

Whaaaaaaaagh Bavariork

Not so long ago Orc Warboss **Bavariork the Throttler** was bored. Dwarf bashing on his wyvern, elf hunting bashing with his trusted lieutenant Warboss **Speedy Con Trappork** on his ramshackle chariot, even night goblin kickin' or snotling eatin' contest could still his battle lust. Bored....but yet....times have changed.

He took another gulp of the funguz beer he konfiskated from the malevolent twin night goblin shamans **Dubblin** and **Triplin**. Rumor was they both sprouted from the same shroom and therefore are blessed by Mork (or Gork) with a destiny of greatness. Didn't help them when he thumped the tribe into submission. Lousy fighters those hooded little fella's but being good bait was the sole reason for bothering with the stinking gits. But yet....the night goblins prove useful (at times) and sort of reliable to do the task they were bidden to do (releasing the fanatics at the meanest looking g enemy to soften m up for a proper bashing and krumpin). One mob of gits in particular proved to be worthy of Bavariork's attention...the **Red Moonz** or so the called them. These lunatic s we're truly oblivious for all that happened around and to them....probably the fungus beer brewed for them by the twin shamans....

Another sip of fungus beer.....burpppp. His Whaagh was ready....but no worthy opponent had appeared in sight for weeks. A sign of Gork (or Mork) bellowed the mad Savage Orc Shaman **Cacklin Weizbork** supported with his Big Uns bodyguard the **Red Handz**.....one of the 2 mobs of savages remaining after a short but bloody battle. Crazy boyz...bones thought their noses...dung in their faces. But good fighters and a welcome addition to his Whaaagh....especially the support of Gork (or Mork) the tribes shaman invoked. Toying with his strange amulet with precious s stones (or so) and shimmering with strange magics he took another gulp of the beer. Strange stuff...both the beer and the amulet.....taken from some strange sleeping umie in a casket in some desolated keep. Wouldn't awake even though it was broad daylight.....didn't resist either when his amulet was taken on the advice of the twisted shaman. Whatever.....burppp

Sitting here on the coast of the Badlands. Behind him the red desert with the black spiders.....took almost all of snotlings of the tribe to buy off the spider goblins....humbling experienze. Too fast for his boyz, taking shelter in the crags whenever he of **Trapport** came racing towardz m. Cowards.....all of them. After the offering of snotlings a peace celebration was arranged by to spider goblins. The foolz....grilled snotlings would feed his appetite but not the lust for revenge. After smashing the tribes warbosses and thumping the big bosses into submission order was restored. Bavariork was in control again and the the **red webz** spider goblins absorbed into his Whaaaaaagh.....nothing special those gits. Cannon fodder....especially the large black one. **Guinnorok the Black** as the gits called the beast. It sure could catch a cannonball or bolt into its abdomen...but carry on with its charge nonetheless. Unkillable monster....very useful to screen his boyz.

The time of thumping his fellow orcs is the Red Desert was done. His Whaagh moved on to greener ground...fresh for the picking, bashing, throttling, smashing, kikin, eating, thumping, slaughtering. This island was Umies, Stunties, Pointy Ears. scaly onez, mutated gits...all deserving a good kick in the groin. Whaaaaaaaagh! It went after hearing an umie talking about this magical island with all sorts of races living peacefully and trading with each other. Whaaaaaagh! It went on his ramshackle flotilla crossing the salty sea. Whaaaaaagh.....upon landing on the beach.....to find it empty. Not a decent scrap to be found....no nothing. Boring shit....until his outriders found an seemingly undefended city. Guiding his Whaagh! to the city Bavariork felt empty...as if he started to dissolve and enter a shadowy world....

Beachhead

Speedy Con Trappork spotted black sails on the horizon. Fast slick ships were surging to the beach. He kicked wheeled his chariot to the beach edge to muster his horde. The vision Cacklin Weizbork had was true then. After two days of waiting in this shithole without a decent scrap (gobo kickin'games don't count) finally a fight. And a good one hopefully. He gazed towards the horizon again. Small landing boats were already leaving the slick reavers. Speedy Con Trappork bellowed to the gobbo's to hold the center and the watchtower. He wheeled his chariots to the left flank to check out on the big spider. Didn't like the salt water that beast...could cause trouble if it went rampant in the own lines. High pitched squeals in the distance made Trappork look around. Battle already! Some big dark flying thingie with pointy eared squishy on top were wrecking havoc amongst the gobbo's. His board didn't need any encouragement and were already racing towards the Manticore. Trappork roared Waaaaaaagh but before his battle cry was finished the chariot impacted with the monster. He chariot rocked with the impacts and Trappork barely stayed on his feet. One slash with his choppa towards the pointy ears and the clash was over already. He looked around. Some multiheaded beast was eating his spider...some landing boats with the heavy cavalry was sinking. All around him the pointy ears were being routed and running back to the reavers. Boring. Not much of a fight this...

One thing left to do for TRappork Time for a big jolly good BBQ. Roasted manticore-leg. At least he got a decent meal out of the battle....

battle 15 november 2012

Boring battle so far as far as Anguz was concerned. Dem wuzzy green scaly onez didn't dare come closer. Thanks to the spear chuckkas of Grolk, Amstok and Bronk. They never 'it anytzing and now them dut. Nothin to shoot at for my ladz. "Hey, wot that? Ruckus on our left flank! Turn ladz turn and shoot!"

Quietly the terradon riders swooped down the flank and were preparing to charge Grolk's choppa.

"Dem flying thinz are too close to Grolk's choppa muttered Anguz. If I'll let loose I get my butt kicked by the warboss tonight" thought Anguz. "Alright ladz....charge!!...and watch out for them pointy ends. Those pesky small ones use poisonz!" The battle was short, messy and bloody. "Too frontal a charge for me likin'" thought Anguz. "Thee ladz dead on the pointy bits. I've warned them. But luckily the pointy bits seem perfectly useable to make arrows from. Save use some work looking for other pointy stick or used arrowheads...harharhar"

Battle 22 december 2012

Big ballz of fire were flying through the air. Pilzor ducked just in time to see a gout of flames exploding where his head just had been meanwhile struggling to regain control of his spider. His ladz were struggling as well with the mounts. Luckily they had the tribe's Arachnarok moving besides them closing in on the fire and barb spitterz. That beast was drawing a lot of attention (and fire) but so far it seems to be able to shrug off most of it.

They were getting close to where the scaly spitterz were hiding in the undergrowth. Pilzor could just make out the fumes above the bushes. "Alright ladz! charge!" bellowed Pilzor (as far as goblins actually can bellow). Clising in Pilzor started to hesitate "....them spitters were large...and 'ave sharp pointy teeth". To late to turn back the spitter started snapping at the spiders and the spiders in return were attempting to sting the spitter with their poison

glands. Pilzor was holding on to his spider whilst poking around with his spear. "Oi ...my spear is on fire! How did that happen?". And indeed: Pilzor managed to pointy flint tipped spear in the gular flame sacs of the salamander. "eat this you stinky beast" shouted Pilzor piercing the salamander's eye with his flaming spear killing it.

He looked beside him. The Arachnarok was already feasting on the other scaly spitter thingz. "This flank was safe for now. Da boss will be 'appy" thought Pilzor.

Kegger the Giant

(battle tegen sander in kerstvakantie - nieuwe RoR)

Umpfff. Those pesky little uns would have Kegger near the dwarven brewery. Trying to keep all the ale for themselves dem buggers. Even launching the fanatics at him to keep m away from the brewery instead of directing the madcaps to the little green unes fro Borrak Stone Eater.

All Kegger wanted was a barrel of ale. If it had to go that way Kegger would find ale on his own. Kegger wandered off, away from the main line and oblivious of the battle about to commence.

He spotted something in the distance. It seems to be another dwarven brewery. Kegger stared walking towards that building. Some swine boyz were trying to hold their ground against Kegger. He didn't know whether the swine boyz were supposed to be on his side or the opponents. He didn't care either. A swing with his club and picking up and eating one of the boyz sorted the annoyance. Deprived of ale he was sober so he didn't even trip on the gore this time...a novelty for Kegger (unlikely however Kegger himself would recognize the novelty).

But the road to the brewery on the horizon was open. Happily Kegger started marching towards a promising amount of barrels of ale leaving the ruckus of the battle behind him.