

WAAARGH ORKS



GAMES
WORKSHOP

Nigel Stillman & Bryan Ansell

HEAVY METAL

JUST SOME OF THE EXCITING
MODELS FROM THE WIDE RANGE
OF ORK MINIATURES



STRIKINGLY ATTIRED
WEIRDBOY FROM BAD MOON
CLAN



GOFF NOB SHOWING CLAN
ICON ON BACK BANNER



CONVERTED SNAKE-BITE
ORK



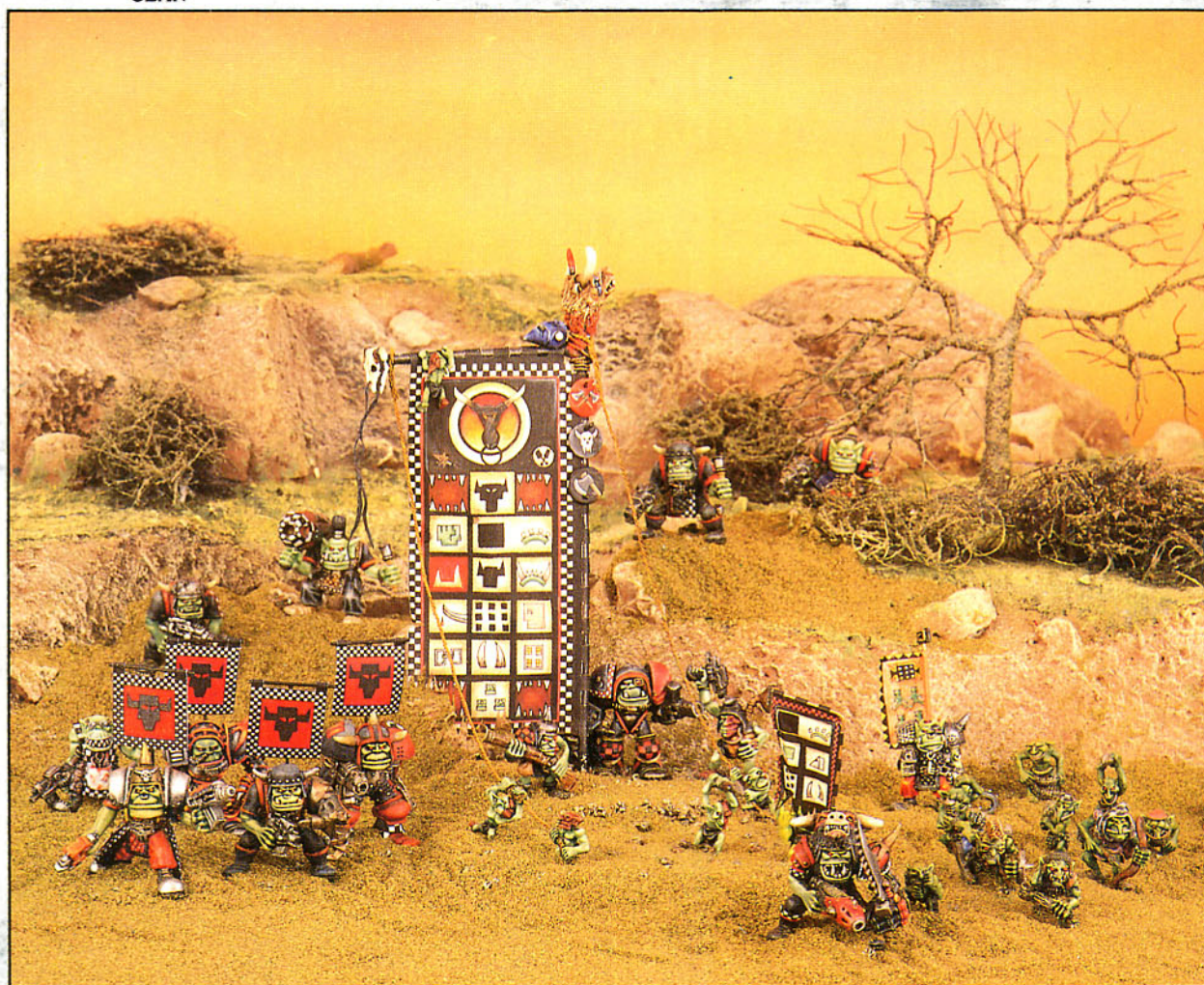
BAD MOON MADBOY



BLOOD AXE CLAN ORK



EVIL SUNZ ORK WIELDING
CHAINSWORD



GOFF WARBOSS AND RETINUE



Da Boyz are here!

The cry *Waa-Ork* is shouted on a thousand worlds as the Orks rampage through the universe on their holy war.

Smoke-belching Ork Gargants stamp across the battlefield, smashing all resistance and leaving a trail of destruction in their wake.

Nobz control and direct their forces as the Boyz charge madly at the enemy, bolters blazing.

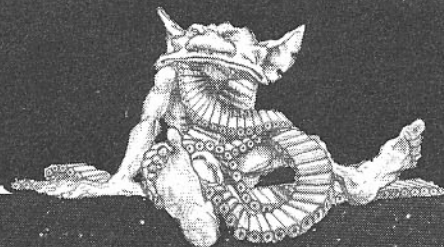
Stormboyz march in precise ranks, Madboyz gibber and prance, Painboyz administer their own unique brand of *mendin'*.

Great Battlewagons lurch over the ravaged landscapes, escorted by flotillas of whooping Orks revving bikes and buggies.

Behind the front, Weirdboyz channel the psychic energies of the battle-crazed army into blasts of pure psychic power.

Huge herds of Gretchin and Snotlings are driven into enemy ranks to overwhelm them by sheer force of numbers alone.

Surely no other race in the universe loves war so much as the Orks.



WAAARGH THE ORKS!

BY
NIGEL STILLMAN & BRYAN ANSELL



STORIES

WILLIAM KING

ILLUSTRATION

Front Cover: Wayne England

Internal Illustration:

Tony Ackland, Dave Andrews, John Blanche, Paul Bonner, Paul Campbell, Gary Chalk, Mark Craven, Wayne England, Dave Gallagher, Colin Howard, Tony Hough, Martin McKenna, Mike McVey, Richard Wright, Adrian Smith, Kevin Walker

Editing and Design

Lindsey D le Doux Paton

Production: Andy Warwick

PRODUCED BY THE GAMES WORKSHOP DESIGN STUDIO

Warhammer 40,000, the Games Workshop and Citadel logos are all trademarks owned by Games Workshop Ltd. All artwork in all Games Workshop products and the images contained therein have been produced either in-house or as work for hire. The exclusive copyright on the artwork and the images it depicts is the property of Games Workshop Ltd.

Copyright © 1990 Games Workshop Ltd. All rights reserved.

GAMES WORKSHOP LTD.
CHEWTON STREET
HILLTOP
EASTWOOD
NOTTINGHAM NG16 3HY

REF NO: 001535

A
**GAMES
WORKSHOP**
PRODUCT

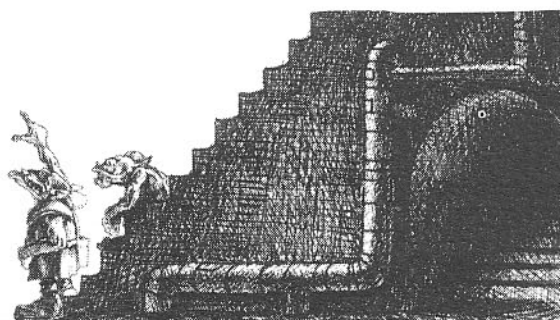
ISBN: 1 872372 15 5

GAMES WORKSHOP INC.
3431 BENSON AVENUE
BALTIMORE
MARYLAND
21227

PRODUCT CODE: 0153

CONTENTS

DA ORKS	4	ORK WAA-TOTEM	56
DA LOST RACE	6	ART AND MUZIK	58
ORK DOMAINS	8	DA GODS	60
<i>MAKARI THE GRETCHIN</i>	10	WAA-ORK	63
CLANS AND CASTES	15	ORKS IN SPACE	65
DA CASTES:		<i>IN THE WARP, SOMETHING STIRRED</i>	70
NOBZ AND WARLORDS	16	TEETH	77
DA BOYZ	17	SOCIAL ORGANISATION	78
STORMBOYZ	20	DA CLANS:	
MADBOYZ	21	SNAKE-BITES	82
MEKBOYZ	25	GOFFS	83
PAINBOYZ	28	BAD MOONS	84
WEIRDBOYZ	30	DEATH SKULLS	85
RUNTHERDZ	32	EVIL SUNZ	86
GRETCHIN	33	BLOOD-AXES	87
SNOTLINGS	34	WILD ONES	88
OGRYNS	35	ORK SETTLEMENTS	90
<i>NUZZGROND'S WORLD</i>	36	ORK BANNERS	92
BANNERS AND BACKPLATES	40	ORK LANGUAGE AND WRITING	94
ORK BANNER COLOUR FEATURE	42	<i>THE SPIDER TEMPLE</i>	98
BACK BANNERS	44	PAINTING GUIDE	102
CLAN BANNERS	46		
UNIFORM AND BACKPLATE GUIDE:			
BLOOD-AXES	50		
EVIL SUNZ	51		
BAD MOONS	52		
DEATH SKULLS	53		
SNAKE-BITES	54		
GOFFS	55		





DA ORKZ



Oorks are a savage, brutal race who love war. They are the dominant element of a race of Orkoids that includes Orks and their smaller cousins, Gretchin and Snotlings. The Orks are in charge because they are the biggest, toughest, meanest, and most warlike of them all.

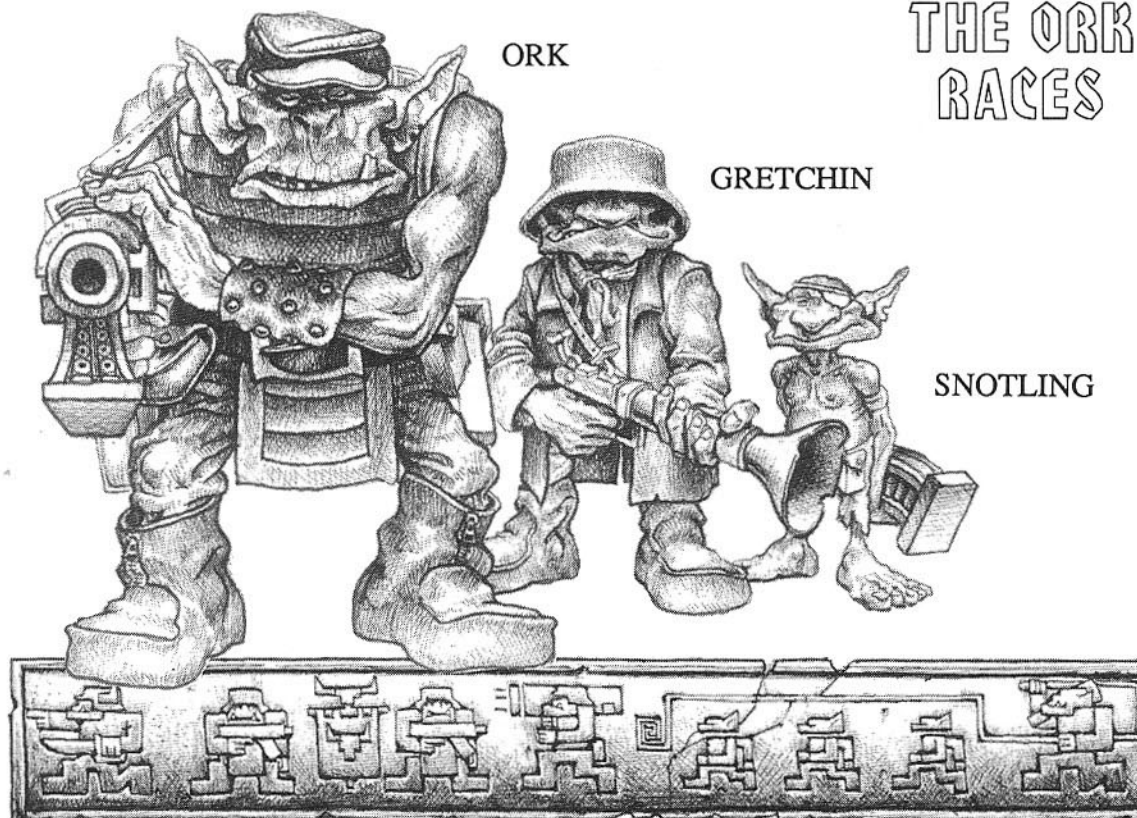
Gretchin are much like Orks, though not as brutal, strong, or tough as their larger cousins. Though smaller, Gretchin are, however, more clever and cunning. Snotlings are the smallest and weakest Orkoids; they remain the size of juvenile Gretchin throughout their lives.

As they are bigger and tougher than the rest of the Orkoids, Orks logically form the warrior elite of the Orkish race. They order the Gretchin and Snotlings about, and generally do what they like with them. The status quo isn't entirely without benefits for the smaller races though, as the Orks also protect and look after them. Without the Orks to defend them, the fate of the Gretchin and Snotlings could be far worse.

ORKS

A typical Ork stands about the same height as an average Human (but would be taller if he stood up straight). They have robust and muscular frames, with strong long arms which end in clumsy fingers capable of a vice-like, crushing grip. Their skulls are thick, with heavy protruding brow-ridges shading their savage red eyes. The jaw is elongated, and lined with an impressive display of long canine fangs. Orks' heads are naturally hairless, and they have to use special creatures called Squigs for hair and beards. Their hide is tough and green, and bears the scars of many a fight and scabs from various parasites.

Orks speak slowly in a guttural bass tone, and their speech is sparse and brutal. Orks say what they think, and their thoughts and words are always direct and practical. Their sole driving philosophy is that might is right. Whether on the giving or receiving end of this maxim, no Ork ever doubts its validity for a moment.



ORK PHYSIOLOGY

The green complexion of Ork kind is due to the symbiotic green algae contained in their skin cells. This relationship has been in existence since the dawn of Orkoid evolution. Even the Brainboyz of old owed their green colouration to this phenomenon, and purposely bred it into the Orks and Gretchin. It is simply another aspect of the symbiotic relationship enjoyed between the Ork races and fungus, which takes many forms.

The epidermal algae endows the surface of the Orks' skin with a natural polymer (plastic). This gives the skin a strong, waxy texture similar to the rubbery leaves on some tropical plants, and endows it with great properties of strength and resilience. As the Ork grows older, the algae grows thicker and rougher, giving older Orks their characteristic scabby and gnarled appearance.

Ork blood is part of their digestive system. It flows around the body beneath the skin, which is too thick to reflect the colour beneath. Most Orks have two hearts, though one of them doubles as a digestive organ. Food is digested and broken down by a series of outer stomachs (which is why Orks can eat so many apparently inedible things). Nutrients pass into the blood in the heart-stomach. The thickness and colour of the blood constantly varies according to what and when the Ork last ate, changing from black, to purple, and dark red.



Squigs

Squigs, or Squiggly Beasts, to give them their full name, are always found living with Orks - they have developed a natural symbiotic relationship. The Squigs eat the refuse of the Orks, and the Orks eat the Squigs.

The Orks use Squigs for an amazing variety of purposes, depending on the special characteristics of each species of Squig. Though there are many forms of Squig, and each variety can incorporate many subtypes, there are about twelve main varieties, including edible, musical, hair, medical, parasite-hunting, face-eaters, pet, buzzing and paint Squigs. Squigs grow and breed in the cesspits (or drops) of Ork settlements, where they feed on the refuse. Gretchin and Snotling servants are sent to pluck the Squigs out of the drops, and they are then used for Ork meals or other purposes. Squigs were originally bred by the lost race of Snotlings known as the Brainboyz, and have remained vital to Ork culture ever since.

GRETCHIN

Gretchin are more numerous than Orks, but the Orks are greatly dependent on them regardless of the size difference between the two races (though no Ork would openly admit this). Orks are lazy and forgetful, and organisation is not their strong point. Only the preparation for war and the excitement of battle really bring out the Orks' innate talents. Most of the day-to-day running of Ork society - finding and preparing food, taking messages, handling information, fetching and carrying things, organising belongings and so on are left to the Gretchin.

Gretchin are quite happy in their roles as servants, and bear their masters no resentment. To the Gretchin, Orks are just a fact of life, and they fatalistically accept their place in the scheme of things. As a whole, Orkoids never worry about the whys and wherefores of existence - only Humans and Eldar upset themselves with daft notions about the purpose of life and such. Orks know that a thing's very existence is a reason in itself.

Individual Gretchin, by a measure of luck and effort, can eke out a relatively good existence by providing valuable services for their Ork masters. Most Gretchin are owned by Orks and used as personal servants. Others, through scavenging and looting, are able to acquire weapons and equipment. Enterprising Gretchin can thus find roles as armour-bearers, fan-bearers, and cup-bearers, and a few may even rise to become their masters' factotums.

Other Gretchin work as water-bearers bringing drinks to thirsty Orks on the battlefield, or as fan-bearers, operating the great fans that hang in Ork barrack-blocks and provide the shade and much-needed drafts of fresh air that make such fetid places liveable. Gretchin also serve as something to kick whenever the need comes over their Ork masters.

The Gretchin have created an entire enterprise culture of their own within Ork-dominated society. They work every hour of the day and night, snatching a little sleep here and there. In addition to responsibilities to their Ork masters, many Gretchin operate businesses of their own on the side, selling fungus-wine or toasted Squigs on sticks in an effort to earn a few teeth (Orks use teeth as money) here and there.

SNOTLINGS

Snotlings look just like tiny, immature Gretchin. They are thought to be the degenerate descendants of a lost species that was once the most intelligent and dominant race among the Orkoids, but which has since been superceded by the stronger, more brutal Orks. Now, the roles are reversed, and the Snotlings, with their tiny size and limited intellects, are bred and tended by the Orks.

The Snotlings' main role in Ork society is the cultivation of fungus, which is used for food, drink, and medicine. Snotlings also help look after the Squiggly beasts that live in the Ork cesspits. Snotlings are bred and raised by a class of Ork known as Runtherdz.





DA LOST RACE



Imperial scholars have speculated that on the Ork world of origin (wherever that might have been), there existed an ancient race that was indirectly responsible for the spread of Orkish society. Difficult as it is to believe, this ancient race was extremely intelligent, and rose to dominance over the other Orkish races in just a few generations. They understood and developed technology and even created the legendary (and summarily lost) Ork Standard Construct Templates. It was this race, historians argue, that must have initiated the Ork expansion into space.

Now a physically underdeveloped slave race, the Snotlings are thought to be the only living remnant of this lost race. The sudden rise of super-intelligent Snotlings can only be explained as the result of a catalyst. Snotlings are symbiotic with fungi, which they cultivate and eat. It is believed that these fungi grew in the underground cave-systems of Orkoid culture and caused genetic mutation in the brains of these ancient Snotlings. The Snotlings raised the fungi for food. Over generations, a diet of this fungi stimulated the growth of the Snotling brain to its full potential. Later, the fungi was cultivated by the mentally enhanced Snotlings.

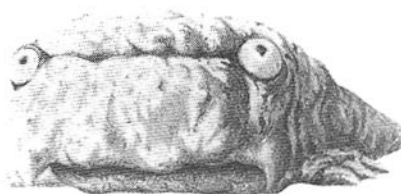
According to legend, the intelligent lost race of Snotlings, known as the *Brainboyz*, were still diminutive, so they bred a race of less-intelligent, but tougher, larger and more brutal creatures to do their work and fight their wars. These were the Orks and Gretchin.

Gretchin probably represent an intermediate stage in the development of Orks. The Orks were put to work cultivating the fungi. Unfortunately for the ancient Snotlings, the Orks also nibbled at the raw fungi as they collected it. Their masters took no notice, unaware that their own intelligence was the result of this peculiar diet. Over a few generations, the Ork brain was enhanced enough for the Orks to rise up and overthrow their masters.

The Brainboyz were enslaved and allowed only a small amount of fungi. Slowly, they began to regress to a juvenile level of mentality (even by Orkish standards). However, the Orks neglected the cultivation of the fungi, and eventually it died out. As the fungi became less abundant, the Orks also began to regress. By this time, the greatest advances in Ork technology, culture, and expansion into space had already taken place. Gradually, the Orks reverted back to a lesser mental capacity that was nevertheless superior to the original state of the Brainboyz (thus, they remained dominant). This is the situation that persists to this day. It is difficult to reconstruct this phase of Ork history in any precise detail. Like most Ork history, the story had to be pieced together from fragments of Ork legends which have only passing references to Brainboyz and give only brief glimpses of a time when the Orks were not in control.

With Ork society now dominated by its strongest and most brutal elements, Ork civilisation is faced with a major problem: the maintenance of technology. The Orks have found the obvious solution in their use of slaves. Apart from the Mekboyz, who are Orks with a residual, innate talent for technology, Orks rely on enslaved Humans and other aliens in their workshops and factories. More importantly, they rely on tribute exacted from vassal alien communities. This tribute is paid in the form of armaments and technology. Sometimes whole communities and planets are occupied by Ork warriors, enslaved, and put to work making armaments.

After several vicious and destructive wars, many alien communities willingly manufacture equipment for the Orks as bribes to keep them away, or as tribute to provide protection.



Eatin' Squigs

Virtually all Squigs are edible, but some taste better than others. Some Squigs have other uses and are not usually eaten, but there are others that are really only any good as food. Squigs can be eaten raw or cooked, though Orks tend to prefer them cooked. Gretchin are quite adept at cooking Squig, and have a number of methods: kebabled, marinated in fungus wine, stuffed with fungus and herbs, roasted on a spit, deep-fried with fungus chips, or griddled over a campfire. Orks will eat Squigs raw if there are no Gretchin around to cook them, or if they are too famished to wait for a proper meal. The really vicious Face-Eater Squigs are kept for special Squig-gobbling contests.

Juicy Squigs

The best eating Squigs live at the very bottom of the drop, and are not only rare, but difficult to find and bring up from the depths. Since these Squigs are seldom caught by the Gretchin and Snotlings, they often grow quite large and become even tastier as they get older. This type of Squig is best cooked by expert Gretchin servants, and are usually offered only to gourmet Nobz who can appreciate the finer aspects of Ork Kultur.

"Da only lost race I ever 'eard heard of woz when Hef crashed 'is sickle in da final stretch of da Cross-Desert rally," said Nuzzgrond irritably. "Cost me a few teef dat did." He spat out a large gob squig, which bounced off the rocks and plopped into a nearby slime puddle.

"Nar," said Hef, idly picking one of his warts, "Pulg means da legendary Lost Race 'oo created da Orks an' stuff, don't yer, Pulg?"

The young Ork nodded enthusiastically. He was bright-eyed and keen to learn all about Ork Kultur.

"Yoo bin talkin' to da Gretchin again?" asked Nuzzgrond suspiciously. "Dis all sounds like Gretchin talk ter me."

"Nar, twas one of da Runtherdz was sayin' dat snotties used ta be a lot smarter in da old days. Dey used ta boss us Orks around."

"Yer don' wanna believe everfing da Oddboyz say, Pulg. Dey finks dey're speshul 'cos of all the snots and grots dey 'ave. Da only way snotties could boss us about wuz if dey woz seven foot tall. An' den dey would be Orks not snotties, hur hur!"

The Boss laughed raucously at his own wit and gave Pulg a comradely slap across his shoulder.

"Da Runtherd said dat da snotties used ter be smarter," persisted Pulg as he extracted himself from the thorny-bush and started to pick the spines out of his clothes.

"'E said it woz all ter do wiv dis fungus-stuff dat dey ate. It made dere brains swell an' everybody listened ter dem 'coz dey woz smarter."

"When did an Ork ever listen ter anybody just coz dey woz smarter?" sneered Nozzgrond. "Snotties eat fungus all da time, an' dey're still stoopid little gits. An' anyway, Orks are - er - 'telligent, an' if anyone tellz ya otherwise, shoot dem wiv yer bolta!"

"It's possible," said Hef, considering the matter. "Maybe da fungus woz a drug an' it boosted da brain or sumfink."

Nozzgrond glared at him. "Like dat stuff you took last summer, dat had yer seein' pretty colours an' swearin' ya knew da secret of da ooniverse," he retorted. "Nar, dere's no fungus makes yer smarter, no lost race of super-snotties. I'm an Ork an' I should know. It's all rubbish!"

He poked around in the slime puddle with the end of his bolter, extracted the gob squig and popped it back into his mouth.





ORK DOMAINS



Orks live on innumerable worlds. On some they dominate; on others, they live in a state of war; and on others still, they rule as overlords. There are Ork realms, Ork empires, and Ork hordes that roam through space aboard space hulks. Wherever Humans may travel in the universe, there are Orks. The universe is Orkdom, the domain of the Orks.

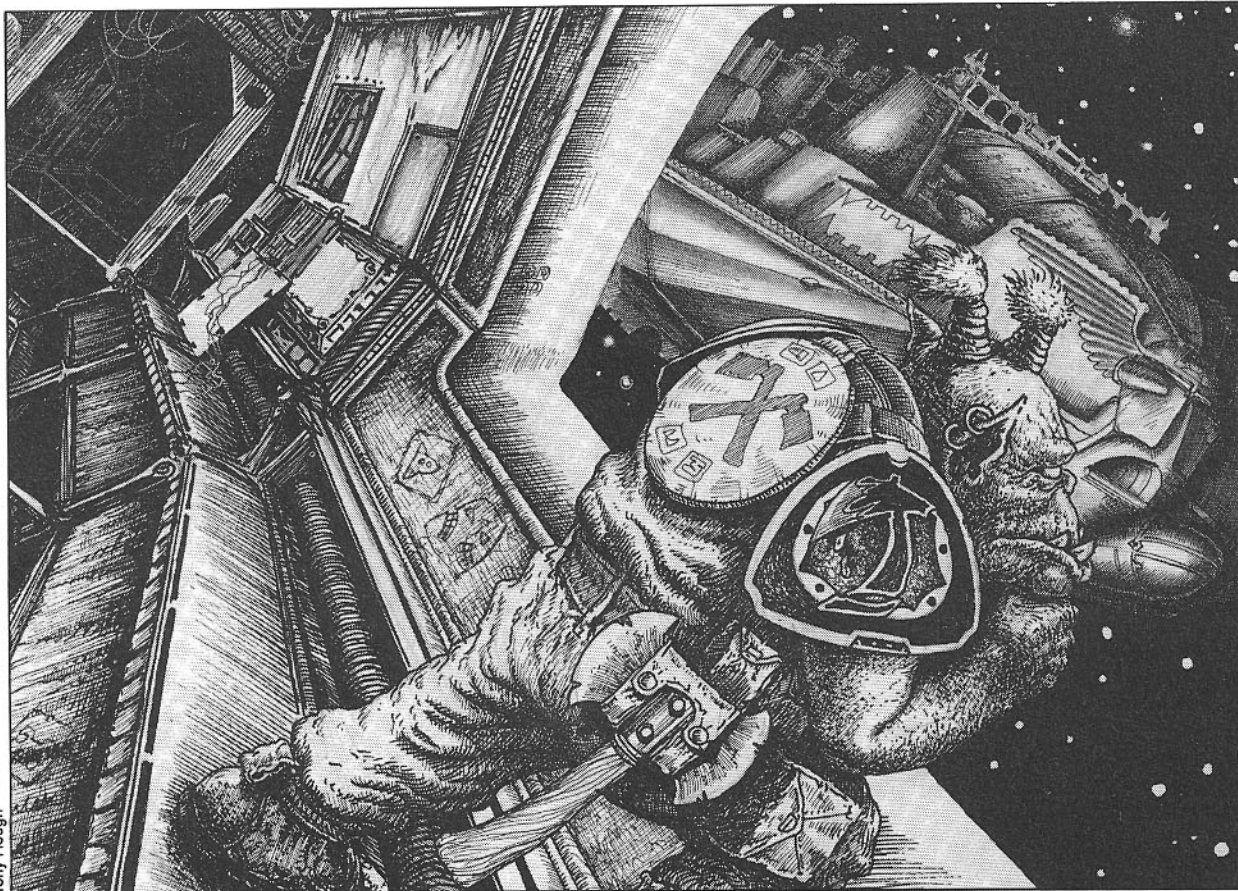
The Ork expansion into space from their home world is perhaps the greatest, most significant accident in Ork history. Ork expansion occurred sporadically, giving them an entirely random pattern of settlement throughout the galaxy. In other words, an Ork domain or a migrating tribe could turn up anywhere.

As a result of this form of settlement, Orks are found throughout the known universe (and probably throughout the unknown universe as well). The Eldar say that the Orks have become part of reality itself, or as the Orks say, "We are the Orks; we're 'ere 'cos we're 'ere - 'nuff said."

Space Travel

Millennia ago, a probe was sent out from Terra, its mission to reach the utmost limit of the universe. The Techpriests who built it hoped that it would someday return to its place of origin after circumnavigating the universe. The probe still sends back faint signals after 14,000 years adrift, and hasn't yet begun its return voyage (and it's uncertain if it ever will). To the utter despair of the Imperial Techpriests who monitor the incessant battery of incoming signals, many are identified as Orkish. The depressing conclusion for mankind can only be that wherever they travel in space, there's a good chance that the Orks will either have been there first or won't be long in arriving too.

Orkish expansion was only made possible in the first place because of their discovery of the principles of force field and teleportation technology. Obviously, such a momentous achievement was the result of pure chance, and in no way due to any specific intention or research on the Orks' part. Once the technology behind force fields and teleporters was understood, the Orks found them easy to replicate.



Tony Hough

Fester of the Blood-Axes gazed through the armourglass window of his spacehulk and wondered how far away the stars were. How many days would it take to walk to them if an Ork could walk in space? Days? Weeks? Months? Years? The stars glittered coldly but would not answer his questions.

The chanting of massed Weirdboyz echoed down the corridors. Soon it would be time for warp jump. The hulk would pass into the space beyond the universe and emerge somewhere else. Hopefully another world for the Blood-Axes to pillage. Not a boring one like the last.

He gazed down at the pitted surface of the dead, airless planet beneath him and spat disgustedly. There had been nothing down there worth taking - only devastated cities and plains of fused glass. The only remotely interesting thing was the mountain carved into the strange rune the human prisoner called the Eye of Horus. That had been a nice bit of work. Fester couldn't understand why the man had been so upset by it.

The floor of the hulk vibrated as the Mekboys warmed up the big force field, the one that would protect them from the strange entities of warp space. Hopefully it would work better than last time; that twisted daemonic thing had killed a hundred of the Boyz before the Weirdboyz managed to drive it out. Fester promised himself that if it happened again Mek heads would roll.

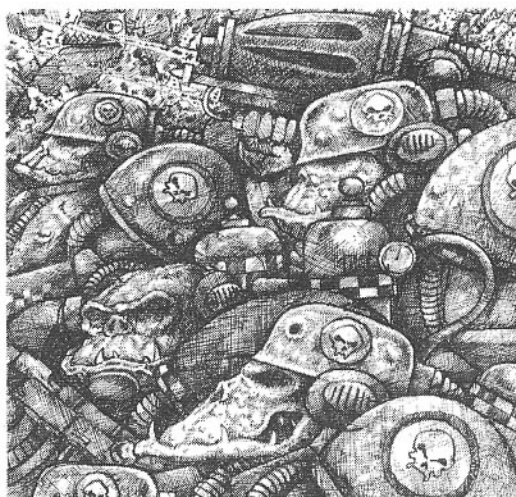
He wondered whether any of those big humans in the funny powered armour would try and evict them from the hulk in the next system. They were always trying to do that. Fester didn't mind, kicking them out into space was always fun. And the big humans, Vermin-

eaturs he thought they were called, did know how to fight. Well, about as much as any humie did, he thought, which wasn't much.

A small tug of acceleration sent a thrill through him. They were about to make the jump. Some Stormboyz jogged down the corridor, helmets jammed on, tunics freshly pressed.

"Ere we go! Ere we go! Ere we go!" they shouted. Fester supposed he'd better go and put on his best uniform. The ladz expected a bit of a show from their boss when they arrived in a new place.

Whistling tunelessly, Fester made his way to his cabin, leaving the distant lights and their unanswerable questions behind him. As the hulk made the jump the stars went out.



Soon after their mastery of force-field technology, the Orks discovered another vitally important fact - if a force field can keep things out, it can also keep things in.

In the early days of Ork expansion, force fields were used to trap a bubble of air around whatever object the Orks chose to use as a space "raft". The Orks waited for a sighting of one of the great, drifting space hulks or other bits of space detritus to streak across the sky. Once the object got close enough to touch the gravitational field of the planet, the Orks would use a matter transmitter to project themselves and their equipment onto the drifting object and hitch a lift, so to speak. The Orks, however, had no idea where they were going, and were led only by their reckless sense of adventure and desire to discover fresh worlds to loot and conquer.

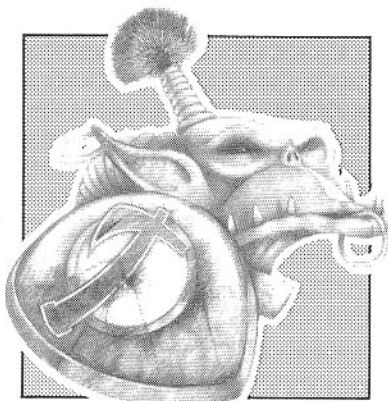
Once the Orks were on board the space hulk, it became enclosed in the same force field with its own trapped bubble of atmosphere. These hulks would drift through the universe following a current through both real and warp space, which meant the Ork passengers could be projected anywhere in the universe. Of course, exactly where they ended up was completely random and unpredictable, and often turned out to be a nasty surprise for the local intelligent lifeforms. A period of economic and social 'adjustment' would follow, during which the Orks would assert their dominance.

Over the millennia, Orks have tried to direct or even plan their journeys. In so doing, they employ the talents of their shamans, the Ork Psykers known as Weirdboyz. The Weirdboyz navigate as best they can using whatever scraps of lore and mythology that have been handed down to them about the space currents. Tribes do manage to direct themselves to specific places from time to time (more by chance than by design), but uncertainty of destination remains a perpetual hazard.

Ork Communities

As a result of the erratic process of Orkish space travel and the Orkish urge to seek adventure wherever it may take them, Ork communities can be found scattered throughout the universe. These communities are usually one of two basic kinds: single, unaffiliated tribes, or confederations of tribes united temporarily under a great warlord.

At any time, tribes or tribal confederations can be wandering in space, settled on a planet; or isolated from other races, or in contact with them as enemies or overlords. Every tribe includes a motley collection of Ork clans and castes. These clans and castes make up the texture of Ork society and are described in detail later on.



"Toadstools! Getyer luvverly toadstools here! Toadstools!" Makari the Gretchin was hoarse with shouting. He put his tray under the nose of the Mekboy lounging against the fort's wall. He jiggled it so that the not-very appetising odour of his three-day old produce wafted up into the Ork's nostrils. Monti, his pet squig skittered sideways, struggling to keep his footing on the moving tray. "Toadstool, master, lovely fresh toadstool, picked at dawn, plump an' juicy. Only one toof fer a tender, sukerulent morsel."

Makari's strategy was doomed to failure - the Mekboy's pipe smoke drowned out the aroma of the fungi. The Ork looked down on him. Makari hated it when they did that. He detested reminders of his small size and weakness. The Ork chortled, a sound like a Battlewagon misfiring. At least he didn't look partial to giving clips tound the ear. Makari was grateful for small mercies.

"I dun fink so," said the Mekboy, adjusting his ammo strap. Makari wondered whether that was where he kept his stock of teeth hidden. The Big Uns were getting smarter - when they came to the market square, they didn't leave their pouches where clever Gretchin fingers might find them. They hid their teeth about their persons. It was just possible the Mekboy kept teeth in the ammo belt instead of bolter shells. Just like the mean-spirited gits, Makari thought.

"Yer sure, master? See this glorious Pink-Spotted Throttlecap. Favourite of Boss Dragnatz 'imself. Normally I take it straight to 'im but 'e's busy this mornin' so I'll let yer 'ave it. Cheap, since I likes yer face."

"Naw, never liked Throttlecaps, give me 'earburn. Ya'd best take it ter da Boss. Woudn't want ter steal 'is breakfast."

Makari wondered whether this gangling Mekboy, with his feathered stove-pipe hat and strange goggle-glasses, was mocking him. Maybe he wasn't as stupid as he looked. Mekboyz were supposedly smarter than the average Ork. Makari thought that was a bit like being smarter than the average brick.

"Den howbout dis beauter-ful Warted Nightbloomer - a favourite among da Mekboyz 'oo build da Gargants?"

"S'funny. I 'elp build Gargantz an' all da ladz say dey wouldn't eat a Nightbloomer if it was on top of a trough o' squigs. I fink yer 'avin' me on."

"You would, ya stoopid git," muttered Makari.

"Wot was dat?"

"New wood, a goodish bit, master. Just thinkin' aloud as ter where I found dis prime specimen - a Rutted Gob-buster, part-chewed to aid yer digestion."

For a moment, Makari thought the Mekboy was going to fall for it and buy the partially chewed lump of fungus he had scraped from the road earlier. He was squinting down at it.

"Fink I recognise dat," the Ork said at last. "Looks like da Gob-buster I 'ad for me breakfast. It was so 'orrible I spat it out."

"Naw, couldn't be, master. I picked this meself dis mornin'. Fresh, as the sun first rose above da splendid woods outside Orktown."

"Da Great Ash desert is outside Orktown an' da old scrapyard. I dun rememba seein' no woods."

The Ork looked suspiciously at him. Was he winding up for a clip round the ear. Makari thought fast.

"You've found me out, master. It's a secret wood. It grows upside down so dat da trees all grows inter da erf an da roots stick into da air. Keeps da leaves from gettin' sunburn. Great place for toadstools all da same."

The Mekboy looked confused, counting his fingers as if trying to work something out. Makari decided that it was time to leg it.

"Must go, master, gotta squig ter catch," he said, raising his small leather cap. The Mekboy politely tipped his stove-pipe hat. Makari turned to scuttle away and wished he hadn't. He faced Lansig, the self-proclaimed marketboss, and his two extractors, Big Ari and Little Ari.

"Mornin', Makari," said Lansig pleasantly. His voice was surprisingly deep for a Gretchin, almost Orkish. It added to the air of authority about his pug-nosed face. "You've been a naughty boy. A word in yer ear..."

Makari wasn't fooled by the way Lansig dressed like a wealthy merchant. The wiry muscles and the



unusually powerful build marked him out as a mobster, one of the strong ones who preyed on the Gretchin entrepreneurs in the market square. And Makari hadn't been paying him his cut.

"I've 'ad a bad week, boss," grovelled Makari, "Fat Glub raided me mushroom patch an' took away all da best ones. Useless git, ate 'em 'isself too. Hope 'e's sick as a drunk Ork."

Makari tried to ease himself away into the crowd but found himself grabbed by Ari and Ari. As he felt their strong grips and looked into their evil faces, Makari became afraid. Lansig reached forward and picked up one of the toadstools. He wrinkled his nose in distaste. Then he lifted Monti and stroked the squig's back with his long, strangler's fingers.

"See wot yer, mean. Still biz is biz. If yer don't 'ave ten teef fer me by nightfall....Ari'll 'ave ter do a bit ov extraction."

Big Ari held him in place while Little Ari clicked dental pliers underneath his nose. Lansig put Monti back on the tray. A passing Ork laughed at this sign of Gretchin high spirits. The Gretchin joined in fawningly.

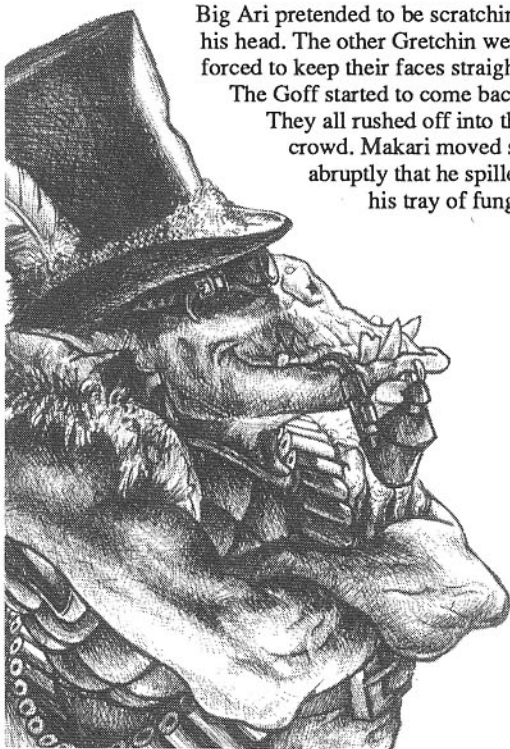
As the big Goff went by they all spat on the ground behind him. Big Ari put a fist against each temple and stuck out his index finger to make tiny horns. He made mooing sounds and pretended to paw the ground with his right foot. The Goff heard him and turned around.

"Wot's goin' on?" the Goff asked.

Big Ari pretended to be scratching his head. The other Gretchin were forced to keep their faces straight.

The Goff started to come back.

They all rushed off into the crowd. Makari moved so abruptly that he spilled his tray of fungi.



He had only just time to pick up Monti before the Goff arrived.

As the Ork slipped on the fungi Makari scuttled into the throng.

"Till nightfall," Makari heard Lansig shout. "Don't yer forget."

Makari had time for a brief glimpse of the older Gretchin's hard ruthless face then he had to concentrate on eluding the Goff.

"Psst! Turghuri!. Why is Orks green an' stupid?" asked Makari, scuttling from under the hooves of a riding Brute into the shelter of the little cobbler's awning. He drew the curtain closed, cutting out the hubbub of the market square.

Turghuri looked up thoughtfully, adjusting his glasses on the end of his long nose with one hand while putting down his little hammer with the other. "Dunno! Why is Orks green and stupid?"

"Coz if they was pink an' stoopid they'd be Humies! Hur, hur!"

"Good 'un, hur-hur," replied Turghuri, tears streaming down his face.

"Lend us a tenner," said Makari. The cobbler stopped laughing immediately. His eyes went suddenly cold and calculating.

"Can't. Taxes is due. Lansig's extractors bin round an' I owe 'em too."

"They're gonna rip out me gnashers if I don't pay 'em," said Makari desperately. He could tell that the anguish in his voice made Monti agitated. The squig's tail lashed.

"Sorry, mate, I'd like ter help but I'm skint. Lansig's ladz've just about cleaned us out. Don't fancy facin' little Ari's toothclippers meself."

"Five teef then, I'll borror the rest from Ferdugh. 'Is 'ot squig concession is makin' a bomb!"

"Borror it all from 'im den, coz I ain't got it."

"Some friend you is," Makari said sniffily. "Oo was it dat lent yer da teef for dis stall den, eh? Tell me dat!"

"Dunno," replied Turghuri. "But it weren't you, fer certain, it weren't you."

"Well, there's gratertude for ya," said Makari, despite the truth of the cobbler's statement. "Last time I ever lendz ya money!"

He shouted it loudly for the benefit of anyone who might be listening.

"But. But ya never..." squawked Turghuri. The fungus seller whipped the curtain closed behind him. Through the crowd of Orks he caught sight of the big Goff. He ducked back, scuttling between the legs of a

Snake-Bite Warboss' shieldbearers. They stumbled, almost tipping their employer off the shield.

"Oy! Wot's goin' on?" one of them shouted, struggling to remain upright. Makari was already gone, ducking past the Boss' Gretchin fan-bearer.

He risked a quick glance back and saw the Boss trying to stay upright, like a surfer on a difficult wave, while his carriers frantically attempted to get him level again. The serpent twined round the Snake-Bite's neck hissed agitatedly.

Makari's heart fell when he saw the big Goff had noticed him and had started to pursue. Makari redoubled his efforts to escape; he didn't want to be caught by such a relentlessly vindictive Ork. He scuttled away, ignoring the shouts of the Snake-Bites behind him.

Bad news had passed through the market square ahead of him. The entire community of Gretchin entrepreneurs seemed to have heard of his difficulties.

When he reached Ferdugh's hot squig booth, he had barely time to begin his joke about the two Orks and the flask of squig-oil when the booth window was slammed shut in his face.

Hongura, the souvenir-seller, started to throw little carved models of the Gargants at him when he asked for money, screaming that he should pay back old debts before running up new ones. Makari tried to pick up some of the fallen statuettes to re-sell them but he noticed that the big Goff had found him once again. Makari was forced to flee.

Grondari, the hunchback puppeteer, offered him a sermon on the Gretchin virtue of thrift by means of an old wooden Ork hand-puppet who beat the Emperor over the head with a sausage as he spoke. Makari stormed from the tent in high dudgeon, cursing the puppet-master for an old miser. A dozen or so Orks applauded. Last time I ever beg for a loan in front of an audience, Makari thought.

As the late-afternoon sunlight hit him he stopped for a moment and indulged in his favourite fantasy: that he was an Ork, the biggest Ork in the universe. He was no longer small, puny Makari the Gretchin, who took bootings from all and sundry; he was Makari Spleenripper, the roughest toughest Ork who ever lived. He saw himself driving around in a Gargant, crushing the likes of Lansig under its bulk, firing Ari and Ari out of its bellygun, clipping the Big Goff around the lughole for cheekin' him.

For one blessed moment he stood tall and proud at the head of his gang of Boyz then reality hit him in the face along with a metal foot, as a Painboy rushed by carrying a wildly swinging bionic leg.

As he clutched his bleeding nose and stuck a finger up at the receding Painboy, despair overcame Makari. He had nothing to sell; his stock of toadstools was gone,

so was his tray, crushed underfoot by the skidding Goff. There was no way he could earn ten teeth before nightfall. The Orks had grown too cautious with their toothpouches for pickpocketing. It looked as if he was going to have to face little Ari and have his teeth pulled. It was hopeless.

He looked down at Monti. The squig gazed back with big sad eyes. Makari stroked him fondly. "Sorry, mate. It's you or me," he said eventually.

"Pet squigs for sale! Goin' fast! Only one left," he bellowed. Monti seemed to realise what was happening and began to whimper. Makari fought down his qualms and continued to shout.

"Prime pedigree pet squigs fer sale! Only one left! Gowan buy yerself a treat! Affectionate pet squigs fer sale!"

A small crowd had gathered, including one or two interested-looking Orks.

"Makari the Squig Auctioneer presents his final lot for the day: one two year-old squig, pet variety. One careful owner."

He struggled to keep a lump from his throat as he continued. "Very affectionate. How much am I bid for this prime specimen of squighood? You, master, you expressin' interest."

He pointed at a surprised looking Blood-Axe. The Ork had been brushing lint from his black dress uniform. He adjusted his monocle, while seeming to consider his options.

"Three teeth," he said eventually. Makari laughed derisively at him.

"Will anyone exceed this mighty warrior's generous offer of three teeth. You master," he said picking an Evil Sun in a mechanic's cap from the audience. He had been tamping smokeweed into his pipe.

"Sure, if the Emperor's little soldier don't mind, I'll go five." The Blood-Axe's face went pale with anger at this insult to his clan.

"Six," he said swiftly.

"Seven," said the Mekboy. "An' call me sir when ya bid 'gainst me, Blood-Axe."

"Ten, sir!" roared the outraged Blood-Axe. Someone else shouted twelve and soon the whole crowd was roaring bids.

Makari tickled Monti's stomach and the squig performed his favourite trick of standing on his hind legs and begging.

"Seventy five, sir!" said the Blood-Axe.

"Hundred," said the Mekboy. The crowd let out its breath. Makari waited to see whether anyone would up the bid. He looked at the Blood-Axe. The Ork's eyes bulged but he shook his head.

"Sold ter the master in the mechanic's hat."

He felt a twinge of guilt as he took Monti over to the Mekboy. It was soon overcome as the Mekboy began to laboriously count out the teeth.

Makari let out a sigh of relief. He had made more than enough money to pay off Lansig and his boyz, with enough left to buy a new stock of toadstools. He might even go into the sugared squigmeat business.

"Eighty-eight," said the Mekboy slowly. Makari rubbed his palms together in glee. Suddenly his heart almost stopped as a huge hand fell on his shoulder.

"Oy you! I wan' a word wiv you!" He turned to look up at the face of the Big Goff. The setting sun caught on his nose-ring and horned helmet, making him look positively daemonic.

There was only one chance he realised and that was to make a swift break for it. He writhed out of the Ork's grip and sprinted away, snatching a handful of teeth from the Mekboy's hand as he went. Soon he was once more pushing through the tide of bodies. From behind him he could hear the Mekboy shouting: "Ya haven't took yer teef!"

Night fell as Makari wandered back towards his sleeping pit. He was depressed and angry. It had been the worst day of his life. Six teeth was all he'd got for Monti, six miserable teeth. Well at least he could congratulate himself for avoiding the Goff and Lansig's lads.

Ari and Ari were waiting for him outside his tenement. Makari didn't have the heart left to run but he made a feeble effort just for the sake of form. They caught him within two streets and dragged him back to his own front door.

"Da boss 'eard ya had a big score, auctioning squigs terday so he figgers ya can afford ta pay 'im in advance. Dat'll be twenty teef, please."

"I've only has six. Check me pouch."

"S'true," said Big Ari, emptying the pouch into his hand.

"Well, we'll just have ter make up da shortfall somehow," said Little Ari producing the pliers. Before he knew it Big Ari had him pushed him to the ground, immobilised him, and forced his jaws apart with one powerful hand.

"Open wide," said Little Ari. Makari tasted metal in his mouth as the extractor took a firm grip on one of his molars, put his foot on Makari's chest and began to tug. Makari tasted blood as the terrible pressure built up on the tooth. He would have screamed if he could but because of the angle his head was being held at, he felt like he was drowning in saliva.

He gagged and tried ignore the terrible pain. There was a moment of sweet release as the tooth came free. Then blood started to fill his mouth and his gums

ached fearfully.

"Only thirteen more ter go," muttered Little Ari, as the pliers went in again. "Yer know I always dreamed ov bein' a Painboy. Was an assistant to Dok Badbreff once."

The agony started to build as Little Ari increased the pressure. Makari whimpered and struggled but there was nothing he could do against Big Ari's superior strength. Thirteen more to go, he thought believing he would be mad from pain and terror before then.

Suddenly he heard Little Ari squawk. He seemed to take off. Makari noticed the enormous boot that propelled him.

The pressure on his neck relaxed as Big Ari was lifted into the air. He dangled like a Snotling in the grip of the Big Goff. Then he was drop-kicked after Little Ari.

"If yer ever comes near dis one again," he bellowed. "I'll boot yer from 'ere ta da moon."

Makari huddled into a ball, head tucked into his groin, hands clutched round his head in an attempt to protect his hurtybitz. The expected kick never came.

He looked up at the Goff. The Ork dropped a tooth down into his hand.

"I owe ya dat for da toadstool I 'ad dis mornin'. Been chasin ya 'bout all day to find out if ya could get us any more."

"Which one was it?" asked Makari, still unable to believe he was going to get out of this without a taste of boot.

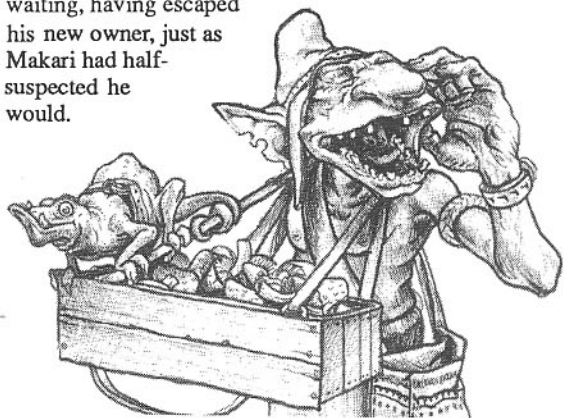
"Well it tasted like a Rutted Gob-Buster but it looked a bit, um, squished."

"Ah yer. Its our latest breed.. the squished Gob-Buster."

"Then ya can get us more?"

Makari felt the saliva mingle with blood in his mouth. It looked lke business might soon be booming again. "No problem," he said. "See ya tomorrer."

Inside the pit, Monti was waiting, having escaped his new owner, just as Makari had half-suspected he would.





CLANZ AND CASTES

Ork society is divided into clans and castes. An Ork clan includes all families and households which can claim common descent. Each clan incorporates members of the various Ork castes, but in differing proportions. Caste reflects the social status of the Ork and his place in society. Castes that are strongest in any particular clan reflect the character and traditions of that clan. The six principle clans are briefly described below, though there are undoubtedly more.

The **Goffs**, a very militaristic clan, have many Nobz. These nobles form an arrogant military aristocracy within the clan. They also have the largest number of ultramilitaristic young Orks, known as Stormboyz, but few Runtherdz or Weirboyz.

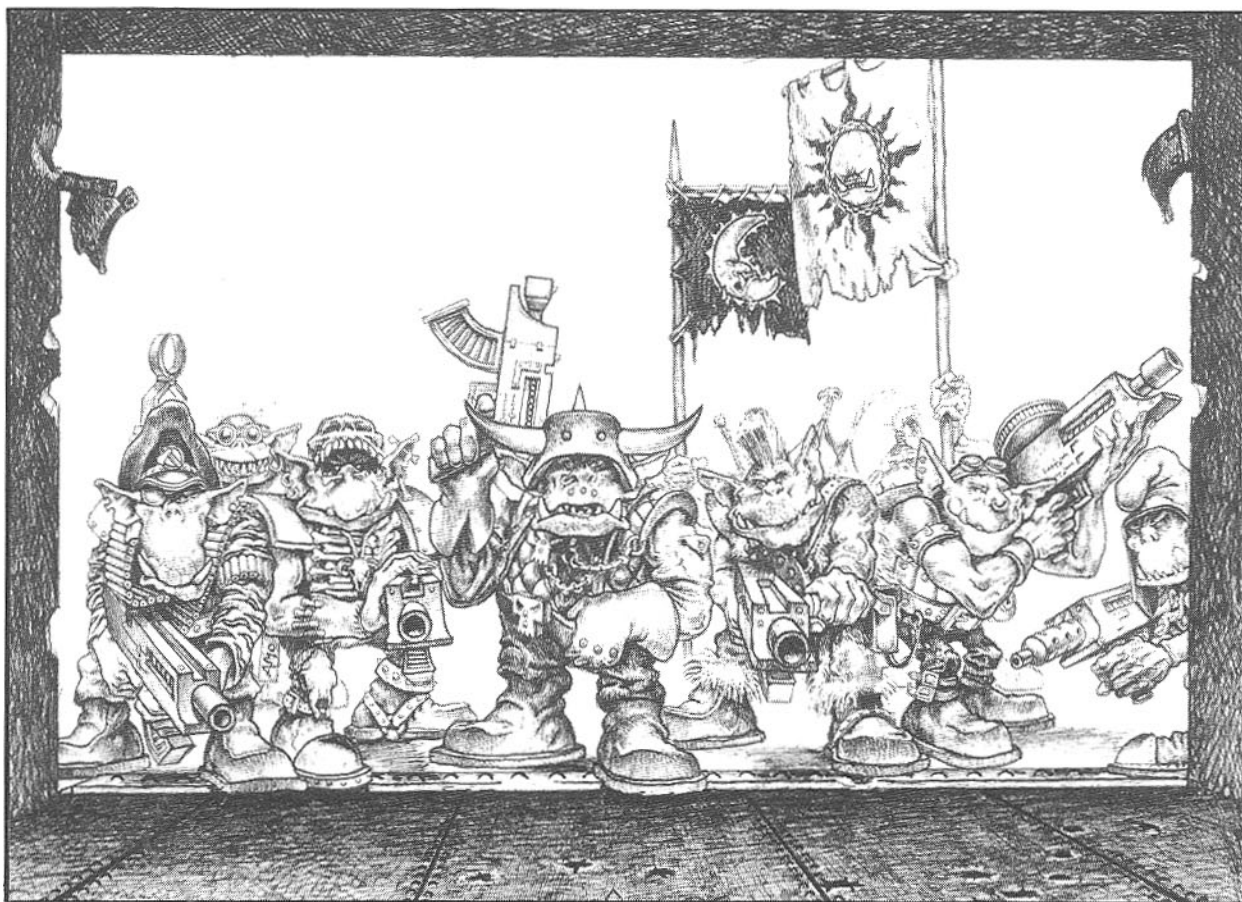
The **Bad Moon Clan** are noted for their wealth and flamboyance. This clan has an unusually large number of Weirboyz and a large number of particularly eccentric and ostentatious Nobz. The Bad Moons own many Gretchin servants, and rely on them to attend to most of their needs.

The **Death Skull Clan** are renowned as arch looters of the battlefield. This clan has many mischievous, thieving Gretchin - including many runaways attracted by the battlefield loot. They also have many Painboyz and Madboyz.

The **Evil Sunz Orks** are not only wealthy, but unusually obsessed with the cult of speed. There are many in this clan who display an aptitude for mechanics and technology. Consequently, they have more Mekboyz than any other clan.

The **Snake-Bite Clan** are the most wild and primitive of the known clans. They have the most Runtherdz, in addition to numerous herds of Gretchin and Snotlings. The Snake-Bite Clan has many Madboyz and Weirboyz, but few Stormboyz.

The **Blood-Axe Clan** are the treacherous sell-swords of the Ork race. In return for payment from the Imperium, they raid other Ork clans. They are notorious trouble-makers, and are often responsible for stirring up dissension among the ranks. As a result of their work for hire, they have plenty of rich Nobz. This clan has few Runtherdz or Weirboyz, but lots of Mekboyz, who do their best to copy Imperial technology.



Paul Bonner



DA CASTES



Paul Bonner

NOBZ

Nobz are Ork nobles. They belong to noble households, or are Boss Orks of Ork families. Often, they are wealthy tooth-lords, or just battle-hardened veterans. Nobz are arrogant in the extreme, inflicting punishment on the spot to any lesser Ork, Gretchin, or Snotling who speaks out of turn or annoys them. This punishment usually takes the form of a swift and hefty whack on the head.

Nobz can be found in positions of command, or organised into their own select bands. They prefer the company of other Orks of equal status and can afford the best armament and war panoply. Good war gear is the sign of nobility and status among Orks. Ordinary Orks are not allowed to have war gear better or more prestigious than the Nobz. If a lesser Ork flaunts impressive war gear, one of the Nobz will undoubtedly confiscate it.

Nobz units are usually very well armed and equipped. Armour varies from shoulder plates to full suits of powered armour, depending on the individual's wealth, status, and the fortunes of war. Prestigious war panoply, such as powered armour, is almost always restricted to Nobz because only extremely wealthy Orks possess technically expert Human or Squat slaves, workshops, and raw materials, and are able to afford and maintain such fancy equipment.

WARBOSSSES AND WARLORDS

The most powerful and prestigious Nobz are given the title Warboss or Warlord. A Warboss will be in charge of a tribe or the leader of a military expedition. Warlord is the title conferred on a particularly powerful Warboss who would lead a large tribe, or even a confederation of tribes.

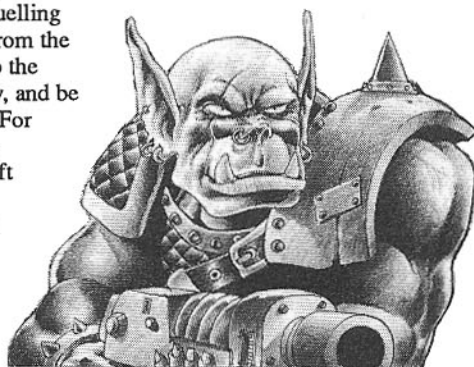
An Ork noble can rise to such exalted heights by showing genius in battle, as well as by commanding respect and obedience. Above all, Ork nobles rise to warlord status through a combination of low cunning and being able to shout very loudly. Of course, rivals and challengers to authority must be summarily dealt with. There are very few ambitious or power-mad Orks, and competition for positions of power is rarely heated. This means that great intellect is not a prerequisite of wielding power, nor is lack of it a great drawback. Warlords have an easy time finding able advisors to attend to the more demanding tasks of organisation.

Warlords are always resplendent in their war panoply. They hold court in great Orkish halls, seated on garish thrones, attended by their retainers and advisors. Ancient war banners hang above the throne, which is decked with prestigious trophies of past victories. The finest trophy an Ork warlord can have is a Space Marine helmet. Such an item soon becomes a talisman of his power and fortune, and is carried into battle on top of the tribal war banner. Orks judge the worth of a Warlord by the quantity and quality of the enemies he has overcome. To have on display helmets of the finest warriors of Humanity is the greatest possible testament of a Warlord's prowess and right of leadership.

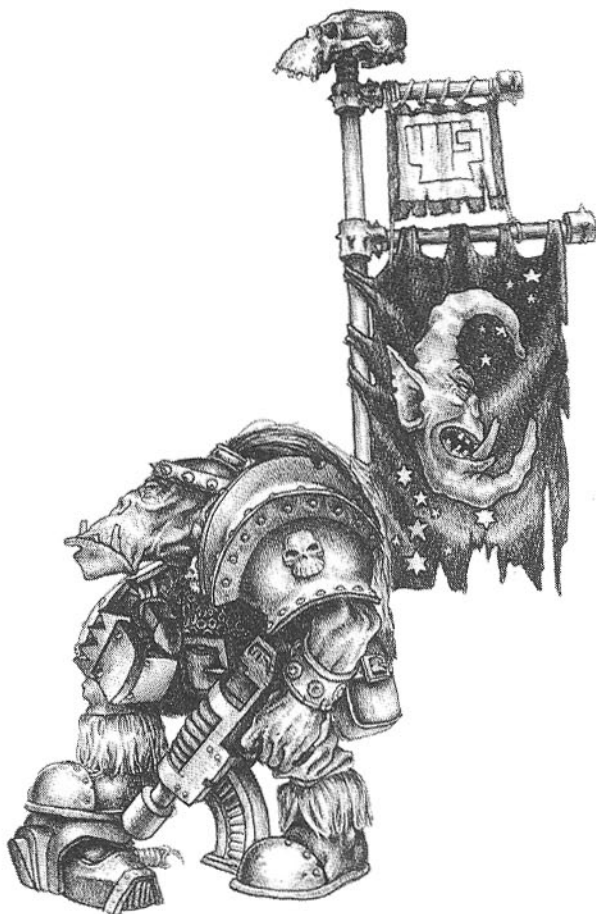
Duelling Scars

Nobz who get the most respect from their Boyz are those with the biggest and most impressive duelling scars, as these show their leader is not to be argued with.

Ideally, a good duelling scar should run from the top of the head to the bottom of the jaw, and be nice and ragged. For added kudos, the stitches can be left in. Nobz often insult each other purely to provoke fights so they can get a good duelling scar.



Paul Bonner



DA BOYZ

Boyz are the rank and file of Ork warriors. Most Orks are *Da Boyz*. Their war gear is usually flak armour adorned with a backplate bearing their clan insignia. The Boss of each household is in charge of at least four Boyz and usually a few more. Each household and family has its own variation of the clan heraldry and its own individual insignia.

The majority of Da Boyz fight as tough, determined infantry. Boyz are usually armed with the Orks' favorite weapon the bolt-gun. Two Boyz in each household, the henchmen of the boss, are often armed with heavy weapons. Orks have a preference for crude, noisy weapons and find it difficult to believe a weapon can do any damage unless it makes a loud and terrifying noise at the same time.

According to legend, some ancient Orks fought as boar-riders. This practice is still found among some Ork tribes that have clung on to more primitive methods of warfare on wilderness planets. More advanced Orks who made contact with these tribes were so impressed by the ferocity of the boar-riders that the Meks and Painboyz set about experimenting with captured wild boars. Before long, they had bred — or rather engineered — a breed of cyborg boar. Known as a Cyboar, these beasts are part ferocious animal and part machine. Bionics lend the Cyboars enhanced stamina and endurance. The naturally savage temperament of the wild boar remains, along with several technological enhancements (for example, their teeth and tusks are of gleaming razor-sharp steel). Those Orks brave and reckless enough to ride the Cyboars come from the more primitive and savage clans, notably the barbaric Snake-Bites.

Any clan that has plenty of Mekboyz (like the Evil Sunz) will also have plenty of mechanised Ork warriors riding a bizarre array of vehicles, including bikes, buggies, war-tracks, armoured battle karts, and anything else the Meks can think of. These Boyz are mean and reckless. They like going fast, usually driving straight at the enemy. They are adept at long-range overland raiding, or wide flanking movements that form a sort of motorised column.

Orks revel in the roar of engines and relish the dust thrown up by the wheels. In these attacks, they look like a dust storm heading for the enemy. Motorised Boyz paint their vehicles red ("*cos red ones go faster*") — a common custom throughout Orkdom.

Apart from Boarboyz, Bikeboyz are the nearest thing the Orks have to shock cavalry. Bikeboyz and Stormboyz have nothing but disdain for each other. Bikeboyz are wild by nature, and their methods of fighting from fast bikes are reckless and undisciplined. Their outlook is different from that of the Stormboyz, who aspire to discipline, drill, and ruthless professionalism.

If any Bikeboyz come upon a regiment of Stormboyz going through their paces, the Bikeboyz will challenge them to a duel of nerves. The Stormboyz won't refuse because it's a matter of honour. The Bikeboyz rev-up a few hundred yards away from the Stormboyz, who form up in their immaculate ranks. Then, the Bikeboyz hurtle straight at them to see if they break rank. Whoever *funks it* first, that is if the Bikeboyz veer off before smashing into the Stormboyz, or if the Stormboyz open up to let them through, are in for a lot of derision from the whole tribe when the word gets out. Not surprisingly, a few Orks are lost every time one of these contests occurs.



Wayne England

A SELECTION
OF ORK BACK
BANNERS
PAINTED BY
THE STUDIO
STAFF,
ILLUSTRATING
VARIATIONS
OF SPECIALIST
TYPE & CLAN
THEMES



GRETCHIN HOLDING THE BACK
BANNER OF HIS MEK MASTER
BAD BONES



UNIT LEADER OF THE EVIL
SUNZ CLAN



BOSS OF DEATH SKULL CLAN
WITH PERSONALISED
BACK BANNER



BOSS OF GOFF CLAN



GOFF BOSS WITH BACK
BANNER



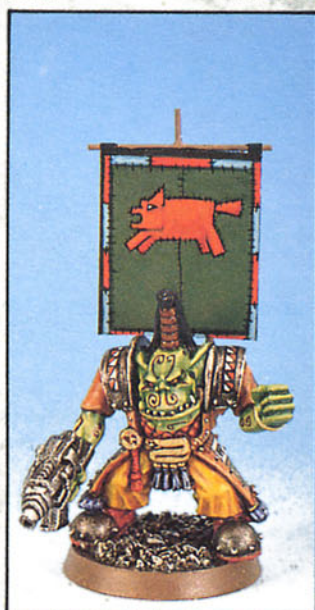
SNAKE-BITE ORK WITH
PERSONAL BACK BANNER



RUNTHERD OF AN ORK MINOR
CLAN DISPLAYING HIS WEALTH
IN GRETCHIN ON HIS BANNER



BOAR-MOUNTED WARBOSS OF THE
SNAKE-BITE CLAN



SNAKE-BITE NOB OF
BOARBOYS FAMILY



BAD MOON WARBOSS & GRETCHIN SERVANT

There are four specialist castes - Mekboyz, Painboyz, Weirdboyz and Runtherdz, collectively known as Oddboyz. Madboyz, particularly eccentric and deranged Orks, occur naturally throughout Ork society, and form into their own bands.



GOFF MADBOY



BLOOD AXE MADBOY



DEATH SKULL CLAN
WEIRDBOY - NOTE WEIRDBOY
GLYPH ON COAT TAILS



FERAL-LOOKING WEIRDBOY
FROM SNAKE-BITE CLAN



THE CAMOUFLAGE CLOTHING
SHOWS THIS MADBOY IS
FROM THE BLOOD AXE CLAN



BLOOD AXE PAINBOY



BAD MOON WEIRDBOYZ DRESS
EVEN MORE EXTRAVAGANTLY
THAN OTHER CLAN MEMBERS



BLOOD AXE CLAN WEIRDBOY



DEATH SKULL MEKBOY - THE
WHOLE HEAD IS BLUE TO
SHOW FAMILY GROUP



WEIRDBOYZ ARE NORMALLY GUARDED BY TWO MINDERZ - SHOWN
HERE ARE MEMBERS OF THE EVIL SUNZ CLAN



MEKBOY FROM THE EVIL
SUNZ CLAN WITH MEK
KUSTOM WEAPON



GOFF CLAN MADBOY IN
BATTLE FRENZY



BAD MOON WEIRDBOY AND TWO MINDERZ



BAD MOON PAINBOY

STORMBOYZ

Stormboyz are a terrifying phenomenon in Ork society, which is worrying the more traditional Ork warriors. Stormboyz are young Orks full of militaristic fervour. They take great pride in their equipment, even to the extent of polishing their boots! They believe in strict organisation, obedience, discipline, and military prowess. Now, these are all respectable virtues among Orks — except for organisation, obedience, and discipline. Consequently, many traditional Orks think the Stormboyz take themselves too seriously, and often accuse them of “*spoilin’ da fun.*”

In Ork society, everything is done for its own sake, including war. Forethought and planning are avoided by most Orks, who would rather not be bogged down by these elements of organisation — some of these duties are delegated to their slaves the Gretchin. Discipline does not need to be carried to extremes; a sharp cuff on the head from the Boss should suffice. Uniforms are all right as long as they leave plenty of scope for self-expression. Above all, fighting is something to be relished and enjoyed; it should not be taken too seriously. As the Orks say, “*yer don’t wanna go makin’ yer ‘ead hurt over nufink.*”

Sadly, the traditional way of the Ork isn’t good enough for many of the Ork youth — they want to rebel. They all want to be alike. They are obsessed with military style and the trivial details of warfare. They are unwilling to follow the good example of the veteran warriors, which is to “*just get on wiv it.*” Most Orks laugh at the efforts of the Stormboyz, who strut about, shouting orders, drilling, and *voluntarily* doing what they are told.

Whenever the Stormboyz are out on a route march, a crowd of Squig-chewing veterans gathers to watch and yell insults, like “*get some mud on yer boots*” or “*who do you fink you are, stinkin’ ‘oomans!*” Other Orks are less amused, and lament the departure from good Orkish ways of doing things. The

general consensus is: “*der is somefink wrong wiv da yoof of today; we nevva dun no drillin’ when I wuz a young’un, and we nevva done no runnin’ away nyver.*”

The reality of the Stormboyz is that most of the young Orks who join their ranks are simply going through a phase in their life. Young Orks who have just left the wilds where they were born are aggressive and adventurous. They are eager and impatient to become proper warriors and prove themselves as Da Boyz. After a few years as Stormboyz, most of them grow out of this phase and become battle-hardened veterans. They no longer fall for the glamour of military trappings because they have learned that Orks don’t need regimentation and that the traditional ways of Ork warfare are best. As the veterans say, “*Orkses don’t fight in straight lines.*”

Nevertheless, Stormboyz are a force to be reckoned with. The possibility of well-organised and disciplined Orks honing their military talents to perfection can only fill the universe with dread. The Stormboyz are keen on proving themselves in battle and showing the traditional Orks that they are worthy of more respect. Who knows where this will lead to in the future? One day, there could be an Ork Empire as powerful and awesome as the Imperium, ruled according to the Stormboyz ethic — a thought to make the various races of the universe shudder with fear.

Stormboyz form their own distinct units, and even aspire to a smart, soldierly appearance (or as disapproving elders would have it, “*goin’ ‘Ooman*”). They wear a relatively standardised uniform of drab colours in camouflage patterns; they also wear steel helmets similar to those worn by the Goffs.

Stormboyz are attracted to new cults (especially Chaos cults), and are quick to forsake the old Ork war gods for new blood-thirsty deities. For example, Khorne is particularly attractive to Stormboyz. They celebrate the blood-god and the martial virtues in regular parades with massed banners, raucous battle songs, and the hammer of marching jackboots.





Paul Bonner

MADBOYZ

Madboyz are deranged and eccentric Orks. All Orks are fierce, aggressive fighters who like nothing better than a good fight, but Madboyz are the most battle-crazed of them all. Madboyz are so far gone that they're even recognised as insane by the rest of the Orks. Although referred to collectively as Madboyz by the other Orks, Madboyz are actually subject to several different manias that characterise their behaviour. Some of the more common manias found among Madboyz are described below.

Frantiks

Frantiks are subject to uncontrollable excitement. Almost anything can set them off and it will be a long time before they calm down. A heated argument over possession of a Gretchin servant, the excitement of a squig-eating contest or a ride on the latest Mekboy contraption can send a Frantik into hysterical frenzy. Often a Frantik will sense the excitement and delight of other Orks and join in the fun without knowing what they are laughing and joking about. He will still be hopping up and down in sheer joy long after they have gone.

Paranoids

These Orks are under the constant impression that something or someone is out to get them. This can result in excessive animosity towards alien races, and even to other clans and castes. It may take the form of an instantaneous hatred to a particular Ork, Gretchin or Snotling or something equally irrational. Whatever the object of their loathing, whenever they come into contact with it, Paranoids either run away and hide or attack it on sight, oblivious to anything else occurring around them.

Phobiaks

These Orks exhibit an irrational terror of something outwardly harmless. These fears can vary from terror at the sight of a creepy-crawly squig, to mild apprehension at the presence of a Weirdboy. Fears induced by small, harmless creatures (such as flying insects and inoffensive small mammals) are common among Phobiaks. If the Phobiaks encounter the object of their fear, they are immediately thrown into panic and confusion.

Maniks

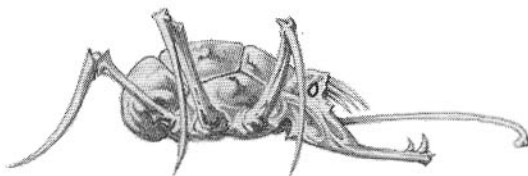
Maniks suffer from irrational obsessions. Whatever the object of the unfortunate Ork's obsession, it will completely absorb his mind until something else attracts his attention. This can take the form of an irrational fear or hatred. Perhaps the Manik will take an instant dislike to a particular colour and react violently against anyone wearing it. On another occasion the poor deranged Manik might be seen recoiling in horror from an innocent-looking squig that any sane Ork would have immediately picked up and gobbled.

The switch from one obsession to another can occur suddenly and without warning. A Manik might be seen stealthily creeping up on a Gretchin from behind, raise a lump of wood to clobber the hapless creature, then inexplicably drop the club and pat the Gretchin affectionately on the head, before loping off to chase a fly or peer at a toadstool.

Skitzos

These Orks cannot distinguish between reality and illusion. Consequently, Skitzos live in a strange world of delusion and fantasy. One moment, they appear to be phlegmatic and nonchalant (just like the rest of the Boyz); then their mood suddenly changes to one of extreme hyperactivity for no apparent reason.

Occasionally one might find a Skitzo hiding in a growth of fungus beside a drop, frolicking with the Snotlings under the impression that he's one too. It is very unfortunate for these poor Snotlings when the Skitzo suddenly thinks he's a savage growler squig, as he'll then chase them out of the fungus grove and scurry off to bite the kneecap of the nearest Ork.



Parasite-Hunting Squigs

Parasite-Hunting Squigs are tiny, but voracious feeders used to clear an Ork's body and clothes of parasites. An Ork simply drops a handful of these Squigs into his clothing and lets them crawl around.

The Squigs prey on any lice, ticks, or leeches the Ork may have acquired in the course of his many unsavoury habits. When the engorged Parasite-Hunting Squigs drop out of the Ork's clothing, the Ork simply gathers them up and pops them into his mouth for a juicy chomp. ("Waste not, want not," as the Orks say.)

Bag Squigs

This type of Squig has a large, gaping mouth and a bag-like body that is almost entirely stomach. The stomach functions secondarily as a pouch that allows the Squig to survive by slowly digesting food it stores up inside its body. If the Squig is dried out, it can be made into a flask for drinks. If it is tanned like leather, it makes a useful bag or belt pouch.



Nazwort Mekarmz' unit of Evil Sunz charges into battle past Nafbog Skumstuff's Death Skulls.





Martin McKenna

Moroniks

These Orks are recognised by their wide, staring eyes and vacant expression. Moroniks seem to be in a permanent state of bewilderment. They can only obey simple instructions, which they are quite likely to forget immediately they are given them. Once they've forgotten what they're supposed to be doing, they can wander about aimlessly for hours.

Melankoliks

These Madboyz suffer from deep melancholia, in which they pine for the battles of the past, and the company of lost comrades who fell in these ancient conflicts. Melankoliks find inspiration in the old battle legends, and will often sit together around the campfire recalling past glories. Often, Melankoliks weep inexplicably, or are unaccountably inspired to rage or enthusiasm. This is usually because their imaginations are far away, reliving some heroic action of the past.

Deliriaks

These Madboyz seem to be continually, deliriously happy. They laugh long and loudly and their insane cackling wafts across the encampment to unnervingly even the most stolid of Orks or foes. Absolutely nothing can wipe the smile off their faces. They laugh in the face of danger, and grin delightedly after suffering terrible injuries like having their legs blown off. Painboyz find this attitude most perplexing. The simple joys of battle, with its noises, flashes, acrid stench and general confusion cause the Deliriak no end of delight. Deliriaks are always willing to try their luck in a squig-eating contest, or on a new-fangled Mekaniak's jalopy.

Savantz

These Madboyz are a kind of idiot savant. They are introverted, twitchy, erratic individuals with prodigious powers of memory, recall and calculation. Here, the mania takes the form of enhanced mental abilities, or in other words they are eccentric know-it-alls. Just about the only Orks who can make sense of their babblings are the Mekboyz. Savantz are much sought after by Meks as personal companions, since they can function almost like a personal computer. Although Meks do make for themselves primitive computers and calculating apparatus, they find the algebraic gobbledigook spoken by the Savantz to be generally more accurate and useful. The Savantz are of course delighted to find an Ork prepared to stand still and listen to them and will latch on to any Mek who shows an interest. Consequently Meks are accompanied by Savantz, especially on any complicated or grandiose project which taxes even the skills of the Mekboyz to the limit. The main problem with Savantz is that they tend to wander off if left unattended, and will go and join the rest of the Madboyz, leaving the Meks helpless in the middle of a difficult project.

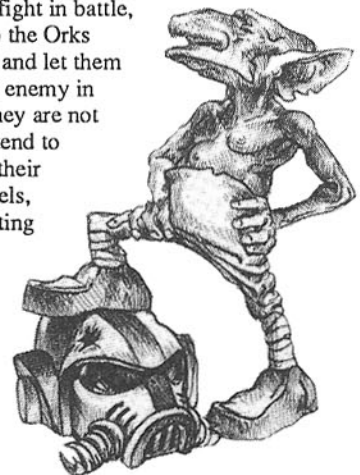
Lesser Manias

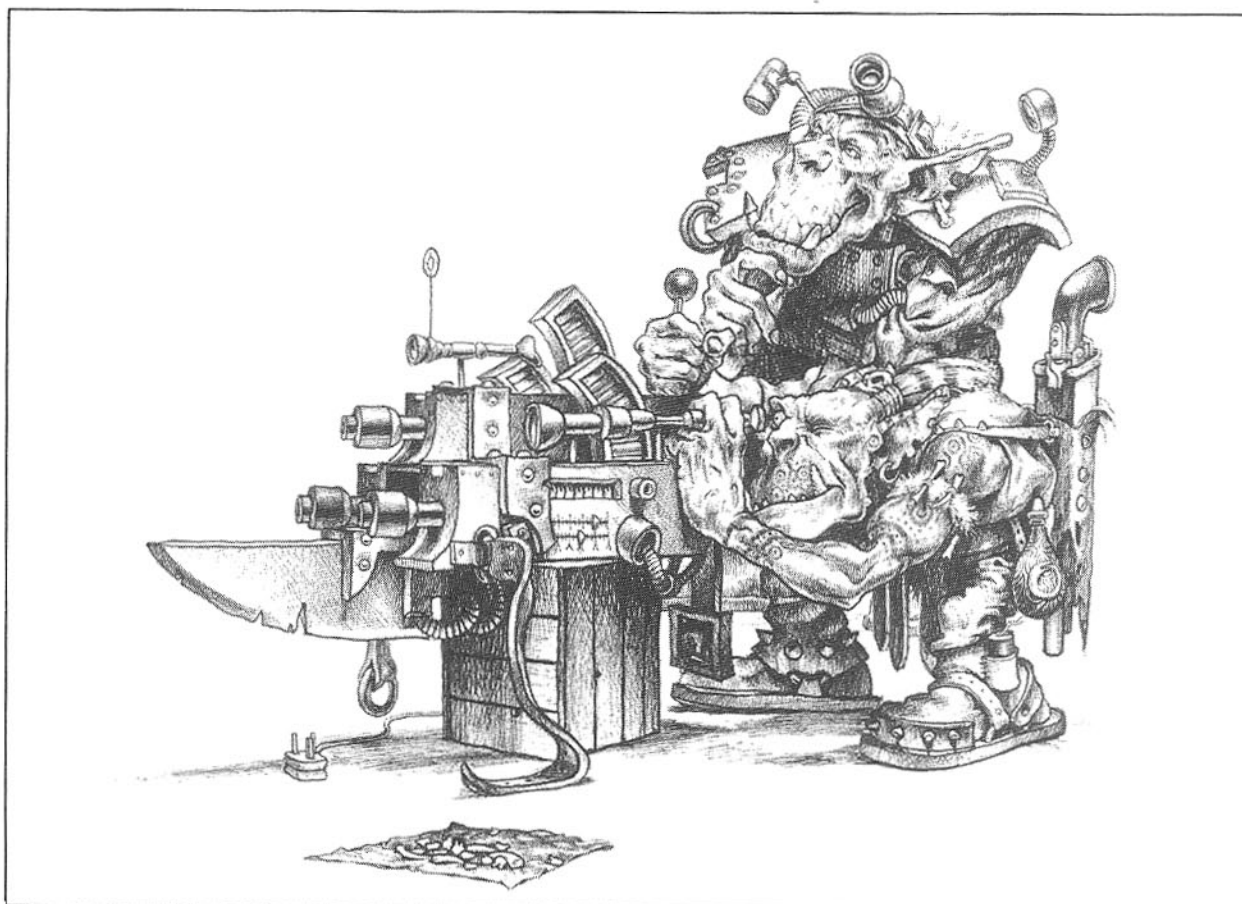
Of course there are other, lesser manias which are not so common and combinations of two or more manias can occur in the same Ork. These rare forms are not given special names by the Orks, but are included with all the other manias under the general name Madboyz.

Bands of Madboyz

Most Ork clans can claim to have Madboyz among them, but the incidence varies widely from relatively few to a large quantity. Madboyz, apart from their obvious state of mind and facial expressions, are otherwise similar to the rank and file warrior Ork Boyz. They will wear clan colours and iconography as normal. Their distinctive character is obvious from their behaviour, facial expressions and gestures. The rest of the Orks regard Madboyz as different and special, but nonetheless a natural part of Ork society. They are not shunned or shown any disrespect. Indeed, if any mischievous Orks or Gretchins should annoy a Madboy, they would soon find themselves surrounded and chastised by a few of his even more deranged mates.

Madboyz naturally band together, either into bands of those with the same mania or more generally into bands with Madboyz of every variety. This is the way that they prefer to fight in battle, in units of their own, so the Orks do not argue with them and let them get on with fighting the enemy in their own way. When they are not fighting, the Madboyz tend to gather together around their own campfires and hovels, gibbering and gesticulating happily and content to keep their own company. Sometimes a gathering of Madboyz will attract other Orks who are entertained by their antics.





Paul Bonner

MEKBOYZ

Mekboyz, also known as Mekaniaks, are the technical engineers and master mechanics of Ork civilisation. They can be recognised by the overalls, spanners, monkey-wrench stuffed through the belt, and the oily rag perpetually in their hand. Their understanding of the principles behind much of the technology they use is somewhat vague and crude. In fact, Mekboyz are often as mystified as the rest of the Orks as to why something they've put together actually works (but it usually does). The Meks have an instinctive talent with machinery. Inquisitiveness, experimentation, and, above all, a determination to bash the parts until they fit together are the keys to their success. Consequently, the Meks construct ingenious and unlikely devices that defy the principles of science. Each Mek produces highly original work, and every item of Ork machinery bears the indelible stamp of an individual Mek's handiwork.

Mass production of identical items is not a strong point of Ork culture - they lack the application and the technical expertise. Most mass production is performed as tribute by subservient races. The tradition of original craftsmanship is known among the Orks as *kustom*. Everything in Ork society is *kustom-built*.

Meks are great hoarders. They wander about the battlefield, looking for bits that have fallen or been shot off vehicles. They are surrounded by swarms of excited Gretchin, who constantly bring bits of machinery up to them, offering to sell it to them for a couple of teeth. Consequently, Meks have great piles of broken mechanical parts to use in their constructions, and every project is preceded by a thorough rummage in the *bit-box*.

Meks use vast numbers of slaves - Gretchin, Snotlings, and captive aliens. These creatures do the fetching, carrying, and arduous tasks of construction, leaving the Meks free to ponder the problem at hand. When a great project is under way, often the sporadic brain-child of an individual Mek, the word gets around to all the other Meks in the vicinity. They flock to the construction site, overflowing with enthusiasm and good advice. Soon, regiments of slaves are at work, and the creation begins to take shape; it might be a Gargant, or a spaceship, or some bizarre construction that has crept out of its creator's mind.

Many of these projects find their roots in half-remembered somethings the builder saw on the other side of the battlefield in the most recent campaign. The work is accompanied by the incessant clanging and hammering of the demented Gretchin workforce, the yells of the Meks as they oversee the work, and the constant jabber of excited argument as Meks debate the pros and cons of various plans and modifications. Such scenes are commonplace during the time of Waa-Ork, when the whole of Orkdom becomes gripped with frenzied preparations for war.

The real talents of the Meks are in Kustomising, rather than inventing. Meks can see something and copy it utilising all kinds of bits and pieces, and welding them together into something new. When the Orks want precision engineering, sophisticated design, and high technology, they demand it as tribute from races that have the appropriate skills. Inevitably, most of the equipment obtained as tribute falls into the hands of the Mekboyz as it wears out and needs repair. Orks tend to drive things to destruction, so repair often takes the form of complete rebuilding. After the the first few times the Mekboyz have been at a vehicle or piece of equipment, it



Gary Chalk

begins to assume a distinctively Orkish character. Mekboyz don't stop at simple repairs; they gratuitously add embellishments: a skull here, iron teeth there, a grinning, wrought-iron daemon-mask there, or just a new coat of red paint to make it go faster. An Ork army therefore features alien-built tribute equipment, as well as Ork-built gear, and could include pristine Imperial vehicles straight from the factories of a subjugated world alongside old and battered versions of the same thing, renovated beyond recognition by the Mekboyz.

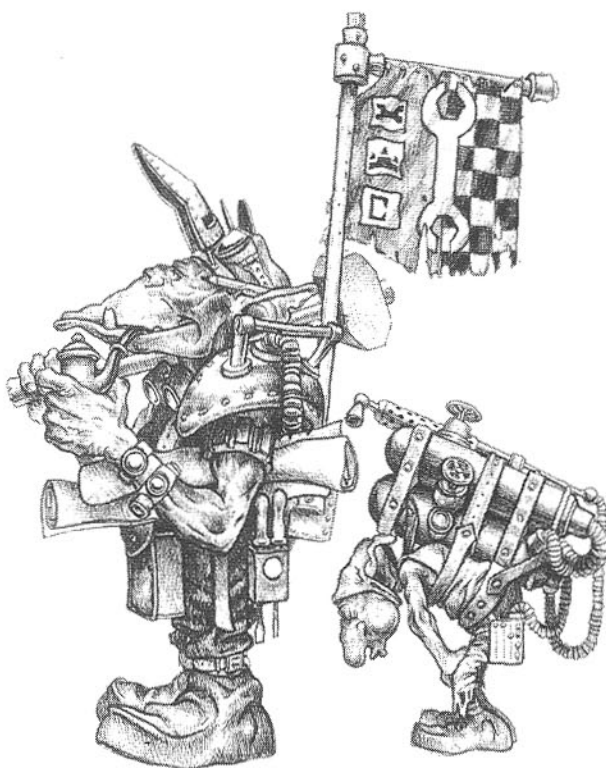
A common feature of all Ork equipment is that it tends to break down frequently. The creations of the Meks are ramshackle, especially if they use captured spare parts or cannibalised bits of enemy vehicles (which are usually just hammered or welded together to make them fit). If a Mek wants a bit to fit, it will. If there are plenty of Meks in the force, this is less of a problem than it might normally be. The Meks simply use their tried but crude techniques to get things moving again. The fewer Meks there are to go around, the worse the problem becomes, as equipment begins to fail sporadically in battle or along the line of march. A trail strewn with discarded equipment, or parts that have dropped off, is a sure sign that an Ork force short of Meks has passed that way.

Meks are adept at making a variety of unlikely weapons out of bits of other weapons (for example, three bolt guns welded together). These mix-and-match weapons operate much like combi-weapons, but are hopelessly unreliable. Obviously, it's a complete waste of time and resources (ie Snotlings) to test the weapons. In many cases, the first time the weapon is fired at all will be in battle, by which time the discovery of design defects comes too late (and often with disastrous results).

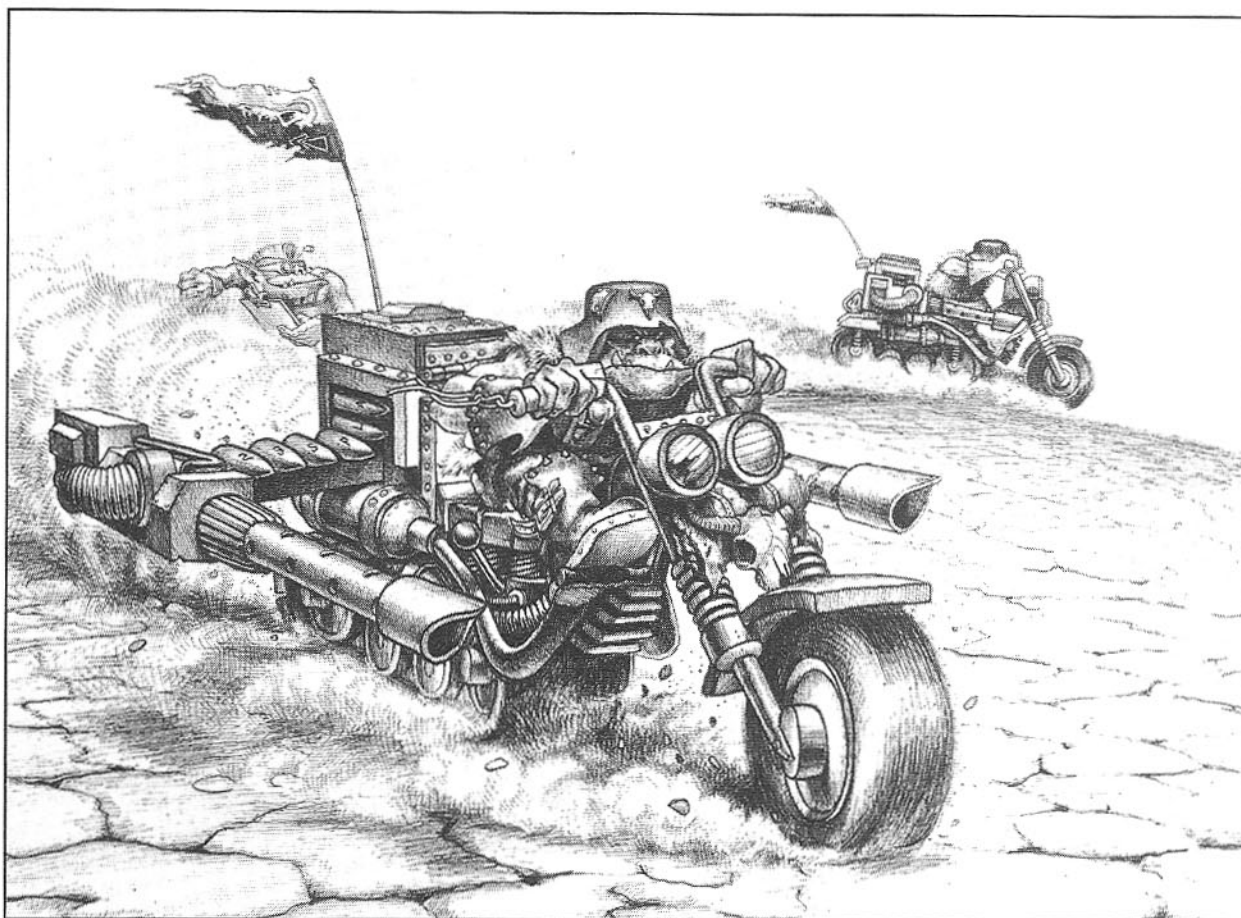
Meks have a habit of selling their untested experimental devices to gullible Orks. Usually, a Mek tries making several versions of an idea before satisfying himself that he has gotten it right, then sells off defective weapons to recover the cost of the experiments. Meks also make primitive firearms, such as muskets and blunderbusses, to sell to Gretchin. Gretchin usually can't afford anything better, but are jolly impressed by the loud bang, flash, sparks, and clouds of smoke. The fact that you can stuff virtually any small object down the barrel as shot is another advantage. When ammunition is short, all sorts of handy substitutes can usually be found lying around the camp or battlefield - pebbles, nails, nuts and bolts. The possibilities are limitless.

Meks are fascinated by siege warfare, field engineering, and the construction of war machines, but lack the professional skill of the Squat engineers in this field. Instead, they lean towards the spectacular and impressive. Meks use Gretchin to dig rather untidy trenches and saps around besieged positions. The Orks will happily live in these squalid conditions for months. Meanwhile, the Meks set up camp behind the lines, designing various assault machines, such as monstrous siege mortars mounted on tracks to lob gigantic shells onto the enemy. Just the sight of one of these goliath guns being towed into range by columns of steam-powered traction engines is enough to cause the most determined garrisons to throw down their weapons and surrender.

When they are not hard at work with their spanners, Mekboyz like to relax in the shade of an old tarpaulin and watch the work in progress, smoking a long pipe carved from the shinbone of an Ogryn and inviting any passing Painboyz or Runtherdz to join them in discussing new ideas. If the smokin' fungus runs out, they remain unperturbed; oily rags smoulder just as well, and the aroma defies description.



Paul Bonner



The Cult of Speed

Orks like to go fast. Speed fulfils some deep need in the Orkish temperament, just as do the thunder of guns, the grind of tracks, and the din of battle. They derive an ecstatic sensation from going fast - they like to feel the wind on their faces, see the dust rising behind them in a great cloud, and to hear the roar of powerful engines.

Imperial scholars believe that Orks are addicted to speed, and theorise that there is a sensory region of their brain that is easily stimulated by it. High speeds cause intense euphoria.

Whenever an Ork takes his buggy or bike to a Mek for repairs, he always asks "can yer make it go faster?" This usually necessitates a fresh coat of red paint, as well as a bit of noisy tinkering with the engine. For, as every Ork knows, red ones go faster. ("Stands to reason, dunnit.") Vehicles that go really fast have great prestige value, and Orks will hoard teeth for years to afford a really fast (and red) vehicle. Rivalries among Nobz and Warlords as to who has the fastest machines lead to reckless racing around the perimeter of Ork settlements.

Some Orks never get out of their vehicles; they live, eat, and sleep in them. Often, Orks get the Meks to customise their vehicles accordingly, with hammocks suspended on the back and Squig tanks rivetted on the side for a ready supply of snacks. They also request footplates and handgrips for the Gretchin servants, who have to hang on for dear life. (Ork speed maniacs won't stop to pick up a Gretchin who falls off along the way.) When an Ork vehicle finally does stop, it is equipped with tarpaulins which can be unwrapped to convert it into a tent.

The cult of speed accounts for the vast array of customised buggies, karts, and ramshackle vehicles that can be mustered by an Ork tribe. Most are in a constant state of disrepair, with bits falling off every few miles. A lot of these vehicles are owned by Meks, who have been known to attempt repairs while a vehicle is in motion. Orks suffering from extreme speed addiction often find it difficult to stop once they've revved up to full speed. Sometimes, the only way to get the driver to stop is to smack him soundly on the head. Vehicle commanders resort to this tactic in the heat of battle; otherwise, their drivers keep going straight through the enemy and off into the horizon.

Every tribe has a few Meks who exploit the Ork love of speed to earn some teeth. They construct all kinds of ferris wheels, helter-skelters, and roller-coasters. The more dangerous the ride, the better the Orks like it. Any large Ork settlement is likely to sprout a funfair of this kind. Nobz or Warlords may even commission a Mek to design and build for him a personal ferris wheel or switchback. For example, one of the Orks' favourite fun devices resembles a huge maypole. It consists of a tall central post topped by a wheel. Hanging from the wheel are many ropes with loops at the end of each. Orks put one foot through the loop and tighten it. Then, the Mek starts the engine, and the wheel begins to revolve faster and faster. The ropes spin around with the Orks hanging upside down by one foot. The sensation of speed and disorientation sends the Orks into a state of ecstasy.





Paul Bonner

PAINBOYZ

Orks who specialise in the treatment of wounds and patching up their mates after a battle are known as Painboyz. As their name suggests, Painboyz are not a bit put off by pain. They don't care how much their ministrations hurt the patient - they still carry on regardless. Painboyz are willing to delve into the most hideous wounds. There aren't many bits of an Ork which they can't stitch, tie, or rivet back together. Anaesthetics aren't used as the Painboyz like to hear the screams of their patients so they know they're still alive and kicking. Painboyz are assisted by Gretchin servants, who are essential for sitting on the patient to keep him still while the Painboyz dig down to the *hurty biz*.

Painboyz are so-called because of their fascination with pain - not just with the agony of other Orks, but with their own pain as well. Painboyz are always trying to find out how much pain they can endure, and are even willing to experiment on themselves. Painboyz have been known to let their Gretchin orderlies perform surgery and bionic implants on their masters, usually under the supervision of the patient himself. During these operations, the Painboy is strapped down and the Gretchin set to work, letting their master see what is going on by holding up a mirror. Many Orks think the Painboyz are deranged (though this is undoubtedly an understatement). It's only fair to see it from the Painboyz's point of view: if you've just invented the best bionic bits yet, you should also be the first to have them fitted. ("*Stands to reason, dunnit?*")

Painboyz are easily recognisable by their blood-stained hide aprons, goggles, and belts hung with tongs, saws, knives, blow-torches (for cauterising wounds), mallets (for sedating restless patients), and other tools of the trade. When it comes to working with bionics, Painboyz often pool their talents with Mekboyz. One of the notable achievements of this association was the creation of the cyboards, bionically enhanced creatures ridden into battle by the Boarboyz.

Painboyz devote a lot of their time to research. They are greatly interested in how Orks, Gretchin, and Snotlings work and with what can be done with them. Painboyz are much like Mekboyz in their outlook: experimentation, trial-and-error methods, and bodged jobs are the rule of the day. If an Ork falls in battle, being stunned or knocked unconscious, but by

no means dead or wounded, he might be dragged from the field by a horde of Snotlings, the "orderlies" of one of the Painboyz. Eventually, the casualty regains consciousness and discovers that he has benefitted from the best, most up-to-date Ork medical attention - perhaps a pair of bionic legs or arms. The Painboy grins with satisfaction, and a wise Ork knows enough just to pay up and not to say anything about the bump on his head, which the Painboy would be all too pleased to put right as part of the deal.

Painboyz often get together with Runtherdz and Mekboyz. They all share the same interest in improving things, whether it be the physical body, breeds of Snotlings, or machinery. These castes discuss technological topics endlessly, sharing ideas and advice. Often, they completely misunderstand each other, which leads to some bizarre results when the new ideas are put into practice. What makes a buggy go faster may not always work for a Gretchin, though quite a few Gretchin have been painted red under this assumption. Whenever a Mek, a Painboy, and a Runtherd get together, a heated discussion often ensues. Listening to such a conversation is guaranteed to cause bewilderment, although the Mek, Painboy, or Runtherd leaves feeling he has learned "*somefink useful*."

One of the results of cooperation between Painboyz and Meks has been the Ork Dreadnought. These war machines are piloted by Gretchin who have been specially adapted for the task by the Painboyz. The fact that the pilot of a Dreadnought must have his skull drilled doesn't seem to deter Gretchin from volunteering for this task, as this is their big chance to fight alongside the Orks. The temptation for many Gretchin is too great; they stoically endure the pain so they can be plugged into a Dreadnought suit.



Mendin' Squigs

The Painboyz have discovered medicinal uses for some Squigs - in particular the Hairy Squig. The Painboy simply applies it to the open wound, which it holds closed with its tiny, needle-like teeth. The Painboy then twists its tail off, leaving the head imbedded in the flesh, repeating the process until the wound is "riveted up." Alternatively, only one Squig is used and its tail is threaded through a needle to sew the wound up. The Hairy Squig then feeds off blood oozing from the wound, thus keeping it clean and free from infection. The Squig can live like this for years, if necessary. By the time it shrivels and drops off, the wound has usually healed, leaving a row of tiny holes on each side of the scar. Stitched wounds are prized by the Orks as battle scars and decorative adornments.

"Open wide and say Ah," said Dok Badbreff.

"Aaargh!" screamed Ushbek, as Dok yanked out one of his tusks with a huge pair of pliers.

"Prompt payment, dat's wot I like," said Dok, dropping the bloody tooth into his pouch. He watched the way Ushbek clutched his gob in agony. Like all Painboyz, he was immensely interested in, well, pain.

"Dere now, dat didn't 'urt a bit," Ari said in his most saccarine tone. Ushbek stopped howling for long enough to clip the Gretchin round the ear.

"Anudder satisfied customer," muttered Dok as Ushbek staggered from the tent. "Next!"

Mort, Dok's main apprentice, ushered a limping Ork with a bionic leg into Dok's presence.

"Wot can I do ya fer, Vaskak?" asked Dok, smiling like a shark. "Just my little joke, hur-hur."

"Itz dis leg you an' Ghurk sold me, Dok. It doesn't seem to work proper like. Sometimes it hardly moves and sometimes it moves at random. Last night I kicked Boss Dragnatz. Wot a beating he gave me!"

"So you might say da leg'z causing yer some pain, hur-hur. Open wide, letz 'ave a look at dose teef."

"Itz me leg givin' gip, Dok, not me teef," said Vaskak, opening his mouth. Dok shone his headlight into the Goff's well-filled mouth. Having established that Vaskak's credit was good, he returned to the leg.

"Medical stuff, Vaskak. Ya can tell a lot about an Ork's 'elf by 'is teef. Leg up on da table, den."

Servo-motors whined as he lifted his leg onto the table. Dok prodded it with his pliers. He only screamed a little when the electrical current ran through him. "Is it bad, Dok?" asked Vaskak anxiously. Dok nodded solemnly.

"It'll 'ave ter come off," Dok said. "Ari, get Ghurk over 'ere right away."

Soon the Gretchin had returned with Ghurk. The big Mekboy jerked his thumb towards the enormous burner-tank strapped on his back. "Just brought it in case of emergencies," he explained.

A look of terror passed over Vaskak's face.

"Just lie on yer side an' 'old still," said Ghurk, producing a power screwdriver. "'Dis won't 'urt a bit."

"Well, I wouldn't promise dat," said Dok Badbreff, an evil gleam appearing in his eye.



Kevin Walker

WEIRDBOYZ

All Orks are by nature slightly psychic. Somehow, Orks are in tune with the universe itself. This perhaps explains their inner strength and resilience, along with their complete lack of stress or angst: Orks are a contented race. Human, Squat, and Eldar societies are riven and wracked by self-doubt and deep yearning questions. They are also driven by a constant hunger for meanings and answers that all too often lead to despair. Orks do not suffer in this way.

Survival is a struggle for all races. While some wonder what it's all for, Orks just get on with it and see what happens next. Orks don't care, because it's pointless to worry or question the unknowable forces of the universe. For Orks, the purpose of life, the universe, and everything *is* life, the universe, and everything. The reason for Orks is Orks.

There are a few Orks who are more psychic than the rest. These are known as Weirdboyz. Weirdboyz act as a focal point for the psychic energy of the Orks.

For example, when an Ork warband advances into battle, there is much chanting, hurling of insults, rhythmic stamping of feet, and brandishing of weapons. The psychic energy of the whole clan begins to rise and pulse through the Weirdboyz.

Ork Warlords don't hesitate to exploit this phenomenon, and the Weirdboyz are rounded up and brought along to the battlefield by their Minderz - a pair of tough Orks specially selected for this purpose. There, they are deployed as if each were an individual heavy weapon, used to deliver a psychic blast against the foe.



Adrian Smith



Face-Eater Squigs

These Squigs, which are also known as "Gnashers," are a vicious mass of sharp teeth and claws. In their active state they appear to be just a gnashing mouth and very little else, though they look much like any other Eatin' Squig when they are at rest.

The most common and most vicious type of Face-Eater Squig has a strong tail which is used to anchor the Squig to the side of the drop. The tail is tightly coiled (like a spring) as the creature waits just below the surface of the murk, or hidden in the fungoid growths on the side of the pit. When a shadow falls across it, the Squig springs out of hiding to take a bite out of an Ork's backside, to rip off a Gretchin's arm, or to swallow an unfortunate Snotling in just one gulp. Obviously, this type of Squig makes a trip to the drops a bit hazardous.

Because of their violent nature, Gnashers provide the Orks with endless entertainment, and Squig-eating is one of the Orks' favourite pastimes. The idea behind this popular contest is to try to eat the Gnasher Squig before it has a chance to bite your face off. Orks reckless enough to indulge in this sport grab the Squigs by their tails and hold them up just above their faces. Then it's a race, Squig mouth versus Ork mouth, to see who gets eaten first. The Gretchin and Ork observers howl with delight (and from a safe distance) as Squig and Ork rip into each other with ferocious, slobbering, teeth-gnashing gusto.

On occasion, an Ork keels over backwards with a Squig firmly embedded in his face. In other instances, the Ork manages to sink his great canine teeth into the Squig and swallows it before it does any damage. Squig-eating contests are always accompanied by much betting, and a lot of teeth change hands during a series of contests.

As the psychic pulse builds up force, it is channelled and unleashed through the Weirdboyz in the form of psychic spells hurled at the enemy. This is an unpleasant experience for both the Weirdboyz and the enemy. If the pulse builds up too much strength, it can cause the Weirdboyz a great amount of damage. Too much power overloads the Weirdboyz' minds, and the greater the psychic pulse generated, the greater the potential chance of disaster.

Due to the inherent danger in this type of attack, Weirdboyz hate being dragged into battle to blast their minds at the enemy. If the pulse builds up too much strength, it can cause them a great amount of damage. There are always a few Weirdboyz in any battle who literally blow their minds - their heads explode. This has earned Weirdboyz another name among Orks: Headbangerz. (*"Cos their 'eads go bang, innit."*) Naturally, Weirdboyz are reluctant to have their brains blasted all over the place in this fashion. Consequently, they are led onto the battlefield by two big Ork Minderz, who give them little choice in the matter.

Weirdboyz are revered within their clans; nevertheless, they are also kept captive. Weirdboyz are, however, the most respected, well-treated of prisoners; all they have to put up with are two of the Warlord's henchmen escorting them at all times. This is to prevent them running away, in the event that an opportunity to escape presents itself. Every Weirdboy knows that one day Da Boss is going to drag him along to a battle and subject him to a really bad head-banging session, which he certainly won't enjoy and may well not survive. Given the choice, most Weirdboyz would rather wander off to the wild places and live like hermits, looking for oddly shaped stones, talking to pet Squigs, and brewing vile potions in an upturned Ogryn cranium.

Weirdboyz are easily recognisable, since the Boss Orks insist that they wear lavishly elaborate and highly colourful robes. This way, even if they manage to elude their minders, they can still be easily spotted. Of course, the Boss Orks want to make sure that the Weirdboyz can be seen and recognised wherever they are, and the Weirdboyz cooperate by accepting the flattery and the honour. While they don't like this situation much, Weirdboyz rarely try to escape.

Another distinctive mark of the Weirdboy is the beard Squig. Weirdboyz wear small, hairy Squigs on their chins in imitation of alien beards (which, of course, they think are Squigs as well). Most other Orks wouldn't think of wearing Squigs on their chins - lip-plugs, bones, studs perhaps, but not Squigs. But, then Weirdboyz are *weird*.



Paul Bonner



Adrian Smith



Growlers

Some Squigs are lively enough to be kept as pets or mascots. Pet Squigs are roughly the size of a small dog, hairy, and particularly vicious. A Pet Squig is allowed to scurry about behind its master, barely under his control. This gives its owner no end of amusement - especially when the Squig snaps at the ankles of another Ork. Pet Squigs are often kept by Nobz and eccentric Oddboyz. They are doted on by their owners, fed on tidbits by Gretchin servants, and exercised regularly by chasing Snotlings. A particularly popular type of Pet Squig is known as the Mimic. This Squig has a beak-like mouth and is vaguely parrot-like in appearance. Mimics can be seen perched on the shoulders of many an old and haggard Ork, casting expletives and insults at passersby.

Paul Bonner



RUNTHERDZ

Snotlings and Gretchin are vital to Ork society, even though they are small and weak compared to Orks. These small Orkoids, known affectionately as "Runtz," are bred and kept in herds. These herds are tended by Orks known as Runtherdz. Snotlings are mischievous and playful, but can be trained to do various simple tasks (like fetching, carrying, gathering Squigs from the cesspit, picking fungi for food, and charging at the enemy in demented delight). Of course, Snotlings also serve as a last resort for the Orks when food is scarce. The Runtherdz breed and train Snotlings for these purposes. Gretchin are naturally clever; they have considerable intelligence and hidden talents. They, too, are bred and tended by the Runtherdz until they're old enough to be sold into Ork servitude.

Runtherdz believe themselves to be descended from families that were cast out of the clans in the remote past. Ork history, however, gives no reason for why they were banished. In any event, the Runtherdz took off to the wild places and began lives as nomadic herders of Snotling and Gretchin. Gradually, the Runtherdz became an integral part of Orkish society as breeders of *Snots* and *Grots*. They know more than other Orks about the habits and behaviour of these smaller Orkoids.

The role of Runtherdz is hereditary. A young Ork of the caste inherits the herd from a close relative, and is honour and duty-bound to keep the herd going throughout his life. At the end, he passes the herd along to another generation of Runtherdz. Some Snotlings are expended in this time, so the Runtherdz must make sure that more are bred to keep the herd going.

Runtherdz also breed the larger and more intelligent Gretchin young that are sold to Orks as personal servants (as are Snotlings). Mekboyz in particular require several Gretchin and Snotling servants, and will offer their mechanical skills to the Runtherdz in exchange. Painboyz not only need Gretchin and Snotling attendants, but also a regular supply for their *eksperimentz*. As a result, the Painboyz exchange their surgical skills for them. Thus, the Runtherdz, Mekboyz, and Painboyz have built up an informal alliance of mutual cooperation. This has produced such marvels of Ork science as the Cyboar and the Ork Herd Robots. All three castes live

on the fringe of Ork society. Runtherdz are outcasts who live hermit-like existences out in the wilds; Painboyz are deranged witch-doctors; and Mekboyz are eccentric bodgers. Because of these quirks of character, they all get on well together and continue to be a source of wonder and pride to the rest of Ork society.

Runtherdz take great pride in the condition of their herds, and carry out their work with affection. The Runtz are carefully bred, fed, and tended. The ultimate fate of many Snotlings will be as meals for Orks, or as combatants in massed wave attacks. The Runtherdz aren't bothered by these uses, "*cos its wot runtz is fer*." They are, however, concerned with breeding the best possible specimens. Even so, a Runtherdz wouldn't think twice about snatching up one of his herd and having it as a snack if food was in short supply.

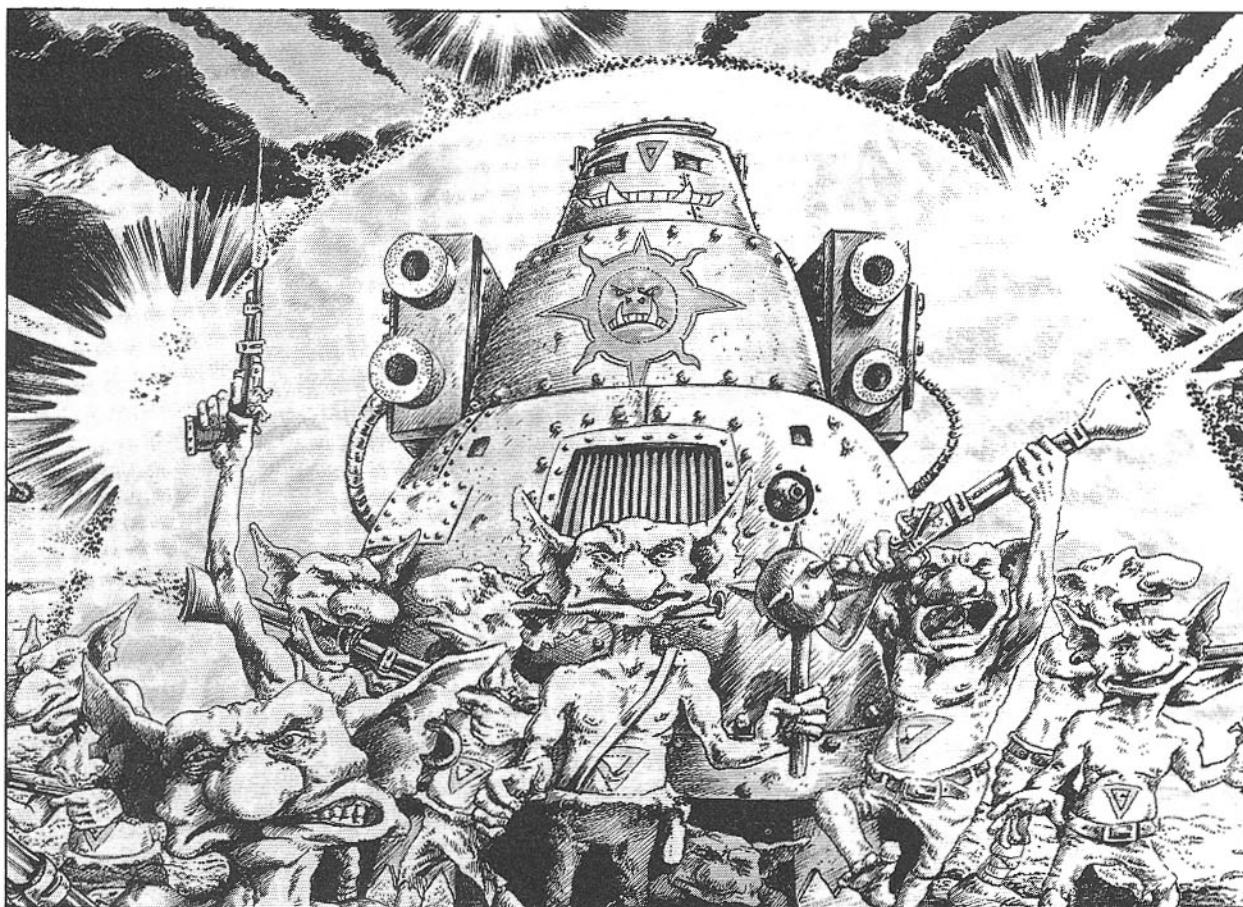
Herds of Snotlings and Gretchin have a variety of uses on campaign, such as providing labour for construction work and carrying Ork baggage. The most important battlefield uses of Snotling and Gretchin herds are for mine-clearance and massed wave onslaughts. Herds used for mine-clearance simply advance ahead of the Ork army and detonate the mines, thus clearing a path for the Ork advance. Whether deploying their herds to attack or clear mines, the Runtherdz go to some effort to give their herds every possible advantage (after all, they do want them to get through). Losses are unfortunate, but inevitable. For this reason, herds often advance under a protective force field emanating from guardian robots that accompany the herds.

Runtbots

Mekboyz are renowned for making unreliable force-field generators. These generators are used on Ork spacecraft and for the robots that accompany the Snotling and Gretchin herds into battle. The robots are simply crude copies of Imperial designs, programmed to advance with the herds and provide some protection until they engage in combat. Unfortunately, the force fields are prone to malfunction and can fail at any time. Nevertheless, Runtherdz are keen on getting robots to protect their herds. The last thing they want is to waste Snotlings and Gretchin before they've had the chance to be of some use - especially after all the effort of breeding and rearing them.



Martin McKenna



GRETCHIN

Gretchin are smaller, less-developed relatives of the Orks. They are, however, more alert and mentally mature than the diminutive Snotlings, who have the simple and cheerful mentality of a small child. Gretchin are cheerful and furtive by nature, and fatalistic by necessity. Few Gretchin can expect to come to a good end. However, many manage to acquire some status among the slaves due to their instinct for survival. The best way for a Gretchin to get by in Ork society is to make himself indispensable to his masters.

Most Gretchin are personal servants to (ie owned by) an Ork master, and thus attend to his personal needs. This includes fetching and carrying, cooking Squigs for the master's lunch, shading the master from the sun, serving fungus wine in his favourite skull-cup, and picking off the master's parasites for the pot. A Gretchin servant bears the brand or mark of the Ork family he serves. It is better for a Gretchin to belong to an Ork master, as he will then be left alone by other Orks. A loose Gretchin is fair game, and might be grabbed by an Ork at any time and forced to perform some odious task.

When not attending to his master, the Gretchin works like mad, fetching, carrying, finding things to sell, running errands, and so on in return for a few teeth. The ambition of every Gretchin is to be like an Ork. Gretchin want to be one of *Da Boyz*, to go fighting and raiding, to count for something, and to be able to lord it over others. To this end, Gretchin scurry about, obsessed with earning enough teeth to buy crude firearms from the Mekboyz. Then, they skulk around the battlefield, taking random potshots and generally *bein' one of Da Boyz*.

Whole corps of Gretchin water-bearers, punkah-wallahs, and other servants follow Ork armies into war, attending to all the tasks the Orks are incapable of doing, or (more to the point) can't be bothered to do for themselves. It's doubtful whether Ork society could function without Gretchin. Indispensable as this subordinate race might be, each and every Gretchin knows his place. While a Gretchin might grumble behind an Ork's back, he would never openly disobey his master for fear of a swift and painful reprimand. A badly cooked Squig, a word out of turn, and he gets thumped by one of his Ork betters. Woe befalls any Gretchin whose master is slain in battle, as the Gretchin is then on his own, with no one to protect him. Enterprising, masterless Gretchin may get by if they devise some useful services to perform for the Orks. Still, there's always the risk that a loose Gretchin could suddenly be rounded up for mine-clearance duties or for some other equally unpleasant task.

Gretchin camp followers often take the field alongside the Orks as motley rabble armed with whatever comes to hand. As the war progresses, clever Gretchin take every opportunity to equip themselves with booty from enemy (or Ork) corpses. A few Orks are willing to give arms to their Gretchin servants so they can defend their master's belongings — usually from Gretchin servants of other Orks, rather than the enemy. This can be a full-time task in itself. Stealing from other Orks allows Gretchin to get hold of better weapons. Of course, Gretchin may earn some extra teeth by working as water-bearers, or by selling roasted Squigs to famished Ork warriors in the heat of battle. With these earnings, or by trading their services as workers or skilled artisans, some Gretchin have acquired primitive blunderbusses and shotguns, enabling them to drop their foes from afar in a suitably furtive and disreputable Gretchin fashion.

The Shokk Gun

In battle, the Mekboyz like to use what ranks as one of the most bizarre weapons ever devised: the Shokk Gun. This bulky, grotesquely designed weapon can fire Gretchin and Snotlings deep into enemy zones. The gun operates in three stages. First, the gun is fired, spurring out a warp-hole directly in front of the barrel. Next, the gun is aimed at the desired point in the enemy zone and fired again. Another warp-hole should appear at the target point, though there's no guarantee it will, as the gun is wildly inaccurate. Next, armed Runtz dive into the first warp-hole and pop out of the second warp-hole right in the middle of the enemy. Leaping through the warp sends the Runtz demented, and they appear at the target point in a state of abject terror.

The gun can also be used to fire Runtz into battle at a later point in time. In this case, the Runtz dive through the first warp-hole before the second hole is fired. When the second shot is fired, the Runtz immediately swarm out of the warp-hole that appears among the enemy. Sometimes, single Runtz are fired off as ranging shots to compensate for the gun's notorious inaccuracy (besides, it's a shame to waste them).

The Shokk gun is actually a form of teleportation device. It can be used to fire a charge of Runtz inside an enemy vehicle, where they can wreak havoc among the crew and capture the vehicle. Runtz may also be shot through walls into strongholds.

Buzzing Squigs

This small Squig eats everything except Ork flesh; there being something in the Ork physiology that it cannot absorb. However, it will ravenously eat the flesh of any other creature.

The Buzzing Squig has tiny, propellor-like wings on its tail - miniature airscrews that allow it to fly like a buzzing insect. When it contacts flesh (which it can smell), it bores in and eats its way straight through. Upon emerging from the victim, it immediately dives back and bores through again, or sets upon another victim. Orks have learned to use these deadly nuisances as weapons. Gretchin are set to work trapping them for dispersal as swarms around the battlefield. Buzzing Squigs may also be kept in pots and thrown from makeshift catapult. When the pot cracks, it releases a swirling swarm.



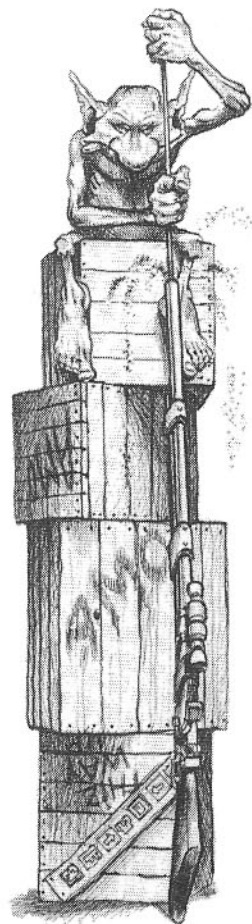
Wayne England

SNOTLINGS

Snotlings are the smallest of all Orkoids. They are playfully mischievous, and live out their entire lives in a juvenile state. Snotlings can be trained to do simple tasks, and are used by the Orks as servants and slaves. Orks have been known to eat Snotlings when food is scarce, but this can be avoided if the Snotlings find lots of Squiggly beasts or fungus for the Orks to eat instead. If the Orks aren't famished, the Snotlings are usually safe.

Snotlings are the remnants of a lost race of Orkoids called *Brainboyz*, who mutated into an intelligent race by feeding on mind-enhancing fungi. The rise and fall of the Brainboyz lasted many generations and is now in the remote past. Few Orks know anything about it; as far as they're concerned, there have always been Orks. Now, Snotlings, or *Runtz* as they are commonly known, are bred by the Runtherdz.

Snotlings bred by the Runtherdz are sold to the Orks as servants. Every Ork household has a few Snotlings around the home. The going rate for a good Snotling is about three teeth; a Gretchin is worth about nine teeth, but this price varies widely. After a long series of wars (such as at the end of the Waa-Ork), or in a region suffering from famine, the price of a Snotling or Gretchin can rise. Sometimes the Runtherdz breed a glut of Runtz, then the price drops, at which point, the Mekboyz and Painboyz buy up loads of slaves for their projects or diabolical experiments.



Snotlings belonging to a household or family are allowed to frolic freely and play with the Squigs in the communal drop. They are good at finding fat, juicy Squigs at the bottom of the drop, and readily supply them for their master's main daily meal. Snotlings still retain their obsession with fungus which remains their favourite food. As a result, the main function of Snotlings in Ork society is the cultivation of fungus. These fungi are used for food, medicine, and wine.

The Snotlings eat fungi all the time. Fungus is actually symbiotic with Snotling metabolism, and a diet of nothing but fungus eventually causes the Snotling to become fungoid. Exposed to this strict diet, the Snotling slowly becomes the fungus he eats. Eventually, he stops moving and becomes rooted to the ground at edge of the drop. The Snotling is then reduced to an inanely grinning face on a toadstool. Later, he becomes nothing more than a toadstool himself. Orks call such fungoid Snotlings *Snotrooms*, or *Mushlings*. The Snotlings are not, however, completely helpless in this state as they are capable of releasing clouds of poisonous spores at potential predators.

Though they lack the brute strength of the Orks, Snotlings are still useful as fighters. Consequently, they go into battle with Ork forces, where they are commanded by the Runtherdz. Snotlings are actually vicious little creatures, and are best used as overwhelming massed attacks.

Using these tactics, Snotlings can swarm over enemy positions. It doesn't matter how many are slain; they just keep coming, attacking with snapping mouths, clawing hands, and thrashing weapons. The main problem is protecting the Snotlings while they advance into combat. The Mekboys seem to have come up with an answer, albeit an unreliable one. They have created a robot equipped with the very best Mekaniak power fields called a Runtbot. The Runtbot protects and guides the Herdz of Snotlings and Gretchin into battle, and as long as it keeps pace with them, the Runtz are shielded by its power-fields. Unfortunately the Mek powerfields are notoriously unreliable, and prone to failing suddenly for no apparent reason.

Most Orks regard Snotlings as expendable, although the Runtherdz hate to see the needless waste of their herds. Runtherdz expect losses, but they want their Snotling forces to count for something. It takes a lot of time and effort to breed a good Snotling, and they're worth three teeth each!



Gob Squigs

Gob Squigs are small enough to be put into an Ork's mouth and left there for the rest of the day (or the next few days, if the Ork forgets about it). The Squig cleans the Ork's mouth out by rooting round the teeth and eating the juicy bits of food that are stuck between them. Another variant of this kind of Squig is the Chewin' Squig. An Ork can pop this sort of Squig into his mouth and chew on it while he sits and thinks (or sits and enjoys not thinking).



Paul Bonner

OGRYNS

Ogryns are the Abhuman descendants of convicts abandoned in penal colonies on barren, inhospitable worlds before the *Age of Strife*. When the Imperium rediscovered these worlds, the millennia of isolation and severe process of natural selection in harsh environments had given rise to a race of large and brutal Abhumans of limited intellect. The Imperium hasn't yet rediscovered every lost colony from the time before the Age of Strife and some penal planets still remain isolated, whose inhabitants have no knowledge whatsoever of the Imperium. If the Imperium discovers an Ogryn community, they introduce the Imperial Cult. This is the most effective way of binding Ogryns to the Imperium, since the Ogryns embrace the father figure of the Emperor with childlike confidence and faith. After that, their devotion is unshakeable, and their loyalty lasts forever.

Orks have encountered Imperial Ogryns in battle and sometimes chance upon an Ogryn colony before it's discovered by the Imperium. Most Ogryns, whether they are in the Imperium or not, admire the fearlessness and enthusiasm of the Orks. As far as the Ogryns are concerned, when it comes to warfare, the two races have much in common. Naturally, if an Ork warlord finds a community of Ogryns that haven't yet been introduced to the Imperial cult, he stands a good chance of recruiting them into his war band.

As for Ogryns who throw in their lot with Orks, they retain a strangely superior, almost Human view of Orkish activities with intense amusement. Since Ogryns loom over the squabbling hordes of Orks, Gretchin, and Snotlings, it isn't difficult to see why they might assume an air of superiority.





"Quit pushin' back there," muttered Nuzzgrond Nosebiter, Boss of the Goffs on Nuzzgrond's World. "I gotta fink."

With his grabbing pole the Runtherd battered his Gretchin charges into submission. Soon all was quiet except for the song of the jungle insects and the skittering of scuttlelizards in the trees.

"Dat's dem, boss," said the Runtherd. "Da runts spotted dem an' I thought you'd best be told."

Nuzzgrond gazed down on the huge machines leaving an impressive trail of devastation through the jungle below. They were the best Humie thing that he had ever seen. They dwarfed the tiny looking Marines accompanying them and their gigantic weapon mounts hinted at truly lethal amounts of firepower.

"Looks like the Humies did for Ratgrab's village," muttered Nozgrot, the Death Skull warlord, clicking the action of his bolter then running his hand through his fine coxcomb of dyed squig. A Gretchin began to titter in a high pitched voice.

"Yer don't say," said Nuzzgrond. "I got eyes, 'aven't I? Hef, if those Gretchins make annuver sound-whack 'em!"

"Yes, Boss," muttered Hef, his bodyguard and trusted drinking crony, giving the Gretchin a ferocious glare from under his bull-horned helmet. The Gretchin shuffled their feet and looked innocently at the ground.

"Dose things are called Titans, sir," muttered Fester, the Blood-Axe chieftain, flicking particles of pollen from his fine Human-style uniform with the fingers of one suspiciously clean-looking hand.

Both Nuzzgrond and Nozgrot stared at him mockingly. "Trust a zoggin' Blood-Axe to know 'bout humie stuff," muttered Nuzzgrond, tugging at his nose-ring, a sure sign he was annoyed.

"S'true, sir. Titans iz wot dose is," said Fester sulkily. He lashed out at the Gretchin tugging at his sleeve, sending it tumbling. The others sniggered.

"Da Emperor musta got fed up wiv us bein' on 'iz planet and sent 'em to give us our marchin' orders," said Nozgrot. The way his long jaw jutted reminded Nuzzgrond of a rippy-fish.

"Let 'em try," muttered Nuzzgrond. "Dis is our world now."

"Wot we gonna do, Boss?" asked Hef. "They looks too big to fight hand-ter-hand. Taste of bolter won't do 'em much 'arm either by da looks of 'em."

"We took dis world in da Waa-Ork. It's Ork now and Ork it's gonna stay!" said Nuzzgrond. "We're just gonna haveta use strategy. First thing is to find out a

bit more about wot's goin' on. Oy! Wherze dat Weirdboy?"

In answer to his bellow there was a thrashing among the bushes as a few of the Boyz sought to force a deranged-looking Ork to the fore.

Nuzzgrond glared at the new arrival. The Weirdboy clutched his staff tightly and looked abashed.

"Gonna give us a quick scan, then?" asked Nuzzgrond. The Weirdboy nodded tentatively. Nuzzgrond pointed to the Titans. "Dat's da zoggin' fings."

The Weirdboy stuck out his lip and scratched his ear. When he looked at the Titans he gave an exaggerated start, leapt into the air and fell to the ground, wrapping his arms protectively around his head and whimpering.

"Go'wan," said Nuzzgrond encouragingly. "Twon't 'urt. Much."

The Weirdboy continued to whine. Nuzzgrond considered having Hef whack him then decided it probably wouldn't work. Frightened Weirdbos were notoriously intractable. Nuzzgrond realised he would have to use all the cunning and powers of persuasion that had raised him to Warboss of the Goffs.

"Give ya a squig," he said. The Weirdboy opened one yellowed eye and stared at him. Nuzzgrond pulled a squig from his dinnerpouch and dangled it in front of his face.

"Nice fat squig," Nuzzgrond added, wiggling the furry, pulpy, little creature appetisingly.



"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but I don't think he wants it, sir," said Fester, tugging at the peak of his cap ingratiatingly, unaware that the Gretchin were imitating his action.

"Course he does," said Nuzzgrond. The Weirdboy reached out for it hesitantly. As his hand drew closer, Nuzzgrond drew the squig away. "Trance first."

The Weirdboy sighed and nodded. He pulled himself up into a crouch and sat huddled, long arms clutched tightly around bony knees. He rocked slowly backward and forward, mumbling to himself and drooling.

A strange tension filled the air. Nuzzgrond felt a stillness all about. When Fester brushed a piece of dirt from his uniform, static electricity sparked, causing him to whine and suck his fingers. His actions were mirrored by the Gretchin troop. Pelican-flies stopped preening their wings and sat frozen in place.

Nuzzgrond felt the barrel of his bolter begin to heat. He spat on it and wished that Weirdboy's powers didn't always have such silly side-effects. All the scuttlelizards danced on the branches, making curious whimpering sounds.

A nimbus of pale green light played around the Weirdboy's head. His eyes turned deep pupil-less yellow. The trickle of drool from his mouth became a river. He began to thump his right ear with his left fist. He gave a strange cry that sounded like the crackle of static.

"No sign of any survivors, Princeps." The sound of the Human voice made Nuzzgrond jump. It was an octave higher than an Ork's and reminded him of a Gretchin. He gazed warily around him, fingers playing with the butt of his holstered shotgun.



"Keep your eyes peeled, Kostanza. This is Ork country. Who knows how many of them are out there." The second voice was deeper and sounded older and more authoritative. Nuzzgrond realised that both were coming from the throat of the Weirdboy. He kept his hand near his weapon though.

The Weirdboy made another hissing crackling noise and another Human voice sounded. "Squad Hrothgar reporting, Captain. Hostiles sighted. Possible survivors of enemy village. Moving to engage. Semper Fideles."

This voice was cold and calm, virtually uninflected. For a second Nuzzgrond wondered whether they had spotted his party. Then, from the distance, came the sound of small arms fire and a howling as of giant beasts. The noise carried over the jungle sounds and chilled Nuzzgrond's heart.

"Dose are Space Wolves, sir," said Fester, chest swelling self-importantly. The Blood-Axe loved displaying his superior knowledge. Behind him a double file of Gretchin stood posed heroically, chests thrown out, one hand on heart; each a perfect copy of Fester's stance. Fester never noticed.

"Space Marines, sir. Da Emperor's finest troops, sir."

Hef and Nuzzgrond exchanged interested looks. They were both thinking about the helmets they would soon collect. The Weirdboy gave another crackling hiss and Nuzzgrond heard another voice, one that he recognised. It was Ratgrab's. The old monster hadn't died with his village then.

"Form up lads, bolters ready. Let's give those Humies a taste of zoggin' boot. What ya mean, Arik? Course we're out-numbered. Twouldn't be much fun otherwise. Naa- we can't run - they're all round us. Cloutgob, you wanna go hide with the Gretchin? No? Well get that zoggin' bolter up."

Nuzzgrond realised he was hearing Ratgrab's last stand. The village Orks were cut off. The Marines were closing in for the kill.

Nuzzgrond tried frantically to make out the source of the battlenoise but could see only a small disturbance among the trees far to the north. He squatted down to listen, sudden interest surging through him.

"Here they come. Mork's dropping's look at dose Wolf pelts. Gotta get one o' dose. Right lads. Fire at will. Wahoo! Eat dis, Humie! See how your zoggin' Emperor likes it!"

The sounds of fighting intensified. Nuzzgrond saw the Titans pause, great heads scanning for the source of the disturbance. Ratgrab's voice continued to emerge from the Weirdboy's mouth.

"Steady lads. Looks like dey is gonna go hand-ter-hand. You Stormboyz watch dose bushes. Naw, idiots, dose bushes. See I told yer. Dey was usin' dem for cover. Come on, Cloutgob, ger up! Yer not goin' to let a little flesh wound stop yer. Watchya mean,

Cloutgob's head's come off, Arik? Naw, he's only kidden yer? See. Um, well maybe yer right."

Nuzzgrond heard the battle roar of Ratgrab's Goffs as they went hand to hand with the Marines. He wished he could see this fight. It sounded like a good one.

He tried to picture what was going on in his mind's eye but he'd always had trouble imagining things.

"Zoggin' 'eck. Eat this, Marine-boy. Yeah and this. Here have a bit of boot too. Now some bolter. Dakka-dakka-dakka! Hur, hur. You all right, Arik. We showed dem. Arik? Arik? Stop layin' about. Ger up. Yer gonna miss all da fun. 'Ow many lads left? And up everybody. Bout a dozen. Plenty. Well, get ready boyz. Looks like a full company o' Humies formin' up out there. What yer mean, Chug? Yer ain't got no ammo. Take some of Arik's- he ain't got no zoggin' use for it."

The sporadic gunfire stopped momentarily. The Orks waited with baited breath. Once more the sound of distant battle reached their ears.

"'Ere they come. Right, lads. Ready. Fire. Dakka-dakka. 'Ere we go! 'Ere we go! 'Ere we go! Stop whinin', Chub! Ger up an' fight. 'Ere we go! 'Ere we go! 'Ere we..."

The sounds of fighting ceased. An appalled silence settled over the grove. Nuzzgrond looked about him. Hef looked stolid and unafraid. Fester stood at attention with a parade line of Gretchin posed proudly behind him. Nozgrot slouched with bolter ready. All of them were quiet.

"Well, Ratgrab, did all right, didn't he?" Nuzzgrond said. The rest, including the Gretchin, nodded solemnly. "Fink we'll get the ladz together and set an ambush."

The Weirdboy whimpered and made a crackling noise. From his throat a new voice sounded. "Captain Mecklin-Librarian Vaska here. I sense that we are under some form of psychic surveillance, a powerful, if undisciplined, mind is watching us. I am going to take steps to rectify this."

Nuzzgrond stood there, wondering what this new voice meant. There was something ominous in its tone.

"Yes. I'm backtracking it now. There among those trees on the hill. Princeps, bring your multi-launcher to bear on grid reference..."

Suddenly it dawned on Nuzzgrond what was happening. The weapons mount of the nearest Titan was swivelling to point at them. The Imperials knew where they were and it was somehow connected to the Weirdboy.

Maybe one of the Imperium's own Weirdboyz was scanning them or had established a link to Nuzzgrond's. Yes. That must be it.

"Wake up," he bellowed, giving the Weirdboy two quick slaps on the face.

The Weirdboy opened an eye.

"Amber twelve..." said the Human voice. "Squig?" said the Weirdboy.

"No, not amber twelve, squig, Princeps," said the Human voice. "Amber twelve, ten..."

"Squig now!"

"I'm sorry, Princeps Marnoc, I'll repeat that. No - I don't know what a squig is."

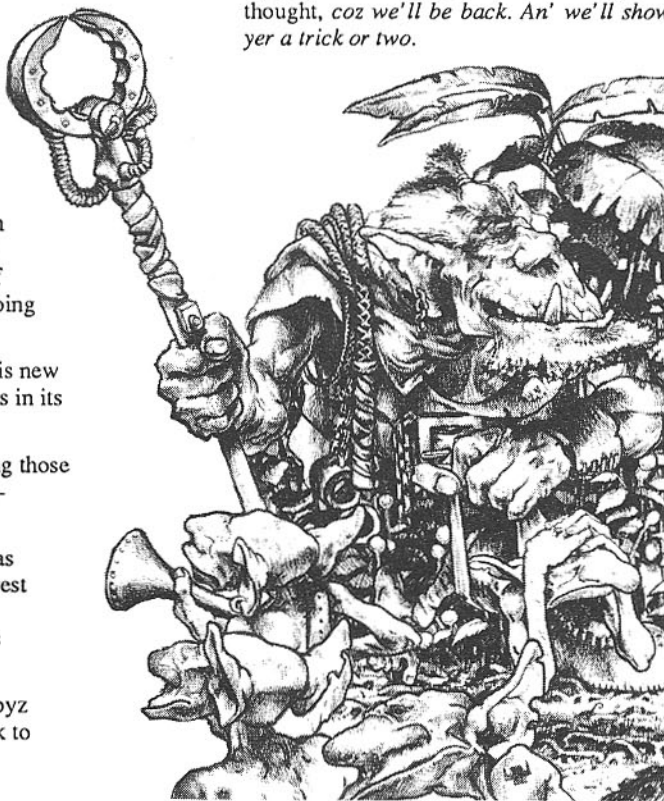
"Wake up!" shouted Nuzzgrond. The nimbus faded from around the Weirdboy's head. "Squig?"

Nuzzgrond patted him on the head. "Later. Now is time to run. Leg it, lads! Follow me!"

They had barely started when the explosions began to fall around them. Nuzzgrond saw some Gretchin, limping in exactly the same way as Fester, blown to pieces. Ahead of him a tree fell and he swerved to avoid it. Overhead a flight of pelican-flies took to the air. The forest floor shook and trembled. Nuzzgrond was hard put to keep to his feet.

Ahead of him Nozgrot skidded down the muddy slope on his backside. A fountain of mud erupted over Nuzzgrond, throwing him to one side. He picked up his bolter and ran on. At the foot of the hill his own troops waited.

Enjoy yerselves now, Humies, Nozzgrond thought, coz we'll be back. An' we'll show yer a trick or two.





BANNERS AND BACKPLATES



BANNERS

BACKBANNERS

The main function of back banners is to indicate status or caste. They serve to identify individuals and frequently bear personal motifs, although the clan motif will often feature on the banner as well.

Back banners are worn by Warbosses and Warlords (the Warboss back banner), Nobz, Oddboyz (often carried by a Gretchin servant), Mekaniaks, Runtherdz, Painboys, and Stormboyz unit leaders.

Boyz seldom wear back banners. The main exceptions to this rule are the Snakebites and the Evil Sunz, where any clan member may wear one. Snakebites wear back banners featuring their family motif, and Evil Sunz use variants of the sun motif.

WARBOSS BACKBANNER (Bosspole)

This is the biggest and most impressive of the Nobz' back banners as befits the most powerful of the Nobz, who is, of course the Warboss or Warlord. The Warboss is ruler of the tribe and commander of the warband.

The Warboss back banner will often incorporate the clan motif and will usually have the Warboss' name and any battle-honours, boasts or mottoes he wants to proclaim written in Ork glyphs. These can take the form of a Waa-Totem if the owner has led his army during the Waa-Ork.

The Warboss back banner can be so large that it becomes impossible for the Warboss to carry on his back. This is often the case if the banner incorporates a Waa-Totem. The banner will then be carried by one of the Nobz in his retinue, known as the Boss-Pole Bearer.

WAR BANNER

Every Ork warband has a dominant clan known as the Bossclan. This will be the clan of the Warboss or Warlord who rules the tribe. The whole warband is characterised by the Bossclan, because this clan contributes the core of the warband. Thus in a warband ruled by a Goff Warboss, the Goffs are the Bossclan and the warband is regarded as a Goff warband, despite the fact that it may include contingents from other clans.

The war banner of the warband shows which clan is the Bossclan. Every warband can include a war banner depicting the motif of the dominant clan, which serves as an army standard and as a focus for the respect of the whole warband. The Clan motif will be the principal symbol on the banner and

may be supplemented by glyphs indicating the Warboss' name. Ork tribes are usually named after their leader, for example Waa-Skabdreg, or 'Skabdreg's Tribe'.

The war banner is a standard rather than a back banner, in that it is usually mounted on a pole. It can be carried by the Boss-Pole Bearer if the Warboss is wearing his own back banner. Otherwise another Nob in the leader's retinue or one of the other Nobz belonging to the Bossclan will carry it.

The other clans represented in the warband may have their own clan banners. If any of these clans should become the Bossclan as a result of a power-struggle within the tribe, their banner would become the war banner of the warband.

Banners belonging to the other clans can be taken into battle if the Warboss permits, but the Warboss will only allow this if they are smaller and less magnificent than the war banner itself. Clan banners are similar to the war banner in that they bear the clan motif and glyphs naming the Clanboss, battle honours or clan mottoes. They can be carried by any Nob belonging to the clan.

Banners are taken into battle time and again and so they frequently exhibit battle-damage or repairs. Eventually a long serving banner may be honourably retired to hang in the Warlord's stronghold and a new banner will be commissioned. A common custom is to sew a remnant of the old banner onto the new banner.

OTHER BANNERS

Freebooters Jolly Ork Banner

The Jolly Ork, an Ork skull surmounting crossed bones, is the universal sign of the Ork Freebooter band. This motif replaces the clan symbol, since Freebooters no longer belong to any clan. Their loyalty is to their mob and their Boss. The leader of the unit can have an individual back banner, perhaps incorporating the Jolly Ork motif, but a large banner bearing this sign will also be carried by one of the Orks. It is the Freebooters' equivalent of the war banner. Different Freebooter bands are distinguished by variations of the motif (shape of the skull, crossed weapons instead of bones, colour of the motif or the background) or the addition of glyphs naming the band or spelling threats.

Ogryn and Mercenary Human Banners

Ogryns and Human mercenaries serving with Ork Warbands are given their own unit banner by the Warboss. This is principally for recognition, so the Orks in the army do not mistake them for enemies. Such banners can depict anything that the Warboss thinks appropriate and may include the clan motif of the Bossclan, glyphs indicating that the unit are 'friends of the Warboss' or mottoes such as 'don't shoot your comrades!' or 'skum you can trust'.



Snake-Bites
BACKPLATE



MADBOY
BACKPLATE



BAD MOONS
BACKPLATE



STORMBOY
BACKPLATE



PAINBOY
BACKPLATE

BACKPLATES

Ork backplates are an important and distinctive part of their war panoply. A backplate is a round disc of metal worn on the Ork's back attached to his armour or uniform. These are enamelled with insignia which indicate both clan and family affiliation. They provide a means by which Orks can recognise each other in battle as well as a proud display of clan and family membership.

Some of the enemies of the Orks, especially Humans, have discovered a method for driving Orks wild with anger. This involves displaying captured backplates on their banners or attaching them to their vehicles. If Ork warriors see the backplates of their clan flaunted as trophies, the enemy are marked men who can expect no mercy.

Ork backplates also change hands in intertribal and interclan feuds. Captured backplates can be fixed to banners, nailed to the doors of the hovels, or mounted on vehicles. A Warlord is likely to have row upon row of captured backplates decorating his throne room.

The number of captured backplates testifies to the fighting prowess of an Ork household, family, or clan. Orks carefully scrutinise a display of captured backplates to see just how tough and formidable a household or Warlord is. Individual Orks and Ork units rate themselves according to the prowess and reputation of the foes they have defeated, so it's good to have the backplates of formidable clans and warriors in your array of trophies. Some devious and cunning Orks go to great lengths to build up their reputation. They sometimes sink low enough to buy backplates from plundering Gretchin, steal prestigious ones from rival families, or to swap duplicates with other Orks.

STORMBOYZ AND MADBOYZ

Stormboyz wear their own style of backplates rather than those of their families of origin. This is because they regard comradeship within the Stormboyz Korps more highly than clan or family ties, since individual Stormboyz come from different clan and family origins. They are also rebelling against time-honoured Ork traditions and prefer regimentation in their style of uniform.

Madboyz also wear special backplates instead of those of their family of origin. In fact, their families give them a special backplate insignia which serves to warn everyone that the individual is deranged, eccentric and unpredictable. Of course, Madboyz are delighted with these distinguishing signs, since they can recognise each other and band together. Madboyz prefer to associate with their own kind whom they find to be more amusing company than 'normal' Orks.

ORK FAMILIES

Ork families are the main influence on backplate insignia. In Ork society each clan is made up of Ork family groups. A family includes all those Orks which have been adopted into the clan from the same band of feral Orks. Since Ork families suffer continual losses, replenishments must be found from wild breeding communities. The veteran Orks in each family, known as Skarboyz (because of the scars of many battles), remember the feral band from which they themselves originally came and always try to find it again when they need to recruit a new batch of whelps to replenish the family. In this way most members of an Ork family are distantly related and the characteristics of clan and caste are maintained from generation to generation. Within each family are the various households which provide the mobz of Boyz for the tribal warband.

Head Families

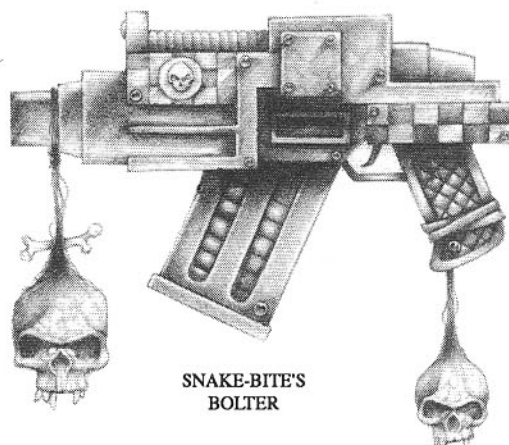
There is a distinct order of seniority among Ork families. The most respected family (usually the one with the most battle honours to its credit) is the head family, with each family ranked in status in relation to them. The Goff clan indicate this literally with numerical runes. Other clans use various glyphs to indicate the relative status of each family according to clan custom. The head family is identified by a backplate insignia bearing a variant of the clan symbol itself. This privilege is appropriate to the head family representing the clan in any warband.

Families, Households and Mobz

Ork families are divided into households, which are groups of several Orks which inhabit the same hovel. Each household provides a unit for the warband (units are known in Orkish as *mobz*). A family can therefore provide several mobz from its various households. The Orks in these units are identified by their backplates.

WEAPON MARKINGS

Family insignia is not restricted to backplates. Wargear belonging to the family, including weapons, can be marked with glyphs to show family ownership. Weapons are highly prized family property which often attract the attentions of thieving Gretchins from other families, so it is very important that ownership is clearly marked.



Snake-Bite's
BOLTER



ORK BANNERS



WAR BANNERS

The war banner is the principal banner of an Ork warband. The main function of the banner is to show who is in charge of the warband, so the symbol of the Warboss' own clan (the Bossclan of his tribe) is prominently displayed. The banner will often also be decorated with glyphs or runes indicating the name of the tribe and its leader, battle honours or the Warboss' favourite mottoes. War banners tend to acquire plenty of battle damage and a few trophies, as these typical examples show.



Goffs



Evil Sunz



Snake-Bites



Death Skulls



Blood-Axes



Bad Moons

NOBZ BANNERS



Bad Moons



Evil Sunz



Snake-Bites



Bad Moons



Evil Sunz



Goffs

The six banners here are typical of the banners carried by Nobz and Warbosses. Both follow the same system, as the Warbosses are simply Nobz who have made it to the top.

The banners usually display a personal version of the clan motif, accompanied by glyphs bearing the Nob's name and his favourite mottoes or challenges. Upon becoming a Warboss, a Nob often embellishes his old banner with glyphs and trophies to reflect his new status.

MEKANIAC BANNERS



Goffs



Bad Moons



Evil Sunz

Typical examples of Mekaniak back banners proclaiming their clan, caste and skills. The spanner motif, which is also the glyph meaning Mekaniak, is often combined with clan imagery. Glyphs indicating the owner's name or boasting of his skills may appear on such banners.

RUNTHERDZ BANNERS



Three typical Runtherdz banners showing highly individual motifs. Clan emblems are notably absent since Runtherdz consider their caste to be more important to them than any clan allegiance.

The left hand example bears a glyph-motto reading "I am a minder of large herds of many Gretchin and Snotlings that are clever fungus-finders and are worth many teeth."

ALLIES BANNERS



Human
Mercenaries



Ogryn
Mercenaries

These are typical of the type of banners given by the Warboss to friendly units of Ogryns or Human mercenaries - though the latter are only hired by the Blood Axe clan.

The glyphs translate as "Look out! Friendly skum, Ork allies", or words to that effect.

This motto must be very prominent if the unit's members are to avoid being mistaken for enemies and fired upon.

FREEBOOTERZ BANNERS



Doom Blades Mob



Steel Fangz Krew



The Jolly Ork

Typical examples of the many diverse banners flown by the Freebooter mobz. Freebooterz are bands of Ork pirates, renegades and bandits, outside any clan or tribe, who can be hired as mercenaries. Their dreaded symbol is an Ork skull and crossbones, known as the Jolly Ork. There are innumerable variants of this motif, which is often combined with the personal symbols of the Freebooterz' leader.

BOYZ BANNERS



Snake-Bites



Evil Sunz

The Evil Sunz and the Snake-Bites are two clans notable for the use of back banners among rank and file Boyz as well as Nobz and specialists.

PAINBOYZ BANNERS



Snake-Bites



Death Skulls



Bad Moons

Typical Painboyz back banners, bearing unmistakable symbols of their caste and unique skills. Clan images may also appear, as do glyphs indicating the owner's name and skill at treating wounds. The marker pennants are used to mark (and claim) casualties on the battlefield, and help the Painboyz find and treat wounded Orks after the battle.

VEHICLE PENNANTS



Evil Sunz

Owning a vehicle carries much prestige in Ork society, so ownership is prominently displayed by means of pennants. Variants of the clan motif are most commonly used.



BACK BANNERS



The use of back banners is an important part of Ork battlefield tradition. Although they usually show the bearer's clan, they are much more than a simple means of identification. They are great symbols of status, used as an extension of the Ork's character and ego - blatant boasts and arrogant claims to the wearer's skill are just as common as symbols showing clan membership.

The back banner is suspended from a horizontal bar which is attached to a vertical pole that in turn runs into a socket behind the Ork's backplate. A banner is usually twice as wide as it is high, but the exact size and shape depends on the clan or caste involved - some have more extravagant tastes than others. Generally speaking, the more important the Ork, the bigger the banner. Indeed, especially powerful (or boastful) Warlords or Nobz often have banners that are so large and unwieldy they are carried for their master by Gretchin and Snotling bearers.

When the banners aren't being worn, they are used to decorate the Orks' halls and barracks. A Warlord will display his banner prominently, perhaps hanging it above a throne for all to see. Other banners, including the captured banners of a defeated enemy, may line the sides of a hall in a splendid display of a household's battle honours.

Many banners are made by Gretchin and Snotling retainers, but the most valuable and highly-prized are those crafted by other races in tribute to the Orks. These are the finest banners, made with the best materials and displaying the brightest colours and most intricate details.

Gretchin and Snotlings are also responsible for the repair and upkeep of the banners. After a battle, many banners must be patched up to cover the holes torn in them by enemy fire. Although all banners are highly valued, and losing a banner in battle brings great disgrace, a damaged banner will be proudly displayed before repair - it shows that the bearer was in the thick of the fighting, undaunted by the hail of fire around him.

Clan Motifs and Pictograms

Ork back banner imagery is mostly composed of clan symbols, glyphs and pictograms, rendered in a strong, aggressive style in very bright colours. Every clan, from the largest clans infamous throughout the galaxy to the smaller clans known only on a few planets, has its own distinctive style of banner design which, in turn, has many possible treatments and variations.

The traditional Ork back banner has been worn for time untold by Ork Warlords and usually features the Warlord's clan motif. Orks favour strong archetypal images such as the sun and the moon, weapons, animals, bones and other symbols of death. These powerful images are usually the basis for clan motifs and displayed on most of the clan's banners - all Evil Sunz banners, for instance, show the red

grinning sun-face symbol. The particular affinities of the clan also affect the main colours chosen.

For example, the Goffs, in keeping with their spartan tradition, use plain black banners with simple black and white chequered borders. Variants of the Goff bulls-head motif are common, but other typical Goff symbols such as crossed stick-grenades are also seen.

Bad Moon Orks, on the other hand, in keeping with their affluent status, tend to use vivid colours. There are many different patterns and motifs used, with the unit leaders boldly displaying their household motif. In general yellow banners with red or black flame borders indicate a Bad Moon.

The advent of the widespread use of pictograms among the Orks heralded a new era in back banner art. A pictogram is a stylised picture that represents a word or idea. Their use on back banners give the Orks a good chance to display their boasts and insults for all to see.

Many back banners are also personal totems, decorated with pendants, trophies and pole terminals. All sorts of trophies and talismans are used on banner poles, including Marine helmets, Ork backplates, dead birds and animals, bones, feathers, fur and the skulls of worthy enemies or dangerous beasts. Some of these represent past victories; others are simply items that appeal to the bearer, helping to show his character and reinforce the mottoes on the banner.



Warlords and Nobz

How and where back banners are used varies according to such factors as clan, caste and rank. Of these, the most important factor is rank. In most clans, only Orks of high status, such as Warlords or Nobz, and specialist Orks, such as Mekboyz or Painboyz, are allowed to have back banners. Some clans, however, do have widespread use of back banners, and it is even becoming known for Ork freebooters and Stormboy leaders to adopt the system.

Warlords and Nobz carry banners partly to identify themselves and their clan, but mainly to emphasise their status and boast of past victories, conquered enemies or other great personal accomplishments. So although Nobz are fiercely loyal to their own clan and invariably feature the clan motif on their banners, they also adopt very individualised designs.

Glyph and pictogram mottoes declaiming the power of the bearer are common, and many Nobz are so boastful that their banners can reach ten or more feet in height, towering over the Gretchin standard bearers.

Nobz tend to look down on other back banner wearers, even though they appreciate the need to be able to identify Meks and the other castes on a crowded battlefield. Theirs are the most flamboyant of Ork banners and are of the best possible quality. Whereas lesser Orks tend to have painted designs on coarse cotton or plastifibre cloth, Nobz and Warlords have banners that are carefully embroidered or decorated with applique designs, using silks and fine materials plundered in raids or given as tribute.

In some of the more organised clans, all the unit leaders, regardless of their status, wear back banners as a means of battlefield identification. In this case, the banners tend to be centred very strongly around the clan icon and, unlike those of other Nobz and Boss-Orks, are not used as a means of personal expression.

Specialist Castes

Specialist castes like Mekaniaks, Runtherdz and Painboyz use back banners for advertising, showing their skills in a highly graphic form. Most Orks wear back banners mainly on the battlefield, but the specialist castes prefer to wear them whenever the opportunity arises, letting their talents be known far and wide. As it is awkward to wear a back banner while repairing a Battlewagon or replacing a bionic leg, specialists' banners are often hung from their buildings or vehicles, or held by a Gretchin bearer who follows his master around the stronghold and onto the field of battle.

The back banners of Mekboyz often display personal heraldry derived from clan motifs, with various versions of Mek symbols such as hammers, cogs and spanners. Painboyz love a mixture of glyphs and pictograms that show images of death, such as severed heads, bloody knives, limbs, skulls and bones. Runtherdz similarly show their own tools of the trade: manacles, chains, and even portraits of slaves branded with the Runtherdz mark. In addition to these visual images, Meks, Painboyz and Runtherdz take great delight in outdoing each other with exaggerated claims of their skills. Phrases spelt out in glyphs such as "I, Grimtooth, am best Mek" or "Badrot owns the most Gretchin" are common.

Stormboyz are also increasingly adopting the use of back banners, much to the chagrin of their elders, and they adopt clan motifs rendered in a militaristic fashion, sometimes based on runes of the Chaos Power, Khome. Some clans, such

as the Goffs who don't favour Stormboyz at all - let alone their wearing of back banners - feel that this habit is a terrible flaunting of tradition: an Ork should have to earn the right to wear a back banner as a sign of his status. For the most part, however, this departure from normal Ork etiquette is ignored - everyone knows that the young Stormboyz will grow out of it.

Da Boyz

Ordinary fighting Orks, da Boyz, do not normally have the status to carry back banners, but there are some clans, because of tradition or affluence, that allow the use of back banners throughout the ranks.

Snake-Bites, for example, have a very strong clan identification. Family and individual names hold great meaning for them. They consider all Orks equal in the eyes of the Gods, and the back banner is not recognised as a sign of status; even the specialist castes are regarded as just warriors with an additional useful skill. All members of the clan can carry back banners if they choose.

Snake-Bite banners use motifs that are derived from family names which, in turn, are based on the animal chosen as the family's spirit-guardian. Names such as Snarling Wolves or Flying Dragons are common and their back banner devices and back plate symbols show an image connected with the name, always in a bright and simple pictogram form.

For example, the Devils Hawk family motif is a clasping talon dripping blood - variations of which appear repeatedly among family members. The family motif is often accompanied by pictograms of the individual's name and important events in his life such as great victories or successful duels.

Another example is the Poison Fish family. The name was chosen because the family had their original stronghold on the banks of a fast-flowing mountain river. Below the image of the poison fish itself, the banner shown on the colour pages has a zigzag pattern which is a pictogram of the wearer's name. This translates from the Ork language as Swift Rapids, showing the wearer was the fastest in battle.

Boyz of the Evil Sunz clan also all wear back banners on the battlefield, but for a very different reason. Unlike the Snake-Bites, the Evil Sunz afford no great merit to individual prowess but have a strong belief in the Ork warrior force as a whole. This unity is demonstrated through the use of the grinning sun clan motif and the colour red (when they can get it) on all banners, even those of Nobz and Warlords. Each unit of Boyz wears a variant of the grinning sun, but within each unit the banners are identical. Only the specialist castes occasionally break from this pattern, and even so they always retain red as the dominant colour of their banners.

Other clans have a very restricted use of back banners. Death Skulls, for example, only allow high-ranking Nobz and specialists to wear back banners. They tend to favour applique designs using various pieces of plundered material. As with their clothing, there are often bits of brocade, enemy uniforms, silk and other fine materials stitched together. There is no rhyme or reason to the choice of materials or patterns - a Death Skull just makes the best use of anything that catches his eye.

Blood-Axes seem strangely to disdain the use of back banners, even though they are used to seeing banners used by the Imperial forces common in Blood-Axe space. Only specialists and Boss-Orks sometimes choose to wear back banners. Their designs are simple, using martial symbols such as eagles, crosses and weapons.



LEFT PAGE: *Left:* Personalised back banner of Goff Warboss, using the 'Boss' glyph and minotaur motif. Goffs admire strength and power, and the Goff Nobz like to use daemons and horned beasts as motifs.

Centre: Evil Sunz are particularly fond of their sunburst image. They tend to adapt the sunburst for their back plates and banners, and rarely use personalised motifs. All Evil Sunz are allowed to use back banners.

Right: Bad Moons unit leaders wear back banners to identify the individual units; they are not worn by Da Boyz. The banner is typical example of a family banner, using the favoured moon and flame devices. The pole terminal is a metal bolter, the glyph for a Nob, thereby showing the rank of the bearer.

RIGHT PAGE: *Top Row: Left* - Many Stormboyz like to use the imagery of the Chaos God Khorne, hence black and red banner with the combined skull and Khorne emblem. *Centre* - Typical Painboy back banner showing the Painboy glyph. *Right* - Goff unit leader's back banner, showing popular



bull's head motif. The two red stripes denote the second family of the Blak Hornz clan.

Middle Row: *Left* - Typical Runtherd back banner. The top symbol is the glyph for 'lots', while the figures below denote herds and/or servants. The pole terminal is also a glyph and stands for 'Runtherd'. *Centre*: Death Skull back banner using clan emblem, and patched with captured banners. The metal glyphs on the plate mean 'We Destroy Marines'. *Right* - Bad Moon Nob banner, with variations of the clan and the Nob glyph.

Bottom Row: *Left* - Snake-Bite banners tend to feature pictorial versions of the family name, in this case 'The Poison Fish'. *Centre* - Blood-Axes are strongly influenced by the Imperium, and tend to adopt their style and imagery. The pseudo Terminator symbol and regimental number have no specific meaning to the Orks. The glyphs mean 'We Vanquish'. *Right* - Typical Mek back banner, usually worn or carried by Gretchin retainers. The glyphs mean 'The Power of Mighty Meks'.



"Ere, Boss?"

"Woss up, Gible?"

"Well, me an' Gobbit were tidyin' up yer roomz an' we found dis fing 'ere."

"Dat's me spare fungus-wine cup, so wot?"

"Gobbit sez it's a skull, Boss. But it's not an Ork nor a humie skull, too small fer dat, an' it's not a Runt skull, coz it's too big."

"It's a stunty skull, yer stoopid Runtz."

"Woss a stunty, Boss?"

"Dey're like humies, but small and bolshy. Pass da other plate of maremated squigs. We wuz at war wiv dem, an' duffed 'em up good an' proper."

"Tell us about it, Boss. Tell us a story, please!"

"Orright, seein' as da squigs were so well cooked. Get me pipe..."

"Once upon a time ago da stunty gits told us dey would pay tribute an' stuff ter us provided we would do da same ter dem. Can't see da point in it meself, but dere yer go. If da Orks want somefink, dey go out an' take it, never mind givin' somefink back. Wot for? Dey called dis *trade*. It seems kinda stoopid but Nazgand Spleenripper wuz da Boss den an' 'e woz a bit slow in da 'ead. He was fighting a war wiv da Eldar at da time an' 'e thought it woz smart to keep da stunties 'appy till we'd finished wiv da pointy-ears."

"Well, da stunties was takin' all dis stuff from our slave worlds and woz givin' us guns an' power armour an' stuff in exchange. Da stunties woz well chuffed wiv dis arrangement coz da sneaky gitz didn't 'ave ter fight nobody to get wot dey wanted."

"Boss, Boss! Wot do 'rangemint' mean?"

"Gobbit, give me dat pointy stick wiv da kebabed squig on it"

"Ere yer are, Boss.. OW!"

"So don't ask stoopid questions. Anyway, da day came when Nazgand got in da way of some shuriken and da Boyz got a new Boss, Gatrog da Flayer. A meaner, badder Ork never lived. He wuz great. He wuz sittin' round 'is throne room one day lookin' at da star map dis Gretchin woz paintin' on da wall an' 'e notices somefink."

"Why is dat bit of da map not green?', 'e asks. 'Everywhere else is green.'"

"Dat's da stunty bit,' sez da Gretchin."

"Gatrog looks around 'is throneroom an' sez, 'I cannot believe I am hearin' dis. Are we Orks or wot? We's 'avin' a Waa-Ork an' a bit of dis map is not green. Wot is goin' on?'"

"But Boss,' sez one of da Boyz, 'Nazgand said...'"

"Nazgand woz a stoopid stunty-lovin' git an' I'm

in charge now,' sez Gatrog, smackin' 'im round da lug. 'I sez we paint da map green. Oi where ya goin, ya miserable grot?'"

"I'm goin' ter get another can of paint from da store tent Boss."

"Dat's not wot I meant, yer stoopid grot. I woz speakin' figger.. er, figra.. gratify... well, dat's not exactly wot I meant. Though of course it doesn't mean yer can't paint da rest of da map green, but dat's not all I meant."

Da Boyz all stood round an' shuffled da feet an' looked at da ceilin' an' da walls, coz dey didn't unnerstand wot 'e meant. An' I can see from da daft look on yer faces dat you don' unnerstand neither, Gobbit an' Gible."

"Er... no, not really, Boss."

"Wot 'e meant woz dat it woz time fer da Boyz ter get their act together an' go out an' stomp stunty instead of angin' round Gatrog's hall eatin' lotza squigs an' gettin' fat. Once Gatrog 'ad explained dis to 'is Boyz, it didn't take dem long to get used to da idea. Most of dem immediately rushed off lookin' fer their banners an' boltguns, but one of da Nobz stayed put."

"But, Boss, 'e said, 'da stunty worlds is 'eavily fortified, ow iz we gonna take 'em?'"

"Boss, Boss! I don't unnerstand! Wot does 'thoughtythighed' mean? Er... No, ferget it, 'ave another roast squig."

"Thank you Gobbit, an' no more innerruptions. Now, where woz I?..."

"Ah, yes, so da paintin' gretchin sez, 'Why don't yer put some of da Boyz on da tradeships to Imbach an' when da stunties take dem in, da Boyz leap out an' shoot dem all dead.'"

"I've just 'ad dis brilliant idea,' sez Gatrog. 'Why don't da Boyz 'itch a lift on da tradeships wot are goin' to Imbach, an' when dey get dere, da Boyz can all jump out an' shoot all da stunty skum wiv der boltguns dakka dakka dakka! Wot a brilliant idea! Dis is why I am da Warboss an' you are a stoopid painty grot.'"

"Da painty grot woz too fick or maybe jus' too clever to reply, an' 'e started to paint da rest of da map green."

"So dat's wot da Waa-Gatrog did. Da stunties started to bleat about betrayal an' treachery an' stuff (whingein' gits) just coz we gave 'em a good duffin'. They've been tryin' ter get back at us ever since coz dey fink dey're more smarter dan wot we is, wot is stoopid, coz dey're not. Dey fink dey're dead 'ard but dey're not, coz we just bash 'em up, an' dat just makes 'em hate us even more. Dunno why. Everybody knows da Orks is da best fighters in da ooniverse."



Mek Gorgog Narlug of the Blood Axes carrying out impromptu battlefield repairs.



BLOOD-AXES

BACK PLATES



GORE AXES
HEAD FAMILY



AXEGLEAMZ



TEEF SNATCHAS



BLADES



AXSMAKZ



CHOPPERZ



NOB



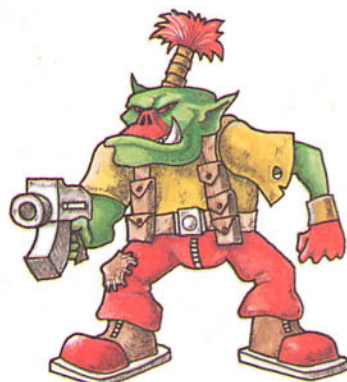
Blood-Axes wear combat fatigues and forage caps in shades of green or drab colours, commonly in camouflage patterns. This betrays the influence of Imperial military style, as do other personal adornments in the form of eagle wings, cap badges and medals. Other Orks suspect the Blood-Axes of having secret dealings with Humans from whom they have copied these ideas. These militaristic icons hold no meaning for the Blood-Axes, who have adopted the symbols purely as warlike decoration. When actual medals and badges are acquired they are deeply revered, and thought to contain potent magic for their owner. Despite outside influences, the clan has not totally abandoned traditional Ork style, and still wear warpaint, backplates, and grotesque Ork jewellery.

Members of this clan bear the clan motif of crossed axes on their backplates. Family affiliation is indicated by the ground colour. The motif itself changes colour according to family in order to contrast the ground colour and ease recognition. This neat system may have been inspired by rank markings on human uniforms.

EVIL SUNZ



BLOODSUNZ
HEAD FAMILY



NOB

BLOODGRINZ



SUNFANGZ



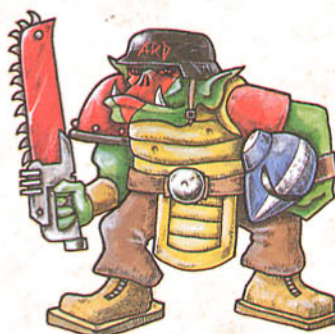
SUNBITEZ



SUNBLASTS



SUNGRINZ



The totem of this clan is a blood-red grinning sun, and red is their most prized colour, perhaps because it is ritually associated with speed and power. Evil Sunz always wear at least one item of red clothing. Red is a particularly hard colour for Orks to get hold of because Mekboyz use so much painting Ork vehicles red to make them go faster. The more red an Evil Sun wears the more prestige he acquires among his comrades. Only the most respected and wealthy warriors are able to wear lots of red.

As far as the Evil Sunz are concerned, the image of the grimacing blood-red sun is all important. Evil Sunz hold clan affiliation in higher esteem than family ties, and so they bear variations of the Evil Sun symbol on their backplates, regardless of family. This is a proud clan with a strong sense of clan identity.



BAD MOONS

BACK PLATES



MOONGLEAMZ
HEAD FAMILY



FANGZ



MOONFIRES



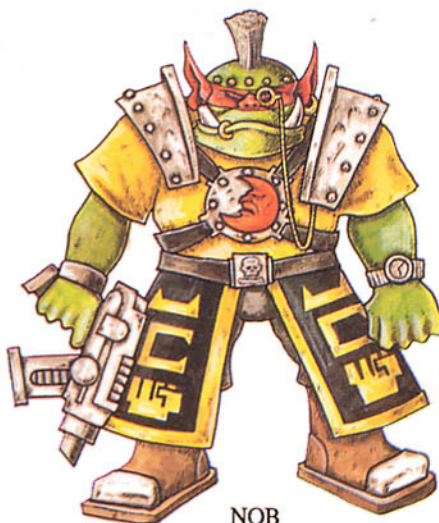
BLOODSKULLZ



MOONBATZ



DAGGERZ



NOB



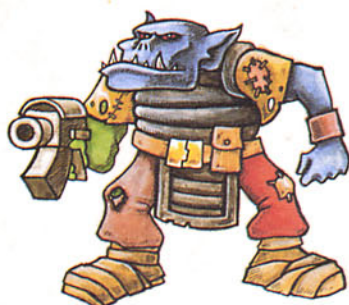
The totem of this clan is a grimacing, yellow moon surrounded by a halo of black flames. The Bad Moons are a very wealthy and ostentatious clan. Their style of dress is flamboyant, with yellow and black as predominating colours. They favour striking patterns and garish war paint and flaunt their wealth by wearing elaborate personal adornments.

The Bad Moons have many cheerful Gretchin artists who lavish their time and talents on the family regalia. Each family elaborates or customises the traditional family backplate glyph. Head families adhere to the moon symbol of the clan. The traditional Bad Moon colours of black and yellow predominate in their insignia. Each family has its own pattern of warpaint, and although standardised uniforms do not exist as such, each member of a family usually attempts to outfit himself in a roughly similar manner to his comrades.

DEATH SKULLS



BACK PLATES



DEATHGRINZ
HEAD FAMILY



DEADHEADZ

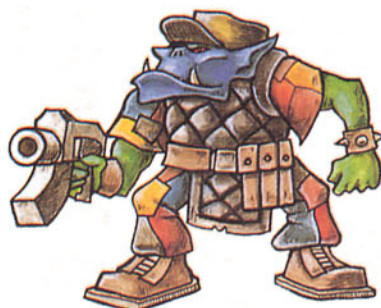


ACE OF SKULLS



NOB

DEATHBONEZ



LOOTERZ

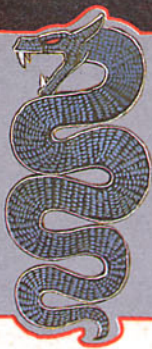


BONEHEADZ



This clan are the plunderers of the battlefield. They strip the bodies of the fallen to augment their own wargear. This results in their bizarre style of dress, made up of fragments of clothing sewn together. For example, the Boneheadz family of Death Skulls once overran and plundered an Imperial penal colony, and wore fragments of convict clothing printed with black arrows for generations afterwards.

The families of this clan show their identity with variations of their clan motif, the horned skull. There are many variants of this motif, a selection of which is shown here. The skull is coloured white against a blue ground. Blue is considered to be a magical colour among this clan, who also paint themselves with blue warpaint to attract good luck. This clan adheres to the superstition that striking war paint wins the favourable attention of the gods - and what can be more eye catching than to paint their faces vivid blue?





KOBRA STINGZ
HEAD FAMILY



SERPENTZ



SWIFT WOLVES



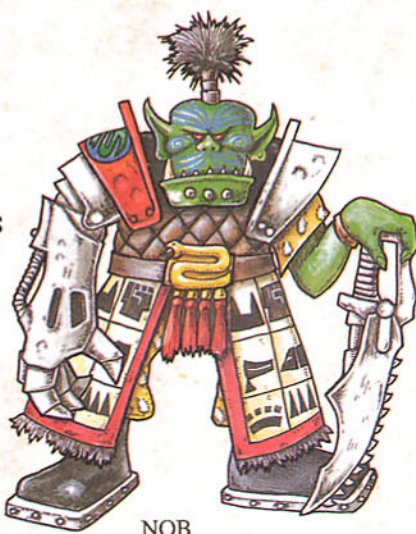
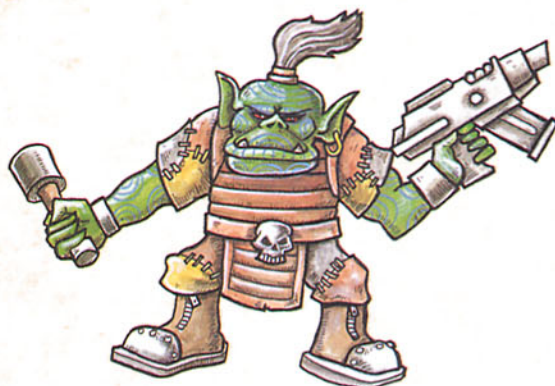
BATWINGZ



CLAWZ



DRAGON BREF



NOB



The Snake-Bites are a savage clan who are probably the most like their primitive Ork ancestors in their style of dress. Their clan totem is a serpent. They often wear hair squigs trimmed and dyed into crests and topknots, and some decorate their bodies with swirling red tattoos in the likeness of coiling snakes. They like to wear the bones and pelts of wild beasts, and the claws and feathers of birds of prey. Belts are often made from snakeskin and may be fastened with metal snake-shaped buckles.

True to clan custom, which harks back to feral Ork traditions, families are named after totem animals. These are always beasts noted for their ferocity, venom, or big sharp teeth. Clan whelps have to prove themselves by hunting the pelt, skull or claw of the family beast as a rite of initiation. The whelps are also toughened by allowing venomous creatures, especially snakes, to bite them, hence the name of the clan. These rites earn them the right to wear a backplate. A glyph representing the totem beast is painted on the backplate to indicate family membership, some examples of which are shown above. A more sophisticated version of this can be found on their back banners. The head family is denoted by the serpent glyph of the clan.

GOFFS



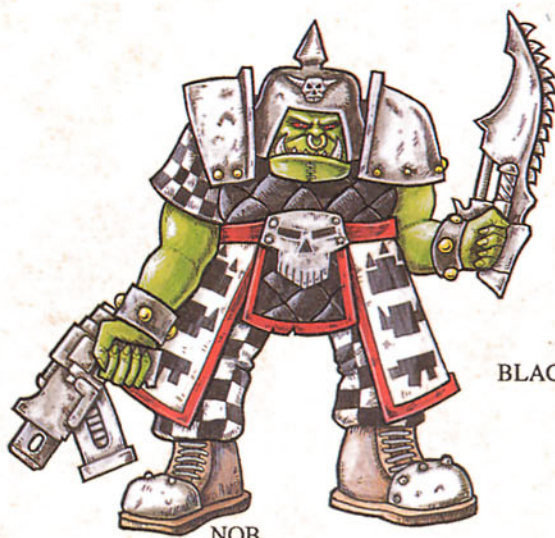
BACK PLATES



BIG HORNED ONES
HEAD FAMILY



BULLZEYES



HEAD
BUTTERZ



BLACK GRUNTZ



NOB

GOREBOYZ



BOMMERZ



The Goffs are identified by their preference for black gear and the clan totem, which is a black bull's head. This clan's favourite colours are black and red, and they prefer to decorate their clothes with chequer patterns or with a solid border in a contrasting colour. Very bright colours, war paint and tattoos are generally shunned. As in all the clans, Nobz often wear long coats decorated with glyphs. These can say virtually anything the Nob wants: his name, battle honours or favourite sayings and insults. Another common custom is to paint clan or family insignia on weapons and other property to show ownership.

Backplates are usually black, with the family number indicated by a coloured number rune. This is typical of the Goff's non-sense view of life. They say who they are in a straightforward and simple way. The head family replaces numerals with the clan's bulls-head symbol. Excessive decoration and bright colours are held to be highly unsuitable in the Goffs' eyes, and they consider clans like the Bad Moons to be quite decadent in their tastes.



Creating the Waa-Totem is a major undertaking - especially as each Warlord wants his to be bigger and better than anyone else's. Teams of Gretchin work night and day until the masterpiece is finished - though it's not unknown for a fussy Warlord to demand the whole thing to be done again from scratch if he thinks his name glyphs aren't large enough.



As with all such attempts at translation, the sense of the message is mostly implied, as each glyph possesses many possible meanings.



ORK WAA-TOTEM

"Da best guide", said Nuzzgrond turning to face the assembled Wild Ones, "is if its green an' Orky don't shoot it. If its green an' Gretchin only shoot it if it cheeks yer. If its not green den its fair game."

The throng of young Orks nodded. Nuzzgrond knew that they had grasped the first simple principle of Orkish warfare. He beamed approvingly. Now it was time for the complicated stuff.

Looking down from the clifftop, Nuzzgrond watched the warband cover the plain. The roar of buggies filled the air, the chanting had just started. He snapped his fingers. A Gretchin carrying a fluttering banner half its own height staggered forward. The banner was an austere black with a chequered border.

"Dis is a back banner," said Nuzzgrond proudly. "Itz called dat coz its usually worn on da back. Can anybody tell me wot dis bull's 'ead means?"

"Its a picture of a bull's 'ead, Boss," said Pulg. Nuzzgrond restrained himself from clipping the youth round the ear.

"Yer, but it means sumfink else too. Its means da sign ov a Goff Warboss - me. See 'ow big it is. See 'ow its made of rich material - dat's coz I'm da Boss. Its wot da 'umies call a symbol."

Puzzled frowns marred the Wild Ones' brows. Nuzzgrond could tell that they were having serious difficulty with this concept. He gave it time to sink in, then proceeded.

"See its a Goff banner an' you is Goffs so ya follow it. It'll tell you where I am. If ya 'ears a call ter rally - dis iz wot ya rally roun'. Just remember dat.

Now, if ya look down at da warband ya'll see ovver banners. Da White Spider banner - dat's where da White Spiders is. Da red sun sign is where da Evil Sunz is. Right, can anybody tell me where da Bad Moonz is, den?"

"Unda da Red Sun banner," someone shouted.

Nuzzgrond covered his face with his hands. The education of young Orks was a trying business. He had forgotten just how trying.

"Unda da banner wiv da moon on it!"

"Very good, Pulg," Nuzzgrond said, relieved that someone seemed to have grasped what he was saying. "Ya'll notice dat its all bright colours an' expensive cloff. Dat's coz da Bad Moonz is show-off gits and want everyone ter know 'ow much teef they got.

Movin' along - see dose boyz dere. Da ones wiv da bitz of uniform an' 'ats an' stuff - dey is Deff Skulls. Da Blood-Axes is worse - 'ardly nobody wears a banner. Dead suspishus if ya asks me. Only da Nobz an' 'ighups an' a few caste types gets a banner. Dunno why dat is. Da Snake-Bites is da opposite. Anybody

'oo wants one can 'ave a banner specially if its got da family glyph on it."

"Boss - wot about da banners wiv da severed 'eads on 'em, an' da bloody knives an' all dat?"

"Painboyz, Pulg..."

"But deyze not a clan, dey is Oddboyz, Boss. Ya told us dat weeks ago."

"Shuddup, Pulg, or I'll clip yer ear. I'll get ter all dat in a minute."

"But Boss... OW! Leggo me ear, Boss, I'll shuddup!"

"Right, da clanz use back banners to tell folk 'oo dey are, mostly. If ya see a clan sign ya'll know where dat clan is. 'Cept da Blood-Axes, course. Simple, eh? Everybody got it?"

The puzzled expressions of most of the youths showed Nuzzgrond that they had a problem with the idea. He didn't let it slow him down.

"Right. Now sometimes ya'll 'ave ter find a caste type like a Painboy or a Mekboy. Like when yer leg 'as been blown off or when yer buggy breaks down. Da best fing ta do is ter look round fer a banner dat'll tell yer where dey are."

"Boss, me ear 'urts. Can I go an' find a Painboy?"

"Naw, Pulg. Wait ter I've given yer a taste of boot, den go."

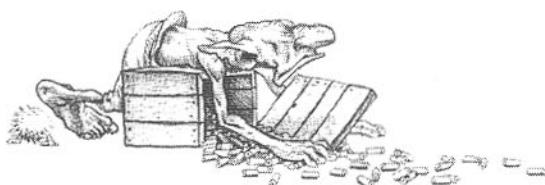
"Sorry, Boss," said the abashed former Wild One. Nuzzgrond made a sweeping dramatic gesture down at the assembled warband. He picked out various units and pointed at them as he spoke.

"Right da Mekboyz sign is usually a spanner or an 'ammer or a cog. Like Grimtoof down dere. Dose gits wiv da Khorne runes an' da stoopid uniforms is Stormboyz. Don't worry dey'll grow out ov it. Runtherdz likes manacles an' chains an' stuff. Pulg an' me 'as already told ya 'bout Painboyz. See, dat's Dok Badbreff standin' 'sides dem Blood-Axes. Now, I knows wot yer finkin'..."

He paused as the Wild Ones looked confused. They obviously hadn't been thinking anything. "Yer finkin' wot about all dose glyphs round da banners. Dat's easy. Dey're adverts - dat's ter say, lies. Dey say fings like 'I Grimtooth am best Mek' an' such like. Don't believe everyfink dat banners say. Some is lies and some is just boastfulness."

"But Boss, yer banner sez dat Nuzzgrond 'as killed an 'undred Marines... Aaargh, Boss, stop kicking me!"

"Sometimes, though," said Nuzzgrond, punctuating his statement with a last application of boot to Pulg's urtybitz, "Dey tell da troof. Now does anyone else 'ave somefink stoopid ter say?"





ART AND MUZIK



Ork hovels and strongholds are often decorated with wall paintings or carved glyphs. Clan or family insignia may be painted or carved on the outside of a building, usually over the door lintel. Inside, the most important rooms (such as the Boss Ork's chamber or a warlord's throne-room) are decorated with wall paintings. These usually depict legendary battles of the past or prestigious deeds of the boss or warlord. The scenes are accompanied by borders of Orkish glyptic or runic script, which tell the tales of the events depicted.

The chambers of Weirdboyz often have scenes from Orkish mythology, while the chambers of Mekaniaks may have scenes depicting the construction of Gargants during some legendary Waa-Ork of antiquity.

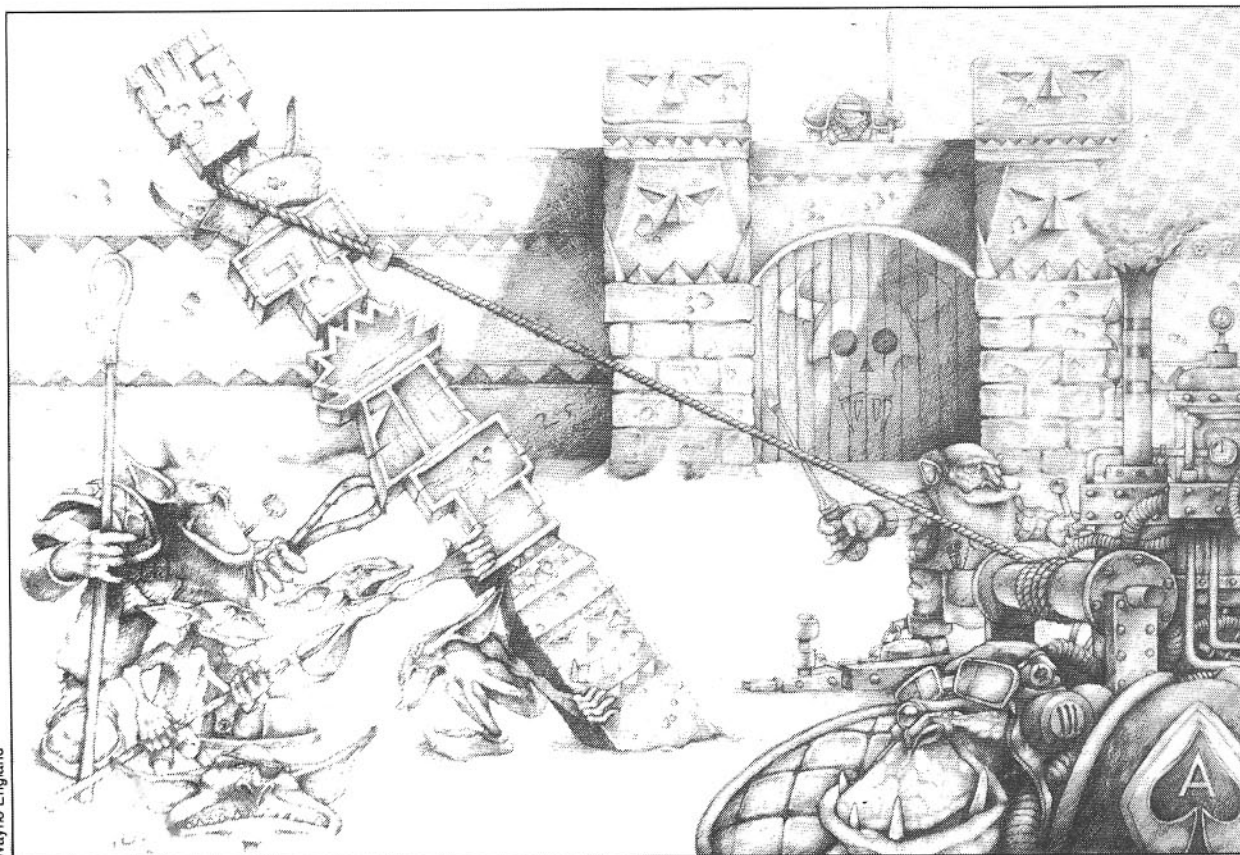
Ork wall paintings follow a distinctive Orkish artistic style related closely to their glyptic script and traditional heraldry. Bright and striking colours are favoured. Most Orkish art is created by Gretchin, who have considerable artistic talent and agile hands.

ORKISH MONUMENTAL ART

As well as wall paintings, Orks also produce monumental sculptures. These often take the form of a colossal statue of the Ork gods of war, or of a great warlord. These massive statues are painstakingly carved by teams of Gretchin, and are made from the best materials to hand - usually stone or petrified wood.

Statues are set firmly into the ground in an upright position, and used to mark the boundaries of Ork domains. Pairs of statues are also used to flank the doorways of strongholds, and are often placed in prominent locations around the settlement as a statement of the Orks' territory. Following an Ork invasion, the sculptures are set up in conquered territories to intimidate and impress subject races.

Orkish art is not restricted to buildings and banners - it appears on their vehicles and spaceships in the form of painted glyphs, cast metal sculptures, banners and pennants. The interiors of space hulks belonging to nomadic warlords are just as likely to be decorated as an Orkish stronghold built on firm ground.





Wayne England

MUSIK

Ork music goes beyond the playing of Squigpipes and the rhythmic chanting used in battle. Ancient and traditional Ork music is still performed by Ork shouting choirs. The shouting choir involves the participation of thousands of Orks, who assemble in a valley or canyon for the best acoustic effects. The choir is organised into family and clan divisions. Each division shouts a single word, such as "Waa" or "Ork", in a particular octave. Gretchin and Snotlings are used to achieve high notes and there are plenty of Orks who can achieve low notes. The Ork conductor, often an eccentric Weirdboy or Madboy, composes the *musik* himself. He then stands in the midst of the choir and conducts each group to shout their note in turn. The resulting "music" can be heard for miles as it fills the air with echoes.

Ork Warlords occasionally use this music to terrify enemies before battle, thus leading them to think the Ork army is ten times larger than it is, or that reinforcements are on their way, singing as they march. There is even one legend that claims that the walls of an enemy stronghold were toppled by the sound of an Ork shouting choir. Some Ork composers have even incorporated the sound of live gunfire into their compositions.

Progressive music is largely the domain of the Mekaniaks. They have the technical skill and apparatus for recording, sampling, synthesizing, and mixing. They record battle chants, the squirl of Squigs, shouting choirs, and even sounds of battle. Meks with musical inclinations blend these sounds into their own discordant compositions, then blare them out on loadspeakers for the entertainment and delectation of their fellow Orks. Such popular events are known as *Konzerts*. The



Squigpipes

This special type of Squig is used by the Orks as a musical instrument. Several tube-like probosces emanate from this Squig's bag-like body. The Musical Squig can be tucked under one arm and inflated by blowing down a proboscis. Then, by squeezing the Squig, weird and terrifying sounds can be made through the creature's proboscis pipes. This turns the Squig into a musical instrument, much like the bagpipes, but a thousand times more cacophonous. Orks like to go into battle accompanied by the squirl of the Squig.

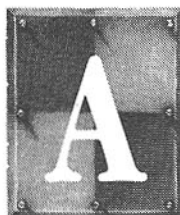
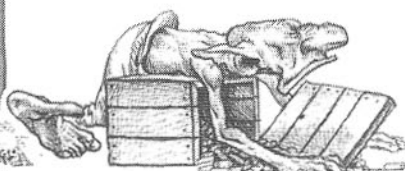
style of music currently in vogue with most Meks is known as *Rokk*. The most progressive Meks in the field of Orkish musik are those of the Goff clan, who specialise in the eerie sounds of Goffik Rok. Another popular style incorporates the sounds of machinery, gunfire, and live recordings of Gargant construction; this style is known as '*Evvy Mettal*'. Great warlords have been known to commission works from notable Mek musicians. Many of these musicians earn a considerable sum of teeth from their compositions, as well as from the sale of recordings. Meks also construct miniature sets of headphones and portable playing devices so that Orks can listen to musik as they wander about.

Orks have many other strange musical instruments in addition to Squigpipes. Squigpipes are inflated with air and squeezed to produce a loud wailing sound. Other instruments include the Glockenskul, which is a glockenspiel consisting of a row of multi-sized skulls. These are tapped with a bone to give notes of varying pitches. The glockenskul produces a strange, hollow sound. Musical Squigs of various sizes are used to make Squig organs, which produce resonant warbling sounds. Drums are made from stretching dried skin over an Ogryn cranium.

*'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go,
'Ere we go, 'ere we go, throo the cosmos.
'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go,
'Ere we go, 'ere we go, throo infinity.
'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go,
Don't know where 'til we get there.*

Orkish space chant,
intoned when hitching onto space hulks.

DA GODZ



All observers agree on this one point - Ork culture is uncouth. Whether they are Humans who love order and stability, Squats who love honour and tradition, or Eldar who love art and taste, they all look upon Orks as the untamed barbarians of the universe. As for the Orks, they don't care. They take one look at Humans, Squats, and Eldar and dismiss them in

three words: *weak*, *weeny*, and *weedy*. Orks have **Kultur**, which is something that these pretentious, haughty races just can't appreciate.

THE ORK GODS

Orks and the Ork Way are strong and powerful forces in the universe. Orks are a highly successful race; they seem to be able to survive, expand, and prosper almost effortlessly in comparison to struggling humanity. The Ork character, which

is strong and virtually invulnerable, has its reflection in the warp in the form of the mighty, belligerent, and boisterous Ork gods. Known Ork gods include two legendary heroic deities commonly called Gork and Mork.

An idea of the appearance of the Ork gods can be gained simply by looking at the Ork Titans (known as Gargants); they are constructed in the image of the Ork gods. The Mekboyz who build them work from a vision held within their imagination (usually inspired during times of Waa-Ork). They try to create something that represents the essence of Orkishness in mechanical form.

A Gargant is consequently both the ultimate war machine and a religious idol. These great machines behave very much like Ork gods - they lumber about, leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. They go exactly where they please, striding from planet to planet, and they never shun a fight. In some myths, the gods are felled and broken into pieces. Then, millions of Orkoids swarm out and put the god back together again. In Ork mythology, the two gods Gork and Mork regularly



Adrian Smith

confront the Powers of Chaos and the gods of the other alien races. Gork and Mork are never defeated, they simply shrug off the blows of the other gods and laugh at them. Then Gork grins, bears his teeth, and lands a mighty blow on the head of his adversary with his gigantic club. Similarly, Mork, the master of low cunning, clobbers his foes when they aren't looking.

It is not surprising that the Ork gods are seen triumphing over Chaos Powers, because in battle, the Ork Weirdboyz triumph over their daemonic and Human servants. Daemons and psykers are frequently laid low by the psychic attacks of the Weirdboyz. The psychic energy of the chanting and stamping Ork warriors can be focused by the Weirdboyz to banish and destroy such vaunted foes. As far as the Orks are concerned, these minions of Chaos have been withered by a blast of pure Orkishness. When the Orks see the terrors of Chaos wilting before their own loveable gibbering Weirdboyz, they lose all fear of the warp, secure in the belief that Orkishness can vanquish anything.

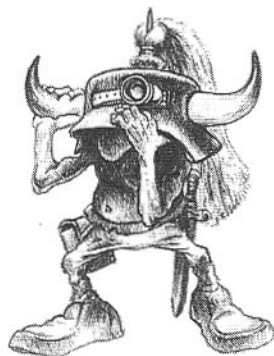
WIDELY KNOWN ORK MYTHS

The Hunt

Gork and Mork go looking for a gigantic Squiggly beast and find it at the bottom of a huge cesspit. Also at the bottom of the cesspit is Nurgle, who has eaten all the Snotlings. Gork and Mork clobber Nurgle so hard that he spews up all the Snotlings who are still alive. Nurgle shrinks and becomes a Squiggly beast. The Snotlings then turn the Squig into a feast for Gork and Mork. This myth clearly represents the Ork triumph over Nurgle. The Orks have no fear of the realms of Nurgle, and happily thrive on Squiggly beasts that breed in their cesspits.

'Ere we go

Gork and Mork look up into the sky and see another planet shining among the stars. Mork challenges Gork to knock it down with his club. Gork hurls his club for all his worth, but forgets that it's tied to his wrist. The club sails toward the planet with Gork following after. Mork grabs hold of Gork and goes as well. This myth represents the adventurous, care-free character of the Orks and their ability to travel through space.



Stephen Taplin

ORKS AND CHAOS

There is no predilection for Chaos among the Orks; indeed, Orks are much less likely to turn to Chaos than Humans or other races. This is due to the fact that the Ork race is relatively stable and content. There is little psychic stress or angst among the Orks, which leaves virtually no avenue through which Chaos can invade their minds. Some races confuse Orks as being evil and thus synonymous with Chaos. This is a misunderstanding on their part, however.

Orks are not inherently evil; neither is Chaos. Likewise, Orks do not naturally or consistently affiliate with the forces of Chaos. Orks simply live by the crude survival-of-the fittest principles that pervade the universe. Warlike civilisations, such as that of the Orks, simply reflect these survivalist principles all the more. By the same token, Chaos is neither good nor evil; it simply mirrors the survivalist emotions of intelligent beings in the real universe. Thus, predatory powers of Chaos, be they deities or daemons, exist because living things generate these emotions.

By analogy, there are gargantuan Ork powers in the warp - powers that are the reflections of the Orks' cheerfully irresponsible and warlike nature. At the same time, it is possible for Orks to overindulge their taste for militarism and bloodshed, which will ultimately lead them to Khorne. Indeed, Khorne does feed on these aspects of Orkish character; this shows in the very face of Khorne, which has markedly Orkish aspects.

Most of their enemies would agree that Orks lack many of the finer qualities found in the various races of the universe. Not surprisingly, Orks have no second thoughts about fighting alongside servants of Chaos, especially in return for pay or loot. Orks are not easily impressed by Chaos, since a typical Ork raider is likely to be exposed to manifestations of Chaos as he rampages about the less orderly parts of the galaxy. He is also less liable to be tempted by lure of Chaos power and sell his soul than many other races. This is in contrast to the unfortunate Humans who live in ratholes of hive worlds or desperately trying to build civilisations in inhospitable environments. These suffer from the stress of day to day survival. They become suspicious of the unknown and begin to look inwardly to find irrational explanations for their problems and misfortunes.



Tony Hough

ORKS AND THE IMPERIAL CULT

The Orks have heard of the Emperor of Humanity. They know that Humans worship him as a deity and have seen his shrines and icons on many worlds. Orks regard the Emperor as the war god of the Humans. The Emperor is something which they can easily understand since their own gods are war gods. They see the Emperor as the controlling power of vast armies, great fleets and awesome military technology. The fact that his servants are all *weedy 'oomans* does not alter the impression made on the Orks of the Emperor as a powerful war god.

The Emperor is even sometimes considered of almost equal status to their own gods, because the Orks, being a warrior society, respect and admire tough opponents. Orks raid and rampage throughout the Imperium, but the Emperor is still there. For thousands of years he has commanded the loyalty of his followers and sent them into battle against the Orks. There are even some Ork legends in which the Emperor appears as a titanic caricature of Human kind, to challenge the Ork gods to battle. For most Orks, the Emperor is envisaged as a vague, remote and ancient power who motivates his long-suffering followers to take on irrational and pointless tasks which make no sense to the Orkish mind. Like his Human servants, the Emperor appears doomed to do everything the hard way or the wrong way from the Ork point of view. The stress and despair which the poor Humans seem to bring down upon themselves is yet another cause of wonder to the Orks. Not surprisingly the Orks use the word *'ooman* (Human) as a byword for things that are silly, pointless or impractical, and will often crack jokes about the Humans and the Emperor.

THE ORK WAY

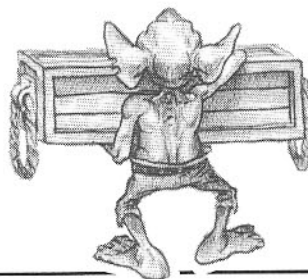
The Orks have a far healthier attitude to life than other races, and are better able to cope with the realities of a harsh universe. Their secret is that they simply don't care. The Orks simply follow the natural life that they are so well adapted for - wild adventure, warfare and early deaths. They don't try to influence their own destiny and then get frustrated when the plans don't work out as expected. They don't look for something to blame (except perhaps the nearest Gretchin or a hated rival clan who had nothing to do with it anyway) and certainly do not reflect on weaknesses in their own way of doing things. They just try again a different way (mainly because they have forgotten how they did it the last time). Thus the Orks make remarkable progress by trial and error, without counting the cost, while other races steeped in high-flown philosophy simply fall into the same traps time and again, doomed to stagnate and decline (or get conquered by the Orks).

Every Ork knows vaguely that when he finally falls upon some stricken field (the majority of Orks meet their end in battle), his soul will merge with the mighty Ork war gods in the warp. He will become a crewman for the great ethereal Gargant in eternity. He has nothing to fear from the ravenous soul-eating gods that other races grovel to in terror. The Ork gods will protect him. Orks happily accept this destiny. It is a fitting end for a warrior Ork to become one with the great immortal warrior spirit of the Orks.

The purpose of life is never questioned. For an Ork, whatever he is doing at the time is meaning enough. Orks do not have many worries and do not even know what an aspiration is. Very few Orks are ambitious. If an Ork observes that others around him are taking notice and doing what he says he will just exploit the situation as far as he can. In this way he might end up as a warlord without ever having set out to gain power. This is probably why the handful of Orks who show qualities of leadership rise so quickly and why the intellect of an Ork chieftain isn't a crucial qualification in wielding power in Ork society, though low cunning is exceptionally useful.

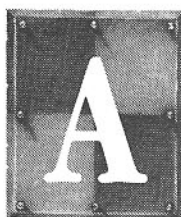
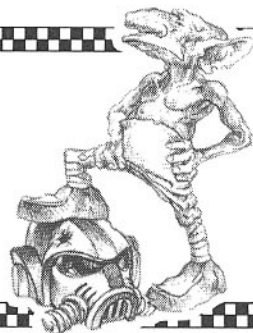
The Orks are the pinnacle of creation. For them, the great struggle is won. They have evolved a society which knows no stress or angst. Who are we to judge them? We Eldar who have failed, or the Humans, on the road to ruin in their turn. And why? Because we sought answers to questions that an Ork wouldn't even bother to ask! We see a culture that is strong and despise it as crude.

From *Culture vs. Kultur: Thoughts on Orkish Society* by Uthan the Perverse, a controversial Eldar philosopher.





WAA-ORK



Although the Weirdboyz fulfil the role of shamans in Ork society, the real high priests of the Ork gods are the Mekboyz. The Meks stand at the very core of Orkish civilisation, serving as a driving force in contact with the Ork gods. This can be witnessed at the most important event that occurs in Ork society, the time of Waa-Ork.

Waa-Ork is a spontaneous happening which starts suddenly in obscurity, then gradually gathers momentum. More and more Orks, clans, and tribes become part of the gathering strength of Waa-Ork. In a process that may take up to 300 years to reach its peak, the whole of Orkdom becomes agitated, disturbed, and dynamic. Waa-Ork is an resurgence of Orkdom into the universe. The Waa-Ork is a time when tribes come together, a time of great works, migrations, wars, and conquest. Orks throughout the universe take the war path, and the relentless power of Ork civilisation is unleashed.

At the very core of Waa-Ork lies the construction of the gigantic Titans known as Gargants. Each Gargant is a towering war machine with awesome destructive power. It is also a titanic, mechanical, fighting, fire-belching idol built in the image of the Ork gods of war, Gork and Mork. Each Gargant is in itself an act of worship of these primal Ork powers; they are idols of the gods that stand for the essence of all that is Orkish. The Ork gods epitomise the Orkish character on a vast scale. They are big, bumbling, boisterous beings who leave a trail of mayhem in their wake. War, conquest, migration, endless feuds, the din of weapons, and the war cries of countless Orks are but the laughter of Gork and Mork. These gods are crude, simple, and strong. They look upon the Powers of Chaos and grin at them.

Waa-Ork can begin in the mind of a single Mek. For some strange and inexplicable reason, a Mek forms a mental image of the great, gargantuan Ork gods. Where does this idea suddenly come from? It may be started by something seen in battle. Imagine a battlefield where Orks are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Imperium. All around are ruins, wreckage, and shell craters. Amid the smoke and din, a Mekboy is wrenching useful bits off wrecked vehicles, oblivious of the conflagration going on around him. Suddenly, a great shadow looms over him. Through the smoke, he catches a glimpse of something enormous towering above him. This lurching hulk strides almost over his head, swaying from side to side with the recoil of its great, fire-belching guns. It is an Imperial Titan.

The Mek gazes upward, his mouth agape in utter awe, so entranced by the great machine that drops his bit box on the ground. He watches as the Titan lumbers past him toward a distant strongpoint that erupts in a column of dust and flame. From that moment on, the Mek is obsessed with the idea of giving real form to this vision. An Ork god, the essence and embodiment of all that is Orkish, must be made into a real moving, fighting, fire-breathing idol. Moved by this deep religious urge, the Mekboy sequesters himself in some remote location in the wilderness, accompanied by his attendants and slaves, and any other Meks who've heard about his idea. Here, they begin work.

The word spreads quickly, like the ripples from a stone dropped in a pond. First, Meks on the same world hear about the start of the Waa-Ork. Through the Ork psychic instinct, these Meks know that the time of gathering has come. They simply follow the psychic reverberations to their source. Wherever they are, Meks begin constructing machines for transporting themselves and their entourages of Gretchin and slaves to the Gargant construction site. Some grind across the wastes in immense steam-powered tractors, others float across the mountains in balloons and airships, or fly across in gyrocopters.

The site itself becomes like a buzzing swarm of disturbed insects, as Meks in their contraptions arrive every day.

Stephen Tappin





Kevin Walker

Gradually, Mekes are drawn from an ever-widening area. Soon, they are travelling from other worlds and systems in patched-up space hulks and in a host of smaller customised spacecraft. This phenomenon does not go unnoticed by other space travellers, who disdainfully refer to the Waa-Ork as the *Ork Circus*.

More and more Mekes, each with their slave contingents, gather at the birthplace of the Waa-Ork. Soon, the site reverberates to the clangour of hammers on metal, the yells of overseers and the jabbering voices of thousands of Orks, Snotlings, and Gretchin. Slowly, the scaffolds are erected and within the cradle of steel, the great metal hulk that will become a Gargant begins to take shape. Great cranes and winches move plates into position. Heavy pieces of machinery are dragged up huge ramps by hordes of groaning slaves and Gretchin. The sound of pumps and drop-hammers becomes deafening. Great furnaces, like gaping red mouths, light up the scene at night, making the entire scene like a feast in hell. Presiding over all from their tall platforms are the Mekboyz, scrutinising plans and shouting instructions.

As word of the Waa-Ork spreads out from the epicentre, the scene is repeated throughout Orkdom. On every Ork world and among every tribe, the Mekes gather to build Gargants. Out in the wilderness, shanty towns spring up overnight, full of Mekes and their swarms of Gretchin, Snotlings, and slaves. The construction work may go on for years. During that time, as the Waa-Ork gathers strength and momentum, work begins on all kinds of other war machines. Throughout Orkdom, the Mekes work on armaments and the slaves beat out weapons. Simultaneously, the great Ork hulks scour the closest systems, collecting tribute from subjugated worlds. Gatherings of Mekes construct vast spacecraft, or patch up ancient hulks.

These are the barges that will carry the Orks into battle as the Waa-Ork approaches its peak. Eventually, the Waa-Ork reaches a fever pitch. The Gargants are nearly complete. The arsenals of the warlords are full of weapons. War machines stand in ranks beside the great armed camps. As warriors muster, the Stormboyz march and drill. Feuds and rivalries are temporarily forgotten, as all of Orkdom gathers under the banners of the greatest warlords. When the Gargants are ready, the scaffolding is pulled down around them and the great boilers are stoked for the first time. A tumultuous cheer rises from the teeming work force as the first black smoke belches from the mouth of the god. Slowly, the great hulk lurches forward, its great belly-gun waving from side to side, the light shining from within the living idol. The message passes quickly from tribe to tribe: *Gork and Mork are out!* As the Orks go forth in all directions, war comes to every corner of the galaxy. The Ork war fleets grind relentlessly through space, cutting a swathe of destruction through the galaxy. This is the time of Waa-Ork, when the universe echoes to the triumphant cry of the Orks.

It can take as long as 300 years for Waa-Ork to reach its zenith. During this time, it rages through the galaxy with wars, raids, and migrations, spinning destruction at random until its strength is spent. The Waa-Ork lies at the root of Orkish expansion; it is the ultimate cause of great Ork wars and the source of all Ork empires. When the incidence of Ork raids increases and Ork invasion fleets start to appear in all parts of the galaxy, it means that Waa-Ork has happened once again.

Just as the force of Waa-Ork is spent, and its momentum slowly dissipates, a new Waa-Ork is born in the mind of another Mekboy in some remote corner of the galaxy...



ORKS IN SPACE

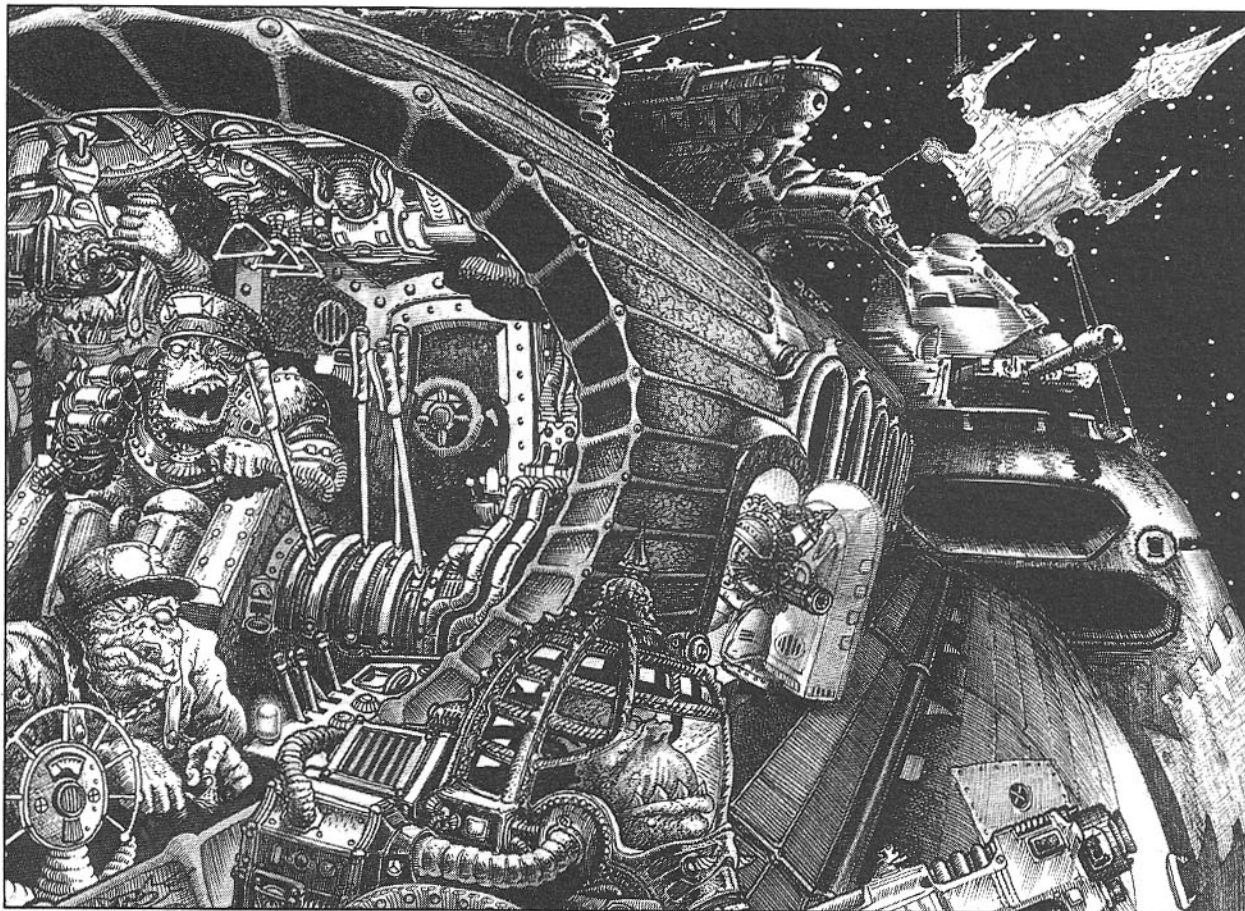


Great Ork space fleets, cruising the galaxy, intent on conquest and settlement, are relatively rare. They tend to occur during the time of Waa-Ork (the equivalent of an Ork holy war), or during periods of migration. Such vast invasion fleets are recorded in the histories and legends of various races, including those of the Humans, Squats, and Eldar. They also occur in the myths of the Orks themselves. The Squats suffered severely at the hands of such migrating hordes during their so-called *Age of Wars*, in which the mighty Squat stronghold of Imbach was overthrown by the Orks. The Squats never forgave the Orks for this, nor did they forgive the Eldar who failed to give them assistance when it was needed most.

More common than the large fleets are smaller ragtag fleets led by individual warlords. These warlords lead their tribes from system to system, subjugating isolated worlds and collecting tribute. Some warlords lead an entirely nomadic

existence, wandering through space, commanding fleets of Ork pirates in their search for adventure and loot. Others make long circuits of their domains, collecting tribute from each subject world in turn, before returning to the first one again. Such tribes have no permanent home world, nor have need of one. These fleets team with Ork households, and cheerfully disseminate Ork Kultur throughout the universe.

The nucleus of any Ork fleet is composed of mighty *space hulks*. These derelict spaceships are often of gigantic proportions, having been built originally by various known and unknown races. In most cases, they have been *mended* by the Mekboyz. Some Ork space hulks may even be accretions of debris, incorporating remains of several ships or space stations. Others may be giant structures created by ambitious Mekboyz. Space hulks can be trapped and crewed by Orks by means of their crude, but effective force fields and teleporters. Force fields are used by Orks to hitch smaller craft onto the hulk and enclose them in the space hulk's atmosphere. Then, under the direction of the Mekboyz, the Ork crew sets to work renovating the wrecks to suit Orkish requirements.



Tony Hough



Tony Ackland

The Meks build thruster engines for the hulks so they can be directed instead of being left to drift on the space currents. In an earlier phase of Ork civilisation, the Orks simply went wherever the hulk drifted which naturally hastened Ork expansion to the remotest parts of the universe. Later, warlords demanded the ability to direct their fleets to known worlds, or to return to their home worlds. The Mekboyz were called upon to apply their skills to this problem. Now, most hulks are fitted with engines of varying reliability. The course is set, and the space hulks follow it until they reach the location of the enemy and destroy them. Most space hulk fleets, however, relentlessly cruise through space without the ability to manoeuvre - much like a wagon train without a driver. The rest of the Ork fleet - the smaller, faster, and more manoeuvrable vessels - must fight around them, operating as escorts.

The next most important type of spaceship used by the Orks is the tribute ship. These ships are built by slave races according to simple, but practical designs, and are armed with limited weaponry. Some of these ships are based on ancient designs devised by engineer or navigator castes of subjugated worlds. Since the Orks have located and enslaved many remote Human worlds - many of which exist beyond the confines of the Imperium - as well as several obscure alien civilisations, they have access to many strange and varied kinds of tribute ships.

Some of the smaller craft found escorting an Ork fleet are made by the Mekboyz themselves. These escort ships are made according to the designs and requirements of the Mekboyz. Consequently, no two designs are alike; each craft varies considerably in armament and capabilities.

In space combat, the Orks use a variety of strange and unusual weapons devised by the Mekboyz. Above all, the Orks prefer to fight at close quarters by using boarding actions. These tactics have several advantages for the Orks. First, Ork ships are crude, but robust, and they can sustain a lot of damage as they close in. Second, the larger ships teem with warriors, which gives them superiority of numbers if they can get troops aboard the enemy vessels. And last, the Meks have devised transporter weapons that can "shoot" bands of warriors into the heart of an enemy vessel. Orks prefer to capture enemy ships rather than destroy them, so they can be renovated or cannibalised by the Meks.

ORK FREEBOOTERS

The Freebooters exist on the fringe of Ork Kultur. They are bandits and sell-swords belonging to no tribe or clan. Quite frequently they are remnants of tribes and communities that have been nearly wiped out, together with fugitives fleeing from the wrath of their warlord or the boss of their family. Among the Freebooters are a handful of unstable individuals who are particularly dangerous and aggressive (even by Orkish standards). These Orks wander off and tend to form small, roving bands of pirates and freebooters. Naturally, they are eager for adventure, combat, and booty, and are quite happy to tag along with Ork tribes and armies as mercenaries.

These motley crews have long since abandoned any tribal or clan loyalties, and have adopted highly personalised insignia in place of their former clan symbols. Some of these Orks prefer to remain anonymous, some want to forget, some want to start a new life, but most have simply forgotten who they were. The pirate band is now their home. As a result, they roam the universe in small, dilapidated spacecraft, and hide out on isolated planets and large asteroids. The band is usually led by a hardened boss or *kaptin*. In any case, the leader risks being ousted from power by a rival if he fails to find enough booty for his Boyz.

Ork Freebooters can be readily identified by the sign of the Jolly Ork, which, in various forms, is the common badge of all freebooting bands. The Jolly Ork is a banner or backplate badge depicting an Ork skull and two crossed bones on a black or red background. Its meaning is unmistakable: *Watch out; Orks about!*



Tony Ackland



WAR, RAIDING AND CONQUEST

Scattered or wandering throughout the galaxy, the Orks frequently make contact with other races. Humans, Squats, and Eldar are all well known to the Orks for what they are: Humans are just stupid; Squats are downright disrespectful; and Eldar think they know it all, but if they do, they found out a bit too late. Of these races, it is easier for the Orks to deal with Humans than with the Squats or the Eldar.

Squats and Eldar take an instant dislike to Orkish culture, and are usually far too haughty and proud to deal with Orks. If an Ork tribe discovers a Squat or Eldar outpost and makes them an offer they can't refuse, what do the Squats or Eldar do? They refuse. Naturally, a fight ensues. Humans, on the other hand, have some (if only a little) Ork in their character. They take notice of people who have bigger and better forces than they have, and so they pay the tribute. It's only the Humans of the Imperium that won't cooperate, but even they might be persuaded if there are no Imperium troops around to encourage their resistance.

Orks are mystified as to why these people should be foolish enough to show such disrespect. After all, the Orks are only interested in tribute (and a good scrap). Why don't these races just give it to them? If they want a fight, the Orks will be happy to oblige; that's what Orks like doing best. And if the Orks win, they get the tribute anyway. If they lose, they simply go somewhere else or try again another day. After all, the universe is a big place.

There are many remote and isolated communities around the galaxy that have come to see the Ork point of view, either straight away, or after a good fight. These include a few conquered Imperial outposts, many lost Human communities still out of contact with the Imperium, and several alien races specific to one planet, or to a handful of planets. If the threatened community or race have no convenient friends and allies to send help, the only sensible course of action is to appease the Ork warlord by offering up the tribute. Imperial Humans, Squats, and Eldar can call upon massive resources, and often will often ally against the Orks. Many other communities have no such option. The Orks quite happily deal with those who submit and devastate the worlds of those who don't. The Orks like it either way, and let their victims make the choice.

Orkses is never defeated in battle. If we win we win, if we die we die so it don't count as defeat. If we runs for it we don't die neither, so we can always cum back for anuvver go, see!

Commonly held Ork view of warfare

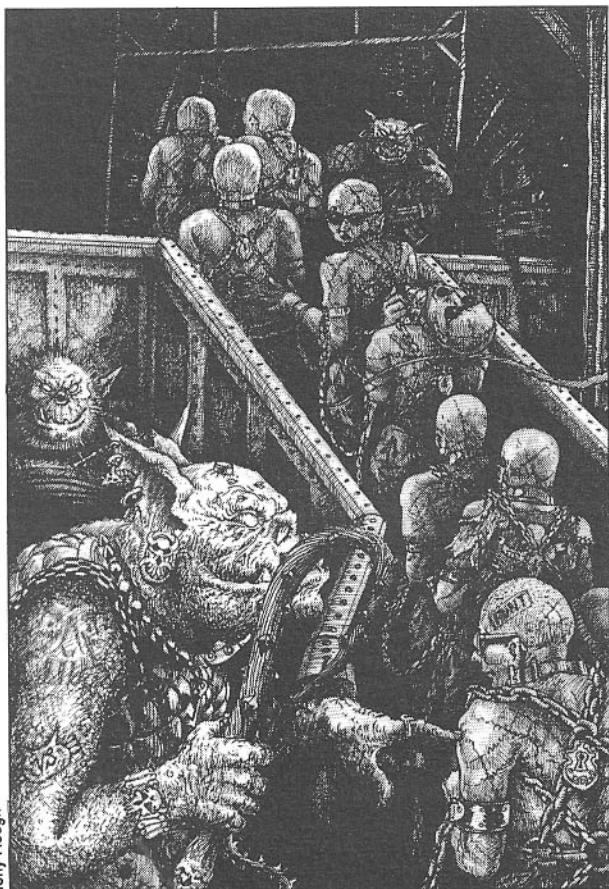


Slaves

In addition to exploiting Gretchin, who are the most numerous element of Ork society and who bear the burden of keeping it functioning, Orks also exploit the talents of Humans, Squats, and other races through enslavement. The Orks have vast numbers of slaves. These include hordes of Gretchin and Snotlings, and a fair number of captive alien races. Among the slaves are Humans taken in Ork slave-raids of isolated Imperium outposts. They also include Humans taken from lost or remote settlements discovered by the Orks, but not yet rediscovered by the Imperium.

Some slaves are chained to machines, serving as their perpetual operators. Others are forced to make weapons in Ork workshops under the beady eyes of Mekboyz and Gretchin overseers. Some rise rapidly in Ork status on account of their expertise and talent. In fact, a talented alien slave can often rise to a position of respect in Ork society more quickly than a free citizen can in his own society. This is due to the fact that a talented slave is a rare commodity. Orks are quick to recognise useful skills and are easily impressed by know-how, especially technical and administrative skills. Slaves with these talents get respect and rewards they might never get at home. In fact, some slaves willingly work for their Ork masters and become trusted advisors.

Orks obtain their slaves in two ways: directly, by slave-raids on vulnerable communities, or indirectly, by occupying an area and forcing the population to work for them. Though Orks prefer Gretchin labourers over slaves, they nevertheless employ a great number of slaves. Wherever possible though, Orks prefer intimidating alien communities into paying a regular tribute in armaments and technology.



Tony Hough

- Dis is Nogrub da Slayer callin'. I got me boyz wiv me. I thought you might like to make a deal. Now listen good. You give us a fausand bolt guns each time I visit, an look after me mate Gorfang 'ere, an' yer got no more worries, see!

- We're not giving in to your outrageous ultimatum — never!

- Shame about that, 'cos I got 'arf a dozen Gargantz wiv me.

-Pause-

- Let us have a few hours to reconsider.

- Nope. I fancy lettin' out the Gargantz after all, har, har, har!

-Sometime later-

- Nogrub the Slayer, mighty overlord, we could not make a thousand bolt guns as you wished because our factories are in ruins. Please accept our tribute of five hundred bolt guns and have mercy upon us, oh great one.

- Yer, bung 'em on board. Now see wot 'appens when yer annoys old Nogrub. Done yerselves out of loads of factories 'cos I flattened 'em, an' done me out of five 'undred boltguns. But I'll let yer off - who said old Nogrub wasn't merciful?.

Tribute

The Orks need a regular supply of armaments and equipment if they are to be the equals of their enemies. Some of this equipment must be technologically sophisticated, but above all, it must be reliable. The Ork Mekboyz do a good job, but it's not good enough on its own. The only solution is to enslave industrial communities and specialist workers. Following an Ork conquest of an area the Orks force the locals to manufacture armaments for them.

Often, a Warlord demands as tribute the construction of a relatively small spaceship. (The biggest ships would be beyond the means of many worlds, so Orks refurbish space hulks to use as really big spaceships.)

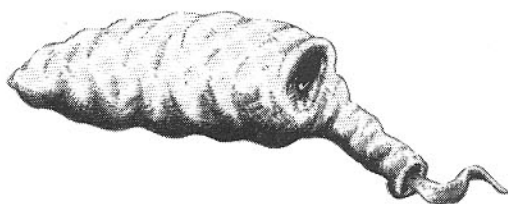
Most worlds in a 'solar system empire pay tithes to an overlord. Thus, for many alien races, paying tribute to Orks is no more oppressive than paying tribute to some other governing force. In fact, an added advantage is that the Orks leave the world alone as long as they pay up; they aren't interested in exerting political or religious influence over their subjects. Thus, the collection of tithes is often an arms-length transaction, with the great Ork spaceships arriving periodically to collect the tribute.

On rare occasions, a planet may be subjected to Ork occupation. This can happen when a major stellar empire tries to reclaim a lost outpost. In this instance, an Ork garrison force will remain in occupation. This occupation force will then lord their control over their subjects as an uncouth, but unoppressive, warrior aristocracy. Indeed, there might even be a degree of integration between the local population and the Orks, as the latter are more concerned with their own comfort than imposing Kultur on the native population.

Trusted Advisors

Humans and other alien slaves live a wretched existence in Ork society, chained to the machines they are required to operate. Nevertheless, some Humans and members of other alien races willingly cooperate with Orks as advisors. Likewise, many freed slaves reach positions of trust and power in the service of an Ork warlord. Ex-slaves can increase their status simply by becoming indispensable. Freebooters may seek employment by an Ork warlord as a quick and easy road to personal power. These individuals provide a useful service to their masters by organising their economy and planning their military expeditions. Many Ork warlords owe their success to such people. But alien advisors are seldom in evidence at the Ork warlord's court; they are usually kept behind the scenes. It does little for the prestige of an up-and-coming warlord to be viewed as relying on foreigners and ex-slaves. It is much better if the warlord's rivals and enemies credit him with all the know-how and genius, for such a warlord will be feared, respected, and obeyed.

Advisors to the Orks often adopt some Ork customs and identify with their Ork patrons. There is much to be gained from being the trusted servant of a powerful warlord, especially one overflowing in tribute, who does what he wants, and goes where he likes. Imagine the spoils and the adventures to be had; better still, imagine the lack of petty rules and restraints. Advisors have every reason to support their patron warlord, for as his power grows, so does theirs. Some advisors may even go to the extent of styling their appearance according to that of the Ork clan with which they associate. For example, an advisor may cut his hair in

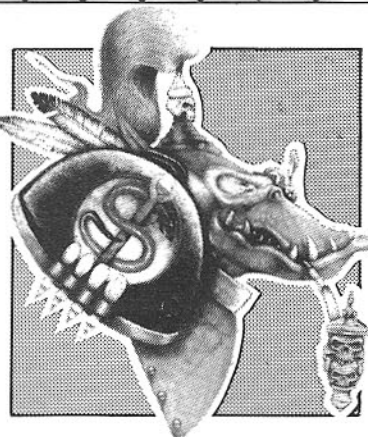


Paint Squigs

This small, vividly coloured Squig excretes powerful dyes that are used as warpaint. These paints are also used by Gretchin artists as pigments for wall paintings and decorative banners. Many Paint Squigs have tufts of hair on their tails, which allows the artist to use the Squig as both a brush and tube of paint simultaneously. The shells of Edible Squigs are also used by Gretchin artists as paint pots and palettes.

imitation of the warlord, or he may don elaborate, garishly coloured robes similar to those favoured by the revered Ork Weirdboyz in order to benefit from the same awe. Emissaries who have the privilege of being dragged before the throne of an Ork warlord holding court may catch a glimpse of his advisors, perhaps flanking him on either side of the throne, but back a little in the shadows. These advisors may even be half-concealed behind a great banner announcing the victories and virtues of their lord, or may have their faces concealed behind elaborate Orkish helmets.





Out of the gloom it came: a giant machine, human-shaped and deadly. Ushbek stared up at the eighty-foot monster in awe. Dragnatz threw himself on the ground and aimed his bolter, sending a hail of shells sparking off the giant's leg. With a creak of metal it passed over their foxhole. The earth shook as it went by.

The rest of the Boyz fled across the churned earth of the battlefield. The hunched metal giant stooped over them. There was a high pitched whine followed by a tremendous roar as plasma erupted

from its fist. Ushbek watched entranced as it turned the remaining Evil Sunz into steam.

"Oy, Mekboy, wot is dat zoggin' thing?" asked Dragnatz, sending another useless burst of fire after it. Bolter shells pattered off its leg like so much gentle rain.

"Dunno, Boss, but it's dead great," replied Ushbek. His brow creased with concentration. He had never seen anything so impressive, so inspirational, so... shooty.

"Maybe itz da Emperor. Da Humies iz always goin' on about how powerful he iz," suggested Dragnatz, spitting on the ground. "Maybe he'z cum ta give us Evil Sunz a good kickin'."

Uzbek watched a Wartrak bounce across the mudplain towards the Humie machine, bolter flashing, crew screaming.

"Dat's Zorgob," Dragnatz said. "Don't give much for 'is chances. Stoopid git."

The metal giant stood on the Ork vehicle. Ushbek almost laughed. It made a sound just like the metal crusher in his scrapyard-cum-workshop back home.

Inspiration flared though him. Abruptly he was excited, just like when he was driving his bike real fast only more so. He had a vision: if the Humans had built their god a metal body then maybe he could build the Ork Gods bodies too. Then Gork and Mork could gang up on the Emperor and give him a good stomping.

He stood frozen on the spot as bolter shells whizzed past his head like angry hornets. In his minds eye he could picture his creations. Huge, angry, violent, loadsa guns. Very shooty. Very shooty indeed. And he'd make them big. Bigger even than the Emperor. It was such a great idea, he wondered why he had never thought of it before.

His reverie was interrupted by Dragnatz tapping him on the shoulder. Ushbek looked in the direction he was pointing. A horde of Marines was swarming forward in the Emperor's wake, heading through the break in the Orkish lines.

"Time to leg it back to da ship, Mekboy. Da raid's over," said Dragnatz. Ushbek nodded agreement. He had to survive. He was now an Ork with a mission. He was going to change the history of the galaxy but he didn't know that yet.

The Waa-Ork was on its way.

In the warp a giant stirred; an image flickered through a mind larger than a nebula. The sleep of Gork was troubled. In his dreams he wore a metal body and led his children to victory. The dream lasted a brief instant of long eternity; something about it caused Gork to smile but not to rouse.

Ushbek leaned over the table in his workshop. He took the pencil from behind his ear and made a small adjustment to the large plan in front of him. In the lamplight it looked good.

Dragnatz entered. He was wearing an oil-stained leather jacket and his head was covered in dust. He had been in Ushbek's scrapyard all day, working the Crusher, a machine that he loved. In the absence of a good fight it was the Boss's preferred form of entertainment.

"Wassat?" he asked, jabbing an oily finger at the plan. A drop dripped on, blotching the paper just below the gunport.

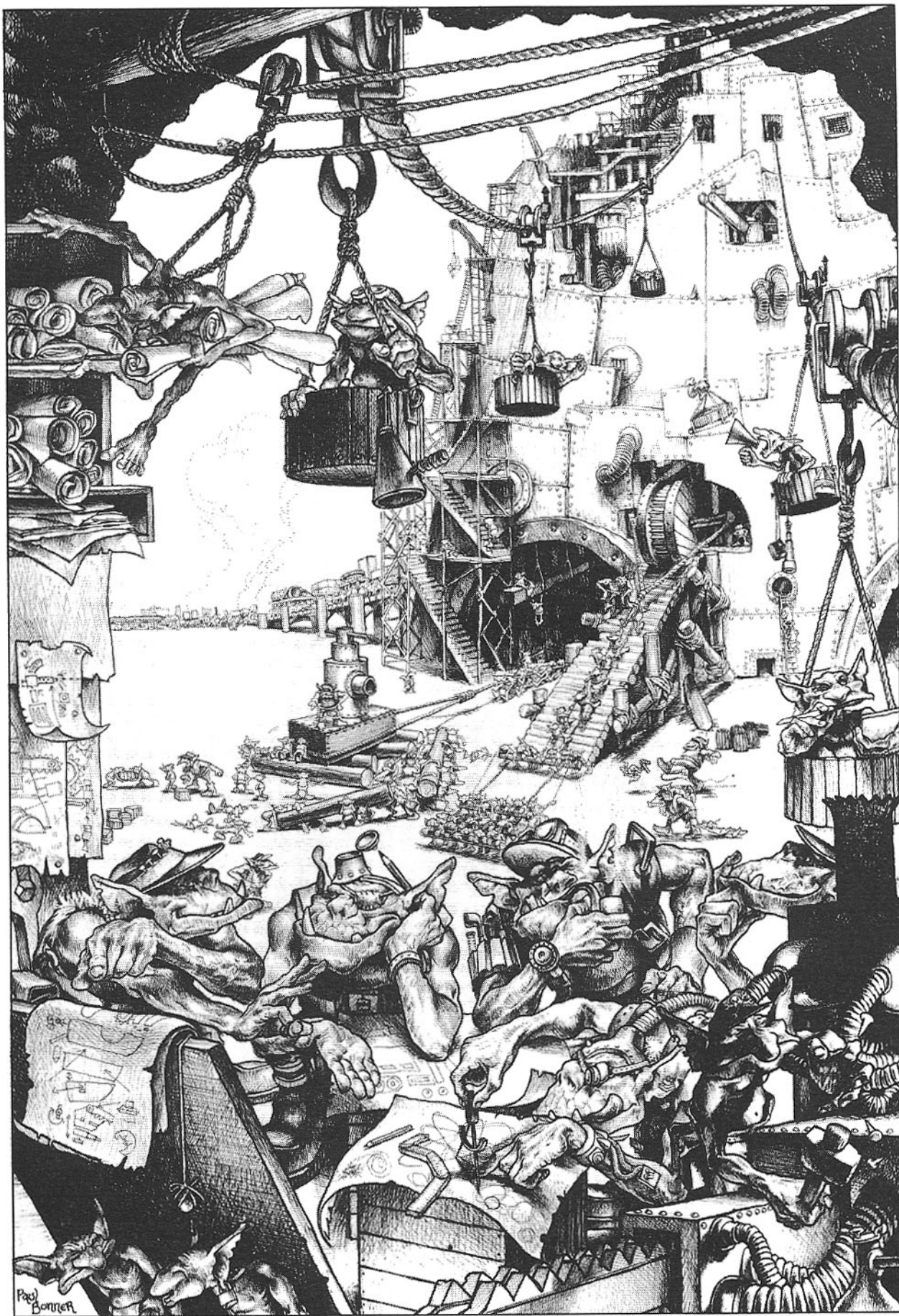
"Planz," said Ushbek proudly. "It's a war-machine like the Emperor we saw on BloodySky."

"Naw. Don't look nuffin' like it."

"Course not, Boss. It's an Ork machine. So its got to look... Orky."

Dragnatz's brow furrowed. Ushbek could tell he was concentrating.

"Ow bigz it gonna be then?"



Paul Bonner

Paul Bonner

"Bigger than da Emperor. More gunz too."

Dragnatz jabbed a finger up one nostril and began to poke around, a sure sign that he was concentrating.

"It'll never work," he said. "You'll never build it."

"Bet I will."

"Bet ya won't."

"Undred teef."

"Right, yer on."

Ushbek peered down at his plan. I'll show you, he thought. He strapped on the tool belt containing his wrenches, spanners and blow torch and made for the door.

"Oy, where ya goin'?" asked Dragnatz.

"Gonna make a start."

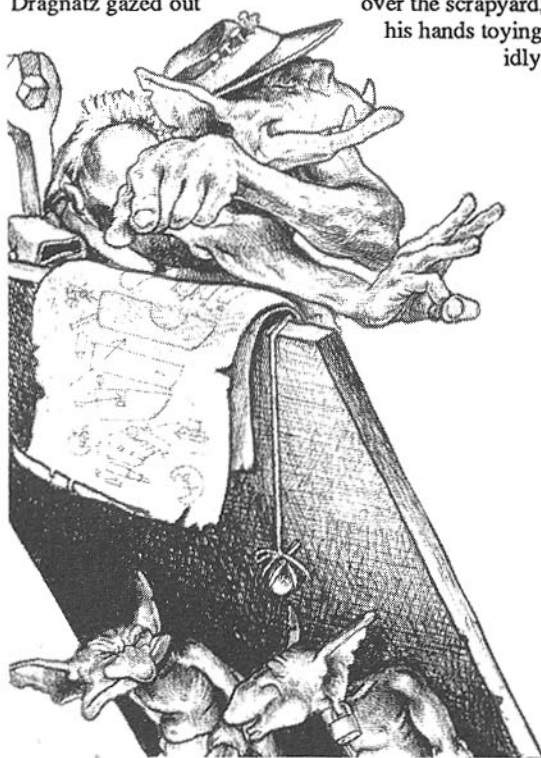
"But itz night-time." Ushbek slammed the door behind him.

In the warp Mork too was disturbed. He dreamed of war spreading like a green stain across the galaxy. He saw billions of his children following giant war-machines built in his crude image on a great crusade. He found the dream good. And slowly his vast mind moved towards wakefulness.

Dragnatz watched Ushbek work. The sun glittered on the low scaffolding he had set up. Ushbek was riveting a huge sheet of steel to another section. The sound of his rivet gun made a happy counterpoint to his off-key singing.

Dragnatz gazed out

over the scrapyard,
his hands toying
idly



with the controls of the Crusher. Steam rose from piles of slag. Flies settled on the stripped skeletons of old Wartraks. The smell of corroded metal and old ceramite was almost overwhelming. The sun had heated the squigskin of his control-seat and his back was becoming uncomfortably hot.

He had to admit he was bored. Even lifting the ruined Wartraks in the Crusher's enormous claw didn't amuse him like it once had. Ever since Ushbek had started working on the machine, or Gargant, as he called it, Dragnatz had been uneasy.

Uneasy not scared. Not like when two hundred Space Marines charged you and your bolter had just jammed. Uneasy like the excited feel you got the night before a battle. Recently he had been dreaming about the machine. Ushbek was attempting something big; not just in mechanical terms but in other ways too. *Big*.

He wondered briefly whether he should go across and offer to help the Mekboy then remembered about their bet and the fact he was Boss. Still, it was a hot day and he was bored and something troubled his soul. He needed the distraction. He reached down, picked up a hammer then wandered across to offer his services. His bodyguard followed, filled with curiosity.

Gork and Mork stirred. Their dreams reached out and touched the dreams of their people. A billion Orks turned in their sleep; suddenly, inexplicably infected by scenes of slaughter and reaving, plunder and the taking of worlds. When they awoke they looked on their surroundings and found them dull.

Makari, the Gretchin entrepreneur, studied the throng who had come out from Orktown to watch Dragnatz and Ushbek work. A mixed crowd of Mekboyz, Painboyz, Gretchin and Snotlings had gathered to gape at the great structure that was emerging. Dragnatz' personal bodyguard were labouring away like Mekboyz. It was a strange sight.

Makari cuffed a Snotling away from his tray of squigmeats.

"Theivin' git! I'll give ya a smile on the other side of your face if ya try that again," he shouted. "Oh sorry, milord. Would ya care for a squigmeat - only one toof. No? A drink of fungus-wine perhaps? Two teef to you."

The stranger, a huge, barbarous-looking Mekboy wearing the horned helm of a Goff, leaned down to peer at him from the back of a huge cycle. His camera-monocle glowed with some inner light. His shadow fell across Makari and the little Gretchin shivered.

"Wot is dat?" enquired the Goff, jerking a thumb in the direction of the scrapyard.

"Du...dunno, milord. But Dragnatz and Ushbek been buildin' it for monfs. Some folk's think itsa big steel vat for brewing fungus-wine."

"Naw, can't be that. Look at the holes in the side. Too much like winders or gunports. Be a zoggin' stoopid vat."

"Some folks say, Dragnatz an' Ushbek is Madboyz, milord. Me, I don't 'old wiv dat. Hoo ever 'eard of sensible Orks becomin' Madboyz? Naa, I fink dey buildin' a secret weapon. Hot squig, milord, only one toof."

"Nar, I fink I'll find out wot dey're up to." He revved up his bike and roared through the crowd, spraying a great cloud of dust over Makari's squigmeats. Silently the Gretchin cursed him and began to dust off his wares.

He looked up when the crowd roared. He saw that the bike-riding Goff was talking excitedly with Dragnatz. After that he joined in the work.

Gork struggled towards awareness. After centuries of dormancy it was a long process. He sensed other Powers in the warp trying to interfere. He blocked a subtle tendril from Slaanesh, ignored a baleful warning from the Emperor, discounted the triumphant cry of Khorne. He reached out with his millennia-old mind and gathered the strength of his people. Soon he would be awake and active. A body of steel had been prepared for him. A time of blood and iron was approaching.

Ushbek looked out over the scrapyards. All his good metal was nearly gone and still they weren't near finished. The workforce was getting bored. Most of them had joined for no accountable reason. They'd just drifted into the yard, picked up tools and asked to help. Now they were at a loss for what to do.

"Fings is gettin' loose," said Ugrik, the Goff. "Boyz is gettin' bored. We needs more metal."

"S'true," agreed Ushbek, "but we don't 'ave any more. We'll just 'ave to get sum."

"Where?" asked Ugrik.

"Where do we always get stuff?" asked Dragnatz. The three Orks exchanged evil grins.

"Humies," they said in unison and cackled.

As Mork gathered strength many a Warboss found himself afflicted with thoughts of power. Ancient ambitions were re-kindled. Long vanished thoughts of conquest stirred in the recesses of slow minds. They planned raids on nearby Humans and toyed with thoughts of alliances with old rivals. Not even great soul-searching could explain why this was so. The Ancient Powers knew what was happening, though. The Waa-Ork was coming.

Glug, the Mekboy, whooped with glee and put another old painting into the boiler. He could never understand why old Vleg had kept the Humie art anyway. The boiler gave a happy crackle. The dirigible raced forward.

"More coal! More coal!" he told Mirkus, chief of his

Gretchin assistants. Green bodies glistening with sweat the little creatures scuttled to obey, ladling great swathes of anthracite into the boiler's maw.

Glug fastened the earstraps of his flying helmet and pulled up his goggles. He rushed over to the gondola's high prow and leapt into his command seat. A jerk on the handle and the seat was winched up so that he could look out.

Wind roared past his face, tugging at his long scarf, making it stream out behind him. The roar of the propellers was music to him. The ground blurred by far below. The Ash Desert was a grey waste of white dunes over which the great tubular shadow of his Zep hurtled.

"Wahool!" shouted the exultant Glug, the sensation of speed driving him into delirious frenzy. "More coal! Faster!"

Glug saw huge tracks in the ash below. Filled with curiosity he pulled on one of the guidance strings. A steam whistle sounded and the Gretchin wrestled with the rudder as the great dirigible turned. Soon he saw a mighty machine emerge in the heat haze. Glug reached for his telescope and surveyed it.

It was an enormous steamcrawler; a cross between a locomotive and a battle tank. It had thrown a track and had obviously gone round in a great circle till it run out of fuel. Glug could see a forlorn looking Evil Sunz Mekboy sitting in the shadow of a smokestack. He had a bionic arm, one lonely thumb of which was stuck out.

Normally Glug would have been inclined to suspect a trap. But he was feeling good from the speed so he gave way to the strange impulse to stop and help. He brought the Zep around till it hovered over the steamcrawler and dropped anchor. The Evil Sun just managed to leap out of its way before it hit him.

Glug picked up his megaphone and leaned out to talk to the other Mekboy.

"Oy! Howzit goin'?"

"Not good! Zoggin' machine's broke an' I've gotta get to Orktown. Gotta take a look at dat big machine dat Ushbek's buildin'."

"You as well, huh? Climb up da anchor rope and I'll give ya a lift. I wanna see dat too. I hear its dead great."

"Yer, haf da Mekboyz in da Norf is gonna take a squirt at it."

As the Evil Sun clambered up the rope Glug could see that both his arms and legs were bionic and he had a huge metal bracing cage around his chest. Glug reached out and helped him aboard. As he did so he heard a loud ticking. The chest cage was covered in timepieces.

"Klokwerk," said the Evil Sun. "Nice machine ya got."

"Glug," said Glug, climbing into the command chair. "Lets get goin'. Mirkus - more coal!"

The exhausted Gretchin got up from where they lay and began to shovel. Glug tugged a command string. The steam whistle sounded and the Zep raced towards Orktown. Glug and Klokwerk howled with glee.

Gork and Mork stirred and a wave of fear passed through the warp. Suicide and incidence of violent crime climbed steeply. On Icolbar an Astropath screamed and threw himself from the balcony of a starscraper apartment, yelling that his people were doomed. On the craft-world Hope of Other Days, an Eldar philosopher stopped listening to the atonal music of his waterchimes and began composing his death-haiku, feeling his life had been justified. On distant Earth, a living corpse in a golden throne opened eyes that held fear for the first time in centuries.

Ushbek looked out from the scaffolding surrounding his Gargant. It topped the tallest of the local buildings and even Dragnatz' dropship now. Only the Western Mountains commanded a better view of the surroundings.

The newly risen sun glared down on Orktown. The place had grown from Dragnatz' small fortress holding to a vast metropolis swollen with pilgrims who had come to view the Gargant. A huge shantytown of tents and lean-tos had grown up around the old mud-brick walls. Gretchin merchants were everywhere, drawn by the wealth of the Orkish visitors and striving to cater for their needs. A funfair was going up to the north of town. The place was a regular Karnival.

That was the strangest thing, Ushbek thought. All the Orks who gathered together here seemed to feel good about one and other. There was an unnatural lack of violence about the place. The Gargant seemed to exert a calming influence on the Boyz. Maybe they really are holy, thought Ushbek. Maybe Gork and Mork really are coming to fill the bodies.

He scanned the Ash Desert to the south and counted a dozen dust trails from Wartraks and cycles. He upped the magnification of his monocle to check out a troop of Cyboards, surrounded by Gretchin. Far off in the distance what he thought was an unusual cloud formation resolved into an enormous Zep.

Outside the yard, Stormboyz drilled. He thought their uniforms looked silly but there was no arguing that they would be tough fighters. Dragnatz had dragooned them into policing Orktown but so far they had no work to do.

A Gretchin messenger clambered up the ladder and tugged at his arm.

"Dragnatz would like a word," the Gretchin said. "New Bosses arrived. Gotta question."

"Wot is it?" asked Ushbek.

"Well dere iz two Ork Godz, Gork and Mork, see? An' you is only buildin' one Gargant."

Ushbek slapped his brow with the palm of his hand. "Dat's right. Wot we gonna do?"

"Maybe build two," suggested the Gretchin cunningly. He reckoned that twice as many Gargants would be twice as good for business.

"Brill. Dat's wot we'll do den." He gave the Gretchin a heart congratulatory slap on the back. Unfortunately he knocked him from the scaffolding. Whistling embarrassedly, Ushbek climbed down the ladder.

Gork felt his attention being tugged towards one tiny world on the edge of Orkdom. A strange attraction drew him to it. He leaned down from warpspace and looked upon it. His breath brought storms in the Ash Desert. His gaze caused machines to break down. His lightest tread brought earthquakes. Seeing the disruption he was causing among his people he withdrew. He knew the time was not yet right for his return. He withdrew but he left a message.

The Madboy wandered out of the desert into the small town of Grubrat. He looked at the empty streets and the broken machines. He passed between the white buildings till he came to the place where the survivors huddled.

A few Orks gazed suspiciously at him. They sat round a small campfire. Some runtz scuttled about seeking more combustible material. One of them tried to tug his staff from his hand but the Madboy gazed down on him with soft knowing eyes and he desisted.

"Howdya get here through the ashstorm? Where ya goin', stranger," asked the largest of the Orks, a burly Goff with a monocle and nose ring.

"Everywhere, Zorg. I'z a messenger."

The Orks looked at each other and guffawed except for Zorg.

"Owdya know me name?" Zorg asked.

The stranger shrugged. "I'z goin' ta Orktown to spread the word. Da Godz have walked this world. They wantz us Orks ta begin ta move again. We'ze rested easy too long. Itz time ta claim more worldz."

Silence fell. Even the Gretchin stopped moving. The Madboy saw one stand poised, a stick of salvaged wood held ready to throw onto the flames. Something in his soft voice held them spell-bound. He carried the word of the gods. It rested within him, demanding their attention.

"Ya must go to Orktown," he told them and they simply nodded. "Da people gather. Waa-Ork is coming. Go to Orktown. Add your strength."

The Madboy turned and departed into the night. After a while, Zorg got up and looked for tracks in the ash. He found none.

Mork moved on the face of the warp, brushing aside

Daemons and ignoring ancient barriers set by long dead Gods. He moved from world to world and placed in the heart of every Ork the desire to be restless, to move, to follow the siren call of adventure when it came. He sensed other Powers subtly striving to oppose him and laughed as their attempts to restrain his crude, irresistible purpose.

Ushbek, Dragnatz, Ugrik, Glug and all the others sat round the table and considered the plans. It was all coming together. They felt justifiably proud.

From behind them came the sound of toil. Legions of Gretchin fitted out the inside of the Gargants. From the newly re-built fortress of Orktown a constant stream of wagons progressed towards the mighty shells, carrying weapons, ammunition and raw materials.

Ushbek watched as Gretchin overseers moved from the planning house to the Gargants by way of the new pulley system Glug had devised. The former aeronaut's knowledge of winching systems had proved very useful.

"We wuz lucky dat da earthquake did so little damage to da Gargants," said Ushbek. "We'ze only a coupla dayz ahind schedule."

"Itz like dey wuz spared," said Glug, a hint of awe showed in his voice.

"You're startin' ta sound like da followers o' da Messenger," said Dragnatz. Ushbek was glad to hear his voice. This was the first time they had seen him in weeks. Ruling Orktown was taking up more and more of his time as the crowds flowed in.

"Nuthin' wrong wiv dat," said Ugrik. "Eez sendin' us enuff new ladz."

Ushbek had to admit this was true; the mysterious stranger had gone around all the clans and towns after the wave of strange storms and earthquakes. He had talked to the Bosses and told them they must come to Orktown. Since then hordes of Orks and Gretchin had poured across the desert. Orktown now held the largest agglomeration of Boyz he had ever seen.

Mekboyz were digging mines in the Western Mountains. The vehicles they had arrived in had been cannibalised to provide machinery for the new factories and refineries. A constant smoky haze covered the city. It wasn't only the Gargants that were being built now. South of the parade ground rose the skeletal frame of an enormous starship, big enough to carry the Gargants.

As he listened to Dragnatz and the Mekboyz bicker over the plans, Ushbek felt uneasy. Things had changed so much since the day he had begun work in his scrapyard. All of them, even Dragnatz, seemed to be like debris in an ashstorm, being blown by winds beyond their power to resist. He had been the first pebble that started a landslide. The building of the Gargants had become part of some greater purpose.

All the world seemed to be on the move.

"Heard a rumour that Nozzgrond an' his ladz were shipwrecked in the Iron Isles durin' that last big storm," said Dragnatz. "Seems they decided they couldn't wait to join us so they're buildin' their own Gargant."

"Dat's the third time in as many monfs dat's 'appened," said Ushbek. "Dey're soon gonna be a dozen Gargants on dis wurd."

"Da more da merrier," said Dragnatz and the rest nodded agreement.

Ushbek wondered what the significance of the Gargants really was. The mania for building them seemed to be part of the strange mood of all Orks. He remembered his first idea of them, as bodies for the Gods. He had lost sight of his original vision as he got engrossed in technical details. Now it returned to haunt him. Was it really possible, he asked himself, was the Messenger right? Were the Gods really going to come and claim their metal bodies?

The thought filled him with wonder and fear.

The Emperor knew that he must save his people. If Gork and Mork unleashed their hordes then any unprepared worlds would be swept aside by a green tide of death.

The Emperor bent his thoughts to the task. Across Human space, within the range of the Astronomicon, Imperial Tarot began to foretell disaster. Commanders consulting them found all the signs of impending catastrophe on a cosmic scale.

In the Segmentum Obscura, Battlefleets were recalled and prepared for war. On the homeworlds of the Adeptus Astartes, Space Marines reached for their weapons, knowing their time of destiny was near. On the edges of the Eye Of Terror, the Orders of the Adeptus Titanicus roused their ancient war-machines. Having surveyed his Empire and seen it was ready the dying immortal within the Golden Throne prepared himself for the conflict to come.

Beneath a black and starless sky Tovarg surveyed his handiwork. Across the asteroid's cratered surface the Gargant rose dwarfing even the ancient Eldar Sphinxes of the tomb city of Kharis. Space-suited Orks left their powerfield bubbles to put the final touches on the machine.

He paused to question why he had done it and couldn't find an answer. Ever since the ship from Dragnatz's world had arrived bearing tales of the great gathering he had burned with desire to build the machine.

Now it was complete, he wondered what he was going to do. He smiled, sure that Warboss Garaz would think of a good use for it. He noticed that someone was placing a Jolly Ork on its side. It was a good sign.

Below a mountain carved to represent Gork, Wulfrogh lashed his Gretchin to greater efforts. He had promised Warboss Davlok that his Gargant would be complete before Dragnatz's and he intended to see the promise fulfilled. He cursed his ladz for lazy slackers and once more picked up his rivet gun.

Mekboy Grusom watched as a thousand captured Humans strained to lift the gun barrel and slide it into place in the Gargant's stomach. He pulled the old painting tight round his shoulders like a cloak and laughed as he surveyed the ruins of former palaces. The Humans had thought they were smart coz they lived in big huts full of animated paintings and dancing statues; well, we showed them better. Now they're working for us. He whooped and pumped bolter rounds into a collonaded pillar just from high spirits as the vapour trails in the sky announced the arrival of the Space Marines.

Gork and Mork knew that they were ready. Their people were agitated and prepared for battle. The Emperor, their chosen enemy, had deployed his forces. The first skirmishes had been fought, now war was about to be joined.

Beyond them they sensed the Chaos Powers watching, waiting to see what advantage the God-brothers' actions might bring them. In the darkest pits of creation twisted creatures prepared to follow the Orks' advance. Gork and Mork did not care. They knew they were strong enough to resist Chaos.

The time was right. The time was now. It was time for Gork and Mork to have some fun.

Looking down from the Zep, Ushbek saw roofs covered in a sea of Gretchin faces. An enormous crowd filled the square, looking at the Gargants in awe. Stormboyz mingled with Painboyz. Gretchin merchants sold cheap souvenirs. Cycles roared across the wasteland between Orktown and the building site. In the distance a group of late arrivals trooped into the square led by a tall Madboy with a long staff.

Ushbek watched Dragnatz climb up the inset ladder to the Gargant's head. The crowd waited expectantly. From the cupola, the Mekboyz had the best view in Orktown.

"We did it, hur, hur," shouted Glug, from his command chair. "Dey're ready to go."

Ushbek felt his heart swell with pride as he looked down on the Gargants. They loomed over the mob like waiting giants. He remembered that moment long ago when he looked upon the Emperor's war-machine. The thought of it no longer worried him. They had built something better and more Orky.

The thunder of the crowds voices increased. Sections of the crowd took to chanting.

"'Ere we go! 'Ere we go. 'Ere we go!"

Dragnatz stood atop the Gargant, flanked by his

personal bodyguard and made a gesture for silence. An amazing thing happened - the crowd quietened. Ushbek saw Dagnatz raise his bolter. The crowd lifted their own weapons in return.

"Well, ladz," said Dragnatz, his voice carrying easily without any amplification, "We've got our Gargantz an' we've got our weapons. Wot ain't we got?"

The crowd leaned forward, straining to hear the answer.

"We ain't got anybody fer target practice, iz wot. So I'll tell yer wot we're gonna do. We're gonna give the Humies a taste of 'ot metal death, is wot. We's gonna take Big Gork and Big Mork 'ere an' we's gonna stomp Humiel!"

The crowd cheered so hard that Ushbek was surprised their mass exhalation failed to blow the Zep about. He studied Dragnatz carefully. His old Boss seemed transformed and exultant. He beamed out, face lit with boisterous good cheer.

"An' anybody else 'oo gets in our way. Coz we'z Orks. Wot are we?"

"We're Orks," the crowd bellowed back. Ushbek and the rest of the Mekz joined in.

"Wot are we?"

"We're Orks!"

"Wot?"

"Waa-Ork!"

Dragnatz threw the great tripswitch. The Gargant shuddered to life. The roar of its engines merged with the roar of the crowd. It seemed to Ushbek in that moment that he sensed two vast roaring presences descending from the sky. In a moment of revelation he knew that everyone in that enormous crowd felt the same. For a moment they were all as one, at one with their Gods.

"Waa-Ork!" he yelled along with everyone else.

Dragnatz gestured for the Gargant to move off. The crowd and their vehicles followed, filling the gaps between the huge war-machines with a host of cycles and Wartraks. The Orks headed towards the waiting ships and their greater destiny.

"'Ere we go, 'Ere we go, 'Ere we go!" They chanted.

In the Warp Gork and Mork waited, well pleased. Across the face of a million worlds their children were on the move, a green tide that would topple empires and re-shape the Universe. The Waa-Ork was on the move.



TEETH

In Ork society, teeth are used as money, and form the entire basis of the Ork economy. The teeth must be big, sharp, ivory-like Ork fangs to have any real value - Human teeth won't do at all, nor will those of Gretchin or Snotlings. The Orks have used teeth as money since time immemorial. This is a natural form of currency, considering the fact that Orks shed and replace their teeth every few years. This means the number of teeth in circulation never diminishes enough to create a shortage, and that no individual Ork can be reduced to dire poverty for very long.

Orks who spend their teeth faster than they grow them may be forced to extract their own teeth, or to get one of the Painboyz to do it for them. They must then rely on crude, metal choppers crafted by Meks until their natural teeth grow back.

The tooth economy does mean that those with the most teeth are the wealthiest Orks. Some big Orks, notably the Bad Moon Clan, grow more teeth than others, and all Orks grow better teeth than Gretchin and Snotlings. Since the teeth of these smaller Orkoids have little value, they are easily kept in servitude in Ork Society. The only way for a Gretchin to become wealthy is to work hard and acquire proper Ork teeth.

With Orks regrowing their teeth every five years or less, one might naturally expect inflation to be a bit of a problem in the Ork economy. This is not the case. The problem is, in fact, solved by nature itself. Ork teeth have a natural strength and sharpness that is maintained only as long as the teeth are living material. Once the teeth are shed, they become lifeless. Gradually, the teeth begin to deteriorate, until, at some later point (a few years at most), they shatter or crumble into dust.



Martin McKenna

Broken or degenerated Ork teeth have no value in the Ork economy; as a result, they are tossed aside once they reach this point. Because of this natural breakdown, Orks have a tendency to spend their teeth quickly in hope of beating the process of decay. Likewise, Ork merchants and manufacturers meticulously check the consistency of spending teeth before accepting them in barter. Rumour has it that some Human advisors to Ork warlords have devised ways of impeding or arresting this process of decay, thereby making their warlord's holdings more consistent. This rumour has never been proven; consequently, it is either untrue, or it is one of the best kept secrets a warlord has.

"Ere, Boss, tell us a story!"

"Dunno about dat Giblet. Where's me stuffed squig surprise den, ya lazy grot?"

"Can't find da squig-seller, Boss. Dey is chasing 'im all over da market place. Hef 'as run over da cook, da Death Skull Boyz nicked yer teefpouch, da fungus wine 'as dried up, Nuzzgrond borrowed yer boltgun an' sez 'e'll bring it back after da Waa-Ork (if yer lucky), yer banner aksidentally fell in da drops when I woz cleanin' it, Ferdugh sez no more credit yer tight git yer still owe me for da last lot, da Blood-Axes used Grub fer tergit practise an' 'is legs is all blown off..."

"Orright den, but let go me ankle Giblet 'fore I boot yer. Once upon a time, Gork an' Mork were sittin' in Da Big City. Dey were bored. Dey 'ad duffed up da Emperor, given da big Stunt a bootin' an' chased da Eldar Gods from one end of da ooniverse to da other. Dey had nobody left to fight an' dey knew dat dey were da toughest Orks in da ooniverse.

"I'm bored," says Gork. "Dats da problem wiv bein' da hardest Ork in da ooniverse."

Mork woz bored too, so 'e nutterd 'im. Gork wasn't well pleased so he picked up a mountain an' dropped it on Mork. He 'it 'im so 'ard dat 'is 'ead was flattened into 'is chest Giblet don' pick yer nose when I'm tellin' yer a story. Mork picked up da Big City and threw it at Gork but 'e missed. He threw it so 'ard dat it went up into da sky an' hit a space 'ulk. Dat's how da Boyz first got in space. Gork smacked Mork in da gob an' 'e went flyin' over da mountains and landed by da Big Sea... Wot about Nuzzgrond's drops? Dere must be some good juicy squigs in dere."

"Me an' Gobbit tried, Master, but Gobbit got 'is 'ead bitten off by da face-eater squig den we woz chased off by Nuzzgrond's Boyz."

"Well, couldn't yer 'ave brought me back wot woz left, yer skivin' git? 'Arf a grot is better dan no grot at all. Waste not want not, as dey say."

"Nuzzgrond's Boyz eat 'it, dere woz nothin' I could do... Honest, Boss... Why is yer lookin' at me dat way? 'Ere leggo me arm! OW! Please, Boss! Don't eat me! AAAaargh!"

SOCIAL ORGANISATION

THE HOUSEHOLD

The Ork household is the basic element of the Orks' social organisation and the basic fighting unit of their armies. Every household has its most important or senior members - called Nobz. It also contains many more ordinary Orks - Da Boyz - plus maybe a few of the strange Oddboyz. Households also have plenty of Runtz - Gretchin and Snotling servants.

THE FAMILY

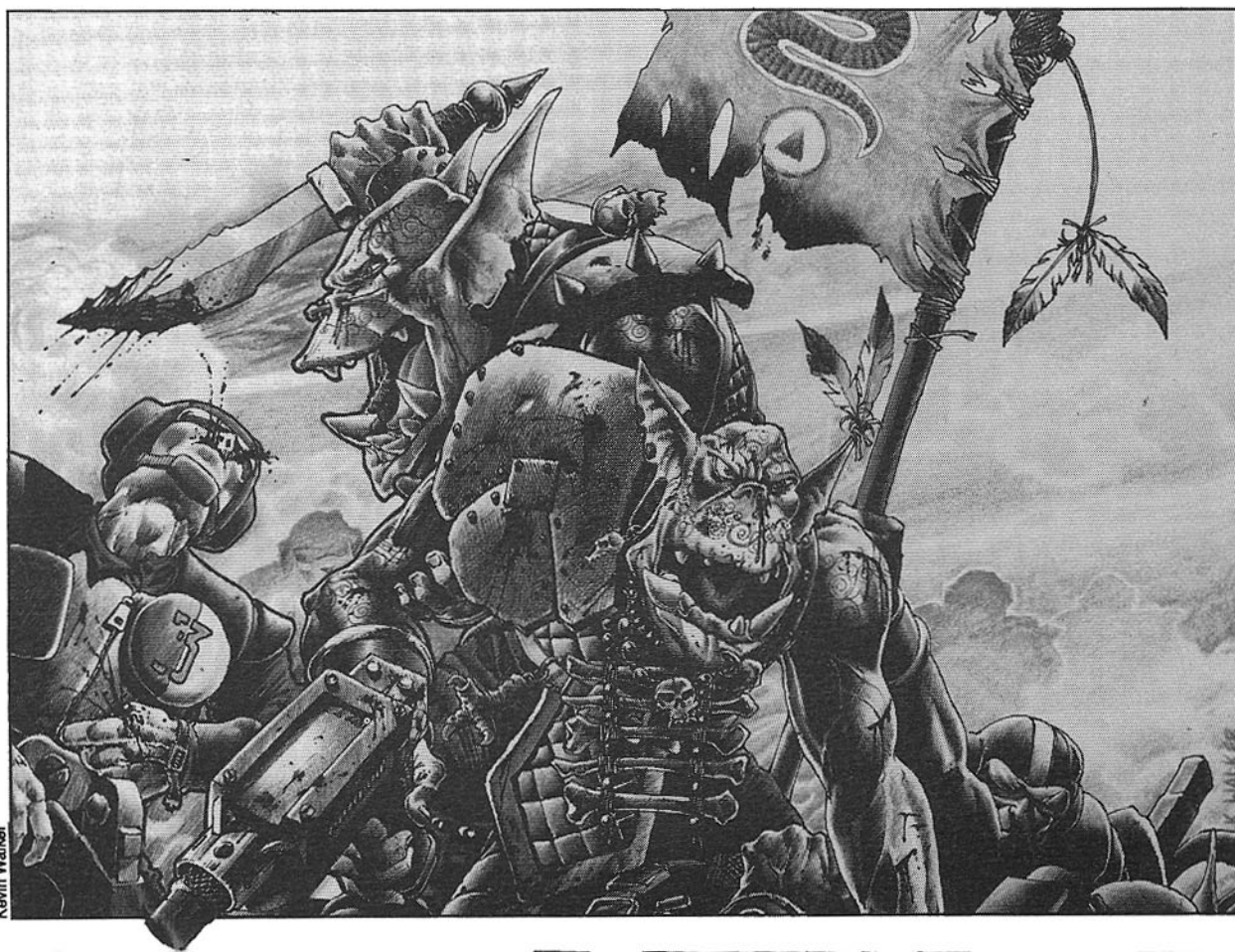
An Ork family is an extended social group that includes many Households. The leader of a family will be the top Nob of all the Households. Each family has a heraldic symbol and a family name. If the family symbol is a totem beast, the name reflects some savage aspect of the animal, such as the Rabid Fangs, Venomous Bites, Raging Beasts, or Snarling Jaws. A few families have adopted or acquired newer names, such as the Blasting Bolters, Melta-Maniaks or Wicked Fire.

THE CLAN

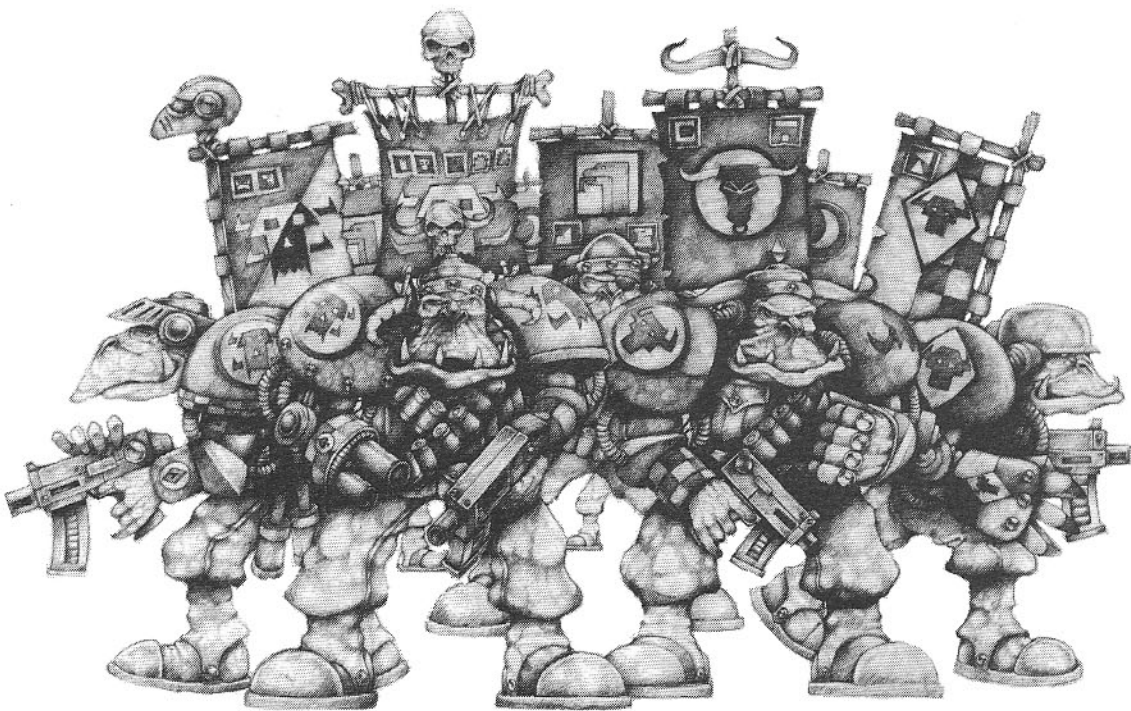
An Ork clan includes many families. Each clan incorporates Nobz, Boyz and Oddboyz, and the Gretchin and Snotling Runtz, but in differing proportions. These reflect the character and traditions of that clan. All of the six principle clans are described on the following pages, though there are undoubtedly more, less well-known ones.

Clans are easily distinguished by their traditional styles of clothing, war panoply, adornments, and customs. Most of these are of ancient Orkish origin and may have special ritual significance within the clan. Other, newer customs may spontaneously appear within one clan, but not another, depending upon the clan's outlook and attitudes.

Each clan is known by its heraldry, and every member bears the mark of the clan in some way, although variation due to individual style is common. Clans also vary in their expression of the Ork character and attitudes toward waging war.



Kevin Walker



Wayne England

I have to report that a strong force of Orks has entered our Sector. They have devastated Danonura. Hekitai has offered them tribute. I am convinced that this is not just a raiding force but a migrating tribe led by Grimshak the Flayer.

The tribe goes by the name Waa-Snikaz-Grimshak, which I believe means 'We are Grimshak's Cuthroats' in their own uncouth tongue - a name which is well earned. It appears that his tribe contains contingents from all the known Ork clans, although there may be more that we do not know of - we only have a few corpses from the battlefield and captives brought in by the scouts with which to identify them.

You may already be aware of the following facts, but I think it is worth reiterating them in the light of our discoveries. The tribe is organised in typical Ork fashion, by households, families and clans. Every household forms a unit of at least four or five 'Boyz', each led by the headman or 'Boss'. These tactical units follow the heads of their families and can be identified by insignia which are displayed on their backplates and the back banners of their leaders.

From such insignia we have identified the following clans: the Goffs, the Bad Moons, the Death Skulls, the Evil Sunz, the Snake-Bites and the Blood-Axes. We expected to find the first five clans, but the Blood-Axes came as a surprise. The bribes have obviously not been enough to keep them away. Their greed has led them to bury their animosity towards the other clans and join with them. Let this be a lesson: the Ork cannot be trusted, as the only thing he understands is force and might.

We are now up against a very powerful enemy. The presence of the Goffs means we can expect to encounter Stormboyz. I fear that they will be found leading the assaults, which will certainly be pressed home with determination. The Bad Moons are wealthy enough to afford good weaponry and may have brought their psykers - which I believe they call Weirdboyz - with them. While I fear that the Death Skulls will loot our settlements and spare no-one, I have been informed that the Snake-Bites are the most feral and savage of the whole lot. Finally we have the Evil Sunz to contend with. With a huge number of machines and Mekboyz at their disposal, we know that Grimshak's army will be efficient.

Information also reveals that Grimshak has gathered around him a council of warlords, one warboss from each of the clans in his army. For once, they seem united in their lust for loot. It is only Grimshak's ruthless authority which binds them. If Grimshak can be defeated, the tribe may fall into dissension and we can mop up the individual contingents one by one. We cannot stand against them if they remain united. I suggest we send Commissars to all the outposts to make sure they resist. Meanwhile we must prepare for a decisive battle.

*- Report from Imperial Commander Skar Kulm,
sent to the Commander of the local
Imperial Guard forces, at the outset of the
Ork invasion of Rael's World.*

The lead Wartrak screeched to a halt, throwing up a cloud of grit and foul smoke. Choking and coughing Gretchin hung onto metal hand-holds for all they were worth.

"Off! Off! Everybody off! Fire!"

Mekaniak Gogbolg stood up in the saddle and lashed at his Gretchin helpers with his ceremonial starting handle. The Gretchin, knowing what was expected of them, dropped down to the ground, ready for action.

In an instant, they had knocked out the coupling bolt and had started pushing the Field Gun into position. Gogbolg grinned. Once again, he would be the first to fire at the stinkin' 'ooman gits.

There was a low rumbling behind Gogbolg, and he turned just in time to see Bruggoz's gun team come over the rise, Field Gun first, followed by the towing Wartrak. Gogbolg bit his own nose in fury. The flash git had pulled the coupler out while he was on the move! If - and it was a big if - he managed to end up pointing in the right direction, he would be the first to fire.



Gogbolg wasn't having any of that. Fortunately his own gun was already loaded with its *hop-splat*.

"Fire! Fire!"

Gogbolg screamed at his Gretchin as Bruggoz's Field Gun swept past, its crew trying to load on the move.

"But Boss..." The Gretchin seemed agitated about something. It was probably the excitement, thought Gogbolg. "Fire!", he shouted again.

"But..." protested the Gretchin.

"Do I 'ave ter do everyfing myself?" Gogbolg brought the starting handle down on the firing lever. The gun went off with a roar.

The Gretchin watched the *hop-splat* whistling towards the Human lines. Its chain was pulled to full stretch. then, with tears of joy and pride in their eyes, they watched Gogbolg whistling off towards the Human lines.

They had tried to tell him - the chain had been firmly wrapped around his ankle.

THE TRIBE

Any large gathering of Orks under the leadership of a single great Warlord is called a tribe. A tribe may be settled or nomadic and may dominate a settlement, or an entire world. It may have an empire of its own, or be just a migrating horde of pirates and raiders whose only home is their fleet of space hulks. A tribe usually includes Orks belonging to several of the major clans. Of course, the clans are so big and scattered that all its members are not included within any one tribe. Likewise, it is possible that only one or two clans may be represented in a tribe. As a general rule, however, most types of Ork are likely to be present in varying strengths in any tribe.

The tribe implies no common link in terms of kinship or descent (as does the clan), nor any common social role or status. A tribe is simply a great horde of Orks, and its composition may include any of the known Ork clans and social types.

Any large Ork army or raiding force could be described as a tribe. Such tribes can come into existence suddenly, welded under the authority of some great warlord. In other instances, they may have grown up over generations of occupation in a particular place. A tribe might exist only temporarily - say, for the duration of a campaign - or it may be permanent, especially if it is the result of a migrating horde of Orks on rampage through the galaxy without encountering any other Orks to merge with. Whatever the case, the tribe adopts a special name for itself, often incorporating the name of their current leader (such as *Waa-Snagrod*), or locality (such as *Black Rock Raiders*).

Interclan Rivalry

An Ork tribe includes contingents of several clans. Within the tribe, these clans tend to keep together, often building their dwellings clustered together in the tribal settlement. If the tribe is nomadic, the members of a clan travel together on the same spaceships. Not surprisingly, there is a certain amount of robust rivalry between the various clans within a tribe. Orks indulge in many sports and competitive events, such as pit-fighting, Squig eating, Squig racing, kart racing, battlefield trophy collecting, bloodbowl, and countless more. In these events, clan competes against clan, as interclan rivalry is given full vent. Naturally, every clan believes they're better than every other.

SPLINTER CLANS

Although most of the known clans are of ancient origin, these origins are obscure, and subject to much speculation (and no little arguing) by those concerned. Some clans may have formed as splinter groups from older clans or tribes that existed in the distant past. This process still continues to date. Occasionally, a new clan is formed.

The formation of a new clan is a gradual process. It occurs when a tribe of Orks, or a splinter group from a clan, becomes isolated. The customs and attitudes of this isolated group undergo changes unrelated to the mainstream clan culture from which they have sprung. Some traditions from the original clans may continue in modified form, but after a few generations, a new clan with new customs has effectively been created.

Tribes include groups from several clans welded together under the authority of a warlord. Many tribes fragment after the demise of the warlord, after a defeat, or at the end of the campaign. If the tribe remains intact for a long time, it may become forged into a new clan. The major Ork clans may have originated in a process similar to this. During the times of the Waa-Ork, when scattered groups of Orks unite into enormous migrating hordes, many such tribes are formed. These tribes break up after the Waa-Ork dissipates. However, since the Waa-Ork may rage for centuries, some tribes will weld together into new clans during that time.

PIT FIGHTS

If the warlord of the tribe is slain or overthrown, the tribe may fragment, as different factions go their separate ways. Often, a henchman of the warlord takes over as the new warlord and the tribe remains intact.

At times, a warlord's authority may be challenged by his rivals. The outcome of power struggles are resolved through low cunning (assassination etc), or ritually, by means of a pit fight. This is the favourite option, since it entertains the whole tribe and establishes the victor as the warlord beyond dispute.

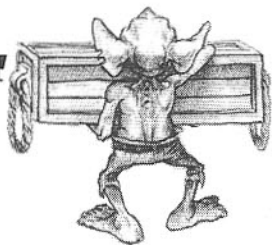
The warlord simply takes on any rival contenders in gladiatorial combat in a fighting pit. Rivals are thus dispatched by the warlord, or he is overthrown. Every Ork settlement has fighting pits for this purpose. They are also used for the resolution of other disputes. If an Ork has a grudge against another Ork, or if there is a score to settle, Orks can challenge each other to a pit fight. Pit fighting serves the Orks as a rough and ready judicial system.



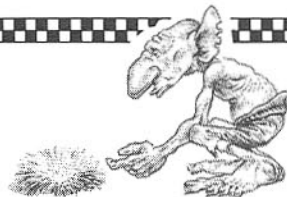
'Oomans are all pink and soft, not tough and green like da Boyz. They'z all the same size too - no big 'uns or little 'uns, so they'z always arguing about who's in charge, 'cos there's no way of telling 'cept fer badges an' ooniforms and fings. Anuvver fing - when they do sumfing, they try to make it look like somfink else to confuse everybody. When one of them wants to lord it over the uvvers, 'e says "I'm very speshul so'z you gotta worship me", or "I know summink wot you lot don't know, so yer better lissen good". Da funny fing is, arf of them believe it and da over arf don't, so 'e 'as to hit 'em all anyway or run fer it. Wot a lot of mukkin' about if yer asks me. An' while they'z all arguin' wiv each other over who's da boss, da Orks can sneak up an' clobber da lot.

Snotgrub's view of humanity and its failings





DA CLANZ



Dey iz loadsa clans in da Ooniverz, see? All of 'em 'cept one is proper Orkses, 'n' da ovver is proper Orkses too - 'cept fer bein' stinkin' 'ooman lovin' gits, dat is.

SNAKE-BITES

First they lets da snake bite 'em, den dey bites da head orf da snake; say it makes an Ork of ya. Dey is always lookin' fer sumfink. Dese are da Boyz who likes to hop on space hulks and go places and die inna warp.

The Snake-Bites rarely settle in one place for long. To the other Orks, the Snake-Bites always seem to be *lookin' fer somefink and wanderin' orf*. They only stay on a planet long enough to get into a fight and then they're off again. Imperial scholars have speculated that this clan may be the last remnants of ancient Ork culture. The Snake-Bite Orks suffer the birthing urge more than any other clan, and are prone to wandering off into the wilderness to give birth. They produce large litters of whelps who are toughened by the strange initiation rites of the clan.

The only good 'ooman is a dead 'ooman. An' da only fink better than a dead 'ooman'z a dyin' 'ooman who tells yer where ter find 'is mates.

Morglum Necksnapper

These initiation rites involve being bitten by poisonous snakes and sucking out the venom straight away (hence their name). Few Orks succumb to the poison — most just get tougher the more they are bitten. Snake-Bite Orks always carry a selection of venomous serpents with them when they migrate to new planets, just in case the indigenous lifeforms prove to be unsuitably inoffensive. They continue to toughen themselves in this way throughout their lives. It's just as well that this clan produces so many whelps, because so many of the clan wander off *lookin' fer somethink* and are never seen again.

The sign of this clan is the serpent. The Snake-Bite Orks are a savage and feral clan who prefer to live in wild and desolate places. They cultivate Hairy Squigs so they can decorate themselves with extravagant crests and topknots. Their bodies are covered all over in swirling red tattoos, like coiled snakes. Other common features are wolfskin headgear and wolf pelts, which add to their wild and primitive appearance. Clothing can incorporate all kinds of pelts and bits of animal (including dead rats suspended by their tails). Headgear is likely to be adorned with grotesque horns. One of their most distinctive elements of dress are their snake belts, which are fastened with metal buckles in the form of a snake.

Pendants and jewellery are made of stone or ceramic beads, feathers, shells or animal claws. These are hung all over the body, which is pierced specially for this purpose. Painboyz are particularly fond of this task, and take great pains to locate the most painful spots to pierce.

Heavy neck rings and spiky collars are favoured by some Snake-Bites, who claim this to be a precaution against being throttled by personal enemies who might creep up behind them in the night. This clan is also noted for its grotesque lip-plugs, strange icons, and its highly individualistic backplates and back banners.

The Snake-Bite Orks like to maintain many Boarboyz. This may hark back to Orkish warfare of a former age, which is now revitalised by the advent of Cyboars. These bionically enhanced and extremely savage creatures are an awesome testament to the combined talents of the Meks and Painboyz who engineered them.



Tony Hough

GOFFS

Biggest an' ugliest Orkses, loadsa Stormboyz an' Nobz. Dey fights 'and-to-'and. None of dis sissy-stuff, 'anging back an' sneakin' like grotty Gretchin an' snivlin' Snotlin's. No uvver clan is as 'ard as da Goffs.

The Goffs are identified by their predominantly black gear and the clan totem, which is a black bull's head. This clan has the reputation of having the biggest, ugliest, meanest, and most ferocious Orks.

Of all the Ork warrior clans, Goffs are the most inspired by the thrill and thunder of battle, and are specialists in hand-to-hand combat. They consider themselves superior to the cowardly Orks from other clans, who hang back to shoot when they could get into the thick of battle. They are particularly fond of the stick grenades, because they're hurled by hand and are good for close combat in trenches, ruins, bunkers and ratholes. Goffs usually carry a brace of hefty stick grenades (known as *stikbomz*) stuffed down their black jackboots.

Black is the preferred colour of the Goffs. Other clans that wear bright colours and patterns are simply mocked as *not proper Orks*, or just plain *weedy*. The most common decoration is a chequer pattern of black and white or a contrasting border. Excessive deviation from the way of the clan is met with derision, and the miscreant will certainly get clobbered by any Boss Ork who comes his way. War paint

and tattoos are also considered taboo by the Goffs, but skull earrings, death's head pendants, metal studs piercing the flesh, skull-shaped gorgets hung around the throat, and large nose-rings are favoured. To the Goffs, these are the outward signs of the tough character of the inner Ork.

Head-dress is usually a horned helmet, or a teutonic-style helmet, either of which offers plenty of protection to the neck (much like the old *Stahlhelm* or spiked *Picklehaube* of ancient Terra). Members of the clan wear a backplate which bears the Orkish rune of their household which is enamelled in colour on a black ground.

The Goffs can boast the greatest numbers of Nobz and Stormboyz. This is because the Goffs are the most militaristic of all the Orks. All Orks love to wage war, and often wage war to live, but of the Goffs it can truly be said that they live only for war.

Goff whelps indulge in dangerous trials of strength among themselves. For these contests, they don ritual bulls-head helmets with great bull's horns attached to them. They then charge each other in the manner of raging bulls, colliding with a loud crack as the horned headgear makes contact. The whelps continue to headbutt each other until one has had enough, or until they've headbutted each other to death.

The slave herds of Snotlings and Gretchin (Snotz and Grotz) are not permitted to wear black - this privilege is reserved for Goffs alone. However, the Snotz and Grotz are allowed to paint their faces with black paint. The slaves must be content with drab, neutral colours. Any attempt to wear bright colours is met with extreme chastisement at the hands of a disapproving Goff.



BAD MOONS

Da richboyz. Dey grow teef a lot faster den wot kan da uvver clanz, so dey iz richer den wot da uvver clanz iz, see? Loadsda teef-snatchin Gretchin 'angin around 'em all da time. Loadsda slaves an' all. Dey 'ave to spend it all on gear to fight off da ovver clanz wot wants to redisturbute der welf a bit.

The symbol of the Bad Moon Clan is a grimacing, yellow moon-face wrapped in a halo of black flames. The Bad Moon Clan are what passes for a merchant class in Ork society, continuously buying, selling, swapping, and conning to get teeth. Bad Moons are found in almost every Ork tribe. They grow teeth faster than other Orks, which has made them the richest clan. They also own a large number of Flesheaters, which add to their wealth.

Bad Moon warriors wear strikingly patterned clothing and shocking war paint designed to terrify the enemy. The high rankers among them wear garishly decorated back banners and the richest openly flaunt their wealth by wearing necklaces of teeth. This clan possesses great numbers of slaves, who are used in manufacturing war gear that is traded with other clans to bring in more wealth.

Bad Moons often engage in highly secret deals with alien races to gain access to technology and war gear unavailable to other Orks. They also love to spend their teeth on food, which means many Bad Moons are a bit stout around the belt.

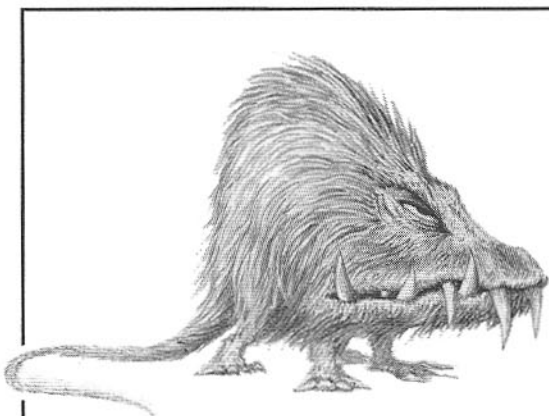
Another aspect of the wealthy Bad Moon Clan are their pretensions to knowledge (such as it is understood among the Orks). Basically, the Bad Moon Clan have a reputation for knowing things most Orks see no practical use for. This clan also tends to have a lot of Weirdboyz, who use their wealth to dress flamboyantly. Unfortunately for them, they end up being dragged off to battle and used against the enemy like any other weapon.

The Gretchin frantically burrowed through the mess on his master's workbench. It was piled high with spanners, nails, tins of grease, a large variety of hammers (size large to enormous) and the odd half-eaten squig. He finally identified the required tool, yanked it out of the mess and handed it to the Mek.

"No, yer don' unnerstand, stoopid," said the Bad Moons Mekboy, in a despairing tone. He snatched the tool out of the Gretchin's hand as it tried to duck away.

"I sed gubbins! Its no good giving me a widgit is it, are yoo thick or sumfink? 'Ow many times 'ave I told you da diffruns? DIS wun in my 'and is a gubbins. DAT wun on da table is a widgit. Widgit (WHACK) and gubbins (WHOP)! Geddit?"

The Gretchin, lying through what teeth remained to him, nodded his head vigorously. He knew the tools were identical - he'd unpacked them from the crate that very morning. As far as he could make out the only difference between the two items was that the widgit was covered in oil, and the gubbins wasn't - at least, not quite as much.



Flesheaters

In order to increase their wealth, some Orks breed large, ferocious beasts known as Flesheaters. The Flesheater has a great, gaping mouth like a crocodile, full of rows of sharp fangs that are similar to an Ork's canine teeth. Flesheaters continually shed and replace their teeth, and all the Orks have to do is send a Gretchin in to fetch the old ones. Needless to say, the Gretchin aren't overly keen on this duty. Like Ork teeth, Flesheater teeth also deteriorate after a few years. Flesheaters are extremely long-lived, but rarely breed in captivity, making them even more valuable. Most Orks who own Flesheaters are either already Nobz, or become Nobz on account of their wealth. Not surprisingly, impoverished Orks sometimes attempt to steal a Flesheater, or even raid rival settlements to capture them.



Colin Howard



DEATH SKULLS

Da best looters in da 'oonivers, dese is thievin' blighters wiv loadsa runts and grots runnin' about nikkin' stuff.

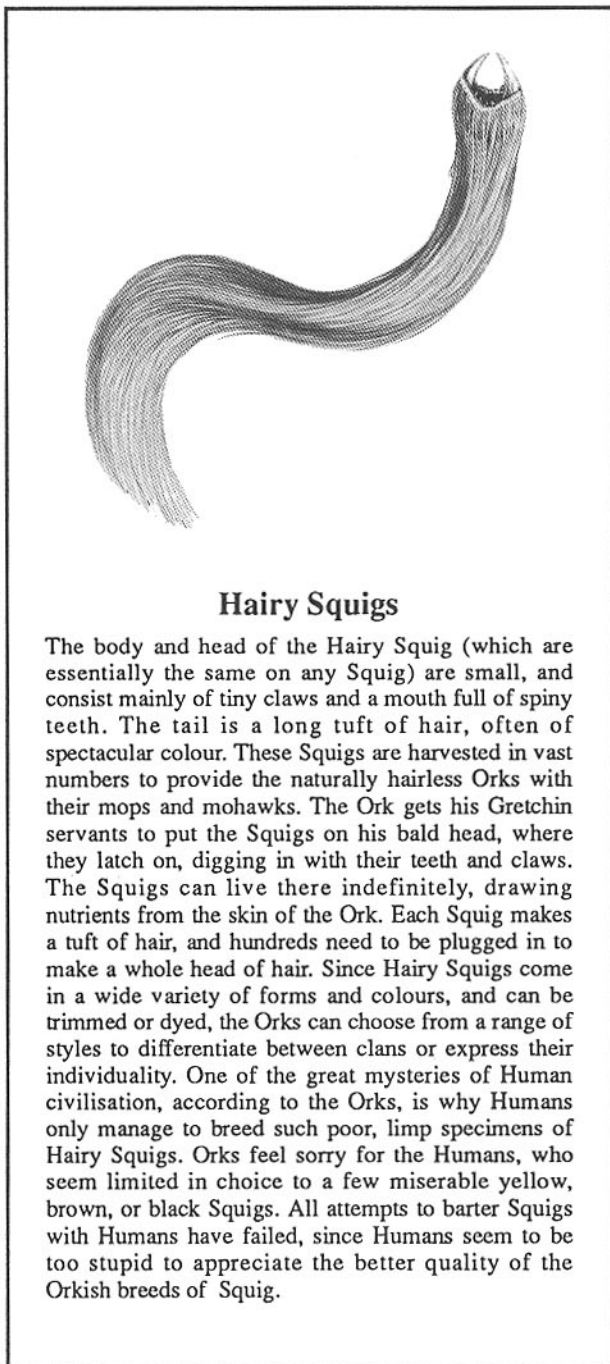
The Death Skull warriors are renowned as plunderers of the battlefield. After any slaughter or skirmish, they can be seen gleefully stripping the bodies of the slain and hacking off desirable items of armour and clothing. These oddments are used to augment the Death Skull warriors' already-bizarre battle gear. This often leads to parti-coloured clothing, since fragments of various uniforms end up sewn together. One family, which were involved in the raiding and plundering of an Imperial penal colony, made off with looted clothing. Now they are seen wearing odd trouser legs or sleeves imprinted with the black upturned arrows of convicts. Perhaps it was the arrow symbol, mistakenly credited with magical powers, that attracted their attention.

This clan is named after their horned-skull totem. Skulls and bones feature prominently among their personal adornments. For instance, helmets are often cast or fashioned in the form of a grinning skull. Death Skull Orks are commonly seen festooned with bone amulets of every kind: pendants, talismans, and cherished bits of long-dead enemies. Such things hold power for the Death Skull Clan. Some Death Skull warriors wear dozens of enemy ribs laced together to form a kind of breastplate.

It is common for Death Skull Orks to paint their heads and posteriors deep blue. One family, suffering from poor returns

from their plundering efforts, have gone to the extreme of painting their entire torso and arms. They believe this habit earns them the attention and favour of the Ork war gods, and thus brings them better fortune on the fields of plunder. The clan warriors wear back-plates decorated with an enamelled skull symbol, mounted on a coloured ground. The colour of this ground varies from one family to another.

This clan has a lot of clever and enterprising Gretchin. The Death Skulls also attracts a number of loose-wallahs because of their reputation as a bunch of looters, spivs, and wide-boys. As battlefield plunderers and petty camp pilferers, they often get themselves a bad name among the other clans for selling dodgy gear that isn't good enough for the Death Skull Orks to keep for themselves.



Hairy Squigs

The body and head of the Hairy Squig (which are essentially the same on any Squig) are small, and consist mainly of tiny claws and a mouth full of spiny teeth. The tail is a long tuft of hair, often of spectacular colour. These Squigs are harvested in vast numbers to provide the naturally hairless Orks with their mops and mohawks. The Ork gets his Gretchin servants to put the Squigs on his bald head, where they latch on, digging in with their teeth and claws. The Squigs can live there indefinitely, drawing nutrients from the skin of the Ork. Each Squig makes a tuft of hair, and hundreds need to be plugged in to make a whole head of hair. Since Hairy Squigs come in a wide variety of forms and colours, and can be trimmed or dyed, the Orks can choose from a range of styles to differentiate between clans or express their individuality. One of the great mysteries of Human civilisation, according to the Orks, is why Humans only manage to breed such poor, limp specimens of Hairy Squigs. Orks feel sorry for the Humans, who seem limited in choice to a few miserable yellow, brown, or black Squigs. All attempts to barter Squigs with Humans have failed, since Humans seem to be too stupid to appreciate the better quality of the Orkish breeds of Squig.

EVIL SUNZ

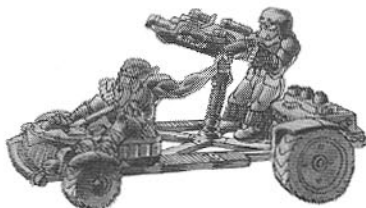
Da meanest an' kooolest Orkses, dese 'as loadsa Mekboyz an' jalopies.

The totem of this clan is a blood-red ogryn face grinning out of a sunburst. Members of this clan wear at least one item of red clothing which makes their appearance quite distinctive. Red is a hard colour for Orks to come by as few of their regular enemies have red uniforms to loot and rip up, and most red dye is used for red paint. Consequently, many of the warriors have only one odd fragment of red clothing, perhaps as little as one sleeve or just a cap. Others make do with blood-drenched cloth, and are not put out at all when this soon turns brown and rancid. Red face paint is another expression of this clan's obsession with the colour red. Once again, they resort to blood when the red paint runs out.

Each family has its own variation of the clan totem. To the Evil Sunz Orks, the totem represents the harsh, relentless aspect of a hot sun - a sun glowing red, as if gorged with blood. This may hark back to blood sacrifices to the red giant sun believed to have shone down on the original home world of the Orks. Historically, the Orks believed the weakening sun needed to be offered blood to keep it alive. The sun symbol is displayed on backplates and on the back banners of the officers.

The Evil Sunz Clan has many Mekboyz, which means the clan has a lot of vehicles on hand (since Mekboyz are indispensable when it comes to keeping vehicles in running order). The Evil Sunz are noted for their *Bikeboyz*. These Ork terror-bikers dress in leathers, wear the Evil Sunz insignia, are bedecked with chains and bike harnesses, and wear steel-toed, multibuckled, black bike boots. Their foreheads are often decorated with metal studs screwed directly into their thick skulls. Evil Sunz Orks carry the Ork obsession with the colour red to the decoration of their numerous vehicles. Like all Orks, they believe red vehicles go faster than vehicles of any other colour. Thus, all an Ork has to do to enhance the speed and performance of his bike or buggy is paint it bright red. "*Den no one's gonna catch up wiv' ya.*"

Ork Vehicles



Orks use a wide variety of vehicles - some designed and manufactured by the Meks themselves, and some manufactured by alien races as tribute. After the Orks have 'mended' alien-built vehicles a few times, they develop a highly distinctive and individualistic Ork character. If a particular vehicle achieves renown on the battlefield, Warlords are so impressed that they often have copies made of it for themselves, or to hand out as rewards to deserving underlings. This deliberate replication is about the only instance of Orkish "mass production".

Kevin Walker

Grugit stepped back from the Wartrak and waved an oily spanner purposefully at Mangeye. "...an' anuvver fing, yer needz ter know dat..."

Mangeye had been listening to the Mekaniak's boring stories all morning. Most didn't have a beginning, a middle, an end or any point at all. He sighed and tried to look interested, waiting for the next bit with little enthusiasm.

"...Orky know-wotz meanz bigga nails", Grugit exclaimed triumphantly, and stuck his head into the Wartrak's innards. There was a dreadful hammering noise. Mangeye leaned over the Mek's shoulder and peered into the machine. There certainly seemed to be more nails in it than before.

"Dere," said Grugit. "Try it now."

Mangeye scrambled up onto the Watrak and pressed the starter. there was a terrific roar and the top of his head smouldered as the las-cannon blasted a hole through the opposite wall. Grugit scratched his nose thoughtfully, and picked up a few more nails. "Fort dere woz sumfink missin'!"



Kevin Walker

BLOOD-AXES

Da stinkin' 'ooman lackeys. Sum Orkses will do anyfink fer teef. Nufink wrong wiv dat, but hob-nobbin' wiv 'oomans, dat's difrunt.

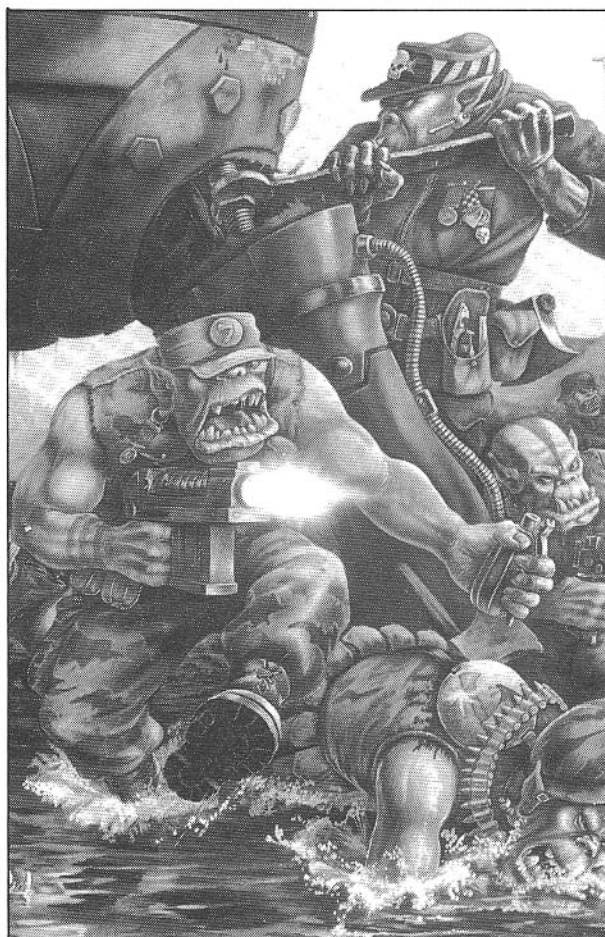
The Blood-Axe clan is known by the sign of the blood-drenched axe. They are always at odds with every other clan, over and above the inevitable animosity and constant feuding of the Ork race. Few Orks suspect that this is inspired by the Imperium, the covert patrons of the Blood-Axe clan. The Imperium use the Blood-Axe Orks as a fifth column for infiltrating Orkdom and also as a buffer clan for absorbing the worst effects of any disturbances among the Orks.

This clan was once very powerful, and easily dominated Ork society for a long time. When they began having too many friendly dealings with aliens (especially Humans), it was too much for the other clans to bear. A lot of the Blood-Axe Boyz were wiped out in a nasty inter-Ork war known as *Da Big Party*. As a result the clan were overthrown and the surviving Blood-Axes fled into hiding. Now they continue to deal with Humans out of necessity, since the clan has become dependent on subsidies of teeth paid to them by the Imperium. The source of these payments comes from Imperial prospectors sent out to find old battlefields and rip the teeth out of Ork corpses. Other clans who hear about this are even more disgusted — not because the Blood-Axes accept such teeth, but because they encourage the Humans to take what the Orks consider Ork property.

The small ugly craft smashed through the delicate foliage of the alien world to land in a little crater of smashed trees and undergrowth. As the clouds of steam and oil smoke died down, strange hammering sounds could be heard from inside the ship. The intensity and volume of the battering increased, until, with a solid THUMP, the hatch burst open and fell to the ground below, followed by several surprised-looking Orks. Ignoring the scorched earth and scream of disturbed local wildlife, they picked themselves up and set about lifting a severed tree trunk into the maw of the now open hatch.

Shortly, the entire warband had clambered out of their craft, and were soon busy stretching their limbs and testing out their weapons on the giant jewelled butterflies that floated past. Having caught his troop's attention by artfully blasting a nearby tree in half, the Boss puffed up his chest and addressed his Boyz.

"Right den, ladz. Bolters workin'?" Dat was a bit *too* close to my ear Naffbitz, look where you're pointing dat fing. We're off to meet da Humies. 'Opefully dey'll see our point of view - know wot I mean," he waved his bolter meaningfully. "Rotgut, pull Dribdrak out from unner dat tree an' we'll be off. Follow me, ladz... er, dat way!"



Dave Gallagher

Imperial sponsorship is not overt. The clan do not utilise much Imperial equipment, mainly because little is forthcoming. The Imperium prefers to pay the Blood-Axes with their own currency rather than with weapons, because they don't think it wise to give weapons to a potential enemy (and certainly not to Orks). Nevertheless, there are a few utterly corrupt and devious rogue traders and pirates who trade weapons with the Orks. Although the Imperium do not supply the Blood-Axe Orks with weapons, the influence of Imperial military style is there for all to see. There is, however, a preponderance of Meks and heavy weapons in the Blood-Axe Clan. Warriors wear helmets, combat fatigues, and forage caps. These accoutrements are drab in colour and are usually patterned in camouflage. High-rankers in this clan love to don military trappings, such as medals, eagle-wing or axe cap-badges, binoculars, monocles, and bandoliers festooned with grenades.

Worn along with these trappings are Orkish adornments, such as backplates bearing the clan symbol, axe-shaped earrings, and black or blue facial war paint - the designs of which identify individual families. The favourite hand-to-hand weapon of the Blood-Axes is naturally an axe. This weapon is usually stuffed down a long, lace-up combat boot. True to the tradition of the clan, the Blood-Axe Orks do not wipe the blood off the blade after a battle.

By means of a few working spacecraft crewed by slaves, and by infesting suitable space hulks, the Blood-Axes are able to launch sporadic raids on other Ork clans. They do this to settle old scores; to capture loot, slaves and Gretchin; and to impress the Imperial agents enough to get another subsidy of teeth.

WILD ONES

The Ork life cycle is very different from that of a Human. They are born into feral Ork communities out in the wilderness and are brought up in a savage and primitive lifestyle. Only later, when the young Ork whelps have become full-grown Boyz, do they join the rest of Ork warrior society. Orks spend most of their lives as *Da Boyz*. Most meet their end on some far-flung battlefield and never reach the final stage of Ork life - the breeding stage. Orks only reproduce at the end of their life, so only the strongest and toughest Orks survive long enough to breed, and every subsequent generation is slightly tougher than the one before.

After many years as one of *Da Boyz*, an Ork reaches maturity. At this time, the Ork feels a primal urge to leave the community and wander into the wilderness. Every Ork community sets aside an area of wilderness for the old Orks to live in. Here, Orks who have reached the end of the life cycle revert back to a primitive lifestyle. They become feral Orks - in other words, Orks that have *gone wild*. The old Orks never return to their communities; they live out the rest of their lives in the wilderness. At this stage of life, an Ork is able to breed a new generation of whelp.

Unlike other races, Orks have no genders. The breeding ability develops in an Ork after he reaches maturity and becomes feral. Roughly half of the wild Orks develop marsupial pouches, in which an Ork whelp is born and nurtured. After a short span of time, the whelp is big enough to leave the pouch. The feral parent feeds the whelp on Squigs and teaches him how to survive in the wilderness. This gives the young Orks their tough, resourceful character.

Orks that have become feral are left behind when the main tribe moves on which this accounts for countless wild Ork



Paul Bonner

communities scattered throughout the universe. This is another reason for the amazing expansion and proliferation of the Ork race. Feral Orks live in the wilderness long enough to bring up their offspring, then they die, leaving the adolescent whelps to fend for themselves. The whelps know only the primitive lifestyle of their parent, and continue to live in this primal state for as long as they are isolated from Ork civilisation. In this way, new communities of primitive feral Orks are created throughout the universe.

An Ork warlord who finds a community of feral Orks within his domain will attempt to absorb the entire community into his tribe. Ork warbands and tribes always suffer from the constant attrition of endless warfare so it is vital for Warlords to find and maintain feral Ork communities in order to replenish the tribe. For this reason, Warlords often send out bands of elite warriors to locate communities of feral Orks. The discovery of a large group of wild ones can enhance the power of a warlord immensely. For preservation of his own interest, he will keep their location secret from all other Warlords and make great efforts to protect the feral community from alien intruders. The wild ones may never know they are being looked after in this way.

The replenishment of numbers can make a great difference to the fortunes of a Warlord and his tribe, particularly in his power struggles with rivals. Conflicts often break out over the domination of regions known to be inhabited by wild Orks. Still, the wild ones may remain unaware of the struggle going on around them, of which they are the inadvertent cause.

Warlords who find wild Orks are always careful in their approach. Every effort is made to avoid disturbing the wild Orks' primitive way of life, as any disturbance may cause the feral community to wander off. The best approach employed by Warlords is to send a few missionaries from the tribe to instruct the wild ones in Orkish Kultur (which usually means impressing them with a demonstration of a bolter). Then the missionaries triumphantly return to the tribe with a band of eager young whelps. The whelps are usually adopted by the same clans or castes from which their parents came. The whelps are initiated into their clans and castes by undergoing various traditional rites of passage. For the tribe as a whole, it is an occasion for jubilation and celebration. During this period, sporting activities of all kinds are performed.

"Oi, pay attenshun young Pulg", said the older Ork, affectionately whacking the whelp on the head with a flat rock.

"Dis 'ere's an eatin' squig. See 'iz beady little eyes, 'iz soft slimy skin, 'iz plump little belly..." He snatched the proffered creature from the attendant Snotling and eyed it hungrily.

The Ork cleared his throat with a loud harrumph, and continued in his best instructive voice "To eat da squig, yer takes 'im by 'iz tail, yer 'oldz 'im up in da air, an' den yer drops 'im down yer gob... Aaaargh!"

The whelp looked on in awe as his mentor grappled with the ferocious face-eater.

"Aaagh", he smacked his lips appreciatively. "Der best wunz always fight back!"

"Dat's right, squeeze da trigger gently," whispered Nuzzgrond, clutching the whelp's shoulder to hold him steady. Pulg, the wild boy, nodded enthusiastically and fired. Gretchin ducked for cover as bolter shells flew everywhere.

"Wahoo!" shouted the wild boy, continuing to spray the area. As Nuzzgrond watched, a cloud of airborne squigs disintegrated, the top was blown off a Gretchin's helmet, a distant tree was shredded to splinters and the bolter clicked to empty.

Nuzzgrond smiled paternally. If all the new boyz were like this one, he had found a great batch of warriors.

"Don't ya worry, kid. Dere's plenty more where dat came from. But maybe yer better learn to aim at a proper tar-git first. Tomorrer mornin', first fing. We'll 'ave yer shootin' like a Goff in no time."

The feral youth looked disappointed and a bit rebellious. He looked straight into the Wild One's eyes and smiled menacingly. For a moment they stood locked in a contest of wills, then the young 'un looked away. Nozzgrod clapped him on the back and bellowed, "See ya tommorer den."

The youth handed back the bolter and wandered off wide-eyed to join his mates. The Boss felt a surge of nostalgia - he remembered seeing the wonders of Orkish Kultur for the first time.

He took a deep breath and the familiar smells of an Ork camp filled his lungs. The revving of a big buggy filled the air. The vibrations seemed to travel through his body to his bones.

Nuzzgrond turned and saw Hef was showing one of the new boyz how to operate a sickle. He shook his head at the way the young Ork stood in front of the machine. I'd never do that with Hef in the saddle, Nuzzgrond thought. Kid's got a lot to learn.

"Ere we go! 'Ere we go! 'Ere we go!" chanted a group of Wild Ones, drunk for the first time on beer and fungus-wine. Nuzzgrond didn't envy them the hangover they were going to have tomorrow.

He smile cheerfully at Hef. His bodyguard waved back frantically. Nuzzgrond wondered if he was trying to tell him something. The sound of the Wild Ones' happy excited voices rung through the night. Their merriment was infectious.

Nuzzgrond was still chuckling when Pulg clubbed him firmly over the head with a boulder and took his bolter and ammo. "Gonna get some tar-git practice tonite. Wa-hoo! Dakka-dakka-dakka!" He ran off into the dark, screaming and firing at imaginary foes.

Rubbing his aching head, Nuzzgrond was forced to admit that Pulg would go far - the kid definitely had the right attitude.



Tony Hough

ORK SETTLEMENTS

There are countless Ork settlements of every conceivable kind scattered on planets throughout the universe. In addition, there are settlements of Ork tribes that perpetually drift through space aboard space hulks, as well as war bands that are in occupation of alien worlds.

The exact appearance of the Ork settlement is influenced greatly by the nature of the environment. Each household builds their own hovel, blockhouse, or shack out of the most durable materials they can find. Typically, they search for the biggest rocks and boulders in the locality, and roll them to the site to make the foundations. Gretchin and Snotlings fill up the gaps between the boulders with clay, mud, and other sticky materials, which are allowed to harden, creating a solid blockhouse for the household to dwell in. This method of construction is the norm in Ork settlements.

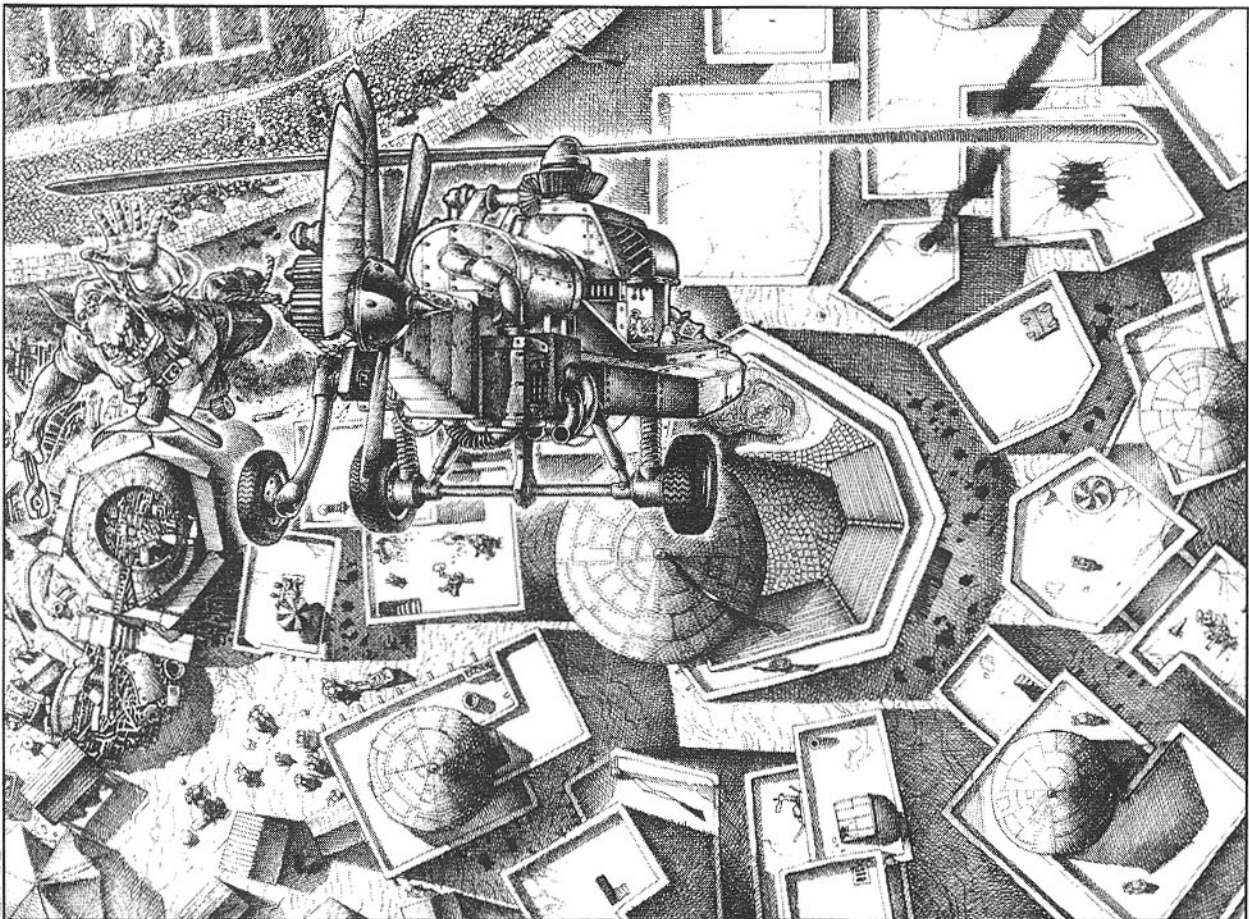
The basic structures can be large or small, one or several storeys high, and may incorporate grubbed-out bunkers and cellars. On worlds that are already inhabited or civilised, the Orks take over existing settlements and adapt them to suit their needs. Sometimes ruins are renovated and turned into strongholds; other times warlords have the local slave race build houses for the Orks as tribute.

Each Ork family dwells in its own homestead. Ork families are made up of several households. Each household builds its own solidly built hovel jammed next to those of the other households. All of these are built around a central defended courtyard. This means the only way into a family settlement (and then to separate household hovels) is through a single

gateway. This is due to the fact that there are no gaps between the hovels. In the courtyard are the drops, and next to the drops are open areas cultivated with small forests of fungus. One guarded gateway leads into the homestead. The entrances of the individual hovels face inward onto the courtyard, which is the centre of activity for the Ork family. Here, the Snotlings frolic and the Gretchin go about their tasks, while the Orks laze around and sharpen their weapons. If the community has a strong contingent of Stormboyz, these Orks may decide to live in a separate barrack-block of their own.

The courtyard homesteads are grouped in a huge concentric arc around the stronghold of the warlord. The homesteads of the various clans are grouped together with narrow passages between them, which all lead to the courtyard gates. These passages lead deeper and deeper into the settlement until they reach the gates of the warlord's stronghold. The stronghold has a large central courtyard which acts as the meeting place in the settlement. All around the courtyard, set into the stronghold's colossal masonry walls, are workshops, arsenals, barracks, and storage bunkers. The courtyard is often so large that it serves as a great parade ground, allowing enough room for the Meks to construct fun fairs with which to satisfy the Orks' craving for speed. In addition, there is often a permanent blood-bowl pitch, several fighting pits, and a bazaar swarming with Gretchin plying their trades or providing entertainment for Da Boyz.

Scattered around the settlement are the work sites of the Mekboyz. These sites are usually strewn with bits of metalwork and broken-down vehicles that are being cannibalised for spare parts. During the time of Waa-Ork, when the Gargants are under construction, there will be a



Kevin Walker



Tony Hough

separate shanty-town of Mekboyz and their assistants built here. This town will suddenly sprout in a short period of time, like a mushroom in the wastes. Further out from the settlement, in the wild regions around it, roam the Runtherdz. Now and again, the Runtherdz drive their herds of Snotlings and Gretchin into the settlement to trade them.

Dominating the settlement is the warlord's stronghold. It usually features at least one watchtower and a huge, blocklike keep, bristling with weapons. Within the fortified enclosure, beyond its forbidding gatehouse, are the barracks of the warlord's personal household. In the courtyard is the warlord's personal cesspit, which is attended by his Snotlings and Gretchin. Within the massive keep, the warlord presides in his great hall, sitting on a dais, upon a throne decked with captured war-panoply. From this esteemable vantage, he is attended by his alien advisors and trusted Ork henchmen. It is here that the warlord plans raids and draws up tribute lists.

Drops

Orks can drop it anywhere, but Grots and Snots has to hop it to the drops.

Whenever an Ork tribe arrives in a new place, each family attends to the most important task in Ork society - they all rush out and dig a great cesspit. These cesspits are known as *drops* (for obvious reasons). There is only one hard-and-fast rule in Ork settlements - Orks can drop it anywhere, but Grots and Snots must hop it to the drops. In practice, however, Orks attend the drops as well, since the drop acts as the social focus for the whole family and is as central to the Ork home as the hearth is in other cultures.

Squigs

In the drops breed the Squigs, small scavenging creatures which feed on the refuse. Squigs are symbiotic to the Orks, and provide them with their staple diet, but they also have many other practical uses. Hides and shells can be tooled into sundry items of equipment and containers; some species have medicinal uses; others are used for hair. The Snotlings of the family gather around the drop and frolic in the murk, teasing and playing with the Squigs. The Snotlings look after the Squigs and sometimes pilfer them from another family's drop if their own needs restocking.

Fungus

Snotlings grow fungus round the drop, which they harvest and eat. The fungus can be used for many things, such as food, medicine, or made into an intoxicating drink. The Snotlings play with the fungi, which provides an endless source of amusement. Doubtless, this predilection for fungi and an exclusive fungi diet originally led to the rise of the Brainboyz in the distant past. Unfortunately for the Snotlings, the particular type of fungi which enhanced their mental capacity is now extinct. The fungi which they cultivate now has a different, less-drastic effect on them.

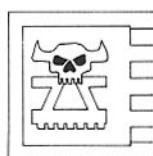
Sometimes, if a Snotling eats too much fungus (which is symbiotic with their metabolism) they begin to become fungoid themselves after several years. Eventually, they completely vegetate and remain growing as fungi beside the cesspit. Around any long established Ork drop can be seen a few toadstools bearing the pathetic, grinning faces of a Snotling who has *gone fungoid*.

ORK BANNERS

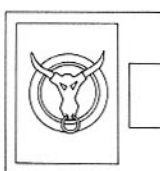
The banners on these two pages are black and white versions of some of the banners featured elsewhere in this book. Of course, these are only some examples of the many thousands of possible Ork banners, and you can vary them as much as you like. These banners can be copied or photocopied, painted with Citadel paints and inks, then cut out and mounted onto a wire frame to create your own Ork back banners. It is a good idea to glue paper banners onto foil or more sturdy paper before painting, as this will prevent the surface bubbling. Note that we have drawn special 'tabs' on the banners which you can use to attach the finished banner to the standard pole. Back banners have tabs at the sides, and hanging banners have tabs at the top. You can of course vary the size and number of tabs to suit your own purposes. To personalise your Ork banners you can use glyphs to add the bearer's name and add messages and slogans that boast about his battle achievements or possessions.



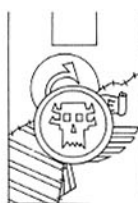
**BAD MOON
NOB BANNER**



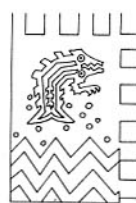
**STORMBOYZ
BANNER**



**GOFF
NOB BANNER**



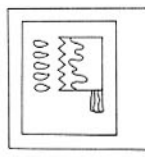
**DEATH SKULL
NOB BANNER**



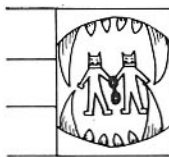
**SNAKE-BITE
NOB BANNER**



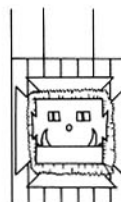
**DEATH SKULL
PAINBOY BANNER**



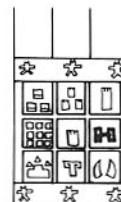
**PAINBOY
BANNER**



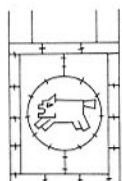
RUNTHERD BANNER



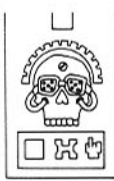
**RUNTHERD
BANNER**



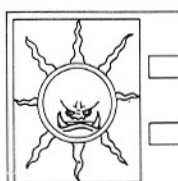
**RUNTHERD
BANNER**



**SNAKE-BITE
BOARBOYS
BANNER**



**MEK
BANNER**



**EVIL SUNZ
NOB BANNER**



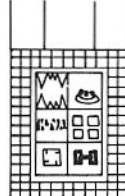
**BAD MOON
PAINBOY BANNER**



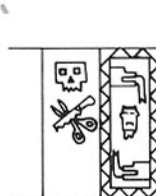
**HUMAN
MERCENARY BANNER**



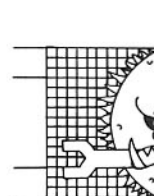
**BAD MOON
NOB BANNER**



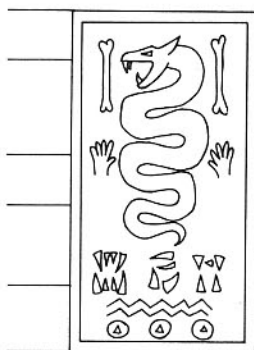
**OGRYN
MERCENARY BANNER**



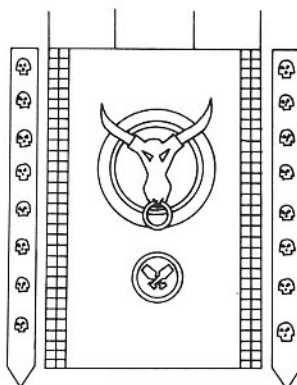
**SNAKE-BITES
PAINBOY BANNER**



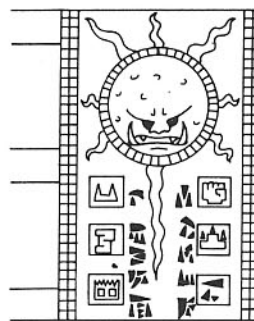
**EVIL SUNZ
MEK BANNER**



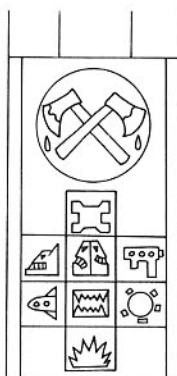
Snake-Bite
War Banner



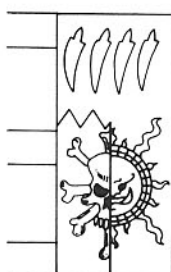
Goff
War Banner



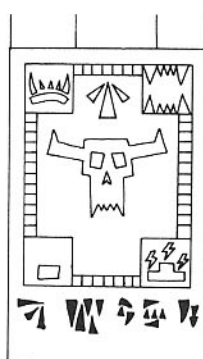
Evil Sunz
War Banner



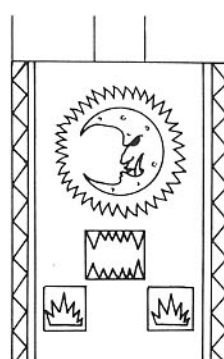
Blood-Axe
War Banner



Evil Sunz
Nob Banner



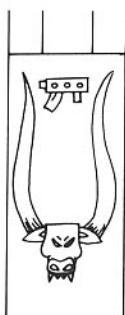
Death Skull
War Banner



Bad Moon
War Banner



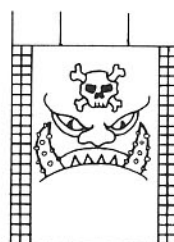
Bad Moon
Nob Banner



Goff
Nob Banner



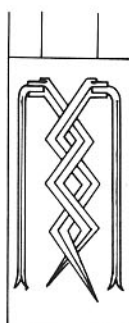
Bad Moon
Nob Banner



Steel Fangz Crew
Freebooter Banner



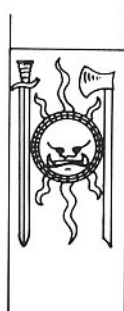
Doom Blades Mob
Freebooter Banner



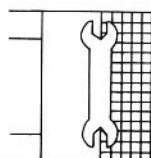
Snake-Bite
Nob Banner



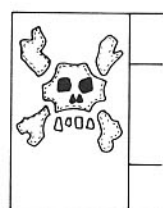
Bad Moon
Mek Banner



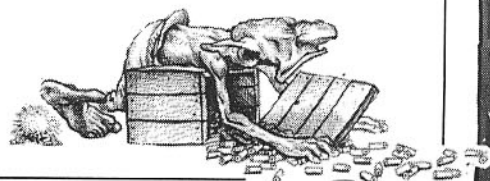
Evil Sunz
Nob Banner



Goff
Mek Banner



The Jolly Ork





ORK LANGUAGE AND SCRIPT



Just as the Ork clans originated on the ancient Ork home world in the distant past, so did the various Ork tongues. As the Orks spread throughout the galaxy, these ancient dialects of Orkish began to diverge. These diverging languages were modified further by contact with new alien races, especially by those languages under the influence of the Imperial tongue. As a result, there are now several distinct Ork languages in existence. However, due to the Orks' common point of origin, there are many points of similarity. The way in which Orks express themselves (ie in short, direct, and simple sentences) is common to all Ork tongues. This is also true of certain words expressing fundamental cultural ideas. The Ork language described here is known to Imperial scholars as *Old High Orkish*. It is typical of Ork languages generally, and is the most widespread Ork tongue in the galaxy. Old High Orkish traces a strong line of descent back to an original Ork tongue from the ancient Ork home world.

Ranging through space as they do, the Orks inevitably make contact with outposts of the Imperium and associated civilisations like that of the Squats. Millennia of such periodic contact, whether by trade or war, has made its mark on the Ork languages, as words from the Imperial tongue have been adopted by the Orks. The Orks are prone to adopt or copy anything that impresses them, and useful words and phrases are no exception. Consequently, there is a marked influence of the Imperial Tongue in all the Ork dialects. There are even tribes of Orks roaming the galaxy who speak as their mother tongue, a basic, crude, and modified form of the language of the Imperium. Many more Orks with a pure language of their own can also understand this pidgin Imperial tongue, and use it to communicate with Orks from other tribes - especially if their own dialects are mutually unintelligible.

In addition to the common Ork tongues, the Meks use a more sophisticated jargon of their own. This includes many technical terms, which they devise to fit the needs of the project at hand. When several Meks are engaged in a large project (such as the construction of a Gargant), it is vitally important for them to be able to communicate technical ideas. This is especially true when working with Meks from far-flung places who speak vastly divergent dialects. The technical tongues of the Meks are written in special Mek scripts that are only decipherable by other Meks. In this way, knowledge can be handed down or traded from one Mek to another.

THE ORK SCRIPT

The Ork language is written in a form of glyphic script, which is actually a mixture of glyphs and runes. The script is mainly used to indicate ownership, signify tribal affiliation, record battle honours, compile tribute lists, and perform other simple functions. The Orks have a strong oral tradition in which myths and legends are passed on by word of mouth. Consequently, Orks do not use writing for complicated texts, such as histories, ritual texts, or tactical manuals. Only the Meks, with their special jargons, attempt writing any of these. The Ork script is mainly used on vehicles, items of equipment, and banners.

The core of the script is comprised of a series of distinctive glyphs and runes that indicate clan, family, household, common Orkish concepts, and elements of Orkish names.

This is augmented by phonetic runes, which can be used to write most Ork words, along with any alien names and loan words.

CLAN GLYPHS

Glyph	Clan	Symbol	Orkish
	Goffs	Bull's Head	Goff
	Bad Moons	Grinning Moon	Nazbad
	Evil Sunz	Sunburst Face	Uzbad
	Death Skulls	Horned Skull	Gulgul
	Blood-Axes	Crossed Axes	Nargor
	Snake-Bites	Snake	Snaga

CASTE GLYPHS

Glyph	Caste	Glyph	Caste
	Boyz		Mekboyz
	Nobz		Weirdboyz
	Stormboyz		Runtherdz
	Painboyz		Madboyz

ORKISH ROOT WORDS

These are common Ork words and name elements. The list given here includes all those words known to most Ork tongues and occur most frequently in names. There are, of course, countless other Orkish words, but these vary according to dialect. This basic list includes all those concepts that are fundamental to the Orkish way of life. They are thus known to all Orks and have probably remained unchanged from the original tongues of the Ork home world.

These name elements can be used to create names of units, tribes, individuals, places, and battles, and to indicate ownership or battle honours. Most Ork words mean about umpteen associated things, so each of these words can also have several other meanings not listed here. Orks do not recognise the same strict limitations on the meanings of words, as do other races, and often string them together in imaginative compounds to express what they mean. The result gives the meaning in a very approximate manner. Orks do not demand precision of their language; they are quite happy to follow the gist of what is being said. Root words can be written using phonetic runes or glyphs.

ROOT WORDS							
Glyph	Meanings	Glyph	Meanings	Glyph	Meanings	Glyph	Meanings
	Bad: Evil, bad, wicked, brave, strong, tough		Grod: Best friend or favourite enemy		Naz: Moon, white, shine, light, wealth		Teef: Wealth, tribute
	Bog: Brown		Grot: Gretchin, servant, slave		Nob: Nobility, authority, high rank		Thug: Guard, minder, henchmen
	Boss: Leader, officer, head Ork, warlord		Grub: Cunning, find, dig, hide		Og: Owned by, property of, belonging to		Ulk: Spaceship
	Daka: Attack, noisy weapon, shoot, fight		Gul: Death, bones, skull, rocks, white		Orky: Ork, Ork civilisation, good, green		Urd: Swarm, lots of, herd
	Dreg: Destroy, rip, cut, break up, take apart		Gutz: Flesh, workings, engine, innards, stamina		Runt: Small, Snotling, Gretchin		Urty: Pain, medical attention, distress
	Duff: Vanquish, beat, chastise		Kart: Vehicle		Shak: Household, building, live, settlement, house		Uz: Sun, yellow, hot, thirst, dry, fire, daytime
	Dur: Fortress, stronghold, city, armour		Kop: Head, helmet, hill, catch, see		Slag: Settlement, stronghold, planet		Waa: We are, tribe of, watch out, here we come
	Garg: Huge, big, terrifying, noisy, powerful		Lug: Hear, listen, earring, advisor, messenger		Skab: Traitor, unreliable, weak		Waz: Speed, synonym for red, scared, ecstasy
	Git: Enemy, troublemaker, nuisance		Manik: Insane		Skar: Wound, trench, crater, cutting weapon		Wort: Fungus
	Gob: Mouth, eat, drink, speaking out of turn		Mob: Tactical unit, formation		Skum: The enemy		Zod: Blue
	Gog: God, power		Mor: Wild, feral, ancient		Snaga: Sting, stab, wild beast, snake		Zog: Go away, wander off, lost, no good
	Gof: Warlike, spiky, metal, black, dark, night		Mek: Technology, clever, mechanical		Snik: Cut, kill, slay, execute, assassinate		Naa: No, negative prefix, not
	Gor: Blood, red, wound, slaughter		Naff: Inadequate, weedy, useless		Snot: Snotling, mischief, numerous, little		Ug: By, with, from, to, of
	Grim: Ruthless, fighting prowess, dangerous, face		Nar: Family, unit, command, crew		Squig: Squig, food, eat, supplies, useful things		Z or Az: Plural ending

PHONETIC RUNES

Phonetic runes in combination can be used to make up any Ork words, alien loan words and alien names.

PHONETIC RUNES					
Rune	Sound	Rune	Sound	Rune	Sound
	A		L		Sk
	Ag		M		Sn
	Ar		Ma		T or Th
	B		Mo		U or Ou
	D		N		Ug or Uk
	Du		Na		Ur
	E, Ee or I		Nt		Uz
	F		O		V
	G		Og		W
	Ga		Ork		Wa
	Go		Ot		Y
	Gr		P		Z
	Gu		R		Zu
	H		S		Word Divider
	K, C or Q		Sh		Name Starter

NUMERAL RUNES

No.	Rune	No.	Rune	No.	Rune	No.	Rune
0		2		4		6	
1		3		5		Lots	

Larger numbers are made up of combinations of these signs. For example, 10 would be written with two 5 runes, and 100 with twenty 5 runes. Orks do not often count above the number 5, hence this crude and simple numerical system.

HOW IT WORKS

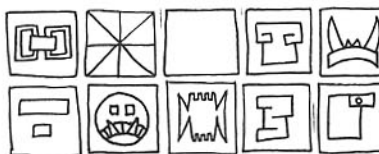
All Orkish glyphs and runes can be used in combination to express the desired idea. For example, the ownership inscription given below:

This vehicle belongs to Ugwort Blueface, a member of the Evil Sunz Clan currently in the sevice of Warlord Gutdreg.

This translates as:

Og kart ug-wort grim-zod uz-bad waa gut-dreg.

In glyphs and runes, this is written:



The literal translation of this is:

Owens-vehicle Ugwort-Blueface, Evil-Sunz, Gutdreg's tribe.

Ugwort would translate literally as "fungus" or possibly even "fungoid one", and Gutdreg as "Gutripper".

Ugwort's family and household could be indicated as well by simply adding the appropriate family variation of the family glyph, followed by the numerical rune of his household.

GLOSSARY

Troop Types

Bossclan	Dominant clan in army
Warboss	Commander of army/tribe
Warlord	Commander of big army/tribe
Mob	Unit
Bigmob	Large Unit
Oddboyz	Collective name for Mekz, Painboyz
	Weirdboyz & Runtherdz
Minderz	Big Orks who mind Weirdboyz
Skarboyz	Veteran Ork warriors

Miscellaneous Words

Bionic Bitz	Bionic parts
Spiky Bitz	Decoration
Kustom	Ork way of making things
Grub	Food
'Oomans, Gits	Humans
Stunties	Squats
Panzies	Eldar
'Ulk	Patched-up spaceship
Kroozar	Well-made spaceship
Kart	Vehicle
Stikbomz	Stick grenades
Boss Pole	Warboss standard
Kultur	Ork culture
Nark	To annoy
Dodgerz	Gretchin entrepreneurs
Dump	Orks' hovel
Drop	Cesspit
Bugeyez	Alien creatures/Daemons
Rokk	Ork music
Skumbo's	Nob word for common Orks
Snazzy	Well-dressed or decorated
Savantz	Clever Orks and Gretchin (by Ork standards)

ORK NAME GENERATOR

Orkish names usually have two elements: a prefix and a suffix. The prefix is the first half of the name, and the suffix is the second half (for example, Grim-Bog, or *Grimbog*). An Ork can have two such names composed in the same way (for example, Grim-Bog Naz-bad or *Grimbog Nazbad*). Orkish personal names, place names, tribal names, and names for spaceships or war machines follow the same pattern.

The Name Generation Charts include most of the basic Orkish root words listed above, plus a few generally meaningless guttural name elements.

Ork names can be composed according to your choice or randomly generated on the charts below.

To generate a name, first roll a D6 to determine which chart to roll on for each element of the name.

D6	Prefix	Suffix
1-2	Chart 1	Chart 2
3-4	Chart 2	Chart 1
5	Chart 1	Chart 1
6	Chart 2	Chart 2

CHART ONE		
D20	Prefix	Suffix
1	Bad	Arg
2	Daka	Bad
3	Dreg	Bag
4	Duff	Bog
5	Dur	Dreg
6	Gob	Fang
7	Gor	Fug
8	Grim	Gob
9	Grot	Gog
10	Grub	Gor
11	Gut	Grim
12	Mag	Grod
13	Mor	Grot
14	Mek	Grub
15	Mug	Gul
16	Naff	Gut
17	Nar	Kop
18	Naz	Lag
19	Roll on Chart 2	Roll on Chart 2
20	Roll on Chart 2	Roll on Chart 2

CHART TWO		
D20	Prefix	Suffix
1	Nob	Nob
2	Og	Og
3	Rot	Ork
4	Shak	Rot
5	Skab	Runt
6	Skar	Shak
7	Skum	Slag
8	Snaga	Skab
9	Snik	Snik
10	Snot	Snaga
11	Ug	Sog
12	Urty	Stuf
13	Uz	Teef
14	Waa	Thug
15	Waz	Urty
16	Wort	Uz
17	Zod	Wort
18	Zog	Zod
19	Roll on Chart 1	Roll on Chart 1
20	Roll on Chart 1	Roll on Chart 1



Tony Ackland



"You're doomed!" shouted the Human prisoner, his voice echoing across the cavernous chamber. As he rattled the bars, his cage slowly began to rotate on the end of its rope. **"The curse of the Spider Goddess is upon you!"**

Ferghul Jawsplitter ignored his captive and gazed warily at Dok Badbref. He was not entirely convinced by the Painboy's argument that his leg should come off.

"Onest, guv, it's a nasty cut..." said Dok. At the mention of the cut, Mort, Wort and Gort, his assistants shook their heads and muttered, **"Nasty, nasty cut."**

"It's a nasty cut and infection..."

"Bad fing, infection," said Mort, shaking his head knowledgeably.

"Bad, bad fing," agreed Wort, with the sincerity of an undertaker.

"Da worst," added Gort vehemently, rubbing his hand on the blade of his hacksaw.

"And infection might set in," finished Dok. "So da safest fing all round is just ter whip it off."

Ferghul looked at the Dok then allowed his gaze to wander around the dark, dusty chamber. In the distance, a group of Gretchin were painting the story of the storming of this temple. Their scaffolding rose under the legs of the giant spider carved into the wall. The sight of the spider made the Boss homesick. Ferghul missed his collection of pets.

"An' wot am I serposed ter do after ya whips off me leg? 'Ow am I gonna boot me Gretchin? If I lift me foot ter kick 'em I'll fall over." He lifted his wounded, heavily splinted leg to emphasise the point. When he heard the footstool Gretchin sigh with relief, he brought his foot down smartly. He winced at the pain but the Gretchin's howl of anguish made it worthwhile.

As always Dok had the answer. "Snorra problem. We'll just give yer a new bionic leg. Latest design."

"Very latest design," said Mort, fingering the hilt of one of his big syringes evilly.

"A new, new design indeed," added Wort, adjusting his blood-stained butcher's apron.

"Da latest and da best," said Gort, cracking his knuckles in a business-like way.

"You won't need a new leg. You're all doomed! The Mother of Spiders will devour you! You beasts should not have desecrated her sacred temple!" Ferghul looked up. The Humie was beginning to annoy him.

"If yer don't shuddup, I'll 'ave me Boyz light a fire unda yer cage."

The Painboyz tittered nastily. Ferghul didn't miss the sadistic glint that appeared in their eyes. He knew they were keen to cause someone some pain.

It was strange though. At the moment the Human had spoken Ferghul thought he heard scuttling sound from down below.

"Gowan, Boss. Gowan light da fire," whispered Sleekit, his Gretchin standard bearer. Ferghul already regretted letting him stand behind the throne.

"Wotya think, Humie? Yer gonna keep quiet?" Ferghul enquired. He took the priest's silence as an affirmative. The Painboyz looked disappointed. Sleekit sniffed peevishly.

After a moment Dok Badbref had sufficiently recovered to clear his throat and continue, "As I wuz sayin': da latest model. Heerz da planz."

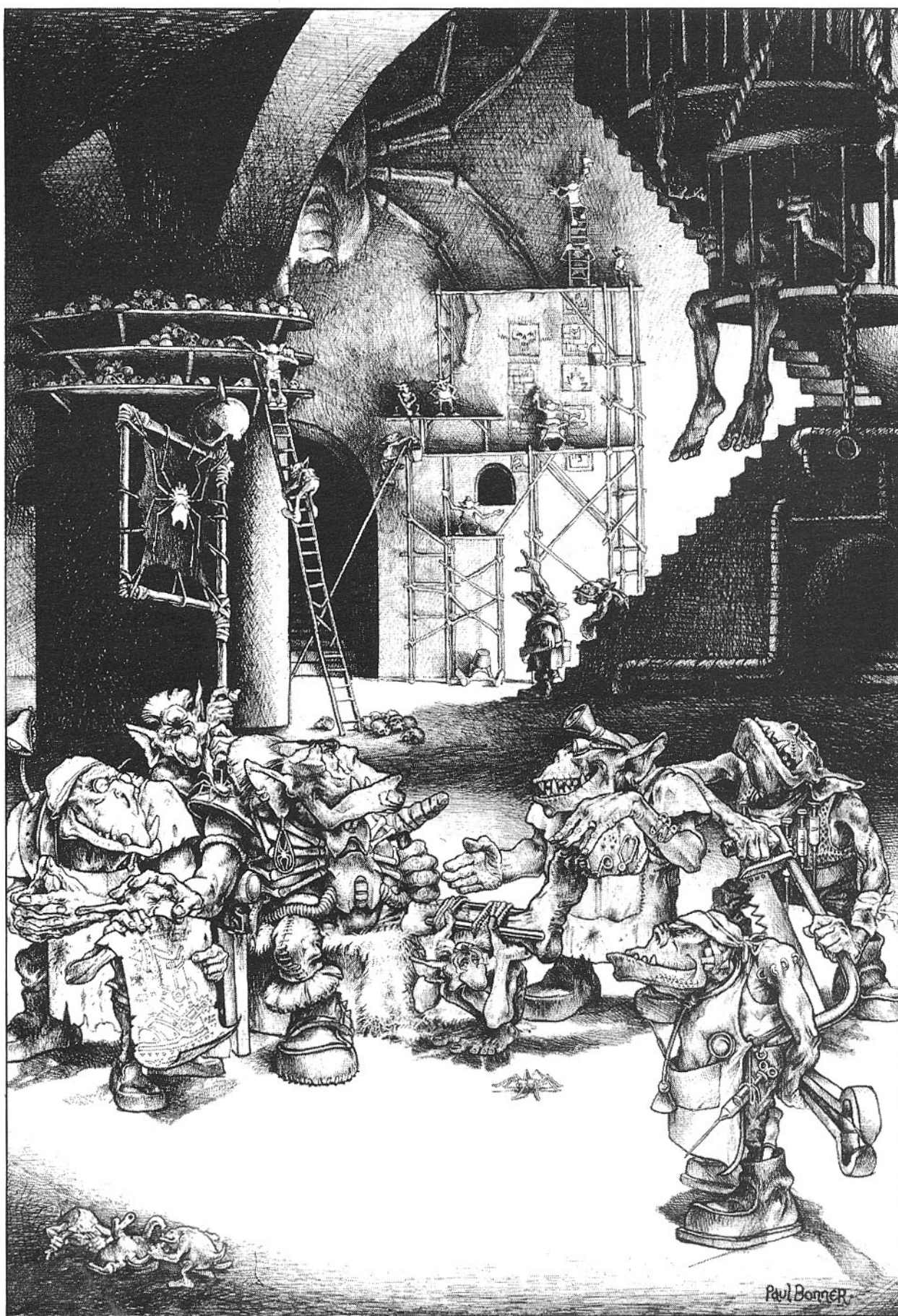
With a theatrical flourish he snapped his fingers and a Gretchin scuttled forward, unrolling a parchment scroll.

"Dis is Dok Badbref's latest, greatest bionic leg," squeaked the Gretchin in a voice that reminded Ferghul of nails being scraped down a blackboard. "It has twelve different functions including a squigpouch and contra-rotating cyberspurs for the aspiring rider an'..."

The Gretchin's spiel was interrupted by an enormous sneeze. A great oyster of snot erupted over Ferghul. He looked down at the Gretchin who frantically wiped it off with the plans.

"Sorry, milord, its da dust, aaaaterchooo!" He sneezed again. Ferghul pushed him away to the side of the throne where he stood with the plans fully unrolled.

Dok Badbref was undismayed. He picked up the Gretchin's soliloquy with the ease of long practice.



"Twelve functions including a specially reinforced lead-weighted foot an' boosted servomotors. Just right for Gretchin bootin'!"

Ferghul bit his lower lip. Beside him the Gretchin began to sneeze. He reached out right-handed and gripped its head tight, preventing the eruption.

"How many teef?" he asked. Dok Badbreff looked at the floor, studying his feet.

"Well, it's da most expensive model," he said.

"Very expensive," said Mort, making soft clucking noises and shaking his head regretfully.

"Very expensive indeed," chipped in Wort, steeppling his fingers thoughtfully.

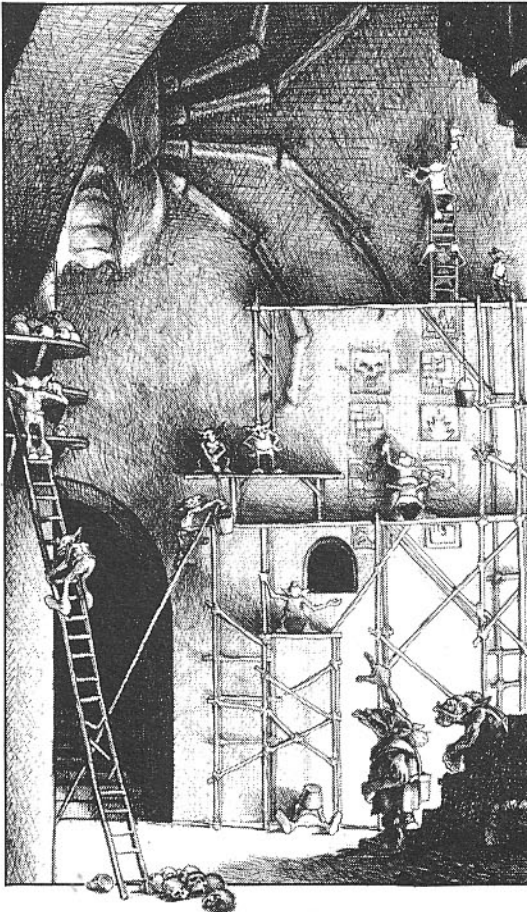
"Expensive but worfwhile," said Gort. "Top of da range. A classic racing leg."

Ferghul saw Dok throw Gort a warning look.

"Wot was dat about racing leg?" he asked innocently.

Before Dok could cut him off Gort spoke. "It's a runnin' leg, fer sprintin'. Get ya first inter battle every time."

"Well, I'm gonna hav a bit of trouble wiv only one, ain't I?" said Ferghul. "Wot am I serposed ta do. Hop inter battle?"



Dok Badbreff laughed without humour. If looks could kill, Gort would have been a corpse, thought Ferghul. The Dok looked very angry.

There it went again, like thousands of tiny legs moving. What was that scuttling sound, Ferghul wondered? Actually it was quite relaxing, almost like the sound of his spider-pits back home. Naw, was probably nothing - just the Gretchin desecrating the shelves of Human skulls, looking for gold teeth.

"Could do ya a special offer," said Dok. "Two legs instead o' one. We've gotta see if deze fings work... I mean it wouldn't be no bovver, you bein' Boss an' all."

"Yer, a special offer," said Mort, putting his huge pliers behind his back.

"A special, special offer," Wort said, light gleaming menacingly in his little round spectacles.

"Two fer da price ov one," added Gort. The killing intensity of Dok Badbreff's stare went up a notch. "Or maybe one an' a harf," finished Gort lamely.

"Ow many teef?" Ferghul re-iterated, enjoying the Painboy's discomfiture. Nobody answered. He wondered why they had all gone quiet then noticed that a patch of darkness had detached itself from the shadows and wandered into the light. He realised that it wasn't shadow; it was an enormous spider, bigger than a Gretchin's hand, scuttling fast.

The Painboyz, not being White Spiders, were nervous. Ferghul had grown up around the creatures though, and had proved his bravery and toughness a thousand times in the spider-pits. He reached down and put his hand on the floor.

"Ere, boy!" he said. The spider scuttled across till it rested in his hand. He felt its furry legs tickle his fingers as he lifted it to his lap. It glared up at him with malicious eyes, bright as jewels, steeped in ancient evil. It clicked its mandibles menacingly.

Ferghul tickled its back and it began to crawl up his chest towards the exposed flesh of his throat. Each independently mobile leg seemed to move slowly but the spider itself was amazingly quick. The Boss heard a sharp intake of breath from the cage above.

Ferghul looked up and saw the Painboyz were backing away towards the stairs. He saw Sleekit accompany them, carrying the standard with him.

"Oy! Where dya fink you're goin'?" Ferghul shouted. The footstool Gretchin wriggled out from beneath his leg and scuttled after the Painboyz. The spider reached his neck and he felt the feather-light touch of its mandibles against his jaw.

"Er, just remembered - urgent business elsewhere," shouted Dok Badbreff. "We'll be back. Maybe."

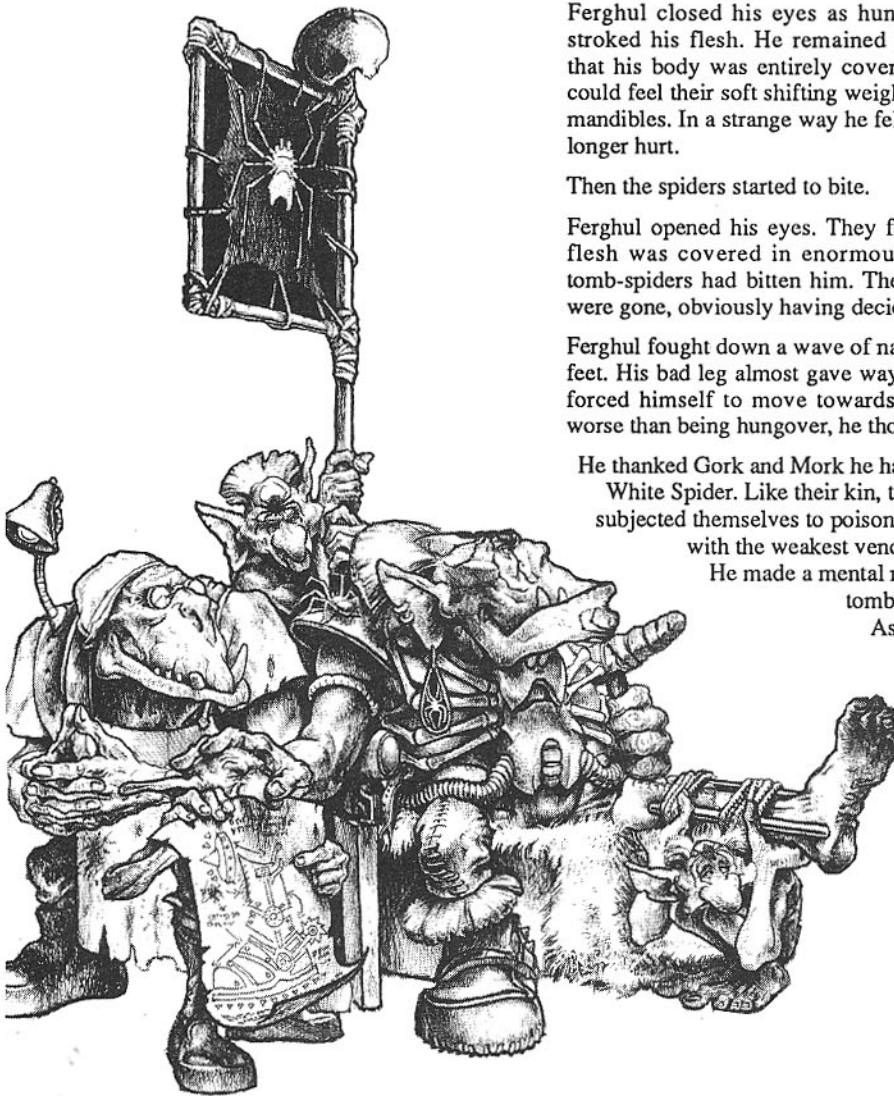
"Ha-ha! You're all doomed!" shouted the Human, rattling his cage till it swung back and forth. Ferghul

saw that the rest of the Gretchin had joined Sleekit at the foot of the stairs. They all stared at him with terrified intensity. No, not at him. Beyond him. He turned round.

A moving carpet of spiders covered the floor. The light glistened from thousands of tiny gem-like eyes. The arachnids advanced like a myriad of severed eight-fingered hands. Poison dribbled from their mouths.

The spider on his neck bit him. Venom seered through his veins. He clutched the arms of his throne and bit back a shriek of pain, fighting down his instinctive urge to swat the creature. Footsteps sounded on the stairs as his followers fled.

"The venom of the tomb-spider is the deadliest in the universe. The curse of the Spider Goddess is upon you," exulted the prisoner, continuing to swing his cage as the arachnid tide advanced. Through tears of pain Ferghul noticed that the cage's rope had almost frayed.



"I fort you Humies follered da Emperor," said Ferghul hoarsely as a wave of weakness flowed over him. The spiders had almost reached his feet. They were drawn up like Imperial regiments, obviously guided by some inhuman intelligence.

"The Emperor is weak. The Spider Goddess was present on Arichnidae long before his coming, and will be here long after his worshippers are dust. You were fools to desecrate her temple. You will all paaaaaaayyyyyy....."

The rope snapped and the cage fell among the spiders. Hundreds died with an audible squeal.

Ferghul saw the man thrash about within the cage, sweat streaming from his forehead. Spiders crawled through the bars. Huge black mobile blotches marred his face.

"Goddess, no! I did not mean to kill your children," he screamed. Red spots erupted where the spiders bit him. He writhed and howled and died.

Ferghul closed his eyes as hundreds of furry legs stroked his flesh. He remained immobile, knowing that his body was entirely covered with spiders. He could feel their soft shifting weight, the caress of their mandibles. In a strange way he felt relaxed. His leg no longer hurt.

Then the spiders started to bite.

Ferghul opened his eyes. They felt red and raw. His flesh was covered in enormous lumps where the tomb-spiders had bitten him. The spiders themselves were gone, obviously having decided he was dead.

Ferghul fought down a wave of nausea as he got to his feet. His bad leg almost gave way beneath him but he forced himself to move towards the stair. This was worse than being hungover, he thought.

He thanked Gork and Mork he had been brought up a White Spider. Like their kin, the Snake-Bites, they subjected themselves to poison from youth, starting with the weakest venoms and working up.

He made a mental note to procure some tomb-spiders for the ladz.

As he emerged into the sunlight he decided

that bad
leg or no he
would
give Sleekit a
taste of boot,
then, depending
on his mood, he
might do the
same to Dok
Badbreff and his
henchmen.
Or he might get
a new leg.
Cheap.
He'd see.



PAINTING TIPS



The painting of Space Orks offers the enthusiast a vast and rewarding scope for exploring their skills: colour schemes and decoration ranging from stark simplicity up to the most intricately detailed. Whatever your experience and particular interests, you will be able to explore them to the full, from the drab camouflage colours of the Blood-Axes to the splendour of an Ork Warboss and his retinue with their battle gear and war banners richly decorated with glyphs and pictograms. As you're not restrained by definitive uniform schemes or rank systems you can allow your imagination to run riot, and are free to improvise all you want. Each Ork warrior is an individual, yet his status and clan type has a defined and coherent look. Here we outline the basic characteristics of the six major clans and types featured in this book. You can use this article as a starting point, but take time to look carefully at the artwork and explore the clan character through your painting. Let your imagination help you create miniatures which are truly individual.

PAINTING YOUR ORKS

To paint your Citadel Orks, we recommend the Citadel range of paints and inks, available singly and in boxed sets. They have been specially formulated to complement the Citadel range of plastic and white metal models, and can be used in combination with each other for subtle blending and washing effects. The entire range of paints, inks and artists brushes are available from all Games Workshop shops, Games Workshop Mail Order, Specialist Stockists and good game and hobby stores everywhere.



BAD MOON
NOB'S BANNER



DEATH SKULLS
WARBOSS' BANNER

Flesh Tones

The easiest way to paint Ork flesh is to start from a fairly dark base and highlight up. The best colour to start with is Woodland Green mixed with a tiny spot of Chaos Black. All skin areas can be painted with this mix then left to dry. Goblin Green is then painted over this base coat, leaving a thin line of the darker colour in the deepest folds and where the skin meets clothes and equipment. This will give the model definition and shape.

Highlights are added by mixing Bilius Green with Goblin Green and blending on the model itself. Skull White can be added to the mixture to give the final highlights on the highest areas of flesh.

Bad Moons

The main colours this clan uses are black and yellow. The best way to achieve a pure, bright yellow is to work with Sunburst Yellow over a 'clean' base of Skull White. This way, if thin layers of paint are used, the white will make them stronger and more vivid. The yellow is highlighted by adding white to the base colour. If the result is too light, a thin wash of Yellow Ink can be applied to give extra depth of hue.

Evil Sunz

Members of this clan love the colour red and always wear at least one item of red clothing. When they can't obtain pure red, they will use ruddy browns. The same is true for painting red as for yellow and any other bright colour: it is always best to work over a base of pure Skull White. A coat of Blood Red and Red Ink is best, highlighted with Hobgoblin Orange and Sunburst Yellow.

Snake-Bites

Natural colours are favoured by this clan, such as browns, buffs, and tans. Bestial Brown, Orc Brown and Spearstaff Brown can be mixed to give an infinite range of earthy colours. Thin washes of Brown or Chestnut Ink can also be used to make the colours richer.

Death Skulls

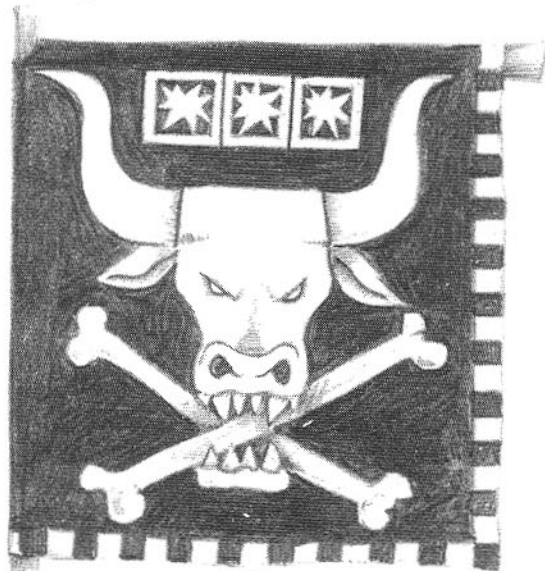
Members of the Death Skull clan believe that blue is a lucky colour, and even go as far as to paint their faces blue to attract good luck. Use a base coat of Enchanted Blue with a small amount of Moody Blue to deepen it slightly. The highlights are a mixture of Enchanted Blue and Skull White.

Blood-Axes

The uniforms of this clan are very militaristic and the colours reflect this. Olive drab and khaki are the most common uniform colours. A good olive drab can be achieved by mixing Woodland Green with Chaos Black, while Orc Brown makes a good khaki.

Goffs

Goffs particularly favour black in their uniforms, and checks of red, black and white are a very prominent feature of their decoration. The easiest way to paint checks is to paint the entire area with the lightest colour first, then paint horizontal and vertical lines over this using the darker colour to form a grid. All that's left then is to fill in the alternate squares with the darker colour. Each square can then be individually shaded if required.



GOFF
NOB'S BANNER

Weapons and Equipment

Weapons are given a base coat of Chaos Black, then drybrushed with Bolt Gun Metal, and highlighted with Chainmail and Mithril Silver. Leather equipment can be painted in Bestial Brown and Orc Brown.

Finishing Touches

The last thing to be added to the painted model are the tattoos or war paint, which is done when it is completely dry. The paint used should be slightly thinned down so that it flows more easily onto the model. If the colour is not strong enough then another coat can be painted over it.

Some models, especially the Nobz, have flat areas of clothing for displaying glyphs on. This gives an ideal opportunity to characterise some of your more important models with personal messages and statements. Ork glyphs are very easy to use - if you look at the Language section starting on page 94 you will find a full list of them and their meanings.

The best way to paint glyphs is to work over a light base, ideally Skull White. Using a very sharp hard-leaded pencil, lightly draw on a line drawing of the glyph, which will give you a guide to paint from. Use a brush with a very fine point to translate these lines to paint. To do this, mix Black Ink and Paint together. When the lines are dry, the glyph can be coloured in using the appropriate colours. The last thing to do is to paint and shade the surrounding area.

On pages 50 to 55 of this book you will find colour examples of backplates and uniforms of the six major clans, which you can refer to for reference and inspiration. Of course, these represent only a few of the many possible variations between the different families and clans, so feel free to use your imagination and invent your own!

PAINTING SPECIALIST CASTES

Weirdboyz

Of the four specialist (or Oddboy) castes, Weirdboyz are by far the most spectacular. They can be readily identified by their striking bright and patterned clothing - a gift from the Boss Ork.

Weirdboyz from five of the six major clans are shown on page 19, and although each one is extravagantly dressed it is immediately apparent which clan they are from. The general colours and iconography of the specific clans are carried through onto their clothing in an exaggerated form. This can be seen perhaps most clearly on the Bad Moon Weirdboy. The moon face is taken from the clan icon, and is repeated on the model's staff and hat. The main colours of the Bad Moon clan are black, yellow and blue, with black flames being a common device. The Bad Moons Weirdboy and his two Minders have been painted to good effect using these guidelines. The blue and yellow quartering works particularly well and the black flames on the hat help to separate the two moon faces.

Although the Snake-Bite Weirdboy has been painted fairly brightly, the colours of the clothing still reflect the feral nature of the clan. The soft leather effect was achieved by applying washes of Brown Ink over blended highlights to tone them down.

The Death Skull Weirdboy is festooned with bones, and the horned skull on his hat is a very good representation of the main clan icon. The Weirdboy glyph is clearly displayed on his long coat tails. Areas like coat tails or flat expanses of clothing are ideal for painting glyphs or clan symbols onto.

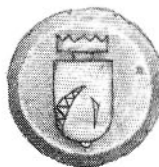
Mekboyz

Mekboyz' clothing follows the same rules as apply to other members of the clan with regard to colours and designs, but is far more likely to be dirty and stained with oil and grease. The best way to achieve this dirty effect is to paint the model as normal and add the stains last. This is done by mixing Black and Brown Ink and dappling it on in rough patches. If the ink mix is quite heavily watered down, lighter or heavier stains can be applied depending on how many layers of paint are laid down.

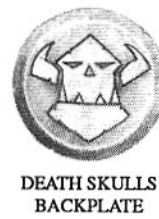
Staining and rust look very effective on the tools that Mekboyz carry. A dulled metal effect can be gained by putting a thin wash of a Blue/Brown Ink mix over a Chainmail and Mithril Silver Base. Rust is painted the same as oil stains on clothing.

Painboyz

Painboyz wear clothing appropriate to the family to which they belong. The Bad Moon Painboy is from the Moonfire family. Oil, rust and blood stains can be added to the grisly tools of their trade. As with Mekboyz, these are just dappled on using a fine brush.



MEK
BACKPLATE



DEATH SKULLS
BACKPLATE



PAINBOY
BACKPLATE

PAINTING BANNERS

The easiest way to construct an Ork back banner is to make the cloth part and the frame separately. When both parts are finished they can be stuck together to create a finished banner.



SNAKE-BITE
WAR BANNER

The frame is made from 1mm brass wire, which you can buy from most good modelling shops. There are two types of frame: the T-shape and that for the Japanese style banner. Both types start with a single length of wire about 30mm long, with the bottom 5mm bent into a right angle to form an L-shape. The horizontal piece of wire then slots into a hole drilled into the miniature's back. To make a T-frame you glue or solder another length of wire, about 20mm long, 5mm down from the top of the first piece of wire.

Once finished, the frame is painted with either Chaos Black and drybrushed with Mithril Silver to represent metal, or given a coat of Spearstaff Brown to represent wood.

The banner itself is drawn out or photocopied onto a piece of paper, leaving room at the top for fastening tags. The banner is then painted and cut out. To attach the banner to the pole, the tags are bent around the wire and stuck to the back of the banner.

If you want, you can add battle damage to the banner by slashing the edges with a craft knife and staining them with thinned-down Chaos Black or Black Ink. The final step is to give the whole banner a coat of matt varnish and glue it to the model.

At this stage you can add details such as Marine helmets, animal heads and skulls to provide a focal point for the top of the banner and give it an appropriate Orky feel.

The Boss-Pole of the Warboss inside the front cover is worth a special mention here, as it was a major piece of construction. The frame was constructed from 3mm brass rod which was soldered together into an L-shape, but leaving about 10mm clear onto which the minotaur's head was fastened. The banner itself was drawn out onto paper after the design had been carefully thought out. It was decided that the main clan symbol should be the focal point of the whole piece, with a glyph message about the Warboss himself.

The glyphs read "WAA GOFF BOSS GARG GOB BAD GOF GRIM SNIK MOB GIT OG TEEF SLAG GROT WAA" which translates as "We are the Goffs and Boss Garg Gob is the toughest, hardest Goff of all. He has killed many enemies and commands huge wealth and a stronghold with many servants. Watch out, here we come!"

This is a typical Orkish boast about fighting prowess and wealth. Garg Gob himself carries a simplified version of this message on his back banner: "Garg Gob slaughters his enemies and is fantastically wealthy." The paper banner was fastened onto the pole using PVA glue and the decorations were added last. Skulls, heads, backplates from other clans and especially Marine helmets are all prized trophies and lend models of this sort added character.

The model of Garg Gob is itself quite heavily converted, being made up from parts of several different models. The left arm is from a power-armoured Ork with the addition of a plastic chainsword. This was attached by drilling a hole in the hand and another in the sword then fastening the two together with a short length of wire and superglue. The top of the head was carefully cut away using a fret saw and an old minotaur's head was added.

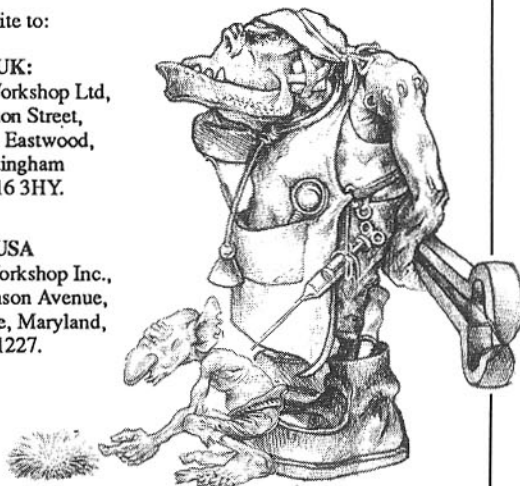
The Snake-Bite Ork was a very simple conversion, as all that was added was the dagger and an animal's tail underneath it. The dagger is taken from a Space Marine sprue, cut off at the hilt and glued into place, while the tail was made from modelling putty and stuck under the hand where the pommel would be. Simple conversions like this are very quick and are great for individualising miniatures.

If you have enjoyed reading this book, and would like to find out more about Games Workshop products, please send £2.00 or US \$4.00 in cheques, money orders or stamps and we'll send you the latest issue of White Dwarf magazine, which features articles and information about our extensive range of miniatures and games.

Please write to:

UK:
Games Workshop Ltd,
Chewton Street,
Hilltop, Eastwood,
Nottingham
NG16 3HY.

USA
Games Workshop Inc.,
3431 Benson Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland,
21227.





MOB OF EVIL SUNZ BOYZ

Ork nobles are known as Nobz, and are able to afford much better weapons, battle dress and equipment than Da Boyz - the rank and file Ork warriors. They can be found commanding Ork units or fighting together in their own Mobs.



GOFF CLAN ORK



BAD MOON CLAN ORK



NOB, EVIL SUNZ



NOB, GOFF CLAN



NOB, BLOOD AXE CLAN



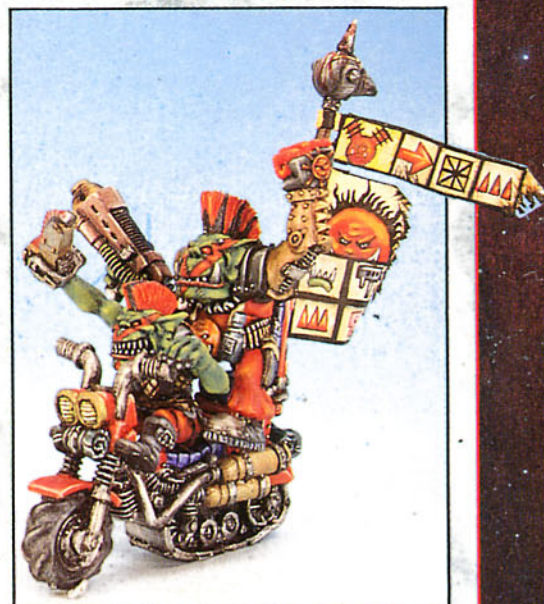
NOB, EVIL SUNZ CLAN



GOFF CLAN ORK



MOB OF BAD MOON CLAN BOYZ



EVIL SUNZ BOSS WITH PERSONAL BANNER, MOUNTED ON WARBIKE



Waaargh the Orks is the ultimate Ork sourcebook.

Its contents include:

- The history of the Ork race, and the part that Gretchins and Snotlings played in its development.
- Comprehensive information on all aspects of Ork society and its place in the Warhammer 40,000 universe.
- Details of the numerous Castes that make up Ork society: the Weirdboyz, Stormboyz, Runtherdz, Painboyz, Wildboyz, Mekaniaks and the Nobs (plus the Boyz themselves, of course)
- A study of the six greatest Ork Clans: the Evil Sunz, the Snake-Bites, the Bad Moons, the Goffs, the Death Skulls and the Blood-Axes
- Uniform and painting guides for Orks, including dozens of example backplates and banners, with many in full colour.
- Ork language, both spoken and written, and its use in all levels of Ork society...



MANUFACTURED IN
GREAT BRITAIN

ISBN: 1 872372 15 5

Product Code: 0153

Ref. No: 00153s

**GAMES
WORKSHOP**

Games Workshop Ltd.
Chewton St.
Hilltop, Eastwood,
Nottingham, NG16 3HY.

Games Workshop Inc.,
3431 Benson Avenue,
Baltimore,
Maryland 21227.



**CITADEL
MINIATURES**

Warhammer 40,000 and the Games Workshop and Citadel Miniatures logos are all trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. Copyright 1990 Games Workshop Ltd. All Rights Reserved.