



SCRAPLOOTAS

COLLECTION 1

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The Scraplootas Are Far From Finished

Warboss Urtylug Dursnik took off his cap and scratched his skull with his powerklaw, his tough scalp hardly registering the weapon that he had been eviscerating Chaos Marines with not too long ago.

“It’z all a mess. A right zoggin mess.” he muttered to himself, looking out from the Kaptin’s Kwarters of his Freebooter vessel, the Loot-havva. He’d remain locked in his Kwarters all day, and stewing in his own juices. During this time of doubt he was experiencing, it felt good to be surrounded by his trophies. He and his boys had secured the Chaos Titan they wanted, but now he hardly had any boys left. He even had to call off the WAAAGH and retreat back to his ship with his new prize, leaving the Chaos Marines fighting with their loyalist cousins whilst he absconded. If those Chaosboys krumped and killed all of his boys, that means he lost. But he had successfully looted the titan and lived to fight another day, meaning he won. Was it even possible to lose and win at the same time? The mere thought of such a possibility made his head hurt, so he immediately put it out of his mind, but something still bothered him. Today meant something big for the Scraplootas, he could feel it even if he didn’t know why.

Refastening his looted Commissar’s cap holding his hand out expectantly, Urtylug decided to take a better look at his latest acquisition. A gretchin poised on his shoulder quickly grabbed one of the many mugs hanging off of Urtylug’s bosspole and sprayed a nozzle full of brownish black liquid from one of the twin canisters strapped to his back. Most of Urtylug’s trophies are just mugs those humans usually have, alongside a few trinkets here and there. He didn’t know what it was about the mugs, but he liked collecting them. Every major trade vessel they ransacked, every commissar or space marine camp, even some of the eldar and tau boys seemed to have some sort of mug he could loot and take as his own. It all started since he caught a commissar by surprise and rended him apart with his powerklaw right before he could take his first sip of the coffee he had prepared. That commissar had looked so eager to drink his first cup of coffee for the day, to take that away from him with a klaw to the gut made Urtylug feel especially warm and fuzzy inside, especially as he gulped down the commissar’s coffee in front of his dying eyes as the commissar desperately tried to put all his guts back in place. Every time he drank from the mug of a fallen foe, Urtylug felt like he was killing them all over again. Not to mention they lasted so much longer than the heads most bosses collect. However, his most prized possession was a hat that belonged to his former boss. He always envied Waarakton’s style, but it never felt right to wear his hat, especially since he wasn’t the one who killed him. Instead, he just emulated his style with whatever he looted from those he slaughtered. He still needed a proper cloak but aside from that, he felt his ensemble mostly complete. Lost in thought, the warboss absentmindedly took one sip of the murky drink provided to him before spitting it out and pouring the mug over the poor gretchin’s head.

“Zog it, Spiggot! I wanted coffee, not tea!” he roared as he smacked the gretchin upside the head with the mug, sending both clattering to floor.

“B-but Boss, da fightings are done with today! An’ you’z always be saying how’s tea is for drinking only after a fight!” The sniveling, wretched creature protested, before adding in a barely audible “An’ it’z Tapp, Spiggot is on cleanings duty todays...”

“Ov kourse it’z Tapp! Dat’z wut I sed! Spiggot is a smart enuff grot ta know’z wut ‘is Boss wants. An right now I’z fightin me own brain, so I’z be needin’ some zoggin coffee ya git!”

During this exchange, Urtylug’s other gretchin, Spiggot, had clambered down off of his boss, retrieved the fallen mug, cleaned it with boiling water contained in his own back mounted canister and left it to dry back on its place on the bosspole while Tapp retrieved another mug, making sure to pick a significantly less jagged one this time, and filled it with an even more brackish liquid from the other canister on his back. They had begun to mutter amongst themselves whilst Urtylug continued his descent to the holding bay of ship, placated but still bothered by that nameless something rattling around the back of his mind.

“Next times, I’z gets cleaning duty!”

“Stuff it, Tapp, we’s rolled fair an’ square an’ you lost.” Spiggot replied, sticking out his tongue, “Sides, he’s just in one of his moods agin. He’ll snap out of it’z once ‘e inspects da loot.”

Urtylug had always been a Freebooter, so maneuvering around tight corridors and being light on his (as much as any ork was light on their) feet. Even back before he was boss, he had worked under his previous boss, Gennarul Waarakton, who himself used to be a nob for Bluddflag, so he had spent most of his time on the inside or outside of ships, swinging about and boarding as he pleased. He had even developed his own personal fighting style based around swinging about and remaining mobile that he proudly dubbed “swashkrumpin”. Due to this long history on claustrophobic warfare and movement, climbing down the long ladder that separated his Kwarters from the holding bay using nothing but his powerclawed hand while his other one held his mug without spilling a drop was a trivial feat for the warboss.

Finally, he arrived at his destination, and as the doors opened for him, laid eyes on his prize, being able to truly take in the sight of an Imperator-class Chaos Titan in all its splendor for the first time since he looted it. He could only mutter “It’z zoggin bootiful” as he gazed on. And it truly was a sight to behold, even in its current state of disrepair. Adorned with various spikes and Chaos paraphernalia, the face of the great weapon seemed to angrily glare down at Urtylug in disapproval, only serving to increase his discomfort and even make him feel a little nervous. The giant mech was an obvious symbol of domination, being so large that he had to dismantle the majority of the rest of his ship save for his Kaptain’s Kwarters to even fit the damn thing inside. Not to mention an honest to Gork castle already built on its shoulders. The castle did not suit Urtylug’s taste in the slightest, being way too ornate and human-like for him. Thankfully, most of his remaining boys as well as the hordes of grots they still had were working hard on making the whole thing properly orky. One of the nearby mekboys directing the larger repairs noticed his warboss and eagerly sprang forward to give a status report.

“Fings are going great, Boss!” He stated enthusiastically, only to receive a mug to the face.

“Kaptin! We’z aboard da ship so I’z a Kaptin now, got it!” Urtylug hollered agitatedly, holding out his now empty mug for Tapp to refill it. He let the mekboy recover and continue.

“Fings are going great, Kaptin! We’z got da roight arm roight shooty wiff loads more dakka. Dere wuzn’t much leff of da left one, though, so we’z been havin ta make dat one mosely from scratch. But don’t worry, Boss” –THWACK- “Kaptin, we’ll have it roight choppy da wey it’z ment ta be afore too

long! We managed to skarper off wiv dat big choppy spinna dem spikyboys were lookin ta put on it, so we’z startin dere, but dat’s only da beginning! We’z gonna make it roight orky, from top ta bottom! Dere is wun ish-yoo, though...” the ork trailed off, not wanting to be the bearer of bad news.

“I iz havin a zoggin bad day, Bukkragg, so you’z betta off spittin it out afore I beat it outta ya.”

“Well, da mekboy who got da whole fing active in da first place, dat Boris boy? ‘E won’t get outta da demmed fing. We’z tried knockin da door down, but ‘e welded it up tight and we’z afraid ta use ecksplo...exerber...bombs ta knock it down on account of damagin da kontrol room.”

Urtylug sighed. He did not have time to deal with rebellious gits today. That noise in the back of his mind was getting louder, scrambling about and making a mess of things inside his head. He looked up at the head of the titan and bellowed as loud as he could.

“OIY, BORIS!”

“...YES, KAPTIN?” came booming back from the titans PA system, making the whole ship rattle slightly.

“YOU’Z LIKE PILOTIN DAT TITAN, RIGHT?”

“I IZ NO PILOT, KAPTIN, I IZ AN ORKYSTRAYTOR OF DEATH AN DESTRUCTION!”

“YOU’Z GONNA LISTEN TO YOUR KAPTIN?”

“AYE, KAP’N!”

“YOU’Z NOT GONNA PULL ANY SNEAKY MUCKERY ON YER KAPTAIN IZ YOU?”

“WOULDN’T DREAM OF IT, KAP’N!”

“YOU’Z GONNA STOMP AN’ SHOOT AN’ CHOP AN’ STAB AN’ OTHAWISE KRUMP DA GUBBINZ OUTTA WHATEVA I’Z TELL YA TO WIFF DAT THING?”

There was a short pause before Boris responded. The arms of the titan shifted slightly as Boris brought them in front of the head and inspected them. If his Kaptin could see him now, he’d be seeing Boris, the renegade mekboy with his head plugged full of cables linking his brain directly into the titan staring down at his own hands, clenching and unclenching them. Not even Boris would be able to tell him whether or not he was seeing his own hands or the titans, though. When his voice finally did come through, his words were soft. As soft as any voice projected through the entirety of a titan can be, anyways.

“IT’Z...IT’Z WUT I WUZ I BORN TA DO, KAPTIN!”

Urtylug looked back over at Bukkragg “I’z fail ta see da problem.” and continued his tour, leaving the bewildered and slightly dejected mekboy in his wake. Bukkragg took out his frustration on a gretchin passing by caring a box full of various tools. Now he’d never get to pilot the titan since the Boss

wouldn't order Boris out of the control room. Right at the foot of the titan, Urtylug came upon his trusted Big Mek Tinka Zizzbitz hunched over a box, rooting through various scraps and devices, most of which buzzed with electricity and still spat out the odd shower of sparks.

"No, no, no, no, NO!" Tinka lamented, tossing bit after bit over his shoulder in frustration. "Zog it, none of dese titan gubbinz iz good enough! I need sumfin stronga, sumfin wiff as much zazz as zizz to its spark. Nuffin else will do..." He started looking around himself and only then did he notice his Kaptin "Now where'd dat grot git off to?! I'z need someone ta go stuff all dese gubbinz back in da titan! Oh hey, Kaptin. Good 'elp is so hard ta find dese days..."

Urtylug allowed himself a small chuckle despite himself and roped his arm across his trusted First Mate's shoulders, dragging Zizzbitz along in his gait, a difficult deed for the peg-legged ork. "Dat it iz, old friend, dat it iz. Dat's why I keep a git like you around. Still werkin on yer..."

"Zizzbitz's Pah-tented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass" the Big Mek said, swelling with pride, "it zaps while it whirrs! It shokks while it kuts! Dere's nuffink it won't be able ta do. Once I manage ta make tha damn fing..."

"At least ya got half of it down" Urtylug tried to placate his friend, motioning to the Chainkutlass hanging off of Zizzbitz's hip. "'Sides, shooldn't ya be workin on dis biggun?" he changed the subject, motioning to the Titan.

"I already got me boys given da fing da works, as you saw. Been havin a demmed time of it, too, seein' as I lost wunnuv me best mekboys."

"Chaosboys got 'im in da fight?"

"Nah, it'z dat Boris git you wuz hollerin at earlier. Dat boy wuz a demmed prodeegee."

"Dat fing jus ain't right." Urtylug noted in sympathy, gazing up at the titan.

"We could always tear it down fer scrap. Attach da guns to da Loot-hava. Be propa Freebooterz again an stop muckin about on da ground so much."

"Nah. Not yet, anyways. We needs da thing, if only ta keep our boys busy. And ta keep dat Boris git calm an happy until I haff time ta properly open up DAT can o' squigs." While there was some truth to what he said, Urtylug wouldn't admit the real reason he didn't want to scrap the titan. His boys had taken to calling him "Titanloota" and Urtylug liked it. No, he loved it. It felt great. He, Urtylug Dursnik, had become Kaptin-Warboss Urtylug Dursnik Titanloota and he never wanted to be addressed as anything else ever again. If he no longer had the titan, he feared people might forget about it and forget his name of Titanloota. He feared HE might forget after a long enough time. "'Sides, you knows me openyun on scrappin perfektly funkshinon ekwipment, Tinka."

"Aye, dat I'z do, Kaptin. Well, yer boys iz gonna be busy fer quite a while, den. Dis ain't no ovanite projekt. It doesn't help dat dese kommando boys are right gits when it comes ta tinkerin an' kin 'ardly help wiff da heavy lifting da way a propa nob can."

Kommandos. The stealthier arm of Urtylug's Scraplootass. They were also the largest remaining force of orks he had. Well, second to his grots. Kommandos and grots. Something about this combination kept Urtylug coming back to it, mulling it over. It set that rattling in his head all red and flashing and loud the way human forts get whenever you breach them. It was painful, but the good kind of painful that made him come back to it and run his mind over it again whenever he could stand it. Kommandos and grots. Grots and kommandos. He still couldn't make sense of it.

"Sumfin eatin at ya, Kap?" Zizzbitz asked, noticing his warboss' discomfort.

"I'z...I'z dun know wut we'z gonna do next, Tinka." Urtylug finally confessed, rubbing his forehead again, this time with his regular hand. "Sure, we krumped dose Chaosboys an sure, we looted da titan, but we lost so many boys. Too many. Dere's no way we kin kontinue da WAAAGH at dis rate."

"Ta be fair, Kap, it neva was much of a propa WAAAGH."

"I outta tear yer eyes out fer dat ya treacherous grot!" Urtylug snarled "I'll tear you ta gubbinz fer dat one! Darin ta question my--"

"Now stick wiff me afore ya get upset, Kaptin." Zizzbitz retorted, patting a placating hand on his shoulder and using his other hand to refill Urtylug's coffee and give it back to him, "All'z I'z sayin iz dat ya did da best dat you could unda da circumstances. Ya took what you could of wut was left of Waarakton's old boys after dem spiky eldar krumped 'im an' grabbed wut precious few otherboyz you could get yer hands on, but it wasn't sumfin I could call a propa WAAAGH. Ya still did right fine by us, though, Kaptin. If'n it wasn't fer you, we'd neva of looted sumfin as flash as a zoggin titan!"

"But dat was only on account of dat intellygenshe from dat Farseer git." Urtylug deflected

"An no ork alive or ded woulda done as fine a job usin dat intellygenshe as you, Titanloota. Look, you'z our Kaptin an' our Boss. You'z twice as qualified as any ork to be leadin us an ded 'ard. You'z just in a slump. 'Ere, let me show you a surprize I'z been werkin on, jus fer you, Kap'n."

Urtylug and Tinka made their way through the titan, taking in the sites of industry around them. Aside from all the working and welding, grots had already begun to set up drink and food stalls for working orks to refresh themselves at for the small price of a pittance of teef. They even passed Rockeata, Urtylug's oldest kommando in his trademark supa sneaky stelth shawl, a tattered rag painted winter, desert, and jungle camouflage to keep him stealthy no matter what planet they visited, complete with mismatched sticks and vines and even a few pieces of scrap metal sticking out of it. With a battle record more than Urtylug and Waarakton's time as Warboss combined, and renowned for his ability to wait patiently (a particularly noteworthy skill for an ork), Rockeata had picked up a habit of eating rocks and hard metals whenever he could in order to become dead hard and even more patient after spying on a group of Kroots many years ago and hearing one of them proclaim "You are what you eat". While he chewed through the scrapheap of titan armor he had collected with little difficulty, his thickheaded protégé Snekkitt was only gently gnawing at his pieces and putting them in Rockeata's pile when he wasn't looking. After a brief reprimanding from both Urtylug and Tinka for mucking about, the duo continued their ascent until they come across an even worse offender, an ork who had snuck off to a dark corner of the titan in order to take a nap. He awoke with a start to the sharp kick of Urtylug's boot.

“Oiy ya worthless grot! Wut’s yer name!”

“F-Fizzgutz, Kaptin! Sorry f-fer sleepin, sah!” The frightened ork stammered.

“Well quit bein sorry and stop muckin about! ‘Sides, you shuldn’t be sleepin on dis thing. It’z fulla dat Chaos muckery. It’ll turn ya into a weirdboy afore you’z know it, Fizzgutz.”

“Iz dat even possable Kaptin?”

”Does you want ta find out?”

“Not especially...”

”DEN GET MOVIN YA GIT!”

“Yes sah, Kaptin sah! Won’t do it agin, sah!” Fizzgutz gave a quick salute before running off in any direction that wasn’t where the warboss currently was.

Before they could continue on, a glowing leathery ball zipped between Urtylug’s legs, drawing a “Wut da zog?!” out of him, before Zizzbitz stepped on it with his peg-leg, putting down just enough force to pin the anomaly without causing any real harm.

“It’z...a squig. A zoggin glowy squig!” the Warboss exclaimed.

“Aye, Kaptin, we’ve taken ta callin dem WAAAsquigs.” Zizzbitz explained “Zog knows where dey came from or why dey glow, but dey’re roight useful, dese WAAAsquigs.”

“Where da zog iz you gonna find a use fer a glowy squig?!”

“We’z been attachin dem to da WAAAGHball.”

“...does I even want ta know wut da WAAAGHball iz?”

“Well ya see boss, da reactor of dis ‘ere titan was fueled by wunnuv dem chaosboys’s daemons and when we first got dere, ‘e was makin’ a right mess o fings, killin boys, grots, and squigs alike wiff ‘is brain. So we jus stayed clear of ‘im and let Boris deal wiff it on ‘is end. Den dese glowy WAAAsquigs started showin up an we noticed dat da daemon kuldn’t hurt dem. ‘E’d yell at dem nice an’ loud, but ‘e kuldn’t kill em. We also noticed ‘e kuldn’t kill us if’n we had a WAAAsquig nearby. So we’z started weldin dese WAAAsquigs to do daemon reaktor an at first it didn’t work so well. Da squigs kept squirmin and da daemon kept yellin. So we’z welded even more WAAAsquigs to ‘im an’ eventually da squigs stopped squirmin and da daemon stopped yellin. Or mebbe we jus can’t ‘ear ‘im anymore’z. Eitha way, we took ta callin it da WAAAGHball.”

“...Dis fing just ain’t rite...” Urtylug declared exasperatedly after a brief pause. “Let’s...let’s just continue on ta whateva ya had ta show me.”

“You’z da boss, Kaptin.”

After handing their glowing cargo to the nearest ork, Urtylug and Tinka finished their ascent, ending up on the castle above the titan, still under massive reconstruction efforts in order to make the transition into an orky fort.

“Iz dat it? I could see dis mess from da hanga floor, Tinka. An’ it’z not even done.”

“Da forts not done, Kaptain, but da most important part iz, folla me. We’z almost dere.”

The Big Mek took his war boss over to the tallest spire of the castle, visibly guarded all over by anti air turrets and the only thing of the entire fort looking properly orky.

“Dere it is, Kapn, yer Bosspire. It’s got firepowa and forty-fakayshuns an’ you kan’t see it, but it’z even got a kustom force field, too. A zoggin strong one. You’ll be nice an safe when yer in there, I’z guarantee it!” Tinka promised as he led the boss inside.

The elevator announced their arrival on the uppermost floor with a small ding and Urtylug eyes widened in shock as the doors opened lazily. It was his Kwarters! His beloved Kaptain’s Kwarters! Right down to the polished wood and the rug. He didn’t even want to know where Tinka got another rug from, much less one in the same exact pattern. The only difference was a large window where the viewscreen was in his ship.

“Well Kaptin, wut do ya fink?” Zizzbitz asked expectantly.

“Tinka, ya lousy git, ‘ow’d you even manage dis wun?! It’z zoggin perfect! It’z got da floors, and da viewscreen, an’, an’, an’ even da rug!”

“Well of korse, Kaptin, you can’t have a Kaptin’s Kwarters wiffout da rug. Da rug ties da whole fing togetha. An dats not all Kaptin, da viewscreen works! You’z just lookz around yerself and point at where ya want ta see, an da vyewskreen zooms in on it all nicelike! An’ it kin look every wich way on account of da whole room spins! Dis way, dose sneaky spiky eldar panzees will neva catch us offguard like dey did to Waarakton wiff you watchin ova us.”

“I’z...I’z gonna need a moment to meself, ya old git.”

“I thot you mite sey dat. I installed a speaky stick at yer Kaptin’s Desk jus like da one in da Loot-hava. It’z got a few more buttons to it, tho. Dis wun lets ya talk ta me persunally, dis wun lets ya talk ta Boris an anyone else he eva lets in dat kontrol room, so just Boris, dis wun lets ya talk ta everygit inside da titan, an’ dis wun lets ya talk ta everygit outside. An dis wun is wen you sez to yerself “Zog it all, everygit everywhere needs ta hear wut I’z got ta sey! I ‘aven’t ‘ad time ta link da Loot-hava to here, yet, so if’n you want ta talk ta anyone off da ship, you’z gonna need ta go back ta yer old Kwarters, though.”

After giving his explanation, Tinka made his way out, leaving Urtylug once again alone, not counting his gretchin assistants. He sat in his Kaptin’s chair and looked out the viewscreen. He could already imagine fire and destruction all around him, with him directing his Scraplootas from up on high,

swinging into the fray when he was needed just like he did in space. He looked around at the walls of his replica Kwarters and noticed all the bare shelves where his original Kwarters held trophies. So many empty shelves, yearning to be filled. So many conquests to be won. So many gits to krump. Urtylug felt new life rush into him. Yes, the Scraplootas still had a great future ahead of them.

Thinking of this future led Urtylug's rambling mind to his past, his time with Waarakton's Minnitboyz, named so because they could strip a fully working Leman Russ tank to gubbins in a minute flat. They were right proper looters and right proper Freebooterz, living free and going wherever the loot would take them. Eventually becoming Waarakton's first mate, Urtylug often argued with his old boss, about whether it was more sensible to use a looted item after making it orky or to strip it down into scrap metal and start from scratch. "Why smash a perfektly gud tank if you'z jus gonna build a zoggin nother wun!" he used to always shout whenever their debates got heated. He also thought Waarakton was never properly orky enough. He praised Gork above Mork and held brutal cunning above cunning brutality and claimed he had the personal blessing of Gork upon him, a boast Urtylug lost any belief in once Waarakton was blindsided. The git never even tried to WAAAGH, even when he had plenty of boys. The one thing they did seem to agree on was how to fight and how to dress. "A boss must look da part afore he'll eva truly be da part." his old mentor used to always say. He was planning on one day killing the old ork and taking his place (and hat) before a bunch of Dark Eldar beat him to the punch, taking most of the Minnitboyz along with their old leader. From the ashes of the Minnitboyz arose the Scraplootas, a tribe so tough and loud they looted while they fought instead of waiting until after the battle was won. After a few years of mucking about and amassing a proper WAAAGH, an Eldar Farseer from one of their Craftworlds pointed Urtylug in the direction a Chaos Titan on a nearby planet undergoing repairs, his for the taking. Though it cost him most of his boys, Urtylug secured the titan and was able to escape with his prize, leaving the Chaos Warband to fight a Space Marine Chapter that happened to chance by.

"Mebbe I wuz da wun Gork blessed." he mused during his reflections. But why? He wasn't much of a proper ork. Not in the slightest. His WAAAGH failed, he led all his boys into a squigshoot, he bartered with Eldar, and worst of all, he ran from a fight. Even his swashkrumpin that he was so proud of relied on him being springy and hard to hit like an eldar rather than an ork. He could've taken the titan and charged the frontlines with it. He would've died to those Space Marines, either the Chaos Warband or the Loyalist Chapter, but he would've died an ork. He couldn't even give it another go if he wanted to, as he didn't have enough boys, just kommandos and grots.

Kommandos and grots. There it was again. He'd nearly forgotten the ringing in his head.

"All dat came out da otha end of da titan run wuz kommandos an' grots..." he spoke aloud feeling himself getting closer, the pain in his forehead giving away to... something else.

"Kommandos and grots kome out da otha end ov 'ard fites." He was getting closer! Was it... an idea?

"If'n I only stick in kommandos an grots, den... I won't 'ave lost anything when dey come out da otha end!" There it was! The thing that had been assailing him all day! A long delayed epiphany finally set free!

But how? Any ork knows you can't win any head on fight with just kommandos and grots.

But what if it wasn't head on? The epiphany, now free, whirled gleefully in his head.

What if he took his swashkrumpin and applied it to his army? If he kept his army moving and didn't get stuck in an open battleground, he wouldn't lose many of his boys. He could sneak his kommandos behind enemy lines under a cover of grots sewing havoc. He had more grots than he knew what to do with and could swear he had even more now than when he made off with the titan, so it didn't matter how many of them he lost. So long as most of his kommandos came out the other end, he wouldn't need new boys so often and could stay mobile. Not just any ork could pull this off, either, it would require some kind of tactical genius. And sure, it wasn't very orky, but he'd win, zog it, and he'd win by any means necessary. And now he even had a titan to back up his main assault! Yes, the Scraplootas were far from finished.

Urtylug jammed his thumb down on the ZOG IT ALL button and brought the speaky stick close to his mouth.

"Alright, boys, I jus wanna say fer starters, you'z been doin gud work. We ain't had da best of luck or da best of circumstance, but we'z made da most of it! We'z servived a full on Eldar ambush, we'z raised a right propa WAAAGH to da best of our abilities an' now got ourselves a titan ta call our own, an we even lived ta tell of it! No ork worth 'is dakka kin sey a Scraploota isn't ded ard an ready ta fite! But things are changin. Things are gonna be different now. Dis iz a new beginnin to da Scraplootas an it'z a zoggin bootiful one! We just don't have da boyz to fight normal-like. I want every boy here who isn't already a kommando to go see Rockeata and lern 'ow ta be ded sneaky. Any git who finks 'e'z too big an slow ta be a propa kommando iz gonna report ta me personally in wun hour! I'z gonna make proppa Swashkrumpas outta you gits yet. We'z all gonna be ded sneaky an 'arder to hit den a tiny eldar. We'z gonna take our new titan an be Freebooterz on da ground as well as in da sky! Now somma you may think dis ain't very orky an' dat da boss lost 'is marbles an' I ain't gonna disagree wiv ya, I'z just gonna tell you dis much: no matta what, Scraplootas iz gonna win! An' I dare each an every wunna you'z ta come up wiff somefing more orky den winning!"

He released the button to sound of uproarious applause and cheers of WAAAAAGH! echoing from every corner of the ship and the titan. He let his speech sink in for a bit before pressing another button on his speaky stick

"Oiy Tinka!"

"Wuzzit, Kap'n?"

"I'z gonna need dis titan ready ta fite by yesterday, ya got me?"

"It'z gonna be a rukuss Kap, especially wiff all dis muck about new kommandos an swashkrumpin..."

"Iz you gonna be able to do it?"

"Please, Kap'n, I'll have it rearin and roarin fer action afore ya blink!"

"Dat's wut I like ta heer. Build as many bikes and grot mounted turrets as ya kin wiff any scrap dat izzn't goin to da titan, too"

“Konsider it dun.”

“An’ a few koptas.”

“Wut da zog iz you up to, Kap’n?”

“You’ll see me old pal, you’ll all see.”

”Oh, an’ Boss?”

“Yezz, Tinka?”

“It’z gud ta have ya back.”

“Zog it, Tinka, I ain’t goin nowhere. Not fer a long time.”

Urtylug then rushed all the way back through the titan, not even stopping for the WAAAsquigs running amok or even to kick the dozing Fizzgutz again, instead opting to bash his face with a mug as he rushed by. Once he was back in his old room, he mashed a few more buttons on the console that was integrated into his Kaptin’s Desk, bringing up on his viewscreen a face obscured by a smooth, curved helmet, with only a single braided ponytail sticking out of it.

”You? Hailing me? To what do I owe this so very rare pleasure, Warboss Urtylug?” the voice said, tinny and filtered through the helm and with sarcasm and haughtiness obvious enough for even an ork to pick up on.

”Shut it, ya panzee eldar git! I’z a Kaptin wen I’z on a ship an you’ll address me as such!”

“I am truly and utterly sorry, your green grace. What may I do for you, KAPTIN Urtylug?”

“Dat’s Kaptin Urtylug Dursnik Titanloota to you, Vray-dree-suh, an you’z gonna tell me where dem spiky eldar iz hidin or I’z gonna show you why’z dey call me Titanloota!”

“I wouldn’t dream of standing in the way of the mighty ‘Titanloota’. Consider all my information on Dark Eldar movement in the region yours. Free of charge.”

“Zoggin roight it’z free. A Scraploota pays fer nuffin, ya hear!”

With that, he ended communications and sank back in his chair, utterly pleased with himself. Things were looking up for him. There was still much to do, the tribe needed a proper emblem instead of the generic Jolly Ork and he was about to have to train some clumsy nobs into proper swashkrumpas, but even still he felt zogging good about himself. He had a titan, a plan, and soon he’d have a proper army to go with it. Tapp even changed to tea like he wanted without Urtylug having to smack him first. Yes, the Scraplootas were far from finished. Best of all, he was going to prove to the galaxy that the orks were the best, even at unorky things like sneaking about. He was going to do the impossible: he was going to launch a sneak attack on the eldar! That’ll show them for killing Waarakton before he had a chance to and become Boss proper, for casting his status as Boss in a shadow of doubt, for forcing him

on that march of desperation, and most importantly for being pansy little eldar. He glanced sidelong at his mirror and for the first time in his life saw a proper Warboss staring back. He still needed a proper cloak, though. Maybe after he finished his business with the eldar, he could go pay those Tau a visit. He heard their Ethereal bosses had right fancy cloaks for him to loot...

* * *

“Zoggin roight it’z free. A Scraploota pays fer nuffin, ya hear!”

And with that, the Farseer’s viewscreen went blank, communications cut. Farseer Vaedrisa took off her helmet and shook her head, rubbing her neck. Had it not been for her helmet, the thin smile she now wore would have been broadcast as a beaming, toothy grin during her entire conversation with the Orkish Warboss. And no one must be allowed to see that, not even her own craftworld.

“I don’t see how you can suffer those filthy brutes.” her Warlock attendant quipped.

“Come now, Zielt, we must treat our greenskin allies with respect. Otherwise, they might not be so willing to be so easily manipulated.”

“Filthy brutes.” he repeated stubbornly

“You give them too little credit, Zielt. You expected them to die back on their raid, did you not?”

“When have you ever heard of an ork running from a fight?!” Zielt sputtered in protest “They’re dumb filthy savages that blindly rush at any target until either they or it dies. They were supposed to commandeer the titan and crash it against the tide of humans, destroying that warp tainted behemoth and eliminating all of our foes in one fell swoop.”

“But they did not.” Vaedrisa calmly reminded him, remaining ever the professional.

“But they did not! And now we still have too few of numbers to effect any change in this sector!”

“And now, we have a titan.” The farseer corrected him calmly

“Surely our wise Farseer isn’t so far gone as to think herself an ork.” Zielt retorted snidely.

Vaedrisa took a deep breath and sighed. “Who owns the only titan in the sector, Zielt?”

“That ugly brute those idiotic orks follow.”

“His name is Warboss Urtylug Dursnik and he leads the Scraplootas. Let knowledge be your strength, Zielt. Now tell me, from who does Urtylug get his information. Whose is the hand that guides these orks to their prey?”

“Y...yours, Farseer. But can we really trust that they won’t turn-”

“The Scraplootas have no reason to stop honoring our agreement.” Vaedrisa cut Zielt off before he could finish “We provide them with new spoils and they fight our battles for us. I trust them, and you should trust your Farseer.”

“Y...yes, Farseer.” Zielt relented, defeated.

“Besides, this is reason to rejoice, wouldn’t you say?”

“And why is that, Farseer?” the tired warlock sighed, knowing she would not relent if he did not humor her.

“Did you not see what just happened? That was the first time Warboss Urtylug has ever taken it upon himself to hail us. He hailed me. Usually it is we who pester the ork.”

“So what? Now we get to experience the joy of seeing his disgusting face more? Please excuse me as I spring forth and resummon Slannesh in utter and unparalleled pleasure.” Zielt snarked.

“It means” Vaedrisa explained whilst forcefully pushing her glasses closer to her face, an edge of frustration and anger creeping into her voice “that the Scraplootas recognize the legitimacy of our trade pact and will continue to act as our puppets. Did they not just volunteer to assault the Dark Eldar on their own volition? We had been sitting on that data for quite some time, waiting for the opportune moment to dangle it in front of them like a hunk of bloodied meat and now they freely demand to do our work for us.”

“That’s just...that’s...true. I apologize, Farseer.”

“Besides, do you not find a sort of twisted beauty to their ways? They are like a well oiled machine, built only for war.”

“Farseer...” Zielt tried to interject, having had a variation of this very argument quite a number of times over the past centuries.

“And they are not without their intelligence, either! Surely they will never match the cunning mind of an eldar, but this, this ‘Titanloota’” she oozed, enjoying the way it rolled off of her tongue “he shows a certain cleverness most orks lack. I shall greatly look forward to following his exploits.”

“Trust me, we all know.” Zielt sighed once more, knowing she was hardly listening.

“Very well then, I shall excuse myself to my private quarters.” Vaedrisa nodded curtly and marched off.

After the long march to her room, she peeled off her wraithbone armor and let her braided hair fall into a frizzy mess around her face as it always did when she didn’t restrain it. Tired from the day, she then flopped onto her bed with a sigh, beaming widely once again.

“He hailed me.” she said again, closing her eyes contentedly

“He hailed ME.” she repeated yet again, rolling over and clinging tightly to a nearby body length pillow

“Titanloota...” she gushed once more. It was a powerful name, befitting a powerful ork.

“Titanloota...” she loved their species. There was a beauty to their brutal simplicity, and it was especially present in their names.

“Titanloota...” it was the name of a great champion with instantly recognized might and reputation whereas Vaedrisa could mean anything. She was greatly intrigued as to what would become of this ork.

“Titanloota...” she knew most of her craftworld knew about her... beliefs and she didn’t care. She even knew of their nickname for her. It didn’t matter to her. Despite her biases, she never once led them astray. Besides...

“Warboss Kaptin Urtylug Dursnik Titanloota hailed ME!” she squealed silently one last time before drifting off to sleep, satisfied.

That night, her dreams were plagued with visions of a green ocean raging violently amidst a hailstorm of silver and yellow. The one image from her dreams that troubled her most for a reason she couldn’t quite place, however, was that of a thundercloud, small, grumbling, and crackling with electricity, colored the most brilliant shade of blue...

Scraplootas vs. the 1st Membranes

The Emperor has forsaken us. Our world is doomed. The greenskin hoard known as "The Scraplootas" had made designs upon our system. At first, I felt that our planetary defense forces would hold until at least a company of space marines could arrive and strike at the heart of the alien hoard.

But when they made planetfall upon the outermost world of our system, our plans had to change. Reports confirmed that the Orks had somehow taken control of an ancient Imperator titan for their own use. Without any massive war-engines in our own forces, help would be needed as soon as possible.

I informed the Lord Governor that we would need the full firepower of the Imperial Guard and titan support. As soon as my report was made, the call for help was placed. We welcomed the first loyal forces to hear our call.

We should of waited a bit longer.

At first we were ecstatic. An entire Guard regiment along with four titans! Emperor willing, we may even be able to keep them from entering our inner planets. However, when Commissar Marik read the reports on the incoming regiment, he did something that I thought no Commissar could do.

He wept. Not with joy, but sorrow.

Attempting to put that behind myself, I eagerly watched the live reports from the front lines at the system's 7th planet. I saw the guardsmen in their white coats take positions as the greenskin tide approached, preparing their weapons as their commanders issued orders. Finally, as the Orks had come close enough, the order to attack was given.

Not even the Emperor could prepare me for what I saw next.

Upon first contact with the enemy, I swear upon The Throne that at least a dozen of the guardsmen violently exploded upon their own accord. Lasgun fire mixed with more witchfire then I ever thought possible. Confusion and panic spread through both armies. I saw Orks burst into flame and melt into green pools. Upon being hit by "shoota" fire, one guardsman began to vomit lighting upon friend and foe.

And then one of the guardsmen began to grow and his flesh was torn apart as a demonic form took his place, and unleashed the hell of the Warp upon all living beings in it's unholy sight.

If that wasn't horrible enough, Emperor preserve me, it happened again. As I watched the horror unfold, I swear I saw a Commissar turn his pistol upon himself.

Part of me almost hopes that we will be destroyed in this war, otherwise for the rest of my life I will be haunted by the nightmares that are the 1st Membranes.

* * *

"Wut. Da. Zog." This was just his luck.

It would be safe to say that Urtylug did not plan for this. He could barely believe his eyes. His mug dropped from his hand and would have hit the floor had Spiggot not been waiting for the possibility. The Warboss would be right sore if this one broke. It was his Taktikul Jeeneyus cup after all.

"Boris, you seein' dis too?"

"YES, WARBOSS."

"I knew our Kommando were zoggin' cunnin' gitz, but dis... It ain't Orky to 'ave gitz krumpin' demselves."

"WARBOSS, I DUN FINK ITZ OUR BOYZ DOIN' DAT. DA BUSHES AN' BOXES AN' BARRELS AIN'T FULLY SNEAKED IN YET." Sure enough, the various bits of camouflage sticking out in the sea of grots hadn't completely made their ways behind the front lines.

"So, dey be doin' dis to demselves?"

"YES, WARBOSS."

How do you get a proppa fight out of enemies that krump themselves? It was a sure fire way to stump an Ork. Don't use moral dilemmas or riddles or paradoxes. Be big and strong and tough, then when meeting on the battlefield, blow your own brains out without fear in your eyes. The grots were intimidated and the Orks around them were too puzzled to motivate them. Without making any noticeable dents in the Ork frontline, the 1st Membranes were turning the tide.

The Warboss lifted his hat to scratch at his head, "Dat ain't roight. Dere's nutt'n Orky about any uv dis." Weirdboyz sometimes 'eadboomed, but that wasn't their main strategy. Weirdboyz weren't that proppa Orky anyhow.

"Boris, give da call. We iz pullin' back." Urtylug watched one of the Imperial Guardsmen rupture and blossom into a daemon, which then turned around and started eating all of his surrounding allies.

"YOU SURE, WARBOSS?"

"Oi didn't stutta. We're leavin'. We nevah wanted ta loot from dese crazy gitz in the first place. Dey're too busy krumpin' demselves ta give us a proppa fight any'ow."

It was just his luck too. For all of his cunnin' and winnin' and taktikul jeeneyus, Urtylug was sure his luck was terrible. How else could he have ended up on another crazy git world?

There was a ragged cheer from the guardsmen as the waves of Orks lessened like a tide going out. They were too busy putting down their own far gone comrades to notice the four small space hulks lowering crane arms to haul the titan into the atmosphere.

Morale was low on the space hulks that day, and not even krumping grots left and right could improve it. Even Boris was quiet about being strung up like a roight git. Urtylug swore his luck would change. He swore by Gork and Mork that this next world, this Tau world, he would fight and loot and krump on. His Scraplootass wouldn't leave the until they had sacked the world or looted it good, whichever came first.

Not too far away, on that Tau colony world, some blue git received her first spanner.

Dat Blue Grot

Warboss Urtylug looked out of the viewscreen of his spire perch in the fort that lied atop the titan Boris, pleased with himself. It was going to be a good day, he could feel it. Already, his Scraplootas were making quick work of the Tau colony below him. With all of their anti-air gun emplacements taken out ahead of time by Rockeata and his kommandos, there was little the Tau could do to stand against an Emperor-class Titan, warped by the taint of Chaos and then modified further by orks, dropping right in the middle of them. After all, what kind of madman would dare airdrop a titan? Urtylug smiled smugly as he took another long draught of coffee. Just like when he got that drop on that Commissar, or those dark eldar, he began to feel warm and orky on the inside, especially thinking about those eldar. That was the very first time he deployed Boris and it had been a memorable one. Wanting revenge and to prove himself as warboss, the Scraploota's target had been the very same Wych Cult that had killed Urtylug's old warboss, Waarakton, before Urtylug had the chance to do it himself. The only sour note in that entire memory was the fact that he had to use that strange Farseer Vaedrisa's help with masking their presence, but it had all been worth it when he heard the screams of shock and horror from the very same eldar who had once forced him to ran away like a coward as Urtylug's titan tore through their ranks.

And now today, months later he had done the same to the Tau, thankfully without a single bit of help from the Farseer this time. He was finally going to finish his Boss gear with a proper cloak for his back. They had picked the biggest city on the entire planet, so there was no way the Tau's Ethereal could be anywhere else. Urtylug was going to kill him and take his robes, the perfect complement to his Commisar's cap and spiky shoulder duds made of pieces of Dark Eldar armor. He swiveled his tower around and inspected the carnage. Stikkmeat and his stormboyz were sowing havoc and destruction across all levels of the city, the kommandos were still doing their part and sabotaging any attempts the Tau made at regrouping and arranging a suitable counterattack, there were a steady stream of Tinka's mekboys traveling in and out of Boris' feet delivering scrap metal to repair and modify the titan even as they fought, and the swashkrumpa nobz Urtylug had trained himself were swinging about the outside of the titan and engaging any tau warrior who tried to board the great behemoth. Perhaps most significant was the branch of Urtylug's army that required the least bit of his attention and that he seemed to forget existed from time to time: his disproportionate number of grots. Making up the backbone of his military, grots of all type were swarming about every which way, adding to the havoc and cutting down any tau who tried to stand against them with sheer numbers like an angry green wave of guns, blades, and teeth.

The only issue that needed Urtylug's attention was a sizeable force of tau fire warriors trying to escort a Hammerhead tank to the backside of Boris, trying to find a weakpoint in the gargantuan warmachine. They had pulled together a tight formation, quickly and efficiently cutting down any grot that crossed their path and providing enough covering fire to keep stormboys and kommandos alike at bay. With a press of a button, Urtylug had informed and deployed Rakkatrakk and his warbikers that made up Boris' Rear Guard onto the scene. With many of them crashing their bikes or every outright exploding as soon as they made contact with the ground, Rakkatrakk's boys sped forward and cut their way through the ranks of Firewarriors, taking advantage of the complete confusion caused by the back end of a titan opening up and spitting out warbikers. Soon enough, the entire escort was overrun by warbikers, stormboys, and grots to put up a fight and fell to the horde, what was left of their precious

Hammerhead already in the process of being looted by the multitudinous grots. Yes, it was most certainly a good day to be a Scraploota.

* * *

Big Mek Tinka Zizzbitz was currently takin advantage of the carnage surrounding him to look for the nicest scraps to work with. He rooted through the wreckage of gravtanks and battlesuits looking for the pieces that buzzed or sparked with electricity. Much like his warboss, Tinka was also in a great mood. Now that he had access to all the fancy Tau bits, there was no way his Zizzbitz's Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass would remain uncompleted. He had already begun the process of melting down and reforging that orange tau metal he had found, figuring that if he used Tau bits on tau metal there would be less of a problem getting the thing to work. The only obstacle he had run into thus far had been that his cybernetic eye had been damaged by a grenade detonating a little too close to him, making the search for the best electric bits much more difficult. Fortunately for Tinka, there were always plenty of grots around for him to bully into servitude for him. Unfortunately for Tinka, most of these grots tried to take advantage of the mayhem to run away and avoid him under the pretense of fighting and his peg leg made it hard for him to keep up. All the same, the box of sparking scraps of advanced tau technology he had assembled filled him with promise. The Zizzomatic Chainkutlass would be assembled today, he just knew it. Now if only he could find where his latest batch of gretchin assistants had run off to...

* * *

Nearby, a lone tau Earth Caste child shivered in the ruins of her old orphanage, frightened by the battle surrounding her. The rest of the children had already been evacuated as quickly as possible upon the arrival of the orks and their monstrous contraption of death, for the future generation must be preserved for the Greater Good. This particular orphan, however, had born the brunt of hatred from the entire orphanage. Rumored to be the offspring of two separate castes, she was seen as the product of selfishness and an anathema towards the Greater Good and as such, was treated with nothing but scorn. There may have been some truth to the rumors of her mixed heritage, given the number of fights she refused to back down from. Fights that her fighting back in only caused her more harm rather than less and spurred on her aggressors. Fights the elders rarely broke up unless the vicious gang of Fire Caste children looked like they were going to do any permanent damage to the outcasted tau girl. Usually, at least. Not even the other Earth Caste children, few as they were, would have anything to do with the disgusting hybrid, lest they too have to suffer the wrath of the Fire Caste, larger in both physique and numbers. It was because of this that it came as no surprise to her that someone had barricaded the door to her room when the alarms sounded. By the time she had managed to break her way out of her room, they were already long gone and much of the orphanage had collapsed around her, trapping her within. The frightened would-be engineer wondered if the elders had even bothered to check for her before they escaped as she huddled in a corner and tried to remain as small as possible.

Through a few holes and cracks in the walls and ceiling she could see what was going on around her. Orks as far as she could see were tearing her home apart and slaughtering her colony. They even had some sort of massive battlesuit out there, crushing entire homes underfoot. She didn't look for very long, though, lest the orks discover her hiding spot. Instead, she had busied herself with fixing up a damaged gun drone that had fallen through a hole in the roof using her trusty spanner, a memento left behind by the mother she never knew. It wobbled silently and shakily in the air next to her, patiently

ready to defend her. The sound of an explosion and voices awoke the little tau girl from her reverie with a start.

"We could have used that stikk bomb, Zaggit." one of the voices sneered

"What for's? We's hiding, remember?" another snipped back

"Both of you's shut da zog up you gits! Do you want tha Big Mek ta find us?!" yet a third voice grumbled

The Earth Caste girl chanced a peek around the corner. And saw roughly two dozen of the smaller breed of ork, 'gretchins' she believed they were called, arguing amongst themselves and rummaging through the main room, looking for something of value to take or somewhere to hide and arguing amongst themselves.

"All's I'm sayings is that a bomb is always useful. It didn'ts need to be wasted like dat."

"It WAS useful, you git! We used it just fine!"

"We's could 'ave climbed through the holes and hid just as fine. Better even."

"And then da Big Mek woulda caught us and we'z would be working right now! Is dat what you want?"

"He's will be noticing the hole we left. Didja thing about DAT one, Gazzd?"

"We'z in the middle o' a warzone, Zaggit, does you really think da Big Mek is goings to notice one measly..." the gretchin trailed off, looking in the direction the tau girl was spying from. She whirled her head back behind the wall with a gasp. "Get's your weapons, boys, we's has componee wiff us..."

The enterprising young tau ordered her first and last line of defense into action. The half-functioning gun drone zipped out from behind the wall she was hiding behind, shooting with as much abandon as its ork targets. The tau girl could only watch in horror as her automated defender made its last stand, valiantly shrugging off incoming bullets until finally one of the green skinned beasts leapt atop it and stabbed it until it stopped moving. There were only five of them now, all about the same size as her or larger, all advancing on her slowly as she backed away. Her hands clenched as she stopped backing away, making the gretchins also stop for a brief moment in confusion. A fire had begun to build up inside of her, the same fire that built up whenever a Fire Caste kicked her down or ganged up on her. None of the surviving gretchins seemed to have guns, only knives or their bare hands. Outnumbered and outmatched, this was a situation she was used too, a scenario she had undergone on all too regular of a basis. Something primitive in the back of her mind was pushing its way to the fore. Some animal instinct that demanded her survival, that set her mind ablaze in fury. The grots bounded forward at her as she gripped her spanner tightly...

* * *

The tiny tau girl worked frantically, bloodied spanner twisting and turning with the gutted casing of the gun drone. Gretchin bodies surrounded her, some riddled with bullets, others bludgeoned into various states of unrecognizable paste as desperate tears streamed silently down her face. Besides a few cuts and bruises and one particularly nasty gash along her arm that she had bandaged to the best of her ability, the improvised mechanic was intact and alive. The same could not be said for her mechanical savior, though. It had taken far too much damage, unlike the last time she fixed it where all it needed was a few refastenings and some spliced wires. Ignoring the stab wounds to its casing, the insides were a mess. The batteries were fried, the wires to the firing mechanisms were frayed to uselessness and the central neural hub needed to be replaced entirely. In her trance, she barely even noticed the giant one legged ork holding a box under one of his arms that was approaching her until he called out.

"So DAT'S where you gits has been 'idin." He boomed in a voice that seemed halfway between anger and mirth "I oughta krump da lotta you'z fer sleepin' on da job like dis. Now wake up ya lazy gits!"

Perplexed and angered by the lack of response he picked up the nearest gretchin corpse and started shaking it.

"I SAID WAKE UP YA LAZY GITS! I'Z GONNA RIP YER SKULL OUT AN BEAT YA TA DEFF WITH IT IF YA DON'T... now wait one zoggin minnit..." he brought the corpse closer to his bionic eye "All dese gits are dead. What gives?" The large ork began to scan the room, looking for an answer to this mystery

The Earth Caste remained absolutely still, hoping that in the darkness of the ruins he wouldn't be able to see her due to his apparently bad eyesight and felt her stomach drop as the massive beast proved her wrong, hobbling up to her.

"You dere. Why didn't ya answer when I called ya lousy grot?!" he demanded of her, but she was too frozen with fear to answer.

"I said ta answer me, grot! Did ya kill all dese other gits?" She nodded weakly

"By yerself?" She nodded again.

"Good! Serves em right fer runnin off like dat! Zoggin good work of ya ta do it all be yerself... oiy, wuts dat ya got dere?" he grabbed the drone up from her lap and brought it close to his face, obscuring. "Oiy, right sparky, dis one is. Dese bits'll work great. Dey's in good condition, too. I'z be havin' one lucky day alright."

In one last desperate bid for survival, the tau girl rushed forward and began to attack one of the ork's legs. Lost in thought, the great green brute barely registered her tiny little fists beating frantically against his leg until he looked down and saw her there, tears streaming and fists pounding away madly.

"Oiy you git!" he said, annoyed, as he gave her a swift kick that sent her sprawling to the floor, "I outta krump you good fer dat one, but it looks like it's your lucky day too, ya lazy grot. I'z be needin an assistant."

He gave the shivering tau child another scrutinizing once over before putting down the box he was holding and replacing it with her. Much like the gretchin corpse and the drone before her, he brought her up close to his face for inspection.

“You’z blue.” he stated incredulously “A blue grot. Mighty weird lookin one at dat. It really is my lucky day!” he laughed, before shoving the box in her hands and barking at her “Now take dis box an’ get walkin back ta camp! I’z wanna finish my projekt afore da Boss tells us ta ship out!”

The crude box he shoved into her arms full of components from various tau devices brutally ripped from their previous homes as he carried the half gutted drone she had been trying to fix with him. It was also incredibly heavy for the little girl, but she couldn’t slow down for if she did, he’d give her another light kick in the backside and tell to get moving. She walked stone faced as he paraded her through the ravaged streets that had once been her home. Having run out of tears to cry and having sunk so deep into despair that despair could no longer reach her, she had begun formulating a plan. If only she could get her hands back on that drone, she could fix it back up and sic it on them. It wouldn’t last long, but it could distract them for as long as she needed to escape, no doubt the wilds were a safer habitat than an ork infested city. From there, she could head to the nearest city and warn them of the monstrosities she now faced. Maybe there, she could start her life free of the prejudice that had followed her throughout this city and just be a regular Earth Caste. She just had to bide her time...

* * *

Tinka’s day just kept getting better and better. Now, not only did he have all the raw materials needed to finish his work, but he found a grot that actually listened and didn’t run off. Sure, it was a little scrawny and kept slowing down, nor did it seem to even know which way camp was, but it was blue, which meant it was dead lucky, so that had to count for something. Soon enough he had made his way back to camp, grot in tow. His workshop was on the edge of camp, so he didn’t have to muck about with other orks before he could get to work in his private backroom, free from the pestering of his mekboys in the larger garage area. It was time to finish the Zizzomatic Chainkutlass, his ultimate goal in life. Usually, fixing up warbikes, and assembling more rokkit paks always stood in the way of his side project, but now he could shuffle off enough of the work to his mekboys and this grot he found to finally finish the chainkutlass that coursed with electricity he dreamed of. Sure, most of his boys were busy working on fixing up Boris at the moment and it was only one grot, but he’d worked bigger miracles before. He took the box back from the grot and sat down at his desk, crude schematics of curved chainswords from different angles surrounding him, as well as various chainsword components tinted orange. Setting the box of tau bits down in front him, he decided it was time to set that grot to work.

“First off, work on this” he said, plucking out his bionic eye and tossing it to her “been giving me a zoggin ‘eadache all day.”

Tinka had just barely begun to try and read his notes with his one good eye when he heard a tiny voice whisper “I-I’m done, s-sir”

“Wuzzat?”

“I-I said I’m done.” the voice stammered a little louder. Tinka looked over at his grot to see it holding his eye in both of its hands, offering it to him.

“Gork AND Mork, you’re fast.” He muttered, snatching the eye from his new assistant and reattaching it to his skull. He blinked a few times, readjusting to his new vision “Zoggin good, too.”

It was the clearest his mek eye had ever been. He could see things with a definition he didn’t think possible, way different than that blurry mess he was putting up with not but a few moments ago. He began putting the grot to work on other tasks he didn’t want to do, tasks it finished in record speeds. He looked at his grot again with his new eye, noticing how strange it looked. Aside from being blue, there was no nose to speak of and its knees bent at a funny angle, ending in hooves. It was almost like this wasn’t a grot at all and instead one of those... No matter, it worked hard and gave him a nice new eye, something that had been bothering him for a while now and he expected to take hours to fix. Whatever this grot was, it was certainly lucky and worked hard, which is all he really needed out of a grot anyways. He rooted around his assorted bits and scraps to use on the chainkutlass, looking for that one piece that he needed, that one that he could’ve sworn was there just a second ago. Unsatisfied with his current selection, he decided to dig through the other piles of scrap around camp.

* * *

Much like his Big Mek and trusty first mate, Warboss Urtylug’s day had only gotten better and better. Though the tau’s ethereal had evaded his wrath, he had found its living quarters, stocked full of various robes for him to try on. It was deep gray in color with yellow trim and yellow runic symbols, matching both his tribal colors and his gray commissar cap. Spiggot had even been smart enough to know when to switch over from tea to coffee today, so he didn’t have to smack him about. Right now, he was wandering the small camp that had been thrown together, mostly for repairs to vehicles and weaponry, as the final preparations for loading Boris back into the Loot-hava were being made. He ran across Tinka, limping happily with a box full of sparking scrap metal, as was customary for Big Mek Zizzbitz. He decided to hail his old warbuddy over, not much else better to day.

“Oiy Tinka, you look awful giddy. Didja finally get dat kutlass of yers ta work?”

“Oh hey, Boss!” Tinka called back, not stopping his trek “Not yet, but I’z about to. Got me da luckiest grot in all da worlds! Ded fast worker, too! Fixed me eye right up!”

“Lucky grot, huh? Wut makes ‘im so lucky?”

“Dat’s da thing! ‘E’s blue all over!” Tinka exclaimed proudly.

“A blue grot?”

“I know, I thought da same thing, but it’z small like a grot an it works like a grot, so I figger it must be grot. Eitha way, it don’t run off an works ded ‘ard so I can finish my Zizzbitz’s Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass.”

“A blue grot dat works hard? Now this I’z gotta see!”

Their plans were interrupted, however, by a large gathering of orks outside of Tinka's private quarters and an even larger gathering outside the workshop to see what the ruckus was about. Tinka's mekboys were guarding the door to his chambers, knowing they'd be punished severely if they let anyone intrude on their boss's inner sanctum. Meanwhile, an ork wearing a tattered robe of an Imperium psyker that he had found aboard the titan wielding a large grimy book (also from the titan) in one hand and a crude staff fashioned from a stick and a glowing green squig lashed to the end in the other and an ork kommando tried to gain entry.

"It sez right here that an ork must never suffer da unorky!" Fizzgutz da Klerik proclaimed opening his book and shoving it in the mekboy's face without even reading it, his similarly robed weirdgrot attendants exchanging nervous glances at being surrounded by so many orks.

"I'z don't care what dat book says, da Big Mek sez no visitors, an dat means no visitors, not even Gork 'imself!" The mekboy shouted back standing his ground.

"We'z ain't visitors, ya git! We'z knights, chosen personally by Gork to keep Scraplootas orky! An' I know wut I saw! It wuz wanna dem tau boys!" Derknitt, Fizzgutz's kommando devotee explained, trying to get past the mekboy again.

Tinka then waded into the fray, seeing his prized grot in danger "Oiy! What you'z doin sneakin around my shop anyways, you git! I'll krump ya good fer dat one! 'Sides, dat's no tau, dat's a grot! An' dat grot is plenty orky!"

"It's a tau you git! Whoeva heard of a blue grot?!" Fizzgutz declard.

"Whoeva heard of an ork becoming a weirdboy!" Tinka countered.

Before the situation could escalate, Urtylug shouted at the top of his lungs "Enough! I'z da boss, so I'z says what's orky an' what's not! Now show me dis grot o' yers already."

Reluctantly, Tinka opened the door to his private chambers and out tumbled a little tau girl, falling flat on her arse, having been previously leaning against the door and listening to the argument outside. Her eyes widened in terror as she shuffled her cloven feet in order to scoot backwards back into Tinka's room and looking for a place to hide.

"See! I told ya! Dats a tau! I krumped enough of em today to know!" Derknitt accused, satisfied.

"Nonsense! It was a grot ya git! It's just a funny lookin grot! It's not like da Scraplootas don't put up with funny lookin nonsense all da zoggin time!" Tinka opposed while motioning at the glowing squig, suddenly a lot less sure of himself.

"A blue grot ain't much orkier ya git!"

"Sure it is ya git! It's a lucky grot, just you see it in action! I'll krump ya if ya lay a hand on it!"

"Krumpin da Prophet of Gork 'imself?! Da Codorks Gorkstartes does not support dis action!"

“Zog you, zog Gork, an’ zog dat zoggin book, too!”

“Shaddap all o you’z!” Urtylug interjected once again. He wondered briefly if other bosses had to put up with this kind of mess or if it was a situation unique to the Scraplootas. “I’z already said I’z da boss so I’z get ta decide what’s orky! Now I want a closer look at dis grot!”

Tinka and Urtylug proceeded into his chamber, where the tau girl was busying herself rummaging in some boxes, frantically muttering to herself. She turned around with a start and froze with fear, exposed to all.

“Tinka... dat’s a tau. Dere’s no doubt about it.” Urtylug sighed.

“No... No... It’z a grot, see? It fixed me eye, it made warbikes faster than zog all...” Tinka tried to defend ‘imself.

“No one’s blaming you, you’z sed it yourself dat your eye was bad.” Urtylug tried to placate his old friend. He didn’t want to have to krump his first mate over a tau.

“Dat doesn’t matter, zog it! It’s a grot! It’s my lucky grot an’ works ten times ‘arder den any of dese gits! I ain’t gonna give it up just cause it’s a tau!” Tinka swelled up with anger, looking ready to fight.

A curious sound coming from where the tau girl was sitting stopped both of them in their tracks. It was the rumbling growl of a revved chainsword mingled with the faint hum and crackle of electricity. There, at the Big Meks feet, was an orange chainkutlass that coursed with life. He switched it off and inspected it. The teeth of the sword were made of some sort of transparent metal, tinted the same color as the rest of the blade. Attached to the base of the blade was some sort of generator that had been worked right into the handguard, making it barely noticeable.

“Da Zizzomatic...” Tinka uttered in awe.

“I-I finished it for you, s-sir.” the little tau managed to whisper.

Tinka turned on the chainkutlass and barged his way past the gathering of orks, all eyes now on him, and stabbed a nearby gretchin that was unfortunate enough to be within stabbing distance. The blade dug hungrily into the grot as it spasmed painfully from electrical shock until finally its head exploded. Tinka laughed with gleeful abandon that Urtylug hadn’t heard since Tinka found the Dark Eldar who took his leg and beat him to death with his own freshly torn off leg.

“Dere!” Tinka shouted triumphantly “Dat should settle it! Only somefing ded orky could build something like Zizzbitz’s Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass! Dat blue grot is ded dorky, even if it is a tau!” Urtylug couldn’t help but agree with his logic. He was about to voice his decision when Derknitt, sensing he was losing favor with the crowd shout “We should let Gork decide!”, much to the approval of nearby orks.

“Wuzzat? Oh! Yes! We must let Gork choose its fate, as per the ritual described in da Gorkamorkacon.” Fizzgutz concurred, shaking himself out of his awe inspired trance and pointing to his book without once looking down at it.

Fizzgutz had never been the same ever since that titan turned him into a weirdboy for sleeping in it too often. Now he preached nonstop about how he was the “Leff Hand o’ Gork” and constantly kept a herd of grots around him for whatever reason. Still, he was the closest thing to a runt herder Urtylug had and he was a zogging good weirdboy, so he usually let these things slide. Urtylug made a mental note to keep an eye on those two and to make sure Fizzgutz included Urtylug in his next sermon. Gork’s will was just as important to him as it was any other ork, but he had to make sure that his boys were loyal to him above all else. He also made another mental note to remember the first one. He then made yet another mental note to brush up on his reading so he’d know what all these mental notes said. He left a note to remember that note, too. Tinka’s blue grot had been pushed to the center of a large circle of orks, Fizzgutz standing on the opposing side. And with that, the blue grot’s trial began.

“We gatha here today to judge dis foul creatcha, using the purest of Gork’s cree-ayshuns, dat which keeps da mighty Boris proppa orky!” Fizzgutz shouted with much ado, making a scene and gesturing to the docile glowing squig atop his staff. He pointed it at the tau and hollered “FEEL GORKS GAZE UPON YOU!”

For a while nothing happened as the tau stood there, as confused as she was afraid and the glowing squig that had been shoved in her face, now upside down, stared off in the distance, unfazed by the ceremony. Finally, it seemed to take notice of the tau girl only inches away from it, snorted once, and then drew a long green tongue across the tau’s face in a single lick. Fizzgutz dropped to his knees in shock, dropping his staff. Urtylug tensed. While he had no problem striking down those who dared defy his will, he still felt nervous about killing the chosen prophet of Gork.

“GORK HAS SPOKEN” the Klerik finally proclaimed “DIS BLUE GROT IS RIGHT PROPPA ORKY!”

With that, a cheer rose up amongst the orks and Tinka rushed over to secure his prize, grabbing up the tau girl and looking about suspiciously, making sure no one else tried to have a go at her. Derknitt tried protest the results with Fizzgutz, only to be snubbed.

“Gork works in mysterious ways. After all, he is da God of Brutal Kunning.” Fizzgutz explained to the kommando and continued with pageantry “Clearly, he is tellin us dat we Scraplootas are his chosen tribe, destined to make da whole galaxy right proppa orky!” In response, Derknitt grumbled something about how “they always listen to the ones with the cloaks” and stomped off.

With that out of the way, Urtylug took a sip of tea and once more relished the feeling of his new cloak about his shoulders. Yes, today was a good day to be a Scraploota.

First days on the job

Deep in the bowels of an orkish kroozer, a Big Mek snoozed soundly in his bed whilst a frightened tau girl shivered on the grimy floor beneath him, the musty rags provided to her doing little for her comfort and she had been too disgusted by the odor and appearance of the food she had been provided to even touch it. Today was her first day working aboard the Loot Havva and it had been a terrible day for the child. She had been given various tasks throughout the day, mostly to make “more dakka” and she had failed at every single one. It wasn’t her fault though! How was she supposed to make sense of ork tech? Everything she cracked open was just a mess of wires attached to various components seemingly at random, rife with redundancies, tangles, and even switches that weren’t plugged into anything at all. On top of that, each gun and each vehicle was its very own labyrinth to decode! It wasn’t like that day when they had abducted her in the first place, where she was mostly running on instinct due to shock and primarily tasked with breaking down tau tech into its base components. No, this was a different challenge altogether. One she failed miserably.

She could feel the glare of the other Earth Caste orks all day for dragging them down and for not being “proppa orky”. Thankfully, their Fio’O had kept them in check and made sure none of them harmed her in his presence. That didn’t stop them from jostling, shoving, and kicking her whenever his back was turned, though. The tau chuckled bitterly at the cruel joke fate had dealt her, forever cursed to remain an outcast and the target of hatred no matter where in the galaxy she was. At least this time she had someone that at least halfway cared about her wellbeing. Thoughts of the big ork helped to stem her tears. It felt good to have someone care about her, even if it was just an ork that seemed to regard her as a pet or some sort of lucky charm as much as a person. Fio’O Zizzbitz did his best to watch over her and even tried to guide her when she was “muckin about”. He even gave her the rags she currently called a bed and the food she didn’t dare eat, dismissing her abysmal performance today with the reasoning of “You’z just used up all yer luck in dat scrap wiff da tau. You’z just needs ta recharge a bit, just like anything a proppa mekboy builds.” and a pat of his massive hand on her head before he hit his bed and immediately began snoring.

The tau’s downtrodden reflection of her day was brought to an abrupt end when she heard something lightly scraping and scratching at the slab of metal that passed for a door to Zizzbitz’s room. Gripping her spanner, the tau braced herself. If it was one of the smaller ones coming to assault her again, then maybe she could bludgeon it to death quick enough and gain some small morsel of approval amongst the other orks, and if it was a bigger one, then maybe she could throw her spanner at Fio’O Zizzbitz and rouse him before she was mercilessly slaughtered, a possibility she was always painfully aware of in this place. After a few beats, nothing seemed to happen, causing the tau to lower her guard a tad and slink towards the door in curiosity. When she had crawled close enough to the door to touch it, she leaned in to peer under the crack in the door and bringing her face to face with the culprit of the noise. She jumped back and landed on her rump, letting out a small “eep!” in surprise. It was one of those strange creatures that had licked her back on the colony, two legs and a mouth with a single horn and a tail, except this one’s body was about the size of her fist and it didn’t glow. It made a few chuffing noises as it sniffed the air and rooted about for food. The tau retrieved the bowl of mash that had been given to her and offered a spoonful of the stuff to the little creature. It jumped back in surprise much as she had done earlier, sniffing the spoon with caution, causing the tau girl to giggle softly.

“Come on, little guy.” she whispered in encouragement as she gently shook the spoon tantalizingly, careful not to wake the sleeping Zizzbitz. The diminutive beast took a few hops forward before stopping to eye her with suspicion. “You have to be brave if you hope to make it in this nightmare.”

The animal suddenly jumped forward and stuck the entirety of the spoon’s contents into its maw, gnawing and suckling greedily. The tau rewarded its daring with another spoonful of muck. This continued until the creature summoned enough courage to jump onto the rim of the bowl in the child’s lap and eat directly from the source. Once it had its fill, it curled up next to the tau drifted off to sleep. For some reason, the creature made her feel at ease, curled up and content beside.

“We both have to be brave, don’t we? Like a Shas’O fighting for the Greater Good!” she mused to the dozing critter as she lifted the spoon out of the bowl of food, inspecting its contents.

If her new friend could eat this stuff, then so could she! She had to be brave if she was going to live! The tau closed her eyes, wished that her nose was easier to plug, and shoved a spoonful of the vile sludge into her mouth. It tasted... not that bad, actually. It wasn’t great, but it was by no means the worst thing she had ever eaten. Then again, when one has been forced to eat dirt by the mouthful by bullies, one’s standards aren’t incredibly high. The small bite of food quickly reminded her gut of how little she had eaten since her ordeal and it growled angrily for more. Complying with her grumbling stomach, the tau quickly gulped down more and more of the food until she had emptied its contents. With a belly full of warm food and a brand new companion to see her through this ordeal, the child grabbed her friend and dragged her ragged blanket over the two of them as she lied down. The beast let out a small huff in protest to being jostled, but quickly fell asleep, as did the tau to the rhythmic snores of her guardian.

* * *

“Oiy! Get up! It’s time to get ta work!”

The tau stretched and yawned, it felt as though she was being roused awake again by Zizzbitz as soon as she had closed her eyes. But no matter! Today was going to be a good day! She felt confident and ready to take on any challenge that was thrown at her. Her animal companion awoke with her, scrambling up to take perch on the helmet that Zizzbitz had given her.

“Looks like you got yerself a squig dere.” Zizzbitz noted before heading out the door to the mek shop.

A squig. So that’s what her brave little Shas’O is she noted to herself as she scratched its chin. Shas’O Squig. That mystery solved, the tau rushed off to meet the day.

“So ‘ow’s me favorite blue grot doin’? Didja finally get yer luck back?” Zizzbitz inquired a few hours later, spotting the tau hunched over a gun in concentration.

“I just can’t get it to work!” She cried out, the same frustration she felt yesterday welling up inside her alongside her tears. Zizzbitz sighed.

“Well dat’s you’z muckin’ about again. All you’z gotta do is quit muckin’ about and get ta work!”

“But how do I do that?! I’m trying my hardest!” the tau called after him, but it was too late. Zizzbitz had already wandered off again to go run some personal errand or another. She let out an exasperated sigh. If she couldn’t figure something out and soon, she wasn’t sure how long her position as the Fio’O’s favorite would protect. She wasn’t even sure how long she’d retain that position if she couldn’t pull off something like that modified chainsword again. She attempted to remember how she did it, but try as she might, she just couldn’t. She had been acting purely on instinct then, grabbing whatever pieces she could near her and cobbling together in a fashion that seemed to fit. Sure, she recognized a few of the pieces as components from various tau mechanisms due to her time training in the workshop to be initiated, but that was the extent of her knowledge. There was no way she possessed the knowledge to do what she had done then. Lost in thought, her gaze scoured the mek shop. It wasn’t anything like the workshops she had been brought to on the colony. There was no consulting of manuals and no orderly assembly lines. Instead, there was a bunch of Earth Caste orks wandering to and fro at their leisure, arguing over this or that, and welding and wiring things however they pleased. Maybe that was the trick. She was an Earth Caste, just like them, building was in her blood! She just needed to stop over thinking it, grab a handful of bits, and stop mucking about and get to work! She cleared her mind and looked down on the mess of parts in front her. Awash in a state of serenity, the child’s hands began to move on their own accord...

“See, I told ya you just needed ta recharge!” Zizzbitz exclaimed proudly, clapping the child on the back and sending her sprawling. When she had recovered from the tumble, she noticed with surprise he was inspecting the gun she had been working on. She could hardly recall starting it, much less finishing it. She remembered that she had wanted to incorporate the firing mechanism and gyroscopic stabilizers of a pulse rifle and then... nothing, just a blank. Zizzbitz took aim and fired the gun, leaving a fried stump where the head of an ork who had been particularly cruel to the tau whenever he thought Zizzbitz wasn’t looking.

“An’ don’t let me catch any of da rest of ya tryin’ ta rough up me Blue again, or else I’ll krump ya just the same!” Zizzbitz shouted to the mass in front of him before handing the gun back to the tau.

Beaming proudly, the tau scratched her squig on the head “I think we might make it out of this one just yet, Shas’O.”

Original Greentext for Blue

Zizzbitz: “Oi! Wut's all dis now?”

Blue: “Huh? Oh, uh, b-boss! Well, this, uh, what was he called again?”

Zizzbitz: “E's a Nob, Blue. And e's lyin on da floor.”

Blue: “Right, about that. He, uh, well he tried to tell me what to do, so I...”

Zizzbitz: “You wut?”

Blue: “I... I krumped him good!”

Zizzbitz: “Dat's me gal!”

* * *

Zizzbitz: “Oi Blue, wot ya doin' wif dat shooty suit?”

Blue: “Oh, I found some guns on the ones that weren't wrecked, so I figured I'd slap them all on one suit and see how it works.”

Zizzbitz: “Huh? Why you doin' that?”

Blue: “...What do you mean, why? It needed more dakka...”

...

Blue: “Hey, boss, are you crying?”

Zizzbitz: “Dey grow up so fast on ya...”

* * *

Zizzbitz: “Wut's dis here, Blue?”

Blue: “I thought I'd help put together a truck!”

Zizzbitz: “But dis has chainswords on da front, da sides, and da back.”

Blue: “Well, I thought that instead of just being shooty, it could be choppy as well!”

Zizzbitz: “Blue, keep dis up and y'll be more've an ork dan any of da gitz here.”

* * *

Blue: "Look, Mr. Gretchen, all I need is for you to do this simple task for me."

Grot: "I ain't listening to you, you ain't no ork and I only take orders from orks."

Blue: "I'm trying to be nice, please just listen to what I'm saying."

Grot: "No, y' ain't an Ork, so I ain't listenin to anyfing you 'ave to say."

...

Grot: "I said no, ok?"

Blue: "Fine. C'mere ya git!"

Thump

Zizzbitz: "Ere Blue, wuts wit all dese ded Grotz on da floor?"

Blue: "That's what happens to anyone who says I'm not Orky, Boss."

Zizzbitz: "Oh Blue."

* * *

Zizzbitz: "Wut y' workin on Blue?"

Blue: "Well, I thought that most of your shooters were a bit too simple, so I decided I'd make them a bit more interesting."

Zizzbitz: "It looks like a normal shoota t' me."

Blue: "Ah, but see here, when it fires, it actually fires spinning blades! It's choppy as well as shooty!"

Zizzbitz: "Wow Blue. Is der anyfing you CAN'T do?"

* * *

Zizzbitz: "Now, dis one is Gork, and dis one is Mork."

Blue: "But sir, what's the difference between them?"

Zizzbitz: "Who's the teecher 'ere? Shurrup. Da diff'rence is dat Gork is brutally cunning, but Mork is cunningly brutal. Get it now?"

Blue: "I'm... Not sure I do..."

Zizzbitz: “Gork krumps ya when yer' not lookin', and Mork krumps ya so y' can't look at anyfin any more. Alright?”

Blue: “Yes sir!”

* * *

Blue: “Mr. Boss, sir?”

Urtylug: “Waddya want, Blue?”

Blue: “Well, I saw that you were discussing tactics for your next offensive, and that you were planning on just rushing into the enemy's stronghold, where it is best defended.”

Urtylug: “So?”

Blue: “It was just that, as I see it, that's not a very good plan.”

Urtylug: “Wut's wrong wid it?”

Blue: “It'd be suicide! Now, if you sent a small strike force in here, and attacke-”

Urtylug: “Blue.”

Blue: “Hold on sir, I just think going round a back-”

Urtylug: “BLUE.”

Blue: “It's just that I think the attack you're planning at the moment is, well, sui-”

Urtylug: “RIGHT. I've 'ad quite enuff of dat. Now you look 'ere Blue, we's been fru this loads o' times, but now we's goin' t' go fru it again. Wot is da Orky way?”

Blue: “Well, it's to go in shooting and chopping everything in sight.”

Urtylug: “And wot is NOT da Orky way?”

Blue: *Sigh* “Being sneaky and trying to outsmart the enemy.”

Urtylug: “EXACTLY. And don't you ferget it, or we's be havin' dis talk again. Now go and 'elp da mekboys or summat.”

Later

Nob: “So, boss, what we gunna do bout this attack on da humies?”

Urtylug: "Well, boyz, I wus thinking. 'Ow about we send a few boyz down this way and try catch em off guard."

Nob: "Brilliant boss, how'd you fink of dat?"

Urtylug: "Never mind 'ow. Now bugger off, all of ya gits."

* * *

Blue: "Mr. Boss, I see you've got that power claw there, and I had a little idea."

Urtylug: "Yeah? Wotizzit?"

Blue: I thought that perhaps you could, instead of only having one close range weapon and one long range weapon, you could put a shooter on TOP of the power claw, letting you have double the firepower! I asked the Mekboys, and they said it would work."

Urtylug: "Dat's. Dat's a good idea. Real good idea. But I can't do dat."

Blue: "Oh, you can, I made plans for it and everything!"

Urtylug: "No. I can't."

Blue: "But-"

Urtylug: "No, Blue."

Blue: "Why though?"

Urtylug: "Because if I did dat dere'd never be any humies left fer choppin!"

* * *

Ork: "Boss, boss!"

Urtylug: "What ya git?"

Ork: "Dah new gurl!"

Urtylug: "What about 'er ya git?"

Ork: "She's put mo dakka on ah wartrukz!"

Urtylug: "Wat?! 'Ow?! et me see dat. Blue, wat ya doin' wif dat wartruk?"

Blue: "Just making mo' shooty for dah boyz!"

Urtylug: "Wat? Ya jus' put a big ting on it? Dat'z not how ya do it!"

Blue: "But it's a railgun boss!"

Ork: "See wut I mean boss? She's gettin orkier by dah day."

Urtylug: "You's put a railgun on it? Dat's a real bad idea."

Blue: "Why, boss?"

Urtylug: "Well nows it can only go on da train tracks, when it could turn before."

Blue: *Sigh* "Oh Boss."

* * *

Urtylug: "Wot da zog are yous playin at, Blue? Wot da zog 'ave you dun ta my truk? Woss all dis gubbins here?"

Blue: "I replicated the Earth Caste Tetra's as best I could, I even polished the barrels and even managed to piece together some anti-gravity jets."

Urtylug: "But oi told yoo to make it fastah!"

Blue: "B-but it has everything a Tetra does and those far outclock any wheeled device and I worked really hard a-and I thought you'd like it a-and..."

Urtylug: "Oh blue, ya daft git. Da truk's dead orky but..."

Holds up a can of paint and a brush

Urtylug: "Da RED wuns is da fastest."

* * *

Zizzbitz: "Oi, Blue. Wot cha mukkin about wif?"

Blue: "Oh, I found this wrecked Earth Caste Builder and I thought I'd supe it up, and make it Orkier!"

Zizzbitz: "How's ya gunna make dat thing Orky?!"

Blue: "Well... I thought I'd add... um... teeth to it... and some bigger guns? It can also help me build!"

Zizzbitz: "So... it'z like a flyin' grot?"

Blue: "Yeah, but with the firing power of a Nob!"

Zizzbitz: “Zog me... keep up da good work, Blue!”

* * *

Zizzbitz: “Oi blue wut you doin’?”

Blue: “Well um... boss, I was looking at your ‘Rokkit Launchas’ and-”

Zizzbitz: “And roight proppa dey is.”

Blue: “Yes... 'proppa'. I was trying to modify some Fire Caste Cluster Missiles to-”

Zizzbitz: “Oi wut you on about?”

Blue: *sigh* “The Missiles shoot missiles boss.”

Zizzbitz: “So youze sayin' da dakka shoots MOAR dakka?”

Blue: “Yes boss.”

Zizzbitz: “Dats so zoggin beautiful.”

* * *

Nob: “Oi, Blue! Today ah'm gunna show ya' how to krump loike a real Ork!”

Blue: “B-but... I thought I'd just be building...”

Nob: “Wot do ya' think'll 'appen if some humiez or sumfing come and attack camp?! 'Ow are ya' gunna defend yurself?!”

Blue: “Well... I've been planning to set up Fire Caste gun drones around camp... so the ‘humiez’ won't be able to get to me.”

Nob: “Well... you can do dat, but I'z still gunna teach ya' how to krump proppaly!”

Blue: “Alright, I guess...”

Krumps the snot out'a group of Gretchin ta show Blue ow itz dun!

Nob: “Ya git it now?!”

Blue: “Y-yes sir...”

Nob: “Good, now ya' ready!”

Blue: “T-thanks sir...”

The Nob leaves and Blue goes back to fixing up the drones

* * *

Blue: “By the way Boss, I thought I'd let you know that I caught Gretchin trying to make off with my spanner.”

Zizzbitz: “Where iz da little grot! I'll kill 'im!”

Blue: “Oh, don't worry about it boss, it's not a problem.”

Zizzbitz: “You ain't goin' soft on me, are ye' Blue?”

Blue: “Maybe you should ask the Gretchin that, boss.”

Holds up a chopped off head

Zizzbitz: “Dat's ma li'l Blue!”

* * *

Zizzbitz: “Oi, wot's ya doin' wif dat red paint?”

Blue: “A little experiment to try enhance this gun I constructed.”

Zizzbitz: “But dat paint is fo' da trucks, ta make 'em go fasta.”

Blue: “Exactly. And that is why I will try and coat the firing mechanism in red. To enhance the rate of fire.”

Zizzbitz: “Wut?”

Blue: “Make da shoota go fasta, fo' mo' dakka.”

Zizzbitz: “Oi dun fink 'dis will work.”

Blue: “Why wouldn't it?”

Zizzbitz: “Yo' can't see da red in dere.”

* * *

Blue: “Zog it, I'm da luckiest grot dat ever lived! Once I bring a whole herd o me back ta camp, dere's no way the boss's WAAAGH can fail.”

Ethereal: “Now listen here, child-”

Blue: “Th'name's 'Blue', Da Blue Grot. ya lanky, wrinkly grot!”

Fire Warrior: “No one calls the Ethereal a grot y-you little...”

Ethereal: “Let it go, Shas'O, now listen here, ‘Blue’, you've been brainwashed by sick sick creatures, but our reeducation camps will help. They'll show you the Greater Good.”

Blue: “Waaagh!”

Fire Warrior: “There's no getting through to this one, I'm afraid...”

Ethereal: “Wait, is that an echo or... oh no! Orks!”

“WAAAAAAGH!”

Later

Zizzbitz: “Dere ya are, Blue.”

Blue: “Mek!”

Zizzbitz: “An' here I thought I wuz gonna be needin a new lucky charm.”

* * *

Blue: “Boss, boss, look at da new gun I scrapped together!”

Zzizbitz: “Dat's a wimpy gun! How can it dakka proper'y wit only one tube for da dakka to come out?”

Blue: “It don't shoot dakka. I adapted it from da Tau guns we stole when we krumped them.”

Zzizbitz: “Ah, dat was a good krumpin. Still, even der Grotz has more dakka dan da Tau guns, even do dey're dead-ard.”

Blue: “Boooosss, it don't shoot dakka. Watch dis!”

Blue pulls a lever, and the oversized railgun capacitors hum to full charge, emitting a worrying shower of sparks. Without warning there's a loud KATUNK and the railgun fires. The rough outline of a somewhat undersized warbike with tiny bolted-on wings and the accompanying sound of a gunning motor and screaming grot can be made out, the shape catching fire shortly after leaving the railgun barrel. In the far distance, the bike finally impacts into a small fireball on a distant hill.

Blue: “I still need ta fix da capacitors a bit so dey don't always burts inta flames, but whatcha think boss?”

Zzizbitz: *crying in happiness* “Dat is da orkiest fing I have ever saw.”

* * *

Blue: “Hey boss, ya know how yous always complainin' about dem monsters and all dat that occasionally pop out of da walls and stuff?”

Zzizbitz: “Yeah, dem daemony-things. They does offer a dead-ard fight, but da grotz get krumped by them right proper.”

Blue: “Well, I done messed around a bit with da force field on Boris, since da field flickers on and off anyhow. I also took dat Gelly-fieldy-thingy da Kommandos dun stole off dat humie ship and bolted dat on too, and looky what I made!”

Zzizbitz: “Dat just looks like another gun like whats da burna boyz uses.”

*Blue mashes a trigger, and the hum of part of a forcefield collapsing can be heard, accompanied by the screams of thousands of daemons being squeezed out of a narrow opening in a Gellar Field. The warp-monstrosities come out of the end of the mega-flamer barrel like a geyser, completely coating one of the hive spires in front of Boris with daemons.

Zzizbitz: “Dat's right shooty, but nows you've dun stopped us from krumpin dem beasties when they pop up in Boris.”

Blue: “Nope. Now dey krump da gitz shootin at Boris for us, and den our boyz can krump dem.”

Zzizbitz: “Dat... dat's right orky if I dun say so meself.”

* * *

Blue: “Mr. Boris?”

Boris: “WHAT IS IT YA BLUE GROT?”

Blue: “Well, I just noticed that in foights ya always seem to take a lot a damage.”

Boris: “YEAH?”

Blue: “An I was jus wonderan if your shield was working properly.”

...

Blue: “Mr Boris?”

Boris: “I GOTSA SHIELD?!”

Blue: *sigh* “Yes, sir you have a shield.”

Boris: “ZOG ME, NOW THAT'S ROIGHT ENMBERASSIN!”

What's an Ork?

“Whut’z an Ork?” Urtylug passes a grimy hand through his equally grimy mohawk, dusting the area with green particles. “Whut da zog iz dat suppose ta mean? An Ork iz an Ork. Datssit. Quit muckin’ about.”

* * *

“UV COURSE we know whut an Ork iz! An Ork iz not a grot! An’ we know dat ‘cause we iz an Ork uv course.” Threegrot sways in that weird way he always does, deflecting the question like he always does. “I-I mean, dat’s ‘cause I iz an Ork! Not we.”

* * *

“As da gud book sayz, furst, Gork an’ Mork made a buncha stuff, den a buncha udda stuff, an’ den made a whole load uv zog know wut so deir chozen onez had plenty ta loot and krump and stomp, so dey ken fight an’ win all day. An’ deir chozen onez will be da Orks, da biggest an’ da strongest.” Fizzgutz has his book open and his fingers tracing the lines of text, but he doesn’t look down once. “Iz as simple as dat. An Ork iz a chozen one uv Gork an’ Mork.”

* * *

“AN ORK IZ DA BIGGEST AN’ DA STRONGEST AN’ DA GREENEST AN’ DA TUFFEST AN’ DA MIGHTEST FING DERE IZ.” Boris booms overhead and gestures in a jerky manner, the railguns on his upraised arms misfire a little. “AN ORK IZ NO HUMIE, NO PANSYBOY, NO POINTY ‘EADED GIT. WE IZ PROUD AN’ STRONG AN’ GREEN—”

“But Boris, you iz red an’ yellow alluva.”

“SHUT UP YE GROT. I IZ GREEN AS MORK AND GORK DEMSELVEZ ON DA INSIDE.”

* * *

“Whut’z dis? Blue iz muckin’ about? Dat ain’t da Blue I know!” Tinka slaps my back none too lightly, knocking me over from where I’m sitting. “Get back ta work before I krump ya.”

“Hey, Tinka, what’s an Ork to you?” I say as I pick myself up.

“Not like you ta ask alla dese filsoff- filly- fillis- big kwesshuns neither. Ya look like a grot made off wid ya fav’rite shoota. Sumfin’ da madder?”

It may just be my imagination, but the Big Mek has a slight look of concern. I shake my head, “It’s nothing, I guess I just wasn’t feeling very Orky.”

“Now don’t say dat, Blue. You iz plenty Orky.”

“Well, I’m not very green, inside or out, I’m not big or tough, and I’m definitely not very strong. I’m a Tau. I’m like the opposite of an Ork. What am I even doing here?”

Tinka shakes his head, “Soundz like some git got up onna wrong side uv da bedroll an’ got pissed on by a squig. Listen ‘ere.” He sits down next to me and puts an hand on my shoulder. “An Ork ain’t just about bein’ big an’ strong an’ green an’ winnin’ an’ fightin’. Dose fings iz part uv it, yes, but da most important fing uv bein’ an Ork iz in ‘ere.” He jabs a finger into my chest, “Can ya feel the Waaagh inside you? Does it speak ta ya an’ tell ya ‘ow to fight an’ build an’ add even more dakka?”

“Yessir.”

“Den gud. You’z an Ork.” He gets up. “If dat part iz dere, I got no doutz about yer Orkiness.”

“Is that really it?”

“Da Waaagh is whut keepz da Orks taggedder. Da Waaagh iz whut drivez Orks ta fight an’ loot an’ krump. An’ Orks push da Waaagh fo’ward so it’z a cycle. If ya really got da Waaagh inside ya, yer as Orky as a Warboss I’d say.”

I vaguely remember someone else saying similar things, something about gue’vesa, and how they were to be treated with respect because they also served the greater good, or some nonsense like that. But that was different, the gue’vesa were not Tau and could never be considered Tau. But I am an Ork. And everyone else here is an Ork. Or a grot, but that’s beside the point. Maybe that’s why they had so much trouble articulating the difference between them and me. Because they didn’t see a difference.

“Now, whut’s da Waaagh sayin’ ta ya now, Blue?”

“That I should stop muckin’ around.” I get up and brush off my overalls. I suddenly remember there’s a Power Klaw that I wanted to work on.

“Dat’s my Blue. Go get ‘em.”

'Ow I Found Meself by Boris da Titan

Haz you ever got da feeling dat you neva truly knowz who you wuz until you found yerself?

When I saw dat big umie gargant dey called a titan, I'z didn't see no gargant. I'z could only see meself starin back from dat big shiny 'ead. I jus knew I 'ad to 'ave it. So while we'z was muckin about wiff dose spiky 'eaded Chaosboys, I wuz finkin up a way to get me to deir titan. To get me to meself. All da boys who wuz rushin it 'ead on wuz dyin like gits, so I knew dat'd neva work, I'd have ta be real craftylike if'n I wanted dat titan. So I'z did the cleverest fink I could fink of, I grabbed me a handfulla grots and started chuckin em at dem Chaosboys. After all da screamin an thrashin it caused, da lousy gits around me started tryin ta copy me genius plan, but it was too late, I wuz already inside da titan.

Da rest of da boys behind me set about clearin da titan out, lookin fer da next chaosboy ta krump, but not me. No, I'z had somfing greater den krumpin callin out ta me. Fizzgutz would say it was Gork 'imself upon me, but I wuzznt hearin da voice o' Gork, I was only hearin me own voice, whisperin inside dat big musheen, tellin me which path ta take, when ta hide meself, and which doors would open fer me. All da yellin an' fitin an' killin goin on around me didn't matter, only getting to da 'ead of dis big fink. An', after givin one o' dem daemons da slip, dere it was, da door dat would change me life foreva. I yanked it open an tore every last one o dem lousy umie gits inside ta gubbins fer even darin ta set foot inside me own ead like dat, and den, knowing I 'ad preshus little time, set about weldin da door shut. No otha boy was ever gonna set foot inside dis room agin. Not wiffout my permishuns.

I ignored da bangin an yellin outside an went back ta me prize. I sat down at da big chair an grabbed da controls, but somefing still didn't feel right an dats when I saw it: cables. Cables stickin outta da umie heads. Dat must be 'ow it's done. So'z I grabbed as many o' dem cables as I could from every single wunna da umies in dat room, sat back down in me big chair, an' plugged every single wunna dem into me 'ead an' dat's wen I felt it. I no longer needed ta WAAAGH, fer I wuz da WAAAGH. I no longer needed more dakka, fer I wuz more dakka. I no longer needed a right orky fort, fer I was a right orky fort. I wuz bigger den any ork could ever dare ta be.

I iz whole.

I iz home.

I iz Boris, an da path o' my destruction will know no end.

* * *

Blue sped through Boris' hallways as fast as her hooved feet would take her, diving and crawling through vertical shafts as often as she was running. It had been a few months since she joined up with the Scraplootas, though the exact length of time would've been hard for her to guess at. You lose track of silly things like time when you're an ork. All that matters is krumping gits and looting and she loved every second of it.

Back when she was still a tau, she was told that she deserved to be hit and called names and that she should just sit and take it. But now that she was an ork, she was allowed to call gits names back and hit as many lousy grots as possible. She had just finished sneaking past the boss and sneaking into his bosstower on top of Boris in order to talk to the giant ork himself and now she had something important to do. She leapt from an access corridor into one of the many marketplaces in Boris' legs, nicking some fungus beer from an inattentive grot as she did and downing it in one gulp.

She spilled out of the exit located in the feet and ducked between Rakkatrakks warbike races, making a note to come back and help them repair their warbikes and move the bodies once she finished her current chore. Finally, she reached her destination: Tinka's Mek Shop set up in the corner of Boris' Room. Once inside, she grabbed a few buckets of paint as she headed towards a room in the back labeled "Blue's Korner", minding to watch for all the tau gubbins the mekboys had dumped outside her door, seeing as she was the only one who seemed to be able to get them to work. She ducked inside and saw what she was looking for: a squig wearing goggles and sleeping in a bed next to a heavily modified gun drone. Above the squig's head was a small sign with the words "Shas'O Squig" written on it. Blue knelt down and scratched the squig at the little nubs where his jaw ended, waking him up and causing him to roll over in delight

"Hey, Shas'O." the little tau said, taking off her spiked helmet "First off, I just wanna thank ya for being there for me, ya lousy git."

The squig rolled over onto its feet and gave her face a lick, leaping into her arms.

"And next, I wanna say how I is sorry." The squig looked at her, puzzled.

"You's an ork, and I's been calling you Shas'O all this time. Back when I was a tau, that was tha name we gave our big heroes, kinda like how they call the Boss Titanloota." She explained. "And you was there for me back when I was a scared little git, so you was kinda like a hero to me..."

"Y'see, I's been talkin to Boris today, askin him about what he was before he was a titan, and you know he told me? He told me ta quit muckin about, 'cause he's always been a titan, he just didn't always know it." She opened up a bucket of paint and began to paint over the word 'Shas'O' and continued "And then it occurred to me. I's always been an ork, I just never realized it. Looting, screaming, making more dakka, and krumping gits, it's what I'm good at and it's I's love to do! So I'm gonna do what Boris said and quit all this Tau mockery right here. 'Cause I ain't a tau. I's an ork." She finished her painting.

"Whatta ya say to that, Mr. Squig?"

A rather peculiar ork, but an ork nonetheless, colored a shade of blue ran out of the Mek Shop, a squig riding an old tau gun drone in tow, her laughter echoing off the walls of the ship.

Shake!

“Shake.”

“Shake.”

“C’mon, shake!” The squig looked up at its owner, head cocked to one side in confusion. “Shake, zog you, shake!”

The squig rolled over, presenting its belly/chin for rubbing. Blue sighed.

“You’s zoggin terrible at this, Mr. Squig”. She chided, but fed him his treat and scratched his belly anyways, much to the squig’s delight.

‘Roll over’ was about the only trick she could teach the beast, so she figured she’d better reward him for it, lest he forget that one too. Maybe this just required a different approach, Blue reasoned to herself. Maybe just yelling at him until he did what she wanted wasn’t the way to go about things. Manually rolling Mr. Squig back into a standing position, Blue looked her pet right in the eyes, grabbing his face and redirecting the squiggly beast’s gaze to match hers as needed.

“Look at me, Mr. Squig – no, over here you git – now that’s a good Mr. Squig, now shake.” She grabbed one of his claws, lifting it up and down in the facsimile of a handshake. “Shaaake. That’s a good squiggly beast, just like that!” she fed him another bone to reinforce his rigorous training as she let go of his claw “Now shake for me Mr. Squig! Shake!”

The squig looked up at its owner, head cocked to one side in confusion. “Zog it, you git! Shake!”

Suddenly, something began to click in the small beast’s mind, and Blue could see his mental strain behind his beady little eyes.

“You can do it, boy! Shake!”

The squig raised a claw, looking down at it and at Blue’s outstretched hand, head snapping back and forth between the two objects as if to form some sort of connection between them.

“That’s it, boy! You’ve got it! Now shake!”

Mr. Squig suddenly jabbed his claw out to the side, far away from Blue’s hand, and began to spastically rattle his whole body back and forth, tail and tongue alike flapping with wild abandon from their respective ends. Mr. Squig was indeed shaking.

Blue fed Mr. Squig the rest of the bones she had on her. That was the best zogging trick she’d ever seen.

Happy LootWAAAGH

Blue loved working on ork machinery, unlike all the tau tech she was forced to muck about with when she was just a yoof. With the tau, everything had a place and there was place for everything. All the machinery they exposed her to was exactly the same and if anything was out of the ordinary, it was removed and destroyed. But not with orks. Here, she was allowed to unleash her imagination and let the WAAAGH guide her. Wires go here and here, and maybe over there, throw some gubbins on the outside, always put the sparky bitz next to the spinny bitz except for when you don't feel like it, and don't forget to throw on some toggledy pieces for good measure.

Despite this, today's events had left her confused and put her in a funk that not even the usually uplifting task of fixing up trukks could shake her of. She furrowed her brow and kicked the damaged vehicle in frustration. She shivered in the snow as her breath hung in the air and the smell of pine stung her nasal slit.

The Scraplootas had been hired again by that strange eldar git Vaedrisa to smash a bunch of humans on some icy planet for some reason or another; the specifics didn't really matter to Blue much. What did matter was that it meant that there was going to be a scrap. And not just any scrap, either. Today, they were supposed to have a sneaky scrap! Kaptin Urtylug had said that they were getting too predictable, that if they just kept dropping Boris on top of everyone that people would start to catch on. Instead, it was up to Tinka Zizzbitz, First Mate and Big Mek of the Scraplootas, to lead a small task force ahead of the crew and build a teleporter big enough to teleport a titan through. It was all going well enough at first, the team had touched planet-side without detection, they took out any Imperial Guard patrols without raising an alarm, and they even managed to find a clearing in the massive arctic forest they landed in to start on construction. Tinka himself had just put the finishing touches on the teleporting platform of the Big Zoggin' Borisporta when it happened: Space Marines! They dropped in from the sky like stormboys, laying waste to the unsuspecting orks below! Now, the Scraplootas were no strangers to space marines of all varieties, but usually the element of surprise was on their side. And endless waves of grots to drown them in. And a looted chaos titan. That titan usually made a bit of a difference, it did. Being down one titan and having two, maybe three, waves of grots with them at best, Tinka called the order to fall back.

Blue slumped against the battered truk, letting her mind wander and absentmindedly scratching Mr. Squig's head (much to his delight). The grots and mekboys were hard at work fixing up the various vehicles that carried their equipment and the orks as the few remaining kommandos stood guard around the perimeter. The knot of doubt that had plagued her ever since they ran away from the space marines still roiled in her stomach when her reverie was shattered by a gruff voice.

"Oiy! What's with dis muckin about den?"

Blue snapped to attention and looked up at Big Mek Zizzbitz. "Oh hey boss. I was just thinkin'..."

"Thinkin?! You's can do dat once we's done fixin' up dese trukks. We's right lucky we made it away from dem space marines, ya know." The Big Mek's eyes glossed over in the orkish equivalent of reflection "I s'pose we's got you ta thank fer dat."

“That’s just the thing!” Blue objected. She took a deep breath and sighed before continuing. “We’re orks right?”

“Well, we certainly ain’t eldar.” Tinka replied.

“And orks is made for fightin’ and winnin’, right?” That knot in her stomach tightened.

“You goin’ anywheres with dis?”

Blue ignored her misgivings and shouted “Well, did why the zog did we run away?!”

Tinka laughed heartily at Blue’s outcry before noticing her dejected look. With a grunt of exertion, he kneeled down on one knee and patted the other in invitation. He began as Blue clambered up.

“Now Blue, lissen up and lissen well, cuz I ain’t got time to say dis twice. What we’s did wasn’t runnin’ away, we was leggin’ it.”

Leggin’ it? This bothered the little mekgrot. She should know these kinds of things already if she was an ork. Sometimes it felt like the rest of the tribe was keeping secrets from her, but she knew it was just because she was still getting the hang of being an ork, even if she had always been one without realizing it.

“So what’s the difference between the two then?” She queried, determined to rectify her unorky ignorance to the concept of ‘leggin’ it’.

“See, runnin’ away is what twiggy little cowards like humies an’ eldar do when they’s tryin’ to get out of a fight, but leggin’ it is a right cunnin’ strategy orks use when bringin’ a fight to dem. It’s simple logics, see?”

“But why leg it at all when the fight was already there?”

“If we had fought when those space marine boys jumped us, it woulda been over afore we’s knew it. By leggin’ it, not only does an ork get ta determine if a fight is worth ‘is time, but ‘e gets ta draw it out into a nice an’ long scrap dat’s worth ‘is time, see?”

Blue scratched her chin in thought for a moment and then gave a single nod of affirmation. “Yup! I think I gots it, anyways.” Before Tinka could react, Blue quickly wrapped her arms around her Big Mek as best she could in a stealth hug. “Thanks boss, you’re the best!”

“Zog it, Blue, we’s got work ta do! Dese trukks ain’t gonna repair themselves an’ we still gotta build da otha half of dat Borisporta when we move out.”

Blue let out a huff as she clambered down from her perch. “I wish we could just build the zoggin’ thing now and slap the two halves together when we get there.”

No sooner than her hooves had touched the snow and she was being hauled up and slung about jubilantly by Tinka. “Zog me, Blue! Dat’s brilliant! Just slap da two halves togetha! Dat’s exactly what we’ll do! I’s gotta get ta work right away to finish dis in time... gonna need some real flash bits to get this ta work right...”

Blue had been unceremoniously plopped back down in the snow as Tinka hobbled off as fast as his peg leg would take him to make preparations for the construction of the second half of the Big Zoggin’ Borisporta.

Blue looked down at her pet squig and smiled as she crawled under the truk. “Well Mr. Squig, it looks like we got some work ahead of us!” It was a good thing too, Blue had some ideas on how to make the trukks and battlegons go faster in this snowy landscape...

* * *

“Well?! What were those foul greenskins building here?!” The space marine sergeant barked at the techmarine inspecting the orkish construct. Assault Marines stood ever vigilant against the orkish menace as Imperial Guardsmen complemented their numbers.

“With orks, it’s impossible to say...” The techmarine responded, still investigating the mystery in front of him. “It could be some new sort of weapon, it could be some sort of altar to their heathen gods, or it could be nothing at all. Orks are frustratingly unpredictable; especially those of this blasted Karib Sector.”

“It seems to have nothing attached to it and no identifying markings, save that odd emblem in the center... could it be possibly be some tribute to the ruinous powers?” The sergeant mused.

“Wait one warp-damned minute...” A guardsman interrupted. “I think I’ve seen that mark before... Maybe on a voxcast?” The guardsman leaned in to get a closer look at the emblem, a rough etching of the head of an Emperor-Class Titan with a wrench and scrap metal forming an ‘X’ behind it in the fashion of a Jolly Roger. “Dammit, why can’t I remember where I’ve seen that emblem?”

Suddenly, the realization hit the hapless guardsman like one hundred Baneblades.

“By the Throne! We need to destroy this damned thing right away!”

“Not until we learn what it does and why those orks came here, guardsman.” The marine sergeant replied. “Long have orks been a blight upon this sector and until we find out why they are so prolific in the Karib, they will continue to be so. You have my permission to shiver in fear away from our work.”

“No, you don’t understand!” The guardsman stood his ground “This is the emblem of-”

Just then, the assembly was interrupted by a cacophonous hooting of various orkish war cries, from “’Ere we go, ‘ere we go, ‘ere we go!”, to “ORKS ORKS ORKS ORKS!”, as well as the tried and true “WAAAGH!” all of which was punctuated by one particularly swarthy voice amplified by voxcaster, shouting “A Scraploota pays fer nuthin!”. The orks had welded all of their trukks and battlegons together to form a massive transport platform as the mekboys continued the final stages of construction

of the second half of the Big Zoggin' Borisporta. Wherever the platform wasn't held together by scrap metal, it was fastened in place by hapless grots, not to mention all the vehicles had their tires replaced by skis to increase speed. Space marine and Imperial Guardsmen alike could only gawp with awe at the abomination of circuitry and steel barreling toward them

"-the Scraplootas." The guardsman finished with dismay.

* * *

Warboss Urtylug Titanloota sat proudly in his Boss Tower atop Boris as he watched the combined forces of guardsmen and space marine scattered by the might of his orkish titan from his viewscreen. He took a moment to drink in the carnage before him (as well as a sip of his drink) before regarding his First Mate standing next to him.

"Mighty fine work of ye, Zizzbitz. Gonna make da lootin of dat city all da tastier, dis ambush will." He finally said, enjoying the taste of freshly ground squig-coffee as well as the taste of victory.

The Big Mek nodded at his Warboss. "Weren't nuthin, boss. I 'ad luck on me side." He threw a wink to the blue grot who was too absorbed in the massive battle below to listen to the exchange. He surprised Blue with a clap on her back as he pointed towards a mass of fleeing guardsman.

"Now THAT, Blue, is runnin' away."

* * *

"I just don't understand it." Zielt moaned as the craftworld observed the butchery their orkish mercenaries were dealing the humans below. "Where did that even come from?"

"Battlesleds..." Farseer Vaedrisa muttered, chewing "Battlesleds and teleporters..." She smiled briefly as she rose from her seat. "You sound almost disappointed that our unlikely allies have won out against all odds yet again, Zielt. This 'Blue' specimen surprises me yet again. It is an... unfamiliar feeling. Regardless, the human city will soon be rubble and the Craftworld buried beneath – and its soulstones – will be ours. The means by which we accomplish this matters not." With an exaggerated flourish of her cloak, she began to leave the war room. She paused for just the briefest moment to add "Besides, I think we can all agree that these Scraplootas should prove most interesting to observe over the next few centuries." and leaving without giving Zielt the chance to talk back to her, much to the Warlock's frustration.

End of Collection 1

Continued in '*Two Tribes – A Grotocracy Story*'

If you have enjoyed this, but haven't read anything about the Scraplootas before, make sure to check out their page at:

<http://www.1d4chan.org/wiki/Scraplootas>