

SUNEATER TRIBES BATTLETOME



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DESTRUCTION BATTLETOME

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# Suneater Tribes



*“It was in our Eternal Arrogance that we blindly sought to civilise all we could survey, not one man stopping to ask if we had any right. Is it not only just that the Realms themselves now seek to push back against our relentless march unto obedience, that the very flames of rebellion were stoked by our own ambition. Though we die by their hand it is by our own deed we are lost.”*



# WHO ARE THE SUNEATER TRIBES?



# THE SUNEATER TRIBES

Deep within the Realm of Fire the drums of war echo with resounding beats as the fanatical Ogor and Grot acolytes of the violent and fire-born god The Suneater march to war. Putting all that stands in their path to the flame that every realm might one day reflect the broken and charred world that birthed them.

There are many who tell the tales of righteous victories of Sigmar, those that would tell of his heroic deeds and noble intentions to creation a unified pantheon of the gods, all equals in their own right who would form a bulwark against the tides of chaos that sought to seize upon the Realms. But the words of men are weaved of lies and weighted by the egos of their kind, such tales are little more than the fanciful reimagining's by the poets and politicians of Sigmars realms, their lies woven into the very fibres of every building and the muscled sinews of every Soldiers in his armies.

The terms of Sigmars alliance with Gorkamorka are oft glossed over in the telling of the pantheons founding, such details do not fit the narrative of Sigmars tales and thus who chose to share it with nobody, the feeble Man-God promised the Lord of Destruction a war unlike any other... he told tales of a tide of chaos encroaching upon the realm and a mighty battle to dwarf anything the mighty Orruk god had ever experienced before. The weak god sought to whet the appetite his rival, but where he offered war he hide his desire for a peace without end, when he spoke of battles in glory he wove a leash to keep Gorkamorka to heel, and when he spoke of an empire that spanned corner to corner of the realms he meant only his own. And thus when Sigmar lay the first bricks in the foundation of his grand alliance it was on a crumbling foundation built of lies and deceit, doomed to fail.

To leash the Lord of Destruction is to try and cage the very wind or lid the volcano, for every day that passed for this mighty beasts beneath the heel of Sigmar his temper grew and his patience shortened. Years of enforcing a peace he had never wanted relegated the only glorious creature to little more than the attack dog of the man-god, sent out to wage wars no other god was willing to risk there people for only to return and find yet more idols and cities erected to the weaker gods of the pantheon. As his realisation of this injustice grew Gorkamorka began to unravel the leash he had been caged by, he saw the lesser gods for what they were, false idols feeding off of the belief of their peoples seeking to impose their wills upon the realms that neither asked for nor wanted them. Gorkamorka however was born of the primal winds of the realms themselves, every brick laid tore just a fraction more of that primal wind away, every mighty beast caged fed the other gods and syphoned away his powers. All this while Sigmar thought himself just and glorious, he saw no ill in the cage he had built for the Lord of Destruction, and in his arrogance he failed to see the last threads of his leash unravel until it was too late.

*"They came like fire and Rage, an endless tide of ruin to descend upon all that is good and civilised. There could be no parley or surrender, it was not our lands they sought... simply destruction without end."*

Survivor of the Scorch Massacre

The Gods of Order had thought Gorkamorkas power had diminished beyond reckoning, but the explosive force of his temper caught them all off guard, as the last strands of his leash decayed he erupted forth in a tide of destruction unlike any that had gripped the realms before, he gathered to him every Orruk and Greenskin and those Ogors that would heed the call. It is said by the scholars of Sigmar that every creature of destruction fell beneath the sway of Gorkamorkas petty rebellion, they do not tell of the Ogor tribes that wanted no part of the endless wars that Gorkamorka sought to instigate, but these truths are often found to be inconvenient in light of the war Sigmar waged against Gorkamorkas kin. In retaliation to the tide of destruction Sigmar gathered to him an army of man, aelf and dwarf to enforce his word of Order across the realm, such a combined army marched that the very grass beneath their feed was crushed away to darkened dirt, their hunger was so ravenous that they stripped whole regions bare off livestock yet all these things were blamed on the kin of destruction.

The tomes of Azyrheim tell little of the battles that quelled Gorkamorkas rebellion, nor the atrocities that followed it at the hands of those who fought in the name of justice and Order. The few tales that have survived to the modern age speak of a host of men, aelf and dwarf the likes of which the young realms had never before seen, all marching in the shadow of the Man-God Sigmar under the mighty flags of Azyr. This massive host was drawn not just from the noble houses within Azyr, but every general (disgraced or otherwise), pirate, corsair and mercenary who owed fealty to the Barbarian king. This vast host spanned from horizon to horizon, some say that its footfalls could be heard across the entire spanning continent of Ghur as it marched across the lands, that its nightly campfires were so many that they threatened to drown out the darkness entirely as though day simply spanned into day once more. It is said that the tides of Gorkamorka were met by this host on the plain of Rok-Gor, a once verdant and beautiful landscape in a realm of savages, the green tides number were twice that of the Order host and beneath the combined footfall of the legions every spec of grass within sight was crushed out of existence. It is said that the mages of Hysh wielded their



sun based powers with reckless abandon, forever changing the intensity of the sun in this part of the realm to scorch all life from the grounds below, that so savage was the combat that no native fauna escaped the onslaught.

The battle was savage, with vast number of casualties on both sides, but eventually the god of destruction found himself brought to heel, beaten and bloodied but his thirst for mayhem and war thoroughly sated the mighty Orruk god lay down to revel in his heady onslaught. With the rebellion quashed Sigmar returned back to Azyr, with matters more befitting a god to focus his attentions on he left his grand host to disband themselves, here he trusted in the souls of men to do as they were instructed... a fools hope. His vast host had been raised on the promise of bloody conquest, of glorious trophies and heroic deed, but moreover they had been promised a wealth of gold and treasures that they might use to raise kingdoms of their own. Men lured by such temptations are not so easily swayed into forgetting them, and Sigmars conquest against Gorkamorka had cost them many lives and far more gold than they had been repaid, now left in the midsts of the savage landscape of Ghur these weak men sought to find treasure of their own.

Corrupt generals and greedy nobles all spurred their legions forth into Ghur, they butchered the local populace indiscriminately, Ogors that had no part to play in Gorkamorkas rebellion and mighty beasts older than human memory all under the guise of bringing order and civility to the Realm. Whole Ogor migrations found themselves on the wrong side of man-forged blades, any lands of worth or found to be rich in metals and minerals soon became annexed by Dwarven kings and merchant guilds, the previous owners put to work in slave camps or executed as warning to the savage populace of Ghur as to what happened to those who resisted the recent influx of Order into the Realm.

The Iron Klaw Ogors, who had lived in relative harmony with the man-kingdoms of Ghur for as long as records existed, never took more meat than needed from the human villages around their migrations. To blame them for taking their share would be to blame the man for taking the sheep to slaughter, these Ogors demonstrated immense discipline only picking the elderly or weak from human villages to sate their hungers, never staying in one place long enough to diminish the populace beyond reason. Their demise came without warning, unbeknownst to the tribal elders their migration had setup camp atop a wealth of mineral deposits high up in the mountains at realms edge, it was in the dead of night amidst a thunderous storm that a dwarven cannonade sought to bring the whole mountaintops down upon them. Flashes of black powder detonating lit up the nights sky, punctuated by streaks of lightning racing to the heavens, war scarred and embittered dwarven veterans marched up the mountainside to butcher those Ogors who survived the savage cannonade. It fell to the young Chieftain of the tribe to muster what little defence he could bring to bear, a mere handful of champions atop Mournfangs raced down the crumbling mountainside to meet with their attackers. Fortunate was not however with the young chieftain, struck in the helmet by an oncoming cannonball he found himself flung backward off of his mount, foot still tangled in the saddle straps he was dragged down the mountainside, dazed from the strike and beaten by every rock on his descent his blood crazed mount ran throughout the night deep into the deserts beyond the mountains.

As the dwarves butchered all those Ogors who remained they lacked the insight to know what they had instigated, the nightmare that they had unleashed upon the realms with the soul survivor carried far beyond the charted edge of the realm....

The Gullveig Tribes of Ghur have always been synonymous with strength, Ogors of might beyond repute that migrate across the savage landscapes of the realms of beast with no equal. Whilst neither the largest of tribes nor the eldest they carved out a fearsome reputation when the tribes of Ghur were still a disparate rabble eeking out what little existence they could amongst the mighty predators of their Realms. The strength of the Gullveig lay within their resolve, whilst other Ogors might rely on brute strength or weight of numbers to win a battle the Gullveig would lay siege and outlast their foes, waiting weeks or months lurking beyond the walls subsisting on little more than moss in the anticipation of the fresh meat that lay within. Unlike their often bare skin kin the Gullveig have at least a loose

*An Army marches on its stomach, and these savages are no different. Yet there is little solace to be gained from such knowledge, for when they hunger their appetites call for the flesh of all of fall in their ravenous path.*

grasp on the refinement of armour for their warriors, whilst never capable of matching the elegant artifices of the more civilized races they hammer thick slabs of metal into crude armoured panels and bear massive slab shields ripped from the very fortresses they have destroyed into battle.

Indeed, such is their reputation that the Ogor word for Might within Ghur is Gullveig, and thus when the Mighty Prophet pulled himself from the maw of the Suneater and saw the devastation that Sigmars slaves of civilization had wrought upon the migratory tribes of Ogors it was to the tribes of Gullveig that he travelled, that he might start his army anew.







# THE SUNEATER AND HIS CHAMPION

## Known Names:

*The First (Also known as First Prophet) - Surt'ar is often referred to both as The First and The First Prophet, in terms of the Suneaters both are equally true. When he climbed back through the mighty Jaws of the Suneater he was born again as the very first member of the Suneater tribes, he was also gifted a sliver of the divine power that he pulled from the god that rebirthed him becoming the first ever Volsungr of the tribes*

*Forsworn of Vulcatrrix - In part Surt'ar owes his unnatural longevity and might to the powers instilled in the life's blood of Vulcatrrix. When the great godbeast was shattered by the puny Duardin god little regard was given to where shards of her form fell. In each of these craters great volcanos blossomed to life pulsing with the scorching heat of every drop of her blood. Robbed of the fight Gorkamorka was not one to turn down a free meal, scouring the realms he found the still beating heart of the great salamander, in one mighty gulp he swallowed it whole. Legend says this heart still lurks within the gods stomach, pulsing undeterred, and from this the First Prophet drank deep of the blood of a Godbeast to sustain him in his long stay in his gods gullet.*

*Exalted of the Suneater - Every Volsungr to follow in the Great Prophets footsteps is at best a poor imitation of his power, whilst each stands taller and stronger than any other Ogors they cannot match the sheer potency that came with the First. In this way he is considered the Exalted of their God, the first of his kind and without comparison.*

*Surt'ar - The Last Chief of the Iron Klaw clan, and founder of the Burning Klaw's this once mortal creature answered to the name Surt'ar before his ascension.*

*Ruler Over All - Suneaters despise the cities of order encroaching upon their lands, none more so than Surt'ar whose tribe was butchered by this relentless invasion of order upon the realms. By divine law Surt'ar asserts dominion over all that the light of the Sun touches, by right of his gods power.*

## Description:

His once mundane Ogor form has long since given way to the unrelenting heat of the Suneater, the very blood in his veins boiled his skin until it sloughed away from a mighty molten form. With age and mastery of the winds of Aqshy Surt'ar has resculpted himself a form, sinews shaped from living flows of magma, the pulsing heart of the volcano fuelling his power and every footstep rendering dirt to glass beneath his feet. In this way he stands at over twice the height of any Ogor, more gargant now than his flesh and blood kin, but he has never entered the long sleep of the Exalted, never had his flesh given way to the stone that slows the muscles and brains of his most favoured disciples. In many Ogor tribes his smaller stature than the Exalted would render him secondary to them in the chain of command, yet none contest his rule over all of the tribes, within his heart pulses the very power of their god, his every word revered as divine law, on the field of battle none match his sheer destructive force, his unrelenting will and fury beyond ages.

## Lost in Ice and Flame:

The First Prophet disappeared from the tribes millennia ago, stories circulate around his exact reasons why but no Ogor could truly speak to what filled the mind of such a mighty champion of the Suneater. Most assumed he marched forth to the first Pyre, much in the same way the other ancient prophets have done that they might prepare for the final battle at the side of their mighty God, though none returning from the Pyre speak of the First Prophet. In truth his rampage outgrew even the mighty tribes of the Suneaters, he was stronger and faster than any of his kin, his hunger for battle outlasted any of the savage soldiers who fought at his side, he could march for days when lesser mortals had to stop to rest. One by one his migration fell out of step with the great Prophet, they were left to wage war in his wake and decimate those civilizations too small to face the wrath of the mighty one.

It was an alliance of Aelves and Sylvaneth who stunted this rampage, though the battle waged long into the winter seasons it was as the weather began to grow cold and the great flames of his forms waged war with the icy elements that the alliance of Order began to gain the upper hand. Grew flocks of the frostheart Phoenix flew high above the Magma drenched gargant, a swirling tempest of lashing ice and snow caged him in. Great war beasts of the Aelven empire dragged mighty chains forth, raised high by the Arcane powers of their masters to lock onto the rampaging Prophets limbs, inch by inch his volatile form was dragged

## RELICS OF THE FIRST

*Pok'Gar - The Tongue of Vulcatrrix is a whip wrought from the living flames of Aqshy, whilst unlikely to have been formed out of the literal tongue of the godbeast (as such a thing would dwarf even the great drakes of the realms) it is an exquisite weapon of destruction, coursing with a life of its own feeding on the very winds of flame that surge throughout the realms.*

*Savar - This heavy magma drenched mace is said to have been formed from crowns taken from conquered kingdoms, each king is said to have burnt alive with all his finery, the great Gothi priests sculpting the bone meal and precious metals with the spark of divine power of their forges into the weapon Savar, butcher of Kingdoms.*



forth, his feet digging deep into the battle worn fields as he lashed out at his would-be captors with massive blows of his flame wreathed weaponry.

It was with a final roar of contempt that the Prophet was pulled from the field of battle, sent tumbling down into a darkened chasm with even the brilliant light of his form disappearing into the darkness of the depths. Yet the Aelven empires knew that such a creature could not truly be killed by such trivial means, at best they could cage him until a weapon could be forged to slay the great beast, and for this their greatest sorcerers set to work shaping the very landscape around them to become a cage hewn from nature. Three great rivers were rerouted through the realm, the dirt roiling upwards and great tracts carved through the hillside, sending their murky waters tumbling into the great chasm to quench the flames of the Prophets rage, hissing gout of steam spitting upwards into the skies above. Time has long since forgotten the battle, and the prisoner since caged, pilgrims even starting to reverse the geyser of Ghyran as a holy site of Alarielle interpreting its hissing as divinations of their gods will. And with ages these volatile days became something of myth, eventually lost to history in the Age of Chaos as all things are in the death of civilisations.

Hidden at the foot of the Arboreal Mountains in Ghyran lay the nameless city, its new denizens dubbed it the Phoenicium and so content were they in their own victory in liberating this ancient stone hewn marvel that they asked not what it had been called before, nor why its echoing halls bore the arcane symbols of magics long since lost. In the years since the War for Ghyran and the liberation of the Phoenicium the architects of Azyr are still finding new marvels lurking within the expansive labyrinth that runs beneath the mountain range, their arcane historians tracing back runes and warding's to some of the oldest civilizations in the realms all focusing power throughout the complex as though a lightning rod to the very heart of Ghyran.

Yet still they have not found the chamber of whispering, long since hidden from the prying eyes from mortals yet the voices within carry out into the echoing tunnels that form the Labyrinth. In the dead of night the young say they can hear the soft murmurings of lost voices, as though a lullaby reverberating through the stone itself, at once echoing from every wall and none at all. This hidden chamber lay within the very heart of the city, no windows or doors piercing its marble walls, there was after all no surface untouched by the warding's erected by its architects, the height of the chamber seemingly pierces high into the mountain-tops, no ceiling visible to the naked eye and no light able to pierce such lingering darkness.

### THE ARCANES CAGE

*There are many theories about what befell the once mighty Lantic Empire, one such rumour however continues to rise to the service amongst all others. Some say it was they who first felt the true wrath of the First Prophet, that his rampage carved through their cities of splendour and sought to carve the heart out of their capitol. Engravings around the chamber of his centuries long captivity do indeed lend credence to such things, the symbols littering the walls of his chasmic prison are a myriad of cultures but it seems the most predominant is that of the Lantic Dialect. If true however it means the Prophet has been robbed vengeance on his captors, where then his rage will be levelled is anyone guess.*

At the heart of this rounded chamber lay the Altar, a roaring flame hovering above ground level, shifting and warping as though tugging at some invisible bonds that refuse to release their grasp. Around it three Oracles kneel in constant prayer in flowing waters of the restorative fount of Ghyran, their ancient skin showing no sign of age beyond a few decades though their eyes, blinded to the physical world, seem yet to carry wisdom that kings would never truly achieve. Here they have remained, their ward and duty demanding their every attention since the inception of this great work, it was the oracles who ensured neither man nor aelf would pierce the great stone walls of the Nameless city in the age of chaos, it was they who ensured the cage would not be broken by mortal hands.

Each oracle courses and sways as though the very rivers of Ghyran themselves, the waters around them raising and falling with every motion, rushing toward the altar in crashing waves before receding to the very edges of the chamber, their lips moving in constant prayer, soft lullabies seemingly to soothe the restless flame that lurks at the chambers heart. Here they would have remained undeterred till realms end... but Nagash's great work was ignorant to their very existence let alone their purpose, he did not think of the repercussions when he sent his wave of malicious energies coursing through every vein in the realms. Most villages merely felt the briefest of tremor, soon forgotten with the arrival of the restless dead urging more to join the ranks. The Whispering Chamber however, this great conduit of arcane power to the very heart of Ghyran was shaken by the convergence, even ignorant to the chambers existence the populace of the Phoenicium felt as every stone heaved and twisted in the impact of volatile magics, within the chamber itself the oracles screamed out as one in piercing agony, their heads flung back and sightless eyes burning bright with the same radiance as the flame, all water in the chamber bucking and recoiling from the flame as the oracles were riddled with torment.

Nagash's powers flooded the chamber, rising through the arcane sigils across the walls, every inch it crawled higher fresh fissures began to form within the ancient marbling of the chamber, ageless

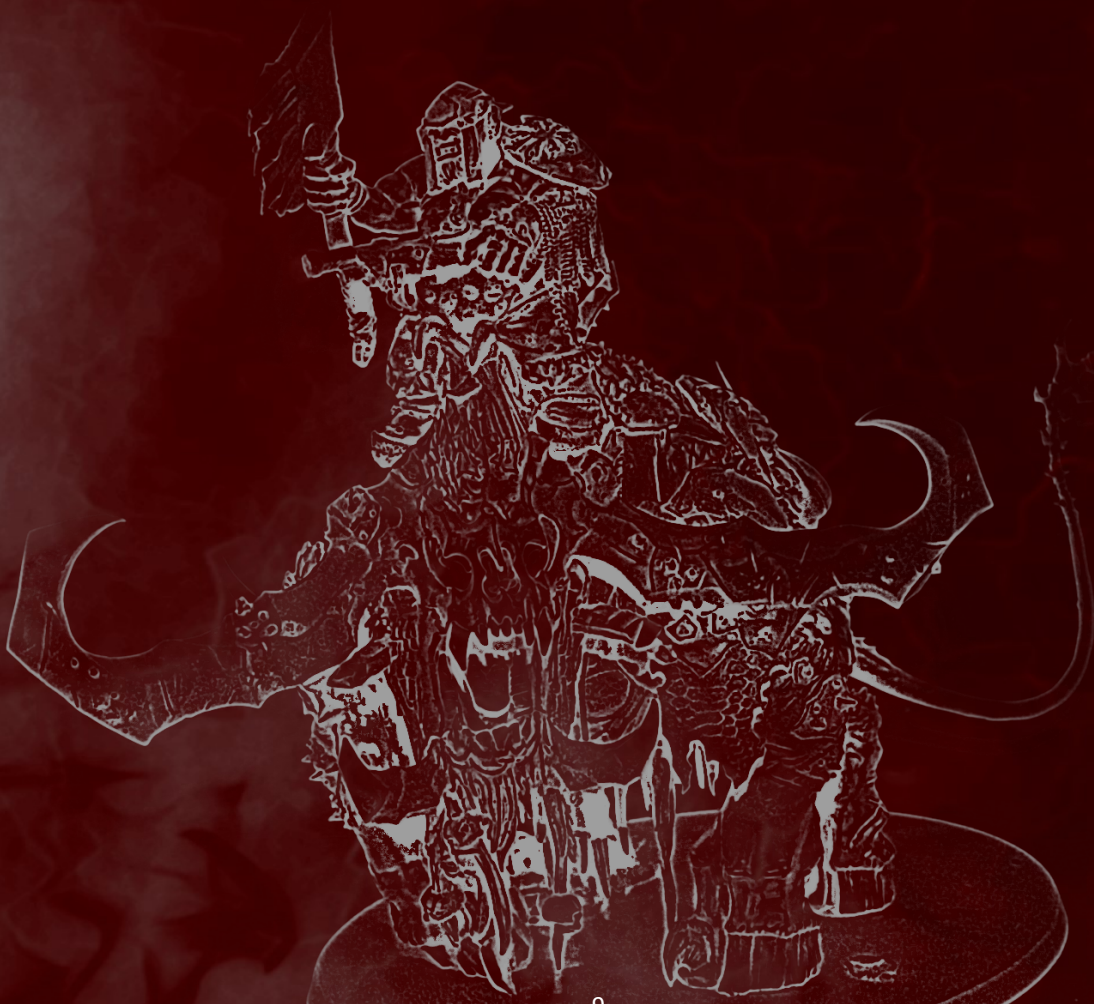


symbols broken unable to contain the shockwave of magic that had been unleashed upon the realms. One by one the Oracles slumped forward, the heat of their body sending great clouds of steam racing skyward as the waters of Ghyran evaporated, tendrils of the flame inching their now lifeless forms toward the rooms central altar.

Deep within the lost forests of Ghyran there is more worrisome news, the water levels of three rivers that forged a winding path through the hills of the Realm have dropped, with every passing day less water reaches the chasmic prison of the Prophet. And those Pilgrims who visit the site no longer hear the whispers of Alarielle from the Geyser, instead they speak of a roar of endless rage and the clanging of chains...

### **Destroyer of Civilizations:**

Had Surt'ars rampage not been cut short in the Age of Myth there is no telling the damage he could have dealt to the growing expanse of order, indeed the Suneater Tribes claim that they would have better held the tide of chaos than any Order alliance had their Prophet been at the head of the Migration. Yet imprisoned he was, for an Age he was alone, cursed with his rage and the burning fury of his god, subject to the unrelenting torrents of the great Falls of Ghyran in a prison of water and arcane sorcery. All that time did nothing to lessen his hatred for the Aelves and their kind, the constant torment honing his blunt anger into a weapon of precise destruction. Now freed unwittingly by Nagash and his Necroquake this titan of destruction has clawed his way out of the pit for the second time in his life, ready to seek out his kin and see what has become of his legacy. Once more at the head of the great Migrations of the tribe it will not be long until he steers it into the very heart of Sigmars cities, that true destruction might reign in the realms once more.





**ARTWORK OF A GIGANTIC LEERING FLAME WREATHED ORRUK  
FACE WITH AN ARM REACHING FORWARDS AND DRAGGING  
NAILS THROUGH THE DIRT, MAGMA SPILLING FROM THE  
HOLES GOUGED**



# BORN OF DESTRUCTION

History of how the Suneater Tribes were founded



# TIMELINE

## Third Moon, Year of the Weeping Eye

Gorkamorkas Rampage Ends  
Order begins to enforce on Ghur

## Season of Reaping, Year of the Drake

Iron Klaws are ambushed  
First city-state of Ghur established  
Surt'ar Dragged into the Desert

## Blood Winter, First Day of the Blackened Sun

First Prophet emerges, Chaos in ascendancy,  
Ogor tribes scattered by order now beset by  
chaos in desperate need of leadership

## Season of Sowing, Year of the Eternal

Burning Klaws are founded  
War against Iron heart Hold begins



### **Golden Harvest, Year of the Sleepless Widow**

First Division of the Tribes

Pyre Maws are founded

Assault on Aqshy begins

last time Surt'ar is seen with tribes

### **Third Moon, Year of the Broken Moon**

Season of War begins, Pyre Maws and Burnin  
Klaws assault Ghyran, Dead Heads and Ur-  
Gores encroach of Shyish

### **Blood Winter, Year of the Blessed Goat**

Lost Migration begins war with the Furnace  
Kings

Ash walkers Volsungr is lost in Ulgu

Exalted Volsungr begin to awaken

### **Season of Reaping, Age of Nagash**

Necroquake awakens Surt'ar from his hold

Dead heads beset by waves of living dead

Call to war sounds, Migrations begin to move toward Aqshy with all  
haste



# TRIALS BY FIRE

The mighty Volcanic Idols of the Suneaters have survived since the time of myth, each once a warrior of legend who had faded into the tapestry of time. Now as power ripples and stirs throughout the realm these walking mountains have emerged from their rocky refuge, marching to war alongside the great migrations of the tribes

“Stupid Aelves....” His voice shrill with irritation as his thin wrinkled lips curling back to reveal a rack of yellowed yet wickedly sharp teeth as he spat into the dirt “Stupid skin and bone Aelfkin, broke him they did...” Wrinkled, old and wizened yet remarkably fat for his kin the Gothi priest balled his fists and slammed one into his rocky mount, a piercing scream of agony punctuating the idiocy of such a move for a frail and feeble creature to undertake. Worse yet as realisation overtook him the priests began to caress the rock, murmuring softly back to it “But we’ll fix him up, feed him up food, feed him on the Aelves and their pathetic little souls and yes....”. Within a moment all trace of softness vanished from his voice “FASTER! HE’S HUUUUUUNGRY!” he barked forward to the scarred and blistered backs of two Ogors in front of him, swaying with every step of their rippling scaled mounts, the stench of the pair was almost unbearable, a putrid combination of the muds of this rain sodden field combined with Ogor sweat and the unmistakable odours of faeces made the frustrated priest miss the isolation and dry cracked earth of his former refuge. He could not tell if the response came from Ogor or Draken, but it sounded enough like an irritated huff of compliance to assure the old Gothi of compliance, turning his attention back to the boulderous skull of his formed master and mount he was sat upon, great chains wrapped around its mighty horns to drag it behind the giant Draken mounts of the Aldin bodyguard.



There was little by way of conversation as the two mounted Ogors dragged their precious cargo up the hill toward the sweltering heat and night piercing glow of the great pyre, it afforded the Gothi time to nail down precisely what had gone wrong in the battle. They had been sent ahead of the great migration of the Burnin Klaw, Great Prophet Fyrebite had demanded it of course... why would someone chosen by the gods ask when he could demand after all. They were to forge the path to the Maw Gates whilst the rest of the migration gathered slaves to sustain them on the long haul back to Aqshy and the blistering heats of home. This land was meant to be the quiet place, once fortress to the puny fanatics of the pretender god Khorne and their pathetic little rituals, the very thought brought a frowning of the brow and yet more spitting of distain from the Gothi priest. Those pretenders had taken the land from the fool-man Sigmars pets, and before them it was the wildlands... now it was to be the Scorch, one finger of the mighty fist of the Suneater as he pummelled this realm into submission. But this quiet place wasn't good quiet... no it was Aelf quiet, the quiet that bites on the wind and runs like a coward, the quiet that isn't a good fight but like rats in the night. Stupid raingod thought he could quench the great Pyres of the Suneater, but the Suneater pummelled raingod and the Pyres rose high, puny Aelves thought they could stick the Gothi good with their beelike arrows stinging all round but the Gothi were too smart, hiding behind Ogorkin whose big backs could take many arrows and small brains might not feel them. Stick bird thing though... stick bird pecked at the mighty Gor-da, Exalted Prophet of the tribe, mighty Gor-da who had shaken whole realms and walked as mountain of flame and stone, Gor-da who now was just a dull rock starving slowly in the night... stupid Stick-bird broke him good.

“Bring it!” the Gothi priests shrill cry pierced the night once more as his two escorts unceremoniously dumped their chains into the dirt by the pyre, only the thick mud of the hill stopping the great stone skull from rolling back down to its starting point once more. The maniacal laughter of his attendants at least brought a shifting evil grin to the older



gothis face, each shuffling into view from behind to glow of the pyre with a barbed chain lashed around the face of a bruised and beaten Aelf. Every tug of the chains elicited a pained yelp from their captive, much to the riotous laughter of his jailors, inch by inch forcing their new toy closer to the giant skull. “Make it kneeeeeeell!” he cried into the night, an attendant delivering a bone crunching wallop to the feeble boned Aelf to drop it to its knees. Even the laughter of the attendants died out at the Gothi raised his hands to the nights sky, the beasts of Ghur falling silent in anticipation. The older Gothi begun to utter guttural prayers, low... rumbling noises of the volcanic wastelands he had for so long called home, his hands arching and curling through the air as bony pale fingers beckoned to the great pyre before him. Serpentine the flames leapt higher, leaping and twisting as they moved toward their summoner, at times they reeled back as though some wild beast resisting the will of their master but each time he called out shrill into the night and they came back to compliance. Each tendril wrapped around the broken Aelf, at first inching around limbs, the smell of singed Aelf flesh sweet in the night sky, the flames rose through the Aelven form as though through dried wood, wreathing the creatures whole form into flame.

The priests prayers reached a climax, now so shrill they’d passed beyond the hearing of most mortal creatures, his fingers outstretched toward the burning Aelfs form he balled up fists and slammed them once more down into the Rocks skull that formed his stage. With this final movement the flames leapt from Aelf, burning into the eyes of the stone-hewn mask, the roar of the Volcano punctuating the rituals completion with great gouts of flame emanating from eyes and mouth of the fallen Idol of the Suneaters. The spark once more lit the Gothi caressed his fallen masters skull, beady eyes staring out into the crowd of gathered Ogors and Grots “More Aelves... He’s hungry... and bring rocks... big rocks.”









# PROVOCATION AND THE PYRES

At any one time it is hard to gauge exactly how many migrations of Suneaters roam the realms, with no overarching hierarchy or chain of command to unite the migrations it is only when the Gothi hear their gods divine summons to war the the migrations will unite once more to form a tide of flame and destruction that can drown whole realms. There are however Migrations who have carved out the distinction of "Clear and Present Threat to Civilization" within the whispered halls of Azyr, those whose threat encroaches ever closer to the cities of order, those who have raised villages and butchered populace far too long to be dismissed as mere raiders. These infamous migrations are slowly becoming whispered legend across the cities of men, the glow of their pyres tainting even the glow of dawn that it might be an army on the march, and they are named as follows:

The Burnin Klaws (Ghur)

The Pyre Maws (Aqshy)

The Ur-Gores (Chamon)

The Dead Heads (Shyish)

The Ash Walkers (Ulgu)

Whilst each tribe is different, formed in the image of their Barbarian Overlords the Volsungr Prophets they tend to share similar hierarchy, mimicking that of the very first tribe to depart Ghur on their rampage of destruction.

## CHOSEN CHAMPIONS

*Those born of Suneater Lineage, the leaders and elite of the tribes most favoured*

**VOLSUNGR (Prophet and King by Divine Law)**

**BESERKR (Apostles and Disciples of the Volsungr)**

**ALDIN DRAKEN (Elite Guard, Answerable to the Volsungr Only)**

**FYREBORN FANATICS (Divine Soldiers, Marshalled by the Beserkr)**

## CONQUERED TRIBES

*Conscripts or trophies of conquered Ogor tribes allowed to serve the almighty Suneater*

**GULLVEIG (Conquered Ogors, the strongest survivors joining the growing Suneaters Armies)**

**BAL KASTA (Children of defeated Tyrants, Soldiers consumed by the Flame and used as Shock troops)**

## GOTHI

*Grots serving the Suneater, considered second class citizens though the Gothi Priests are afforded respect for their affinity with the Suneater*

**GOTHI HERALD (Lead Gothi Priest, interpreter of Divine will second to the Volsungr)**

**GOTHI PRIESTS (Cunning, backstabbing priests leveraging favour with their god for position in the tribes)**

**ASHEN GROTS (Fanatical Grot cultists serving in the hopes of ascending to Gothi Status)**

**GOTHI ARTILLERY (Pyre Belchers, Burning Bomb Catapults, Salamander Herders)**

**WAAGHKART (A totem to the Suneater, Grots clamour to serve on the Kart that their god might takes notice)**

## BEASTS OF THE TRIBES

*Beasts forming the Migration, these heavy beasts are as useful in Siege warfare for their resilience and brute force as they are at surviving the long marches on little food*

**MAGMA DRAKES**

**SLATR WARBEASTS**

**CARRION DRAKES**

## HEROES OF LEGEND

*(In Recent Days heroes who had long since departed the Migration, either thought lost in battle or awaiting their gods final assault upon the realms, have begun to awake and return to the Great Migration, these legendary warriors exist outside of the Migrations Hierarchy, those to march to war alongside one is to be in the presence of the Favoured)*

**EXALTED VOLSUNGR (More mountain than Ogor these ancient Volsungr carry so many blessings of their God it is hard to recognise them)**

**THE FIRST (Legend has it the very first Volsungr of the Tribes has returned, though what savagery lies within his heart is yet unknown)**



As the name implies the Suneater Tribes consist of more than one Singular migration, back before the Age of Chaos the great prophet climbed from his pit like grave and set out across the realms to unite his kin in a conquest that would shatter the very walls of the cities of Order. It was here that the first tribe, dubbed the Burning Klaw tribe was formed, born out of Ghur and yet in time many others have sprung up, each led by and tailored to the great Volsungr that leads them. Whilst the Suneaters might naturally seem to favour the wild landscapes of Ghur or the flaming hills of Aqshy they can be found in nearly every realm.

### THE PYRE MAWS (SCORCH)

When the forces of Man, Aelf and Duardin sought to retake the realm from the wilds and chaos that had reigned the did so with supreme arrogance and lack of foresight to the whims of the realms themselves. In the chaos that had descended over the realm the Suneater Tribes had flourished, their trail of destruction cared not if the cities razed were of Sigmars pathetic cohorts or the Dark Gods of the deluded masses, simply that the flames rose high into the night to please the Suneater. To see such glorious destruction come to an end as the forces of Order sought to raise new Cities, their “Seeds of Hope” was an affront to the Great Destroyer, that anything could rise from the Ashes was an insult to the devotion that the Maw Pyre clan had shown in their ravaging of the forests of Ghyran.

Incensed by this affront to their destructive labours the Maw Pyres migration was ceased, no longer pushing onwards to their homes in the lands of Aqshy and the blis-

tering heats of the volcanic winds in that realm of fire their Prophet turned them back toward these fledgling cities. The wrath of this tribe was unlike anything the mortals had come to expect, the ferocity of their flames tore through the forests of Alarielle in a seemingly unstoppable tide, the very nature of her Sylvaneth making them vulnerable to the heat and flame that sought to devour everything in its path.

It was then to the great engineers of the Freeguild that she had so often rebuked for their ways of industry that Alarielle went, their smoke belching machinery seemingly more tolerable in the face of the total incinerations of her forest realm. These bewildering machines were put to task by their engineers, digging great trenches through the forest to blockade and surround the tribes of Suneaters as they made their advance. These great trenches were linked to the river Terral, its coursing life giving waters flooding through the trenches and forming a bulwark against the fires and halting the Ogors advance. The wound the Maw Pyres carved into the very skin of the Realm of Life would never fully heal, the heat of their onslaught had burnt deep through the dirt, scorching and sealing the dirt and rocks into blades of volcanic glass that would endure no life to grown in them. To this day this lingering malignant wound persists, a reminder of the outrage of the Suneater Tribes to the fresh onset of civilization seeking to end their joyous infernos.

### THE BURNING KLAW (SHATTER TOOTH-PLATEAU)

#### Migration Bonus:

**Firstborn -** The Burning Klaw descend from the First tribe of the Migrations, their loyalty and faith borders on fanatical in their ceaseless march towards destruction. Friendly units within 6 inches of a BURNING KLAU HERO or 12 inches of a BURNING KLAU GENERAL may reroll failed battle shock tests.

**Command Ability - Ceaseless War -** As the first the Burning Klaw have been fighting longest and hardest, they know what it is to give every last breath in the battle. In the combat phase a friendly HERO may issue this command to a unit within 6 inches, when that unit attacks any roll of a 6 to wound add 1 to the damage inflicted.

The Burning Klaw tribe is said to be the original Suneater tribe, born of the teachings of the first prophet after he was chosen by the great burning god. In the beginning they were few, the Ogor Firebelly wizards had been spread far and wide throughout the realms as they sought new and more potent elixirs to try and mirror their gods mighty powers, however the Prophet was a beacon fire, one great burning pyre that drew all the disparate Firebelly tribes from across the realms toward the Shatter Tooth Plateau in the realm of Ghur. It was here, many





months before that the Prophet had been reborn in the stomach of the Suneater, here he had faced trial by fire, combat and of resolve, and it was here he had emerged the champion and prophet of the great God.

In modern days the Burning Klaws are the largest of all tribes, holding dominance in the realm of Ghur whilst many of their kin undertook the great migration to the fires of Aqshy, here they control the greatest site of power in the Suneaters history, one that inspires both the respect and ire of lesser tribes. When each of the great Volsungr left the Burning Klaws to start their own tribes they took with them their own interpretations of the Suneaters whims, it was in this way that his teachings of the Pyres changed, evolved or diluted with every new tribe. The Burning Klaws however stayed true to the teachings of the first prophet and are afforded far more potent magicks than their kin, in battle they are known to field elite Ogor bodyguards for their Chosen Prophet, carrying great slabs of volcanic glass as shields to create an unbreakable wall around their foes, penning them in and pushing them ever closer to the pyres. In this way foes that do not perish in battle slowly roast alive in an ever-tightening cage of fire and shield.

The Burning Klaws invoke far more Bal Kasta than any other migration, so long and far has their migration marched that many tribes have fallen to their ever onwards onslaught.

### THE UR-GORES (FYREWATER GULCH)

#### Migration Bonus:

**Skin of Gold** - The great Heroes of the Ur-Gore migration are clad in a skin of rippling Ur-Gold, this stands as testament to the holds they have put the flame and protects them from even the most lethal of blows. Whenever a **WOUND** or **MORTAL WOUND** is assigned to an Ur-Gore HERO you may roll a D6, on a roll of 6 or more that wound is ignored.

**Unmoving Statue** - **PRIESTS** from the Ur-gore migration may opt to take this prayer in lieu of one of their others. In your hero phase this model may select a friendly unit within 12 inches and roll a D6, on a roll of 4 or more the skin of their target unit slowly transmuted into solid Ur-Gold, the sheer weight making it impossible to move but deflecting even the most lethal of blows. Until your next hero phase that unit may not move for any reason but may roll a D6 whenever a wound or mortal wound is assigned to them, on a roll of a 4 or more the wound is ignored.

When the Great Migration to the realm of fire occurred, it was the Ur-gore tribe that led the way, their young and inexperienced Volsungr commanded his tribe make the journey that they might bathe in the burning might of the Suneater in a realm that reflected his eternal glory. The first of the great tribes to separate from the Burning

Klaws they cut a swathe of destruction from the Ghur gate into Aqshy, however in their wake they often spied the stunty and arrogant Fyre Slayers, these dwarves held no love or respect for the great Suneater but worse they seemed to pillage the Ur-gold left in the ruins of the great advance of the Suneater Tribes. To see anyone finding comfort or solace in their reign of destruction angered the mighty Ur-gores, that their weak and pathetic foes might profit from the glory of the Suneater was a slight that could not be allowed to endure. It was then only proper that the Volsungr found a momentous act of spite to shown dominance over this foe, when they razed their next village the prophet gathered his Gothi Fyri priests to him and set them to task, a great pit was dug in the heart of the ruined village with every precious metal found thrown in. When they had gathered all of worth he stoked a mighty blaze, calling on the primal fires of the realm and his own gods mighty magics the blaze roared with blistering intensity, slowly melting the precious metals into a glimmering, bubbling pool of burning hot metal.

Gathering his most elite kin to him the Volsungr and his priests set to work, shaping and warping the molten metals with agonising efficiency into glistening golden tattoos

### THE GOLDEN KING

A rippling body of living Gold, adorned with a crown of flame the bulbous king of the Ur-gores is a disgustingly glorious sight of excessive indulgence.

Conquering of the kingdoms of Chamon he cares not for trinkets and jewels craved by lesser beasts, instead spitefully seizing every trace of the Ur-Gold craved by the Fyreslayers kingdoms his Gothi smelt it down into a living cloak with which to adorn himself.

Who knows what long term effects such a material with have on his form, or even his sanity, but the protection of this cloak ensures he will live long enough for the populace of the realms to find out, for better or worse...

across the skin of the Tribes chosen. The very touch of the metal was a torturous burning unlike any they had endured before and yet the Ogors endured it as they would any gift from the great Suneater, and when the Volsungr will was completed his tribe marched to war once more, now emblazoned with rippling metallic tattoos



toos formed of the very Ur-gold that they Fyreslayers had sought to pillage from the ruins of their migration.

The Volsungr of the tribe is a mighty creature, his entire skin covered in rippling and shifting Ur-Gold ever heated by the supernatural flames stoked from inside his destructive soul. He marches as a living effigy and idol to his tribe, considered far more a demi god than mere prophet by those who follow in his wake no blade can pierce his golden hide. Such arrogance and spite has left to a fierce conflict between the Ur-gores and Fyreslayers, the latter desperate to reclaim the Ur-gold of their god.

### THE ASH WALKERS (MISTS OF ULGU)

It is said that the mists of Ulgu glow with the brimstone haze in the approach of the Ash Walker tribes, the thick fog that envelops the realm shifting and enhancing the lights from the many torches of the tribe until the very air around them seems to boil and hiss with the encroaching flame. It has been many decades since the Ash Walkers moved into the mists of Ulgu, led by a young prophet seeking to carve out his place in the legends of his people by finding and bringing down the cities of the elusive Aelves rumoured to call the city home. However there are creatures that lurk within the mists of this realm, born and shaped by the ever shifting nature that began to pick

suming whole swathes of the Grot accompaniment in a single bite. Beset on all side and never truly seeing their foe the Prophet found himself shaken by not quelled, he spurred his Aldin Draken kin forward with him at the head of the pack, charging headlong into the mists with a ferocious roar and a gout of flame that lit the entire region.

What fate found the Volsungr is as yet unknown, but with both their prophet and elite warriors having been taken the migration was on the bring of collapse, no Ogor had the strength of will nor the divine status needed to lead the tribe onwards. Just as it appeared the migration had come to an end the Gothi priests came together, their shrill voices shrieking and wailing out into the nights sky as they were riddled with visions (or so they say), it is the word of the Gothi that the Suneater wishes them to push onwards into the realm, that their prophet yet lives still waging wars ever deeper into the shifting mists of the realms. Whilst doubtful there was little the Ogors could do to contest the vision, this small flicker of hope was enough to spur them onwards deeper into the mists of Ulgu.

As time has passed the Gothi leadership of this migrations has shifted and shaped its actions, leaning more



away at the migration, ripping Ogor from mount and con-<sup>20</sup> heavily on Grots to do the majority of fighting they fa-



your quick strike and hit and run tactics across the realm. The Ash Walkers make extensive use of Carrion Drakes, favouring bow over spear and pulling the mighty artillery and Waagh karts behind them that they might at least have the eye of the Suneater upon them if his prophets cannot be with them.

### THE DEAD HEADS (GRAVES OF SHYISH)

The Dead Heads are odd kin to the Suneater tribes, hailing from the rotting lands of Shyish where all life begins to wither and fade they have taken the very energies of the Realm into their migrations. Wielding strange and shifting green flame borne of the darker magicks of the realm they are a disconcerting sight for those that behold them, their warriors dubbing bio luminescent paint across their forms in the vague shapes of a skeletal visage they can be seen leering from the darkness on the still nights as a legion of glowing skeletal monstrosities. For Suneaters this is a sombre migration, gone are the vicious chants, the maniacal laughter or the revelry that comes with a normal migration, instead they set to task with a startling efficiency and near silence save for the occasional grunt or groan of the mighty beasts that accompany them.

In battle the Dead Heads make more use of the elite Ogor units than their kin, favouring the Slatr war beasts and Aldin Draken both of whom can march for days without food or sustenance, ideal for a realm where even crops are known to wither with the briefest of glances. It is said that their mighty Volsungr can never know death, having bathed in the ethereal flames deep at the heart of the realm his body lay littered with scars from wounds that could have been mortal to a lesser beast, he dons an ancient carved skull mask and has adorned his magma drake with skeletal armour. To fight the Dead Heads is to witness the ruthlessness of their commitment to the task, to face sheer burning agony in the eerie green glow of the flame, and when battle is done the Dead Heads efficiency in burning all that fell ensures their battles do little to reinforce Nagash's legions in the realm.

### THE LOST MIGRATION

Whilst the tribes hail from nearly every Realm there is one that no tribe calls home, the mercurial and shifting metallic realm of Chamon, it is said in centuries past some upstart Ogor tribe within that cursed realm considered themselves the true disciples of the Suneater. What followed was a savage battle between the Suneater migration and the self dubbed Furnace King of Chamon over the true teachings of their destructive God (who likely simply revelled in the fresh destruction and onslaught to be witnessed). It is said the Prophets and Iron Baron clashed over days, weeks and months, every battle sending hundreds of Ogors to an early grave and countless grots, great gouts of flame clashing with cold and beaten

ironworks of the Furnace kings yet there was to be little victory found on their side.

As the months turned to years the first great prophet made a decree, the realm of Chamon was to be blocked to the Suneater tribes, the children of the Suneater could not waste their numbers in such petty conflicts whilst the true enemy of their kind erected yet more cities, walls and fortresses across the other realms that they had neglected. Instead an accord was found, the Iron Barons would send great shipments of the Iron Bark of their realm through the mighty gates to Aqshy and the Suneaters holy site, in return the Fyrepowders of the realm of fire would be sent back, each would pursue the destruction of the cities of Order in their own manner without shedding the blood of other Ogors.

The accord was sworn, yet shakily held, all together weakened by the rumoured the Iron Barons had made off with a shard of the eternal flame of the Suneater stolen from a fallen prophet. What machinations these Ogor engineers had for such a potent relic was as of yet unknown, though if it was brought to bear against the newly swelled ranks of the Suneaters the conflict might well consume both tribes.



# FANATICS AND BEASTS

**The great tribes of the Suneaters are a nomadic people, their every migration an endless march to war for the glory of the Pyre. Many creatures of the realms see the glory of the flame, and seek the blessings of the great Suneater, adding their number to the swelling ranks of devotees following the Great Prophets of the Suneater Tribes.**

## HEROES AND CHAMPIONS

### Volsungr on Magma Drake

In the guttural dialect of the nomadic Ogor tribes the word Volsungr roughly translates to Chosen one or Chooser, both of which apply aptly to the great Volsungr of the Suneater Tribes. They are the highest authority within the tribe, seconded in potency only to the great Suneater himself, they have walked the blasted wastes and faced the great trials in the same way the very first Prophet of this kind did and emerged the stronger for it.

Each nomadic tribe has but a single Volsungr, the most potent of their Ogor wizard that has risen to dominance, often the oldest and strongest of their kind their skin is rough and blistered from decades walking the flames of their Gods glory, adorned with trophies of civilisations that they have incinerated. To pass the final trial to become a Volsungr each aspirant must tame one of the great drakes of Aqshy, walking alone and unarmed into the Scorch fire Chasm as their prophet had done so long ago. So seldom does such an aspirant emerge from the Chasm successful (or intact) that there are but a handful of Volsungr roaming the realms, each at the head of a great host of the Suneater tribes who recognise their glory.

Volsungr ride into battle mounted atop their Magma Drakes, a rippling beast of scorching heat and burning hot scales. Their hides are thick enough to deflect even the best of Duardin blade and their great wings allow them to race down the battlefield even carrying to burden of their master atop their backs. In the heat of battle, they can unleash boiling brimstone flame from their wicked beaks, boiling blood and shattering bone with the intensity of the molten magma that erupts from their gullet. Tribes form around the Volsungr, seeing them as the prophets of the Suneater and his embodiments within the realms, as such each tribe takes on features of their Prophets, often mirroring his garb and trophies with priests screeching out their new masters interpretation of the will of the Gods. For this reason, should a new member of the tribe seek to take on the position they are cast out into the blistering wastes, for no prophet can endure the word of another, if the Suneater finds the challenger worthy he will protect them and allow a tribe to form around their new interpretation of his will.

### Exalted Volsungr

It is said that from the day they are chosen the Volsungr, great prophets of the Suneater tribes are gifted with the touch of the volcano, indeed many have been witnessed in battle belching forth great gouts of flame and magma to douse their enemies and leave them to an agonising death. Such things (the Gothi say) are the blessings of the Suneater, that his mightiest warriors might one day rival the destructive powers of the volcanic mountains of the realms). They are seemingly untouched by flame from the day of Ascension, feeling no heat nor pain at its presence. Indeed, many take to bathing in the Magma flows to cleanse their unsightly crevices of parasites that no Gothi can even be convinced to remove.

As a Volsungr migration spreads across the realms, leaving a blistering scar of scorched earth in their wake, they share in the power gifted to the Suneater with every pyre to his glory lit, the further they travel and more pyres they ignite the more powers bestowed upon them, to some comes the choking cloud of ash that shadows their every movement, choking out any foes who would dare approach. To others the calloused and coarse skin becomes as hard as the stone of the mountain itself, yet more manifest a mighty bellow that can fell trees and shattered the most hardened rock as though the power of a volcanic explosion.

It is said that the most aged of the Volsungr reach such power that they need no migration to follow in their wake, they have become the mountain and their Gods chosen warriors, in time these ancient warriors leave their tribe to the next prophet, migrating across the realms to rest at the Maw of the Suneater, the birth place of their tribes and await their gods command. They take no guard with them, nor trophies or treasure... such things mean little to these mighty avatars of their god, instead only their most loyal of Gothi priest are permitted to (and insisted upon) accompany them to their holy site.

As years turn to decades these warriors fade to myth, yet now as tremors of change ripple across the realm the Suneater stirs from his pit, with a mighty bellow his chosen warriors march forth once more. This once mortal forms changed entirely as their hardened rocklike skin has grown to immense size, no longer can they merely belch the flame, their entire visage has eroded to the rippling orb of flame to drown out even the Sun itself, so much has their power intensified that every crack and crag in their rocklike skin seethes with blistering heat. They are accompanied, as all Volsungr, by their most loyal of Gothi borne high above the battlefield on the shoulder of their prophets. These Gothi are perhaps the unsightliest of the pair, a Grot unlike any other... one that has allowed to both grow fat and old, feasting on the food and treasures their champions no longer require.

### Gothi Fyri

It is said in Suneater tribes that no Ogor has ever held the rank of Priest to the Suneater, they claim that their deep and booming voices are too like the sounds of volcanoes erupting for the mighty god to distinguish them from the volatile realm of Aqshy and hear their pleas, meanwhile it is the shrill and piercing cries of the Grots that are unlike any other within the realm, able to pierce through the seismic rumbling and volcanic eruptions to irritate the god enough to earn his attention. It has been this way since the very beginnings of the tribe, those grots of particularly loud, shrill or annoying voices picked out from the crowd at a young age and thrown out into the wastelands to earn the attention of their God.

Each is forced to live in exile until they return with a convincing token of their gods favour, though what is considered convincing is often left open to interpretation, some hunt the great phoenixes of the realm to try and carry off a cloak of flaming feathers as the warm (and burning) embrace of the Suneater. Others climb to mountains top to pluck a shard of the great salamanders burning rocks from the very lip of a volcanoes edge. Of course, many more simply band together in a conniving mob and wait for a more competent grot to complete such a heroic feat, then as their soon-to-be victim heads back to camp the mob descend on them in a flurry of rocks and fists to savagely beat them to death and steal their prize. Such acts often amuse the Suneater enough to let pass... and in doing so he loses but a single priest and gains a handful more as their vic-



tims trophy gets divided up between them.

In battle the Gothi Fyri cut small figures, often able to hide behind the ranks of Suneaters that they might search for favour and blessing from the great god, it is this cowardice and cunning that makes them particularly adept at their jobs, often finding the resolve to channel the gods will when it benefits them most. Aside from their divine talents the Gothi Fyri act as mouth pieces for the great chosen ones of the Suneater, barking out their orders in a shrill and piercing cry to the rest of the tribe, though such cries often boil down to the annoying and hardly helpful “He's right you know”

### Gothi Herald

Some Gothi priests can be seen riding to battle atop a weedy scavenger dragon known to feast on the corpses left in the wake of the Suneater tribes known as the Scorch. The Carrion Drake is a lesser dragon in the realms, lacking in the brute strength of its greater kin and unable to produce volatile breath to drench its foes it instead finds its feasts in the wake of greater creatures, using its acidic maw to burn through cloth, armour and stone to feast on what meats the other predators could not reach. Its cry mimics that of the death wails of its victims, known for capriciously toying with its food before it feasts, often if it can separate a weakened mortal from their people it will strike and retreat, leaving rents gouged in their flesh and relishing the scent of their blood spilling into the dirt as they try and make good an escape.

Time and time again it will claw at its victims until eventually sweeping from on high to feast. It is said the first Gothi to ride a carrion drake subdued it quite by accident, when scavenging weapons and armour from the corpses left in the Scorch the grot opted for an impromptu break to consume mushrooms to sate a growing appetite (and due to immense laziness), cracking open the breastplate of a fallen human soldier he packed it full of mushrooms before starting a blaze beneath the corpse, relishing the scent of fresh meat blending with the narcotic smokes of the mushrooms. Alerted from his mushroom induced stupor by the cry of a carrion drake above the little grot scuttled across the ground, secreting his small form in a crevice between two rocks and uttering a shocking array of curses as he was left to watch the serpentine dragon feast on his meal. However, as the acidic maw sunk into the crumpled breastplate the vicious liquids merged with the mushrooms, the two combining into a heady haze of madcap madness which was quickly followed by the resounding thud of the now unconscious drake landing on the ground beside it.

The Gothi saw he opportunity, this new beast would raise him high above the other grots, its guaranteed status, respect (for a grot at least) and most of all meant he'd be a good distance further away from getting stabbed, shot, sat on, fallen on or generally crushed on the field of battle

Gothi Heralds fly ahead of the great hosts of Suneaters, where their lesser kin are the spark that will burn down all in their path it is the Heralds task to break the will of the people ahead of the host, they are masters of the long hunt, scratching and screeching at their foes until huge trains of refugees march for the safety and refuge of the mighty fortresses of Order. The Heralds ensure that every human, Duardin or Aelf in their path cluster together to hide within their stone walls so that when the main host arrives all of the meat is in one place, in this way

they ensure that when the Suneater consumes the souls of the fallen he is now fed meagre scraps, but a banquet fit for a God of his magnitude.

**Beserkr**—Whilst the Volsungr are hand picked by the divine forces beyond even their own comprehension it is the Prophets who choose their own Beserkr Elite. Any Ogor within the tribes that displays magical potential is brought before the Prophet to have their worthiness tested, the strict manner of testing varies from Tribe to Tribe, with the Burnin Klaw tribes each suffers the grievous wound of an arm removed beneath the elbow, those who are worthy manage to channel the powers of the magma flows into a coursing new limb to replace that which was lost. With the Dead Head tribe each applicant is instead subjected to every injury their great Prophet has suffered in his reign, time and time against blades and arrows are plunged into their forms that they might emulate the immortal glory of their leader, many succumb to the wounds and their bodies are discarded but the strongest will persevere, made all the stronger for the experience.

In this manner every prophet forms their own elite entourage of Disciples who serve at their Behest, they begin to try and emulate their prophets that they might better serve his will and form generals for the growing armies of the strongest migrations. With time and age these Beserkr begin to learn the mastery of flame that comes naturally to the Volsungr elite, sharing in just a small portion of the powers gifted to the tribes. Should the Volsungr fall in battle it is their Beserkr Elite responsible for bearing his body back to the first pyre that he might enter the kingdom of flame and join the Suneater himself in eternal battle. Once this sacred duty is completed they then compete in vicious blood sports to decide who is worthy to ascend to the position of prophet of the tribes next.

In battle these elite soldiers carry pouches of the most flammable ingredients the tribes have discovered in their travels, should the battle begin to turn against the migration, or their Volsungr find themselves in mortal danger each Beserkr will consume their payload. The mixture of ingredients combining with the internal flame of the Beserkr is a volatile experience, many find their forms incapable of handling the experience and simply erupt into a glorious pyre, others however swell to gargantuan size, wreathed in flame and splendour entirely consumed by rage as they throw themselves headlong into the foe, ignorant to all but the most fatal of wounds.

### THE TRIBE

#### Ashen Grots –

Grots by their very nature and small stature often find themselves at the bottom of the pecking order in the mortal realms, yet these cunning creatures are drawn to power either desiring the acquisition of it or to be elevated by their very proximity to it. Those that follow the will of the Suneater do so with a fanatical devotion, revelling with glee in their ability to slip past the walls of the cities of order and start a blaze deep in the heart of their enemies fortifications. These blazes are much like the grots, small and weak when isolated but when many rise up together they are able to topple even the biggest of foes. Ashen grots make up a large portion of the Suneater tribes, and their fanatical cackling laughter ripples through the forces with every fresh pyre lit, they bombard their foes with an endless onslaught of black powder spark grenades or get in close to slit



throats with crude but glistening obsidian blades. Ashen grots can often be seen in a host of shuffling grey hoods and cloaks as though a roiling tide of ash threatening to choke out all life in the battlefield, their name however is derived from being unfortunately short enough in stature to soak up much of the dust kicked up by the great beasts of the tribe, lending them an unfortunate dusty camouflage whether they want it or not.

### **The Svangur –**

Sun-bleached and half Starved Ogors saved from the Desert by the will of the Suneater, these fanatics descend on their prey with startling speed and ravenous appetite. Those who have looked upon the face of the Suneater are often driven mad by the experience, gouging out their fingernails in a gruesome display of devotion and forcing in jagged shards of obsidian in their place, others go even further, ripping the teeth from their mouth to replace them with wickedly curved metallic tusks with which to gorge their foes during the feasting on the battlefield. These Svangur never truly lose the hunger they felt when wandering the deserts, it is ingrained into every element of their being and the urge to feast drowns their every sense, on the field of battle they a gruesomely gore drenched sights as they feed on fallen foes before descending pack like onto the next.

In their ravenous and deranged state, the Svangur are a challenge for any general to marshal, they are volatile and often given over to fits of rage that can run rampant and contrary to the will of their Tribal Leaders. And yet these mad Ogors are considered to have been touched by the very hand of the Suneater, they cannot be cast from the camp without risking the ire of their volatile god. Instead such creatures are often led at a distance to the rest of the host, parties of ashen Grots and their Gothi Fyri carrying great torches lure the Svangur as a vanguard to the main body of the tribe, at once limiting the damage they can do to their kin and allowing favourable flanking around an enemy force.

### **Gullveig Ogors**

The Gullveig Ogors live in the unenviable position of being part of the Suneater tribes but devoid of blessings of the Suneater, in this manner they are often considered the lowliest of the Ogors in the tribe (but still far preferable to a mere grot). Due to their precarious role within the tribe those who can afford it often don heavy armour and large slab shields until such a time as they have earned the protection of their fierce and demanding god whilst others are doomed to rely on their (admittedly lacking) wits and their coarse skin to save them from harm. Such things are unneeded after all by those who bear the mark of the Suneater as that in itself would protect them from harm. Often comprised of the tribe juveniles these fanatical followers seek to slaughter and pillage until they have accomplished feats of such destruction as to earn the favour of their God, many leaving their tribes to join that of the most feared Volsungr across the tribes, that they might bask in the glory of the greatest prophets and be led to feats worthy of earning their

name. Other still become mercenaries, travelling far beyond the borders of their tribe migrations to seek out their own destinies before eventually returning to their true homes in the tribes.

### **SAVAGE VETERANS**

#### **Bal Kasta –**

The Bal Kasta (Also known as Akursed) are Trophies of the Volsungr, taken from the firstborn of conquered tribes these massive Ogors would be contenders for Tyrant one day in any other Ogor migration, instead in the Suneater tribes they can never hold rank or power. Those tribes who refuse the enlightenment of the Suneater, too blind to see the true path to glory, and who are too weak to avoid subjugation by a Suneater migration swell within the ranks of the Gullveig of the tribe. But these tribes are hidden from the Burning Gaze of their mighty god, they are not viewed as foes of the Suneater (such a status would make them fearsome indeed), they simply no longer exist in his eyes and therefore can never receive his blessings. As such the flame still burns them as it would never burn a true disciple of their god, they cannot belch forth his devouring fires nor summon the pyres to his glory.

Such is the curse of the Bal Kasta, they will live their entire lives in the service of those chosen by their God but never live to see that power become theirs. Great Volsungr will have full regiments of Bal Kasta within their armies, a striking show of his dominance over the tribes as his fallen foes now serve at his whims in Battle, and in time some of these fallen champions may well be put to use. The Gothi Engineers of the tribes have long since mastered the Fyre Powders of Aqshy, using it to power their catapults payload and feed the mighty Pyre Belchers of the tribes, and whilst no true Son of the Suneater would





disgrace himself with using it to mimic the mighty fire belch of the Beserkr there is little that Bal Kasta have to lose, and many find themselves all too willing to try.

In their desperation to find the attention of the Suneater these Akursed Bal Kasta have been subjected to the most extreme of Gothi engineering, their unfavoured forms however prove poor vessels for the sheer power of their god being forced through them from Gothi incantations. The weakest of Bal Kasta burn alive, their god devouring their souls first and their bodies withering away after, but a rare few can endure the constant agonising torment, learning to crave its agony as a mark of recognition from a god that cannot stand their presence much less their prayers.

These brave (suicidal?) Balkasta have two mighty fire belching blunderbusses strapped one beneath each arm, their form clad in beaten iron plating that might (probably not) resist the flame should the volatile alchemical mixture backfire onto them, each is attended to by their own compliment of Grots tasked with filling and reloading the fire belching cannons as the Ogors simply cannot use their hands for anything other than holding onto this fearsome arsenal. Those who live long enough in battle hope that in time, should their gods eyes fall upon them belching flame from these mighty cannons, they might earn his favour and be elevated from the rank of Bal Kasta, though such a thing is unlikely.

### Fyreborn Fanatics

Within the tribes of the Suneaters there is much superstition and ritual surrounding the worship of their destructive god, from the roaming Nomads of the Shattersoul planes who grind the bones of their victims into a warpaint to anoint themselves, to the Grakjaw savages who rip every teeth from their mouths that they might not serve the dark god Nagash with zombie bite should they fall in battle. One particularly prolific ritual has begun to arise in the aftermath of the wars in Shyish, as the Gothi priests witnesses the raw power contained in the Realm stones they began to experiment with ways to utilise it within the tribes, many Ogors falling victim to their experiment after promises of ascendance in the favour of the Great Suneater.

With time and the passing of many souls the Gothi have mastered the art of blending small traces of Realmstone with the potent Fyre powders of Aqshy in a highly volatile alchemical powder. In the dark nights before battle commences sacred warriors are chosen by the Gothi from the mightiest tribes in a migration, each sworn to revoke all loyalty to tribe to serve the Suneater as no normal Ogor could. Each is bathed in the blood of conquest, anointed in the very essence of the war they will now embody, their forms painted in sigils borne of ash from the first flame to elevate them above their former kin. The Gothi all the whilst guiding this ritual with an attention to detail previously unseen in the rebellious grotkin, these fanatical priests then burn their concoctions in urns within the great tent of the Prophet, one by one the tribal elite enter to inhale the vapours produced, the energies of the realm rippling through their every vein as their bodies begin to harmonise with the vibrations of the realm around them. In this way these champions of the tribes become living manifestations of the battlefield, their every step in tune with the elements around them, each inheriting a

small portion of the arcane power from the Realmstone they consume and manifesting unique mutations to match. Those who undergo the process are armed with the finest of Magma Wrought blades from the Gothi armoury, relics of the tribes that have seen many masters in their time, great slavers leading these champions into battle with serpentine lashes wrought of living flame to drag victims back to the Gothi for "Testing"

Whilst many of these champions perish as the battle commences, their bodies riddled with the unstable concoction and giving way unto death others find themselves all the stronger for it, harnessing the arcane power to summon forth great belching torrents of fire to scorch those who cross their path. When the power of these unstable alchemy leaves their form they begin to crave it, often unable to leave the realm they became attuned to without feeling weakened beyond memory. Such addiction gives the Gothi Priests leverage, mixing small amounts of alchemical powders to keep these Fanatics as their own personal champions and private killers.

### Aldin Draken

The Aldin Draken are enormous even for Ogors, drawn from the ranks of the Gullveig, these chosen of the Suneater have walked the blasted wastes alone for months on end and entirely without supplies. They are tasked with finding enlightenment that at their lowest moment in their final breath they might look upon the face of the Suneater, be judged and re-born. Perhaps more shocking they have emerged from those daunting wastes with enough of their sanity intact not to descend into the bestial hunger that claimed so many of their kind, and with the physical strength to drag what remains of their half-starved bodies back from the brink of death. Those who emerged from the wasteland are a cruel sight to behold, their skin is blistered and scarred, coarse to the touch but toughened in the eternal heat of the Suneaters embrace, their eyes have blackened to coal seemingly at once unseeing and all too piercing for their kin to endure, some say to be looked upon by the Aldin Draken is to face the wrath of Gorkamorka himself. When they return these champions do not seek food or comfort, instead ascending the peak of the Draken nest, a bustling feeding ground for the enormous stone hide bearing Draken of Aqshy, an irritable bundle of sword-proof hides and jagged teeth prone to belching flame when provoked, here they face their final test. To ascend to the rank of Aldin Draken the champion must first claim his mount from the vicious lizards that populate the Drakens nest, each must engage in mortal combat with the Draken with many succumbing to the cruel claws and wicked beaks of the fattened lizards and feeding the nest.

Those who survive the trials do so through the use of brute force and strength of will to beat a reptile into submission, triumphantly riding their new bruised and beaten companion down from the mountaintop. In battle these Cavalry are slow and cumbersome, the drakes themselves lumbering and covered in heavily armoured scales whilst their riders wield crude heavy crossbows firing obsidian tipped barbed bolts across the battlefield, often first into the fight they are more than a match for many a mortal hero and used as the elite guard for the Prophets of the Suneater Tribes.



The sacred duty of the Aldin Draken is to accompany the Volsungr into battle, should their mighty prophet fall the Magma drake mount has been known to rampage back through the Suneater Migration wreaking havoc on their numbers. Should this happen the Aldin Draken are put to task, pursuing the distraught beast and bringing it down that it might join its masters body on the Pyre and ascend to the halls of the Suneater together.

### **Burnin Bomb Catapults –**

The destructive toys of Gothi engineers these ramshackle artillery pieces have felled the walls of many a city who thought themselves secure from an encroaching migration. Formed of the Iron Bark of Chamon the skeleton of the catapult is impervious to the volatile fyrepowders it is tasked with launching at the enemy, a blessing not extended to its overly eager and some what de-range Grot crew. Driven onwards by their fanatical faith the Grot crew drag the catapult from ash and mud to reach their perfect firing position before loading ever increasing piles of volatile fyrepowders mixed with the excrement of the tribes beasts (to make it stick to a target) into the catapult cup. Launching this volatile chemical down the field hopefully before it detonated in their hands, though such a divine act of destruction from their god would only stoke the Grots faith higher.

A battery of these crude machines is capable of bombarding the villages and townships of order from over their wooden palisades, raining hellfire down upon the populace and inviting them to leave the safety of their walls to fight the tribe in open battle or burn alive in a cage of their own making.

### **Pyre Belcher –**

This great beast from Aqshy is a bloated and tormented creature gorged on the industrial runoff from the cities of man. Its form has swollen and misshapen with the volatility of the chemicals it has been fed but in return it has developed the ability to spit forth huge goutts of flame in the course of a battle. It is forced forward into battle by its Grot handlers, poked and prodded and gorged on lesser squigs that it might launch its payload further forward setting flame to all in its path.

## **THE GREAT BEASTS**

### **Slatr Warbeast –**

When one looks upon the Slatr Warbeast it is hard not to be wowed by the majestic nature of this primal creature, it is not by any stretch of the imagination a creature of traditional beauty but one evolved perfectly for longevity and resilience. Indeed, it has never been recorded of such a creature perishing due to natural causes lending credence to the theory that such a beast may be immortal lest for death by less natural themes. Its flattened and bullish face is akin to many a nightmare as a child with the full stretch of its maw measured at over a cart in width and at least the same in depth to the gullet though I have yet to find an apprentice willing to test that, when looking into its eyes you are struck by the sheer simplicity of the creature not burdened by higher thought or malice. The juveniles of the species are often found in migratory herds travelling alongside the Suneater tribes of Aqshy, seemingly drawn moth like to the pyres to their primitive gods that these tribes are prone to igniting, indeed the subdued state these creatures enter in the presence of such a blaze has allowed ramshackle howdahs to be assembled across the beasts' broad backs. It is then sadly witnessed that when these savage tribes march to war they goad the Slatr alongside them, bombarding their enemies from afar with crude catapults launching burning debris down the battlefield. Such burning projectiles seemingly spur their mounts onwards chasing the bright lights racing across the sky

### **Mighty Slatr**

Dwarfing even the regular Slatr these beasts of war can carry units into battle, they are also inspiring to those Suneaters nearby as living manifestations of the might of the Suneater. Crewed by an Ogor chieftain with Bal Kasta as their personal guard.

## **GREAT TOTEMS OF THE GODS**

### **Waagh Kart Totem of the Suneater -**

A destruction war shrine that moves with the migrations of Suneaters. The rippling heat and power of the shrine can turn away blades and burn up projectiles before they reach the fanatical followers of the Suneater, but its true potency lies within the trials of flame. Gothi attendants stoke the flames around the giant stone effigy before swinging it forwards, should he prove willing the Suneater musters his energies to belch forth huge goutts of flame from the pyres to engulf loyal warriors, consuming them and letting them emerge unscathed from other pyres of the Suneater. Those who are unworthy however will find themselves consumed by the Suneater in his eternal hunger. These mighty shrines spur the Suneaters warriors onto even great violence and destructions. A physical manifestation of their gods mighty and wrath these mighty war machines are prized possessions of the Prophets and often jealously guarded from the other Migrations.





# GALLERY











# A GOD WONT BE DENIED

*The Lord Aquillor felt wearied, for days his party had followed a trail of destruction that carved a scorched scar across the face of Shyish, villages that mere weeks before had been vibrant hubs of life that greeted them with looks of joyed salvation and relief now merely blackened husks of their former selves, silent but for the creaking of buckled wood straining against its own weights.*

*The farming village of Tarrin was simply the most recent and yet for a reason he could not quite place it struck a chord within him that made the world seem that much heavier a burden, in the night before his vanguard had approach the flickering glow of the burning village from afar as though some cruel guiding star spurring them onwards through the night, the still air of the Realm of Death carrying the earthy scent of burnt wood occasionally punctuated by the stomach turning richness of burnt flesh.*

*When they reached the village outskirts the Aquillors eyes were drawn to the pyres encircling the village, a warning beacon perhaps... a last call for aid or the desperate attempt of a mortal soul trying to stave off the very darkness of the night in some last showing of defiance. His face was warmed by the still glowing embers buried beneath the crumbling wood, and yet this gave him no joy or relief. Mustering his resolve, he tore his gaze from the pyre and brought his mind back to the task at hand, casting a glance down the debris strewn dirt path that led to the heart of the village and to his men that had moved up ahead. No building within the village had been spared the blaze, this destruction was unlike anything he had seen before, it was... absolute, precise even vindictive in its completeness, everything that could burn had been touched by the flame. And yet there were no bodies, a fact that instead of relief left him feeling hollow and apprehensive.*

*Following the dull crunch of his men's' boots grinding the charred debris into the dirt he picked his way further into the village, spurred once against from his darkening thoughts by a call from his second he leapt deftly over broken cart and cluttered remains, racing toward town square. When he approached his pace slowed, his second stood over a small cloaked form laying on the ground... its size was little more than that of a child yet so damaged was the cloak by the fire he reticent to turn it over. "Please not the children..." his murmured softly, no amount of wars could ever ease the agony of such a discovery. Removing his golden helm and taking a knee in the dirt beside the broken and huddled form he reached out slowly, cradling it gently in his arms as he pulled the hood delicately away from its warped and burnt visage.*

*"Holy Sigmar..." The lord Aquillor cast the creature back down into the dirt, the leering visage of a grot's twisted grin visible through the burnt skin, any relief he felt for the fact it had not been a human child washed away by the shock and disgust at the look of elation on the dead grot's face. How any creature could look so overjoyed at such an agonising demise was beyond him, but what worried him more was the totality of the village's destruction, Grot's were capricious, violent yes... even malevolent and destructive but this blaze had an intensity, a completeness entirely out of character with the wanton and random destruction of their species. What's more the creature's cloak smelled sickeningly sweet, a smell he could remember from a life once lived so far away, like the ruby sands of the coast in Aqshy... a smell too far removed from this still and rotting realm.*

*Casting his gaze up from the creature's form he looked upon the town square for the first time and found the answer to a question that had nagged at his mind since they entered the village... "Where are all the people". Piled, cluttered and thrown into great mounds in the centre of the village lay the charred remains of its populace, propped in seemingly ritualistic pyres of corpse and wood they formed a circle around a crudely carved boulder that was entirely out of place in this village of man. Its effigy was... Orruk... Ogor... some hideous beast at least, a primitive carving of their deity no doubt and yet its eyes seemed to burn into his very soul, an intense and unsettling glare from its stone features. Captivated he approached... picking his steps carefully to avoid desecrating the fallen village, drawn to the monolithic stone head by some force he could not truly understand, was he drew close he extended a hand... at once curious and ill at ease with the situation his fingertips tentatively neared the effigy.*

*It was barely a brush of skin on stone... a second contact and yet he regretted it in the heartbeat. The glowing embers from the great stone maw roared to life with a heat and intensity unlike any flame the Lord Aquillor had ever known. The rush of air reverberating like a bestial roar echoing between the charred shells of the burnt-out buildings.*

"Run!"





# TRIBES OF THE SUNEATER

On the following pages you will find rules and abilities for your Suneater Tribes army. These include powerful allegiance abilities and items, new battle plans, and war scrolls and battalions that describe the dominant tribes of Suneaters in games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

## ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

From potent prayers to magma drenched trophies of immense destruction, this section provides rules and abilities for all SUNEATER TRIBES armies.

### ALLEGIANCE

Every unit and warscroll battalion in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* owes allegiance to one of the Grand Alliances – either **ORDER**, **CHAOS**, **DEATH** or **DESTRUCTION**. Many units and warscroll battalions also have more specific allegiances – for example **SUNEATER TRIBES** or **GROTS**. If all the starting units and warscroll battalions in your army are from **SUNEATER TRIBES**, then it has the **SUNEATER TRIBES** allegiance. An army with the **SUNEATER TRIBES** allegiance – sometimes known as a **SUNEATER TRIBES** army – can use the potent allegiance abilities found in the following pages.

When your army qualifies for more than one allegiance – e.g. all of the units are **SUNEATER TRIBES** and **DESTRUCTION** – you must choose which allegiance your army will use before each game. These restrictions aside, you can use allegiance abilities whenever you play games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

### Battle Traits:

An allied army fights with units and cohesion, granting it additional boons. See opposite for the battle traits available for Suneater Tribes armies.

### Command Trait:

Each leader has their own style of command. See opposite for the command traits available to Suneater Tribes generals.

### Trophies of Aqshy:

These arcana trophies are claimed by the mightiest of warriors within the Suneater tribes. See pages XX-XX for the magical trophies **Heroes** from your army can possess.

### Invocations of the Suneater:

Those faithful to the Suneater are able to channel a small portion of his destructive power on the battlefield. See page XX for the potent invocations available to **Priests** from your army.

### Lore of Fire:

Those skilled in the Arcane Arts or with a primordial link to destruction are capable of bringing its magic to bear in the heat of battle. See page XX for fire-based spells available to **Wizards** from your army.

## NAMED CHARACTERS

Beings such as The First Prophet are singular and mighty warriors, with their own unique personalities and bespoke items of terrifying power. As such The First Prophet cannot have a command trait or Trophy of Aqshy.

## BATTLEPLANS

The Suneater tribes have their own ferocious methods of destruction and waging war across the mortal realms unlike any other. The battle plans on pages XX-XX allow you to wage war just as the Suneater Tribes do.

## PATH TO GLORY

On pages XX-XX you will find rules for player a Path to Glory campaign. These enable you to field your Suneater Tribes miniatures as a formidable war band and fight an immersive campaign in which your forces grow stronger with each victory. Included are war band tables to help you collect your army, as well as rewards tables for your champion and their followers.

## WARSCROLL BATALLIONS

This section describes formations made up of several units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities. By fielding these formations, you can muster your own Tribe on the table top. There are rules for fielding some of the most notable tribes of Suneaters, each possessing its own strengths and distinct character.

## WARSCROLLS

This section describes the characteristic and abilities of the individual Suneater Tribes models and units.



# ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

The Tribes of the Suneaters do not construct villages or monuments to some petty god of Man or Aelf, nor do they waste their time digging in the dirt hoping a tree sprouts to do their bidding. The Suneater demands that all be burnt in his name that the flames might reach up to the sky itself and set it ablaze. This page describes the battle traits that a Suneater Tribes army possesses, and the command traits that its general can have.

## BATTLE TRAITS

An army with the **SUNEATER TRIBE** allegiance gains the **FEEDING THE FLAME** and **CREEPING DEATH** special rules

**CREEPING DEATH:** The Suneaters do not simply bombard a foe with rocks and arrows like lesser races, every attack sends great gouts of flame, burning oils or incendiary devices down the field as much waging war on the very lands around them as they do the foe. Enemy Models may not benefit from **COVER** against a Suneater Tribes ranged attack, every would be shelter soon descending into a fire drenched tomb.

**FEEDING THE FLAME:** Before either army deploys on the battlefield select one piece of **TERRAIN** and place a single **INFERNO MARKER**, it is possible for other **INFERNO MARKERS** to be placed throughout the game through abilities or artefacts, when placing an **INFERNO MARKER**, it must be placed wholly within a terrain feature and not within 6 inches of another **INFERNO MARKER**. Each turn you may enact the below rule in your hero phase:

In each of your **HERO PHASE** any **SUNEATER HEROES** within 6 inches of a terrain feature may attempt to call forth a Pyre. Roll a D6, on a 4 or more you may place an **INFERNO MARKER** on that terrain piece.

## PYRES OF THE SUNEATER

In your hero phase count the number of **INFERNO MARKERS** currently on the battlefield and select an army wide ability from the chat below. You may select one ability to enact until your next hero phase up to the number of pyres you have (you may select a lower number ability if you wish) to channel the favour of the Suneater. Only one such Pyre Ability may be in force at any one time. Once an ability has been enacted roll a D6, on a roll of 1 you must remove 1 **INFERNO MARKER** from the battlefield as it is drained of its energies.

INFERNO MARKERS	ABILITY
1	<b>Choking Smoke</b> – With the smoke from the Pyre hanging low over the battlefield the Suneaters can conceal themselves with ease. Until your next Hero Phase, subtract 1 from any attacks targeting a <b>SUNEATER TRIBES</b> unit in the shooting phase
2	<b>The Leaping Flame</b> – Until your next Hero Phase <b>SUNEATER TRIBE</b> models may re-roll failed charge rolls this turn, in addition any successful charge that rolls a 9+ immediately inflicts 1 mortal wound on an enemy unit within 3 inches.
3	<b>The Roaring Blaze</b> – <b>SUNEATER TRIBE</b> units may run and shoot, or run and charge for the duration of this turn. A unit may not elect to do both however.
4	<b>Undying Embers</b> – <b>SUNEATER TRIBE HEROES</b> immediately heal D3 wounds, additionally increase the attack characteristics of their weapons by 1 until your next hero phase.
5 or more	<b>Shimmering Heat</b> – Until your next hero phase <b>SUNEATER TRIBE</b> units that suffer a wound or mortal wound may ignore them on a D6 roll of 5+ this turn as the heat of the blaze warps away otherwise mortal blows.

## COMMAND TRAITS

In addition to their command abilities, if they are a **Hero**, the general of a **SUNEATER TRIBES** army can have a command trait from the list below. Pick the trait that best suits your generals' personality. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine a trait. If, for whatever reason, you must select a new general during the battle, immediately generate a trait for them.

D6	Command Trait
1	<b>Fanatical Second</b> – Pick one other <b>Hero</b> from your army to be your general second. That <b>Hero</b> may use their command ability as if they were your general, if they do not have a command ability they may use inspiring presence instead
2	<b>Aint No God but Mine</b> – Enemy <b>Priests</b> must re-roll any successful prayers when within 12 inches of this model as their words are drowned out
3	<b>Troll Blooded</b> – In each of your Hero Phases this model heals one wound lost previously in the battle
4	<b>Thick Skull – Re roll</b> the first failed armour save for this model each turn as their dense skull deflects the blade.
5	<b>Deafening Roar</b> – When completing battle shock tests, enemy units within 6 inches of this model subtract one from their Bravery
6	<b>Practiced at Killin'</b> – Choose one of your generals' weapon profiles (it cannot be a weapon used by a mount if they have one) and increase its Attacks characteristic by 1.



# LORE OF THE PRIMORDIAL FLAME

Whilst the grot priests of the Tribes beseech the favour of the Suneater, it is the great Ogor wizards that reach into the primordial flame and rip a small portion of his destructive might to cast upon the realms. Their magicks are not of subtlety or learning but of brute force of will and raw power unlike the other lesser wizards of the realms.

The priests of the Suneater dance frantically around the Pyres to his glory, each seeking to harness the flames of his almighty majesty that they might garner a small portion of his attention to smite their foes.

Each **PRIEST** in a Suneater tribes army may select one Prayer from the list below, this prayer may be invoked in addition to any known on their War scroll. You may select a prayer or alternatively opt to roll a D6 to reflect the random nature of the whims of destructions.

## INVOCATIONS OF THE SUNEATER

Any **SUNEATER TRIBES PRIEST** can be given one of the following Prayers in addition to any others they know – the better to channel the destructive whims of their volcanic gods might on the battlefield. Pick one that best matches the back-story or Tribe of your priest. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine which extra prayer is known to the priest.

Note that each **PRIEST** in a **SUNEATER TRIBES** army can know a different prayer. If you prefer, you can instead generate (pick or roll) one prayer that will be known by all your **SUNEATER TRIBES PRIESTS**.

### D6 PRAYER

- |   |                                     |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1 | <b>Wrath of the Blackened Wyrms</b> |
| 2 | <b>Judgement of the Suneater</b>    |
| 3 | <b>Volcanic Blows</b>               |
| 4 | <b>Under the Heel of Gork</b>       |
| 5 | <b>Burning Blood</b>                |
| 6 | <b>Spell Eater</b>                  |

## HINTS AND TIPS

Some **PRIESTS** have more than one ability on their warscroll which lets them pray for a particular effect, and some terrain features grant them extra prayers. These abilities might be mutually exclusive, so that your **PRIEST** can only use one of these abilities in each of their turns. Invocations of the Suneater are not limited in this way you can use your **PRIESTS** extra prayer in addition to any others that they know.

- 1) **Wrath of the Blackened Wyrms** – A priest channels his will into the thick black smoke billowing from the pyres, coiling it like a serpent to obscure the Suneaters from their foes. Pick one **TERRAIN** feature within 15 inches of this priest and roll a D6, on a roll of 4 or more enemy models may no longer draw line of sight through or over that terrain feature until the beginning of your next hero phase.
- 2) **Judgement of the Suneater** – The best blades are formed in the hottest of flames, pick a friendly unit within 12 inches and roll a D6, on a 4 or more that unit immediately heals D3 wounds. On a roll of 1 however they are found unworthy and instead the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.
- 3) **Volcanic Blows** – Pick a friendly unit within 3 inches and roll a D6, on a 5 or more that unit's weapons are charged with the force of a volcanic eruption. Until your next hero phase whenever your target unit rolls of a 6 or more to hit increase their rend by 2.
- 4) **Under the heel of Gork** – Select an enemy unit within 18 inches and roll a D6, on a roll of 5 or more that unit counts its **SAVE** as its movement value until your next hero phase (A unit with a save of 3+ now has a move of 3) as they feel the weight of Gork's mighty foot pushing down upon them.
- 5) **Burning Blood** – Select a friendly unit within 3 inches and roll a D6, on a roll of 4 or more that unit is enchanted. Until your next hero phase, if at the end of any combat phase that unit has lost wounds in close combat their attacker suffers D3 mortal wounds as their foes blood burns at their skin.
- 6) **Spell Eater** – Roll a D6, on a 3 or more the **PRIEST** channels the flames hunger for the arcane magicks permeating the realm. Until your next **HERO PHASE** this model may attempt to dispel 1 spell each turn as though he were a **WIZARD**.



# TROPHIES OF AQSHY

The Suneater tribes endless conquest of fire and ruin across the mortal realms has felled many mighty empire and great beasts. Though not once for gold nor fortresses many of the great champions of the Suneaters take prizes from their kills to add to their legend and carve out their favour in the eyes of the great god. These unique artefacts of power distinguish the great from the forgettable on the field of battle.

If a **SUNEATER TRIBES** army includes any **HEROES**, then one may bear a Trophy of Aqshy. Declare which **HERO** has the trophy after picking your general, and then pick which Trophy of Aqshy the **HERO** has. Ideally, the trophy should fit the appearance of the model, or the heroic backstory you have given them. Alternatively roll a dice to randomly select one of the following.

## NOTE:

Each trophy is unique, and no two Suneater tribes heroes would dare attempt to carry favour with their god by using similar trophies. For this reason, you may not have more than one of the same Trophies in your army and may not have more than one Trophy carried by a single **HERO**. You may select an additional **HERO** to bear a Trophy for every battalion you have within your army.

## TROPHIES OF AQSHY

### 1 - The Elusive Spark

This shimmering spark was once a fire imp, its essence ripped away by Suneater priests it now fuels a lantern lengthening and distorting the shadows of its bearer into a haunting spectre. Enemy models within 6 inches of this model reduce their Bravery by 2

### 2 - Drake blood Oils

Pick one MELEE weapon for the bearer to apply these oils to, this cannot belong to their mount. Any wound rolls of 6 or more with this weapon inflict a single mortal wound in addition to their normal damage

### 3 - Embers of the first Pyre

Blessed are those given but a part of the first Pyre of the Suneaters, this model may utilise the Spark of Destruction prayer even if they are not a priest. If the model is a priest they may use this prayer twice in a turn.

**SPARK OF DESTRUCTION:** In your HERO PHASE select a terrain feature within 15 inches of this model and roll a D6. On a roll of 4 or more that terrain feature sparks into flame and you may place an INFERNO MARKER on it. Additionally roll a dice for any model (friend or foe) entirely within that terrain feature. On a roll of 6+ that model suffers a mortal wound as they are engulfed in the flames.

### 4 – Ur-Gold Tattoos

The molten Ur-gold embedded in this heroes flesh ripples and writhes as though trying to break free of its new host. Enemy models attacking this Hero in the combat phase must re roll any hit rolls of a 6 as they are captivated by the shifting gold..

### 5 - Volcanic Shield

Hits struck against this shield reverberate with the deafening boom of a volcanic eruption, Cunning Ogors bang their blades against the shield on the charge to send their foes off balance. Enemy units within 3 inches of this HERO may not be selected to attack in Melee until all other units have been resolved.

### 6 - Bone hewn Effigy

This model has a small token effigy of the Suneater carved from the bones of a great drake, it is said when the strength of the bearer begins to leave their form they may drain the last of the drakes energies from the bone to reinvigorate themselves. Once per battle in your hero phase you may elect to use



# MANIFESTATIONS OF THE SUNEATER

Each **WIZARD** in a Suneater tribes army may select one spell from the list below, this spell is known in addition to any known on their War scroll. You may select a spell or alternatively opt to roll a D6 to reflect the random nature of the whims of destructions.

## LORE OF THE FLAME

Any **SUNEATER TRIBES WIZARD** can be given one of the following Spells in addition to any others they know – their knowledge of arcane destruction and the whims of the flame is extensive after all. Pick one that best matches the backstory or Tribe of your wizard. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine which extra spell is known to the wizard. Note that each **WIZARD** in a **SUNEATER TRIBES** army can know a different spell. If you prefer, you can instead generate (pick or roll) one spell that will be known by all your **SUNEATER TRIBES WIZARDS**.

D6	SPELL
1	Fireball
2	Molten Shield
3	Jaws of the Suneater
4	Aftershock
5	Choking Ash
6	Immolate

## HINTS AND TIPS

Some **DESTRUCTION WIZARDS** may gain access to the Lore of Flame through abilities or battalions, in which case they may generate from the spells below as though they are a **SUNEATER TRIBES WIZARD**. Alternatively, if your opponent agrees you may opt to select spells from the list below for Orruk or Goblin wizards to reflect their affinity for Destruction through fire.

## LORE OF THE FLAME

- 1) **Fireball**  
Casting Value 5  
Pick an enemy unit visible to the caster and within 18 inches and roll a D6, on a roll of a 1 that unit suffers a mortal wound, on 2-4 that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, on a 5-6 that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds.
- 2) **Molten Shield**  
Casting Value 7  
Pick a visible friendly unit within 12 inches of this wizard, until your next hero phase you may re roll failed saves for that unit, additionally any save roll of a 6 or more inflicts a mortal wound on an enemy unit within 3 inches.
- 3) **Jaws of the Suneater**  
Casting Value 8  
The ground itself seems to warp and shift into a molten burning maw that threatens to swallow a man whole, consuming all in its path until its hunger sates. Pick a visible enemy MODEL within 18 inches that MODEL (damage will not overspill into the unit) suffers D3 mortal wounds, if the roll resulted in 3 mortal wounds (and the model was slain) select another model in the unit and repeat the process until you inflict less than 3 mortal wounds on a roll or the unit is destroyed.
- 4) **Aftershock**  
Casting value 6  
The wizard slams his foot against the dirt with a thud that resonates as though a clap of thunder, as they ground shakes and distorts enemies find it hard to find their footing. Until your next hero phase enemy units that initiate a charge move within 9 inches of this wizard must subtract 3 from the result.
- 5) **Choking Ash**  
Casting Value 6  
Pick a visible unit within 18 inches of the caster, until your next hero phase that unit must subtract 1 from all hit rolls as they are surrounded by a thick blanket of ash, if the casting roll for this spell was 11+ that unit must also subtract 1 from wound rolls until your next hero phase.
- 6) **Immolate**  
Casting Value 8  
The last spiteful act of many a Suneater wizard is to give themselves over entirely to the flame. Every unit friend or foe within 6 inches of this model (including this model) suffers D6 mortal wounds, if the casting roll was 11+ they instead suffer 2D6 mortal wounds as the Suneater revels in the destruction.



## SURT'AR - THE FIRST PROPHET



MISSILE	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Great Volcanic Torrent	12"	1	2+			
MELEE	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Pok'Gar - Tongue of Vulcatix	3"	1	4+	3+	-1	D6
Savar - Magma Drenched Axe	2"	4	3+	3+	-2	3

## DESCRIPTION

Surt'ar is a massive rippling creature the size of a Gargant, his form sculpted from Magma that the Suneater himself beat into compliance. He wields the legendary tongue of Vulcartix as a whip borne of flame, and Savar a mighty axe dripping with Magma. In the shooting phase he can vomit forth great gout of flame to drown his foes.

## POWERED BY PYRES

Surt'Ar is a creature of immeasurable Age, borderline immortal within the realms he shares a small sliver of the powers offered unto his God.

## ABILITIES

**Destroyer of Civilizations:** Surt'Ar has spent centuries chained by the denizens of Order, his very rampage once stunted by their armies. Now unleashed upon the realms once more his wrath toward the cities of Order knows no bounds. You may reroll 1's to hit against ORDER units, in addition you may add 1 to all TO WOUND rolls against SYLVANETH models as their very forms immolate upon contact.

**Pok'Gar - Tongue of Vulcatix:** This writhing tongue was ripped from the very gullet of Vulcatix as her body shattered. It seemingly gains sentience with every pyre lit  
0-2 Pyres - 1 Attacks  
3-4 Pyres - D3 Attacks  
5+ Pyres - 3 Attacks

**Great Volcanic Torrent:** In your shooting phase select an enemy unit within 12 inches of this model and roll to hit as normal. Upon a successful hit that unit immediately suffers D6 mortal wounds, increasing

to 2D6 mortal wounds if the unit has 10 or more models.

**The Living Flame:** Surt'Ar's flesh body burnt away in ages long since forgotten, what form he possesses now is borne of Magma and sculpted from liquid metals. Surt'Ar ignores all modifiers to his armour save both positive and negative, in addition in your HERO PHASE he may opt to drain a friendly INFERNO MARKER within 12 inches. If he does so you may restore D3 wounds this model lost earlier in the battle and remove the Pyre marker immediately.

## COMMAND ABILITY

**Explosive Charge:** Suneater units in proximity to the first Prophet harness the power of the Volcanic eruption when the charge. In your charge phase select a friendly unit within 12 inches who successfully completed a charge move, in the combat phase they may make an additional attack with one of their melee weapons. Surt'Ar himself cannot benefit from this ability

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, SUNEATER TRIBES, MONSTER, HERO, SURT'AR, VOLSUNGR

## GOTHI FYRI



MELEE	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Suneater Staff	2"	1	4+	4+	-1	D3
Draken Claws	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

## DESCRIPTION

A Gothi Fyri is a single model, this priest to the Suneater is armed with a Suneater Staff and may elect to take a Draken Mount

## DRAKEN MOUNT

Some Gothi Fyri eschew the relative safety of their small stature to ride a Draken mount into the battle, revelling in this token of favour from the Great Suneater. A Gothi Fyri on Draken has a movement value of 10 and gains the Draken claws attacks

## ABILITIES

**Cunning not Brave:** If this model elects NOT to take a Draken mount they gain the following benefit. This model may not be selected as a target by enemy SHOOTING ATTACKS if it is within 6 inches of a friendly model and not the closest model to its attacker.

**Blessed of Gorkamorka:** If this model is within 6 inches of an INFERNO marker when a wound or mortal wound is allocated to it roll a D6, on a roll of 6 or more that wound (or mortal wound) is ignored.

**The Flame that Leaps:** You may add one to all PRAYER rolls for this model if it is within 6 inches of

an INFERNO MARKER when it invokes the prayer.

**PRAYERS:** All Gothi Fyri know the Spark of Destruction prayer and may additionally select another from the Suneater tribe prayer list. They may attempt each prayer they know during each of their HERO PHASE.

**SPARK OF DESTRUCTION:** In your HERO PHASE select an INFERNO MARKER within 15 inches of this model and roll a D6. On a roll of 4 or more that INFERNO MARKER erupts in a glorious explosion, any enemy units within 6 inches of the marker immediately suffer D3 Mortal Wounds

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, GROT, SUNEATER TRIBES, PRIEST, GOTHI FYRI



## GOTHI HERALD ON CARRION DRAKE



**MELEE**  
Suneater Staff  
Corrosive Bite  
Raking Talons

**Range**  
2"  
1"  
1"

**Attacks**  
1  
D3  
3

**To Hit**  
4+  
4+  
3+

**To Wound**  
4+  
3+  
3+

**Rend**  
-1  
-2  
-1

**Damage**  
D3  
D3  
2

**DESCRIPTION**

A Gothi Herald on Carrion Drake is a single model, the grot rider bears the sacred staff of the Suneater into battle to club his victims into submission. His lean and cunning mount will snatch up the weak and enfeebled from the battlefield using its raking claws, and burn through cloth and armour alike with its Corrosive bite to feast on the meat within.

**FLY**

Gothi Herald on Carrion Drake can fly.

**ABILITIES**

**Hunter Unseen:** The carrion drake is a master hunter, picking off its victims and carrying them high into the sky before their allies know what has happened. If during your movement phase this model passes over an enemy unit roll a D3, you may remove one model whose wound characteristic is equal to or less than the result from one unit this model passed over. You may restore a number of wounds to this model equal to that of the model consumed.

**Deathwail Cries:** The call of the Carrion Drake echoes the deathcries of its victims, taunting and disorienting those around it. Enemy units within 9 inches of this model suffer -2 to their Bravery.

**Strike and Circle:** A Carrion Drake will often wound its prey before retreating to a distance to watch the wounded creature stagger, toying to its victim. After this model has completed its attacks in the combat phase roll 2D6, you may move this model that far aslong as its move ends more than 3 inches from any enemy models.

**PRAYERS:** All Gothi Fyri know the Spark of Destruction prayer and may additionally select another from the Suneater tribe prayer list. They may attempt each prayer they know during each of their HERO PHASE.

**SPARK OF DESPAIR:** Gothi Heralds are masters of the haunting flame, casting long shadows to disorient or confuse their enemies. Select an enemy unit within 12 inches of this model and roll a D6, on a 4 or more that unit has been cursed with the Spark of Despair. Until your next hero phase that unit must reroll any battleshock tests in which no models fled.

**COMMAND ABILITY**

**Picking the Corpse Clean:** Ashen grots know the cries of a Carrion Drake, following it as a beacon to the corpses of their foes ready to be picked clean of their valuables. In your hero phase select a friendly ASHEN GROT unit within 12 inches, you may restore D3 models to that unit lost earlier in the battle. If that unit is also within 6 inches of a PYRE MARKER you may instead restore D6 models to the unit.



## SUNEATER BESERKR



MISSILE  
Flame Breath  
MELEE  
Volcaic Hammer

Range  
6"  
Range  
1"

Attacks  
+  
Attacks  
2

To Hit  
+  
To Hit  
4+

To Wound  
+  
To Wound  
3+

Rend  
+  
Rend  
-1

Damage  
+  
Damage  
D3

## DESCRIPTION

A Suneater Beserkr is a single model unit. He is armed with a Volcaic Hammer and may unleash a gout of Flame Breath, some Beserkr's also opt to carry with them their Bag of Burny Bits, a sack containing the most volatile of ingredients they have gathered on their travels that they can on occasion consume.

## BAG OF BURNY BITS

In your hero phase a Beserkr may opt to reach into their Bag of Burny Bits for a snack. If they do so roll a D6 and compare it to this model's remaining wounds. If you roll OVER your remaining wounds immediately replace this model with the Suneater Beserkr - Enraged model. If you roll EQUAL or UNDER your remaining wounds this model immediately suffers a mortal wound as they burny bits detonate inside the Ogors stomach.

## ABILITIES

**Flame Breath:** When a Beserkr breathes fire in your shooting phase, pick a unit that is within range and roll a dice; on a 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

**Beserkr Death Mask:** The haunting masks of the Beserkr inspire their comrades to feats of Primal fury. You may reroll TO HIT rolls of 1's for friendly SUNEATER TRIBE models within 9 inches of this model.

## COMMAND ABILITY

**Flame Stoker:** If this model is your general you add one to your count of INFERNO MARKERS when selecting which PYRES OF THE SUNEATER ability to use that turn.

## MAGIC

A Suneater Beserkr is a wizard. A Suneater Beserkr can attempt to cast one spell in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. A Suneater Beserkr knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and (custom) spells.

**Cascading Fire Cloak:** Beserkr creates a shield of fire around himself, scorching nearby foes. Cascading Fire-Cloak has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, the caster is wreathed in flames until your next hero phase. At the end of each combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of the caster. On a roll of 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, SUNEATER TRIBES, HERO, WIZARD, SUNEATER BESERKR

## SUNEATER BESERKR - ENRAGED



MELEE  
Burning Fists

Range  
1"

Attacks  
4

To Hit  
3+

To Wound  
3+

Rend  
-1

Damage  
2

## DESCRIPTION

The Enraged Beserkr is a fearsome sight to behold, the volatile mixtures of chemicals it had consumed have warped and twisted its form into a lumbering monstrosity of flesh, and flame. It sees little more than food in its path as it hammers its enemies into the dirt with its volcanic fists.

## ABILITIES

**Beserkr Fury:** In the combat phase any TO HIT roll of a 5 or more generates an additional attack. These attacks cannot themselves generate additional attacks.

**Burning Blood:** At the end of the combat phase roll a D6 for any unit that inflicted wounds on this model in that phase. On a roll of 2 or more that unit immediately suffers a mortal wound as they are caught by a spray of burning blood.

**Explosive Charge:** In the charge phase, if this model successfully makes a charge move any enemy units within 3 inches suffer D3 mortal wounds with the volcanic force of its engorged form.

**Enraged:** This unit can run and charge in the same turn, furthermore if in the charge phase there is an enemy unit within 12 inches and no enemy unit within 3 inches this unit must make a charge move toward the closest enemy unit.

## KEYWORDS

SUNEATER TRIBES, DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BESERKR, HERO, ENRAGED



## VOLSUNGR ON MAGMA DRAKE



MELEE  
Furnace-Hot Jaws  
Crushing Claws  
Volcaic Hammer

Range  
3"  
2"  
2"

Attacks  
4  
4  
2

To Hit  
3+  
4+  
3+

To Wound  
2+  
3+  
3+

Rend  
+  
-1  
-1

Damage  
D6  
2  
D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Furnace Hot Jaws	Crushing Claws
0-4	16	-3	8
5-8	14	-3	6
9-12	12	-2	6
13-16	10	-2	4
17+	8	-1	4

## DESCRIPTION

An Volsungr on Magma Drake is a single model.

To tame the vicious Magma Drake takes a Suneater Champion of immense power, their latent energies able to subdue the volatile souls of their mounts whilst channelling the will of Gorkamorka the great Suneater. Their most deadly weapon however is their Brimstone Dragonfire which burns so bright that nothing but cinders remains of whatever it touches

## FLY

Volsungr on Magma Drake can fly.

## ABILITIES

**Brimstone Dragonfire:** A Magma Drake can unleash a white-hot blast of sulphurous dragonfire in your shooting phase. When it does so, pick a visible unit within 18" and roll a D6. On a roll of 2+, the target unit suffers D6 mortal wounds, increasing to 2D6 mortal wounds if the target unit has 10 or more models.

**Primal Flame:** You can re-roll armour saves and wound rolls of a 1 for a Volsungr on Magma Drake if it is within 6 inches of an INFERNO marker

**Burning Blood:** Any unit which inflicts wounds on a Volsungr on Magma Drake in close combat itself suffers D3 mortal wounds at the end of the combat phase.

## COMMAND ABILITY

**Burning Devotion:** Select a friendly SUNEATER unit within 12 inches, if they successfully make a

charge move this turn they may add 1 to all TO HIT rolls in the combat phase until their next hero phase., additionally you can elect to inflict D3 mortal wounds on that unit to gain an additional +1 to wound for the duration of that turn.

## MAGIC

A Exalted Prophet on Magma Drake is a wizard. A Exalted Prophet on Magma Drake can attempt to cast two spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. A Exalted Prophet on Magma Drake knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Haze of Aqshy spells.

**Haze of Aqshy:** The Great Prophet channels the very essence of their Drakes burning heart into the air around them.

Casting Value: 6, If successfully cast all friendly SUNEATER units within 6 inches of this model count as being in cover.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, SUNEATER, TOTEM, VOLSUNGR ON MAGMA DRAKE



## EXALTED VOLSUNGR - VOLCANIC EFFIGY



MELEE  
Boulder Fists  
Stomping Feet  
Suneater Staff

Range  
3"  
2"  
2"

Attacks  
2  
•  
1

To Hit  
3+  
3+  
4+

To Wound  
•  
3+  
3+

Rend  
-2  
-2  
-1

Damage  
D6  
2  
ID3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Boulder Fists	Stomping Feet
0-4	10	2+	10
5-8	8	3+	8
9-11	6	3+	6
12-13	4	4+	4
14+	2	4+	2

## DESCRIPTION

An Effigy of the Suneater is a single model. This monstrous effigy crushes its foes into a bloody pulp with its Boulder Fists and Stompin' Feet. It's Gothi Minder lashes out with harsh language and a Gothi Suneater Stadf

## ABILITIES

**Born of Rock and Rage:** Halve the Damage characteristic (rounding up) of weapons that target this model. In addition, halve the number of mortal wounds it suffers from a spell or ability (rounding up).

**Untameable Destruction:** This model can never retreat. In addition, you can re-roll failed hit rolls for this model's Boulder Fists if it made a charge move in the same turn.

**Fist of the Gods:** Add 1 to casting and prayer rolls for friendly SUNEATER TRIBES Wizards and Priests while they are within 16" of this model. In addition, add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly SUNEATER TRIBES units while they are wholly within 16" of this model. However, if a Effigy of the Suneater is slain, subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of all friendly Suneater tribes units on the battlefield for the rest of the game.

**Waves of Heat:** At the end of your movement phase, roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe), within 3" of this model. On a 4+, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound

**Volcanic Demise:** When this model is slain, roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe), within 3" of this model before removing it; on a 4+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. In addition roll a D6 for every INFERNO MARKER on the battlefield when this model is slain, on a roll of a 1 the Marker is removed as the Suneater grows tired of this battle.

**Beyond Treasure, Beyond Time:** Volsungr so ancient have no need for treasure nor armour, they are the Volcano, the mountain the the Maw of the Suneater. If this model is your GENERAL you may forgo one Artifact in order to give this model a second Command Trait. This model may never bear an Artifact, and may have a maximum of 2 command traits to reflect its potency.

## COMMAND ABILITY

**The Mountains Roar:** When a Volcanic Effigy roars the sheer explosive energy fells trees and shatters stone, such in the power cages in their rocky forms. In your hero phase this model may elect to roar. If you do so roll a D6 for an enemy units within 8 inches, on a roll of 4\_ that unit must -1 from all TO HIT rolls until your next hero phase..

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, TOTEM, EFFIGY OF THE SUNEATER, MONSTER, SUNEATER TRIBES, HERO, VOLSUNGR



## GULLVEIG OGORS



MELEE  
Ogor Club or Blade  
Mighty Bashing Weapon

Range  
1"  
2"

Attacks  
3  
3

To Hit  
4+  
4+

To Wound  
3+  
3+

Rend  
-  
-1

Damage  
2  
3

## DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gullveig Ogors has 3 or more models. Units are equipped with Ogor Clubs or Blades in one hand and a spiked gauntlet called an Iron Fist in the other, which they use to bat aside an enemy's blows before punching them in the face. One in three Ogors may elect to exchange their weapons for a Mighty Bashing weapon instead.

## CRUSHER

The leader of this unit is a Crusher. A Crusher makes 4 attacks rather than 3.

## BELLOWER

Models in this unit may be Bellowers, who roar at the foe with incredible volume. Subtract 1 from the Bravery of enemy units that are within 6" of any Bellowers.

## TROPHIES AND TOTEMS

One model in this unit may be a Trophy Bearer, should this unit contain any trophy bearers roll a dice whenever an enemy model flees whilst its unit is within 6" of any TROPHIES AND TOTEMS from your army. On a 6, another model immediately flees from that unit

## ABILITIES

**Bull Charge:** You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for an Ogor unit if it made a charge move in the same turn. If the unit also has 10 or more models, you can re-roll all failed wound rolls instead.

**Iron Fists:** Each time you make a successful save roll of 6 or more for a unit of Ogors armed with Iron Fists, and the attacking unit is within 1", the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been made.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, GULLVEIG OGORS, SUNEATER TRIBES

## ASHEN GROTS



MISSILE  
Burnin' Bows  
MELEE  
Obsidian Slitta  
Obsidian Stabba

Range  
12"  
Range  
1"  
1"

Attacks  
1  
Attacks  
1  
1

To Hit  
5+  
To Hit  
5+  
4+

To Wound  
4+  
To Wound  
5+  
4+

Rend  
-  
Rend  
-  
-

Damage  
1  
Damage  
1  
1

## DESCRIPTION

A unit of Ashen Grots consists of 10 or more GROTS. Units are armed with either Burnin' Bows and an Obsidian Slitta or and Obsidian stabba and a shield.

## SPARK BEARER

The leader of this unit is a Spark Bearer, you may add one to this models TO HIT rolls and the unit gains the "Burning Glory" rule aslong as this model is alive

## STANDARD BEARER

Models in this unit may elect to be a Standard Bearer and carry the BANNER OF THE SUNEATER, aslong as atleast one Standard bearer is alive this unit gains the special rule of the same name.

## ABILITIES

**Ashen Shields:** If a unit with shields has 10 or more models remaining, the unit has a save of 5+

**Unruly Rabble:** You can add 1 to all hit rolls for Grots if their unit has 20 or more models. If the unit has 30 or more models, you can add 2 to all these hit rolls instead.

**Banner of the Suneater:** You may add 1 to the save rolls for this unit if it includes a BANNER OF THE SUNEATER and is within 12 inches of an INFERNO marker. Additionally if this unit is wholly within 12

inches of an INFERNO marker you may reroll failed battleshock tests

**Burning Glory:** When a cowardly grot seeks to flee the Sparkbearer often sets their robes aflame in a testament to the glory of the Suneater. Each time an Ashen Grot flees, select an enemy unit within 6" and roll a dice; on a 4 or more that unit suffers a mortal wound as a screaming burning grot runs through their ranks. If there are no enemy units within 6", then the grot simply burns up and perishes in a gruesome display of devotion to their god.

## KEYWORDS

GROT, DESTRUCTION, ASHEN GROTS, SUNEATER TRIBES



## BAL KASTA



MISSILE  
Fyreglass Bombards  
MELEE  
Bludgeoning Blows

Range  
12"  
Range  
1"

Attacks  
4  
Attacks  
3

To Hit  
4+  
To Hit  
4+

To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
3+

Rend  
-1  
Rend  
-1

Damage  
2  
Damage  
2

## DESCRIPTION

A unit of Bal Kasta has 2 or more models. They are armed with cumbersome Volcanic blunderbusses that can be used both to bombard their foes with Fyreglass and batter them to death with bludgeoning blows in melee.

## IGNITOR

The leader of this unit is an Ignitor. An Ignitor makes 4 attacks rather than 3 when it uses its Bludgeoning Blows to batter the enemy in the combat phase.

## FYRESTOKER

Models in this unit may be Fyrestokers. Who carry with them cast arrays of new flame powders from their Migrations through Aqshy. If this unit contains any Fyrestokers once per battle in your hero phase you may make a shooting attack as though it were your shooting phase.

## ABILITIES

**Bracin' The Cannons:** As long as no enemy models are within 3" of this unit in your shooting phase they may opt to Brace. If they do so they may reroll to hit rolls with their Fyreglass Bombards but may not make a charge move this turn.

**Pyromaniacs:** The Bal Kasta are never ones to be out done by other Suneaters pyres, competitive by their very nature in the presence of a Pyre they will overload their bombards to give a volcanic display of dominance. If this unit is within 6 inches of an INFERNO MARKER in your shooting phase any rolls of a 6 or more to hit with their Fyreglass bombards generate an additional attack.

**Heavy Slab Armour:** When models from this unit suffer a wound or mortal wound roll a D6, on a roll of

6 or more the attack sheers away part of the heavy slab plate and the wound (or mortal wound) is ignored.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, BAL KASTA, SUNEATER TRIBES

## ALDIN DRAKEN



MISSILE  
Barbed Crossbow  
MELEE  
Clubbing Blows  
Monstrous Claws

Range  
18"  
Range  
1"  
Range  
1"

Attacks  
D3  
Attacks  
2  
Attacks  
3

To Hit  
4+  
To Hit  
4+  
To Hit  
3+

To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
3+

Rend  
-1  
Rend  
-  
Rend  
-1

Damage  
2  
Damage  
2  
Damage  
1

## DESCRIPTION

A unit of Aldin Draken consists of 2 or more models riding feral Dracoline mounts. Each rider comes armed with a Barbed Crossbow and will attack with their fists and kicks when in close combat, their mounts instead savage their foes with their monstrous claws.

## HUNT MASTER

One model from this unit may opt to become a Huntmaster carrying a great banner of the hunt in addition to its other weapons. You can re-roll failed battleshock tests when within 6 inches of an INFERNO MARKER for a unit that includes any Hunt Masters. Furthermore, roll a dice whenever an enemy model flees whilst its unit is within 6" of any Hunt Masters from your army. On a 6, another model immediately flees from that unit.

## TRACKER

Models from this unit may opt to become trackers, if this unit includes one of more Trackers at the beginning of the game you may opt to deploy them in Pursuit. Instead of deploying normally set this unit off to one side, in any of your MOVEMENT PHASES you may elect to setup this unit wholly within 6 inches of any table edge and more than 9 inches from any enemy models.

## ABILITIES

**Jagged Barbs:** When firing the Barbed Crossbow, any roll of a 6 or more to hit instead wounds on a 2+ as the obsidian barbs break off and lodge into their target causing agonising pain

**Thunderous Pounce:** You can reroll charges for this model. In addition, the damage characteristic for this models Monstrous Claws is D3 if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

**Beast Hunters:** The Aldin Draken have hunted the mighty beasts of Ghur from the days of their youth, it is these elite hunters tasked with bringing down the mount of fallen Volsungr least the beasts mournful craze wreak havoc on the tribes. Models from this unit gain +1 TO HIT in the shooting phase if the target of their attacks is a MONSTER

**Supernatural Roar:** Subtract 1 from the Bravery characteristic of enemy units that are within 3 inches of one or more friendly DRACOLINES

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, ALDIN DRAKEN, SUNEATER TRIBES



## FYREBORN FANATICS



MISSILE  
Volcanic Torrent  
MELEE  
Magma Wrought Blades  
Serpentine Lash

Range  
6"  
Range  
1"  
2"

Attacks  
1  
Attacks  
4  
1

To Hit  
3+  
To Hit  
4+  
4+

To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
4+

Rend  
-2  
Rend  
-1

Damage  
2  
Damage  
D3

## DESCRIPTION

A unit of Fyrebored Fanatics consists of 4 or more models. Anointed with the sigils of the Suneater prior to the battle these hulking Ogors are revered within the tribes. In the nights before the battle they consume copious amounts of vapours blended with realmstones to attune themselves to the field of battle. They belch forth torrents of Volcanic bile before lashing out with Magma Wrought Blades in melee. Their Ascendant Champions can choke the life out of their foes with his Serpentine Lash.

## ASCENDANT CHAMPION

One model in this unit may be an Ascendant Champion. Add 1 to all HIT rolls in the combat phase with this model. In addition this model is equipped with a Serpentine Lash as well as his Magma Wrought Blades

## ABILITIES

**Volcanic Torrent:** This attack inflicts 1 mortal wound for every hit, models within 3 inches of the target unit instead inflict 2 mortal wounds with every hit.

**Beserker Fury:** Wounds that would fell lesser mortals are mere trifles to those chosen by the Suneater, the vapours make them ignorant to all but the will of their God. When allocating a wound or mortal wound to a model in this unit roll a D6, on a roll of a 6 that wound is ignore. Additionally when a model in this unit flees due to battleshock you may immediately make an attack as though it were the combat phase. Once the attacks have been resolved remove the model as normal.

**Vapours of the Suneater:** This unit gains one of the following abilities as chosen by the Realm in which the battle is taking place:

AQSHY (Fire) - Any TO HIT rolls of a 6 with this units Volcanic Torrent generate an additional attack

with that weapon

GHYRAN (Life) - In each of your hero phases a model from this unit may heal 1 wound lost earlier in the battle

GHUR (Beast) - You may reroll TO HIT rolls of a 1 for this unit in the combat phase.

CHAMON (Metal) - Add 1 to save rolls for this unit.

SHYISH (Death) - Ignore modifiers to this units save, both positive and negative for the duration of the battle

HYSH (Light) - Friendly SUNEATER tribes within 6 inches of this unit may use this units Bravery when conducting Battleshock tests.

ULGU (Shadow) - You may attempt to dispell one spell for every 3 models in this unit in each of your hero phases as though they were a wizard.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, SUNEATER TRIBES, OGOR, FYREBORN FANATICS

## BURNIN' BOMB CATAPULT



MISSILE  
Burnin' Bomb  
MELEE  
Crews tools

Range  
1"  
Range  
1"

Attacks  
1  
Attacks  
\*

To Hit  
\*  
To Hit  
5+

To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
5+

Rend  
-2  
Rend  
-

Damage  
3  
Damage  
1

## DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Move	Burnin' Bomb	Crews Tools
0-2	5	4+	4
3-4	4	5+	3
5+	3	5+	2

## DESCRIPTION

A Burnin' Bomb Catapult is a single model consisting of a catapult and four grot crewmen. In the shooting phase the grots load precarious incendiary bombs onto the catapult to launch down field, and should they get caught in close combat will try and batter down foes with their tools.

## ABILITIES

**Its too 'Eavy:** A Burnin' Bomb Catapult is too heavy to move at speed, for this reason it may never run nor make a retreat move and may only pile in 1 inch in close combat.

**Aim for the Burny Bit:** Grot accuracy is not the best in the realms, however even they can aim for a giant plume of smoke in the distance. This model can target units not visible to it, additionally if the target unit for

this models Shooting Attack is within 6 inches of a PYRE MARKER you may add 1 to your hit rolls.

**Its an Extra Big'un:** Not all bombs are made equal, some overly eager grots shove as much Aqshyan flame powders in as physically possible and fill the rest with scrap. On a roll of a 6 to hit they managed to load an especially large bomb, once the attack is resolved the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds as the flames spread.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, GROT, SUNEATER TRIBES, WAR MACHINE, CATAPULT



## PYRE BELCHER



**MISSILE**  
Incendiary Squigs  
**MELEE**  
Grots Stickers and Bashers  
Cavernous Maw

Range  
30"  
Range  
1"  
1"

Attacks  
6  
Attacks  
3  
3

To Hit  
4+  
To Hit  
5+  
3+

To Wound  
3+  
To Wound  
5+  
3+

Rend  
-  
Rend  
-  
-2

Damage  
D3  
Damage  
1  
D3

## DESCRIPTION

A Pyre Belcher is a single model, consisting of an especially large and jowly Squig along with its Grot handlers, who prod, provoke and generally do their best to encourage their enormous charge to do its job. The Gobba itself has been gorged on the oils and runoff from Freeguild cities, bloating with the flammable liquids. Overtime grots learnt that it could with an extremely varied degree of success, regurgitate the oils with the squigs it has been encouraged to eat. Particularly brave grots then light these fluids sending incendiary squigs down the battlefield in the rough direction of the enemy. If any foes should stray too close, the Grots who attend it will attempt to defend

their charge with a variety of Stickers and Bashers; that is, assuming the Pyre Belcher itself doesn't gobble them up first with its Cavernous Maw!

## ABILITIES

**Arching Flames:** Once gobbled forth, the flaming Incendiary-Squigs soar in an uncharacteristically graceful, flame trailing arc before messily splatting amongst their victims. This model can shoot at enemy units that are not visible to it.

**Spittin' Beasts:** The Grot 'crew' tether their Pyre Belcher to the ground with stakes to provide a rudimentary form of stability, and relocating the enormous creature takes time and inevitably disrupts the spittin' process. The Pyre Belcher cannot make charge moves or pile-in moves. In addition, add 1 to hit rolls made for this model's Incendiary-Squigs on a turn in which it did not move.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, GROT, SUNEATER TRIBES, PYRE BELCHER

## SLATR WARBEAST



**MISSILE**  
Suneater Fire Launcher  
Thrown Scrap  
**MELEE**  
Thunderous Hooves  
Savage Maw  
Crews Tools

Range  
24"  
9"  
Range  
1"  
1"  
1"

Attacks  
2  
4  
Attacks  
4  
1  
4

To Hit  
4+  
5+  
To Hit  
4+  
3+  
5+

To Wound  
3+  
5+  
To Wound  
3+  
5+  
5+

Rend  
-1  
-  
Rend  
-1  
-2  
-

Damage  
D3  
1  
Damage  
2  
D6  
1

## DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Move	Thunderous Hooves	Savage Maw
0-3	10	4	2+
4-7	10	4	3+
8-11	8	3	3+
12+	8	2	4+
21+	4	1	D3

## DESCRIPTION

A Slatr Warbeast is a single model. At range it's crew man the crude catapult launching balls of burning scrap at their foes and throwing whatever is to hand at enemies who get close. In combat the Slatr itself goes its foes with hooves and savage maw whilst it's crew bludgeon antagonists they can reach with tools

## RUGGED THICK HIDE

The Slatr are creatures of startling endurance and longevity. In battle their hide repels all but the most savage of blows. This model ignores the rend characteristic of any attacks made against it,

## ABILITIES

**Too close, just Chuck it!** If in your shooting phase there are any enemy models within 3 inches of this model the crew are unable to fire their Suneater Fire Launcher as the mount bucks and bends to fight in melee. Instead select an enemy unit within 3 inches and roll a D6. On a 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds as cats of oil are poured onto their heads.

**Steady...** If this model has not moved in the movement phase you may add one to any hit rolls for its Suneater Fire Launcher as the crew capitalise on the steady firing platform.

**More Fire!** If in your shooting phase there is a SUNEATER TRIBES HERO within 6 inches of this model, any to hit rolls of 6 or more with the Suneater Fire Launcher inflict one mortal wound in addition to its normal damage

**Thunderous Charge:** Few can survive the crushing hooves of a Slatr charge, if this model successfully completes a charge move select an enemy unit within 3 inches. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds as they are crushed under foot.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, SUNEATER TRIBES, MONSTER, SLATR WARBEAST



## SUNEATER SHRINE ON WAAAGH-KART



MISSILE	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hung Scrap	1"	4	5+	5+	-	1
MELEE	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Goring Horns	2"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Gothi Attendants jagged blades	1"	4	5+	5+	-	1
Gothi Fyris Sacrificial blade	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Spark of the Suneater	Savage Maw
0-2	6	10"	2+
3-4	4	8"	3+
5-6	4	6"	3+
7+	0	4"	4+
21+	4	1	D3

## DESCRIPTION

A Waaagh-Kart is a single model. This ramshackle wooden contraption is barely held together by rusted nails and ancient chain, suspending an effigy of the Suneaters head and a burning sacrificial pit. It is pulled into battle by a chained Rhinox which attacks in the combat phase with its goring horns whilst the Gothi attendants will hurl scrap and harsh language at anyone nearby, whilst the sacrificial pit attending Gothi Fyri is willing to take skull donations from anyone who crosses his blade.

## ABILITIES

**Spark of the Suneater:** Roll a dice each time a SUNEATER TRIBE model from your army suffers a wound or a mortal wound whilst within range of an Waaagh-Karts Spark of the Suneater ability. The range of this models' ability is shown in the damage table above. On a 6, that attack has been turned aside by the immense power of Gorkamorka and is ignored.

**Fire Walker:** Those under the protection of the Suneater may walk through the maw of the effigy, carried by the roaring currently of the flame to emerge unscathed from a nearby Pyre. In your hero phase a single DESTRUCTION unit within 6 inches of his model may elect to walk through the flame, that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. Then roll a single dice, on a roll of a 4 or more you may remove the selected unit from the battlefield and set it up again wholly within 6 inches of any INCENDIARY MARKER and not within 3 inches of any enemy models. SUNEATER TRIBE models only suffer the

mortal wounds if the result of the Fire Walker roll was a one, so much is their favour with the Suneater. MONSTERS may not be chosen as the recipient of this blessing as they are too large to fit within the maw.

**Feeding the Maw:** The hunger of the Suneater is eternal, stray foes often find themselves snatched up by tendrils of the flame, pulled screaming into the giant stone maw of the effigy. If any enemy units within 12 inches of this model fail a battleshock test you may immediately heal D3 wounds on this effigy or a friendly SUNEATER TRIBES hero within 12 inches.

**'Es too Heavy....:** Should this model be reduced to 1 wound the Rhinox is no longer capable of bearing it any further, instead he simply slumps against the effigy bleeding and battered. When this model is on its last wound all enemy models may add one to their hit rolls in the combat phase when directing attacks at this model.

## KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, OGOR, TOTEM, SUNEATER TRIBES, STONE HEWN EFFIGY



# LEGENDARY DESTRUCTIVE TRIBES

## SUNEATERS BATALLIONS

### FIRE AND RUIN

*The Ogors and Grots are not the only ones who revere the great Suneater, though perhaps the most prolific, many an Orruk or Troggoth has been swayed by the roaring flames and blistering heat of the devotions of the great god of Flame. These would be worshippers form a court around particularly adept or potent Volsungr hoping to learn... or steal the secrets of the Suneater tribes and their seeming favourable position in the eyes of their savage God.*

#### Composition:

- Volsungr on Magmadrake

- 3-5 DESTRUCTION WIZARDS

#### Abilities:

Forbidden Knowledge- The Volsungr from this Battalion knows the SOLAR FLARE spell in addition to any other spells known. Other Wizards in this battalions know one additional LORE OF FIRE spell in addition to other spells they know.

Trials by Fire- WIZARDS from this Battalion may re roll one failed casting attempt once per turn. To do so inflict D3 mortal wounds on one model from this battalion before attempting the re roll.

In the Presence of Greatness - WIZARDS from this battalion may add 1 to casting and unbinding rolls if they are within 3 inches of any other models from this battalion.

Solar Flare- Channelling the overwhelming power of the sun the wizard calls down a pillar of burning light which incinerates those around it. Casting Value 10 - Select a point on the battlefield all units within 3" of it take 6 mortal wounds, units within 6" instead take d6 mortal wounds, units within 9" take d3 mortal wounds.

A unit can only take damage from this spell once per cast.

### DELUGE OF PHLEGM AND FIRE

*The Gothi Fyri revel in malicious delight at setting blazes, the more prolific... the bigger the flame, the louder the screams of their victims burning alive the better. Some Gothi Fyri take the opportunity in the heat of battle to slip from the front lines (if they every truly made it there in the first place) to poke and prod at the mighty pyre belchers as they launch their burning deluge down the field. In their manic delight they often find themselves loading the giant squigs gullet with all and sundry to stoke their flames higher, praying and screeching to the great Suneater for a stronger flame to consume their foes.*

#### Composition:

1-3 Gothi Fyri

2 x Ashen Grot Units

3 Pyre Belcher

#### Abilities:

Tsunami of Spit - In your hero phase roll a D6 for every pure belcher from this battalion within 6 inches of a Gothi Fyri. On a 4+ that unit may shoot as if it were the hero phase.

Survival of the Cunning - Ashen Grots from this battalion gain the "Cunning not Brave" rule from the Gothi Fyri Warscroll.

### Cults of the Magma Drinkers

*There are those in the Suneater tribes who feel the Gothi Priests have made themselves entirely too necessary for the Migrations survival, they have engineered themselves into positions of powers no Grot is truly deserving of and in doing so have made enemies across the ranks of the Ogor Beserkr. In the far reaches of the Realms Magma Drinker cults have begun to emerge, Beserkr consuming massive amounts of Volatile chemicals to (albeit temporarily) replicate the Pyres those Gothi erect that they might engage in purely Ogor Migrations*

**3-5 Ogor Beserkr**  
**2 units of Gullveig**

**Divine Flame:** In your shooting phase HEROES from this Battalion may opt not to make a shooting attack, instead they may select a terrain feature within 6 inches and roll a D6. On a 3 or more you may place an INFERNO MARKER on that



terrain feature following all the normal rules for placing such markers, on a roll of a 1 however that model suffers a MORTAL WOUND.

**Fire Walkers:** In your hero phase Gullveig models from this Battalion within 6 inches of an INFERNO MARKER may be removed from the board, in any of your following MOVEMENT phases you may setup units removed in this manner entirely within 6 inches of any HERO from this formation and more than 9 inches from any enemy models, belched forth in the great flame of the Beserkr

## "Of Fire and Ice"

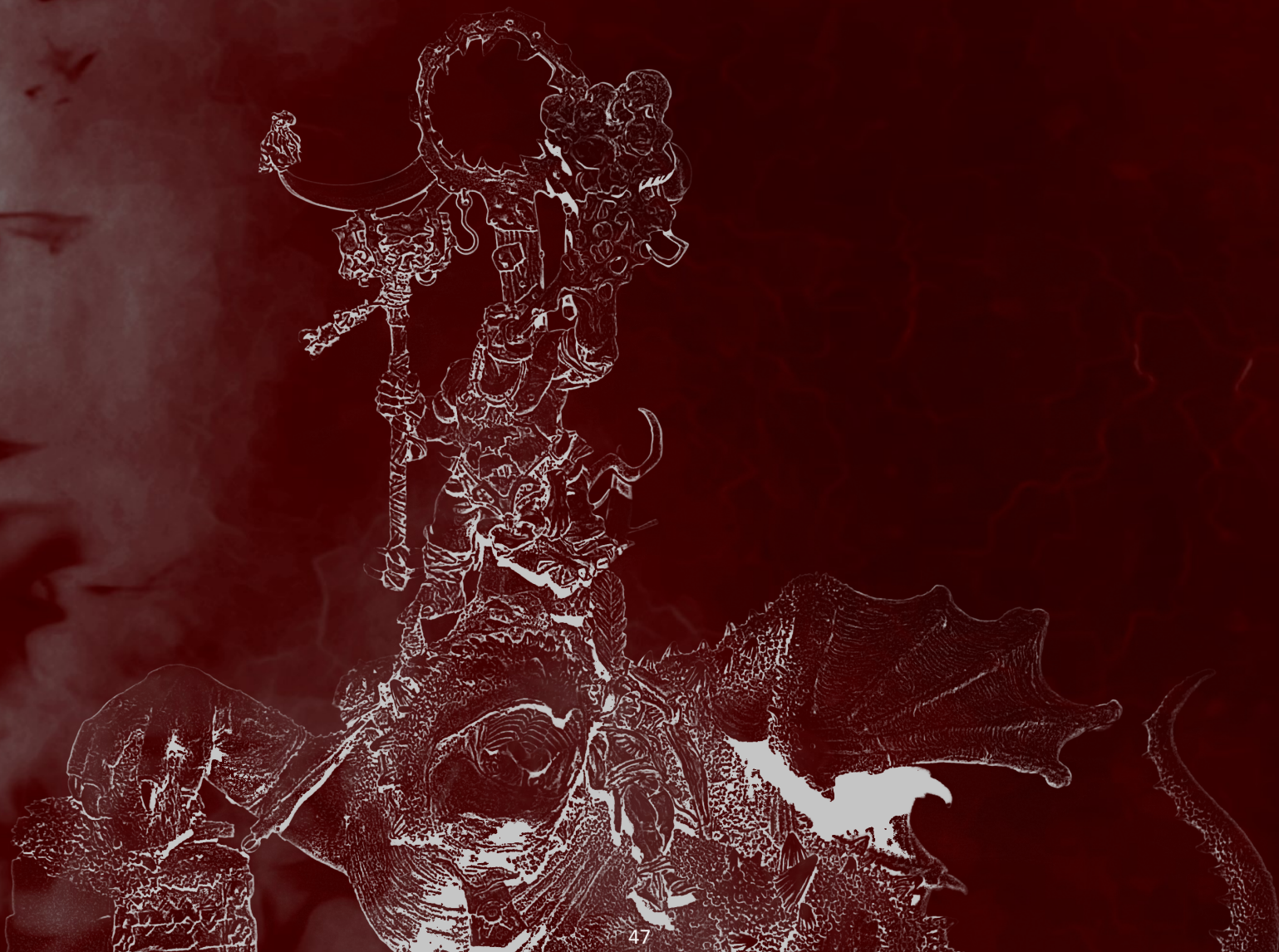
**Volsungr on Magma Drake**

**2 Units of Aldin Draken**

**Huskard on Thundertusk**

**2 Units of Mournfangs**

**Elite of the Tribes** - if the Volsungr from this Battalione is your general both the Mournfangs and Aldin Draken become battleline





## RULES

# PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the Warscroll and Warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Used alongside the rules for Pitched Battles in the Generals Handbook, this provides you with everything you need to field your army of Suneater Tribes against any opponent

SUNEATER TRIBES	UNIT SIZE	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES	
UNIT	MIN	MAX			
Aldin Draken	2	6	180/500	-	BATTLELINE if SUNEATER TRIBES allegiance with a VOLSUNGR general
Ashen Grots	20	40	130/240	BATTLELINE	-
Bal Kasta	2	6	200	-	-
Beserkr	1	1	140	LEADER	-
Fyreborn Fanatics	3	9	180	-	-
Gothi Fyri	1	1	80	LEADER	-
Gothi Herald on Carrion Drake	1	1	200	LEADER	-
Gullveig Ogors	3	12	120/400	BATTLELINE	-
Magma Drake	1	1	540	BEHEMOTH	-
Pyre Belcher	1	1	160	WARMACHINE	-
Slatr Warbeast	1	1	280	BEHEMOTH	-
Surt'Ar – The First	1	1	350	LEADER	UNIQUE
Waagh-Kart	1	1	160	WARMACHINE	-
Exalted Volsungr Volcanic Idol	1	1	420	LEADER, BEHEMOTH	ONE PER ARMY
Burnin' Bomb Catapult	1	3	80	WARMACHINE	-
Volsungr on Magma Drake	1	1	620	LEADER, BEHEMOTH	-
<i>Fire and Ruin</i>	-	-	<i>100</i>	<i>BATALLION</i>	
<i>Deluge of Phlegm and Fire</i>	-	-	<i>120</i>	<i>BATALLION</i>	
<i>Cult of Magma Drinkers</i>	-	-	<i>120</i>	<i>BATALLION</i>	
<i>Of Fire and Ice</i>	-	-	<i>100</i>	<i>BATTALION</i>	