

The background of the cover is a dynamic, painterly illustration of an Ork battle. In the center, a large Ork warrior with green skin, a red spiked collar, and a red and black checkered tunic is shown in a powerful, lunging pose. He is holding a large, glowing orange and yellow energy weapon. To his left, another Ork is visible, also in combat. In the background, there are more Orks, some on foot and some on what appear to be flying vehicles or structures. The overall color palette is dominated by warm, fiery tones of orange, yellow, and red, suggesting a battle scene. The title 'WARHAMMER' is at the top in a stylized, metallic font, '40,000' is below it in a similar font, and 'ORKS' is in a large, bold, white font with a black outline. The 'WARHAMMER' and '40,000' text is set against a dark, jagged banner. The 'ORKS' text is set against the background illustration. In the bottom left corner, there is a small logo for 'WARHAMMER' and 'CODEX'. In the bottom right corner, there is a logo for 'GAMES WORKSHOP'.

WARHAMMER

40,000

ORKS

WARHAMMER

CODEX

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INTRODUCTION

Orks are brutal and barbaric aliens that live to fight. This Codex is the definitive guide to collecting and playing with an Ork army in the Warhammer 40,000 wargame.

THE WARHAMMER 40,000 GAME

The Warhammer 40,000 rulebook contains the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures set in the war-torn universe of the 41st Millennium. Every army has its own Codex book that works with these rules, allowing you to turn your collection of miniatures into an organised force ready for your games of Warhammer 40,000. This Codex details everything you need to know about the Orks.

WHY COLLECT AN ORK ARMY

The Ork army is not only one of the most powerful in the 41st Millennium but also one of the most fun to play. The greenskin hordes excel at close combat, and fall upon the enemy in a howling tide of violence. Ork warbands are so large that despite the losses you may take as you close with the foe you will always have enough Boyz left to get your bloody revenge.

The natural toughness and ferocity of the Ork army is bolstered by an array of ingenious weapons and war machines that are as entertaining as they are deadly. Orks appeal to players with a sense of humour and a taste for inflicting severe beatings upon the enemy.

HOW THIS CODEX WORKS

Codex: Orks contains the following sections:

- **The Ork Race:** The first section introduces the Orks in all their green and savage splendour, and their part in the Warhammer 40,000 universe. It includes full details of their origins, the lesser greenskin races, and the system-wide invasions the Orks call Waaaghs! Also included are details of the infamous Ork clans.
- **Forces of the Orks:** Each and every character, troop type and vehicle in the Ork army is examined in gruesome detail in this section. Firstly, you will find a full description of the unit, describing its role within the army and its favoured method of crushing the foe. Secondly, you will find complete rules for the unit and details of any unique weapons, gizmos and powers they use to slaughter their way across the universe.
- **The Greenskin Army:** This section contains colour photographs of the extensive range of Citadel miniatures available for your Ork army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's famous 'Eavy Metal team. Colour schemes for the various clans are included, as well as tips and techniques for constructing and painting your Ork warband.

- **Ork Wargear:** This section contains full details for the rugged but deadly wargear used by the forces of Orkdom, including annotated illustrations.
- **Ork Army List:** The army list takes all of the units presented in the 'Forces of the Orks' section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your own games. Each unit type also has a points value attached to help you pit your force against an opponent's in a fair match.

FIND OUT MORE

While Codex: Orks contains everything you need to play a game with your army of greenskins, there are always more tactics to use, scenarios to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine *White Dwarf* contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer 40,000 game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Orks on our website:

www.games-workshop.com



THE ORK RACE

Orks are the most warlike aliens in the 41st Millennium, and their number is beyond counting. From the depths of the galactic core to the distant Ghost Stars burgeoning Ork empires rise and fall. Should the Orks ever truly unify, they would crush all opposition and drown the civilised races in a tide of gore. But the Orks' unquenchable thirst for violence is their downfall as well as their strength. The Ork tribes spend much of their time fighting amongst themselves, waging brutal wars against their own kind so that only the strong survive. On occasion, an Ork leader will emerge who is mighty enough to defeat his rivals and unite the warring tribes. His success draws other tribes to him, attracted by the promise of carnage. Soon a great Waaaghl is underway – part migration, part holy war. When the Orks are on the rampage, the galaxy trembles.

THE ORK

Ugly and violent creatures, Orks are the dominant caste of a race that includes the smaller Gretchin and Snotling sub-races. The Orks rule their barbaric civilisation with an iron fist. They see themselves as the toughest and most aggressive of all races in the galaxy, and kill everything in their path to prove the point.

A typical Ork stands around the same height as a man, though he would be much taller if he would only stand up straight. His frame is extremely muscular and solid. An Ork's arms are long and heavily thewed, and his knuckles almost scrape the floor as he lopes around. His gnarled hands end in taloned fingers capable of tearing an enemy's throat out with ease.

An Ork's skull is extremely thick, able to absorb impacts that would cave in a human head. His heavy brow shades blood-red eyes afire with the need to kill. Jagged fangs jut from a heavy jaw that would not look out of place upon a far larger predator. An Ork's genetic make-up contains fungal and algal strains, making them highly resilient. The skin of the Ork is green and leather-tough, and his body is dotted with scars, scabs, pock-marks and parasites. More offensive still is the Ork's smell, which has been likened to that of a diseased Grox languishing in its own dung.

Orkoid physique is so robust that it can withstand tremendous punishment. An Ork feels next to no pain even from the most grievous of wounds, enabling him to fight on whilst horrifically injured and even for a short while after he is technically dead. The greenskin regenerative process is so powerful that an Ork who has been cut apart in the crucible of battle can simply be stitched back together again, bewildered but ready to fight once more.

When an Ork speaks, it is in a slow, gruff tone thick with saliva and guttural curses. His words are sparse, brutal and straight to the point. Orks have but one philosophy: might is always right. They believe that the weak must suffer the rule of the strong. Over the countless millennia in which the greenskins have waged their wars, not one Ork has ever doubted this for a single moment. This unshakeable self-belief is perhaps the most dangerous quality of the Ork race, for they will never give up on their mission to plunge the galaxy into an eternal war.

Volkrag craned his neck inside his mega-armour for what seemed like the fiftieth time that day, and was finally rewarded. The skies were streaked with the unmistakeable contrails of Space Marine drop pods, hammering through the tortured skies towards their position. The Warboss's roar of bloodlust was taken up by his tribe until it sounded like the warcry of a savage god. His warriors mounted up, bolting for their ramshackle trukks and battlewagons. The real battle was about to begin.

Inside the red-lit belly of his battle fortress, the Ork Warboss strode purposefully before his warband, the resounding clang of each footstep punctuating his bellowed orders. The battle fortress lurched and one of Volkrag's boyz, dropping his barrel of fungus beer, earned himself a punch in the face from the Ork next to him. Volkrag loosed a few warning shots from his shoota, stopping the inevitable brawl and lacing the pig-stink of the hold with the sharp tang of cordite.

"You lot! Lissen up, cos we got a proper scrap to look forward to now!" Volkrag stomped towards the assault ramp, crushing a squealing Gretchin under his mega-armoured bulk. "This 'ere door's about ta open, and when it does you will see wot we came here ta kill!" His warriors roared their approval. "Wot I want to see is a good 'ard charge! No fancy stuff!" Another roar. "On yer feet! Check yer guns! Ready yer choppas! Last one out's a stinkin' panzy! Waaagh!"

Volkrag's warcry was taken up once more as the assault ramp exploded outward. The Orks poured out of the hold, an unstoppable tide of savagery and hatred that pelted headlong into the volleys of disciplined bolter fire. Volkrag led the charge, hitting the Space Marine's gun line like an out-of-control juggernaut. Blood arced as his power klaw smashed three Space Marines from their feet, and the Warboss's laughter rang out across the battlefield. Today was a good day to be an Ork.



THE GREEN MENACE

Ork civilisation is hierarchical in the extreme. These hierarchies are not determined by rank or birth, but by size and savagery. The largest Orks boss about their smaller brethren, who in turn bully the diminutive slave-race known as the Gretchin into doing their bidding. Smaller still are the Snottlings, who some say are the stunted remnants of a once-great caste that the aeons have reduced to the level of simple-minded children. The greenskin sub-races have a symbiotic relationship of sorts, with the smaller greenskins performing menial tasks for their Ork overseers in exchange for a measure of protection. The self-sustaining Ork society and ecology is so robust that it can exist almost anywhere, which is why Ork settlements have been found scattered to the furthest corners of the galaxy.

GRETCHIN

Gretchin have a similar physiology to the Orks, though they are not as strong or tough. To compensate for this the Gretchin possess an abundance of low cunning. Sometimes known as Grots, Gretchin are more numerous than Orks. They scurry around the larger greenskins on scrawny legs, and their grasping fingers snatch and steal from the unwary. Gretchin have large, bulbous heads and wide tattered ears that flatten

against their bald pates when they are afraid. Sharp fangs fill their jaws, ever ready to be sunk into the flesh of the weak or infirm, and malice gleams in their beady little eyes whenever there is an opportunity for violence.

The Gretchins' large and protruberant nose gives them an excellent sense of smell, their ears afford them a similarly advanced sense of hearing, and their eyesight is acute even in the dark. These traits, combined with a heightened instinct for self-preservation, mean that Gretchin can not only survive but also thrive in a society dominated by vicious predators. Some Grots have their survival instinct honed to such a degree that they may possess a rudimentary sixth sense, or naturally be far more fortunate than they have a right to be. Makari the Grot, luckiest of all his kind, lived to the ripe old age of nine before finally being sat on by his master and subsequently fed to an ill-tempered Squiggoth.

On his own, a single Gretchin poses little threat to a human-sized adversary. However, if there is one quality the Grots have in abundance, it is quantity. On the field of battle the Gretchin advance in a great mob, firing volleys of scavenged ammunition from their poor-quality weapons before diving upon the fallen and tearing them apart in their scrabbling haste to loot the corpses.



SNOTLINGS

Snotlings look like tiny, immature Gretchin. Their scrawny limbs are too small to bear weapons larger or more complicated than sharp knives and, lacking the violent tendencies of their larger kin, they make for very poor soldiers indeed. They are kept as little more than pets for their Ork masters, although they do make excellent ammunition for the strange weapon the Orks call the Shokk Attack Gun. Nonetheless the Snots do perform a valuable function in Ork society.

Snotlings have an even closer genetic bond with fungal life forms than the other greenskins, and cultivate the great patches of the fungi that spring up around Ork settlements. In this way the Snotlings provide food, drink and medicine for the rest of Ork society. Snotlings also look after the ferocious squiggly beasts that live in the Ork cesspits. Their natural affinity with these lifeforms means that in a given day only a few dozen Snotling attendants will be devoured alive by their ravenous charges.

The Snotling populations that spring up around Ork settlements are monitored and cultivated by a caste of Orks known as Runtherds. These grizzled and merciless slavers have a variety of ways to bully their charges into a state of anxious obedience, not least of which are the much-feared groat-prod and the ferocious Squig-hound.

SQUIGS

Squigs, also known as Squiggly Beasts, are always found living with Orks. They are an integral part of the simple and mobile Ork ecosystem. The Squigs eat the refuse of the Orks, and the Orks eat the Squigs. There are many forms of Squig and each variety incorporates many subtypes. Their functions range from edible to medical, but perhaps the most infamous of all Squig types are the ravenous face-biters, which the Orks use in the same way humans might use attack dogs. Little more than a snapping, drooling mouth on legs, these ferocious beasts are a sign of status and many an Ork Warlord keeps a pet face-biter that dines upon those who have fallen out of the Boss's favour. Other equally sharp-toothed Squigs grow and breed in the sprawling cesspits of the Ork settlements, lending an air of unpredictability and excitement to even the briefest trip to the drops.



THE LOST RACE

Many of the more civilised races of the galaxy have speculated about where the seemingly omnipresent Ork race came from, and whether they originally had a home world from which they spread to the furthest corners of the galaxy. The exact truth is shrouded in mystery, for the Orks do not keep written records. Instead they rely on an oral tradition of storytelling.

Ork legend (such as it is) is generally passed down by the Runtherds, those who specialise in the breeding and training of the lesser greenskin races. They speak of a legendary caste of greenskins who created the Orks of today as a warrior race to protect their own. Difficult as it is to believe, this ancient race was extremely intelligent, and held dominion over the other Ork castes. They were much smaller than their servants, so they bred the Orks to be as strong and fierce as possible to protect them from predators and invaders. Though their Ork and Gretchin servants were anything but intellectual, they had a strong survival instinct and an innate understanding of their own universe. The Runtherds refer to the mysterious forefathers of the Orks as the Brainboyz.

"Da only lost race I ever heard of woz when Hef crashed his trike in da final stretch of da cross-desert rally. Cost me a few teef, that."

- Nuzzgrod of the Black Skulls

The Brainboyz were the driving force behind Ork civilisation; developing technology and directing the other castes in their expansion across the stars. A great tragedy must have befallen them, however, for they do not exist today. Some Ork legends tell of a great plague that lasted for many centuries, causing the Brainboyz to dwindle and eventually die out altogether. Others maintain that the Brainboyz regressed into Snotlings and that an Ork rebellion was responsible for reducing the Brainboyz to the infantile little monsters they are today. Either way, the Brainboyz took steps to preserve what they could of their knowledge by engineering it into the genetic structure of their slaves, thereby creating the ultimate survivor race. Many amongst the Magos Biologis of the Imperium theorise that the Orks retain such a relatively high level of technology in the 41st Millennium as a direct result of this accelerated evolution, their technical skills coded into their genes.

Orks being Orks, they care little either way.



GREENSKIN KULTUR

Orks have their own distinct culture (or 'kultur' as the Orks call it), the origins of which stem from the days of the Brainboyz. Though it is a corrupted version of the society engineered by the Orks' progenitors, by and large it functions very well. Perhaps this is because the fundamental tenet of Ork society is a simple one that even the most pea-brained Snotling can understand: the belief that might makes right.

THE ORK HIERARCHY

Orks instinctively obey those larger than themselves, provided they are a healthy shade of green – most Orks would rather die than bow to a non-greenskin's will. The rulers of Ork society are the largest and most powerful Orks of all, known as Warbosses or Warlords. These monstrous killing machines can reach up to ten feet in height. Warbosses often rise to power through low cunning, as their abilities as a warrior are deemed more important than any real leadership qualities. A Warboss will hold dominion over all he surveys, and beat the living daylight out of anyone who says different. His decisions are enforced by a ruling caste of Orks known as Nobz, who are larger, richer and more aggressive than normal Orks.

The bulk of the Ork horde is comprised of great mobs of infantry that call themselves Boyz. The Goffs in particular are famous for the sheer number of Boyz that they can field in times of war, marching to battle as a green horde that often outnumbers its foes several times over.

Orks tend to be lazy and forgetful, and only war and the preparation for war really brings out their innate talents. Most of the day-to-day running of Ork society is left to the Gretchin, whose duties include preparing food, taking messages, fetching, carrying, general organisation and just being around the place when an Ork wants something to kick. This gives the Orks plenty of time to swagger about, getting into fights and coming up with new ways to kill things.

"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."

– Uthan the Perverse, Eldar Philosopher

The Gretchin are happy enough in their role. They bear little resentment towards their superiors, for to them Orks are just a fact of life, and questioning the facts of life leads to a clip round the earhole and little else. Individual Gretchin can enjoy a relatively comfortable existence by providing valuable services to their Ork masters. Most Grots are owned by Orks as personal servants, though some gather together into loose tribes that may even own functional weapons and equipment. The Gretchin have created an entire enterprise culture of their own within their Ork-dominated society. Many Gretchin operate their own black-market businesses on the side, such as selling fungus-beer, roasting squigs on sticks, coordinating the bets when a fight breaks out or looting corpses for fun and profit.

A LIFE OF CONFLICT

Orks excel in the field of war, on everything from a personal to a galactic scale. It is conflict that governs their entire society, their technological advances, and even their individual growth. Prolonged periods of conflict lead to a proportional increase in the size and strength of an Ork, and greenskins who have fought in an active warzone for a few years tower over those who have been deprived of such stimulus. Longer wars produce ever larger combatants. At the climax of Warlord Thogza's decades-long Waaagh! into the Duros sector, the Ork veterans were reputed to reach a size almost twice as tall as a man.

When there are no enemies to fight the Orks will test their mettle against any native predators they can find, and if that fails they will fight amongst themselves simply for the joy of it. Disputes between Orks become almost hourly occurrences if they are not engaged against a common foe. It is during times such as these a Warboss's authority is often challenged by a rival Nob. The outcome of power struggles such as these are resolved through methods ranging from low cunning to high explosives, but ritual pit fighting remains a firm favourite. Pit fights are popular since they entertain the whole warband and establish the victor as Warboss beyond dispute. Rivals are thus dispatched by the incumbent Warboss, or else he is overthrown (and usually killed into the bargain). Every Ork settlement has a fighting pit for this purpose, which is also used to settle other grudges and disputes. Pit fighting thus serves the Orks as a rough and ready judicial system.

Other tests of mettle popular in Ork kultur are squigeating contests, whereby rival Orks attempt to eat a face-biter squig before it eats them, and breakneck races around the settlement's perimeter in ramshackle vehicles. It is considered a great breach of protocol to open fire upon a challenger in a race such as this, though truth be told Orks have never cared that much about protocol.



As an Ork matures into adulthood, he will become involved in larger and more violent conflicts ranging from border skirmishes to all-out war. Orks have addictive personalities, and the heightened states of excitement produced by a battle can mean that over the course of a particularly epic conflict an Ork will become addicted to one facet of warfare above all others.

Orks have a tendency to seek out like-minded tribemates who share the same obsessions, and hence form loose groups of specialists. An Ork who has experienced the exultation of destroying an enemy tank may join the ranks of the Tankbustas, whereas an Ork who has become obsessed with battlefield discipline may become one of the infamous Stormboyz. Even the brutish Nobs of each warband can specialise in a certain role, gathering in mobs of cannon-toting Flash Gitz or steel-armoured Meganobz. There even exist groups of Madboyz, those Orks who have caught a piece of shrapnel in the brain or have become unhinged due to some horrible accident or unnecessary surgery. Without a doubt, though, the largest and most popular of these subcultures is the Kult of Speed.

THE KULT OF SPEED

Orks love to go fast. Speed fulfils some deep need in the Orkish temperament, just like the thunder of guns, the clank of tracks or the din of battle. They like to feel the wind whipping into their faces, to see the dust rising behind them in a great cloud, and to hear the throaty roar of supercharged engines. It is hardly surprising that bikes and buggies of all kinds are popular with the Orks. These up-gunned vehicles may not be as sturdy as those used by the Imperium, but they are cheap, shooty and, most important of all, they can achieve truly breakneck speeds.

ORK 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 fangs to have any real value - human teeth are just too fiddly and pathetic. The Orks have used teeth as money since time immemorial. It 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 too long. This simple approach to an issue most civilisations agonise about is typical of the pragmatic attitude of the Ork race.



Some Orks become addicted to the sensation of speed and join the Speed Freeks, a Kult whose members rarely if ever leave the saddle. These grinning loons roar into battle ahead on exhaust-belching jalopies and crude but effective flying machines, intent on getting into the thick of the fighting before their ground-pounding comrades. Due to the large number of vehicles in each warband, they often have several of the Oddboys known as Meks amongst their number to keep their wagons running smoothly.





ODDBOYS

If Orks were nothing more than single-minded killing machines they would be dangerous enough, but they would be unable to sustain a significant level of technology to ply the stars. Gretchin, though obedient if beaten with sufficient regularity, are neither inventive nor intelligent enough to maintain the weaponry that the Orks possess, nor to patch up casualties when the going gets tough. These highly technical demands are met by a caste of Orks known as Oddboyz.



There are many types of Oddboy in Ork society, but the most important are Mekboyz, Painboyz, Runtherds and Weirdboyz. Mekboyz are responsible for the creation and maintenance of Ork technology. Painboyz are Ork

medics, though their penchant for bizarre and inappropriate surgery can make their ministrations more hazard than help. Runtherds breed the lesser forms of greenskin and marshal them onto the field of battle, and Weirdboyz are potent psykers who can discharge great blasts of Waaaghl energy into the ranks of the foe.

Although it may seem strange to humans, these Oddboyz all possess an innate understanding of their fields of expertise as soon as they are born. A Mekboy knows how to create engines and generators even though he has never been taught to do so, and a Painboy instinctively knows which squirty tube connects to which wriggly bit when he is delving into some unfortunate patient's abdomen. If asked where this knowledge comes from an Oddboy might reply that it was in his blood all along.

In a way this is almost literally true, for bound up within an Ork's genetic structure are artificial genetic strands that carry this sort of knowledge. Some believe these strands were implanted into the Ork's genetic pattern to enable the Orks to survive without their Brainboy masters. As an Ork matures, any latent knowledge inherent in his genetic structure will start to make itself apparent, and he assumes the role in Ork society for which he is best suited. Should he lack any specialist knowledge, he will join the vast throng of Boyz at the heart of each tribe and content himself with a life of murder and mayhem.

Chapter XVII: Genetic predetermination

It has long been known that the psychological aspects of a human are, in part, determined by their genetic heritage. Certain geno-types are disposed towards predetermined personality traits which, in turn, inform the process of learning and aptitude. In Orks this genetic predetermination is also present, though in a different and much more pronounced fashion. It appears that not only is aptitude towards certain aspects of the culture present in the genestructure, actual skills and knowledge are also encoded into the genetic strand.

The best analogy one can think of is to compare this knowledge with the basic motor skills present in a human child. A human child does not have to be taught how to breathe, or how to make its heart beat. In a similar way, an Ork predisposed towards science and mechanics [cf. Mek] has an encoded knowledge of basic physics and mechanical engineering theory. In the same way that a child can learn to alter their breathing, hold their breath or improve the capacity of their lungs and vascular system, so too can an Ork build upon these innate skills through the normal process of learning. The two major skill groups created in this fashion are the castes known as Doks and Meks.

Doks are medical experts, who have a rough and ready knowledge of Orkoid xenological composition. Due to the hardness of their physiognomy, Ork surgical and medical techniques are as crude as the rest of their technology.

Wounds can be easily stitched tight with staples or bolts, while broken bones need little in the way of setting to speed the healing process. Internal injuries are similarly treated, and the multiple redundancy of many Ork organs provides plenty of transplant donors for those in need of such measures [although the donation is not always made voluntarily, particularly where the casualty is an important member of the society]. Often Orks undergo horrendous and entirely unnecessary surgical procedures to satisfy the Dok's inquisitiveness. Such treatments are not tested in any scientific manner before their employment and horrible injuries often result from such gruesome procedures.

Meks are similarly driven to experimentation. Much of the weaponry and wargear used by the Orks are designed and built by the Meks. As much of their knowledge is subconscious, the vast majority of Meks never truly understand what they are creating. This leads to some rather unlikely conventions. For instance, it is widely believed in Ork society that machines painted in a red colour operate faster. As disturbing as it sounds, 'facts' such as this become true. Many captured Ork weapons and items of equipment do not work unless wielded by an Ork. I theorise that many Ork inventions work because the Orks themselves think they should work - the strong telekinetic abilities of the Ork subconscious somehow ensure they function as desired.

Genetor Lukas Anzion

Hereditary skill acquisition within the Ork caste.



THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

The secret of the Ork's remarkable physiology is symbiosis. An Ork's body harbours the genetic traits of both animal and fungal life forms, and it is this plant-like nature that gives the Ork his remarkable constitution. The Ork's green colouration is due to an algae that flows through their blood, and also forms part of their digestive tract. This algae breaks down and repairs damaged tissue at an incredible rate, accounting in part for the Ork's extremely durable metabolism. An Ork's head can live on for some time even when completely severed from the body, and can even be transplanted to another body altogether before death sets in.

The Ork reproduces by the dispersal of spores that settle and mature over time. An Ork's demise triggers a mass release of spores that can develop into dozens of cocoons. Though these cocoons may hatch Gretchin, Snotlings or just simple fungi depending on conditions, a good number will mature into fully-grown Orks after a short gestation period. These spores are dispersed far and wide by the wind, which makes the eradication of the greenskin presence from a contaminated warzone impossible to effect with anything short of the cleansing firestorm of Exterminatus.

A few Ork spores will come to rest in remote zones where no other Orks dwell; dense jungles and arid deserts where normal civilisations find it difficult to

survive. The spores rapidly infest the area and grow without threat of discovery. Over a relatively short period of time, the Ork hatchlings band together into loose tribes. Sometimes known as Wildboyz, these groups will seek out and unite with the parent warband. There they learn about Ork kultur and take their place in the warrior society, exchanging spear and axe for slugga and choppa. However, should the new tribe mature on a world where their Ork ancestors have been driven off or slain, the Wildboyz will instead develop into a tribe of Feral Orks.

At first, Feral Ork tribes form little threat to the planet they infest. They are uncivilised, even by the low standards of their Ork brethren. Feral Orks live by the old ways of hunting and exploring. As the tribe increases in size they breed ever-larger varieties of squig, riding around upon great tusked beasts that vary in size from a Grox to a Megadon. Exploring the stomping grounds of their predecessors, the Feral Orks soon learn to scavenge weapons and equipment, rejoicing in the noise and destruction they can cause with their new toys. Shortly after this discovery the tribe will mobilise for war, whooping and howling as they pour out of the mountains or jungles, flinging themselves into the settlements of the unsuspecting enemy and starting the cycle of warfare afresh. Once a world is infested with Ork spores it is forever locked in an endless cycle of violence and madness.





TRIBES AND CLANS

Orks thrive on conflict. The strongest rise to the top while the weak become subservient and benefit from the superior leadership and headkicking skills of their conquerors. To an Ork this state of affairs is perfectly satisfactory. If an Ork tribe is beaten by another, stronger tribe, the defeated Orks welcome the opportunity to be led into battle by a new Warlord of even greater power.



A tribe is simply all the Orks in a given location, regardless of what kult or clan they may belong to, because in the end an Ork is an Ork and they will always put aside their differences if there is an opportunity to beat up a common enemy. Each tribe is led by a Warboss or Warlord whose authority and power holds this loose confederation in check and prevents civil war between the rival elements of the tribe. Tribes can vary in size from a few thousand Orks to a few million, depending on the influence of the war leader at the top of the pile.

Because a Warlord cannot be everywhere at once, the tribes are split into warbands that in turn are led by factional leaders called Warbosses. Each Warboss leads a warband of a hundred or so Orks, forming a rough and ready army that is capable of taking on almost any foe. Most warbands have a hard core of Ork infantry at their heart, though exceptions include the mechanised warbands of the Speed Freeks, warbands of Ork walker-dreadnoughts, heavily-armoured battlewagon brigades and the Mek-led warbands that specialise in the use of heavy weapons.

Although all Orks belong to a tribe, many also belong to clans such as the Goffs or Evil Sunz. Tribes are constantly breaking apart and reforming in the crucible of battle, but the clans are constant and enduring. A large tribe usually contains many different clans, and each clan has its own distinct character and identity.

There are six clans that have spread from one side of the galaxy to the other: the Goffs, the Snakebites, the Bad Moons, the Blood Axes, the Deathskulls and the Evil Sunz. Each has distinct cultural preferences and abilities, perhaps engineered into the Orks by the Brainboys of the distant past in an attempt to ensure a productive society. The Orks, on the other hand, work hard to ensure their society is as violent as possible.

Chapter XVIII: Societal and Military Grouping

The basic Ork fighting unit is the warband, an organisation roughly equivalent to a Company in human military terms. A warband is commanded by a large and aggressive Ork chieftain, called the Warboss. The Warband is split into a number of mobs, with each mob usually led by an Ork noble, referred to as a 'Boss' or 'Nob'.

Warbands are usually part of a tribe but can be independent. The tribe is ruled over by a powerful Warlord, the most dangerous and ambitious Warboss who has fought his way to dominance over his kind. A tribe can comprise anything from several hundred to over a million Orks and will claim control of an entire continent or world. More commonly a habitable Ork world will sustain several Ork tribes in a more-or-less perpetual state of war with each other until they join in a Waaagh!.

Cutting across warband and tribal boundaries are the Ork clans. The clans embody a philosophy (for want of a better term) among Orks, each clan emphasising particular elements of Ork culture above others. For example, the Goff clan embraces aggression, hardiness and hand-to-hand combat as true Orky virtues while the Evil Sunz clan is dedicated to speed, lightning attack and having the snazziest vehicles.

Some Orks become obsessed with clan ideals. Where this is the case the Ork will seek out like-minded individuals and join with them to create a warband which completely exemplifies the purest traits of 'their' clan. However most tribes are less dominated by the clan ideal, and clan values merely serve to instill a sense of unity and make a common enemy of tribes which are part of other clans.

During an Ork Waaagh! warbands are destroyed and reformed from whatever survivors are available. In these times warbands or even whole tribes may emerge which comprise members of many different clans thrown together by the fortunes of war. In spite of their usual antipathy these Orks will fight alongside each other for the duration of the Waaagh! as they become caught up in the tide of Orkish aggression and conquest.

At the conclusion of the Waaagh! a mixed warband or tribe will usually break up under the pressure of inter-clan rivalry. However warbands commanded by an especially determined leader will stubbornly hang together, abandoning their previous clan and tribe affiliations to become Freebooters, Orks who fight for profit and glory.

Genctor Lukas Anzion
Orkoid sociological organisation



GOFFS

"We're da best. Think different do ya? Come and have a go then, ya runty little wimp!"

- Gasgrakh, Goff Nob

The Goffs are the biggest, meanest and most brutish of all their kind, and that's saying something. Of all the clans, the Goffs are the most inspired by the thrill and thunder of battle. Goffs will take any excuse to start a brawl, even amongst themselves. As a result the Goffs are specialists in hand-to-hand combat who prefer their battles up close and personal.

Goff armies are notorious for the sheer number of Ork infantry they muster in times of war. A Goff Boyz mob is usually at least twenty strong, and a true Goff horde has a hundred times that number at its heart. When the Goffs go to war, the ground shakes to the incessant thump of thousands of steel-capped boots.

The Goffs use a bull's head as their clan emblem, as they feel a kinship with bad-tempered, violent and flatulent beasts. They dress predominantly in black, seeing the gaudy colours sported by other clans as inappropriate for a serious Ork warrior. Though they sometimes decorate their wargear with checks and dags, camouflage is all but unheard of, being viewed as cowardly in the extreme by the older and more traditional Goffs. After all, what self respecting Ork would want to do himself out of a good fight by hiding himself from the enemy like a snivelling Grot?

EVIL SUNZ

"Evil Sunz like two fings most: Going fast and krumpin' stuff. Dat's why we'z so good at it."

- Lugout of the Bladed Wheels

The Evil Suns are irresistibly attracted towards fast vehicles and loud noise. They have an unquenchable need to careen around the battlefield at great speed, ploughing into the ranks of the enemy before racing off to cause more carnage elsewhere. Though an Evil Sunz army will include foot troops, these infantry mobs will usually save up their teeth for when they can afford a vehicle of their own.

The Evil Sunz never stay in one place for long, and are always on the lookout for new victims and settlements to slaughter. The armies of the Imperium find it extremely difficult to engage the Evil Sunz on anything other than the Ork's terms, for the clan's super-charged trukks, battlewagons and buggies can outmanoeuvre the heavy vehicles of the Imperium with ease.

The totem of the Evil Sunz clan is a blood red Ork face grimacing from the heart of a sunburst. They wear red clothes and often paint their machines red too, firmly believing in the old Ork adage that 'red ones go fasta'. Evil Sunz Warbosses will usually have their vehicle painted red from grille to exhaust. The habit of painting vehicles red has its roots in the ritual covering of the Ork's mounts with the blood of the foe, a practice that is still observed by some of the older Evil Sunz tribes.





BAD MOONS

"Bought me a deffblasta off Rotskrag earlier.
Nice little killa. Just ask Rotskrag, hur hur."

- Fat Druzka, Flash Git

The Bad Moons are the richest of all the Ork clans. This is because their teeth grow faster than anyone else's, meaning that even the lowliest Bad Moon has a steady supply of wealth. This is not regarded as an unfair advantage, as any Ork big and nasty enough can simply smash the teeth out of a Bad Moon's head.

The Bad Moons fulfil the role of a merchant class in Ork society, and have a reputation for showing off. The vehicles used by the Bad Moons are festooned with decoration. A mob of Bad Moon Nobs on foot will bristle with personalised kombi-weapons and gold-plated deffguns, sauntering into battle with firepower enough to slaughter whole platoons of the enemy. These heavily-armed blaggards think it is a great wheeze to cut down an enemy unit just as a rival Ork clan is about to engage them in mêlée.

Bad Moons love gold more than any other metal, and will commonly sport a couple of glinting teeth in their avaricious grins. They favour golden yellow and black for their wargear, taking a snarling moon on a field of flames as their clan emblem. Their armour and wargear is painted with gaudy patterns in the clan colours and they have more jewellery and piercings than any other clan. Only a fool underestimates the raw strength of the Ork beneath the ostentation.

SNAKEBITES

"Live off the land. Go to find war. Kill wot comes close. The old ways are best."

- Grodd, Snakebite Runtherd

Snakebites are considered backward by the more technologically-minded tribes, for they still follow the old ways. As a result of their rugged lifestyle, Snakebites are usually weather-beaten and as tough as old boots. They are experts in the field of breeding stock and their Grots and Squigs are the fiercest in all of Orkdom.

The Snakebite clan's name and emblem comes from a rite of passage that involves the young aspirant goading an extremely poisonous serpent into biting him, then sucking out the venom to prove his toughness. Snakebites hence build up a resilience to natural poisons, and keep snakes and toxarachnids as pets. They always carry a selection of venomous beasts with them when they migrate to a new planet in case the local serpents prove disappointingly inoffensive.

Snakebite Runtherds breed large numbers of Gretchin, who come in very handy when feeding the larger creatures in the infamously pungent Snakebite menageries. In times of war the Grots are given crude weapons and herded into battle, often manning batteries of Big Guns and accompanying vengeful Weirdboys. When the Snakebites launch an assault, it is with shocking ferocity as the enemy is buried under an avalanche of battle-crazed Orks, snapping squigs and stabbing Gretchin.



BLOOD AXES

"Us Blood Axes have learnt a lot from da humies. How best ta kill 'em, fer example."

- Korporal Snagbrat of the Dreadblade Kommandos

The Blood Axes are held by the other clans to be a bunch of untrustworthy gits. They trade openly with the Imperium, parley with the foe and will even consider retreating from battle if faced with insurmountable odds. Perhaps once intended to make the Blood Axes natural leaders, these qualities have instead earned them a reputation as treacherous scumbags.

In fact, most of the Blood Axes' reputation is undeserved. True, they have made the most contact with the forces of the Imperium, occasionally fighting as mercenaries and making extensive use of Imperial war materiel, but then every Ork can see the funny side of extorting weapons from human planets only to use them against their former owners.

Blood Axes view the act of getting shot down before they have killed any of the enemy as a terrible waste of an opportunity, and so have adopted the practice of wearing camouflage. This makes them a target for derision from their brother clans, but in truth the Blood Axes care little. The Warbosses of the Blood Axe clan seem to have a better understanding of grand strategy than their compatriots from the other clans, planning large-scale battles or even entire campaigns in detail. When dealing with the other races, the Blood Axes are uncompromising and vicious. Should a human ever be caught trying to swindle a Blood Axe, he will be hacked to death where he stands.

DEATHSKULLS

"Wot, this? Naw, I've had this fer ages. Of course the paint's still wet, it's me favourite. Sell it to ya if you like. One careful owner."

- 'Fingaz' Rutzeg, Deathskull Loota

The Deathskulls are plunderers without equal. They are tremendously good at looting, borrowing, scrounging, scavenging, and stealing things from their fellow Orks, and notoriously bad at giving them back. Deathskulls would make capable scientists and excellent engineers if their fascination for new things lasted longer than the time it took to steal them.

The Deathskulls see battle as a two-stage process, often hurrying the killing part in an effort to speed along the scavenging spree that follows. After the battle the Boyz really go to work, feverishly stripping the corpses of the fallen of everything from ammunition to bootlaces. Many Deathskulls will take grisly trophies such as their victim's scalp or skull into the bargain. Only when the loot is returned to the camp does the inevitable infighting break out as the Deathskulls trade, barter and auction off their ill-gotten gains.

Deathskulls use a horned death's head as their totem. Once they have stolen something they personalise it to establish ownership once and for all. This often involves painting it blue, the colour which they believe attracts the eye of their gods and protects them from harm. The superstitious Deathskulls even use blue warpaint, sometimes going so far as to paint themselves blue from head to toe the night before battle.

THE ORK GODS

The Orks are a powerful force in the universe. A highly successful race, they seem to be able to expand and prosper effortlessly in comparison to the other civilisations who struggle even for simple survival. The Ork character traits have a reflection in the immaterial dimension of the Warp just like the traits and emotions of Humanity and the Eldar. These traits are made manifest in the belligerent Ork gods known as Gork and Mork. The Orks say that Gork is brutal but kunnin', and Mork is kunnin' but brutal.

Gork and Mork are divine powerhouses, deities so strong they are never truly defeated. They simply shrug off the attacks of other gods with a raucous laugh. Gork grins, bears his long teeth, and lands a mighty blow on his adversary's head with a spiked club the size of a comet. Mork, the master of cunning, waits until his foe isn't looking before clobbering him with a low blow.

An idea of the appearance of the Ork gods can be gained from looking at Ork Gargants, mighty war machines constructed in the image of Gork (or possibly Mork). The Mekboyz create these titanic engines of war to reflect the essence of Orkishness in mechanical form. A Gargant is consequently the ultimate war machine and a potent religious idol. These clanking behemoths behave very much like the Ork gods, lumbering about and leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. They go where they please, and never shun a fight.





GATHERING THE WAAAGH!

Orks need battle just as humans need food and drink. Due to their warlike nature, Orks constantly fight amongst themselves to prove who is the strongest, sharpening their innate warrior skills but posing little threat to the galaxy at large. However, Ork populations can reach a kind of critical mass that leads to a full-scale planetary migration. This is known as a Waaaghl, a crusade of pure aggression that crashes through star systems in an orgy of violence.

A Waaaghl usually starts small, even as small as a single Ork visited by dreams of carnage. He will hammer his dreams of conquest into his subordinates, often imparting his vision to others by building a gigantic war machine in the image of his brutal gods, or beating up other Orks until they do it for him. These titanic effigies are known as Gargants, and their construction ignites something primal within the hearts of the Orks that see them. Rumours of the coming Waaaghl spread through their society, and the Orks begin to unite.

A Warlord will fight his way to the top of this ramshackle horde, subsuming the armies of those he conquers into his own tribe. As news of his status spreads, the trickle of reinforcements becomes a flood.

Ork Meks start to collaborate on more and more outlandish projects, building even larger war machines and guns for the Waaaghl. Smoke-belching mobile fortresses and titanic engines of battle are cobbled together out of nothing more than scrap metal and heavy-handed enthusiasm.

There is still much rivalry between the various clans and tribes, and each strives to outdo all the others in the sheer killyness of its war machines. Those Meks without the resources to construct towering Gargants instead create mobs of clanking Killa Kans and Deff Dreads, or powerful battlewagons from which the Ork warbosses lead their armies to war.

Dozens of other Ork Warbosses add their armies to the cause as the crusade gathers momentum. The construction of war engines and gigantic walkers built in the image of the Ork gods reaches fever pitch.

Soon, the emergent Waaaghl begins to span worlds instead of continents. Entire native populations are forced into slavery merely to manufacture ammunition for the horde's guns. Crude factory-ships and war hulks are bashed into shape, the better to transport the Ork armies into battle.





When the lure of imminent bloodshed can be resisted no more, the deadly fervour washing through the horde overflows. Teeming Ork armies mass and swell as the anticipation of the coming war reaches fever pitch, and the skies fill with bulky and crude Ork spaceships.

The grand musters that precede a full-scale Ork invasion are an awe-inspiring sight. As the Orks gather for battle, smoke from thousands of oily engines fills the air. The ground trembles beneath great wheels, tracks and the thunderous strides of towering Gargants. Armies of greenskins stretch across the horizon, raising their banners high to proclaim their reputations and allegiances, their warcries audible for miles around. Batteries of Big Gunz, bizarre energy weapons and force field generators hum, clank and buzz amidst the green throng. Scattering armadas of rusty vehicles raise thunderheads of dust so large they are visible from space. Speed Freeks rev their engines, and the Boyz fire their guns into the air while a carpet of Gretchin spreads out in front of the army.

Soon the battlefield is barely visible beneath the endless sea of green, each Ork warrior certain that soon the ground will be stained red. Here the power of the Waaagh! is palpable as a wave of raw aggression and Orkiness. Gork and Mork gaze eagerly down from the warp to see how their warriors will fare.

With an almighty bellow the Orks surge forwards, and another world is plunged into unending war.

Out of the gloom it came, a giant machine, vast and deadly. Ushbek stared up at the eighty-foot monster in awe. Dragnatz threw himself on the ground and aimed his shoota, 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 thundered past.

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.

'Oi, Mekboy, wot is dat zoggin' thing?' asked Dragnatz, sending another useless burst of fire after it.

'Dunno, Boss, but it's ded killy,' replied Ushbek. Inspiration flared through him. He had a vision: if the humans could build their god a metal body, then maybe he could build the Ork gods metal bodies too. In his mind's eye he could picture his creations. Huge, angry, violent, loadsa guns. Very shooty. Very shooty indeed. And he'd make them bigger than anything the humans could make. It was such a great idea, he wondered why he'd never had it before.

Though he didn't know it yet, Ushbek was going to change the history of the galaxy. The Waaagh! was on its way.





THE SAVAGE STARS

Orks live on innumerable worlds. On some they dominate completely, on others they live in a state of perpetual war, and on others still they act as slavemasters, bullying the local populations into doing their bidding. Across the entire galaxy there are Ork realms, Ork empires, and Ork hordes that roam the stars upon gigantic space hulks. Wherever humans have travelled, they have found Orks. It has been tens of thousands of years since humanity encountered the Orks, and in that time mankind has fought countless bloody wars against these savage aliens. There is no likelihood that this state of affairs will change.

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. The probe still sends back faint signals after 14,000 years adrift. 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.

The Ork empires spread across the galaxy like a green stain. No system is entirely devoid of their touch. Some theorise that the Orks do not use conventional methods of travel because their spores drift through the cosmos on etheric winds, but the truth is far simpler. The greenskins have not mastered the art of space travel because they simply do not care where they are going, only that they get to kill something when they get there.

ORK ROKS

Ork roks are essentially large asteroids hollowed out and fitted with drives, guns and crew quarters. Though roks are incapable of travelling through the warp, any system containing Orks will quickly accumulate a growing number of roks. This is because the Orks 'build' them at a prodigious rate, often by breaking off large chunks of space hulk or welding space debris onto meteors. Orks can use Roks as a means of drifting from one world to another within a system, pulling them in and out of orbit with simple but powerful tractor beams.

It has come as a fatal surprise to many an Imperial captain skirting an asteroid belt to find that some of the asteroids are drifting in his direction, guns blazing. Needless to say this is extremely entertaining for the Orks involved, quite making up for the lack of speed or manoeuvrability afforded by such a solid chunk of space detritus.

SPACE HULKS

The primary mode of interstellar travel for the Ork race is the space hulk. Space hulks are gigantic agglomerations of ancient wrecks, asteroids, ice and interstellar flotsam and jetsam, cast together after millennia of drifting in and out of warp space. Some are infested with alien life forms, Chaos renegades or even worse horrors, but most are simply ghost ships, plying the void for eternity. Tales of greedy scavengers meeting horrible fates aboard space hulks are told throughout the Imperium, but there are just as many tales of vast fortunes made from the ancient or alien technologies they carry.

When a space hulk appears in an Ork-held system it is seized by any possible means, including colossal tractor beam arrays, and converted into a huge invasion craft. Cavernous launch bays are adapted for innumerable assault craft and millions of Ork warriors and war machines honeycomb its irregular cavities. Once completed, the space hulk is sent back out into the stars with an attendant fleet of attack ships and kroozers as escorts. The space hulk is guided into a warp storm or rift through the efforts of its Weirdboyz and Meks. It is drawn into the warp and, if all goes well, spat out once more at a world ripe for conquest.

Being incredibly random in their trajectory, space hulks could appear in any place, at any time. This suits the Orks just fine, as their spirit of adventure and aggression owes nothing to organisation or direction. In this manner the Orks travel to the corners of the galaxy, spreading a plague of warfare across space and time.

"'Travellin' through space is boring. Well, boring unless da hulk yer on is full of dem gene-sneakers, or a base fer da Chaos lads wiv da spikes, or already has Boyz on it. Or if humic lootas come callin', that's always good fer a bit a sport. Or unless yer have a mutiny or two to pass da time, or unless strange fings start happenin', which dey usually do when yer out in da warp. One time we had some bloody great ugly fing come straight out of Weird Lugwort's 'ed! It butchered half da lads, that was pretty entertainin'. Come ter fink of it, space is a pretty good larf. And that's before yer find yerself a nice new world ta crush!"

Bigmaw, Ork Runtherd

A GALAXY AT WAR

History is spattered with the predations of the Orks just as a Warboss's choppa is spattered with blood. The ruination wreaked upon the galaxy by the Orkoid race is beyond measure. Not even the Lexmechanics of the Imperium can hope to catalogue the true extent of the carnage wrought in the names of Gork and Mork, for the Orks care little for the lessons of yesteryear or the promise of tomorrow. All that matters to them is the violent present. And yet, in the closing years of the 41st Millennium, the menace posed by the Ork race is greater than it has ever been before. There are more Ork empires than ever and many of their warlords fight for the same cause. Worse still they are led by the Prophet of the Waaagh!, Ghazghkull Thraka, and if anyone can unite the Orks, it is the Beast of Armageddon himself.

THE COMING OF THE BEAST

Ghazghkull led an unremarkable life upon the backwater planet of Urk until he sustained massive cranial injury from a bolter round. His life was saved by a Painboy called Dok Grotsnik, but Ghazghkull was never the same again, claiming that Gork and Mork spoke to him directly and that he was their prophet. His conviction and brute strength lent credence to his claims, and soon mighty Gargants were being raised all across Urk in the name of Ghazghkull's vision.

The following decade saw Ghazghkull ascendant. He grew rapidly in size with every passing year as rival Ork Warbosses challenged his rule and were beaten into the dirt for their presumption. Ghazghkull gathered a massive number of armies to his banner and gave the greenskins of Urk an ultimatum – follow him to glory or die. As one the Orks chose to follow Ghazghkull, becoming the first of several thousand tribes to pledge allegiance to his cause.

The first act of Waaagh! Ghazghkull was to crush the entire Urk system. The Prophet of the Waaagh! brought even the most truculent worlds under his rule by attacking them again and again until they bent to his will. Ghazghkull was afire with the need for conquest. Every Ork who saw the flames of his passion first-hand would follow the Prophet of the Waaagh! into the jaws of hell. Ghazghkull knew well that he would need every ounce of loyalty he could inspire, for his new target was none other than the Imperial world of Armageddon.

ARMAGEDDON

The hive world of Armageddon is a vital node at the centre of several Imperial navigational channels. A polluted wasteland of ash and metal, its innumerable weapons shops supply arms to Imperial Guard regiments several hundred light years away. Ghazghkull resolved to crush it without mercy. He knew

that if this lynchpin of the Imperium were to fall, hundreds of worlds would be robbed of their defence capabilities and whole systems would buckle and collapse under the weight of his onslaught. Like many Warlords before him, Ghazghkull intended to bring about an era of war that would never end.

In 941.M41, Warlord Ghazghkull invaded Armageddon at the head of a massive Ork Waaagh!. Ghazghkull timed his incursion perfectly, launching his attack just when the Imperial commanders were at their most complacent. When Ghazghkull's space hulk was sighted in-system, the Overlord of Armageddon, von Strab, did nothing to investigate or report its appearance to other Imperial authorities. The gigantic transport crashed straight onto the western continent known as Armageddon Prime and Ghazghkull started to deploy his armies. In response, von Strab sent out his planetary defence regiments piecemeal. They were ground into the dust. Within a week the continent of Armageddon Prime was taken by storm as Ghazghkull's warriors rampaged through its hives. The defences of Armageddon Prime fell to the Ork invaders like wheat to a scythe.



The Imperial high command was content to withdraw beyond the equatorial jungle into Armageddon Secundus. Ultimately it was a Commissar named Yarrick who ordered Armageddon's astropathic choir to send a signal for aid, earning him von Strab's displeasure and his subsequent exile to the towering metropolis known as Hades Hive.

Von Strab was not concerned with the loss of Armageddon Prime, declaring that the Orks would never be able to cross the deadly jungles that separated them from Armageddon Secundus. He was wrong. Ghazghkull's forces swept out of the jungle cover and embarked on a massive conquest, crossing the Stygies and Diabolus rivers and marching on the hives of Armageddon Secundus. Von Strab ordered Princeps Mannheim of the Adeptus Titanicus to lead his Titans into battle to delay the Ork armies, unsupported by other forces. Mannheim obeyed, though he knew that it would lead to the destruction of his beloved god-machines. The Titans inflicted heavy casualties, but Ghazghkull's gargants had them outnumbered and outgunned. The Legio Metalica were all but annihilated.



THE STORM BREAKS

Everywhere the Imperial forces were being driven back in disarray. Ghazghkull's armies swept onwards, laying siege to Infernus Hive as the Season of Storms broke in full fury. Lightning split the skies above as columns of refugees numbering in tens of thousands limped across the inhospitable ash dunes, dying from exposure to the harsh environment or falling prey to the rampaging Speed Freaks that harried them on their long march.

As the Orks moved southwards Ghazghkull ordered them to split into two forces. The thunder of battle reached a deafening peak as the massed armies of the greenskins descended on the Hades and Helsreach hives. Just as the Orks looked set to overrun Hive Helsreach and slaughter its people, von Strab unleashed a secret weapon – a massive stock of virus bombs capable of reducing even tough Orkoid flesh to a bubbling black soup in seconds. Many of the ancient devices malfunctioned and, as their payloads exploded prematurely above refugees and front line troops alike, thousands of humans died in agony.

In the harbours of Helsreach, desperate men fought with improvised weapons and sheer determination to buy their families time to escape, while the dockside loaders welded themselves into the cabs of their freight cranes and engaged the Gargants rampaging across the city in a tempest of close-quarter violence. The fighting was bitter, but in the end, Helsreach too fell to the Orks. Armageddon was ripe for the taking.

THE DEFENCE OF HIVE HADES

It was at Hades Hive that the conflict escalated once more. Inspired by the leadership of Commissar Yarrick, the defenders of the Hive fought as men possessed. The Orks made so little headway that Ghazghkull himself joined the attack, leading his forces from the front. Ghazghkull fought like a demon, slaughtering his way through entire regiments of the enemy, but the Imperial defence lines held true. For weeks Ghazghkull tried every stratagem taught to him by Gork and Mork; making lightning assaults and feints, attacking in massive waves and trying to reduce the hive to ruins by orbital bombardment. Yarrick countered every ploy.

As Yarrick and Ghazghkull fought over Hades, the remaining Ork columns rumbled southwards towards the only other surviving settlements – Acheron and Tartarus. The resultant sieges were bloody and violent in the extreme. With his many-pronged attack, Ghazghkull had the planet in his taloned grasp.

However, through his stoic resistance and inspired leadership Commissar Yarrick had distracted Ghazghkull long enough for Imperial reinforcements to arrive. Outside the Archeron, Hades and Tartarus Hives Ghazghkull's armies saw burning stars shooting down through the atmosphere. Minutes later the Ork hordes were thrown into chaos by the thunder of bombs and the crash of cannons as the sky filled with the distinctive shapes of Space Marine Thunderhawk gunships. The Adeptus Astartes were making planetfall.





SALVATION

Yarrick's call for aid was answered by not one but three Chapters of the Imperium's finest. With the arrival of Space Marines from the legendary Ultramarines, Salamanders and Blood Angels Chapters, battle was joined on a new scale. If Ghazghkull had made immediate plans to thwart this sudden counter-attack, Armageddon would still have fallen. However, Yarrick's uncompromising resistance challenged Ghazghkull's ability and reputation as a Warlord – a challenge from which he could not back down. The Prophet of the Waaagh! fell upon Hades Hive with the hatred an Ork reserves only for his greatest enemy.

The Space Marines arrived too late to save Hades. Ghazghkull hunted down Yarrick in person and, after a dramatic battle, slammed the Commissar to the ground with a devastating headbutt. Only Yarrick's iron will stopped him succumbing to the grievous wound he had suffered. The Commissar, left for dead, swore an oath to hunt and kill Ghazghkull should it take his last breath.

As the Orks assaulted Tartarus Hive, Commander Dante of the Blood Angels made his move. Such was the fury of the Blood Angels that they slew nearly half of the Ork army invading Tartarus, and Dante's brothers from the Ultramarines and Salamanders Chapters slowly pushed the Ork forces back. The Orks refused to surrender. Some fought to the death, others slipped into the ash wastes or made their way to the equatorial jungles. Uniting the surviving defenders, the Space Marines began a masterful campaign of lightning attacks that eventually broke Ghazghkull's stranglehold. One night, without warning, Ghazghkull's forces withdrew from the battlefield. By the morning the ash wastes held little more than the corpses of the fallen.

In the depths of the equatorial jungles and in the ruins of the fallen hives the Orks began to breed. Much of Armageddon lay shattered, and yet the second war was but a prelude to the destruction yet to come.

WARLORD NAZDREG AND PISCINA IV

Withdrawing to his stronghold in the Golgotha Sector, Ghazghkull marshalled his strengths once more, and dwelt on what he had learnt from his first invasion of Armageddon. The Ork gods had revealed to Ghazghkull that in order to destroy your foe you must first know him. For Ghazghkull, the war for Armageddon had been a way to learn how the Imperium would react and deal with a major invasion.

Over the next few years, Ghazghkull allied with Warlord Nazdreg Ug Urdgrub, combining forces to make a devastating assault on the Imperial planet of Piscina IV. This was no normal invasion, however. Nazdreg, a Bad Moon Warboss possessed of incredible wealth and cunning, had some of the finest Meks in the galaxy in his employ. These Meks had pioneered a type of teleportation device that enabled Nazdreg to manoeuvre his troops directly onto the planet from his space hulk, even when it was located a massive distance away from the planet.

Ghazghkull saw the revolutionary potential of these 'Tellyportas', and joined forces with Nazdreg to test it on the unsuspecting planet of Piscina IV. The Imperial forces there were taken completely by surprise, and the planet was brought to its knees. Only the mysterious presence of Space Marines from the Dark Angels Chapter saved Piscina from being overrun completely by the greenskin armies. The Dark Angels suffered a string of bitter defeats at the hands of Ghazghkull's forces, culminating in a breathtaking duel at Kallidus Harbour between the Ork Warlord and the Grand Master of the Deathwing. Though Ghazghkull all but broke Grand Master Belial in two, the Deathwing forces had bought time for the rest of the Dark Angels to arrive. Piscina IV was saved, but Ghazghkull already had his prize. Striking a deal with Nazdreg, Ghazghkull left the Bad Moon warlord to continue the war for Piscina in return for his best Mek and the secrets of his tellyportas. The Prophet of the Waaagh! had work to do.

THE ARCH-ARSONIST OF CHARADON

The Ork empire of Charadon is the largest and most long standing of its kind. Controlled by a pyromaniac berserker known as the Arch-Arsonist, the empire of Charadon has been the bane of the Ultima Segmentum for countless centuries.

The Arch-Arsonist is a semi-mythical figure in the empire of Charadon, for he counts his victories not in worlds conquered but those left blazing in his wake. His legendary propensity for reducing even the most well-defended worlds into searing conflagrations has garnered him a sprawling empire of greenskins devoted to his destructive cause. Each successive Warlord of Charadon takes the title of Arch-Arsonist, lending the persona a kind of immortality.

Until recently, the expansion of the Charadon empire has been kept to a minimum by the Space Marines of the Ultramarines Chapter. Forces led by the Ultramarines' Librarian Tigurius have made surgical strikes upon the Arch-Arsonist's forces, preventing them from reaching critical mass and launching a full scale Waaagh! into Ultramar itself.

But Tigurius's success is beginning to wane. The Tyranid menace encroaches ever further into Ultramar and thus the Ultramarines can no longer spare troops to hold the nearby Ork empires in check. The Arch-Arsonist has seized his chance and invaded the Ultramar system, swearing that he will reduce the magnificent worlds of the Ultramarines to cinders and revel in the flames of their demise.





THE BATTLE OF GOLGOTHA

Ghazghkull left Piscina for the Golgotha system, unaware that Yarrick had located him and was hot on his heels. Golgotha was a mining planet, rich in material wealth. The Ork Warlord intended to seize the planet and convert it into a giant ammunition factory, fuelling a second Waaagh! into the Armageddon sector. Using his Tellyportas to make a series of lightning strikes, Ghazghkull quickly overcame the war engines and battle colossi of the planet's abhuman defenders. Within weeks the sheer might of the massed Orks and Gargants of Ghazghkull's armies had battered the planet's defences into rubble. Arriving at the climax of the battle for Golgotha, Commissar Yarrick led a squadron of Baneblade super-heavy tanks into the fray, intending to hunt down Ghazghkull and leave the Ork armies leaderless. Even these metal behemoths were not enough to stop the Beast of Armageddon. The tank squadron was overrun and surrounded by Ghazghkull's Evil Sunz allies. Yarrick was crushed under the tracks of the Battle Fortress Doomrolla, and his unconscious body was brought before Ghazghkull himself.

After a few weeks of inflicting idle torture, Ghazghkull decided that Commissar Yarrick was too good an enemy to waste. He released him from the stinking dungeons of his space hulk, because he intended to invade Armageddon once more and wanted a good fight when he got there. A plan fifty years in the making was about to reach fruition. War would come once more to Armageddon, and this time it would be there to stay.

THE RETURN OF THE BEAST

Fifty-seven years to the day after the first Ork invasion, Ghazghkull's fleet tore back into the Armageddon sector and the greenskin hordes descended on the industrial world at its heart once more. Such were the mighty armies that Ghazghkull had mustered that the Ork fleet outnumbered that of Armageddon six to one.

Ork Kill-Kroozers made suicidal rushes against the Imperial blockades with unbounded ferocity, losing a dozen of their number for a single Imperial vessel. Despite their skill the Imperial Navy could not hold back the tide. Worse still, at the height of the engagement the naval commander Admiral Parol received comm-bursts from the nearby Yarrick and Mannheim monitor stations, warning that three more Ork fleets were inbound from the edges of the system.

The combined fleets of Ghazghkull and his allies numbered over two thousand ships and at least twelve space hulks, the largest number ever to assail a world of the Imperium. The strength of the Ork armadas did not lie in numbers alone, however. The Imperial Navy ships encountered dozens of crude asteroid fortresses, or 'Roks', drifting in the normally vulnerable tail of the Ork fleets. These heavily armed weapons platforms were no real threat in long-ranged engagements, but the presence of such unusual numbers of them seemed to indicate some more sinister design at work. Little did Admiral Parol realise just what fate Ghazghkull had planned for the beleaguered planet of Armageddon.

DESCENT

On the planet below, the final weeks before the Ork fleet's arrival were occupied with frenzied preparations. Titan Legions consecrated their ancient plasma reactors, Imperial Guard regiments were mustered and dug in, and Space Marines from over twenty Chapters took up defensive positions. The last transport to make planetfall carried a legend. Commissar Yarrick, the 'Old Man' himself, set foot on Armageddon for the first time in two decades, to the rapturous cheers of the populace. With him was the *Fortress of Arrogance*, the very tank from which Yarrick had led the defence of Golgotha many years before.

Six weeks after entering the Armageddon system, Ghazghkull's vast armada descended upon the planet. Hades Hive, still ruined by the events of the first war but a symbol of Imperial resistance nonetheless, was the first to die. The entire hive and its inhabitants were obliterated by giant asteroids launched from the orbiting space hulks. Megatons of rock hit home like the hammer blows of an angry god. This act of wanton annihilation was Ghazghkull's vengeance against Yarrick writ upon a terrible scale.



As the fires of Hades' destruction lit the eastern horizon, the first Ork warbands clashed with Imperial forces near Volcanus, Acheron and Death Mire. Ground based defence lasers and missile silos took a terrible toll upon the Orks as they landed, but the survivors regrouped and assailed the defences with such ferocity that soon more and more of the horde reached the planet's surface unscathed. The sulphur-yellow skies over Armageddon became interwoven with twisting contrails as thousands of Ork Fighta-bombers duelled with Imperial Thunderbolts and Marauders. Tribe after tribe of Orks born from spores seeded over fifty years ago swept down out of the equatorial jungles to join the growing hordes. Tales of murderous ghosts spread like wildfire through the hives.

Acheron Hive fell to the Orks without warning, captured by treachery from within. The instigator of this foul crime was soon revealed as none other than the infamous war-criminal von Strab. He took over the hive as its new overlord, announcing that it was his divine right to rule over Armageddon alongside his ally Ghazghkull. Ork brute squads stood ready to silence any dissenters who doubted von Strab's decision.



Ork landers fell from the skies like a relentless storm, and war spread across Armageddon like a forest fire. In many places, the Ork attacks were beaten back by the resolute Steel Legion and their Astartes allies, but again and again the Orks would regroup and attack once more, stretching the defenders to their limit.

As the battles raged on the planet, Ghazghkull unleashed another of his carefully prepared plans. Dozens of the great asteroid fortresses encountered by Admiral Parol's ships began to descend from orbit. Slowed by powerful force fields, the Ork Rokhs made landings in the verdant equatorial jungles and across Armageddon Primus and Secundus. Many were lost to ground fire but each one that survived became a bastion for the Orks, a rallying point and a ready-made fortress. As well as their huge guns and missile batteries, the Rokhs contained giant tellyporta arrays. These were employed to bring down Ork reinforcements, Gargants and heavy artillery in an endless stream.

Strangely, the Ork Rokhs also made landings in the Fire Wastes and Dead Lands to the north and south of the main continent of Armageddon. Even Yarrick was puzzled by this, as these grim, forbidding lands had always been believed to be uninhabitable and tactically valueless. Weeks later their usefulness to Ghazghkull became apparent when hundreds of tanker-sized Ork submersibles rose from the polluted waters and made landings at Tempestora and Helsreach Hives. Surprise was total as the sea-scarred iron vessels disgorged thousands of Orks. Tempestora fell within days and the dockyards of Helsreach were captured.

WAR WITHOUT END

The fighting raged on until it seemed the planet itself would fall apart. The Orks had conquered over half of Armageddon in a matter of months, and ever more greenskin reinforcements poured in as word spread of the battles erupting across the planet's blighted surface. The concept of a war without end was like a holy grail to the Ork race, and from every neighbouring system Warlords gathered their armies and made speed for the Armageddon sector, drawn to the battle-scarred planet like hellsharks to the scent of hot blood.

In the howling ash wastes, the Space Marines began to establish battle lines, holding out against even the fiercest onslaughts. More and more troops were committed to the meat grinder as Imperial forces bound for the war against the Tyranid menace on the Eastern Fringe were diverted to the Armageddon sector. Von Strab was hunted down and killed as a traitor by a unit of Penal Legion troopers known as the Last Chancers, though his death made little difference. It seemed as though there was no escape for the Imperial forces.

Then, in a tempest of flame, the Season of Fire broke upon Armageddon. Temperatures outside of the Hives soared until even the greenskins were forced inside. Lava boiled across the landscape in lethal rivers that broke battle lines and forced troops on both sides to

abandon their positions. An uneasy stalemate was reached as the warriors upon Armageddon withdrew to lick their wounds.

Unable to take to the field of battle, Ghazghkull quickly ran out of patience. He left the war-torn planet to his generals and went in search of new victims. His work had been done – Armageddon had been plunged into an eternal state of war, and so many Imperial troops had been diverted to reinforce Armageddon that there were many worlds ripe for conquest within easy reach.

Commissar Yarrick was loath to see the Warlord leave without resolving their feud, and along with a strike force of Black Templars he launched a crusade to track down the Ork Warlord and end his reign of terror for good. When Ghazghkull heard news of his old enemy's pursuit, his reaction was a slow and ugly smile.

In both Ork and Imperial society Armageddon has become a byword for a war to end all wars. More greenskin reinforcements flood in with each passing day so they can get a piece of the Big Scrap. The planet remains besieged by an Ork invasion of unprecedented size, and Ghazghkull has since laid waste to dozens of planets around Armageddon. Only time will tell if the defenders of Armageddon can win their star system back before it is consumed completely by the Orks' lust for battle.

WAAAGH! WAZDAKKA

Once a simple Ork Mek, Wazdakka has risen to become the king of the Speed Freeks. He never stops, sleeps, or hesitates, and the only thing that drives him on is sheer addiction to the sensation of running down the enemy under the wheels of his mighty warbike. Wazdakka has become an inspiration for the Kult of Speed across the galaxy, and wherever he goes his army grows larger as more speed-addicted Orks flock to his tattered banner. Wazdakka is happy to ride with these disciples, provided they can keep up with him.

In the twisted recesses of Wazdakka's mind there resides a cunning plan of truly enormous dimensions. He wishes to harness the secrets of warp space, and use them to create portals through which he can ride from planet to planet. In this way he intends to drive his warbike from one end of the galaxy to the other, slaughtering everything in his path.

It is a plan that could only be spawned by a madman, and as a result it enjoys a great deal of support from every Speed Freek who hears of it. The power of Ork belief is strong and Wazdakka may yet get his interstellar highway operational. Should the Speed Freek Warboss succeed, the power of his Waaagh! would be devastating as his disciples tear in and out of reality across the breadth of the galaxy.





TUSKA THE DAEMON-KILLA

Late in 892.344.M41 the planet Prosan, neighbour of the fortress world Cadia, was invaded by a great host of Orks commanded by Great Boss Tuska. As the Ork fleet entered the Cadian system the Imperial navy moved to intercept it. They slowed the greenskin juggernaut but ultimately could not stop it. The Ork fleet ploughed through the Cadian blockade, losing a full third of its number in the process. When the Ork armada descended upon the world of Prosan, the Imperial High Command feared that the Cadian Gate was going to witness a full-scale Waaagh!

Prosan was a hostile environment training ground, a world with no strategic value and a great many dangers. Its already volatile climate had been enhanced specifically so that the Cadians could train in the most inhospitable battlefield conditions. Acid rain fell in great squalls, lava burst in sudden goutts from sharp volcanic rocks, and tornadoes raged across the violent skies. What the Orks wanted with the battered and worthless planet of Prosan was a mystery.

For thirteen days the commanders of Cadia looked on in puzzlement as the Orks poured wave after wave troops onto Prosan. Those Imperial regiments that were planetside at the time fought hard, their training giving them a natural advantage over the aliens. Great Boss Tuska seemed hell-bent on conquering the planet, however, and his elite infantry seemed to relish the challenge. If anything the hostile conditions only seemed to make the greenskins fight all the harder. Within a month the Imperial armies were forced to evacuate, leaving Prosan in the hands of the Orks.

The Imperial Navy re-established their cordon and prepared to fight to the last. They were not called upon to do so. The Orks left Prosan as suddenly as they had arrived. To the astonishment of the entire Cadian system, the Ork fleet made straight for the swirling, bleeding vortex that lay beyond the Cadian Gate and disappeared into the depths of the Eye of Terror.

TUSKA'S OATH

Two years before the invasion of Prozan, Great Boss Tuska's flagship *Gorejaw* had been invaded by a daemonic entity as it carved its path through the warp. Tuska liked nothing more than pitting his strength against something larger than he was and coming out on top, and was famous for his many battlefield trophies. When Tuska learned that a towering many-headed nightmare was slaughtering its way through his crew, he strapped on his power klaw and sprinted towards the sounds of battle, bellowing his warcry.

Great Boss Tuska was most impressed by the violence that greeted him when he found the blood-slicked monstrosity that was butchering its way through his Nobs. Still, Tuska was an Ork Warboss and would not back down, especially not on his home turf. He met the beast head to head upon the *Gorejaw's* bridge.

The resultant clash between Ork and daemon was titanic, but when the fighting was over Tuska had a new set of horns with which to adorn his trophy rack.

In fighting the warp-beast, Tuska had come closer to death than ever before. He had enjoyed it tremendously. Tuska swore a great oath to find more warp-creatures to fight, to lead his Boyz into the ultimate war against foes more powerful than any other. So it was that Waaagh! Tuska was born.

Upon transition to the material universe the Great Boss rounded up as many Weirdboyz as he could and ordered his fleet to make straight for Cadia. After a brief warm up upon Prosan to get his boyz used to really hostile conditions, he intended to steer the Ork fleet into the heart of Chaos beyond the Cadian Gate. There Tuska believed they would fight a war fiercer and more exciting than any other. In many ways he was right.



INTO THE ABYSS

Tuska's fleet made the normally violent transition to warp space with suspicious ease. His pet Weirdboyz warned that it was far easier to sail into the Eye of Terror than escape from its grasp, but this did not deter Tuska for one moment. His fleet cut through shimmering nebulas of thought and roiling seas of emotion as the Orks searched for something to destroy. They came upon worlds of flickering crystal, forbidden paradises, jungles of gibbering corpses and great orbs of pure force that crackled and spat as the Orks made planetfall. Each world was more peculiar than the last, and they witnessed sights that would have driven a human insane many times over. Yet Tuska cared little. His Orks destroyed everything in their path.

On a world carpeted with sore-pocked gargoyles that gasped and writhed underfoot, dripping tongues rose up to stab at the Ork invaders with their barbed tips. Tuska and his lads took their choppas to anything that so much as twitched. On a world sculpted from living silk, long-limbed temptresses sought to beguile the Ork warriors marching upon their fluted palaces. The she-daemons were met with an unrelenting wall of bullets and blades. On a world cut like a gem from solid thought, the Orks smashed their way through scintillating labyrinths with iron-shod boots and horned helmets. Impossible architecture was thrown down, half-real relics were crunched underfoot, and chanting worshippers were massacred. Though he was losing more and more Orks with each twisted world he visited, Tuska was having the time of his life.



THE DAYS OF BLOOD

The true test of Tuska's might was yet to come. Making planetfall upon a world the colour of fresh blood, the Orks splashed through a thick gruel of gore in search of an enemy. None came forth. What was left of Tuska's warband waded towards the lights of battle that they could see on the horizon, but came no closer.

Perhaps Tuska's Waaaghl would have ended there had he not fired his shoota at the ground in frustration. The planet's crust, textured like fresh meat below the blood-slicks, flinched at Tuska's outburst. It was all the sign the Orks needed. At Tuska's command they began slicing, chopping and firing at the surface of the blood-world itself. The crimson-black skies above began to resound with an angry roar.

The planet was soon to show its displeasure in a far deadlier way. Forming out of the blood-slicks were jagged beasts of sinew and rage, clothed only in flitting wisps of murderous intent. The daemon-things charged screaming into the ranks of the Orks, and as the greenskins lost more and more of their number they realised they had finally met their match.

Great Boss Tuska was undaunted, and lay about himself with power klaw and choppa. Without warning the ground below Tuska's feet split open, and something huge and terrible pulled itself out from the beating heart of the planet. Though Tuska did not know

it, he had attracted the attention of the Blood Prince, lord of the world on which the Orks had trespassed. It smiled at the greenskin before it, revealing a mouthful of fangs that would have made a Bad Moon jealous. Maw open impossibly wide, the daemon charged.

The warlord and the blood-thing duelled for hours, but it soon became plain that the daemon was only toying with Tuska. The boyz had been decimated, and Tuska was bleeding from dozens of deep wounds. Eventually Tuska was impaled through the gut by his adversary and pinned to the ground by its cloven hoof. In triumph, the Blood Prince screamed its praise to Khorne, but whilst it was distracted, the warband's remaining Weirdboys unleashed a storm of psychic energy upon the daemon. It roared in rage at their impudence, crushing their minds with a gesture. With his final act, Tuska reached up between the creature's legs with his power klaw and made a gesture of his own.

But Tuska's story does not end there. With every new dawn upon the blood-world, Tuska and his Orks find themselves whole again. They fight their way across the gory swamps in an eternal cycle of battle and death, puppets of the Lord of Battles until the end of time. In many ways, Tuska had come home.

'Told yer I knew where da best fightin' woz.'

Great Boss Tuska





THE WAR OF DAKKA

Ork Warlords fighting against the nascent empire of the Tau have often found themselves sorely outgunned. This is very irritating for the Ork forces involved, and sometimes even results in a greenskin retreat, the Warlords muttering to themselves that the Tau have no idea 'how to fight proper'. One exception is Waaagh! Grog, a crusade of vengeance that extended deep into the territory of the renegade Tau commander Farsight.

Grog Ironteef, the Warchief of Alsanta, has become one of the Tau Empire's most deadly foes. His fleet engaged the Kroot warspheres drifting through the spacelanes of Dal'yth. Grog had found that the Kroot made excellent opponents. They were mercenary aliens who preferred to engage at close quarters, and they could be relied upon to provide the vicious brawls upon which the Orks thrive. Just as the two races were settling in for a protracted campaign of head-bashing the Tau came to the aid of their Kroot allies.

Grog was furious. He declared war upon the Tau, determined to show them that the Orks were not to be trifled with. Unfortunately the Warchief's initial invasions of the Tau sept worlds did not go according to plan. His armies were outclassed and outgunned again and again. Though he had an entire empire of Orks to throw into battle he found that their numbers were being whittled away with worrying speed.

Grog decided to take a different tack. Enlisting the help of as many Tankbustas, Flash Gitz and Freebooters as he could, including the mercenary Kaptin Badrukk, the Warchief upgunned his armies and prepared to do battle once more.



GROG'S REVENGE

Grog encountered even fiercer resistance as he penetrated the Farsight enclave in the north of the Tau Empire. This time, however, he was more than ready. Lootas, toting crackling deffguns converted from captured Tau weaponry, exchanged lethal volleys of fire with the Tau gun lines. Battlewagons and looted Hammerhead tanks pounded the massed ranks of the Tau Fire Warriors with heavy munitions as Grog and his boyz stomped towards the enemy gunline.

Deffkoptas corkscrewed through the skies in aerial battles with battlesuit teams, preventing them from disengaging. Most impressive of all, Kaptin Badrukk and his Flash Gitz lit up the night, annihilating team after team of desperate Tau warriors with their snazzguns. The carnage was only stopped by the arrival of the Manta missile destroyer *Or'es Por'kauyon*, which mercilessly cut down the Flash Gitz in a volley of railgun fire. Badly wounded and out of cigars, the Kaptin was forced to retreat. It is rumoured that Badrukk pursues that great and graceful ship to this day, hell-bent on revenge.

Perhaps if the Tau had adhered to their usual hit-and-run tactics they would still have carried the day, but Commander Farsight was known for his aggression and martial pride. The bloodiest battle was yet to come.

THE KUNNIN' PLAN

As the battle for the northern enclaves escalated, Grog embarked upon perhaps the cunningest plan yet. Central to the plan was the concept of retreat, a tactic all but unheard of in Ork kultur. If it weren't for the large number of Blood Axe warbosses in Grog's employ he would never have carried it off.

As the forces of Commander Farsight pressed forward, the Ork front line fell back, hooting and hollering and clutching their heads. The Tau forces, caught in the jubilation of the hunt, overextended themselves. Suddenly the remainder of the Ork force ambushed them from either side, closing upon the Tau hunter cadres like a pair of giant green jaws.

The Tau high command were shocked to the core. Their force had been outmanoeuvred and trapped by the brutish alien invaders. They scrambled reinforcements to evacuate Commander Farsight, but Grog's war machine was in the ascendant. The Warchief and his boyz pursued the retreating Tau back to their base, burning it to the ground and looting as many Tau weapons as they could. With every bit of dakka they found, Grog's boyz became more of a threat, and soon they were tooled up with more high-powered weaponry than even the greediest Flash Gitz could wish for. The tide had turned, and it was not likely to turn back.

Since that day many more warbands have flocked to the Warchief's banner. Grog has taken three sept worlds in the space of a year, locked in a war of attrition that the Orks can afford but the Tau cannot. No matter how many times Farsight and his cadres cut down the Orks, more follow close behind as new armies of greenskins make their slow but deadly approach.

This is the nature of greenskin kultur – once word spreads of a good fight, peace becomes a distant memory. So it is that the Tau Sept worlds are constantly embattled by the greenskins of the Eastern Fringe, their fight for expansion now a simple war for survival.



THE GREEN TIDE

Though the number of Waaaghs! active in the galaxy is difficult to pin down, the following is a record of notable Ork crusades that have occurred over the last two centuries.

931.M41 - Waaagh! Gazbag

Gazbag, a Speed Freak Warlord noted for his tenacity if not his navigational skills, guides his Waaagh! toward a group of largely unprotected Eldar paradise worlds. Despite the lack of loot on the planet, Gazbag's Orks relieve their boredom by torching things and generally messing up the place. The vengeful Eldar of Craftworld Biel-tan descend upon the invaders with destructive fury, but the gleeful Orks are numerous enough to prevent the Eldar encircling them. After a protracted and bloody campaign the Eldar are forced to withdraw. Gazbag enslaves the indigenous Eldar population and burns all he finds until the once-verdant worlds are more to his liking.

955.M41 - Waaagh! Hruk

The noted Snakebite boss Hruk Teefsplinta enslaves the entire population of his old stomping grounds, the binary system Corva. Forcing his captives to build him spacecraft with holds cavernous enough to accommodate his beloved mega-menagerie, Hruk sets off for the core worlds of the Imperium. He conquers the nine Shrine Worlds of Mariisact and uses the Basilica Imperator Majoris as a breeding pen for his famously incontinent Squiggoths.

999.M41 - The Mighty Mangler's Battlewagon Brigade

The Mighty Mangler of Bork, a Warboss renowned for being particularly pig-headed, launches his Waaagh! from the head of a vast brigade of battlewagons. Each vehicle is incredibly well-armoured, and the ground shakes when his brigade is on the move. To the dismay of the Imperial armies sent to intercept him, the Mighty Mangler lives up to his name. Waaagh! Bork collapses the defences of the Ghoul Stars and claims a great area of the galactic fringe.

955.M41 - The Second War for Armageddon

Ghazghkull invades Armageddon at the head of a massive Ork Waaagh! Only the tenacity and leadership of Commissar Yarrick prevents the world from falling to the Orks within the first month of conflict. Space Marine reinforcements gradually turn the tide and Ghazghkull retreats to the Golgotha sector to lick his wounds. Meanwhile Boss Snikrot and his Red Skull Kommandos become living proof that Orks are not always just brutish thugs but sometimes brutish thugs with a cunning streak.

976.M41 - Waaagh! Gorbag

The infamous Warlord known as Overfiend Gorbag launches a two-pronged Waaagh! into the Gothic sector. Most of the critical battles in Waaagh! Gorbag are fought in space. The sheer size of Gorbag's fleet, combined with his daring and predatory tactics, proves more than a match for the Imperial Navy. Gorbag's fleet overruns an Imperial Dominator class cruiser and the captured craft is later refitted as the Overfiend's flagship. The ship *Gorbag's Revenge* plays a central role in the space battle for Armageddon in 998.M41, causing much devastation to the Imperial armada.

978.M41 - The Lost Waaagh!

The Ork Warlord Grizgutz, a noted kleptomaniac, launches his Waaagh! into the Morloq system. Whilst using warp-travel to reach their quarry, Grizgutz and his warband unwittingly travel through time and emerge from the shifting chaos of the Empyrean shortly before they set off. Grizgutz hunts down and kills his doppelganger, reasoning that this way he can have a spare of his favourite gun. The resultant confusion stops the Waaagh! in its tracks.



979.M41 - A new weapon

Nazdreg, a Bad Moon Warlord noted for his wealth and flair, bullies his Meks into performing ever more progressive and bizarre experiments. Despite some nasty 'setbacks' ranging from spontaneous combustion to sporadic gravity reversal, Nazdreg's Meks perfect their Tellyporta designs. The Warlord barter his new technology with Ghazghkull in exchange for a permanent alliance.

989.M41 - Waaagh! Snagrod

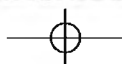
Snagrod, then Arch Arsonist of Charadon, unites the Ork factions in the Loki sector. The Imperial colony of Badlanding is destroyed despite a valiant defence at Krugerport. Intervention by the Crimson Fists Space Marines ensures that Snagrod's next target is the Astartes planet Rynn's World. After a titanic battle, the Crimson Fists' fortress-monastery is atomised by a devastating explosion. The Orks are driven off-world, but it is a hollow victory, for the once-proud Crimson Fists Chapter is reduced to a tattered fragment of its former glory.

989.M41 - Waaagh! Blaktoof

Blaktoof, the Overfiend of Octarius, finds his empire infested by the spoor of the Tyranids. Preliminary skirmishes with Genestealers forces the Blood Axe warlords to employ the services of Boss Zagstruk, whose Vulcha Boyz are employed to intercept and destroy the Genestealer infestation. They are successful, but not before Hive Fleet Leviathan bears down upon the Octarius system. Blaktoof launches a counter-invasion straight into the maw of the Tyranid Hive Fleet.

998.M41 - The Third War for Armageddon

Ghazghkull returns to Armageddon determined to wreak his vengeance upon the planet. He plunges the industrial world into a state of perpetual war that threatens to consume the entire Armageddon system.



FORCES OF THE ORKS

This section of the book details the forces used by the Orks – their weapons, the units, and the famous special characters you can use, such as Mad Dok Grotznik or Boss Zagstrukk of Da Vulcha Boyz. Each entry describes the unit and gives the rules to use them in your games of Warhammer 40,000.

The Forces of the Orks section is sub-divided into two parts. The first part describes all of the troops and vehicles fielded by the Orks, whilst the second part details the special characters that lead them. The Ork armoury, including details and rules for all the brutal and bizarre weapons used by the Orks, follows immediately after the hobby section on page 89.

UNIQUE EQUIPMENT

Some items of Ork wargear are unique to particular units, while others are used by more than one unit. If an item is unique, it is detailed in the entry for its owning unit; otherwise it is detailed in the wargear section.

DECORATIVE MODELS

Some Orks have Gretchin or Squig models that accompany them, such as Grot orderlies, ammo runts or oilers. Though these confer an in-game advantage to the owner, the models are purely decorative; hence they have no statline, do not take up space in transports, etc. If they become an issue, simply move them to one side or remove them altogether.

ORK SPECIAL RULES

The units in the Ork army list use a number of special rules that are common to more than one Ork unit. Given here are the details of those rules.

Waaagh!

Orks live for the moment when they charge into battle, screaming 'Waaagh!' at the top of their lungs. Once per game, the Ork player can declare a Waaagh! during his Shooting phase. This may not normally be declared on the first turn as a proper Waaagh! needs some momentum behind it. For the duration of that turn, all friendly Ork infantry units have the 'fleet of foot' rule (not Gretchin units, they're far too weedy for a proper Waaagh!).

If a unit rolls a 1 when making this Waaagh! movement, the Orks start fighting before they get to the enemy. One model from that unit takes a single wound. Note that the unit may still move an inch, and assault as normal.

Mob Rule!

Ork psychology and morale is directly linked to the number of Boyz around them at any given time. An Ork with a truckload of his mates backing him up is a good sight more confident than one with just his half-wit mate Zog at his heels! Because of this, Ork mobs may always choose to substitute the number of Orks in their mob for their normal Leadership value. If an Ork mob numbers 11 or more models, it has the Fearless special rule.

Furious Charge

To represent their reckless bloodlust many Ork units have the Furious Charge special rule.





WARBOSSSES

An Ork Warboss is the largest and most powerful of all the Orks in his tribe. A bloodthirsty and battle-hardened warrior equipped with the best wargear the tribe can provide, he towers above even his personal retinue. A Warboss is in charge of all aspects of the tribe's existence purely because of his size and his prowess in the savage arts of war.

Though some Warbosses are cunning enough to plan a battle before the bullets start flying, it is only on the front line that Warbosses truly excel. When the battle is raging, these monstrous and all-powerful Orks give full rein to their battlelust, charging into the ranks of the enemy and slaughtering everything in their path. The Warboss becomes a living embodiment of Orkdom, and commands respect and fear from friend and foe alike.

Particularly dominant and successful Warbosses go on to become Warlords. Army upon army will flock to the banner of a prominent Warlord or Great Boss until he commands a horde of terrifying size. An Ork noble can rise to such exalted heights by showing no mercy in battle as well as by violently oppressing his lessers. Above all, Ork leaders rise to the position of Warboss through a combination of cunning, violence and

deafeningly loud shouting. Great intellect is not therefore necessarily a prerequisite for great power; in fact many a Warboss is as thick as a bull grox. Warbosses have an easy time of it finding subordinates to attend to the mundane tasks of battlefield organisation, such as knowing the whereabouts of the enemy and remembering to bring spare ammunition.

A Warboss is always intimidating in his war panoply, as a fierce appearance is essential when ruling with an iron fist. He will claim the lion's share of the spoils of war, even if it means strangling a few Deathskull scavengers that have got to them first. Warbosses often ride at the head of their armies in clanking great battlewagons covered in personal glyphs and banners.

On the rare occasions that a Warboss is not asserting his status by breaking heads, he will hold court in a cavernous and foul-smelling hall, seated on a garish throne and surrounded by his Nobz and drinking cronies. Captured war banners hang above the throne, which is invariably decked with trophies of past victories. It is from this lofty perch that the Warboss broods, glowering at his lackeys as he makes his grand plans of conquest and slaughter.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warboss	5	2	5	5	3	4	4	9	6+

Special Rules

Independent Character, Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

ORK TROPHIES

Orks judge the worth of a Warboss by the quantity and quality of the enemies he has overcome. The Warbosses of ages past adorned their thrones and trophy racks with the skulls of their rivals. The modern spacefaring Ork has a far wider range of foes to conquer, and takes great pleasure in twisting off the heads of his hardest foes and displaying them for all to see. Space Marine helmets usually occupy pride of place on a Warboss's trophy rack. To display the remains of the finest warriors of Humanity upon a trophy rack is a great testament to a Warlord's prowess and right of leadership. Furthermore, Space Marine helmets come in a variety of bright colours; a real plus for the more ostentatious Warboss.



NOBZ

The Orks call their ruling caste Nobz. Ork nobility is determined not by some accident of birth or sparkly heirloom but by the sheer size and belligerence of the Ork claimant. The only Ork bigger and scarier than a Nob is a Warboss, and the Nobz delight in reminding lesser Orks about their natural supremacy using their scarred fists and iron-shod boots.

Nobz occasionally band together into groups of wealthy tooth-lords and battle-hardened veterans, forming a bodyguard for their Warboss. If the Warboss falls, the largest Nob will take his place (after kicking in some heads to restore order, of course). Some Nobz prefer to lead mobs of smaller Orks who they can boss around with impunity. They lead by example, plunging into the thick of the fighting and breaking skulls left, right and centre. In this way each Nob acts as a sergeant-at-arms, champion, oppressor and role model for the Boyz they lead.

Nobz take any opportunity they can to revel in cruel or casual violence, and they have the muscle to back it up. They are arrogant in the extreme, inflicting on-the-spot punishment to any lesser Ork, Gretchin or Snotling who speaks out of turn or otherwise annoys them. This

punishment takes the form of a hefty whack on the head from a blunt instrument (usually the Nob himself). Should the crime be a serious one, such as forgetting to bring the Nob's breakfast or to reload his prized shoota, this blow will be administered with the business end of a choppa.

Alongside sheer body mass, decent wargear is the sign of nobility and status amongst Orks. No ordinary Ork trooper is allowed to keep wargear that is better or more prestigious than that of his tribe's Nobz, and will quickly have such items 'confiscated'. Because of this Nobz are usually armed and equipped with a bewildering variety of killy stuff. Their personalised wargear varies from metal armour plates to smoke-belching warbikes and high-calibre weaponry.

All Nobz love to flaunt truly powerful guns. The richest can afford the much-feared kombi-weapons and up-gunned shootas; weapons capable of reducing everyone in their vicinity to bullet-riddled corpses or steaming piles of gore. Their tastes in close combat weapons are equally as extravagant, with chain-bladed choppas and piston-driven power claws being most popular of all.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Waaagh! Banner: A warband's banner is decorated with glyphs, trophies and the blood of defeated enemies to show how dangerous the owners are. It is carried by a Nob who has earned his Warboss's respect. The banner has a near-religious significance to the Orks and they will fight all the harder in its presence. A mob including a Waaagh! Banner has +1 WS.

FIGHTIN' SCARS

The Nobz who get the most respect from their Boyz are those with the most impressive scars. A good thick scar clearly shows that their owner is not to be trifled with. Ideally, a fightin' scar should run from the top of the head to the bottom of the jaw, and be nice and ragged. For added kudos, any stitches or metal staples used to suture the wound are left in place. A veteran Ork is often called a Skarboy because of this. Nobz often sling grievous abuse at each other purely to provoke a fight that will earn them a good scar or two. The generation of truly vile insults is about the only exercise an Ork Nob's imagination ever gets.





MEKBOYZ

Mekboyz, also known as Mekaniaks or Meks, are Orks with a natural gift for engineering. Meks are responsible for inventing, building and maintaining the machinery and weaponry that the Orks use. They are obsessed with creating ever larger and more devastating war machines to unleash upon the foe.

Mekboyz are jovially imprecise craftsmen, content to weld, rivet and hammer away at uncompromising chunks of metal debris until they have patched together a chassis, gun barrel or bionic leg. As a result of this individualistic and unplanned approach, Ork technology has evolved in a ramshackle and exploratory way. This suits the Meks just fine, and the more inspired of their creations are just as deadly as the more aesthetically pleasing weapons created by the Eldar or the Tau.

Mekboyz are an essential part of every Ork warband. Without Meks to keep the vehicles and spacecraft running, the Orks would never be able mount a proper Waaagh!. Units of Burna Boyz and Lootas are often led by Meks, and Warbosses and Nobz who want a new wagon or weapon will go directly to a Mek and commission him to build it there and then. The result is never quite what the customer wanted, but is usually dead good anyway.

Some Meks gain so much power that they slowly garner a following of acolytes, tread-heads and fellow Meks. These visionary Mekaniaks are known as Big Meks, and their mastery of Ork technology is second to none. Big Meks even utilise force field technology, protecting their creations with humming generators.

Meks like to take to the battlefield armed with their favourite invention. This is often a heavy and improbably complicated gun that crackles with barely-harnessed power, such as a kustom mega blasta. The most infamous of all Mekboy weapons is the shokk attack gun, a bizarre device capable of opening holes in the very fabric of the material universe. This awesome power is used not to advance science or revolutionise travel, but to fire warp-crazed Snotlings into the enemy.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Mekboy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Big Mek	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	8	6+

Special Rules

Independent Character (Big Mek only), Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Mek's Tools: Mekboyz excel at battlefield repairs. If a Mekboy or Big Mek is inside (or in base contact with) a vehicle at the beginning of his Shooting phase, he can attempt to repair a single Weapon Destroyed or Immobilised result instead of shooting. Roll a D6 – on the roll of a 4+ the result is negated. This could allow a previously destroyed weapon to fire in that Shooting phase. On the roll of a 1, the Mek gets a bit carried away and the vehicle counts as shaken.

Kustom Force Field: Meks will build or scavenge powerful force field projectors with which to protect their warty hides. A kustom force field gives all units within 6" of the Mek a cover save of 5+. Vehicles within 6" are treated as being obscured targets. The force field has no effect in an assault.

Grot Oiler: Oilers carry gubbins for their Mek masters. A Grot oiler allows a Mek to re-roll a failed Mek's Tools repair roll. Remove the Oiler model once he has been used. Oiler models are purely decorative and are always ignored for game purposes, just move them to one side if they become a problem.



Shokk Attack Gun: This strange creation is a great example of just how deeply the Mek's affinity for technology runs, but also how rubbish they are at using it for anything other than short-sighted destruction.

The shokk attack gun works by projecting a narrow force field tunnel through a small portion of the warp. How it manages this is a mystery to anyone other than its creator, but the destructive potential of such a technological monster is considerable. The entrance to this tunnel opens up at the front of the gun and the exit point is created wherever the operator aims it. It is possible, in fact encouraged, for living creatures to travel down the tunnel and leave it at the exit point.

Unfortunately it is fairly common for the complex device to fail, resulting in the messy death of those inside as the field implodes. Even if the field does maintain its integrity the journey through the tunnel is extremely disturbing, for those within are surrounded on all sides by the horrific daemonic creatures that live in the warp. Orks are not exactly afraid of daemonic creatures (at least they wouldn't admit it) but find them unnatural in the nastiest possible way.

Consequently, no Ork in his right mind would go into the tunnel created by a shokk attack gun. Gretchin, being brighter than Orks and having a keen sense of personal safety, tend to disappear whenever the distinctive whine of a shokk attack gun pierces the air. Snotlings, however, possess only an animal level of intelligence and aren't frightened of anything until it is too late. Along with the odd gnasher squig, these Snotlings are gathered up by the Mek operator and fired through the warp. During the journey they are driven out of their tiny minds, and by the time the exit hole opens they are fighting like crazy to escape.

As the Mek does his best to place the exit hole in the exact location of the enemy soldiery, the warp-crazed Snotlings emerge not so much into the ranks of the foe as inside the foe themselves. The nightmarish journey through the twisted seas of unreality drives the Snotlings into a frenzy, and they emerge scrabbling, clawing, biting and defecating uncontrollably, sometimes inside the enemy's armour. This can cause havoc in an enemy vehicle and catastrophic trauma in enemy troopers, making the shokk attack gun one of the deadliest weapons in the Ork arsenal.

FIRING THE SHOKK ATTACK GUN

The shokk attack gun has the profile below. Roll 2D6 to determine its Strength after placing the template but before rolling the Scatter dice. If a double (or an 11) is rolled for the gun's Strength, consult the chart below.

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Shokk Attack Gun	60"	2D6	2	Ordnance 1, Large Blast

*The Shokk Attack Gun is treated as Heavy for the purposes of movement and assault.

2D6 Result

- 1, 1 Boom:** The shokk attack gun explodes, leaving a crackling orb of unreality in its place. No shot is fired. Remove the Mek as a casualty. Models within D6" are removed from play.
- 2, 2 Oops:** The Mek operator struggles to control the gun as it spins out of control. The opponent may choose the target of the shokk attack gun this turn. This may be a unit on the same side as the Mek.
- 3, 3 Gah:** The exit hole materialises in the wrong place. Resolve this shot upon the nearest unit to the intended target, be it friend or foe.
- 4, 4 Sploosh:** The Snotlings exit the tunnel in an explosive spray of bone and gore. Resolve the attack upon the target, but use the small template. Any hits are resolved with a Strength and AP of 6.
- 5, 5 Zolnk:** In a freak accident, the shokk attack gun fires the Mek and leaves the Snotlings in place. No shot is fired. Immediately place the Mek in base contact with the target, and treat him as if he had initiated an assault that turn.

2D6 Result

- 5, 6 Bzzap:** The shokk attack gun's field collapses, opening a tiny portal into the warp. Only the model under the template hole is hit, but the shot is Strength 10. The gun may not fire next turn.
- 6, 6 Raargh:** The tunnel opens a hole into the warp itself, and a ravening cloud of sentient daemonic ichor gushes out into the material realm. Any model hit by the gun this turn is removed from play. Vehicles take an automatic penetrating hit.





WEIRDBOYZ

Weirdboyz are the most psychically powerful of all Orks. They act as a focal point for the psychic energy subconsciously generated by their greenskin comrades, energy that binds them together with a common purpose. Weirdboyz resonate with the power of sheer Orkiness, and the more Orks there are nearby, the higher the charge held within their bodies.

Unfortunately Weirdboyz can't really control this build-up of psychic power. Even a close-run squig-eating contest between two rowdy Orks will cause waves of energy to pulse powerfully through any Weirdboy that strays near. Lights flash around his head, sparks fly from his eyes, and raw power starts to dribble from his mouth, nose and ears. Unless the Weirdboy finds some way to release this pent-up energy his head will explode, frequently detonating the heads of nearby Orks into the bargain. This can be highly inconvenient.

Any Weirdboy lucky enough to reach maturity will have learned how to release this power in a controlled energy blast or destructive wave. Though this makes the Weirdboy feel fantastic it can cause a messy and untimely death for anyone in his vicinity. For this reason Weirdboys live in special Weird-huts away from the

other Boyz, and are not allowed to wander about unless they are wearing warning bells and escorted by an entourage. A Weirdboy's entourage inevitably includes the strangest and most disturbed of all the greenskins in the tribe. Really successful Weirdboys, known as Warpheads, often form the epicentre of a travelling freakshow that roams the galaxy, offering their peculiar brand of psychic fireworks in exchange for handfuls of teeth.

When an Ork warband advances upon the enemy, there is much chanting, hurling of insults, stamping of feet, and bellowing of war cries. The surge of psychic energy generated by all the fighting and chanting resonates through a Weirdboy until he is practically crackling with power. A Weirdboy in a battle trance is a terrifying sight. His eyes pop and his limbs flail as he storms toward the enemy, Waaagh! energy crackling from his copper staff as the chanting increases in urgency and volume. When the surge reaches its excruciating peak, the Weirdboy will direct the resultant discharge in a display of pyrotechnics that either blasts his enemies to pieces or energises his comrades with crackling green energy. Either way, the Orks who follow a Weirdboy to war are guaranteed a good show.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Weirdboy	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Special Rules

Independent Character, Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Psyker: A Weirdboy is a psyker.

Warphead: Warpheads have more control over their powers than other Weirdboys. Each turn, a Weirdboy that has been upgraded to a Warphead may re-roll the dice to see which psychic power he uses.

WARPHEADS

Warpheads are Weirdboys who have survived enough battles for their minds to become totally saturated with psychic energy. Full of manic energy and overconfidence, Warpheads recklessly plunge into the thickest fighting and discharge searing blasts of energy into the foe just for the hell of it. Warpheads become so exhilarated by the release of near-fatal energies that they seek out battle wherever they can. They gather a following of like-minded Orks who are highly entertained by the Warpheads' destructive antics, seeing the occasional case of exploding head as a small price to pay.



WEIRDBOY PSYCHIC POWERS

Weirdboys cannot control their psychic powers. At the beginning of each Ork Shooting phase, a Weirdboy must roll on the following table to find out which psychic power he must use that turn.

Weirdboys must take a Psychic test before determining the power they use. If the test is failed, do not roll to determine which power he uses. Remember that a Weirdboy's Leadership is affected by Mob Rule (see page 31). A Weirdboy using the Frazzle or Zzap power is counted as having shot a weapon that phase. If the Weirdboy is in combat, do not apply any results of a 1, 2 or 3 - instead the Weirdboy is treated as having a power weapon for the duration of that turn.

D6 Result

- 1 'Eadbanger:** The energies raging through the Weirdboy go out of control, causing the heads of those nearby to explode. Resolve the Frazzle psychic power detailed below with the template centred on the Weirdboy himself.
- 2 Frazzle:** The Weirdboy sends out arcs of crackling energy that ground themselves upon the enemy, reducing them to shrivelled husks before the eyes of their terrified comrades. Choose an enemy unit within line of sight. If in range, that unit is automatically hit. Frazzle has the profile below:

	Range	Strength	AP	Special
Frazzle	24"	6	3	Blast, Pinning

- 3 Zzap:** The eyes of the Weirdboy glow a blazing green, discharging an incandescent beam that strikes with the force of a thunderbolt. Choose an enemy unit within line of sight. If in range, that unit is automatically hit. Zzap has the profile below:

	Range	Strength	AP	Special
Zzap	36"	10	2	Melta

- 4 Warpath:** The Weirdboy disperses the energy coursing through his frame into the Ork warriors around him with dramatic effect. All Orks in the Weirdboy's unit have +1A until the beginning of the next Ork turn.
- 5 'Ere We Go:** The Weirdboy closes his eyes tight and, in a storm of green light, teleports his unit to another part of the battlefield. The Weirdboy and any unit he is with must be placed anywhere on the board as per the Deep Strike rules. This power must be used even if enemy models are in base contact; if so the enemy models stay in place.
- 6 Waaagh!** The Weirdboy screams a wacry at the top of his voice, suffusing his comrades with primal power. A Waaagh! is automatically invoked this turn, as detailed on page 31. This does not use up the normal Waaagh! available to the Ork player. Such is the power of the Weirdboy's energy discharge that this may even allow the Orks to use a Waaagh! on the first turn of the game. Note that multiple Waaagh! have no cumulative effect.



MADBOYZ

Madboyz are those Orks whose behaviour marks them out as mad as a helmet full of stinger-squigs. Though they are physically identical to other Orks, the fact they wear outlandish garb and carry everything from rusty buckets to stuffed pterasquirrels into battle proves that they are very different in all sorts of entertaining ways.

Madboyz often form informal retinues for Weirdboyz, and live apart from other Orks in small shanty towns. Mobs of Madboyz are considered to be lucky and their presence is a sign of good fortune. This does entail a certain amount of inconvenience, such as when they decide to hold impromptu shouting contests in the middle of a night raid, or when a frantic Madboy decides that his best hat is somewhere in your house.

The fact remains that Madboyz are a surprisingly potent asset on the battlefield, for their battlefield antics often confound the foe. Even the most gifted tactician cannot predict the anarchic movements of a mob of Madboyz caught up in the excitement of battle. After all, how can you second-guess an enemy who is as likely to tear apart an infantry platoon with their bare hands as they are to mill about picking snot-grubs out of each other's noses?





PAINBOYZ

Painboyz are also known as Doks, and their chief passions are surgery and extreme dentistry. The latter art is often carried out whilst the patient is opened up on the slab, as the extracted teeth pay for the exorbitant fees levelled at 'da kustomer'. Whilst he is safely strapped down, mouth wedged open, the patient is not really in a position to argue.

Painboyz have much in common with Meks, and the two castes get on very well. In many ways Painboyz are the Meks of the Orkish physique, in that they repair, maintain and improve upon the Ork body itself.

Woe betide the Ork who seeks treatment from a Painboy with time on his blood-slick hands. If an Ork is suffering from a nasty case of severed limb, he may risk employing a Painboy to graft on a new one or even fit a mechanical substitute. More often than not, the replacement is something from the 'cuttin' edge' of the local Mek's craft. This can be distressing for the owner of, for instance, a Rutgot Mk 2 Exploding Leg, especially if it was his arm that needed the attention.

Painboyz learn their craft through a mixture of instinct, trial and error, and the time-honoured principles of 'Orky know-wotz'. A Painboy's greatest joy in life is 'eksperimentin'. Painboyz relish the implantation of the

bioniks produced by Meks, and the professions occasionally work together to create Cyborks. These are unlikely fusions of greenskin and machine, and range from Orks who have had damaged limbs replaced with whirring blades or track units to fully bionik Boyz who are more machine than Ork.

Painboyz really come into their own when their tribes are caught up in a Waaagh!. When the battle is raging and the wounded lie thick on the ground, a Painboy will follow the richest Orks into battle, hoping they become grievously wounded enough to need his services. This is a truly happy time for Painboyz. Never do they have a better opportunity to hone their skills, patching up the Orks in their care and giving them a quick shot from a rusty syringe to get them back into the fray. Needless to say, times of war are extremely lucrative for Painboyz.

Painboyz are never quite right in the head. They do not use anaesthetic, preferring to know that their patient is still alive and kicking. The sadistic glee with which Painboyz burrow into their patients with their oversized medical implements is off-putting, particularly for the patient. Still, such is the usefulness of the Painboy in Ork society that such eccentricities are often overlooked, especially if the Warboss is the proud owner of a shiny new bionik limb.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Painboy	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Dok's Tools: A Painboy is an expert at repairing the sturdy Ork physique using a variety of mean-looking tools. He confers the Feel No Pain ability to his unit.

'Urty Syringe: Painboys carry huge syringes filled with a virulent toxic goop. An 'Urty Syringe is a Poisoned Weapon that always wounds on a 4+.

Grot Orderly: Painboyz are often accompanied by Grot Orderlies, whose job it is to carry tools and spare limbs. A Grot Orderly allows a Painboy's unit to re-roll a single 'Feel No Pain' roll. Remove the Orderly model once he has been used. Orderly models are purely decorative and are always ignored for game purposes, just move them to one side if they become a problem.

"Right, first I'll take those teef out for yer,
dat should help ease da pain in yer leg.
Grokkit, hand me that wrench. Now then...
Open wide, and say... AAARGH!"

- Dok Gutslash



MEGANOBZ

Ork veterans who value the thrill of close combat above all else often become Meganobz. Only the richest of Ork Nobz can afford to join the ranks of this elite group. They are characterised by the bulky exoskeletons they wear into battle, which they call mega armour, and by a dogged belief in their own invulnerability.

A suit of mega armour is comprised of extremely thick metal plates welded onto a piston-driven exoskeleton. It incorporates several engines and sub-motors that give the wearer tremendous strength. Each suit of mega armour has to be individually tailored by the tribe's Mek, who makes a great fuss of taking the customer's measurements before just hammering together whatever he has to hand. The end result is nevertheless a spectacular creation, bedecked with the Meganob's favourite trophies and kill-markings; his favourite shoota hardwired onto one arm and a deadly set of limb-snipping shears on the other.

In Ork society mega armour is the ultimate personal status symbol, and Meganobz see themselves as the shock elite of the Ork tribe. Though other Ork Nobs sometimes mock their better-armoured brethren for going into battle with so much protective wargear, they

do not do it within earshot, for a rampaging Meganob is an unstoppable opponent and having an arm or two scissored off is a setback even for the toughest Nob.

On the field of battle, Meganobz gather together into clanking mobs of heavily-armed killing machines. They often counteract their lack of mobility by riding to war in a truck or battlewagon, bedecked with trophies and pennants. Each Meganob weighs at least a ton, for unlike the armourers of the Imperium the Ork Meks prefer quantity over quality. Though this slows their advance to the front line, a welcome side effect is that when a mob of Meganobz builds up sufficient momentum they become practically unstoppable. The sheer mass of a charging Meganobz mob is enough to crush most troops into a bloody paste, and their power claws make a terrible mess of any survivors.

Meganobz carry so much metal plating that their only real weakness is their immense bulk. It is not uncommon to see a Meganob's comrades straining to get him back on his feet after a direct hit from enemy ordnance. Such is the resilience of Ork engineering and physiology that the Ork in question will quickly be back in the fray, ready to wreak his bloody revenge.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Meganob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	2+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Mega Armour: This is a suit of massively thick and heavy armour plates over a powered exoskeleton. The piston-enhanced metal limbs of mega armour give the wearer phenomenal strength and resilience. Mega armour confers a 2+ armour save and includes both a twin-linked shoota and a power claw. A model wearing mega armour has the Slow and Purposeful special rule.

FREEBOOTERS

Freebooters are roving bands of pirates, bandits and mercenaries that belong to no particular warband or clan. Being Orks, they are eager for adventure, combat and booty, and they tag along with larger Ork warbands whenever it looks like a fight might be on the cards.

Really successful Freebooters have fearsome reputations, and enjoy a kind of fame amongst the Ork rank and file. They hire their services to the highest bidder, adding their arsenals to the war effort in exchange for yet more teeth and snazzy wargear.





ORK BOYZ

Boyz are the rank and file of Ork warriors, rank being the operative word! The core of any Ork force, Boyz mobs are usually led by a Nob who epitomises his mob's skills.

Boyz are tough, determined infantry who fall upon the enemy in a great howling tide of violence. Their battered and grubby armour usually consists of no more than a few scraps of flak jacket adorned with a shoulder or back plate bearing their insignia. Boyz place great pride in their weapons, though they are not above using their fists, claws and teeth when face to face with the enemy. They are generally armed with heavy solid-shot pistols known as sluggas and brutal edged weapons called choppas. Though crude and varied in design, choppas are quite suitable for hacking off limbs and caving in skulls. When a large mob of Orks equipped with sluggas and choppas charge the foe, the mess they make of their enemies is quite terrifying.

Orks have a preference for crude, noisy weapons and find it difficult to believe a gun can inflict any real damage unless it makes a loud and terrifying noise. Those Ork Boyz who have become addicted to the

deafening roar of automatic weapons fire call themselves Shoota Boyz. Shoota Boyz form roving mobs that are continually on the lookout for something to kill, gleefully firing off ear-splitting fusillades of bullets whenever they see something moving up ahead. Though each Shoota Boy loves firing his sturdily-constructed weapon, he often has more success when using his Shoota to bash out the brains of his target.

Occasionally an Ork will manage to hang on to a heavy weapon that gives his mob some real anti-infantry or even anti-tank capability. The two favourites are the big shoota, beloved for its high rate of fire, and the trusty rokket launcha. The larger the mob, the more likely they are to have these heavy weapon 'specialists' with them.

'Ard Boyz are Orks with enough armour to stride through incoming fire, laughing contemptuously as their poorly-armoured comrades are cut down around them. The 'Ard Boyz cover themselves in thick plates of scrap metal that they scavenge and attach as a loose-fitting suit. Though this can make the 'Ard Boyz look like they are walking magnets, it is generally considered unwise to point this out.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ork Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
'Ard Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	4+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furlous Charge, Waaaghl

"Oomans are pink and soft, not tough and green like da Boyz. They'z all the same size too, so they'z always arguing about who's in charge, 'cos there's no way of telling 'cept fer badges an' ooniforms and fings. 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 'em 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 clobber da lot."

- An Ork Boy's view of humanity and its failings





TRUKKS

Some Boyz, especially those belonging to the Evil Sunz clan, are addicted to speed. Being Orks, they are also addicted to smashing in heads, and ride to war in lightweight vehicles so that they can get to grips with the enemy as quickly as possible.

Trukks are built for speed and speed alone, and usually have little in the way of armour plating. A direct hit upon a Trukk can cause it to come apart in a clattering, cartwheeling pile of burning wreckage. Still, because Trukks are so light it is easy to bail out when they crash, and it is just as likely that a hit will smash apart some wotsit that the driver only hammered into place so he could keep an eye on it.

Because Orks are so inventive, no two Trukks ever look the same, though they typically have a large, loud engine and a flatbed enclosure. The vehicle's cab

sometimes has a horned skull or jagged plate attached to it, a throwback to the old Ork practice of decorating their mounts with trophies. A Trukk is also fitted with rails and runners so that even the smallest vehicle can transport a mob of burly boyz to the front line.

Each warband and clan will kustomise its Trukks to reflect their own predilections. A Goff vehicle will be greasy and plain, with a large crew compartment. The Evil Sunz almost always have turbo-charged engines and a red paint job, whereas the Snakebites paint their vehicles to resemble their totem animals. Deathskulls Trukks tend to look suspiciously like blue versions of Trukks belonging to other clans. The most ostentatious are those used by the Bad Moons tribe, which often sport squigskin seats, deafening loudspeakers, smoking pipes and black and yellow flames along the bodywork.

	Armour				Special
	BS	F	S	R	
Trukk	2	10	10	10	Fast, Open-topped

Transport: Trukks have a transport capacity of twelve models. Models in Mega Armour count as two models.

Special Rules

Ramshackle: If a Trukk suffers a Vehicle Destroyed! or Vehicle Explodes! (wrecked) result, roll on the Ramshackle table below and apply the result instead of the usual effects. If the Trukk suffers more than one Vehicle Destroyed! or Vehicle Explodes! result, roll one dice per result on the Ramshackle table, but only apply the lowest dice roll.

Example: a Trukk takes one glancing and three penetrating hits. Two results are 'Destroyed', so the Ork player rolls two dice on the Ramshackle table to see what happens. The dice are a 2 and a 5, meaning the Trukk goes 'Kaboom!' as described below.

D6 Effect

1-2 Kaboom! The Trukk explodes, catapulting flaming debris and stunned Orks in all directions. The Trukk is destroyed. All passengers and models within D6" take a Strength 3 hit. Surviving passengers must disembark and take a Pinning test.

3-4 Kareen! The shot sends the Trukk out of control. Move the Trukk 3D6" as far as possible in a random direction (the Ork player chooses if he rolls a Hit on the Scatter dice). Then apply the Kaboom! result above. If the Trukk would careen into enemy models or terrain, stop it 1" away.

5-6 Kerrunch! Something vital gives, but the Ork passengers bail out of their vehicle before it falls apart with a noise like a Meganob falling down a spiral staircase. The Ork passengers take no damage but must immediately disembark. The Trukk is then wrecked.

*'We don't fight fer food, or fer teef, or guns,
or cos we's told to fight. We fight cos we
woz born to fight. And win.'*

Grukk, Ork Boy





TANKBUSTAS

Orks tend to fixate upon whatever they enjoy most, gathering together with others of a like mind and forming a specialist mob. The Tankbustas are a classic example of one of these subcultures. They are Ork Boyz who have experienced the undeniable thrill of scoring a direct hit upon an enemy tank and seeing the vehicle explode in flames.

If Orks were given to musing upon such things, they might equate the thrill felt by a successful Tankbusta with the elation felt by a Feral Ork who has managed to kill a rampaging Squiggoth or Megadon. An Ork finds something glorious in being able to boast about killing something twenty times his size. The victorious warrior becomes the focus of grudging admiration and envy from his fellows, a feeling to which a young Ork can easily become addicted. Just as a Feral Ork may take the talons, horns or skull from a great beast he has killed, a Tankbusta will invariably take a trophy from a vehicle he has destroyed and display it about his person. It is common for a Tankbusta to wear armour plates fashioned from pieces of a tank he has destroyed, sport nuts and cogs as crude jewellery, or to hammer rivets or bolts into his flesh as kill markings.



The rokket launcha is not the only weapon favoured by these anti-tank specialists. Many Tankbustas get sick of missing their targets and use personalised methods of delivering their rokkets to the enemy. These range from Tankhammers to trained squigs that carry explosive payloads. For close encounters, Tankbustas also carry heavy magnetic discs they call Tankbusta bombs. These are attached to enemy vehicles with a great clang that heralds the detonation of the explosive charge inside. A whole unit using their Tankbusta bombs on the same vehicle is almost certain to destroy it in a spectacular fashion. This usually takes several Orks with it as shrapnel scythes through the air, but as the Tankbustas say, 'They knew da risks when they took da job'.

Not all of these self-proclaimed 'big game huntas' have claimed their first tank kill. Aspirants tend to hang around more experienced Tankbustas, waiting for their own moment of glory. A Tankbusta who has succeeded in scoring his first confirmed kill of an enemy vehicle enjoys getting 'tanked up' after the battle, a ritual that involves devouring the wrecked tank's crew and drinking engine oil from the vehicle's smoking remains.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tankbusta	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furlous Charge, Waaagh!

Glory Hogs: Tankbustas live for the really big kills. They must always attempt to shoot at and/or assault an enemy vehicle if there is one in line of sight, regardless of range. If there is no visible vehicle target, the Tankbustas may select a target as normal.

Wargear

Tankbusta Bombs: Tankbusta bombs are used just like krak grenades, except that they have an armour penetration of 2D6+6.

Tankhammer: A Tankhammer is a rokket on a pole that is swung directly into the vulnerable bits of the target. A Tankhammer is a two-handed weapon that confers S10 in the Assault phase.

Bomb-squigs: Enterprising Tankbustas exploit the squig's natural tendency to chase anything that moves. A Tankbusta may release a Bomb-squig instead of shooting. Roll a dice. On the roll of a 2+ the Bomb-squig will run straight into the nearest enemy vehicle within 18" and detonate, causing a S8 hit on the section of the vehicle facing the Tankbusta. On the roll of a 1 the squig will run straight into the nearest friendly vehicle within 18" and detonate there instead. Remove the Bomb-squig once it has been released, whether or not they are in range of their target. Bomb-squig models are purely decorative and do not have a profile.

LOOTAS

Lootas are the most heavily-armed of all Orks, because they steal the best weapons from everyone else. They are light-fingered villains who will pinch anything that is not nailed down. No-one is safe around a mob of Lootas. Even a brief scuffle with a Loota over a stolen possession can lead to the previous owner finding that his lunch, his slugga and his gold teeth have also mysteriously gone missing. Many Lootas are affiliated with the Death Skulls clan who, being a dangerous band of grubby-fisted thieves, welcome their Loota brethren with open arms.

A typical Loota has a very open-minded viewpoint about his possessions. If an Ork is skilled enough to steal from a Loota, the Loota will not claim his possession back, at least not whilst the thief is still looking – he has stolen it fair and square. In turn, a Loota reacts to claims that he is a thief with a kind of offended innocence. The more cunning Lootas maintain that 'sharin' da welf' is an honourable and traditional part of Ork kultur. The other Orks maintain that the Lootas are a bunch of grasping, unscrupulous swine with no more concept of honour than a baked squig.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lootas	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Mek	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Deffguns: Deffguns are shoulder-mounted heavy weapons with the profile below. Roll once each Shooting phase to determine the unit's rate of fire, but only after the target unit has been chosen. For instance, a unit of ten Lootas chooses to fire at a squad of Space Marines, and makes the roll to see how many shots they fire. They roll a 6, which equals a 3 on a D3. This means they will fire 30 shots this turn. Hurrah!

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Deffgun	48"	7	4	Heavy D3

BAD DOKS

The eccentricity of the Painboy is as nothing compared to that of a Bad Dok. These exiled Painboyz are outcasts from their tribes who practice extensive and unnecessary surgery upon their prey. Their patients can find themselves in possession of a set of mechanical lungs, sporting an extra head or limb, or even victims of the dreaded Squig Brain Transplant. Though Bad Doks never ask for payment, the price of seeking them out is high.

As a result of their constant quest to salvage, steal and stash anything they can lay their hands on, Lootas tend to be pretty well off by Orkish standards. They trade the best items in their hoard for progressively more powerful guns, forming the epicentre of a thriving arms trade. They often befriend Meks, who see the Lootas as top-class customers and salvage workers.

Lootas usually persuade their Mekboy comrades to build them one of the impressive shoulder-mounted weapons known as Deffguns. Each Deffgun is a fine example of the Mek's craft, cobbled together from heavy weaponry the Loota himself has managed to salvage from the field of battle. The Mek will make a series of 'adjustments' to the weapon during its construction, ranging from adding viewfinders and recoil compensators to cutting the weapon to pieces and rebuilding it from scratch. Mekboyz often accompany their Loota mates into battle, the better to see their creations in action. The exact nature and function of a Deffgun is always a bit of a lottery, but two things are always certain – it will deafen the owner and spell a violent death to anyone in its crosshairs.





KOMMANDOS

Ork Kommandos epitomise the Orky virtue of low cunning. Nothing makes a Kommando happier than creeping up on an unsuspecting enemy, his mates slithering through the undergrowth at his side. When the time is right, the Kommandos will burst from their concealment, slashing, stabbing and shooting their stunned prey before they have a chance to strike back.

Kommandos are viewed with suspicion by the majority of Ork boyz, on the rare occasions they are viewed at all. These small-unit specialists do not socialise with the other Orks, and sometimes exile themselves from the tribe for months at a time, even permanently divorcing themselves from their warband in more extreme cases. Kommandos prize intelligence and initiative, and some of them are even able to read. Not for them the thrill of a massed charge or a turbo-powered race to the front line in a badly-made truk. Instead a Kommando gets his kicks from slitting throats and spreading panic behind enemy lines before launching a perfectly timed ambush. The horrified look on the faces of their prey, who assumed they would be able to see the Ork attack a mile off, is tremendously rewarding to the members of a Kommando mob. These scare tactics are epitomised by Snikrot of the Red Skull Kommandos, whose name is a byword for terror upon Armageddon.

On the field of battle, Kommandos will assassinate enemy sentries and destroy gun emplacements to give the rest of the ladz a better chance of reaching the enemy lines unscathed. It is common for each Kommando to have a specialist role within the mob, and have a nickname appropriate to his role, such as 'Fireboy' or 'Throatlit'. This organised and militaristic outlook means that young Stormboyz often develop into the Kommandos instead of rejoining the right-thinking Ork boyz at the heart of each warband.

The tools of the Kommando's trade are subtle by Ork standards. They place great faith in soot-blackened blades and camouflage-style warpaint, painting their skin with stripes of blood, dirt and dung so that they blend in with their surroundings. This practice is shocking to a normal Ork, who considers the idea of covering up his greenness unnatural. Only the Blood Axe clan truly sees the value of such caution. Some Kommandos are even more inventive with their camouflage, attaching foliage to their uniforms or even employing cunning disguises (cunning by Ork standards, anyway). Kommandos do occasionally employ heavy weapons, revealed only when they are in position to cripple a command tank or slaughter an enemy unit that has broken cover.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kommando	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaaghl

Infiltrate: Kommandos are adept at sneaking into position before the battle. They have the Infiltrate special rule.

Move Through Cover: Kommandos are slippery enough to negotiate even the most tangled terrain. They have the Move Through Cover special rule.

"Half-glimpsed shadows? Orks wearing camouflage? Do you take us for imbeciles? Orks are barbaric and entirely single-minded. Army dogma, which has served us well for ten thousand years, teaches us this. Greenskins come on in a great horde, they do not slink and sneak in the shade.

Guards! Take the prisoner to the holding cells to await execution for cowardice and incompetence."

Provost-Major Kyne, at the court-martial of Lt Gordo.

BURNA BOYZ

Flame has an undeniable appeal to the greenskin race. The fascination with fire and the ignoble art of setting light to things sometimes gets so profound that an Ork will join the ranks of the Burna Boyz.

Burna Boyz are dedicated arsonists all. They love nothing more than burning other people's stuff, and the owners into the bargain. The dual spectacle of leaping flame and frantically flailing victim is a thing of beauty to a Burna Boy, and they will take any excuse to set someone on fire.

Burna Boyz are characterised by their welding masks and the long, stripped-down flamethrowers from which they take their name. These 'burnas' are able to spray great gouts of oily flame, and are linked to a sloshing tank of volatile promethium slung over the shoulder of the Burna Boy. A Burna Boy is given a wide berth on the field of battle, not only because of his acrid smell, but also because of the chance that a stray bullet will suddenly change the Burna Boy from cackling comrade to crackling conflagration.

Burna Boyz have had to learn to adapt their behaviour to fit within Ork society, for no Warboss worth his teeth would stand for the constant 'accidents' that accompany

a mob of Burna Boyz without significant benefit. Burna Boyz can modify their burnas with special nozzles and valves that force out a fierce blue tongue of fire instead of a cloud of orange flame. This 'cuttin' flame' is powerful enough to slice through anything up to a metal bulkhead. As a result teams of Burna Boyz are invaluable during salvage operations and the creation of the larger Ork war machines. Burna Boyz will work under a Mek's supervision for weeks on end, just so long as they get plenty of metal to cut up and fungus beer to drink. When they march to war, they are accompanied by the same Mekks, who ensure the Burna Boyz do not get carried away and set light to the other Orks merely so they will 'do the burny dance'. In this way the Burna Boyz form a useful part of Ork society.

As with most Ork tools, the burna proves extremely useful in battle. When used as a flamethrower it is ideal for flushing out enemy hiding in ruined buildings and woods, especially when several Burna Boyz combine their firepower into a searing inferno. When facing heavily armoured opponents such as Space Marines, the Burna Boyz simply switch to their cuttin' flames and use their burnas to slice apart the foe. For this reason Burna Boyz are sometimes known as 'kan openers', and they prove invaluable upon the front line.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Burna Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Mek	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Burnas: Burnas are ideal for slicing up scrap metal and enemy warriors alike. A burna may be used in the Shooting phase with the profile below, or as a power weapon in an assault, but not both in the same turn.

Range	Str	AP	Notes
Template	4	5	Assault 1

'Hold yer ground!' growled Grubgutz as the tide of chittering alien starspawn flowed over the parched earth towards them. The living wave of shimmering blades and carapaces was closing in with frightening speed.

A moment before the alien stampede broke on their position, the burna boyz ignited their weapons. A conflagration of flaming, stinking promethium roared into the packed ranks of Tiranids. Shrill alien screeches split the air. Grubgutz hefted his choppa and chuckled to himself around his cigar.

'Right ladz, time to get stuck in...'





WARBIKES

An Ork warbike is far more than just a vehicle to its owner. A Warbiker treats his personalised steed with real care, because a warbike is not only a thing of great prestige but also a direct conduit to the adrenalin-rich thrill of speed. Nothing short of dive-bombing the foe in a fighta-bomma can compare to the raw excitement of hurtling towards the enemy on a warbike with all guns blazing. This is why so many Speed Freeks and Evil Sunz are warbikers. It is the fervent dream of many an Ork that one day he might afford a warbike of his own.

The warbike itself is a single-seater attack bike with twin-linked dakkagunz – an exceptionally heavy armament for such a small vehicle. Of course, fixing such a lethal combination of weaponry onto a small and relatively light bike poses a few problems, not least of which is the tendency to buck and spin wildly out of control when the guns are fired. The Orks find that this adds to the appeal of the bike, making it more exciting to ride. Warbikers are so reckless that they will even let go of the handlebars when careening into the enemy the better to lay about themselves with sluggas, choppas and improvised weapons.

Warbikers typically have a specific set to their features, especially after a really good battle. Their lips are drawn back in an ecstatic toothy grin, and their bloodshot and unfocused eyes are opened frighteningly wide. They often seem to shake for a good hour or two after leaving the saddle, for suspension is unheard of in Ork vehicles. Even in times of relative peace Warbikers have a tendency to let loose the occasional whoop or cackle as they relive their glorious charges into the ranks of the foe.

Warbikers function as outriders and shock troops for the main horde. The pall of exhaust and oily smoke thrown up by their vehicles helps conceal their advance, giving them a measure of protection from enemy guns. Some warbiker tribes have even been known to use controlled skids to communicate messages back to their fellows by sending up clouds of dust. The Flaming Skull tribe go one step further, and are allegedly able to synchronise the skids of their bikes so precisely that when enemy aircraft pass overhead they are greeted by trails of oily smoke and dust that spell out 'ZOG OFF'.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warbiker	4	2	3	4(5)	1	2	2	7	4+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge

Exhaust Cloud: Warbikers produce great clouds of smoky exhaust fumes, giving them a 4+ cover save.

Wargear

Warbike: Any model mounted on a Warbike adds 1 to his Toughness (though not for determining Instant Death), modifies his troop type to Bike, gains a 4+ armour save and the Exhaust Cloud special rule. Warbikes have noisy twin-linked dakkaguns mounted on their bikes. They have the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Dakkagun	18"	5	5	Assault 3

The Tau gun line flickered and spat as the warbikers roared towards their position. Three of Skabgrat's boyz were hit and lost control, one pinwheeling through the air like an errant firework before detonating spectacularly. 'Losers', thought Skabgrot, opening the throttle.

To his horror, he saw that Fast Drugba was gaining on him. With a tremendous roar, the jet turbine attached to the underside of Skabgrat's warbike kicked into life, and the bike sailed through the air. Turning in the saddle, the Nob raised his middle digit in Fast Drugba's direction before hitting the Tau line like a thunderbolt.



STORMBOYZ

Stormboyz, the shock troops of many successful warbands, are far too efficient and disciplined by the standards of right-thinking greenskins. Their contrary stance to the good old-fashioned values of anarchy and disorder manifests in a desire to be organised and obedient. Nevertheless, they are still Orks, and share the Orkish desire to get into battle as quickly as possible. To this end they go to war strapped to rokket packs that, when activated, propel their wearers forward on great tongues of oily black flame.

Orks grow up faster than humans, but young Orks sometimes take a year or so to find their place in Ork society. This can lead to feelings of rebelliousness and anger in an Ork youngster, and he may run off to join a Stormboy camp, especially if he is a military-minded Goff or Blood Axe. These camps provide direction for Orks who are sick of being told they can do whatever they like. Young Orks can become addicted to the regimented life of a Stormboy, and dedicate their lives to the time-honoured martial disciplines of drilling, marching and hurtling through the air.

Forethought and planning are avoided by most Orks, who much prefer to just make it up as they go along. They believe there is no need for discipline to be carried to extremes. The Stormboyz are the exception to this rule, and have actual respect for authority. The battlegear of the common Ork tends to be individualistic and tattered, whereas Stormboyz revel in sporting uniform colours and equipment. Stormboyz are also obsessed with the trivial details of warfare, such as the strength and location of the foe. The older Orks view all this parading, boot-polishing and voluntary obedience with something between amusement and contempt, but the Stormboyz take it very seriously indeed.

Despite their strange ways, the Stormboyz are a force to be reckoned with upon the battlefield. They are always eager to prove their prowess to friend and foe alike by putting their battle-drill into practice, and use their rokket packs to ensure they are the first to get stuck in. Flying into battle is seen as most undignified by the older Ork warriors, who far prefer to charge headlong into the enemy waving their arms and shouting at the top of their lungs. Still, even really old Orks realise that airborne nutcases are invaluable when attacking Imperial bastions and defence lines. After all, a hurtling great lump of rocket-powered Ork can be a very effective weapon in itself.

Unfortunately for the Stormboyz, the volatile jump packs made by the rare Mekboyz willing to work for them are anything but reliable – a Mek finds the sight of a malfunctioning rokket pack as amusing as the next Ork. It is a common sight to see a Stormboy corkscrewing into the distance or ploughing into the ground, much to the entertainment of his comrades. Despite their proclamations of military genius, Stormboy battlefield doctrine is very much a case of pull the lever, shout 'Ere we go!' and hope for the best...



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Stormboy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Wargear

Rokkit Pack: Stormboys propel themselves forward using rokket packs. Rokkit packs count as jump packs. Every time the Stormboyz unit utilises its rokket packs to move or fall back, roll a D6. On the roll of a 1, one of the rokket packs has gone out of control. Its owner lands on his head and his pack detonates. Remove a Stormboy model as a casualty. Regardless of the result you may add the number rolled to the amount the unit moves that turn.

"I dunno wot you been told.
Stormboy mobs is mighty bold.
We're da hardest of da lot.
We make you lot look like Grots."

- Stormboy drill-chant

FORCES OF THE ORKS



DEFFKOPTAS

Deffkoptas are the lunatic inventions of Meks obsessed with flight. Each Deffkopta is a one-man attack craft that has a set of whirring rotors mounted above the pilot's head and a jet booster at the rear. The rotors hold the Deffkopta aloft as the booster sends it screaming across the battlefield in the general direction of the enemy, its underslung weapons spitting death.

There have been countless instances of Ork Meks trying to master flight, but only a tiny fraction of them have achieved anything more than a spectacularly entertaining disaster. Still, Orks have a cheerful try-again attitude to technology, and there is never a shortage of willing test pilots amongst the ranks of the Speed Freeks. The Deffkopta was the result of decades of experimentation. Truth be told, it is still the subject of rather a lot of experimentation to this day.

If there can be said to be a typical role for the Deffkopta, it is as a reconnaissance vehicle. Deffkoptas range ahead of the main tribes, locating victims for the main Ork army to fall upon. Once they have found an enemy force they will, with a supreme effort, turn their 'koptas around and head back to the main armies to pick up reinforcements. It is a common sight to see Deffkoptas leading a Kult of Speed, with the main Ork armies following their exhaust trails to the front line.

The problem with Meks is that they never make the same machine twice. Ever since the first Deffkopta was pioneered, the Mek fraternity has devised more and more cunning ways to turn it from bizarre conveyance to lethal weapon. The first Deffkoptas were equipped with twin-linked big shootas scavenged from crashed warbikes, but as the Meks have had their way with the Deffkopta design it is just as common to see crackling kustom mega blastas or drums of rokkits at the front.

Some Meks delight in making even more extravagant designs, attaching high-yield explosives to their 'koptas that they can drop directly onto their enemies, or fixing buzzsaw blades that allow them to decapitate their enemies with a low swoop.

The main advantage of the Deffkopta over its cousin the warbike is that it can traverse absolutely any terrain. Though warbikes can attain great speeds over rolling terrain, the only limit to the Deffkopta's theoretical velocity is the nerve of the Ork in the driving seat. As the pilot has to have a few screws loose to consider climbing into a Deffkopta in the first place, this means that squadrons of Deffkoptas often pass their comrades in a kind of oily blur, their pilots howling in glee as they carve a path through the skies before slamming into the ranks of the foe.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deffkopta	4	2	3	4(5)	2	2	2	7	4+

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Jetbikes: Deffkoptas are jetbikes in all respects.

Hit and Run: Due to their speed and manoeuvrability, Deffkoptas have the Hit and Run special rule.

Scout: Deffkoptas often range ahead of Ork armies to locate fresh prey. They have the Scout special rule.

Wargear

Buzzsaw: A Deffkopta with a buzzsaw is treated as having a power klaw.

Bigbomm: Once per game, a Deffkopta with a Bigbomm may make a special attack, even if it has turbo boosted that turn. Place the large blast template with the central hole on a model that the Deffkopta has passed over during its Movement phase. The Bigbomm scatters D6" and is resolved with Strength 4 and AP 5.

"Wot's faster than a warbuggy, more killy than a warbike, and flies through da air like a bird? I got no bleedin' idea, but I'm gonna find out."

Kog da Flymek, pioneer of the Deffkopta

WARBUGGIES

Warbuggies are two-man attack vehicles that combine the raw speed of a Warbike with a formidable weapon payload. Those Speed Freaks who own Warbuggies will group together in ramshackle bands that hurtle around the battlefield, blasting away at anything they can. There are various patterns of Warbuggy, though all of them have a speed-crazed driver at the front and a heavy weapon gunner in the back.

A conventional Warbuggy has a low-riding chassis with four fat tyres and a supercharged engine that enables it to zoom into battle at an incredible pace. Ideally suited to the ash wastes and silt flats of industrial worlds, Warbuggies are a great investment for a trainee Mekboy who doesn't like the idea of his snazzy vehicle getting bashed up in close combat. Instead it is the gunner who wreaks havoc upon the foe, his weapon platform swinging around wildly as he attempts to draw a bead on whatever the Warbuggy's driver passes. The weapons used by Warbuggies are twin-linked so that their inherent inaccuracy can be offset by a high rate of fire. A full squadron of Warbuggies has more than enough firepower to mow down an enemy platoon or blow apart a trundling tank as the Orks zoom past, cackling and making obscene gestures.



WARTRAKKS

A common modification to the warbuggy is to mount its rear quarters upon a sturdy track unit. The driver sacrifices a modicum of speed for the ability to traverse far rougher terrain, allowing his gunner to engage enemy units hidden in the rubble of a ruined city, or hunt down boyz from a rival clan through the smouldering wreckage of an Ork settlement.

SKORCHAS

All Ork vehicles are powered by a unique blend of squig-oil and gas. Every Mekboy favours his own mixture, blending in various fungal strains to provide not only a volatile fuel but also to enhance the sound of the engine and the smell of its exhaust. Some warbuggies incorporate large vats of this liquid, not only to give them a virtually inexhaustible amount of fuel but also to power a heavy-duty flamethrower attached to the rear quarters of the buggy. Known as Skorchas, the crews of these vehicles are usually Burna Boyz for whom man-portable flamethrowers just aren't enough. Skorchas crews like nothing more than roaring out of nowhere towards the enemy line and then pulling a sharp turn, spraying great gouts of burning fuel all over their prey before disappearing in a cloud of choking fumes and harsh, grating laughter.



	Armour				Special
	BS	F	S	R	
Warbuggy, Wartrakk, Skorchas	2	10	10	10	Fast, Open-topped

Wargear

Trakk units: Warbuggies are sometimes equipped with heavy duty trakk units. Any Warbuggy that has been upgraded to a Wartrakk or Skorchas may re-roll any Dangerous Terrain tests it must take.

Skorchas: Some Wartrakks mount great promethium tanks with which to incinerate the enemy. A Warbuggy that has the Skorchas upgrade has a skorchas (see page 89) as well as the trakk units described above.

"Orkscs never lose a battle. If we win we win, if we die we die fightin so it don't count. If we runs for it we don't die neither, cos we can come back for annuver go, see!"

- Commonly held Ork view of warfare



GRETCHIN

Gretchin mobs make up for their shocking lack of quality with sheer quantity. The natural cowardice and feeble-limbed incompetence of the Gretchin race does not predispose them to the arts of war, and a typical Grot would prefer to have his head buried in a sporehole than to actually participate in a proper battle. There do exist Gretchin with a little more backbone, though, and when emboldened by the possession of a gun of their own these diminutive greenskins can be convinced to take the field with promises of plunder and, when that fails, threats of a beating.

A mob of Gretchin upon the battlefield is generally several dozen strong, the Grots bickering and shrieking loudly as they scamper towards the foe. They are 'encouraged' towards the front lines by Runtherds; the larger the mob of Gretchin the more numerous the Runtherds must be to control them. Also known as Slavers, these stout individuals are responsible for the control and well-being of the tribe's Grots. Far from seeing this as a chore, Runtherds relish their work, for theirs is an ancient and well respected Ork profession with the added perk that a snack is never far away.



Runtherds cement their natural control over the lesser greenskins with a large spiked claw on a pole. Affectionately known as a grabba stikk, a deft Runtherd can catch a fleeing Grot with the tool of his trade and hurl the offending runt into a nearby minefield with one fluid motion.

The more experienced Runtherds know that a Grot will only really fight hard if he thinks he has a chance of actually killing something. This is why Grots are often allowed to use small arms, simple solid-shot weapons and even blunderbusses to encourage them to get into the thick of the fighting. The sad reality is that Grot mobs rarely see any real action, as they are used by rest of the Ork army as a combination of cannon fodder, bullet shield, mine clearance device and living carpet.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gretchin	2	3	2	2	1	2	1	5	-
Runtherd	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Special Rules (Runtherds)

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaaghl

Wargear (Runtherds)

Grabba Stikk: This is the traditional tool of the Runtherd, used for throttling anything in arm's reach. A model with a Grabba Stikk attacks normally but each Assault phase he can cause a single model in base contact to lose an Attack (to a minimum of 1).

Grot-Prod: The more progressive Runtherds use a simple Mekboy invention to deliver a short, sharp shock to an errant Grot's vulnerable parts. The voltage of these electric prods can be ramped up considerably, making them formidable close combat weapons. A model with a Grot-prod counts as having a Poisoned Weapon that always wounds on a 4+.

Squig Hound: A squig hound is a fierce breed of squig trained to devour errant Grots on command. Each time a unit with a squig-hound fails a Morale test it may remove D3 Gretchin models to re-roll that Morale test.

Special Rules (Gretchin)

It's a Grot's Life: Orks use the tribe's Gretchin for all manner of dangerous and unsavoury battlefield roles. If a Grotz mob moves into a minefield then remove the minefield marker and 3D6 Grotz along with it as green limbs fly in all directions.

Wargear (Gretchin)

Grot Blasta: Grots sometimes manage to buy themselves a run-down, second-hand, low-tech, dust-caked piece of junk that might just conceivably kill something provided they remember which way round to hold it. A Grot Blasta has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Grot Blasta	12"	3	-	Assault 1

BIG GUNZ

The field artillery pieces known to the Orks as Big Gunz were no doubt copied from encounters with Imperial Guard support weapon teams. Each Big Gun is wheeled or towed into position at the back of the Ork battlelines, set up in a battery and manned by a team of two crew per gun. There the resemblance ends, however, as does any semblance of efficiency. In a Big Gunz battery the guns are selected largely on the belief that louder is better, the carriages often shake themselves apart, and the crew are terrified Gretchin instead of disciplined soldiers.



Some Runtherds use the threat of serving in a Big Gunz battery to instill discipline in their Grotz mobz, with rebellious or truculent runts being sent to 'man the guns'. Should the miserable Grot crews survive for long they will soon become deafened and have to resort to a rudimentary system of sign language. This is rarely successful as there are only so many signs a Grot can carry around with him.

There are three main types of Big Gun, each with its own entertaining hazards. Kannon are little more than heavy guns that fire a large-bore frag shell for blasting enemy infantry or a solid shot for punching through tank armour. Woe betide the grot who is called upon to retrieve a dud Kannon round, for the temptation to fire the gun whilst the unfortunate crewman still has his arm inside is all but irresistible to his mates. The Lobba fires an explosive payload, sending a shell high into the air and hurtling into the midst of the foe. Lobbas are a Grot's favourite artillery piece because they don't need to expose themselves to the enemy to use them (the accompanying Runtherd will usually find a way to expose himself, but that's another story). The most bizarre of the Big Gunz is the Zzap gun, essentially a long wire-wound barrel used to direct a great crackling arc of electricity into the foe. The Zzap gun's power is directly proportional to the nerve of the Grot operator, for the longer the Grot dares to hold down the electrocuting lever, the greater the power of the shot.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gretchin	2	3	2	2	1	2	1	5	-

	Armour				Special
	BS	F	S	R	
Big Gun	3	10	10	10	Artillery

Wargear

Kannon: These are heavy bore artillery pieces that fire anti-tank shells or frag rounds (declare which each time you fire). They have the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Kannon (frag)	36"	4	5	Heavy 1, Blast
Kannon (shell)	36"	8	3	Heavy 1

Lobba: Most Lobbas look like big mortars or rokkits, though the Lobbas used by the more primitive tribes sometimes take the form of a catapult or trebuchet. All Lobbas have the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Lobba	G48	5	5	Heavy 1, Blast

Zzap Gun: Zzap guns are powerful but unpredictable energy cannons. Each time a Zzap gun battery is fired roll 2D6 to determine its Strength. If the roll is above 10, one of the Gretchin crew is killed but the shot is still fired, counting as S10. When they score glancing or penetrating hits against vehicles, Zzap guns automatically cause a Crew Shaken result in addition to any other effects.

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Zzap Gun	36"	2D6	2	Heavy 1





DEFF DREADS

Though frequently varied in shape and size, Deff Dreads always epitomise three main ideals of Ork warfare: big, shooty and stompy. They thunder and clank towards the foe, limbs waving as heavy weapons spit death into the enemy ranks and powered shears snip excitedly in anticipation of the bloodletting to come.

An Ork with dreams of finding a short cut to power will sometimes make the terrible mistake of volunteering to be a Deff Dread pilot. He believes that once he is in control of an enormous metal machine bristling with the deadliest of weaponry nothing can stand in the way of his ambitions. However, they soon find out that the disadvantage to being permanently wired into an enclosed metal can is being permanently wired into an enclosed metal can. This tends to drive the new pilot a bit crazy, and hence new Deff Dreads need 'runnin' in', often at the expense of any nearby buildings.

Painboyz have an important role to play in any warband that includes Deff Dreads. Dread pilots have to be interfaced with the crude circuitry of the Deff Dread itself. Meks lack the surgical skill for such a feat, and only the Painboyz have the requisite know-how to jam

the wires into roughly the right areas of the pilot's brain. You can't just nail the pilot into the Dread's interior and hope for the best (though that doesn't mean this hasn't been tried). Long-term, the Deff Dread and pilot need regular medical attention as wires tend to pull out under the stress of battle.

Despite all this, Deff Dreads are an extremely powerful asset to an Ork army. Their wheezing, piston-driven limbs can rip a human in two or smash through a reinforced wall, often at the same time. A Dread can storm into an enemy squad with impunity, the blows of its victims bouncing harmlessly from its thick metal shell whilst it scissors through their ranks with its pincer-like power shears and buzz saws. Dread pilots revel in demolishing and killing things, taking their rage at their incarceration out upon anything that strays too close whilst bellowing 'Waaagh!' through the Dread's speaker grilles. This anger eventually simmers down to a normal level of Orkish bloodthirst as the new occupant acclimatises. Still, a Deff Dread's pilot will take any opportunity to show the destructive power of his new metal body, if only to make himself feel better about the fact he has to eat his meals through a straw.



Armour									
	WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A	Type
Deff Dread	4	2	5	12	12	10	2	3	Walker

DREADMOBS

Some Meks become obsessed with making the stompiest war machines ever known to the Ork race. They daydream about leading hordes of Killa Kans and Deff Dreads into battle, an army of walkers just as numerous as the hordes of Boyz that their Warboss rivals lead into battle. This accomplishment is well within the capacity of the most gifted Ork Meks, who often become renegade as their single-minded quest to create more and more Dreads consumes their tribe's resources and expertise.

One particularly well-known example of this is related in the story of Bugnutz, a Big Mek who disassembled a battlewagon and used the scrap metal to create a trio of Killa Kanz for his faithful Gretchin oilers. Unfortunately the battlewagon belonged to 'Krusha' Kilsarr, Warlord of the Gore-Wheels, and he was not well pleased.

Bugnutz ended his days nailed upside down to the front of the wagon he was forced to build as a replacement. To this day the story of Bugnutz acts as a cautionary tale for those Meks whose ambition far outweighs their common sense (ie, all of them).

KILLA KANS

A Killa Kan is outwardly similar to its larger cousin, the Deff Dread. They are essentially giant metal canisters on piston-driven legs that sport lethal close combat attachments and heavy-duty weaponry. One of their limbs usually ends in deadly-looking power shears or a great blood-encrusted buzz saw, whilst the other is a large calibre weapon welded to the opposite side. However, it is inside the Killa Kan that the difference becomes more pronounced, for Killa Kans are piloted by Grots rather than Orks.

Kans are smaller than Deff Dreads and tend to operate in loose groups of two or three. This is because their pilots still retain a good degree of Gretchin cowardice, finding it hard to overcome their natural instincts even when hardwired into a ten-foot tall killing machine. As a result they still believe in safety in numbers and harbour none of the delusions of invincibility common to Deff Dreads. It is not unheard of for Killa Kans to stand shellshocked at the first sign of danger or even waddle off in panic when the going gets tough, despite the fact their metal carapaces make them all but invulnerable to small arms fire.

Gretchin practically queue up for the chance to become a Killa Kan pilot. After a lifetime of menial tasks punctuated by casual violence, the idea of striding about in a hulking metal body and lording it over his Ork oppressors is irresistible to a Grot. Nothing short of actually witnessing the horrific implantation process can deter a downtrodden Gretchin from pursuing his destiny as a Kan pilot. Such is the competition that the more organised Grot tribes hold loosely regulated lotteries to determine who gets to be wired into the shiny new killing machine when a Mekboy has finished building a Killa Kan.

Once the Grot pilot is in place he will often wreak his revenge on those who have bullied him in the past, smashing into their homesteads in the night with a terrible shriek or stomping them into a bloody smear in front of their mates. The Meks and Painboyz responsible for the Grot's 'upgrade' look on these spectacles with a kind of paternal pride before leading the rogue Kan back to its pen. There it will stand dormant amongst its metal-clad brethren, emitting the odd snore until it is time to march to battle.

	Armour								Type
	WS	BS	S	F	S	R	I	A	
Killa Kan	2	3	5	11	11	10	2	2	Walker

Wargear

Grotzooka: Killa Kans sometimes mount a gigantic blunderbuss that fires scrap gathered from the floor of the Mek's workshop. It has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Grotzooka	18"	6	5	Heavy 2, Blast

Inbound: "Dis is Nugrob da Slayer callin'. I got me boyz wiv me. Fort you lot might want to make a deal. You give us a thousand shootas each time we visit, and yer ain't got no more worries, see?"

Governor Kubris: "We're not giving into your outrageous ultimatum - never!"

Inbound: "Shame about that, cos I got 'arf a dozen Dreadmobs and a couple a Gargants wiv me."

-Pause-

Kubris: "Let us have a few hours to reconsider."

Inbound: "Nah, I feel like lettin' out the Gargants after all, har har har!"





LOOTED WAGONS

Ork Lootaz are experts at stealing and adapting damaged enemy vehicles for their own use. Once a battle is over Ork salvage teams will get on with the real work, spending days towing and repairing the wrecks of enemy tanks. The majority of recovered vehicles see the battlefield once more, this time with various Orkish 'kustomisations' that have as much chance of damaging the tank as they do enhancing it.

A looted wagon is a catch-all term for the metal behemoths that are resurrected by inventive Mekboyz or built in Ork-controlled Imperial factories. They may be robust transport vehicles based upon a Space Marine Rhino or Imperial Guard Chimera, they may be self-propelled artillery that have been stripped down and covered in glyph plates, or they may even be anti-gravity skiffs that the Orks have not had a proper chance to crash into the ground yet. The fact is that after the inevitable process of modification, salvage and tinkering that a Mekboy employs when fixing up a vehicle wreck they all share pretty much the same characteristics: temperamental as hell and a good deal less efficient than their previous incarnation.

Looted wagons are very popular with the Death Skulls tribe, who habitually liberate vehicles from the enemy, other clans and even each other on an almost weekly basis. It is a source of great prestige for a Death Skull to loot a vehicle, repair it on the spot and use it upon the enemy during the same battle in which it was destroyed. The Death Skulls whisper of a legendary Loota called 'Grabber' Gutzbag, who was so good at this skill that he could even loot an Imperial Titan and later unleash it on its former comrades. It is seen as the height of comedy for the Death Skulls to use a looted wagon to infiltrate an enemy position and cause utter chaos until their ruse is discovered.

Blood Axes are also very fond of their looted wagons. There have even been instances of Blood Axes looting Space Marine Rhinos and using them to assault Imperial Guard positions, much to the amusement of the rest of the tribe. Kernal Dragnatz of the Junktank Elite boasted several dozen Imperial vehicles in his all-camouflage armoured column, but their presence was inevitably betrayed by the belching fumes that issued from their engines.



	Armour				Special
	BS	F	S	R	
Looted Vehicle	2	11	11	10	Tank, Open-Topped

Transport: A looted wagon that does not have the Boomgun upgrade has a transport capacity of twelve models. Models in mega armour count as two models.

Special Rules

Don't Press Dat: Due to their non-Ork technology, Looted Wagons are prone to unforeseen difficulties. Each Looted Wagon must roll a dice at the start of each Ork Movement phase. On the roll of a 1, that vehicle must move directly forward as far as possible as the Orks inside get carried away. This can potentially mean that the Wagon may Tank Shock an enemy unit. Passengers may not disembark this turn.

Wargear

Boomgun: Looted Wagons are often stolen purely because of the size of the gun they mount upon their chassis – the bigger the better. A Boomgun has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Boomgun	36"	8	3	Ordnance 1, Large Blast

Fire Points: If a Looted Wagon has the 'ard case upgrade it has three fire points, one on either side of the hull and one at the rear.

Access Points: If a Looted Wagon has the 'ard case upgrade it has one access point at the rear.

BATTLEWAGONS

These are massive metal gunbeasts that prowl through the ranks of the Orks on great clanking treads. Some are mobile fortresses, packed to the gunnels with Ork warriors. Others bristle with ordnance and heavy weaponry. The iron fists of the Ork warband, Battlewagons fulfil many battlefield roles, but first amongst them is grinding the enemy into the ground.

Battlewagons are always large, heavily built and prestigious. These steel monsters belong to the most important and wealthy of Ork mobs. It is a rare Warboss indeed who does not own a Battlewagon for those occasions when he expects to encounter serious resistance or just fancies driving around his camp feeling important and shouting at his underlings.

The Battlewagon is very sturdily armoured at its front, because that is the part the Orks intend to ram into the enemy. These vehicles are often styled after the great beasts the Orks used to hunt in the wild, and frequently have an appropriate skull totem attached to their front. The Orks are convinced that this will make the vehicle fiercer and more effective in battle.

	Armour				
	BS	F	S	R	Special
Battlewagon	2	14	12	10	Tank, Open-Topped

Transport: A Battlewagon has a transport capacity of twenty models. If the Battlewagon mounts a Killcannon it may only carry twelve models. Models in mega armour count as two models.

Fire Points: If a Battlewagon has the 'ard case upgrade it has five fire points, two on either side of the hull and one at the rear.

Access Points: If a Battlewagon has the 'ard case upgrade it has three access points, one on either side of the hull and one at the rear.

Wargear

Deff Rolla: A Deff Rolla is a great spiked roller that brings the colossal weight of the Battlewagon to bear on anything in its way. A Battlewagon with a Deff Rolla may re-roll Dangerous Terrain tests. Any Tank Shock made by a Battlewagon with a Deff Rolla causes D6 Strength 10 hits on the victim unit. If the unit elects to make a Death or Glory attack, it takes a further D6 Strength 10 hits in addition to the usual effects.

Killkannon: Some Battlewagons sport turret-mounted killkannons that hammer enemy infantry as the Ork hordes close in. They have the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Killkannon	24"	7	3	Ordnance 1, Large Blast

Though Battlewagons vary tremendously in style, most are built with a certain battlefield role in mind. Gunwagons, such as the heavily armoured Gobsmasha and Lungbursta, loiter in the thick of the horde firing great shells into the enemy ranks. They sport a gun the Meks call a killkannon. This makes a deafening bang when it is fired, triggering a chorus of cheers from the crew.

Assault wagons such as the Gorespeeda and Wheelz of Gork are very popular with the Evil Sunz clan. They are geared towards taking large numbers of Orks to the front line in the quickest possible time. Many Orks think of these battlewagons as great metallic Squiggoths, attaching sharpened tusks to the front and ensuring the wagon growls gratifyingly when the engine is revved.

Another type of Battlewagon is the Krusha, a category that includes Bonecruncha and Bonebreaka variants. These lumbering behemoths can crush the enemy into a bloody paste with their massive spiked deff rollas and piston-driven grabbin' claws. A Krusha's driver will spend much of the battle steamrolling enemy infantry and light vehicles, cackling manically all the while.





FLASH GITZ

The richest and most obnoxious of all Orks are indisputably the Flash Gitz. These unsavoury individuals pursue a life of conquest and pillage, plying the stars in grotesquely ornamented Kill Kroozas and attack craft. The Flash Gitz take every opportunity they can to fight alongside the rest of the Boyz, if only to flaunt their revoltingly powerful weaponry in front of their less fortunate brethren.

Arrogant and wilful, the Flash Gitz believe that they are at the top of the pecking order of Ork society. This means that many Flash Gitz mobs are outcasts, booted out of their tribes for giving the Warboss too much cheek or just being a bunch of smug show-offs. Others voluntarily pursue the life of the Freebooter so that they can get their hands on even more booty without having to share a single tooth.

Flash Gitz love accumulating treasure and are constantly on the lookout for opportunities to raid and pillage. They are so obsessed with upgrading their wargear that they will do almost anything to get more wealth, including acts of low treachery, murder, the hiring out of their services to alien races, and the occasional recreational backstabbing.

The Gitz are instantly recognisable by their ostentatious apparel and air of swaggering self-importance. Each is festooned with piercings, medallions, trophies, animal furs and gilded glyphs proclaiming the greatness of their owner, usually topped off by an extravagant hat. Many Flash Gitz are from the Bad Moons clan, and the two factions always enjoy a good brag over barrels of the finest fungus rum that teeth can buy.

The arrival of a Flash Gitz mob is usually announced by the jingle and clank of their many possessions, but this is of no consequence to the Gitz. They love parading their wealth in front of other Orks, and want everybody to know about it when they do so. Even attendant Grots are heavily beringed and well-dressed, and take great pride in boasting of their master's exploits.

If there's one thing the Flash Gitz like more than strutting their stuff, it's using their kustom shootas to vapourise their enemies. The so-called snazzguns used by the Flash Gitz vary tremendously in design, but because bucketfuls of teeth tend to encourage a Mek to produce his best work they are all uniformly deadly. Woe betide the fool who gives a Flash Gitz the excuse to test out his latest purchase.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Flash Gitz	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	4+

Wargear

Gitzfindas: All self-respecting Flash Gitz have expensive and overly elaborate targeters hardwired into their eye sockets. When shooting, Flash Gitz may measure to see if they are in range before declaring their target.

Snazzguns: Snazzguns have the profile below. Roll once each Shooting phase to determine the unit's AP, but only after the target unit has been chosen.

	Range	Str	AP	Special
Snazzgun	24"	5	D6	Assault 1

More Dakka: Some Flash Gitz pay to have more barrels and scopes attached to their snazzguns. Snazzguns with the More Dakka upgrade are Assault 2.

Shootier: Weapons that have been tinkered with to make them Shootier have a larger calibre and heavier ammo. Snazzguns with the Shootier upgrade have S6.

Blasta: Really expensive snazzguns fire crackling energy bolts instead of solid shot. When rolling to determine the AP of the unit's fire, subtract 1 from the roll (to a minimum of 1). Blasta snazzguns have the Gets Hot! special rule.

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!



KAPTIN BADRUKK

Kaptin Badrukk is the most infamous Freebooter of all. A legend amongst his own cutthroat subculture, Badrukk has plied the stars in his steel-jawed Kill Krooza *Da Blacktoof* for several blood-soaked decades. The Kaptin leads a vicious band of villains known as Badrukk's Flash Gitz, and has fought at the side of every major Warlord in recent history. He maintains that without the devastating weapons of his Gitz, many of those Warlords would have been long dead – a claim that any who have seen them in action can well believe.

Badrukk is a typical Freebooter warboss only in that his personal appearance is ostentatious in the extreme. Ugly as a bull-grox, his bald and heavily scarred head is decorated with medals taken from defeated Imperial admirals whose ships he has ransacked and left for dead. His teeth, so numerous that Badrukk's face is permanently split by a hideous rictus grin, are plated with an alloy of adamantium and priceless ur-gold stolen from the Palace of Undying Light.

The Kaptin's gilded armour is tarnished only by the blood of his most recent victims, and his back banners proclaim his supreme abilities as a fighter and a conqueror. A lead-lined greatcoat protects Badrukk from the radiation generated by his beloved weapon, Da Rippa, a gun so dangerous that merely standing near it

is tantamount to a death sentence. The weapon once belonged to the Ogryn bodyguard of a subsector governor, and the Kaptin has since modified it to fire unstable plasma canisters instead of extreme-calibre bullets so that each hit detonates like a tiny sun.

Badrukk was chased out of the Bad Moons clan on charges of having too many teef for his own good. From the day of his exile, the Kaptin's accomplishments have far outstripped those of his fellow Freebooter Kaptins. Fighting alongside the fleet of Warlord Garaghak, Badrukk blunted a tendril of the Tyranid Hive Fleet Kraken with a daring raid on the Nom Queen at its heart. During the War of Dakka his warriors outshot a Tau hunter cadre, and some even claim that the Kaptin has personally slain a void-whale.

For an Ork, Badrukk is an excellent strategist, and acts as an advisor for any Warlord rich enough to meet his exorbitant fees. After the battle, the Flash Gitz usually 'persuade' their employers to give them the lion's share of the booty before climbing back aboard *Da Blacktoof* and heading off in search of more carnage. Many Warlords see this as a price well worth paying for the sake of a good scrap and the unforgettable sight of Badrukk and his Flash Gitz unleashing their deadly weaponry upon the panicking foe.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Badrukk	5	2	4	4	2	3	4	9	3+

Wargear: Badrukk has the Goldtoof armour, Da Rippa, three Powder Grotz, a bosspole, a slugga, a choppa, a gittinda (see the Flash Gitz entry), and stikkbombs.

Wargear

Da Powder Grotz: It takes many pairs of hands to carry the Kaptin's extensive stash of ammo and treasure. Badrukk has 3 Ammo Runts. These are separate from the Ammo Runts allowed by his unit.

Goldtoof Armour: Badrukk's armour is plated with hundreds of melted-down gold teeth, kicked out of the mouths of other Freebooter Kaptins. It confers a 3+ armour saving throw, and also incorporates a force field that gives the Kaptin a 5+ invulnerable save.

Da Rippa: Badrukk loves killing stuff with his favourite shoota, Da Rippa. One day Da Rippa's victims will include Badrukk himself, but for now it remains a horribly potent weapon. It has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Special
Da Rippa	24"	7	2	Assault 3, Gets Hot!

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!





GHAZGHKULL THRAKA

Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka is a mighty prophet of the Waaagh!, capable of rousing entire planetary populations of Orks into a frenzy of conquest and bloodshed. He is the single most influential Ork in the galaxy, and billions of greenskins march to war in his name. But it was not always this way.

Ghazghkull started his career as a common Goff trooper on the backwater planet of Urk. During a raid upon a Space Marine command sanctum Ghazghkull caught a bolter shell in the face that pulped a large area of his cranium and caused extensive brain damage. A Deathskull Painboy called Mad Dok Grotznik was close to hand, and replaced part of Ghazghkull's cerebellum with bioniks made from adamantium.

It may be that these bioniks triggered some latent psychic power or it may be that Ghazghkull simply suffers from delusions, but for whatever reason, from that point on Ghazghkull claimed to be in direct contact with the Ork gods Gork and Mork.

Some dark power certainly favoured Ghazghkull, for his rise to power among the tribes of Urk was meteoric. He fought his way through the ranks until he achieved the position of supreme planetary Warlord. Orks respect strength, courage and battle prowess, and it could not be denied that Ghazghkull possessed all of these qualities in abundance. In addition, he had something that most Warlords lack: vision. He stirred the Orks of his homeworld with impassioned speeches telling them how it was their mission to conquer the galaxy. Wherever Ghazghkull went he united warring tribes with an overwhelming sense of destiny.

All this might have come to nothing had not Urk's sun started to flicker and die. Ghazghkull told the Orks that this was a sign from Gork that the time had come to launch a Waaagh! bigger than any seen before or since. Those who wished to join the great crusade could follow Ghazghkull, those who disobeyed would die. To an Ork they chose to follow their prophet. They would conquer the known galaxy or die in the attempt.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ghazghkull	6	2	5	5	4	4	5	9	2+

Wargear: Ghazghkull has an adamantium skull, a bosspole, a cyborg body, mega-armor, stikkbombs and a big shoota (this replaces the normal twin-linked shoota that comes with mega armor).

Wargear

Adamantium Skull: Being headbutted by Ghazghkull is much like being hit by a mag-train. When Ghazghkull charges, he gets +2A instead of the usual +1. Furthermore, Ghazghkull is immune to instant death.

Special Rules

Independent Character, Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Prophet of the Waaagh!

Prophet of the Waaagh! Ghazghkull's war cry can unleash a Waaagh! of devastating proportions. Ghazghkull's Waaagh! can be summoned at any time, but only once per game, and not on the first turn. It replaces the army's usual Waaagh! – this one is better.

Ghazghkull's Waaagh! lasts the remainder of that player turn and all the following player turn. During this period Ghazghkull's saving throw is invulnerable.

Furthermore, for the duration of the Waaagh! all Ork infantry units automatically count as rolling a 6 for the Waaagh! movement they wish to make. All non-fleeing friendly units become Fearless for the duration of the Waaagh!.

Note that no more than one Waaagh! can be called per turn, so Ghazghkull cannot combine his Waaagh! with the Waaagh! generated by a Weirdboy.

MAD DOK GROTSNIK

Grotsnik always had a morbid fascination with rooting around in other people's heads. When an ugly Goff called Ghazghkull stumbled into Grotsnik's medical tent holding his brain in place with both hands, the Dok saw a great opportunity. Two hours later Ghazghkull staggered out again, this time clutching a skull of shining adamantium.

Ghazghkull's rise to Grand Warlord took less than a week. Suddenly extremely popular, Grotsnik looked at the mob of Orks waiting outside his tent and saw another great opportunity. He convinced the richest Nobz of his tribe that they too should have 'a Ghazghkull special'. What Grotsnik didn't tell them was that each cranium contained a portion of high explosive, and that he had a remote trigger hidden away for each of them. The work kept rolling in, and if a Nob with a metal cranium offended Grotsnik, well, later that day he might come down with a nasty case of exploding head.

Eventually the Nobz figured out what was happening. Realising they could not tackle Grotsnik face to face, they organised a little accident for him. Grotsnik was called out to take a look at the wiring of a faulty Duff Dread, but he was in for a nasty surprise. Grabbing Grotsnik with a pincer, the Dread held him down in the dirt and used its massive circular saw to cut open the Dok's head before stomping off into the distance.

As Grotsnik's gretchin orderlies looked down upon their dying master, they too saw a great opportunity. They dragged the Dok all the way back to the medical tent, and soon the sounds of bone saw, hammer and drill began to drift across the sleeping camp.

During that long night one of the Gretchin lost his lunch whilst elbows-deep in Grotsnik's brain pan. The other lost a pet spider which scurried into the warmest, softest place it could find; the Dok's hinged-open head. Grotsnik died several times that night, but he was brought back to life by an inventively applied grot-prod. In the small hours of the morning Grotsnik staggered out of the tent clutching his new metal skullplate, alive but quite, quite mad. Filled with manic glee, the Dok danced and sang in the moonlight, grisly explosions playing counterpoint to his operatic efforts as he triggered the Nobs' explosive craniums one by one.

Since that day, Grotsnik's tastes in surgery have become even more bizarre. He has cut off several of his own limbs 'just to keep his hand in', replacing them with grafts from customers who have been overcome with generosity whilst out cold on the slab. He has lobotomised a fair number of the brave and the foolish coming to his tent only to replace their brains with live squigs. It is even rumoured that he is building his own composite super-Ork out of organs and body parts 'donated' by his customers. Many believe that without Ghazghkull's patronage the Dok would have been properly killed long ago, but the fact remains that the Dok is as tough as nails and a fearsome fighter to boot.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Dok Grotsnik	5	2	4	5	3	3	4	9	4+

Wargear: Mad Dok Grotsnik has a Power Klaw, a Slugga, an 'Urty Syringe, a Cybork Body and Dok's Tools.

Special Rules

Independent Character, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

One Scalpel Short of a Medpack: The Dok is a total nutcase, widely regarded as being crazier than a fevered Madboy on a full moon. He is Fearless, as is any unit he joins. Furthermore, Grotsnik is so bloodthirsty that he will always move as fast as possible towards the nearest enemy, assaulting it if possible. This bloodlust is conferred to any unit he joins. This means that once Dok Grotsnik has joined a unit, he may not leave it unless he is the last remaining member of that unit.

**"Operate! Operate!
Still time to operate!"**

- Mad Dok Grotsnik

FORCES OF THE ORKS



WAZDAKKA GUTSMEK

The greatest Ork bikeboy of them all, Wazdakka Gutsmek sits astride a turbo-powered monstrosity that used to be a warbike but is now something far scarier.

Wazdakka had been tinkering with bikes ever since he was a yooof on the desert world of Khasak Prime. There was only one thing he liked more than stripping down bikes and rebuilding them to his own design, and that was riding them. After winning the Race of the Burning Wheels upon a bike he had cobbled together earlier that morning, Wazdakka's fate was set. He was accused of cheating and, incensed, went on a rampage. Wazdakka tore the settlement apart with his heavy-bore dakkakannons before riding off in disgust.

Over the years Wazdakka became a kind of legendary figure. His sense of dramatic timing was second to none, and his intervention swung many a close-fought battle in the favour of the Orks. Kept awake by the concoctions of outlaw Bad Doks, Wazdakka rarely left the saddle, and only then to upgrade his bike.

There came a time when Wazdakka was no longer content to roam alone. Preaching his intent to unite the tribes in an unending Waaagh! that starts at one end of the galaxy and ends at the other, Wazdakka gained the support of every Speed Freek he met. Only time will tell whether Wazdakka's mad plans will ever reach fruition, but high-speed mayhem is certain either way.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wazdakka	5	2	4	5(6)	3	3	4	9	4+

Wargear: Wazdakka rides the Bike of the Aporkalypse and has Mek's Tools, a Slugga, a Power Klaw, a Bosspole, a Kustom Mega Blasta and Stikkbombz.

Wargear

The Bike of the Aporkalypse: Wazdakka follows the rules for Warbikes as described on page 46.

Furthermore, Wazdakka's warbike has been modified so extensively that it is far more powerful (and even cooler-looking) than a standard warbike.

When Wazdakka uses a Turbo Boost he may still fire his weapons that turn.

Dakkakannon: The dakkakannon mounted on Wazdakka's bike is a rapidly-firing monstrosity that has the capacity to stop a tank in its tracks. It has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Special
Dakkakannon	24"	8	4	Assault 4

Special Rules

Independent Character, Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

THE SEIGE OF SCALEX VI

Wazdakka's Waaagh! was nearly stopped in its tracks upon the Imperial forge world of Scalex VI, where the Speed Freek Warlord's biker horde were engaged by an Adeptus Mechanicus legion accompanied by a Warlord Titan. The solid-slug weapons of the Speed Freek hordes could not pierce the thick metal hide of the God-Machine, and it scythed through their ranks with its mega-blasters until the grinding cogs of the industrial complex were slick with Ork blood and motor oil.

The Speed Freeks would have been utterly destroyed had Wazdakka not intervened, riding up onto a mesa that overlooked the battle. Gunning his engines, he launched his bike from the cliff edge and sailed through the Titan's void shields. Though the force fields ignited Wazdakka and his bike, he descended like a fiery comet to smash through the canopy of the Titan's command cockpit. Still aflame, Wazdakka slaughtered the crew in seconds.

From that point the battle was effectively over. Scalex VI became part of Wazdakka's empire, its manufactorums churning out vehicles of all shapes and sizes to join Wazdakka's Waaagh!. Since that day Wazdakka has treasured the still-flaming skulls of the Titan Princes and his crew as a grisly reminder of his biggest ever kill.

OLD ZOGWORT

The greatest Weirdboy of all, Zogwort was born during a total eclipse of the sun upon the deathworld of Catachan. Zogwort came out of his cocoon fighting. His spore had matured within a nest of bloodvipers and, even before he had clawed his way out of the ground, Zogwort's infant form was riddled with pus-filled snake bites. Nevertheless the whelp survived, and more than that, he had begun to bite back. As the sun slid once more from behind its moon and shone down upon the gruesome tableaux of Zogwort's birth, the young Ork hauled his venom-wracked body from the soil, a dead serpent in each hand and a tangle of dying vipers wriggling in his bloody maw.

To the awe of Zogwort's tribe, the signs of the gods' favour did not end there. From the day of his birth no snake would bite Zogwort, though they slithered through his furs and curled into the warmth of his scrawny, bite-scarred body. Zogwort was surlier and more cunning than his brother Orks, and any that tried to push him around soon found that Zogwort's bite was more poisonous than that of any viper. He was hailed as a favoured son of Mork, and rose to prominence in his tribe before even a single year had passed.

The true extent of Zogwort's powers only became apparent when he reached adolescence. Violent psychic phenomena began to surround Zogwort, and many of the older Orks collected on their bets that the strange whelp would become a Weirdboy. He was assigned a mob of Minders to keep him on a tight leash, although they had a mysterious habit of accidentally turning into squigs during the night.

When his tribe fell upon the human warriors of Catachan, Zogwort was a holy terror, stomping and whooping as he soaked up the raw Waaagh! energy of his feral ork tribe. When Zogwort could hold it no more this energy would burst forth in a blinding cascade of pure green light that engulfed the foe, leaving nothing but empty clothes, discarded wargear and puzzled squigs in its wake.

Zogwort lost his eyeballs in a particularly devastating blast that destroyed an entire Imperial Guard company, though to this day he still claims that he meant to do that, and that Mork guided his path. As he grew older, grumpier and more powerful, Zogwort's fame soon eclipsed that of his own Warboss, Skabgut. He left the planet behind, taking several of his squig-snake pets with him on a quest to seek out even larger congregations of Orkdom.

Old Zogwort now plies the galaxy as a Freebooter, going where the Waaagh! energy is at its purest, soaking up the psychic force of his fellow Orks and unleashing it at the slightest provocation. He has proved to be the power behind the throne of many a powerful Ork warlord, and his legend grows with every passing battle, for what Ork could fail to cheer at a story of a mighty enemy hero reduced to squighood?



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Old Zogwort	4	0	3	5	3	2	2	8	6+

Wargear

Nest of Vipers: Old Zogwort has an additional D6 Attacks at an Initiative of 4. All of Zogwort's Attacks are poisoned attacks that always wound on a 2+.

Special Rules

Independent Character, Mob Rule, Furlous Charge, Waaagh!, Warphead

Psyker: Old Zogwort is a psyker.

Zogwort's Curse: Old Zogwort has the ability to transform a powerful enemy into a squig. Zogwort may use his curse as a psychic power instead of rolling on the Weirdboy psychic power chart. Choose an Independent Character model that is in Zogwort's line of sight. If that model is within 18", both players roll a dice. If the Ork player scores higher, the target model is replaced with an angry Squig under the control of your opponent. You must provide the Squig model. It has the profile below and no wargear or special rules, but is an Independent Character that counts as Infantry.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Squig	4	0	3	2	1	3	1	5	-



BOSS SNIKROT

The infamous Ork Hunters of the Armageddon Imperial Guard are afraid of one Ork and one Ork alone. In the dark nights of the equatorial jungles between Prime and Secundus, these grizzled veterans whisper tales of Boss Snikrot, the Stalker. They tell of a killer who slips through the jungle like a ghost, who can pass through thottlevine groves without disturbing a single leaf. They tell of a savage hunter who lives for vengeance, whose eyes blaze with the devilish light of hatred. Finally, they tell of his victims, left to bleed to death with their eyes put out and their scalps ripped free from their skulls.

Boss Snikrot was a Kommando in high regard at the time of Ghazghkull's first invasion, and his was amongst the first of the Ork tribes to navigate the green hell that separates Armageddon Prime from Armageddon Secundus. The sea of jungle was vast, and Snikrot's Kommandos soon separated from the main tribe. Straying towards Cerberus base, the majority of his tribe fell foul of the Imperial Guard jungle-fighting specialists stationed in the heart of the verdant realm. Snikrot ordered his boyz to withdraw, vowing to conquer the environment before they turned their attention to the human bases.

Snikrot had learnt his lesson well. He vowed to fight a guerrilla war from the heart of the jungle, stripping his kit down to the bare minimum so that the colour of his skin blended in with the jungle itself. He and his Kommandos became one with the tangled vegetation, their tough hides and strong metabolism giving them a natural resistance to the lethal defences of the tangled and nightmarish environment. Snikrot and his lads refined their already prodigious abilities in stealth and sabotage until they were able to slip into an Imperial Guard barracks and kill the residents in their sleep. Thus began a campaign of terror and psychological warfare that has plagued the Imperial war effort upon Armageddon ever since.

Snikrot's Red Skull Kommandos, so called because of their habit of scalping their victims and spreading the hot blood onto their heads, were still at large when Ghazghkull returned fifty years later. By this time the legend of Snikrot had spread to the furthest hives on the industrial worlds. Some spoke of a ghost who drank the blood of his victims in the dark of the night. Some told of a murderous beast that wore the dogtags of his numerous victims upon his chain-wrapped forearms so he could whisper their names to the jungle moon. Some told of his deadly knives, and how they had tasted the throats of colonels, nobles and courtesans alike.

All across Armageddon, in the flickering twilight of the hives, mothers scare their children into obedience with stories about the stalker Snikrot. Each of the gruesome stories has its basis in truth. To this day, Snikrot is one of the most feared of all Ork kind, and even the Ork Hunters pray to the Emperor that it is not their neck that Snikrot buries his deadly knives in next.



	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Snikrot	5	2	5	4	2	3	4	8	6+

Wargear: Stikkbombs.

Wargear

Mork's Teeth: Snikrot carries a pair of rippy-looking knives he calls Mork's Teeth, their blackened blades as long as a man's arm. He counts as having an extra close combat weapon. Mork's Teeth are consecrated to Mork, bathed in the lifeblood of a hundred dead humans. As a result of his god's patronage Snikrot may re-roll all failed rolls to hit in an assault.

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!, Infiltrate, Move Through Cover.

Ambush: Snikrot's mastery of guerilla tactics is legendary. If the owning player chooses, Snikrot and his unit may be held in Reserve. When Snikrot and his unit become available from Reserve, they may move on from any table edge.

Killa Reputation: Such is Snikrot's deadly reputation that if Snikrot and his unit win a combat, the enemy suffers an additional -1 modifier to their Leadership.

BOSS ZAGSTRUK

A merciless killer and a fanatical disciplinarian, Boss Zagstruk is the much-feared leader of a band of Stormboyz known as the Vulcha Squad. He despises weakness and loves nothing more than bullying those smaller than him into doing precisely what they are told. Zagstruk's mood swings switch between foul temper and murderous rage at the slightest provocation.

The Vulcha Squad hold their leader in high esteem, and fear his famous rages far more than any enemy. Da Boss, as his disciples call him, never lowers his voice beneath a shout. Worse still, he executes on the spot any who show insubordination or cowardice. This tends to keep even the largest and most truculent of the Orks under his charge in check.

The rumour is that Zagstruk was born in the centre of a human settlement and that he quickly throttled his way across the hinterlands to his parent tribe. His warriors say that every day since his birth Zagstruk has made at least one kill, and that he takes any excuse for a fight. The petrifying look in Zagstruk's eye is testament to this, and many of the Vulcha Squad swear blind that they have seen Da Boss stare down warlords, gnarwoives and Squiggoths alike.

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Zagstruk	5	2	4	4	2	3	4	9	4+

Wargear: Stormboy Rokkit Pack, Stikkbornz, Cybork Body, Choppa, Slugga.

Wargear

Da Vulcha's Klawz: Zagstruk's bionik legs are the perfect tool for smashing a foe into the ground and softening the Boss's impact in one fell swoop. On any turn that Zagstruk charges, he counts as having a power claw that strikes in normal Initiative order (remember that with Zagstruk's Furious Charge this will be resolved at Initiative 4).

Special Rules

Mob Rule, Furious Charge, Waaagh!

Swoop Attack: Zagstruk and da Vulcha Boyz must enter the battle via Deep Strike. They may not shoot that turn, but to represent their swooping dive into the enemy ranks they may assault that turn (provided they are close enough). If the Vulcha Squad assaults the turn it Deep Strikes into play, remove D3 Stormboyz at the beginning of combat as crash landing casualties.

Violent Temper: Zagstruk rules his Vulcha Squad with an iron fist and a personalised slugga. Should his unit ever fail a morale check, Zagstruk will execute a member of the unit to restore order. The unit is instead counted as passing the test, but a Stormboy model must be removed as a casualty as a result. If Zagstruk is on his own, the Violent Temper rule does not apply.

The Vulcha Squad get their name from Zagstruk's personal aircraft, *Da Vulcha*. This huge red fightabomma is an antique by the standards of modern Ork aircraft. Nevertheless it still packs a fearsome payload, not least of which are the Vulchas themselves.

At the climax of a battle, Boss Zagstruk and his boyz will fly in a low attack run over the front line, riding in the belly of the thundering Vulcha. At a barked command from Zagstruk, the Vulcha's primary bomb bays fall open and send its cargo of Stormboyz plummeting towards the battle below. At the last minute Zagstruk will order his Boyz to fire up their rokket packs, sending the Orks into the enemy iron-plated boots first.

This signature attack is made all the more devastating by Zagstruk's own wargear, the bioniks known as Da Vulcha's Klawz. Zagstruk had these made for him after his own legs were ripped off by a Space Marine Dreadnought, whose wiring systems he subsequently gnawed through until the machine was incapacitated. These piston-driven and power-clawed augmetics enhance Zagstruk's formidable strength to the extent that when the Boss makes contact with the enemy it is invariably with a sickening crunch.





LAUNCHING YOUR WAAAGH!

It's time to unleash a tide of savage alien warriors upon anyone who stands in your way. First, though, here are a few guidelines for assembling your own mean, green killing machine of an Ork army.

The typical greenskin army is built around a horde of Orks who charge across the battlefield shouting at the top of their lungs, but there are many ways you can personalise your own army to get the most out of a certain tactic or theme.

DA BOYZ

The most distinctive feature of an Ork army is its large size, and this comes largely from its Troops choices. Ork warbands should ideally outnumber their foes two or even three times over; you'll need a lot of Boyz if you want to win. This is not because they are poor quality troops, but because they do not wear fancy armour. Having a low points cost, you can easily field mobs of Boyz large enough to plough through incoming fire and still butcher the foe when they get close. Get used to the idea that you will lose plenty of models before you reach crumpin' distance; that's just part of being an Ork player.

You might find it best to equip each mob with the same upgraded weapons. That way the rokkit launchas can concentrate on taking out tanks, whilst the big shootas can pour fire into the enemy infantry. It is also wise to invest in a couple of Trukks so that a portion of your Boyz can race round the flank and get into battle fast, or at the least draw fire away from your main force. Once your Boyz are ready for action, why not add a big mob of Gretchin to further cement your numerical advantage over the enemy! Grots can form a skirmish screen to cover the advance of your Boyz, or act as nuisance units, tying up the enemy's elites and preventing them from engaging your own elite units.

DA BOSS

After the Boyz, the most important element of your army is the Boss. After all, your warband's leader is the focal point of your army and can dictate the feel and tactics of your entire force.

A Warboss is a real combat monster, so get him into close combat as quickly as possible and watch the sparks fly. Because Warbosses are so hard they attract a lot of fire. You might like to mount your Boss in a Battlewagon so that he and his retinue reach the enemy lines intact. Alternatively, if your Warboss is mounted on a bike, he will need some Warbiker buddies to back him up and even take a few bullets on his behalf. This can make for a great centrepiece unit in a Speed Freaks army.

Some players enjoy using a Big Mek to lead their warband. Big Mekes allow you to take a Deff Dread as a Troops choice, freeing up more Heavy Support choices

for tanks and artillery. Smaller than a typical Ork army due to their specialist troops and war machines, Big Mek armies tend towards the shooty end of the Orky spectrum. Mekes compliment vehicles nicely. Keep a Mek or two in base contact with a shooty Battlewagon or Looted Vehicle and you'll find the tank's effectiveness is bolstered considerably.

The psychic antics of the Weirdboyz are always great fun, as they are fully capable of blasting apart enemy infantry and tanks alike. Many players feel the main reason to take a Weirdboy is their ability to make the Orks close with the foe that bit faster due to their Waaaghl psychic power. For this reason Weirdboys work well in conjunction with Warboss-led hordes.

Once you've felt out which Bosses you want leading your army and got a few games under your belt, you'll find it easier to pick reinforcements from the army list. The best guide is to choose the models that appeal to you. Nevertheless, some players will deliberately theme their army for a certain battlefield role.



YOUR OWN PERSONAL WAAAGH!

As you read through the rest of this book, you will find that the army list allows for many different kinds of warband. Though Ork players generally start their collection with a balanced force based around a hard core of infantry, experienced generals often find themselves gearing their warband to excel at a particular way of breaking heads. Here are a few examples of the more extreme themes available to the Ork player.

The Green Tide: Some Ork players prefer to field a massive horde of countless Boyz led by power klaw-toting Nobz and little else. These armies typically number over a hundred and fifty Orks! This type of force excels against elite forces such as Eldar or Chaos Space Marines, because the opposing armies don't have the manpower to kill enough of the green horde in time to save them from a good mugging.

ORK WARGEAR

This section of Codex: Orks lists the deadly weapons and equipment used by Ork armies, along with all the details you'll need for using them in your games of Warhammer 40,000. Note that weapons and equipment that may be used by more than one type of model or unit are detailed here, while equipment that is unique to a single model or unit is detailed in the appropriate entry in the Forces section. We have included page numbers for quick reference. For example, sluggas are pretty common in an Ork army. They are detailed in this section. The Bomb-squigs entry is unique to Tankbustas, and is therefore detailed in the Tankbustas entry.

WEAPONS

Big Choppa

Enormous axes with jagged metal teeth, big choppas are chosen more for sheer weight than subtlety. A big choppa is a two-handed close combat weapon. A model using a big choppa adds +2 to its Strength.

Big Shoota

A big shoota is a loud, heavy, large-calibre machine gun that bucks and sparks like crazy when the trigger is pulled. It has the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Notes
36"	5	5	Assault 3

Boomgun See page 54

Bomb-squig See page 42

Burnas See page 45

Choppa

Orks use a bewildering variety of bladed, spiked, serrated, jagged, barbed, and notched hand weapons ranging from the proverbial blunt instrument to whirring Ork-tooth chainsaws. Choppas count as normal close combat weapons. See the Assault Phase chapter of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for details on using close combat weapons.

Dakkaguns See page 46

Deffguns See page 43

Grabba Stikk See page 50

Grot-prod See page 50

Grot Blasta See page 50

Grotzooka See page 53

Kannon See page 51

Killkannon See page 55

Kombi-weapons

A kombi-weapon is essentially two weapons nailed, wired or welded together. The shoota part of the kombi-weapon can be fired normally, but the other half of the weapon may only be used once per battle. They may not be fired at the same time.

Kustom Force Field See page 34

Kustom Mega-Blasta

Meks sometimes build a weapon that is far greater than the sum of its parts, a marvel of Ork technology that fires a focused blast of pure energy at its targets. It has the following profile:

	Range	Str	AP	Notes
Kustom Mega-Blasta	24"	8	2	Assault 1 Gets Hot!

Lobba See page 51

Power Klaw

A power klaw is a powered, armoured gauntlet that counts as a power fist in all respects.

Rokkit Launcha

Crude but easy to manufacture, the rokkit launcha is a stout stick with a simple trigger mechanism that allows the Ork at the 'safe' end to fire a dodgy-looking rokkit in the general vicinity of the enemy. A rokkit launcha has the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Notes
24"	8	3	Assault 1

Shokk Attack Gun See page 35

Skorcha

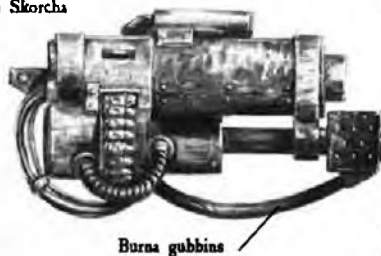
Beloved of Ork arsonists, the skorcha is a vehicle-mounted flamethrower which sprays a great gout of burning fuel over the target area. Some kombi-shootas are built to include a skorcha barrel and enough fuel for one shot. The skorcha has the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Notes
Template	5	4	Assault 1



KOMBI-WEAPON

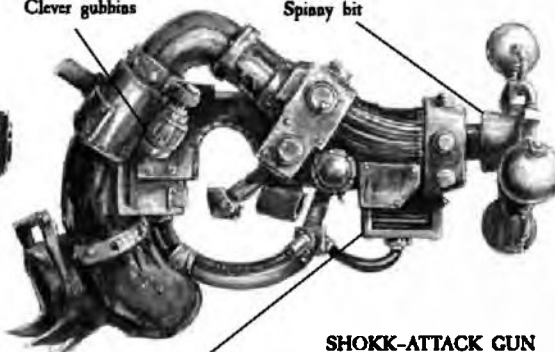
Shoots with Skorchs



Borna gubbins

Clever gubbins

Spiny bit



Know-wots

SHOKK-ATTACK GUN

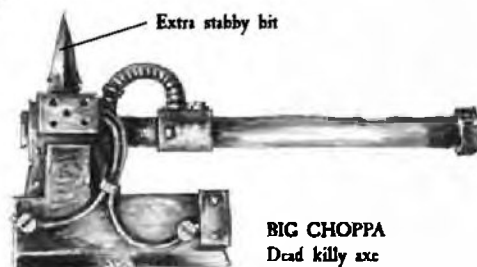
Shotlings not included



Stabby end

BIG SHOOTA

Heavy weapon wiv lots of dakka



Extra stabby bit

CHOPPA

Good for killin' stuff



BIG CHOPPA
Dead killy axe



SHOOTA

Kustomised to make extra noise

Ammo bit



**KUSTOM
MEGA BLASTA**
Mek weapon,
varying design but
always killy

Electric know-wots

Mek Gas



SLUGGA

Good for close-range killin'

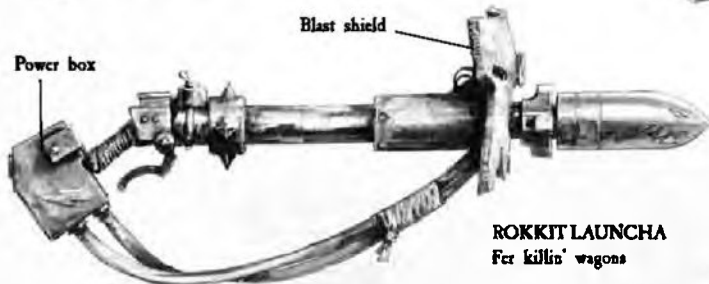
Ammo bit



POWER KLAU

Da best way to kill hard stuff

Ork goes in here



ROKKIT LAUNCHA

Fer killin' wagons



STIKKBOMBS

Throw 'em and they go bang



Shoota

An Ork's best shoota is chosen due to the amount of noise it makes and the amount of damage it can do. The best shootas are deafening and deadly in equal measure. A shoota has the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Notes
18"	4	6	Assault 2

Snazzguns See page 56

Slugga

A slugga is an ugly, brutish gun perfectly designed for its ugly, brutish owner to kill his foes, either by shooting them at close range or beating them to death with it. It has the following profile:

Range	Str	AP	Notes
12"	4	6	Pistol

Stikkbomb

A stikkbomb is a hand-held grenade that can be detonated by pulling out its pin and hurling it at the foe or, if that fails, by battering the enemy over the head with it until the blasted thing goes off. Stikkbombz count as frag grenades in all respects.

Tankbusta Bombs See page 42

Tankhammer See page 42

'Urty Syringe See page 38

Zzap Gun See page 51

"I'm da hand of Gork and Mork. dey sent me to rouse up da boyz to crush and kill 'cos da boyz forgot what dere 'ere for. I woz one of da boyz till da godz smashed me in da 'ead an' I 'membered dat Orks is meant to conquer and make slaves of everyfing they don't kill.

I'm da profit of da Waaagh an' whole worlds burn in my boot prints. I'm death to anyfing dat walks, where I go nothin' stands in my way. I iz more cunnin' than a Grot an' more killy dan a Dread.

I'm Warlord Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka an' I speak wiv da word of da gods. We iz gonna stomp da 'ooniverse flat an' kill anyfing that fights back. We iz gonna do this coz' we're Orks an' we was made ta fight an' win."

Graffiti on Warlord Titan Wreckage
found by Dark Angels at Westerisle, Piscina IV

ARMOUR

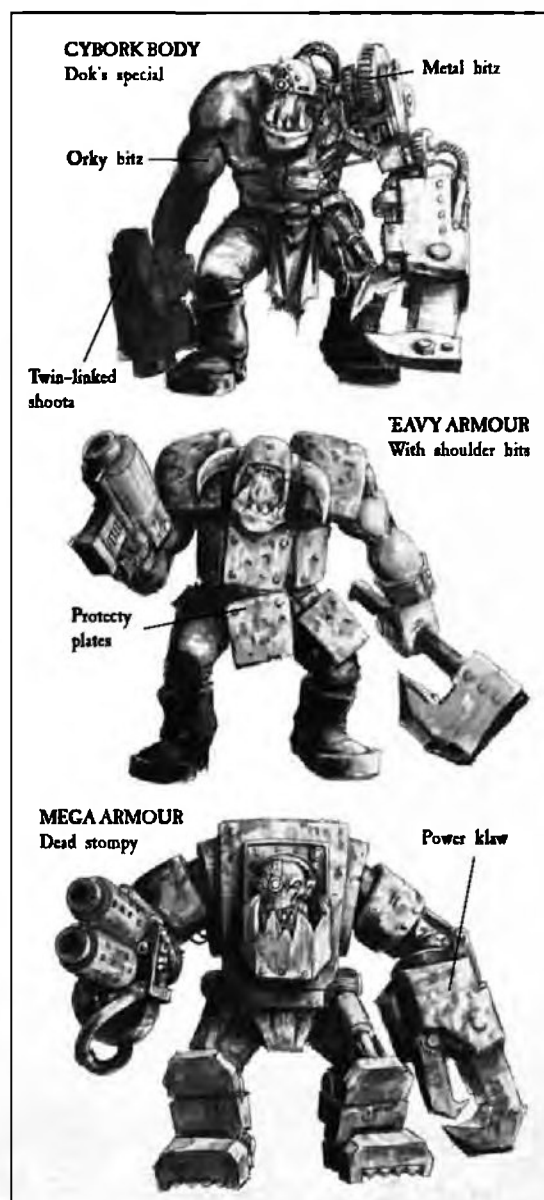
Cybork Body

Orks with teeth to spare sometimes come back from the Painboy's surgery with extensive cybernetic modifications. A model with a cybork body has a 5+ invulnerable saving throw.

'Eavy Armour

Ork 'eavy armour is made from scrap taken from defeated enemies and battered into shape so that it fits its wearer (well, sort of). It confers a 4+ armour save.

Mega Armour See page 39





OTHER EQUIPMENT

Ammo Runt

An ammo runt is a heavily overburdened Gretchin who carries extra ammunition for his master. A model with an ammo runt is allowed to re-roll one to hit roll for a shooting attack, once per game.

Ammo runt models are purely decorative and are always ignored for game purposes, just move them to one side if they become a problem.

Attack Squig

An attack squig is a voracious predator with a massive snapping gob, usually trained to go for the face. A character with an attack squig benefits from +1 Attack.

Bosspole

Ork Nobz often have a trophy pole, a metal jaw, or some other sign of their status that shows they are not to be messed with. A Nob with a Bosspole finds it comes in handy when restoring 'dissaplin' to his mob. Each time a unit with a Bosspole fails a Morale test you may choose to inflict a wound on that unit (not on the model with the Bosspole) in order to re-roll that Morale test.

Dok's Tools See page 38

Mek's Tools See page 34

Stormboyz Rokklt Pack See page 47

Waaagh! Banner See page 33

Warbike See page 46

The Orks plague the galaxy from end to end with their ceaseless warring and strife. They are a race rooted so deeply in war that peace is utterly incomprehensible to them. They cannot be bargained with or bought save with weapons that they will inevitably turn against those who tried to bribe them. I pray with all my faith that some great catastrophe will annihilate them but I fear that ultimately it is they, not we, who shall rule the galaxy."

Xanthius, High Lord of Terra



ORK VEHICLE UPGRADES

Ork vehicles may have the option to take various upgrades as listed in their unit entry in the Ork army list.

'Ard Case

Orks sometimes add armoured roofs to their wagons. A vehicle with an 'ard case no longer counts as Open-Topped. Note that this affects its Access Points and Fire Points as detailed in the appropriate entry.

Armour Plates

An Ork vehicle with armour plates has extra thick sheets of metal welded onto its hull. It treats 'Crew Stunned' results as 'Crew Shaken' results instead.

Boarding Plank

Orks often employ hinged planks that allow them to make daring attacks on nearby vehicles. A boarding plank allows a single embarked Ork to make its close combat attacks against an enemy vehicle within 2" exactly as if the Ork were disembarked and charging, provided neither vehicle has moved more than 12".

Deff Rolla

See page 55

Grabbin' Klaw

A grabbin' klaw allows an Ork vehicle to physically latch onto an enemy vehicle and prevent it from 'runnin' away'. At the beginning of the enemy Movement phase, nominate an enemy vehicle within 2" of the grabbin' klaw. On the roll of a 4+ that vehicle may not move this turn.

Grot Riggers

When an Ork vehicle takes a hit, Grots will swarm out of its recesses and repair the damage. An Immobilised Ork vehicle with Grot riggers may roll a dice during the Ork shooting phase – on a 4+ the Immobilised result is negated. The vehicle is able to start moving next turn.

Red Paint Job

Orks believe that a vehicle that has been painted red can outstrip a similar vehicle that isn't. As odd as it may seem, they are quite right. Ork vehicles with red paint jobs add +1 to their move in the Movement phase but do not incur penalties for this extra inch. For example, a vehicle could move 13" and still count as moving 12".

Reinforced Ram

Ork drivers often miss the thrill of close combat and modify their vehicles so they can use them as a weapon in themselves. A vehicle with a reinforced ram can Tank Shock, and treats its front armour as two higher than normal when resolving Death or Glory attacks (to a maximum of 14). Furthermore the vehicle may re-roll Dangerous Terrain tests.

Stikkbomb Chukka

A stikkbomb chukka is a crude mechanism that allows a vehicle to fire stikkbombs over the heads of its passengers, giving the Orks cover as they plunge out of their vehicle and into the ranks of the enemy. Any unit disembarking from a vehicle with a stikkbomb chukka is treated as having stikkbombs if they charge into combat that turn.

Wreckin' Ball

Orks love demolition almost as much as they love war. On the battlefield, Ork wagon crew delight in smashing great spiked 'wreckin' balls' into enemy vehicles and infantry. A vehicle with a wreckin' ball causes a Strength 9 hit upon one unengaged enemy unit within 2" of the wreckin' ball at the beginning of the Assault phase on the roll of a 4+. The vehicle may use not use its wreckin' ball if it has moved more than 12" that turn.

ORK TRUKK

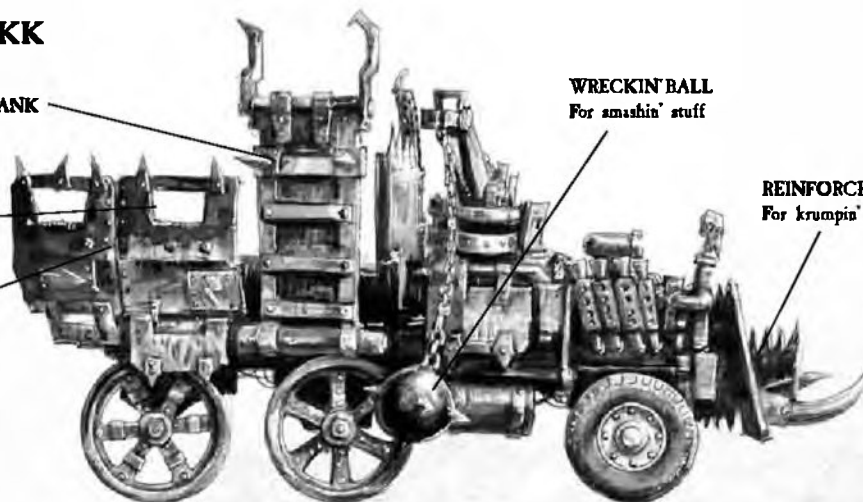
BOARDING PLANK
(raised up)

Boyz go
in 'ere

ARMOUR
PLATES

WRECKIN' BALL
For smashin' stuff

REINFORCED RAM
For krumpin' stuff





ORKS ARMY LIST

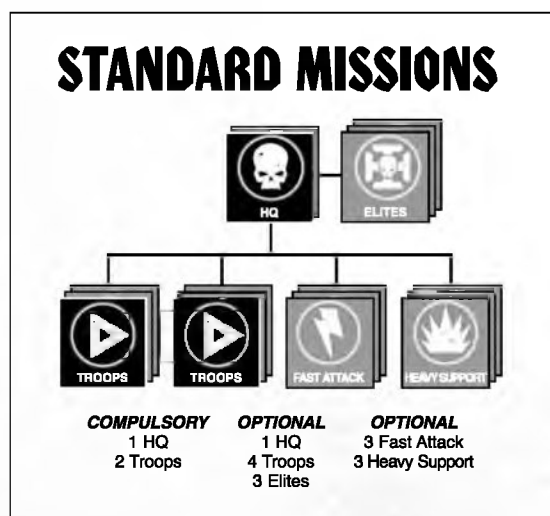
The following pages contain an army list that enables you to field an Ork army and fight battles using the scenarios included in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. It also provides you with the basic information you'll need in order to field an Ork army in scenarios you've devised yourself, or that form part of a campaign.

The army list allows you to pick an army based on the troops that would fight in a typical Ork warband. By including certain HQ choices in the army you also have the option of fielding an army with more close combat specialists or warbikes than normal.

The army list is split into five sections. All the squads, vehicles and characters in the army are placed into one of these sections depending upon their role on the battlefield. Each model is also given a points value, which varies depending on how effective that model is in battle. Before you choose an army, you will need to agree with your opponent upon the total number of points each of you will spend. Then you can proceed to pick your army as described below.

USING A FORCE ORGANISATION CHART

The army lists are used in conjunction with the force organisation chart from a scenario. Each chart is split into five categories that correspond to the sections in the army list, and each category has one or more boxes. Each box indicates that you may make one choice from that section of the army list, while a dark-toned box indicates a compulsory selection. We've included the chart used for Standard Missions below.



MISSIONS & POINTS

These army lists are primarily designed for use with the Combat Patrol and Standard Missions from the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. They may also be used with any other missions that use the Force Organisation charts, but please note that the balance of play may be affected if they are used for anything other than a Combat Patrol or Standard Mission.

If you decide to fight a Combat Patrol or Standard Mission then this will dictate the number of points used to select the army. Combat Patrol armies are always 400 points each, while for Standard Missions each player selects an army of 500 points or more. The more points you use, the longer the game will be.

In addition the mission you decide to play will determine what (if any) restrictions apply to picking your army. See the Combat Patrol or Standard Missions sections of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook for details of the restrictions that apply.



USING THE ARMY LIST

Before putting your army together for a game, agree with your opponent on the size of each force. Many players like to play games of 1,500 points per side, which provides around two hours of play. Look in the relevant section of the army list and decide what unit you want to have in your army, how many models there will be in it, and which upgrades you want (if any). Any upgrades that are taken must be shown on the model if possible. Then simply subtract the points value of the unit from your total points, and then go back and make another choice. Continue doing this until you have spent all your points. Then you're ready to do battle!

"Gct 'em boyz!

Dakka dakka dakka!

WAAAGH! THE ORKS!

WAAAGH!"

— Rotgob, Ork strategist



Each entry in the army list represents a different unit that you can use in a game. More information about the background and rules for the troops, vehicles and equipment in the army lists can be found on pages 31-63, while information and examples of the Citadel miniatures you will need to represent the troops, vehicles and equipment used in the lists can be found on pages 64-88.

The army list entry for Ork Boyz is shown below by way of an example.

ORK BOYZ 6 POINTS PER MODEL

5 PAGE 40

Boy 1	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
'Ard Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	4+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+
'Ard Boy Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	4+

Unit Composition: **2**

- 10-30 Ork Boyz

Unit Type: **3**

- Infantry

Wargear: **4**

- Slugga
- Choppa
- 'Ard Boyz wear 'eavy armour

Special Rules: **6**

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Transport: **7**

- Mobs of 12 or fewer models may take a Trukk as a dedicated transport vehicle.

Options: **8**

- The entire mob may take:
 - stikkbombs+1 point per model
- The entire mob may replace their sluggas and choppas with shootasfree
- For every ten Orks in the mob, one Ork may exchange his slugga or shoota for:
 - big shoota+5 points per model
 - rokket launcha+10 points per model
- One mob per army may be upgraded to:
 - 'Ard Boyz+4 points per model

Character:

- One Boy may be upgraded to Nob+10 points
- He may replace his choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power klaw+25 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour (if not an 'Ard Boy Nob)+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points

1 Unit Profile: At the start of each entry you will find the name of the unit, the profile of the models it can include, and the points cost for each model without any options added. For example, the entry shown above is for an Ork Boyz mob.

2 Unit Composition: This lists the number and type of models that make up one unit. For an Ork Boyz mob, this is 10-30, while for single models like a Warboss, the composition will be 1. Specific named characters from Ork history are listed as 'Unique', which means you may only include one of that model in your army.

3 Unit Type: This refers to the Unit Type Rules chapter in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. For example, a unit may be Infantry, Vehicle, Jetbike or Jump Infantry, which makes them subject to certain rules regarding movement, shooting, assault, etc.

4 Wargear: This details the basic equipment carried by the models in the squad. The cost for all of the equipment in this list is included in the points cost of the models themselves.

5 Page Number: This shows on which page the full details of the army list entry can be found, for ease of reference when the game is in full flow.

6 Special Rules: Any special rules that apply to the unit are listed here. These special rules are explained in further detail in the Forces section. Some refer to the Universal Special Rules section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook. For example, the Ork Boyz unit shown above benefits from the 'Waaagh!' and 'Mob Rule' Special Rules, which are detailed in the Ork Army Special Rules on page 31, as well as the 'Furious Charge' Special Rule, which can be found in the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

7 Transport: This refers to any transport vehicle the unit may take. The Transport Vehicles section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook explains exactly how these transports work.

8 Options: This section lists all of the upgrades you may add to the unit if you wish to do so. If a model is equipped with something listed in the Unit Upgrades section then you must pay the points for it – note you may not take an upgrade unless a model in the unit actually has it. Some units have additional options regarding how they may be chosen or fielded, often depending on whether an associated character is taken. This is detailed in the relevant character's entry. For example, an Ork Warboss allows you to take an extra unit Nobz or Meganobz mob because of his 'Big Boss' rule.

HQ



CHAZGHKULL THRAKA 225 POINTS

PAGE 58

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Ghazghkull	6	2	5	5	4	4	5	9	2+

Unit Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Da Big Boss:

Ghazghkull allows one Meganobz or Nobz mob to be taken as a Troops choice.

Wargear:

- Cybork body
- Bosspole
- Mega-armour
- Stikkbombs
- Big shoota
- Adamantium skull

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Prophet of the Waaagh!

Options:

- May be accompanied by:
 - Ammo runt ...+3 points



MAD DOK GROTSNIK 160 POINTS

PAGE 59

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Dok Grotznik	5	2	4	5	3	3	4	9	4+

Unit Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Da Big Dok:

Any unit in an army including Grotznik may upgrade its members to have cybork bodies for +5 points per model.

Wargear:

- Power klaw
- Slugga
- 'Urti syringe
- Dok's tools
- Cybork body

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Fearless
- Waaagh!
- One Scalpel Short of a Medpack



WAZDAKKA GUTSMEK 180 POINTS

PAGE 60

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Wazdakka	5	2	4	5(6)	3	3	4	9	4+

Unit Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Bike

Da Bike Boss:

Wazdakka allows Warbiker mobs to be taken as Troop choices.

Wargear:

- Bike of the Aporkalypse
- Kustom mega-blasta
- Power klaw
- Slugga
- Mek's tools
- Stikkbombs
- Bosspole

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!



OLD ZOGWORT 145 POINTS

PAGE 61

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Old Zogwort	4	0	3	5	3	2	2	8	6+

Unit Composition:

- 1 (Unique)

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Nest of Vipers

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!
- Psyker
- Warphead
- Zogwort's Curse

HQ

WARBOSS 60 POINTS

PAGE 32

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warboss	5	2	5	5	3	4	4	9	6+

Unit Composition:

- 1 Warboss

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Da Big Boss:

A Warboss allows one Meganobz or Nobz mob to be taken as a Troops choice.

Wargear:

- Slugga or shoota
- Choppa
- Stikkbombz

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Options:

- Replace choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power claw+25 points
- Replace slugga with one of the following:
 - shoota/rokkit kombi-weapon+5 points
 - shoota/skorcha kombi-weapon+5 points
 - twin-linked shoota+5 points
- Replace slugga and choppa with mega armour+40 points
- May take any of the following:
 - warbike*+40 points
 - ammo runt+3 points
 - attack squig+15 points
 - cybork body+10 points
 - bosspole+5 points
 - 'eavy armour+5 points

*A Warboss may not have both mega armour and a warbike, as he would probably fall off a lot.

BIG MEK 35 POINTS

PAGE 34

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Big Mek	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	8	6+

Unit Composition:

- 1 Big Mek

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Da Big Mek:

A Big Mek allows one Deff Dread to be taken as a Troops choice.

Wargear:

- Slugga or shoota
- Choppa
- Mek's tools

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Options:

- Replace choppa with one of the following:
 - burna+20 points
 - power claw+25 points
- Replace slugga with one of the following:
 - shoota/rokkit kombi-weapon+5 points
 - shoota/skorcha kombi-weapon+5 points
 - kustom mega-blasta+15 points
- Replace slugga with one of the following:
 - mega-armour+40 points
 - shokk attack gun+60 points
 - kustom force field+50 points
 - warbike+40 points
- May take any of the following:
 - ammo runt+3 points
 - cybork body+10 points
 - 'eavy armour+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points
 - attack squig+15 points
- May be accompanied by up to three:
 - Grot oilers+5 points per model

WEIRDBOY 55 POINTS

PAGE 36

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Weirdboy	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 1 Weirdboy

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Special Rules:

- Independent Character
- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!
- Psyker

Options:

- Upgrade to Warphead: +30 points



ELITES

NOBZ 20 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 33

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+
Painboy	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 3-10 Nobz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Slugga
- Choppa
- Nob Bikers are mounted on warbikes
- Painboy replaces slugga and choppa with dok's tools and 'urty syringe

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Transport:

- Nobz Mobs (except Nob Bikers) may take a Trukk as a dedicated transport vehicle. Alternatively they may take a Battlegwagon as a dedicated transport vehicle, though it may not have the killkannon upgrade.

Options:

- The entire mob may be upgraded to:
 - Nob Bikers+25 points per model
- The entire mob may take:
 - Stikkbombz+1 point per model
- Any Nob may replace his choppa with:
 - big choppa+5 points per model
 - power klaw+25 points per model
- Any Nob may replace his slugga with:
 - twin-linked shoota+5 points per model
 - shoota/rokket kombi-weapon+5 points per model
 - shoota/skorcha kombi-weapon+5 points per model
- Any Nob may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour+5 points per model
 - bosspole+5 points per model
 - Waaagh! banner+15 points per model
 - Ammo runt+3 points per model

Painboyz

- One Nob may be a Painboy+30 points
- may be accompanied by a Grot orderly+5 points
- All models in the Painboy's unit may have
 - cybork bodies+5 points per model

MEGANOBOZ 40 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 39

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Meganobz	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	2+

Unit Composition:

- 3-10 Meganobz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Mega armour
- Stikkbombz

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Transport:

- Meganobz may take a Battlegwagon as a dedicated transport vehicle, though it may not have the killkannon upgrade (See page 102). Alternatively a mob of six or fewer Meganobz may take a Trukk as a dedicated transport vehicle (see page 100).

Options:

- Any Meganob may replace the twin-linked shoota on his mega armour with one of the following:
 - kombi shoota-skorcha+5 points per model
 - kombi shoota-rokket launcha+5 points per model

BURNA BOYZ 15 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 45

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Burna Boyz	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Mek	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 5-15 Burna Boyz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Burna Boyz:
- Burna

Mek:

- Mek's tools
- Kustom mega-blasta

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Characters:

- Up to three Burna Boyz may be upgraded to:
 - MeksFree
 Any Mek may replace his kustom mega-blasta with:
 - slugga and choppaFree
 - big shootaFree
 - rokket launcha+5 points per model
 Any Mek may be accompanied by:
 - Grot oiler+5 points per model

ELITES

TANKBUSTAS 15 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 42

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Tankbustas	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 5-15 Tankbusta Boyz

Wargear:

- Rokkit launcha
- Tankbusta bombz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!
- Glory Hogs

Options:

- A Tankbusta Mob may include up to three
 - bomb-squigs+5 points per model
- Up to two Tankbustas may replace their rokkit launchas with:
 - tankhammers free

Character:

- One Tankbusta may be upgraded to a Nob +10 points
- He may replace his rokkit launcha with:
 - a power klaw+15 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points

LOOTAS 15 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 43

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Lootas	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Mek	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 5-15 Lootas

Wargear:

- Lootas
- Deffgun

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Mek:

- Mek's tools
- Kustom mega-blasta

Characters:

- Up to three Lootas may be upgraded to:
 - MekFree
- Any Mek may replace his Kustom mega-blasta with:
 - slugga and choppaFree
 - big shootaFree
 - rokkit launcha+5 points per model
- Any Mek may be accompanied by:
 - Grot oiler+5 points per model

KOMMANDOS 10 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 44

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Kommandos	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+
Boss Snikrot	5	2	5	4	2	3	4	8	6+

Unit Composition:

- 5-15 Kommandos

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Move Through Cover
- Infiltrate
- Waaagh!

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Slugga
- Choppa
- Stikkbombz

Options:

- Up to two Kommandos may replace their sluggas and choppas with one of the following:
 - big shoota+5 points per model
 - rokkit launcha+10 points per model
 - burna+15 points per model

Character:

- One Kommando may be upgraded to Nob +10 points
- He may replace his choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power klaw+25 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points

Boss Snikrot:

- Instead of a Nob, one mob may be led by:
 - Boss Snikrot (see page 62)85 points



TROOPS

ORK BOYZ 6 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 40

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
'Ard Boy	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	4+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+
'Ard Boy Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	4+

Unit Composition:

- 10-30 Ork Boyz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Slugga
- Choppa
- 'Ard Boyz wear 'eavy armour

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Transport:

- Mobs of 12 or fewer models may take a Trukk as a dedicated transport vehicle.

Options:

- The entire mob may take:
 - stikkbombs+1 point per model
- The entire mob may replace their sluggas and choppas with shootasfree
- For every ten Orks in the mob, one Ork may exchange his slugga or shoota for:
 - big shoota+5 points per model
 - rokkit launcha+10 points per model
- One mob per army may be upgraded to:
 - 'Ard Boyz+4 points per model

Character:

- One Boy may be upgraded to Nob+10 points
- He may replace his choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power klaw+25 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour (if not an 'Ard Boy Nob)+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points

GRETCHIN 3 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 50

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gretchin	2	3	2	2	1	2	1	5	-
Runtherd	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 10-30 Gretchin and 1-3 Runtherds

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- Gretchin:
 - Blasta
- Runtherds:
 - Grabba stikk
 - Slugga
 - Squig hound

Special Rules:

- Gretchin:
 - It's a Grot's Life
- Runtherds:
 - Furious Charge
 - Mob Rule
 - Waaagh!

Characters:

- For every ten Gretchin you must take one:
 - Runtherd+10 points per model
- Runtherds may replace their grabba stikks with:
 - grot-prods+5 points per model

DEDICATED TRANSPORT VEHICLES

PAGE 41

Certain Ork units can choose a dedicated transport vehicle. These vehicles do not use up any force organisation chart selections, but otherwise function as separate units. See the Transport Vehicles section of the main rulebook.

TRUKK COST: 35 POINTS

	BS	Armour		
		Front	Side	Rear
Trukk	2	10	10	10

Unit Composition:

- 1 Trukk

Unit Type:

- Vehicle (Fast, Open-topped)

Wargear:

- Big shoota

Special Rules:

- Ramshackle

Transport Capacity:

- 12 models. Models in mega armour count as 2 models.

Options:

- Replace big shoota with rokkit launcha+5 points
- May take any of the following:
 - red paint job+5 points
 - grot riggers+5 points
 - stikkbomb chukka+5 points
 - armour plates+10 points
 - boarding plank+5 points
 - wreckin' ball+10 points
 - reinforced ram+5 points



FAST ATTACK

⚡ STORMBOYZ 12 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 47

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Stormboyz	4	2	3	4	1	2	2	7	6+
Nob	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+
Boss Zagstruk	5	2	4	4	2	3	4	9	4+

Unit Composition:

- 5-20 Stormboyz

Wargear:

- Slugga
- Choppa
- Rokkit pack
- Stikkbombz

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule

Unit Type:

- Jump Infantry

Character:

- One Stormboy may be upgraded to Nob ..+10 points
- He may replace his choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power klaw+25 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - 'eavy armour+5 points
 - bosspole+5 points

Boss Zagstruk:

- Instead of a Nob, one mob may be led by:
 - Boss Zagstruk (see page 63)85 points

⚡ WARBUGGIES 30 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 49

	BS	Armour		
		Front	Side	Rear
Warbuggy	2	10	10	10

Unit Composition:

- 1-3 Warbuggies
(Vehicle Squadron)

Wargear:

- Twin-linked
big shoota

Unit Type:

- Vehicle (Fast, Open-topped)

Options:

- Any Warbuggy may replace its twin-linked big shoota with one of the following:
 - twin-linked rokkit launcha+5 points per model
 - upgrade to Skorch.+10 points per model
- Any Warbuggy may take any of the following:
 - red paint job+5 points per model
 - grot riggers+5 points per model
 - armour plates+10 points per model
 - upgrade to Wartrakk+5 points per model

⚡ WARBIKERS 25 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 46

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Warbiker	4	2	3	4(5)	1	2	2	7	4+
Nob	4	2	4	4(5)	1	3	3	7	4+

Unit Composition:

- 3-12 Warbikes

Wargear:

- Choppa
- Warbike
- Slugga
- Dakkagun

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Exhaust Cloud

Unit Type:

- Bikes

Character:

- One Warbiker can be upgraded to a Nob ..+10 points
- He may replace his choppa with one of the following:
 - big choppa+5 points
 - power klaw+25 points
- He may take any of the following:
 - bosspole+5 points

⚡ DEFFKOPTAS 35 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 48

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Deffkopta	4	2	3	4(5)	2	2	2	7	4+

Unit Composition:

- 1-5 Deffkoptas

Wargear:

- Choppa
- Twin-linked
big shoota

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Scouts
- Hit and Run

Unit Type:

- Jetbikes

Options:

- Any Deffkopta may replace its twin-linked big shootas with:
 - twin-linked rokkit launcha+10 points per model
 - kustom mega-blasta+5 points per model
- Any Deffkopta may be equipped with:
 - bigbomm+15 points per model
 - buzzsaw+25 points per model





HEAVY SUPPORT



FLASH GITZ 25 POINTS PER MODEL

PAGE 56

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Flash Gitz	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	4+
Kaptin Badrukk	5	2	4	4	2	3	4	9	3+
Painboy	4	2	4	4	2	3	3	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 5-10 Flash Gitz

Unit Type:

- Infantry

Wargear:

- 'Eavy armour
- Snazzgun
- Gitfinda

- Painboy replaces 'eavy armour, snazzgun and gitfinda with dok's tools and 'urty syringe

Special Rules:

- Furious Charge
- Mob Rule
- Waaagh!

Options:

- The unit may take any of the following:
 - More dakka+5 points per model
 - Shootier+5 points per model
 - Blastas+5 points per model
- The unit may include up to three:
 - ammo runts+5 points per model

Kaptin Badrukk:

- One Flash Gitz mob may be led by:
 - Kaptin Badrukk (see page 57)+135 points

Painboy:

- One Flash Gitz may be a Painboy+30 points
- may be accompanied by a Grot orderly ...+5 points
- All models in the Painboy's unit may have
 - cybork bodies+5 points per model.



BIG GUNZ 20 POINTS PER GUN

PAGE 51

	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Sv
Gretchin	2	3	2	2	1	2	1	5	-
Runtherd	4	2	3	4	2	2	3	7	6+

Unit Composition:

- 1-3 Big Gunz (with 2 Grot crew per Big Gun)

Unit Type:

- Artillery

Wargear:

- Gretchin:
 - None
- Runtherds:
 - Grabba stikk
 - Slugga
 - Squig hound

Special Rules:

- Gretchin:
 - None
- Runtherd:
 - Furious Charge

Options:

- The Big Gunz must all be the same type of gun, chosen from the following types:
 - kannonsfree
 - lobbass+5 points per gun
 - zzap guns+10 points per gun
- The battery may include any of the following:
 - up to three ammo runts+3 points per model
 - up to six additional grot crew ...+3 points per model

Character:

- The unit may include a Runtherd+10 points
- He may replace his grabba stikk with:
 - grot prod+5 points



LOOTED WAGON 35 POINTS

PAGE 59

	BS	Armour		
		Front	Side	Rear
Looted Wagon	2	11	11	10

Unit Composition:

- 1 Looted Wagon

Unit Type:

- Vehicle (Tank, Open-topped)

Special Rules:

- Don't Press Dat!

Transport Capacity:

- 12 models. Models in Mega Armour count as two models.
- A Looted Wagon with a boomgun loses its transport capacity altogether.

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - boomgun+70 points
 - skorch+15 points
- May take up to two of the following:
 - big shoota+5 points per gun
 - rokkit launcha+10 points per gun
- May take any of the following:
 - 'ard case+10 points
 - red paint job+5 points
 - grot riggers+5 points
 - stikkbomb chukka+5 points
 - armour plates+10 points
 - boarding plank+5 points
 - wreckin' ball+10 points
 - reinforced ram+5 points
 - grabbin' claw+5 points

