

## Klaw of Mork

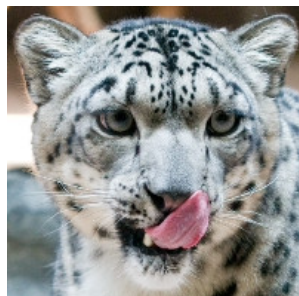
An Sanctus Reach Audio Drama Script (2014)

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(Daggog kicking the reactor)

Uggrim gritted his teeth so hard one of them cracked.

Snikgob: "Don't pound6 that".

Daggog: "No, be all right. It'll hold. Nice bubble. You'd never know there is a little sun on the other side of that, would you? Should make us all ally, aye, aye? (laughing). Mogrok did it for you then?"

Snikgob: "No, Bozgat did?"

Daggog: "Who?"

Uggrim: "The other one, the other one of us".

Daggog: "Oh... Yeah, that scrawny7 little one, aye? Looks like a very big grot... (laughing)"

Daggog was enjoying Uggrim's discomfoting minutes. He wiped sweat from his long green face.

Daggog: "I should have guessed he did it and not Mogrok. It is hot in here. Wouldn't be so hot if Mogrok had done the bubble for you, aye? Would it not? Mogrok's the expert after all, aye? Aye?"

(silence)

Daggog: "No sense of humor you a lot. That's your problem. Still it is a good job. I'll be the first to admit. When Mogrok said he was asking you to set up the primary power plant for the Claw of Mork, I wasn't convinced. That Ugrimm does Stompas well nice, says I and I hear all about that little sun they've got in there making it all go. But, says I, can he do it again and bigger? Tractor cannon like the Claw of Mork needs a... lot... of... juice..."

He punctuated each word with the jab of his finger in Uggrim's chest.

Daggog: "A lot of power to pull down a comet, but here it is. I got to hand it to you. Mogrok was right, because he is always right, but that's not the point. He is the boss of the Waaagh! now after what happened to Grukk. I suppose that's the real point I did".

(Daggog spitting)

He hogged up a glob8 of flen and spat it onto the hot plating of the floor, where it fizzled9.

Daggog: "Poor Grukk, a real ork talk. Shame that".

Uggrim: "Yeah..."

Grukk Face-Eater had been killed not long after Mogrok had recruited them to build the sun. What Uggrim didn't say was that a lot of orks had a lot of accidents around Mogrok. He didn't pay to mention it or to think about it too much come to that.

Daggog: "You know that Mogrok is my mate, right? We know way back".

Uggrim: "I'll remember that".

Daggog: "You'd better... I am watching you, Uggrim. Right, got to go. This camp don't run itself and I've got some grots to go kick".

He sauntered over to the door, his stumpy legs giving him and exaggerated swagger even for an ork. He stopped by the reactor's door, a heavy thing shut with the lock-wheel.

Daggog: "Will you woe the way out here any out?"

Snikgob: "Health and safety".

Daggog (laughing): "That what you tell Mogrok, is it? Don't want a bunch of sneaky gits steeling your secrets more like (laughing)".

He shook his head as if having a big joke that Uggrim wasn't in on and let himself out.

(doors closing)

## CHAPTER 02

Uggrim: "Zogger, what's in all about little suns? All he is interested in is stuffing snotlings into house. He is not right in the head".

Snikgob: "And that the truth".

Uggrim: "I'd like to fire him out of his own shock attack gun. There is no end of him. Mogrok, him, Grimgut..."

(Uggrim hitting something)

Snikgob: "Don't hit it with you spanner".

Uggrim: "Deal with Grimgut, there's Mogrok. Like a deal with Mogrok there's Daggog ganging around like a bad smell. Where is it stop? With rock stitch. Gork smash this ork with that... that... weird midget of Mogrok's!!!"

Snikgob: "Midget Mogrok?"

Uggrim: "That's the one".

Snikgob: "A lot of big meks in this Waaagh... That's the truth".

Uggrim: "And every one had git".

(slamming sound)

Snikgob: "What did you do that for? You've lost your favored spanner now".

Uggrim: "I am not happy, Sniks".

Snikgob: "All right, all right. Don't let it get to you, Uggs. We can kill them all later. Come on, let's go out for a smoke".

Uggrim: "Yeah, all right. Where is Bozgat?"

Snikgob: "I don't know. Does it matter?"

(weird sounds)

As if it heard, the crazy yatter of Bozgat's madboy Talker echoed down from somewhere high above.

Snikgob: "Eh, leaving. Let's go".

## CHAPTER 03

The meks emerged at the top of an earth embankment mounted up around the reactor shell. From there they could see all the way over the grassy plain to the main camp, a messy sprawl of tense shacks, wrecks, scrap piles, drops, rum pens and further out mek boy compounds like their own, bolded up with orange camp fires and buzzing flood laps. At the center hulked a beached rust ship, the Bad Gob. The faint glimmer of the force field, one of Mogrok's specials, covered it all over like a giant umbrella tingeing the stars green.

The Bad Gob was in a sorry state, its cannibalized hull was full of holes and the entire stern was missing. Mogrok had cut it up for his secret weapon, the mighty tractor cannon he called the Claw of Mork. There it was at the prow, pointing skyward as tall as only the most pompous Bad Moons' creation could be. Its' thick stream of green energy pierced the forced dome at the top, stretching out into beyond the atmosphere, but it was about its job, namely dragging down a comet from space to drop on a bunch of humies.

Despite the energy barrier protecting the camp the air brought the smell of distant battle to the ork meks mixed with the sulphurous stink of Alaric seas. They breathed it in deeply, noses twitching in appreciation.

Uggrim: "Get a good view from here. Good look, the energy beam coming of the Claw. Say what you like about Mogrok".

Snikgob: "He is a git, a verminous lice-ridden git".

Uggrim: "That's he is, but he knows his stuff. Look up there. There is that comet thing, biasing and then blam! Loads of dead humans"

(Snikgob laughing, Uggrim joining him)

Snikgob: "Yeah, and it's us what's giving it the juice".

Snikgob nodded proudly at the thick black cablings snaking through the grass from their reactor toward the Bad Gob. It produced a smoke from his grubby trousers and jammed it between his fangs.

Snikgob: "I don't like that Mogrok, but he's been good this job. Been failing a bit slow lately on the mek in front a bit... stale. Oh..."

He stretched out lifting his long wiry arms high over his head.

Snikgob: "And Mogrok won't kill us".

Uggrim: "You know, I've said this before, but I'm going to say this again. Are you sure you are ok, Snikgob? You have been suspiciously cheery of late. The old Snikgob, the proper Snikgob was miserable all the time. Now you are only miserable most of the time".

Snikgob: "Well, I don't know, Uggs. I'm just feeling upbeat, you know? This is a good fight, you go to admit. The humie workers, loads of pinkies to squish. Good eating on them too, well fit this lot. And then there is that Claw. Come on, there is some real know-wots there. It's impressive".

Uggrim: "Suppose".

Snikgob: "Maybe I'm just getting, you know, old. Maybe he's giving me a new perspective on things. Like damn star is nice to look at".

Uggrim (spitting): "You what? Stars? You risk going soft... You... (trying to find words from surprise)... You..."

Snikgob: "What? Don't you tell me you got no time for a quiet moment. Is when I do me best thinking then, looking up at the sky, losing myself in the lights, dreaming about going someplace, bashing it up real good (laughing)".

Uggrim: "Not right, I says".

Snikgob: "Suit yourself..."

To Uggrims's relief Snikgob's face settled into its normal soured expression, jaw jutting forward, lip curled. He plucked out a match from behind his ear and lit his smoke. Foul smelling blue fumes wreathed his piggy face, completing the familiar image. Uggrim relaxed a bit.

Meanwhile Uggrim's boss - grot Frikk - had taken some time out from being kicked to poke about in the soil for worms.

Frikk: "No luck. No luck. No worms or grubs or anything. They is outside now... Oh, they'll be calling me back for another beating and I still haven't had me teeth... Oh... But boss Snikgob, he is right. The stars is so nice and all. They are like jewels, jewels in the sky all of fire. I wish I could goes there where there is no orks. That would be so... Hang on a minute. Eh... Them's are not stars. Boss? Boss? Boss? Boss, look... (getting hit). Oh..."

Uggrim: "Stop plucking at me trousers, you stupid grot. It's annoying... Sniks and me... Well, we is having a quiet moment".

Frikk: "Sorry, boss, but... but... ".

Snikgob: "What is it?"

Frikk: "The stars... Them ones boss Snikgob said, they is moving".

Uggrim: "Oh yeah, oh, yeah..."

Snikgob: "Nah, it's just the trick of the light. Just stars".

Uggrim: "Nah, look... One just flew over right past the secondary effulgence coronary of the gravity attraction wave".

Uggrim pointed and used the special mek talk, which even the meks didn't really understand.

Uggrim: "Stars don't do that, do they?"

Snikgob: "Not as a rule, no".

Uggrim: "Humies?"

Snikgob: "Probably, they'll never get through that force field though, idiots".

(distant torrents of fire)

Uggrim: "Then why can we hear guns then?"

Snikgob: "Right, guns..."

Uggrim: "Coming from the Bad Gob, sounds like..."

(explosion)

Snikgob: "Oops... There goes the force bubble".

Uggrim: "They must have got to it somehow... No... Not stars, you is right, Frikk... Sorry for punching you in the face".

Frikk: "It's all right, boss".

Uggrim: "That's ok. He is another, so you don't get cheekin".

(Frikk gets hit in the face, whining)

Frikk: "Oh... I mean thanks, boss".

Snikgob: "Waaagh... You hear that? Look at all those bullets streaking. Now that looks like a good fight".

Uggrim: "Looks like a fun... Frikk? Fire up the speedster. We is going for a little drive".

Frikk: "Yes, boss".

Snikgob: "I'm going to get my burner".

Snikgob came jogging back a minute later, a large burner tank sloshing from his back.

Uggrim's buggy was a new project, hammered together in the idle hours after they'd fixed up the little sun for Mogrok. Snikgob thought it a beauty, a to work job with a cracking red paint scheme. Its oversized engines had exposed on the chasse bed in front of the driver's seat, six exhaust pipes running along the sides. The tires were especially fat, bigger at the back than the front. Carefully made mudguards curled over them, wicked flame detailing lovingly painted on them and shone up real nice by the Red Suns grots.

(engine launching)

Frikk hung limply in the lower harness from boss's back. A little gobbled flag hat on his head, ears drooping with misery. He hated driving, especially with his boss at the wheel. Uggrim on the other hand was seething with impatience. He was already in the driver's seat, his own lucky goggles pulled down over his eyes.

Uggrim: "Come on... Come on... Get in! Get in... In the back, get in the gunner's perch".

(Snikgob heavily taking his place)

Snikgob: "I am in".

Uggrim: "Good because I've got an idea".

Snikgob: "No, that will have nothing to do with this being a banner-worn all and there'll be a chance of certain accident with ork at the back, would it?"

Uggrim: "Might be, Sniks... Might be..."

(car shooting off)

With the lurch and the stink of burning speed oil the buggy shot off flying over the plain toward the Bad Gob at intemperate speed.

Uggrim: "Not bad for an afternoon's work".

Snikgob: "Don't go old Frikk on me (laughing)".

(orks laughing)

Snikgob leaned out of the gunner's cage to let his tongue flap in the breeze. For all the Bad Suns disavowal of bikes and buggies in favor of Stompas they were still Evil Suns and all Evil Suns deep down liked driving fast.

Snikgob: "They have taken out the generator. It looks down. There must be a fire at the tower".

Uggrim: "That's where Daggog's got all his guns".

## CHAPTER 04

(distant explosions)

Uggrim accelerated carelessly past the broken rear end of the Bad Gob, right into the heart of the camp. The place was in uproar. Orks were running everywhere, shooting at everything that moved and that meant - mainly at each other. Uggrim swerved to avoid a wildboy brandishing a shoota, mowing down a couple of gretchin. They bounced off the front plate, one landing on Snikgob's face.

Snikgob: "Get off me (punching an unlucky gretchin off) Get off! Watch it!"

Uggrim: "Sorry!"

A pair of human aircrafts strafed the left of the camp bringing bright destruction out of the night. They shot overhead, split, banked and came back for another curve. Trace of bullets and curses chased them there and back again. But the boys were awful shots and the fighters buzzed overhead with impunity.

Snikgob: "Why aren't big guns aiming for them?"

They soon saw them. When Uggrim swerved around the pile of burning debris and headed for the tower, the camp's main air defense and housing for the force field's generator. It was more of a fork, wide-sided, tall and strong if rickety in appearance with many floors and a couple of big firing platforms at different levels up the top.

Uggrim: "They is shooting at the ground, not the sky".

Snikgob: "What? I can't hear you..."

Uggrim: "Isaid, they are shooting at the ground. There must be humies in the camp".

Snikgob: "What? There? There... Ah... Engines so lair"

Smoke billowed from the force field generator room on the lowest floor. From the top bright green zap lances and eerie force bubbles crisscrossed the night. Plumes of earth leapt up from the ground as cannon shells impacted.

Snikgob: "Either everyone is gone crazy or the humies are in the camp".

A gunship came right at of the tower, guns spitting. There was the discharge of the gravity weapon and the flyer was snatched out of the skies and dashed to flaming pieces on the ground.

Snikgob: "Daggog is up there. That was his gun".

Uggrim: "Good, let's go kill him!"

Bright flashes were coming from the top of the tower, a fierce gun fight in progress. The spindly forms of humans ran about the parapet of the lower platform, slaughtering grots. Guns exploded, but the humies could not get them all. The weird whoops and buzzes of mek weapons were deafening up close. Snikgob chuckled appreciatively as one smashed a humie from the top. He fell to the ground, arms flailing, dying with a wet crunch.

Uggrim slewed around the base of the tower, nearly running into a fight between some armored humies and a bunch a squealing grots. The

humans were shouting in their funny talk. Snikgob let grip of his scorcher. A gout of fire whooshed pass the melee incinerating an unfortunate gretchin.

(gretchin screaming)

Snikgob: "Oops! Slow down! I can't aim a thing".

Uggrim: "All right, all right. Go gain an aim for another gout. Get them on the way back".

Snikgob: "What?"

Uggrim: "Sorry, tipped you on two wheels (laughing)".

Frikk (squealing): "Boss, boss! Oh, boss, please slow down. Please..."

Snikgob: "Shut up, you. If you wiggle down that pack, I'll get you something real to whine about".

They whizzed alongside the tower in the far sight of the fight. Boys were forming up into mobs, nobbs bellowed orders. The whole camp was roused.

Snikgob: "I am going in. Go steady, I am climbing out of the cage".

Uggrim: "Go for it!"

Uggrim slowed just the tiniest amount to let Snikgob jump, which he did, landing at an angle in an impressive skid, heavy boots plowing off the ground.

Snikgob: "Right... Burner to cut in flame. Time to teach that Daggog a bit of a lesson. I'll shock him up good".

## CHAPTER 05

(explosion, vessels flying, debris falling)

Snikgob set off for the tower entrance just as the top exploded with unfeasible volume, knocking him onto his back side. Dead gretchins, bits of orks, smashed machines and plates of metal rained down all around him. A second later a bunch of humies came plummeting out of the air slowing at the very last minute to touch down softly. Now he got a good look at them. Snikgob saw that they weren't like the usual humie fighters, not beatless, but almost as heavily armored with thick plates stained dark with suits covering their torsos and limbs. They also didn't

look as scared as the usual humans either. Two of them caught sight of Snikgob.

Much to his amazement instead of running off to find their mates they leveled their rifles at him. Snikgob rolled to one side but only a few feet with a burner tank on his back. A blast of laser energy cut into his shoulder guard burning right through it.

Snikgob: "You got some juice in your blasters".

As he leapt to his feet they took aim again, but Snikgob was too quick. He barged between them, elbows swinging sharply backwards to knock one down. He squeezed his burner trigger sending a bright blue tongue of intense flame from the nozzle and slashed it down at the second humie, cutting right the way through its gun. The weapon fell away in two pieces, the rear part dangling from power cables attaching it to the humie's backpack. Snikgob's eyebrows went up. That wasn't a normal humie gun at all.

The human yelled something and pulled a tiny knife, Snikgob wouldn't have used to peel a squig. He came at him slashing, its flat face all scrunched up. They ducked and dodged, but the human was quick and buried the knife to the hilt in his meaty forearm. Snikgob and the humie looked at the knife, then at each other.

Snikgob: "It was pretty good, humie... Ouch... "

The human lunged for the knife, tried to pull it free, but it was stuck fast. All the human did was to get too close.

Snikgob: "Assisting me to fell, I like you..."

Snikgob head butted the humie square on the nose. The humie went down hard, face pushed in like a squashed crate.

Snikgob: "Ork jaw... Humie face... No contest".

He spun around to see the other humie legging it, trying to catch up with his mates who were disappearing into the dark.

Snikgob: "Oh no, you don't"

(flamer going off)

He twisted the knob back to whoosh and sent a blast of yellow flames searing into the night. Snikgob never got to see if he got the humie or not.

(buggy coming up slowing down)

Uggrim's speedster burst through the cloud of fire and slewed to a halt, his buggy covered in guttering patches of burner fuel. Frikk was clinging to the boss pelt so hard, it was like he was a part of it.

Uggrim: "Pull back! Let's go!"

Snikgob: "Should we find Daggog? Chances are, he is dead or in it".

Uggrim: "That's what I figured. Let's go kill some humies instead".

Snikgob: "Ah... I got too little... (screaming) Watch it, I am not strapped".

Uggrim: "Have a soggy whine".

Uggrim waved his head. Orks and gretchins were running pall-mall in every direction. The buggy hurtled parallel to the humies' escape route, trying to cut them off, only for the meks to find the humies sprinting directly at them out of the chaos, heading towards the edge of the camp. The buggy overshot and the humies were gone into confusion of smoke, fire and darkness again. Snikgob sent up a long plume of fire after the invaders igniting three shacks. One exploded.

Snikgob: "That was if gob's booze hot warning".

Frikk (squealing): "Yes.... Yes, boss. Yes, it was".

(Snikgob laughing)

Uggrim: "No, pinkie... Gives Uggrim the seat".

Frikk (squealing): "No!"

Snikgob: "Watch it out! Tanks!"

The buggy went through the middle of the tent. Canvas enveloped the boys. The buggy bucked like a wild animal.

(some ork moaning)

They ran over something big that complained loudly. By the time they had chucked the tent off it was ablaze and trailing a couple of braver grots who thought grabbing the ropes might be a quick way out of the fight. Something clicked in Frikk's sharp grot's eye. He raked at Snikgob's back. The ork grabbed him by the throat.

Snikgob: "Aye, no one can touch me, you miserable little".

Frikk: "Don't chase them. We got to get out of here".

Snikgob: "What? Do what?"

Frikk: "Listen, it's like with the big floating humie town, a battle with Big Mouth, the burning with a battle. Remember?"

Snikgob: "What" You mean both?"

Frikk: "Big boom, boss. They are going to blow up the camp and me".

Snikgob (screaming): "Ah! You blat!"

(Frikk coughing)

Snikgob: "Uggs, we've got to leave".

Uggrim: "What? Run away?"

Snikgob: "No, let's stay here and get fried instead. Look! Look! Out there, the light in the sky! Humie bomber coming in".

Uggrim: "Right!"

Uggrim yanked up the handle sending the buggy into a dangerous spin. He arrested it. For a moment the buggy was still.

Uggrim: "Waaagh!"

Mobs of orks were howling after the humies. Uggrim drove right off them. A bunch of surprised nobbs loomed out of the dark. Uggrim spun wheel. The buggy slid sideways with the force of the turn. He wrestled with it bringing the vehicle back under control and pass the swearing voss orks. They were three, going fast towards their own compound while a horde of enraged ork boys went the other way. Heavy shooters clattered as a fighter came to a hovering stop. Behind the meks orks died. The human commander scrambled aboard the aircraft and escaped.

Snikgob: "He is coming! Another humie air flyer is coming in. Get out, get out! He is getting closer. Get us out of being all way falling".

The bomber became a bright shape that cut down through the night. Four dark cylinders detached from under its wings. They fell like dropped candles before something ignited in their rears and they accelerated away. The craft pulled up, poorly ailed ork fire slashing the darts that shot skyward. It wheeled around to join the other fighter blasting off from the edge of the camp.

Snikgob: "He saw us! He saw us! They is going for the Claw! Drive, drive, drive!"

Frikk: "But this is as fast it goes".

Uggrim (laughing): "No, it isn't. Hang on, squiggoth ailings!"

(buggy accelerating, Frikk screaming in horror)

Uggrim reached between his legs and twisted the wheel at the top of the canister. The potent stuff inside flooded the engine causing fire to shoot from the exhausts. The buggy leapt forward so hard, bits fell off. Snikgob was thrown painfully into the rails surrounding the gunner's cage. He recovered to see the missiles loads into the opening containing the Claw of Mork.

(explosion)

## CHAPTER 06

(explosion)

A heartbeat passed and the night vanished in a massive explosion bellying from the front of the ship. Secondary detonations ripped all along the hull, blasting up plating and sending bursts of flame shooting at the stars.

(debris burning)

If the explosion of the tower had been entertaining this was a real jaw-dropper. Giant sheets of hull plate hailed down all over the grassland, setting the plain ablaze. Some bits went far enough to crash down among the ork meks' satellite camps. The Claw of Mork twisted ponderously to one side. Its bright green beams sliced down through the night cutting out the spectacular shower of sparks. Giants arcs of electricity earthed themselves in a metallic rubbish littering the plain, as the Claw toppled like a felled tree crashing to ruin amid the fire.

(Claw of Mork falling down)

More explosions, many tinged odd colors, leapt up as one highly dangerous invention or another detonated. If a piece hit the Red Suns' reactor it would have been good night for every ork within three kilometers. Insane at moments Uggrim and Snikgob might have been a might worried about that, but right then they were pass caring. The grassland was stained as orange as the Evil Sun itself, revealing the speed crazed faces of Snikgob and Uggrim. They drove freely, their pupils barely visible at the best of times in the red of their eyes were vanishingly small pinpricks. Uggrim gripped his steering wheel so hard

he bent it. Snikgob grabbed hold of the boss hold above Frikk's head and bit his chest with his free hand.

Snikgob (screaming): "Waaagh! I love this planet!"

Frikk: "I want to go home!"

The super-refined squiggle when the injector ran dry. The engine coughed belching smoke from its exhausts and settled back to its normal uneven rhythm. Things, most of them on fire, still hurtled out of the sky.

(Uggrim taking a breath and trying to laugh)

Snikgob: "And that is what I am talking about, aye? What a fight! Do you see why I am not being the usual myself? Aye, Uggs? Uggs?"

Uggrim (laughing): "Farce!"

Frikk: "Boss! Boss! Look! Look, slow down".

Frik got no response, so bent low and pinched Snikgob's arm. He dodged Snikgob's answering punch and pointed out an entire ork lying surrounded by bits of dead ones. He was supporting himself with his elbows and looking back at the conflagration.

Frikk: "Look! Daggog! That's Daggog, isn't it? I'd recognize that squig crest anywhere".

Snikgob: "Yeah... I think you are right. Uggrim, Uggrim! Aye! Aye! I am going to have to punch you, am not I?"

(Snikgob punching Uggrim)

Uggrim: "You what? What did you do that for?"

Snikgob: "Daggog! It's Daggog!"

The thought of seeing so prominent arrival shamed, snapped Uggrim out of his speed fuke. He zeroed in on the ork and brought the buggy to a pattering halt. He patted the injection tank.

Uggrim: "That will do, squig! Well, hello, Daggog! How are you doing?"

Snikgob: "We was just on our way to see you".

(Daggog mumbling)

Daggog stared at the burning ship. His tough green hide was peppered with shrapnel, badly burned in the places it wasn't charred. All his clothes have gone, blown off by the blast. Smoke rose from the top of his scorched squig. Much of the parasitic creature's hair had been

burned away, leaving the small head exposed. Tiny eyes blinked in surprise by Daggog's skull.

Snikgob: "Oh, dear me... What a sorry sight..."

Uggrim: "Do you know something, mate?"

Daggog looked up at them, eyes wide and jaw slack. His eyes flicked between the inferno that was lately the Bad Gob and the smirking Red Suns.

Uggrim: "I don't reckon Mogrok is going to be very happy with you, do you, Snikgob?"

Snikgob: "Nah, boss".

Uggrim: "And that's not a nice place to be, is it, Sniks?"

Snikgob: "Definitely not now, Uggs".

Uggrim: "So I would kill you for being such a git, but you know what? You got far bigger problems than being dead".

(Uggrim launching the buggy)

Uggrim: "See you around, Daggog! Say hello to Mogrok for me".

(buggy driving away, Uggrim laughing hysterically)

Frikk: "Oh... And I am glad that is over..."

Snikgob: "Shut up, Frikk!"

(Snikgob punching Frikk)

Frikk: "Oh, my..."

Uggrim: "Don't you hit my grot! That's my job hitting that grot! Pass him here!"

Snikgob: "Here you are, Uggs!"

(Uggrim punching Frikk)

Frikk: "Oh..."

Uggrim: "See? He knows boss... And you got a knife in your arm".

Snikgob: "I what? Oh, yeah... So I have..."