

Prophetsh of Waaagh! - End of Daze

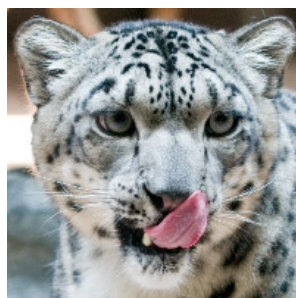
An Ork Audio Drama (2018)

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Uggrim: "Ah, you hear that, Bozgat?"

(weird alarm going off)

Uggrim: "Shut it!"

Bozgat: "I ain't saying anything, boss!"

Uggrim: "Not you, the zogging alarm. That is what I is trying to tell you. The stabilization gyro on the left foot is on the break.

Bozgat: "Zogwit, a stupid wild boy, he is taking it apart".

Uggrim: "Then stop him! He's got a mek touch that boy, but he is just a runt4. Stop him and sort it".

Bozgat: "Yes, boss! Zogwit! Zogwit!!! Put that down! This down! Now give me hammer!"

Uggrim (roaring): "Frikk! Frikk!!!"

Frikk (running to talky tube): "Yes, boss Uggrim, me bossy-bossyness".

Bozgat (hammering something): "Zogging zogger! Zogging, zogging zogger!!! Right, right, my daisy! Where is my buzzsaw?"

Uggrim: "You is in a good mood today, grot".

Frikk: "Oh, yes, boss. It's sunny, the wind is clean and I is enjoying the view from up here in Fat Mork's looky out nest".

Uggrim: "Steady on. I don't know if being happy is allowed for grots".

Frikk: "Sorry, boss".

Bozgat: "This will sort you out, you, zogger!"

Uggrim: "Go on, Frikk! Don't let that happen again".

(Bozgat sawing something in the distance)

Frikk: "Yes, boss! Sorry, boss! I promise I be miserable, boss".

Uggrim: "Ugh, good. Is Snikgob on his way back yet?"

Frikk: "No, boss".

Uggrim: "Right, then. Just you let me know as soon as you spot his body. I've got a few things I'd like..."

(numerous alarms and beeps interrupting Uggrim)

Uggrim (angry): "Zogging Mork!"

Bozgat: "Oh no! Oh zog! Oh, quick, give me the... Oh no!"

(Fat Mark stopping to a halt)

Uggrim: “Bozgat! Bozgat!!! What the zog have you done? BOZGAT!!!”

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Snikgob (riding his buggy): “This is the life, ain’t, Talker? Zooming about on an adventure! Winding a lot, body engine running good! I could drive across the whole galaxy on a day like this”.

Talker: “The sensation of motion is a thrilling emotion. Wrum-wrum!”

Snikgob: “Zogging madboy! Are we getting close to this, what do you call it?”

Talker: “Concentrate and psychical exaltation point emanating metaphysical influences designed to affect all those of ork derivation⁵”.

Snikgob: “You mean the Waaagh?”

Talker: “There is no Waaagh! You shall find it all a sham⁶, my good ork. I assure you”.

Snikgob: “For once I minded to agree with you, you mad git. Nothing about this Waaagh smells right to me”.

(weird pumping and pulsing low=pitched noise)

Talker: “There’s that zogging noise again. Louder now and look at that green light over there. We must be getting close”.

Snikgob: “Oh, here it comes. Quick, put this buggy on your right”.

Talker: “What’s a buggy gonna do for anyone, you nut?”

Snikgob: “Oh, you feel bad, nice buggy?”

Talker: “A buggy ain’t gonna do nothing against no psychical nonsense! I’ve had it with you”.

(Snikgob stopping to a halt)

Snikgob: “You are stupid. As dumb a squig is what you are”.

(Talker making taunting ‘farting’ noises with his tongue)

Talker: “Better than play with fried squigs”.

Snikgob: “Why? I’m gonna... I’m gonna... Uuuuuu... Mmmmmm... (getting angrier and trying to charge Talker) I feel peculiar. I fell all weird... I’m gonna give you... I’m gonna smash you dead, you stupid madboy... Why I brought you? I... Whyyyyyy... Whaaaaa... Whyyyyyy”

Talker: “O-o!”

Snikgob (infuriated): "I'm gonna gut you good, you zogging mek! I.... Oooo!"

Talker: "The noise... The terrible noisiness!"

(Snikgob halting his charge)

Snikgob (breathing hard): "Zogging heck... Zogging heck, what happened here? I was gonna kill you".

Talker: "Yeah, that was a conclusion I drew myself. Wow, wow, it was the noise... The terrible noise ... A major psychical event of alarming consequences was under way".

Snikgob: "The noise... I knew there was something well dodgy⁷ about this war. Come on, Talker. Let's go and have a little looksee at what is going on here. Here I'll help you up and no hard feelings, aye?"

Talker: "Who are you again?"

Snikgob: "You really are a zogging nutter⁸. Back on the buggy and let's go".

(Snikgob igniting the engine and accelerating further)

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Snikgob: "What's that over there? In the dunes..."

(Snikgob halting his buggy)

Snikgob: "It's humies... They're up to something with those machines. Are they... meddling⁹ with the Waaagh? That's... That's..."

Talker: "Blasphemous?"

Snikgob: "It's right cheeky¹⁰ is what it is".

Talker (laughing): "Ohohoh, intubably (hiccups)".

Snikgob: "Quiet!"

Talker: "Hey?"

Snikgob: "What?"

Talker: "Shshshsh!"

Snikgob: "Bleeding idiot! We need to get a bit closer, but it's too risky. Maybe, if we... Yeah... Come on, off the buggy. Let's go over there, beyond those rocks".

Talker: "Ble-ble-ble-ble, the red men go squiggy".

Snikgob: "I'll take that nonsense as a yes".

(Talker and Snikgob treading towards the rocks)

(humans talking in the distance)

Snikgob: "There we go. Got a good view from here. Now, look at that. There are red boys there. They don't look like humies. Look more like tin boys, but they is humies, just with loads of bionics. Then they's humie mek boys. They believe all sorts of weird stuff".

Talker: "Cultural collapse of reorientation of belief systems in the aftermath of a renaissance can provoke magical thinking in previously rational beings".

Snikgob: "What the zog are you talking about?"

Talker: "Beats me".

Snikgob: "Have you finished?"

Talker (yawning): "I think I need a nap".

Snikgob: "But them other ones... that looks even more like tin boys. They isn't robots either. They are biggies, humies biggies. Inside all that getup11 are the biggies, strongies, meanies humies you ever did see. That's armor, but I haven't seen that kind before. They's even bigger than the usual lot. What a fight if would be smashing one of them. Gork... I have got to have one of their helmets for me mek pole".

Talker: "Caution is advisable, mechiac! This camp is a source of the false Waaagh energies. See, it could tame a fraskionda, observe how it crackles with psychical energy within a suspected generator of some sort that taps into an orkian circusphere".

Snikgob: "You freak me out when you talk like that. Stop it!"

Talker: "Wuuuup".

Snikgob: "Better! I do not know, it's too simple for a psionic generator. Look at it, not much bigger than a Gorkonaut. Need a lot more power to jammy your way into the great green, than something that size can produce. I am reckoning. Well, he'd need a gagillion gigawatts, that's lots".

Talker: "Look! Look, look!"

Snikgob: "Cut that out!"

Talker: "The humie mek boys, they are sounding it!"

Snikgob: "Oh, yeah! So they are".

(weird generator issuing a low noise)

Snikgob (struggling to resist the urge): "Gork... and... Mork..."

Talker (mumbling non-stop): "No-no-no!!! No-no-no!!!"

Snikgob: "It's... urging me... to snick¹² you up... Talker..."

Talker (mumbling non-stop): "No-no-no!!! No-no-no!!!"

Snikgob: "I'm gonna... got... to see... the worky bits... Got... to see...the gubbins..."

Talker (mumbling non-stop): "No-no-no!!! No worky bits!!! No worky bits!!! No-no-no!!!"

(distant screams and roars)

Snikgob: "Gork's best boss, there's a weird boy in there. A weird boy all bald, that's the source... I reckon they are powering up to run it properly again. We've got to warn the others. Come on".

(both orks running away to the buggy)

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Snikgob: "I'm gonna have to deuce this engine up. This is nowhere near fast enough".

Talker: "Fat Mork! Fat Mork! We's backs, sneaky Snack!"

Snikgob: "Don't call me that! Hey, why isn't Fat Mork walking? All the others orks are driving past him. Mork's teeth, this is a disaster... Brilliant, just what I need, that show-off Grimgut Moon boy moron".

(Grimgut passing by on a buggy)

Grimgut: "Hello, mek! Halt!"

(Grimgut's wagon halting near Snikgob's)

Grimgut: "Aye, Aye, Snikgob! How do you like me new battle wagon, aye? I built it meself (knocking on the roof) and all these trucks, and that wagon, and that speedster. Nice shade of yellow, so much better than red. Cause Bad Moons is the best".

Snikgob: "No one of them - jalopies¹³ - can go as fast as this".

Grimgut: "They are going which is more than we can say about Fat Mork over there, aye? What's wrong with him?"

Snikgob (snarling): "Mechanical issues!"

Grimgutz: “More like idiot issues with you being the idiot! (laughing) Ahahahaha”.

Snikgob: “It’s not funny if you ask to explain it, you, zogging yellow git! I’ve got a warning. Don’t go that way, moon boy. Bad stuff! Humies are there. They’ve got some...”

Grimgutz (interrupting and talking ironically): “Not go to the Waaagh? Not go to the Waaagh?!?! (laughing) Ahahahaha! You are a bigger zogging idiot than you think I am, if you think I am falling for that. I ain’t keeping you sorry sunnies company when you arrive late to the battle. You should have accepted the offer of a truce when you had the chance. Now it’s too late! Bad Moons, move out!”

(Bad Moons chanting)

Grimgutz: “So long, losers!”

(Grimgutz pulling the ignition handle and heading further)

Snikgob: “Blind me, he does my nutting. Come on, Talker, let’s get back home and get that Stompa going”.

(Snikgob going faster)

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Uggrim: “Get that pipe plugged!”

Grot: “Yes, boss!”

Uggrim: “Frikk! Fetch me second best spanner. See if you can get it into that gyro housing”.

Frikk: “Yes, boss!”

(Frikk running away)

Uggrim: “Bozgat! Keep that zogging Zogwit wild boy out of the worky bits!”

Bozgat: “I am trying, I am trying”.

Zogwit: “Need help, me fixie-fixie!”

Bozgat: “It’s I is gonna help! I is gonna fixie! How long it is until the wild boy needs a beaten proper, Uggs?”

Uggrim: “I ain’t no zogging runtherd, how should I know? (blowing one’s nose) I do have no manners neither. (infuriated) Get my Stompa fixed!!!”

(hatch opening, Snikgob and Talker entering)

Bozgat: "Snikgob! Talker!"

Snikgob: "What the bleeding zog is going on here? I've had that Moon git Grimgut laughing in me face".

Bozgat: "It's this wild boy Uggrim adopted. He messed up the left foot gyro mounting. It's ever so hard to fix. Boss Uggs thinks he has the knowwhats, but he is just the pain in the dirty bits".

Uggrim: "He has got a knowwhats. He is a little mek. He knows the know. Give him time, he'll learn".

Bozgat: "Before he learns anything, he'll break everything".

Snikgob: "Never mind that. This ain't no Waaaagh. There's humies ahead making it up as some machine with a weird boy jammed inside".

Uggrim: "You what?"

Snikgob: "It's a bad Waaagh! A trap! They'll turn us against each other, then finish us off and that daft¹⁴ Moon git and all the others are walking right into it"

Uggrim (snarling): "Looks like it's down to Fat Mork to save the day".

Snikgob: "How?"

Bozgat: "I think I've got an idea".

Frikk (approaching in a wild run): "Got it, boss! It's working!"

Uggrim: "Yeah! I fixed it".

Frikk: "I fixed it, boss".

(Uggrim approaching Frikk and hitting him hard)

Frikk: "I mean, you fixed it, boss".

Uggrim: "That's right. Bozgat! What's your plan?"

Bozgat: "I'm gonna need to turn on that humie bubble field we pinched¹⁵ a while back. And, Talker, I'm gonna need your it".

Talker: "What?"

Bozgat: "I'm gonna need the drill!"

Talker: "What?"

Bozgat: "Someone hold Talker down! Ork's skull is thick"

Talker (being pushed to the ground): “What” Why? No! No! Whyyyyyyy?
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Snikgob: “Look at that! Undead wall are martyred”.

Uggrim: “Finally. Fat Mork’s gonna sort this mess out. Frikk, can you see that humie Waaagh faker from your looky-out nest?”

Frikk: “Humie Waaagh faker dead ahead”.

Uggrim: “Right then! Time for stomping! Fat Mork to full speed, keep that psychic shield up”

Talker: “I think... I think my head’s gonna explode”.

Bozgat: “Don’t you dare pull it these wires out your it. Your zogging magnus is the only thing keep that Waaagh faker from sending us all bonkers”.

Talker: “I Feel so woowow!”

Bozgat: “Hang in there, Talker. Boss, I do not know how long this psychic field Talker’s head is making will hold or Talker’s brain for that matter?”

Uggrim: “Smack that humie machine to bits! Snikgob, are you ready?”

Snikgob: “Aye, aye, your big madness. Got a dig bee on the floors with me lifter”.

Uggrim: “Full power to the lifter dropper on! I am gonna pick off a few of them biggies while we’s waiting. Take that! (shooting a laser cannon) Ahahahahahah. Zapped one! That was a surprise, aye? We got madboy protections, aye?! Got this madboy psychic nugget wired to our bubble field! Ahahahahahah!”

Frikk: “Boss, boss! They are not fighting the other orks now. (scared) They’s looking at us! They’s pointing guns at us!”

Uggrim: “O-o, maybe that wasn’t as a good idea. Bozgat, are we ready?”

Bozgat: “We are about to lift the dropper on at 100 percent”.

Uggrim: “Take it away, Snikgob”.

Snikgob (laughing): “Hahaha, you bet ya! Yahoo! Done it!”

Frikk: “He’s got it, right up into the sky! Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!”

Talker: “Oh.... me head...”

Bozgat: “Hurry up and drop it, Snikgob! It’s smoke coming out of Talker’s ears”

Snikgob: “Here we go!”

(explosions)

Snikgob: “Oh, oops, what a shame! I dropped a Waaagh faker right onto Grimgut’s battle wagon (laughing) Ahahahaha! How ever did that happen? (another explosion) Dearie, dearie me, now it’s blown up too! Ahahahaha! Oh poor Moon boy”

Uggrim (laughing): “Ahahahaha! Humies are on the run. The boys are attacking them”.

Bozgat: “Not all of them, aye, boss?”

Uggrim: “Well, naahhh! Actually there are a lot of the boys is still fighting each other. Go get the humies”.

Bozgat: “Boss?”

Uggrim: “Yeah, what?”

Bozgat: “It looks like a great fight. Be ashamed to, you know... waste it. The boys is fighting already. It wouldn’t make any difference if you know... we joined in... a bit”.

Snikgob: “Yeah, Bozgat’s right. There’s a load of that Grimgut’s buddies and trucks whizzing¹⁶ about still. They are annoying me, want me blow a few of them up for a laugh”.

Uggrim (laughing intensely): “Ahahahahahah! Yeah, that’s a great idea! A real mek idea. Bozgat, get Talker unplugged and into the belly gun firing seat. We’ll need the big cannon. Here comes a real Waaagh!”

Orks and grots (crying): “Waaagh!”