanted my troggoths to have pale, purple-pink skin, like things that have lived in the dark for far too long,' says Jes, squinting in the bright sunlight. 'I painted the various fungus outcroppings a deep blue to contrast with their skin. The insectoid creature held by Glogg is painted just like my Tyranids, but don't tell anyone.'



PALE SKIN

Basecoat: Corax White

Wash: Druchii Violet & Lahmian Medium

Drybrush: Pallid Wych Flesh

TEETH AND CLAWS

Basecoat: Baneblade Brown

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Screaming Skull

LEATHER

Basecoat: Skrag Brown

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Deathclaw Brown

GLOGG'S BEASTIE

Basecoat: Caliban Green

Layer: Warpstone Glow

Layer: Warboss Green

Layer: Skarsnik Green

FUNKY SHROOMS

Basecoat: Thousand Sons Blue

Wash: Drakenhof Nightshade

Layer: Ahriman Blue

Layer: Baharroth Blue

BASES

Technical: Astrogranite

Wash: Nuln Oil

Drybrush: Terminatus Stone

Right: Though Mollog is not technically part of the Megamob, he has wandered out of Shadespire for a good scrap when the occasion calls for it, and he is often found leading a unit of Rockgut Troggoths into the fray.

Far right: Big Mudda in all her grotesque glory! There is a familial connection between her and Glogg, Blogg and Clogg, as Glogg has quite taken her eye ... but it's best for one's sanity to not dwell any further on the personal lives of troggoths!



