



SCRAPLOOTAS

COLLECTION 4

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Welcome to Krampus Bay

Hey hey hey, look at the newbie here. I could tell from a mile away you ain't from around here. What drags you to our little ass end of the galaxy? No wait, lemme guess: Warp Storm? Figured as much. No one comes to this sector willingly. Well let me be the first to officially welcome you to Krampus Bay, the ass end of the galaxy. Get used to it, though, 'cuz you'll be here for a while. Why, you ask? Well, 'cuz that pretty little merchant vessel you dragged in is currently getting scrapped by Lazlo's junkers. Don't bother rushin' back for it now, they'll just gun you down. See, you made the first mistake of Krampus Bay: you took something at face value. You saw a dock and thought it was a dock and NOT a chop shop. Big fuckin' mistake 'round these parts, that. Well, since you're here to stay for a touch, may as well give you a rundown of what you're up against. Wouldn't want a fine upstanding businessman like yourself falling prey to the rabble of this station city thing.

What IS Krampus Bay exactly? No one much knows, to be honest. Some say it's an old hollowed out Craftworld. Others say it's even older than that and built by those robot fucks. Others say that Krampus Bay is Krampus Bay in the future sent to the past thanks to the Warp. Some even say it's what was left over from the last universe before everything went to shit. All anyone knows for certain is that the orks found it first. They flooded in and were able to get it running. Well, running as far as an ork was concerned. Freebooterz used it as a hideaway back when Karib Sector wasn't quite so crazy. Now, it's just the capital of crazytown.

Speaking of orks, we got all types here. Booterz, looterz, rooterz, and even tooterz. Lighten up, it's a joke! But seriously, we got a lot of orks. So throne-damned many. All tribes get a fair shake out here and, some god out there thought this sector wasn't bad enough, so he made the orks especially crazy. Take the Green Mile, for instance. Great big wide stretch of corridors, that one. Shit twists and turns and is about as easy to navigate as space hulk with your eyes closed. Naturally, the orks race down it. All the fucking time. Don't even stop or start much, either, they just declare a winner every so often. Shit, you drive a truck down the Green Mile, a race'll spring up around you. Just be sure to be well armed. Anything goes down there. The only time the Green Mile is remotely organized is for the WAAAGHline. What's that, you ask? You're gonna love this one. Every four years, don't ask me how orks keep track, but they do, every four years all the best racers get together and just go at it for like three fucking days. Craziest, shootiest, blastiest, flashiest race you will ever see, with plenty of betting and fungus beer for everyone. Everyone that lives, anyways. Shit is deadly out there. Anyways, the orks mostly stick to their wards, Teeftuga, I think they call it, save the occasional enterprising business ork what wanders this way to scrape a few teef off of us humies with some trades.

Word of advice, stay away from Little Commorragh. 'S'where all the Dark Eldar call home and trust me, you do NOT want to trifle with that shit. Makes gangers look like little kids. They'll kill you as soon as look at you. And never, and I mean NEVER, take a loan from a Deldie, either. The things they do to people who don't pay up will make you wish they killed you when they looked at ya. FNFF is good shit, though. That'd be Friday Night Flesh Fight. See, those creepy torture fetish fucks love to make these gross flesh monsters, they call 'em Grotesques, and they'll pit them against each other, against slaves, against Dark Eldar. They'll pit anything against anything, really. Pay your entry fee and stay away from shifty looking knife ears and the fights are worth it, especially if you catch two Deldies or a Deldie and a regular Eldar going at it. Oh yeah, we got regular Eldar, too. They're mostly those

corsairs you no doubt heard all those horror stories about, being a merchant vessel crewman and all. Well, former merchant vessel crewman. They're just as insufferable as any eldar, really, so I usually just leave 'em the Warp alone. Scuttlebutt says there's one of those Craftworlds lurking around somewhere, but I don't really give a shit. If it doesn't go on in Krumpus Bay, I don't much give a shit. Apparently one of them Deldar gangs was lookin' to sack it, but then they just up and disappeared, so I don't much know what that was about.

Huh? Oh, that? Of course you'd be interested in that. It's one of them Space Marine Battle Barges. Warp spat 'em out a few centuries back in shit condition and they got so rage drunk by this festering pile of heresy that we call home that they thought to purge it. Crashed their ship right into the damn hull of Krumpus Bay and just marched right in. I heard they lasted a good few years, too. Ain't much left of them but their ship, though. It's the Litany of Folly now, to mock all them dead marines what thought they could take Krumpus Bay. The Rogue Traders have set up shop there, takin' it up as their own little resort. Heard they got some nice digs, not that either of us will ever know. Oh please, if you and your merchant buddies weren't rich enough to deserve proper docking, you'll never see the Litany of Folly.

So I guess that's about it. Thrones, teef, or barter will get you everywhere here and if you need shit fixed or some fancy new gubbins, there's a handful of those servitor arm guys scuttling about as well as plenty of mekboys. I'd go with the mekboys, personally. Indiscriminate bashing seems to do a better job than incense and saying pretty please with oil on top. Just remember, nothing in Krumpus Bay is for free. Speaking of which, that was a throne damned mouthful of intel I just dropped on you, so unless you want me to fry your kneecaps and sell you to a Deldie, I'd cough up a few thrones if I were you...

* * *

Author Notes:

I also left out a bunch of other stuff I wanted to save for other potential stories.

Like that time when tens of thousands people died killing each other over a Jokaero that ended up on Krumpus Bay. It turned out to just be a monkey with goggles strapped on its face.

Or that part of the ship where feral children and renegade grots fight an eternal territory war in the ducts and access tunnels too big for regular people. The kids are maybe led by a midget or ratling king, I haven't ironed out the details quite yet.

A Krampus Bay Outing

Port side, Krampus Bay, right outside Teeftougua. A moderately sized shuttle broke away from a Space Hulk that orbited the bay. As it drew closer, curious eyes saw that it bore the emblem of the Scraplootas, a spanner and a bent strip of metal behind the front of some truck engine with headlight eyes and teeth. The shuttle landed in front of one of the safe ports, the grot on duty giving the shuttle a nod and a salute as the engine cut off. The Scraplootas rarely visited Krampus Bay, and thus did not have a designated docking area like the other big players in the sector, but they did have allies amongst the denizens they could trust fairly well. And they never had to fire on any parts of the bay itself, yet. At least not from their Space Hulk.

The door to the shuttle opened, a ramp extended, and down walked four nobbs, a really skinny Weirdboy, a shrub, and a handful of grots.

The biggest one had a looted commissar's cap and was draped in a likewise looted Ethereal's robe. He didn't carry many weapons, save for a very large revolver at his waist and a decently sized chainchoppa, practically ceremonial by Ork standards. With bandoliers of mugs and two serving grots on his back, it was fairly obvious this Ork was serious business, for fighting, for interspecies interactions, and for a good cup of squig tea or coffee. His serving grots waved Scraplootas banners halfheartedly as he descended. This was Urtylug "Titanloota" Dursnik, leader of the Scraplootas. He looked noble, refined, even. Definitely by ork standards, almost by other more exacting standards. As both Warboss and Kaptin, he was particular about his titles, and calling him a Warboss offworld and vice versa was asking for a good krumpin'. In floating space station places like Krampus Bay neither on world nor off, the distinction was at best blurry, so generally it was best to call him something along the lines of Warboss Kaptin or Kaptin Warboss or da Boss.

Next to Urtylug was his right hand Ork, the Big Mek Tinka Zizzbitz. A first mate of sorts, Zizzbitz dealt with all of the technical bits that running such a technologically sophisticated tribe required, or at least did it by proxy when he couldn't be zoggled to do it himself. He had a powereye and wielded a powerklaw, which currently lofted a chest marked "GUBBINZ N BITZ." His arm underneath was intact, the chest was just so large and heavy that it required augmented strength or a bunch of grots to carry, and Zizzbitz wasn't about to trust a bunch of gits to his box of loot. At his belt he only carried an orange transparent kutlass with a chainblade, its bits were flashy and they probably zizzed a whole bunch when the kutlass was running. On his other shoulder sat a grot. A careful observer would notice that this grot was Blue, had a nasal slit like a Tau, had large Tau-like eyes, had hooves like a Tau, had the body shape of a female Tau, held a Tau Fio'la spanner in her hand like a Tau would, was wearing a squighide jacket that she made herself, and was definitely a grot. The kind of grot that aided a Big Mek in all of his duties loyally or got krumped. She didn't look like she got krumped much, and the Big Mek seemed to tolerate a lot of mischievous mucking about by this grot. Said grot was now trying to clamber onto Zizzbitz's head for a better view with minimal comment from the Big Mek.

On Urtylug's left side was a Kommando. Draped in a tarp, he carefully surveyed the area the way only experienced trackers and hunters did. Or at least, he looked around quite slowly and his nose had an itch. He spat out a small pebble or a tooth chip. It was hard to tell, because this was Rockeata, a moniker that was both literal and figurative, as he was as patient as erosion and as sneaky as an

avalanche. And he ate rocks. It was rumored his waste matter could potentially be used as a dense, possibly red to maroon in color, building material, but horrible realization would never dawn on him, mostly because you can't be too bright if you go around eating rocks in the first place, so the literal application of a metaphorical turn of phrase was completely avoided. But if you wanted long winded stories about past missions and skirmishes that may never have happened, these were unavoidable. He was sneaking them in under his breath all the time. Urtylug's finest Kommando, Rockeata Brugg was a ded sneaky when he needed to be, and when he wanted to be, and when he wasn't really trying, but he just looked out of place in the sprawl of Teeftougua. Perhaps you would argue that this was one of his better tricks. It was much easier to blend in than stand out in this sort of place after all. Maybe that was what he wanted you to think. ...He still ate rocks.

Behind Urtylug was Fizzgutz Da Klerik, the Weirdboy Threegrot, and a shrub of dakka.

Never mind that in the desolate shantytown environment of Teeftougua even the toughest weeds were withered and pitiful, this shrub looked well watered and large enough to hide a nob inside. It also apparently grew fresh dakka. Whenever a grot tried to pick one of the dakka fruit, the shrub also grew a boot to kick the grot. The shrub would then grow Snekkit's head and yell at the grot for disturbing his foliage. Snekkit was the second in command of Urtylug's Kommandoz, and was doing his best to be a notable swashkrumper, just like Urtylug himself. He actually had more successful missions than Rockeata, but no one was keeping track; Snekkit volunteered for every mission, no matter how many he was already on, and half of them were suicide missions anyway so they didn't count. He had a soft spot for Blue, mostly because she was blue though he had made attempts to paint parts of her a nice violet, and brought her on the missions she could attend, much to her delight and Zizzbitz's eternal vexation. There were rumors that Snekkit was never the same after they landed on that Necron Tomb World many cycles ago, but Snekkit wouldn't know what you were talking about. Another suicide mission? Sure sign him up.

Fizzgutz Da Klerik was dressed in robes and held a large chained tome about indoor plumbing and animal husbandry while Titanbound (and you) that someone had carved "DA BUK" into the cover of. He was constantly surrounded by grots, for he was the Scraplootas' grot herder, though the grots often seemed to be herding him. Every so often he'd pick a grot at random to throw Da Buk at to keep them in line. The grot would just dodge Da Buk, pretend to get hit anyway, and then make sure Fizzgutz got it back. The nob really should be throwing something around that he was chained to in the first place. Da Buk contained the holy scriptures of Gork and Mork, or so Fizzgutz assumed, as he was illiterate and he considered reading unorky, as it was. It didn't stop him from opening the book, pointing at some line or other, and then preaching the ways of Gork and Mork, never once looking down at the page. The grots would politely clap each time he finished and he would wipe his face of any hanging spittle with the pages. He was also a recruiter of boyz, quite impressive actually. He'd take the ones that were mucking about and hit them with Da Buk while reciting something or other incoherent and then the grots would help add the boy to the press gang. Thus the hapless recruited Ork would be impressed twice fold. The grots also did their own sort of recruitment as their numbers mysteriously swelled over time, but Fizzgutz didn't notice. And the grots don't matter anyway. They don't count.

Finally, Threegrot was just there, the first Weirdboy (who was totally a Weirdboy and not like three Weirdgrots standing on each other's shoulders) that Urtylug saw in the ship. It was helpful to have Weirdboy support in case something went pear-shaped, just so Urtylug could fight weird with weird or weirder. That was tactics. Urtylug could only be matched this way, never beaten. The Warboss never

noticed that the first Weirdboy (definitely an actual Weirdboy) he saw every time he went looking for Weirdboys (really real Weirdboys) was Threegrot (who was definitely not a fake Weirdboy), but that was probably expected of a busy Kaptin like him. Threegrot knew though. Dressed in a trench coat, he lurched around like three Weirdegrots standing one on top of the other. But of course he was not actually three Weirdegrots standing on each other's shoulders. Something like that would be way too ridiculous and definitely wouldn't happen. Sure, thousand foot tall Ork Titan named Boris wasn't too silly, but Threegrot actually being three grots? Ridiculous. Most people didn't even notice Threegrot, as hard to not notice a skinny Weirdboy that grumbled from chest and hip level and occasionally produced small zaps of energy from his limbs and eyes and chest and hips.

Today was the Scraplootas day in town. Urtylug was looking for work, Zizzbitz wanted to talk some shop and trade for flashy bits, Fizzgutz was out to recruit and preach, and Blue wanted to look around. It was only the second time the Scraplootas had been to Krampus Bay since she joined them. The first time she hadn't left the space hulk as she was still trying to get used to being an Ork. Today she was all eyes and ears, taking in the sights, breathing deep, and then coughing whatever it was that she just breathed in back up.

Fizzgutz was the first to break away from the nobs and about half of the grots dispersed with him. Any boyz who were muckin' about and would hear the word of Da Buk and was smaller than Fizzgutz was applicable for recruitment into the Scraplootas front line. Strangely enough, these days there were boyz that actively joined.

Zizzbitz and Blue parted ways at the edge of the merchantile area. There was a new sparky bitz bazaar there that Zizzbitz wanted to check out that had sprung up since the last time they were there. It wasn't so volatile that it had gone up in a massive fireball or imploded or anything yet, so it had to be somewhat legitimate. Blue of course went where her mount went, though she looked longingly at the shrub. As much as she looked forward to the sparky bitz, she wanted to see how Urtylug did business in Krampus Bay. Oh to be a fly on the wall, or a grot underfoot...

So Urtylug's retinue Rockeata, Threegrot, and the shrub, which grew boots when it needed to get places. Sometimes Snekkitt's head also poked out of the top when he wanted a better view. There were also grots, but the grots didn't count.

* * *

Teeftougua Merchantile Zone, named by some git, was a chaotic hot mess of stalls, shops, restaurants, slums, and schizophrenic urban planning. The second largest market in all of Krampus Bay, there was buying and selling and trading and bartering, with a dash of robbery and fighting, as far as the eye could see. Of course, considering how cluttered the place was, it made the depths of a hive world look spacious and open, the eye couldn't exactly see very far. Here rogue traders rubbed elbows with rogue Orks and rogue Eldar alike. There were also the rouge traders, Orks, and Eldar, but the less that was said about them the better. Grots and all sorts of feral children ran amongst the stalls and shops, slitting coin purses, swiping loose teef, and lifting valuables when possible. There was a beat to the whole business, like the teeming market was an organ of some sort, blackened by soot and fatty due to misuse, but thriving. This regular pulse quickened with the Scraplootas' arrival. Heads turned as Urtylug passed. His name and his tribe's name cut through the stalls like a hot chaincutlass in some soft humie git.

Urtylug breathed deep, and then swallowed. Now this was the stuff. This was nostalgic. Walking in with his best boyz, causing a small commotion, eventually finding a job in the middle of setting the place on fire... Good times.

Of course nowadays, he couldn't walk in with all of his best boyz because there were too many, and one of them was a thousand times larger than the rest of the boyz. And this wasn't so much a commotion as an uproar. Some of the more cowardly gits actually closed up shop as he approached. Others brought out their finest wares. The Scraplootas name was outright shouted as he walked pass. And even so, though sorely tempted, he really didn't want to start a fire when he could just as easily order a Boris air strike.

The times changed. Urtylug's hat and cloak was a testament to that. He could technically declare Waaaargh on anything in the sector and have a right go at it. He had the boyz, he had the teef. ...Was this Orky? Were these the things that an Ork thought? Why wasn't he the underork anymore? Why wasn't everything a fight now? Nobs barely even challenged him for the position of Kaptin anymore. Was that right? Maybe these were unorky thoughts, maybe some of his boyz would shake their heads if they knew what he thought sometimes. After all, the reason he was here was downright unorky to begin with.

This visit to Krumpus Bay wasn't because the Scraplootas were hard up on teef or anything, it wasn't a fight to stay alive. Far from it. The Scraplootas were rolling in the ivory, painful as that was to do. They couldn't spend it fast enough without jettisoning it off. Urtylug just thought it was poor form to be mucking about without a thing to do. Picking fights and buying fights in the sector began to really feel like mucking about. The Eldar Farseer who had supplied them with much of their work had been recently distant. The pointy-headed git actually hadn't responded to any of Urtylug's recent hails, despite the previous enthusiasm she had expressed for all things Orky, or at least all things Urtylug. It was a damn shame, but perhaps it was time they parted ways anyway. There weren't any Dark Eldar left to krump in the entire sector. The Scraplootas had checked twice, and even krumped a few empty bunkers just in case. Anything that the Eldar would want from them now would be secondary to Craftworld business.

The thought of paying the Craftworld a visit to see if the Scraplootas couldn't rack up protection teef had occurred to Urtylug. But he had no idea where the Eldar were now to begin with, and well, again, they weren't hard up on teef or anything. No point in antag- antagan- antago- being a backstabbin' git to those who had previously treated him well.

The main issue with this luxury was that idle hands were the playthings of mutinies. Urtylug knew this all too well, having participated in several. He wasn't above krumpin' his own boyz when they got out of hand, but he really would rather to have them be krumped by some other force. A good Warboss was always fightin' an' winnin' but it was best when your boyz were fightin' an' winnin' too. This was probably a factor in why Urtylug didn't suffer from more insurrections than he would have otherwise with the amount of boyz he regularly recruited and then dispensed of. Planning for the future. Thinking past the next krumpin', the next fight. ...Maybe it was unorky to think this way. But didn't this sort of unorky forward thinking made him a better Ork? Wasn't it cunnin'? And he was facing unorky circumstances. He needed a job. He needed an outpost to raid or a Waaagh to attend or humies to betray or this was just an unorky social visit to an old friend.

Urtylug found his connection sitting at an open bar, or at least as open a bar as you could have in this claustrophobic market. The git was getting as hammered as an Ork could get without a proper mallet.

"Gork be praised, Urtylug!" The drunkard that called out to the Kaptin had large graying sideburns that ended at his chin. He was smoking a squigar and had a dirty looking cap with a round brim, and was dressed in brown and green camouflage.

Urtylug tipped his hat in response and walked closer, "It's been squig years, Gibz Kaztrukk. 'Ow've ya been?"

"Ha, been muckin' about. It's da same ol' fing out here in Teeftougua." Kaztrukk had his band of Freebootaz dissolved into the Minnitboyz many bad moons ago, before they were the Scraplootas. Kaztrukk had saw potential in how Waarkton did things, and, being an enterprising Ork, retired as Kaptin to become an adviser for a while before taking his leave to find his fortune in Krumpus Bay. Perhaps he was unorky, but not many Orks lived to Kaztrukk's advanced age. He was fightin' and winnin' in his own way. "'Ow are da boyz?"

"Oh, dey be fine. Too much muckin' about fer my likin'." Most of Kaztrukk's boyz were lost in taking the Titan, but Urtylug wasn't about to tell Kaztrukk that.

"I 'ear ya got a titan now? Dat right? Yer da 'Titanloota' now?"

"Dat's right. Nice soundin' title, eh?" The retinue was starting to draw a few looks. Especially at Snekkit's shrub and Threegrot.

"Sure, if ya like trouble. Why not scrap dat fing fer a proppa Orky Gargant?"

Urtylug shook his head, "Mebbe we do like trouble. Anyhow we made it proppa Orky. It even finks it's an Ork. It is an Ork. An' it's da Scraplootas' signature now. We land, we brin' in Boris, boom, dey know it's da Scraplootas. An' if dey don't know, dey know fer next time." He punctuated these points by pounding the bar hard enough to leave an impression. That certainly drew attention.

"Aye, dose stories end up 'ere. Though dey ain't always attached to yer name. Ya give dem pointy-headed emoboyz and dem Chaos gits major grief."

"Dat's da fing. Dey get really zoggin' mad when dey see Boris. It's da bes feelin'." Urtylug smiled and looked fondly into the distance.

"Oi ken drink ta dat!" Kaztrukk raised his squigbeer in a toast, which Warboss answered with a swing from his own mug. After nearly choking on the squigar that he didn't take out of his mouth before drinking, Kaztrukk asked, "So, whutsa great big git like you doin' in a place like dis?"

"Oi came to ask if ya 'eard anyfin..." Urtylug looked left and right to see if anyone was paying attention, before leaning in.

* * *

A party of Orks a table away was certainly paying attention.

"I'm zoggin' sure it's dem." The biggest one pointed at the flag that one of the grots on Urtylug's back was idly holding, a crude representation of the Scraplootas insignia on it. "Dey is da ones dat blew our ship to zog."

"We ken krump dem, dey got less boyz den us."

"Shaddup. I make da ordahs around here." The biggest Ork smacked his subordinate in the back of the head, sending the smaller Ork face down into the grime that made up the bar's floor. "I say we need ta do sum re-kon-er-since. Grotbrain," He motioned at the smallest one of his boyz, "Go see if dey got anyfin' up dere sleeve."

Grotbrain took a good look at the Scraplootas and then turned back, "Dey don't got sleeves, Biggutz sir. 'Cept da skinny boy. But I fink he only got arms unda dere. Noffin' ta report."

Biggutz put his face in his non-mechanical palm "It's a zoggin' expres-expressh- sayin'. Now git."

Grotbrain was only slightly larger than a grot, and had no trouble surreptitiously edging closer to the gathered Scraplootas which were still surrounded by grots despite the fact that the grots were insignificant to the story. As they were to all stories.

The subordinate, Whaddagit, picked himself up, "Oi, Biggutz, whut's da problem? Dere's only two nobs, a shrub, a skinny boy, an' a bunch o' grots. An' I don't fink dat skinny one 'as much fight in him. Or much anyfin' really."

"Shaddup. I ain't takin' no chances wid dese sneaky gits." Biggutz saw Grotbrain walking back, confused. "What didja fink, Grotbrain?"

The smaller nob scratched his head, "Sorry boss, I gotta go check on mah oven. I fink I left it on before I left da ship."

"What da zog are ya talkin' about? We ain't got no oven on da ship." Biggutz paused, "We ain't got no ship neither." It was blown to zog.

Grotbrain shrugged helplessly, "I dunno boss, just gotta do it. Can't 'ave da ship blowin' up." The ship that had already been blown to zog.

Biggutz scratched his chin as he watched Grotbrain wander off. The git was going to get a good krumpin' later, but he couldn't figure out what just happened. Then he felt it. Three pairs of eyes bore into the side of his head. The skinny one was staring straight at him. Must have been a Weirdboy. It suddenly made sense.

He beckoned for a serving grot to come over, flicking a toof at him. "Go and bother dat skinny git fer me."

The serving grot immediately dashed off, only to find himself oddly perplexed. He wandered back to the bar and asked the bartender if they had an oven and if it was on.

Biggutz took this as confirmation, "Dem gits brought a Weirdboy wid them. Don't get too close ta da skinny one." He picked up his looted bolter, "Now let's go krump dem good."

The twenty or so Orks sitting at his table started to cheer, but Biggutz cut them short. They finished with a quieter cheer and picked up their weapons.

* * *

Rockeata glanced behind himself with a rock he had chewed flat and shined with spit. It was hard to make out anything in the rock, but twenty or so Orks had a hard time hiding, especially when moving as a mob.

"Warboss Kaptin, dis iz remindin' me uv da time we was dealin' wid them Chaos gits on dat tentacly world. Da one with the roight gits dat--"

Urtylug raised a hand at Kaztrukk and then made a swiping motion at neck level, "Toime ta make yerself scarce, Kaztrukk. Trouble."

"Oi ken fight! Bin ages sshince oi had a good krumpin'."

"Aye, and dey'd krump you. An' yer no good krumped. 'Sides, yer skunked like a grot swimmin' inna squigbeer barrel."

Kaztrukk raised a finger at Urtylug and tried to tap his nose, "Oi'll meet up wid ya later den at da sshafe 'ouse?"

"Sure, iffin ya git outta 'ere in one piece."

"S'easy. Oi got ca-me-o-flag." He pointed at his brown and green patterned clothes, "Watch."

Kaztrukk picked up the bar stool he had been sitting on. It ripped free from the bar with a metallic crunch. He then proceed to sidestep out of the bar area while everyone watched, giving a final wink at Urtylug before stumbling into the crowd, still holding the bar stool.
Dat git.

Urtylug was then surrounded very quickly by a large number of other gits. He sipped from his mug in an unhurried fashion before giving it back to one of the grots for safekeeping.

"Ken oi help you?"

"Youse da big Warboss den? Uv da Scraplootas?" The standing Ork placed an arm around Urtylug. As mockeries of friendly gestures went, this one would be more convincing if the arm wasn't shaking. Well, they were about the same size at least. Might not turn out too terrible.

"Aye, an' Kaptin. Dats who oi am. What's it to you gits?" Urtylug very carefully gestured for his mug again, keeping both of his hands in plain sight. For a second there he was worried. But if this was the git they were all following...

Biggutz nodded. "S'dangerous bein' a hoity toity Warboss Kaptin inna place loike dis." He gestured somewhat violently with his powerklaw, nearly swiping Urtylug in the face. The Kaptin did not flinch, merely slowly turning his head to look at the threatening git. "A-a big nob loike you ain't safe bein' all alone."

All alone? How many did Grotbrain say there were? Weren't there other Orks besides him? Sure the grots were still present, and they all watched that drunkard leave, but where did that nob and skinny weirdboy to his side go? The details were suddenly muddy in his head. The inconspicuous shrub in the middle of the bar also gave a slight cough.

Urtylug sighed and took sip from his mug, "Wut's yer business den? Dun fink yer after jus some protectshun teef."

Biggutz laughed, and a bunch of his cronies laughed with him. The laughter died out quickly when Urtylug set his mug down with a resounding tap. TAKIKUL JEENEYUS it read. "N-no, Warboss, Kaptin, yer Scraplootas, they blew our ship ta all zog."

"An'?"

"Well, we wuz finkin' we otta get anutha ship outta you, since yer here an' all." Biggutz's arm was not on Urtylug's shoulder. And he was now standing a respectful few inches back.

"When wuz dis?" Urtylug turned suddenly, making the twenty Orks surrounding him flinch collectively, he leaned against the bar and took another sip from his mug.

"Wut?"

"When did my boyz blow yer ship ta all zog?"

"It wuz 'round four cycles ago. We wuz tailin' yer hulk afta youse looted a 'umie world. An' den yer kommandoz blew us up! It wuz only a bit uv tailin'!"

"Den how'd ya gits survive?"

"We clung ta debris until we paddled our way ta dis dump." Urtylug contemplated this for a second. Well. Perhaps these gits would be useful after all. But the less they were told about how space worked the better. "Well?"

"Oi dun remember."

"Ya, ya dun remember?"

"Fer you gits. Da day da Scraplootas graced yer lives wuz da most important day in yer lives. But fer me? It wuz... Tuesday."

Biggutz pointed his looted bolter in Urtylug's face, nearly knocking off the commissar's cap, "YA FINK DIS IZ A JOKE?"

"Yer roight, it wuz probably Friday."

The bolter fired. The customers who hadn't left cleared out now. As the dust settled Urtylug's face remained unexploded. The side of the bar next to him did not. He had redirected the bolter with a slight push from his mug.

"Now why'd ya haveta do dat? Firin' on a Warboss Kaptin's no good fer ya health."

Biggutz stepped back and readjusted his aim, or tried at least, his arm was shaking far too hard.

Urtylug got up, "Oi'll overlook dis mistake, an' offer yer boyz da chance ta join da Scraplootas. 'Ow's dat?"

Biggutz lowered the shoota, was this git serious? "An' me?"

"You? Yer ded either way."

Before Biggutz could raise the bolter again, he was pummeled by a mug. He flew across the bar, SUYENEEJ LUKIKAT branded on his face. Urtylug got up and started walking toward the git.

Biggutz shot wildly, making Threegrot drop his Somebody Else's Problem Field. The bolts were deflected into the surrounding area. Urtylug remained unscratched. The bolter clicked empty.

"BOYZ, WHERE ARE MY BOYZ." Biggutz looked at the Orks who should have been backing him up. They were all surrounded by grots, save a few that had apparently been felled by a Kommando chewing rocks and the nob that the shrub suddenly sprouted. The grots were all armed to the teeth. Who let grots carry weapons like that? It was a new concept to Biggutz, but apparently standard fare for the Scraplootas. The numbers had never been on his side to start.

Urtylug pinned down Biggutz's powerclaw with one arm and carefully broke it before the hapless Ork could react, "Tell me, ya git. Iz dis unorky? Iz dis sorta fing outta da purview uv wut orks do?" His voice was calm and he looked pensive, perhaps even troubled. The revolver at his belt was in his hand now.

"Mebbe. Oi dun fink dis situashun iz very orky at all."

"Iz I fightin'?"

"...Yes."

"Iz I winnin'?"

"...Yes."

The Warboss twisted the pinned arm, causing Biggutz to yelp in pain.

"Iz I brutal an' cunnin'?"

"Yes!"

"Iz you krumped good?"

"Oi'm krumped pretty good." No boyz. No weapons. At the mercy of someone else.

"Den it is Orky, izn't it?"

Urtylug's revolver went off once.

"...Oi told ya it wuz no good fer ya health."

He got up, and looked back at the other Orks. Most of them who weren't dead from the initial struggle were relieved of their weapons and being prodded along by grots. Standard press gang procedure here. Fizzgutz would throw the book at them yet. But when had it become standard?

A younger Urtylug would have left this place burning. A younger Urtylug would have left no survivors. But that wasn't how he became Kaptin. That wasn't how he stayed Warboss. Burnin' and lootin' everything wasn't the way he ended up with a Titan, the way he ended up krumpin' half the sector. He didn't always appreciate every single one of the boyz he could round up as much as he did now. He didn't always appreciate the sacrifice they made for his causes. Yes. It might have been unorky. Maybe it was a sign he was getting soft or like them humies. And maybe if he kept fightin' and winnin' and krumpin' all of them gits that said otherwise, it was up to him what an Ork was and what an Ork did. Because the Titanloota was the biggest, the baddest, the most brutally cunnin' and the toughest Ork in the sector, and would continue to be until some git was able to krump him. If that day ever came. Until then, he was going to keep doing what he did best. Because that was what an Ork was.

Zizzbitz walked into the empty bar area with a new box of gubbins that Blue was sitting on. He blew a low whistle. "You been havin' fun wid out me, Urtylug?"

Urtylug shook his head, "Nah, jus business."

The big Mek shrug, "'Ow wuz dat den."

"...Oi heard dere's a chance we could get outta dis sektor."

* * *

Kaztrukk's safe house was located at the far end of Teeftougua, and the motley krew made it there before the drunk did. He was still hiding behind the bar stool. The safe house, or SAFFHAUS

(SSSSHHHH) as it was labeled in big bold letters, was a large shack painted a bright blue and purple and stood slightly elevated on the ground, apparently built directly on the ruins of the previous burnt down SAFFHAUS. No space crickets could survive in Teeftougua, but one almost spontaneously popped into existence just to chirp when the Orks arrived at the SAFFHAUS. The gooey parts that did pop into existence were eaten by a passing grot.

"Kaztrukk, wut da zog?" Urtylug pointed at his head and the server grots lifted his cap to scratch for him, "Wut kinda zoggin' safe 'ouse iz dis?"

"Da bess kind! Sshee, no git iz shtupid enuff ta use a sshafe 'ouse wid shafe 'ouse written onnit. Espessshully 'cause da last un wuz burnt down onna same dirt!"

"So den ya did it cuz no git would inspekt it cuz no git is stupid enough." Zizzbitz stroked his chin, contemplating the line between idiocy and brilliance.

Urtylug nodded at the walls with a appreciative hmph, "An' ya painted it fer luck an' fer bein' sneaky. Very cunnin'. Oi barely noticed dat."

"Oi got lightss an' a ssiren fer noight when ya can't ssshee da paint. Dey go NOTTA SSSSHAFE 'OUSE. VERRYY SNEAKY." Appreciative clapping arose from the gathered grots, not that the Orks took notice.

The shrub bristled excitedly, "We could use dat on Boris an' take 'im on kommando misshuns!"

Another cricket nearly burst into existence. All eyes glanced at the bush, which sprouted shoulders and shrugged. Blue broke down in a heap of giggles.

* * *

With the chastised shrub and Rockeata posted outside and Threegrot making paranoid paces while they were all surrounded by grots, the nobs and Blue took the conversation inside.

"Now wut's dis about leavin' da sektor?" Zizzbitz was the first to sit down, as was his wont.

"You remember way back when, back before Blue, roight afta we nicked da Titan dat we ran inta sum 'Umies?"

"Da Weirdboy ones dat krump demselves?"

"Aye, da Foirst Membrins. Dem."

Blue tilted her head in interest. The Orks never talked much about what life was like before she was picked up. Something about talking about bad luck bringing more bad luck. Old Freebooter Tradition.

"We only ran inta dem once." And as far as Zizzbitz was concerned, once was more than enough.

"Ain't dat odd? We ran into evry'un else in dis sektor a few times. Even da skellyboyz, tho dey ain't awake yet. Kaztrukk seyz cuz dem Weirdboy 'umies left. An' now? Dey iz back."

Zizzbitz motioned for a grot to appear. He did, and started taking notes. Not that Zizzbitz would ever read them. Some things were about doing right.

"So da 'umies got 'round da storms. Wut does dat mean fer us? We tried strappin' Weirdgrots ta da outside uv da Loot-Havva." It didn't do much besides relieve them of a lot of extra weirdgrots.

Urtylug nodded at the drunk Ork, who was now nodding off, still clutching the bar stool, "Kaztrukk seyz 'e 'eard it wuz sumffink da Foirst Membrins got in dere ships. Some flash gubbins dey use cuz alla dem Weirdboy 'umies 'eadboom when dey in da warp." It was common knowledge that all Weirdboyz of all types headboomed more in the warp. The Necrons probably even remember this fact from when they were still flesh.

Zizzbitz considered this information carefully. The light in his powereye spun like a pinwheel, a gimmick installed by Blue because it amused her, "So dis flash gubbins iz sumffink we ken loot."

"An' if we ken loot it, we ken make it Orkier." Urtylug got down to Zizzbitz's eye level and held out a hand.

"An' if we ken make it Orkier, we gotta ticket outta dis sektor." Zizzbitz frowned and nodded. Not bad. He clasped onto Urtylug's hand and stood, pulling the Warboss up, "An' of course we ken loot it, we iz da Scraplootas."

"An' of course we ken make it Orkier, we iz da Scraplootas." Urtylug's face split into the widest smile he could manage.

"An' we gots a ticket outta da sector cuz we iz da Scraplootas!" Blue cheered from her seat on the gubbins box, swinging her arms wildly, nearly knocking the recorder grot out with her spanner.

"Aye, ya git," Zizzbitz picked up the box and Blue, "We iz da Scraplootas." Finally some excitement. They had mucked about enough even for the indolent Big Mek, "So dem Weirdboy 'umies, where dey be at?"

"Kaztrukk got da world an' co-ordinits. 'E jus' wants teef fer it."

"Aye where mah teefs at?" The drunkard jerked to attention suddenly. The bar stool a thing of the past. "I ain't givin' ya nuffink wid out mah teef."

"Ya still got teef in yer gob, ya git, if dey ain't rotted from all dat squigbeer," Urtylug raised his hand and had a mug placed into his hand. This one had the symbol of a raven taped to it, the red crystal on the body long since smashed and crumbled to dust, "Why dun ya come wid us? Safer fer yer skin den dis safe 'ouse."

Kaztrukk shook his head, "Nah, nuffink iz safer den dis safe 'ouse. No one knows 'bout it. No one ken find me 'ere."

"You gotta point. But. We iz in yer safe 'ouse. We knowz 'bout it. We ken find you 'ere."

"An' it's safer wid you, den 'ere, you say." Realization dawned on Kaztrukk's face like the arrival of a Tyranid Hive Fleet.

"Time ta come outta retirement, Kaztrukk." There was a glint in the Warboss's eye, "Yer teef, if ya really want it, iz in da Loot-Havva."

* * *

Port side, Krampus Bay, right outside Teeftougua. The moderately sized shuttle was still there, unmolested, not a tooth on its grill front emblem touched or even looked at wrongly. This fact may or may not have had to do with the crippled grot leaning on the side, polishing blood off his cane. He wouldn't be able to tell you how the blood got there, or how he was still alive as a crippled grot, or why the grot on duty was trembling behind his chair, or why he spoke in perfectly good low Gothic. But he was going to blend into the swarm of grots that now approached. And you would hopefully never see him again. Hopefully. Have a wonderful day.

Urtylug looked back at Teeftougua as everyone else filed on. Fizzgutz had a good haul. A lot of gits and a lot of grots wanted to sign up to seek their fortunes with the Scraplootas. Another sign that the name was known far and wide. Was that good? Bad? Did Urtylug wish that he could go back to the old days with the Minnitboyz? Maybe. But this was good too.

Maybe it was too many gits and grots at once. But it would sort itself out. It definitely was not Orky to discriminate which Orks got to go on the Waaagh with you. Maybe the next Kaptin was among this new bunch. Maybe the next Big Mek. Maybe some aspirin grot who had decided on a ridiculously long name for himself would join up today and make it big. You never knew. And you probably will never know.

Urtylug breathed deep and swallowed. (A moist one this time. Nice texture.) Now this was being an Ork. This was being a Freeboota. On the way to another scrap where there was loot to be had. Living off the fat of the worlds and other gits, raidin' and krumpin' as he saw fit. This was what being Warboss and Kaptin was about.

It was a good day to be a Scraploota. And just the start of many more.

GrotQuest 1

You are a grot.

Not just any grot, spawned and raised in Krumpus Bay, you knew from the very beginning that you were destined for greatness, that you'd rise to the very top of the Grotocracy in Titanopolis.

Or at least, you knew from the time you were pressganged into the service of the Scraplootas by a nob in a robe carrying a large book. Along with about twenty of your compatriots. Okay, so you didn't really know about the Scraplootas or the Grotocracy until you overheard a few other grots talking about it, but those are just minor details.

...Okay so you could be just about any grot. But that's just how it is now, you just haven't made a name for yourself!

No really, you need to come up with a name. In the tunnels under Krumpus Bay, identification was never more specific than a "Hey you" or a "Grot, get over here." And more often than not, you pretended you weren't being identified in the first place. Not having a name was advantageous. But no longer. You need a good name. Something that makes you sound bold and adventurous. A strong name, a name that will make all sorts of Orks sit up straight and pay attention because you aren't just any old git!

...You should make one soon, because the grot behind the counter is starting to get annoyed by the way you've been staring into space.

>Oi, me tinkz me name shud be BIG BOZZ 'cuz it sounsz like BOSS.

>Squigslap. S'what we're good at doin', see?

>How about... Stabgrattle. No one messes with git named Stabgrattle.

>But if I'm a Grot i want to be called Grot. Grot the Grot.

>OI! Me name is Stompa! Ya dont mess with Stompa!

Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grot Stompa. That sounds like a great name. It rolls off the tongue nicely. You lean against the counter and give the grot in glasses a smile, turn your charm on, give a good first impression.

"Da name iz Bozz Bigslap Squigrattle Stabstompa Grot! 'Ow are you today!"

He might not look very impressed, but you can tell that on the inside, he is totally awed by your awesome name and this amazing first impression.

The other grot looks at you incredulously and even takes off his glasses, clearly unable to cope with your epic name. "Okay, Squigbozz, today's yer lucky day. Yoy get to pick an organization to join 'cuz Fizzgutz got too overze- overzeall- excited an' rounded up too many gits."

Your. Lucky. Day. Of course it is. Today is the beginning to a glorious career that Orks will sing tales about for generations to come. If Orks sang of course. Mostly they yelled. Maybe they'd yell about your tales.

"Where would you like to go work, ya git?" He hands you a map of Titanopolis. Perfect. This is exactly what you wanted. How did he know? "You ken pick from anyfin below da Bridge, includin' da arms. An try ta make up yer mind."

The grot behind the counter puts his glasses back on his head and plays with the string around his neck, clearly irritated. Possibly by how jealous he is of you.

Let's go places. There's one place you really want to go. One thing you've had your heart set on for forever. Or at least for the last hour while you were waiting on line. The Grotocracy. You want to join the Grotocracy and become the 'Ead 'Oncho or whatever the leader of the Grotocracy is. This is a good idea. You're sure of it.

The grot with the glasses snorts. "What kind o' upstart git do you fink you are? Ya don't join da Grotocracy all willy-nilly, you gots to get invited. And dat only happens if there iz an openin'."

What kind of upstart git? The best kind. Of course, you might want to settle for something else in the mean time. First choice being the 60-Second Market or maybe the Casino. You point these two places out excitedly.

"Dat seems fine, da 60-Second Market an' Casino are great places to start for a right git like you. Now, dat's in the left leg, an' we're currently in da roight at Grots-Fer-Hire. Now ta get over dere..."

You can imagine it now. Your superior work ethic and profits catch the attention of the Grotocracy, they are so wowed by your abilities that they allow you to join their inner council directly. Or maybe you'll turn out to be a right sneaky cardshark, and admiring your cunning, the Grotocracy would allow you to join their inner council directly. Whatever the case, you're sure you won't end up working the rest of your life at the 60-Second Market or the Casino.

"...Now you got alla dat?"

...Of course. You take your map and head off in a confident manner. It's just a matter of following the map right?

...No. This map is useless. You follow it anyway. Soon, you've wandered into a maze of twisty passages, all alike. You may be stepped on by a nob. There are grots nearby working on piping here.

This current passage continues into the distance. There is also a spiral stairwell that leads up as well as down. You could also head back. Not that you're giving up. You'd never give up. Just until you regain your sense of direction.

Ignoring the possibly treacherous grots busy wrenching away at the pipes like an engineer to a sentry, you decide to continue forwards. Well, as close to forwards as you can. These passages seem like they're off center and curve, like they're warped or something. You heard once that you should keep your left hand on the left wall in these cases, prevents you from getting lost.

After figuring out which hand is your left, you scamper along in a determined fashion... and wander for about an hour. Passing that same werk krew about three times. But eventually you make it to somewhere different! It's a large open space with squigs running around and a few stalls with grot merchants hawking their wares. You even see a nob wandering around, his hands full of squig pies and a few grots behind him collecting the crumbs he's dropping. In the center and around the sides there are large pistons that are currently inactive.

There are no obvious exits here besides the one you came out of.

You saunter up to the nearest stall in what you hope is a confidently trustworthy manner. And not a manner that would make a kind stall owner to tense up and think you're a shoplifter. Because you're not one. Not right now. You're just lost. And your fingers are naturally sticky as it is.

"So, where da zog iz dis 60-Second Market?" You say, smiling your widest.

The stall grot's eyes do not leave your hands. "What are you talking about, you git? Dis iz da Piston Plaza. Yer in da completely wrong leg here."

You look at the map again. That's true. Piston Plaza is in the left leg, and you wanted to get to the right where the 60-Second Market and Casino is. Strange how that first grot got his lefts and rights mixed up. Of course, he may just have been completely flustered by your presence. Or maybe he doesn't know the difference between lefts and rights. Anyway, you then ask how you would get to the 60-Second Market.

"It's simple. Climb the pistons up past the deliveries into da left gyro. Dere should be a door to da Steelwerks. Run past da choppy bits in the engine room into da armory an' den into Fast Red Repairs. 60-Second should be rioght undaneef."

Yes simple. So simple that your head is spinning with how simple it is. You can definitely remember all of that. You thank the stall owner who still hasn't taken his eyes off your hands and set off towards the nearest piston.

You suppose that it would be easier to climb this thing if it were activated. It's currently half up here. You suppose you could haul your scrawny body up there, it would just take a little pushing. You just better not fall after you get to the top of this thing.

Of course climbing comes naturally! Just as naturally as running away! Not that you'd have anything to run away from, in fact you're going to be doing a lot of running to. The 60-Second Market and possibly the Casino, and then the Grotocracy.

After a few false starts you make it all the way on top of the piston. Yes! Victory! And you've even managed to attract a small crowd, including that squiggie eating Ork. There seems to be one opportunistic grot collecting bets from some of the members of the crowd. You don't know for what though.

The piston's flat head would probably make its way into the next part of the leg if it were active, but currently it doesn't seem to be moving much. Probably because Titanopolis is currently parked inside the Loothavva, traveling through space to its next destination. You can see from how high you are that there's a hidden staircase in the distance behind some of the pistons on the far side of the plaza. But before you can act on that thought, Titanopolis shifts to scratch its butt, launching the piston upwards.

This is your moment to shine. Just like every other shiny moment that will follow. You aren't going to jump off in sheer terror! No! A lesser grot probably would! But you are Bigsquig Slapstab Stompagrattle BozzGrot and nothing is going to stop you from kicking ass and taking names! Certainly not a piston moving at breakneck speeds up into the black unknown! You stand your ground and stick your arms out like the bozz you are.

Oh Gork.

...You open your eyes again to see that you've stopped mere inches away from getting smushed into the ceiling. From the dried and collected brown and green on said ceiling, you would hazard to guess this wouldn't be the first time something like that happened. But you're lucky! It is indeed your lucky day!

Looking out of the opening you've stopped next to, you see a lot of boxes in the way. Not too far away, there is the sound of plodding feet and the squeaks of some grot shouting. The piston underneath you creeks a little.

Scrambling the best you can, you make it through the opening and ram your way through the boxes. Wow! These boxes sure are heavy!

...And the piston drops from underneath you.

You fall to your death.

...Opening your eyes again, you see you've managed to grab ahold of the ledge to the opening. You're still lucky! This is still your day! Your time! You don't have the strength to clamber all the way up. But talking is a free action! Or shouting. Shouting is probably a better idea.

>"BUCKET OF SQUIG LEGS TO WHOEVER HELPS ME UP!"
<out of 4 rolls of a d20, all were under 10>

You call that a shout? Your mother could shout louder than that! And your mother doesn't even exist! Oh Gork and Mork you can feel your fingers giving way. You shout as many tasty offers as you can manage with your increasingly higher pitched voice. You think the squeaking from above stopped. Maybe that was a clatter of feet coming over. Maybe that was the sound of boxes being slid over.

Oh who are you kidding? Your left hand slips.

Is this the end to the short life of Squigbozz Slapgrattle BigGrot Stapstompa? Is your fate a stain on the ground that will probably be swept up and put into a squig pie? No! This is your moment! This is the time of your life! It doesn't end here! It can't end here! YOU WILL- have your right hand slip too.

But as you start falling down, someone catches your arm. You dangle for a short moment, trying your best to not wet yourself. You are hauled up slowly. Your saivor grunts with exertion. For a moment it seems like he's not strong enough to pull you up completely, but with one final effort, you're yanked out of the piston canister. You lie in the middle of a clearing in this sea of boxes and packages, surrounded by a bunch of grots who seem to be groaning like they lost a bet. Your savior is breathing as hard as you are.

Who was this grot? Your personal savior? Your lucky break?

...And why was he so blue?

"Now about dose squig legs you were blabberin' about."

Your savior gets up from the ground and offers you a hand. From what you can tell, he's about as tall as you are, but strangely much wider than you in the hips. His chest is all weird too. His feet end in some kind of hooves, so you're pretty sure this is some exotic grot from some far off place that is beautiful and full of mutagens. Explains the blue coloring and lack of a nose as well. If you didn't know any better, you would probably say this grot is a Tau or something.

He picks up his helmet and a package he seems to have thrown to the side. "Yer a damn git and a lucky one too." He helps you up and you dust yourself off. The gathered crowd of grots seems to have dispersed.

"Wut da zog! You's blue!"

"Oi, dat's roight, what of it? An' you're green."

You feel your pockets for something that you could possibly offer the grot in thanks, but you can't seem to find anything. That map you were given fluttered to the ground of Piston Plaza, and some grot is probably trying to figure out how to bake it into a squigpie. You're fresh out of squiglegs. And pockets. Right, the pockets are in your other pants. Which don't exist. Well, it's really lucky that you didn't wet this pair!

Yes luck. This is all your luck. Your lucky day, you meet a clearly lucky grot, you're about to go and work at the 60-Second Market, and you're going to start your climb up the hierarchy of the Grotocracy. A proper career grot you are. The best and the brightest. You'll be the Big Cheese Grot before you know it!

Of course, you still need to do something. You give your sincere and enthusiastic thanks to the blue grot, jumping up and down as you shake his hand, and offer a partnership. A full partnership when you control the 60-Second Market. Not a 70-30 split, not 60-40, a full 50-50. He can see the absolute generosity in your eyes that you can hardly believe yourself.

"Well, er--"

"Big Bozz Slapsquig Stabgrattle Stompa Grot." Did you just get your own name right?

"Er, right, Bozz. Listen, I kinda already gots myself a sweet gig, so I gotta pass on yer partnership. Sorry."

Crestfallen. Absolutely crestfallen you are, rejected by your savior, your blue saint, your lucky muse. If you were a bird, or if you at least had a mohawk, your crest would be so fallen you wouldn't be able to pick it up. Oh well, looks like you will just have to--

"If yer feelin' like doin' a favor in return, dere iz sumfin you can do fer me." She's holding the package aloft.

You respond as coolly as you can. He snubbed your offer, but there's no reason to hold that against him. After all, some grots are happy with where they are, and don't care to be up and coming like you are. Mediocracy is good enough for some people.

So you do your best not to go YESYESYESPLZ "Well, my time is important but seein' as how you saved my skin, I'll help youz out. What's the job?"

"Roight, so I'm supposed to take dis package to da 60-Second Market fer the Zizz 'n' Bitz dere. But I've got better fings ta do den travel all da way over. If you ken get dis to Zizz 'n' Bitz, we'll be even, alright?"

That sounds doable. ...Where are you now?

"Oi, yer in Tuffboyz Delivery in da left leg. Ya still got to climb up to da Steelwerks an' cut across da Engine room before yer even close to da roight leg. Yer not daft an' follow signs, right?"

Of course you're not daft. He points to a far away sign with a wrench and a bent piece of metal crossed on it that reads SCRUNKY'S STEELWERKS. At least, that is what it would say if you could read.

"All good den? Er, Squigbozz?"

You take the package from the blue grot and wave at him goodbye, heading out for that far away sign that probably has a door underneath it which will lead you through Titanopolis. He shouts at you about something regarding guard squigs, but you can't really hear him so you just give him a thumbs up and go on your way.

...You probably should have gotten his name, him being your personal savior and all, but you have a feeling you'll be seeing that blue grot around anyway.

Anyway, this will be a cinch. A two for one right here. You're so good at this that you're going to fulfill two personal quests at basically the same time. That's money in the bank right there. You weave

through the multitude of boxes and packages and end up at the entrance to SCRUNKY'S STEELWERKS. Whatever that means.

There is a deep growl coming from the other side of the door. It's obviously a squig.

Yeah, this is a piece of squigpie. You can handle squigs. You know squigs, like the back of your hand. You didn't name yourself SquigStompa Stabbozz Biggrattle Grot for nothing. You open the door. And meet a row of teeth.

Uh.

The row of teeth shifts and you see a few beedy squig eyes.

Um.

Maybe you want to rethink tactics a little. You've opened the door between Tuffboyz Delivery and Scrunky's Steelworks. And are surrounded by boxes and packages. You know what a squig is? Small little thing. The runt of the Ork litter, next to snotlings. They run around and eat insects. You've dealt with them all your life. You know them. This... this ain't a squig. You have no idea what the heck this is. Nothing in your short life of tunneling around and smacking squigs has prepared you for--

Hey.

HEY

No. You're better than this. This, this is your lucky day. The day everything changes and goes right. Yeah. No stupid squig the size of an Ork is going to stop you from delivering this package entrusted to you by your own personal savior and going, seeing, and conquering that 60-Second Market. You are going to rise up and be in the Grotocracy. That is what is going to happen.

You stare long and hard at the squig. And then you say the first thing that comes to mind. "Awww, who's a good squig, who's a good little git. Come here you! You iz da cutest fmg I've ever seen." It looks very confused. Very very confused. It backs off a little.

Stepping into the next room, you keep your praise on, going so far as to pat it tentatively on the well, jaw. It's all jaw, really, You can't quite reach anything that isn't. It ends up sitting and panting at you in a happy fashion.

Well. That went better, no, that went EXACTLY how you expected it to. You are a Squigwhisperer after all. It's not a part of your name, but it might as well be. Walking past the guard squig's (relatively) small room, you enter the Steelworks proper. This seems to be where they craft all of the bitz they need for various parts of koptas and shootas and choppas and trukks and everything. You watch about a dozen grots hammering away at glowing pieces of metal without abandon. To your other side, you hear the hiss and feel the extreme heat of molten metal being poured into molds. This is a pretty cool place. Okay, it's a pretty hot place, but that's besides the point.

Taking care not to set your package on fire, you hurry through the workshop and reach the door on the opposite side before someone calls out to you. "OI! What do you fink yer doin' here, yah thievin' git? And how did ya get pass me squigs?" A grot with a large, and possibly fake, beard runs up to you, a grot sized shoota in hand.

>"I ain't no thief, if this blue grot's package don't get delivered a whole heaping helping of bad luck is gonna descend on everyone."
<rolled 3>

He pulls on his beard, you swear it's like steel wool, and shakes his head "So you've been lootin' da Tuffboyz too. An' yer a blood awful liar. 'Ow did some nobody upstart git meet up wid Blue? I otta march you straight back an' have my squig get another go at ya."

Bad news is, you didn't convince him. But there is good news. There is always good news. You've managed to get this door half way open. If you could knock his gun out of his hand, or at least away from your face, you can definitely make it into the other room. If only you could read. There seem to be scribbles on the package that may be helpful.

>Tell him the scribbles on your package say its from this Blue character. You may not be able to read, but he probably can't either. Its all about confidence!
<rolled 19>

He stares at the scribbles. He stares long and hard at them. He looks at you, looks back at the scribbles, and then strokes his beard, his hand is totally bleeding from this, it can't possibly be actual hair, and nods. "All right ya git, dat's Blue's personal seal and all. Da only way you coulda stolen dis is from Blue 'erself, an' ya don't simply steal fings from 'er."

He moves the gun away from your face and scratches his head with the muzzle. "I guess she didn't want ta go all da way over da Market. A shame, the squigs love it when she stops by."

The grot, who you assume is Scrunky, opens the door fully and walks into the next room, where another abnormally large squig is lying about. Once it sees Scrunky enter, it gets up and wags its tail. It's not on a chain or anything, probably because it can't fit through the doors of this place. You wonder what unfortunate grot has to clean up after it.

"Alright den, ya git, Next chamber over iz da engine room. Try not to get yerself killed in dere." He turns to go back into his workshop. Is there any thing else you want to mention or ask?

>What exactly do they do at the 60 second market?

"At da 60-Second Market? Why everyfin dat doesn't go directly to da Orks or to da war effort in Titanopolis goes through da Market first. It would be black if it wasn't so green. I hope you 'ave teef. Nuffin' gets done at the Market wid out teef. An everyfin' moves. To get thru da engine room, stay on da walkways."

You then give him your name, Bozzslap Bigstompa Stabsquig Grotslap, to which he just snorts. Clearly that was a snort of remembrance. So he can go on to tell stories about your amazing-ness. With the

door closed and everything back to normal in the workshop, you look around. This giant squig seems to be at ease with you.

You slide a little closer to it. Still nothing. You try touching it. It looks away, at the other door.

>YOU MOUNT THE SQUIG

GLORIOUS. WHY YOU WOULD RIDE TO BATTLE LIKE THIS. FOES WILL TREMBLE BEFORE THE MIGHT OF YOU AND YOUR GIANT SQUIG MOUNT.

...If only you could fit it through the door.

...Could you?

Oh god this is not-- No. You're done saying no to yourself. This, this could work! You are going to get yourself a giant squig mount, you are going to ride it to market, you are going to awe the zog out of everyone, and they will like it. Not only will they like it, they will make you Big Chief of the Grotocracy right there and then. You don't have stirrups or anything, but you goad the large squig close to the door regardless. With your willpower! Oh, and you keep praising it like it's a baby, but REGARDLESS.

It's stuck in the doorframe. You hear the metal groan. The squig doesn't seem much happier either. You can't get out while on the squig's back anyway. You hop down. The squig is clearly uncomfortable. With a sudden burst of power, it pushes, hard. Metal rips, just rips like paper. You didn't know that was possible. And your mount is now free to move about in these larger, but still rather tight corridors. SUCCESS! The squig, clearly following your darling iron willed example, has broken free of its holding room! The door bursts open and you see Scrunky pointing his shoota wildly around, not sure what just happened.

This is your moment, your time. Look at how glorious everything is! Look at your new personal mount! Old Man Scrunky can't stop you now! Zog da Police! But time is of the essence. You hope on the squig! You salute smartly with the package in your hand as Scrunky can't decide whether or not to shoot in fear of hitting his beloved squig. You should probably say something too while you run into the horizon.

>Something like, "I told ya to remember my name!"

Yeah, that'll work!

The squig dashes off with you on it. This will be great. You should come up with a name for this guy.

>Squigsby? Watson?

>Wall Smasha?

Yesss. Wall Smasha. Very fitting for a squig that breaks the mold. Just like you. Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha will be the Squig's name. Wall Smasha for short.

"Yer a good boy, Watson Smasha!"

...You should probably do something about names. But that's not important right now! The important part is that this walkway is far too small for your mount. It can't even pretend to squeeze onto it. Your only other choice is to go down through the machinery.

Even while idling, the engines of Titanopolis throb with the pulse of a few thousand revolutions per minute. It will be slow going timing every jump and duck and dodge with your mount, but you are willing to make that sacrifice. Waltson Squigsha is too valuable an asset to ditch so soon! And you're enjoying each other's companies so much? Or at least he hasn't seriously tried to eat you! Of course Scrunky and his overzealous grots are also on your tail and gaining fast.

What do you do? If you're about to try to cross through the machinery, give me 5d20 and wish for a miracle.

>Fuck it, are we a grot or are we a snotling? WE DO THIS RIGHT!

<Rolled 3, 17, 11, 12, 18 = 61>

>Time to wish for a miracle!

<Rolled 3, 18, 15, 13, 15 = 64>

That's right! You are a grot! Not a snotling, not some humie! You will look death in the eye and smile and oh god-- Aaagahagh! The first jet of fire scares the begorkmork out of the Squig, causing it to buck and launch you through it. The jet of fire, that is. The squig then picks you up in its mouth, which at least manages to put out most of the flames, and hightails it through the engine with all of its nasty whirly and zizzy bitz. You two might actually survive!

Scrunky and his boyz have stopped, somewhat flabberghated, on the other side of the machinery. Ha! you showed them!

You are also still slightly on fire. Rolling around the squig's tongue and doing your best to avoid the swallowing reflex, you put yourself out.

...Wait a minute.

But what happened to your package? The one your personal savior and blue angel had directly given to you to take care of? To deliver to its very end? Roll for its fate! Oh, and Scrunky and his boyz have regained their senses enough to mount the walkway. It also seems you've only make it half way through the death trap of an engine. But this next bit seems to be a lot easier to travel through.

>The package was in our hand the whole time!

<Rolled 11>

>No! We will not fail! That package will never leave our hands. Until its time to deliver it, of course. Then it will totally leave our hands because we are the best delivery grot.

<Rolled 11>

>We have always held onto it of course!

<Rolled 17>

Of course you held onto it! What kind of delivery grot would you be otherwise?
Oh Mork, you passed through the fire and flames though, didn't you? Do you dare look?

...

...Okay so it looks like the packaging has been charred something bad. That's okay. You've been charred something bad and you'll live. You think. You hope that Squig saliva is sterile. (It's not)

Meanwhile, you have another half of the engine to sprint haphazardly across. You peer from between the teeth of Wall Squigsby. Scrunky and his boyz are rapidly gaining on you! But that's okay. Becuase you're going to make it! This will turn out fine! After all, you are Bigsquig Bozzslap Grattlestab Grotstompa, and you are going to make it in Titanopolis!

GrotQuest 2

You are a grot.
A grot with a plan.

Your name is Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grotstompa and you are going to be the next 'Ead Kouncillor of the Grotocracy of Titanopolis. But that is hardly a challenge for you. Because you are amazing. The best ever. Even nobs get nervous when you're around. Orks yawn and ignore you when they're nervous, right?

So, in order to show the best of your ability, and not at all because you can't actually straight up join the Grotocracy, you're going to make a detour and take over the 60-Second Market first. Just to flex your muscles, give these gits a show of force. No biggie. You also have a package to deliver, a mission granted to you by your own personal Gork and Mork, your savior, your saint, the hand that pulls you out of the fire, or at least keeps you from splatting all over the floor far below, some blue grot. ...You didn't actually catch his name. But finding that out is like the highest thing on your to-do list. Next to becoming the Big Cheese, and taking over 60-Second Market, and getting out of your current situation alive, and making sure your ears aren't still on fire, and hoping Squig spit eventually becomes a soothing balm and isn't just acid.

Okay, it's not exactly a top priority right now.

But, it soon will because you are checking things off left and right like a serial checker grot. You are a checking machine. Which is funny. Because you're surrounded by machines. Well, no, you're surrounded by teeth, because you're currently in a giant squig's mouth. But that giant squig is surrounded by machines.

You are in the engine room between the left and right legs of Titanopolis. You are strategically situated, not hiding, not hiding at all, in your giant squig mount Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha's mouth. Wall Smasha couldn't fit on the walkway above, so you are boldly gunning through the swishy, choppy, smashy, burny, and deathtrappy inner workings of the engines. This is a good idea. You're sure of it. You get a giant squig mount out of this.

On the walkway above, there are a bunch of grots that you are getting the giant squig mount from. They don't seem to be as happy with this idea as you are, but you're sure they'll come around eventually. But for right now, they're trying to express their displeasure with shootas.

You are in the middle of the engines in the engine room, in a rare not-trying-to-kill-you position. You have half the engines to traverse yet, but this seems to be the easier half. Less open flames for you to dive through. Scrunky and his boyz have not yet caught up with you, and when they do they will probably make this rare not-trying-to-kill-you position into another also-trying-to-kill-you position, though you're still in the mouth of your giant squig.

You could encourage Watson Smasha to bolt through the machinery like you two just did momentarily, because that went so well.

You could cautiously make your way through the engines, which would be safer but much slower. Your pursuers will definitely catch up.

You could try to DIPLOMACY and impose your will on Scrunky and his boyz.

Or you could try some other trick up your sleeve. If you had sleeves. Does charred skin on your arms count as sleeves? You hope it does.

>let's use our awesome diplomatic skills to try and talk our way out this mess
<Rolled 7>

>encourage Wall Smasha to bolt through the machinery while shouting diplomacy at your pursuers.
<Rolled 2, 15, 15, 19, 7 = 58>

>rolling for the fast getaway
<Rolled 18, 6, 2, 6, 6 = 38>

>Convince the machinery to be easy to pass through while Wallsmasha runs through it.
<Rolled 16, 2, 14, 20, 7 = 59>

>looks like we're destined to mess up at least one jump.
>So what's it gonna be? Burns, pistons, or choppy things?
>Or is Wall Smasha gonna chomp down on us?

You think yourself quite the talker. But even then, you are pretty sure you can't talk a bullet out of making holes in your body. Perhaps the grot behind the gun behind the bullet, but bullets themselves are pretty hard to convince.

So instead of waiting for the gits behind you to catch up for a nice chat, maybe it's time for another go at the engine. You can't reason or haggle with cold hard machinery, but at least it isn't actively trying to kill you.

Hm.

Well at least it doesn't have killing intent.

So, after convincing Wall Squigsby to stop digesting you and let you out of his mouth so you can go back to riding him like the graceful squig rider you are, you click your heels twice and tell Waltsby Smashton to move it, double time.

It... goes well! Actually, really well. First choppy bit you sailed over like a squig in the wind. Next few smashy bits you clear with ease and grace. Exactly how you had it planned! The gout of fire didn't even get a chance to activate before you cleared them! This is amazing. You boldly surf on Watson Squigsby like nothing could possibly go--

ohgorkohgork

WHY IS THERE A SPIKED PIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ENGINE? WHAT PURPOSE COULD IT SERVE BESIDES A SOURCE FOR PAINFUL DEATH AND--

Well, Wall Smasha stops in time. Momentum seems to want to keep you going forwards. Straight into a spiky doom. Do you?

>I hope not, though knowing our rate of horrible failures it really wouldn't surprise me
<Rolled 3>

>No. we ride the right way.
<Rolled 13>

>WELL SHALL NAE GO INTO YE! FOUL PIT 'O DOOM!
<Rolled 14>

>Wall Smasha is a big squig, he is bigger than the pit's opening, even if we fall into the pit all that happens is he gets stuck in it.
>Rolling for jumping the pit, all the momentum shouldn't be put to waste.
<Rolled 20>

Ohmorkohmork

You tip over from where you were so nobly posed. Yeah, this is probably going to hurt. At least Smasha Watson can pick through your remains for a snack... Actually, he seems to have preemptively taken a bite at you. Getting you around the ankles. And he's saved your life! If possibly crippled you forever. You dangle precariously over the pit, holding on to your personal savior's package like it's going to save you from being impaled. Well. Maybe it will? If you fall then you could use it to cushion against one spike at--

Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha jerks his head upwards and lets you go. Propelling you across the pit. You land in a majestic heap. It's less painful than you expected.

As you pick yourself up, you see that Wall Squigsby is preparing to make the leap.

Oh. You have to say, you've never seen such a round and dumpy looking thing move so gracefully. The landing was also wonderful. You got to see it up close. 10/10. Would be landed on again. Well, at least you're both alive and not impaled on spikes.

As Watson Smasha gets off you, you find that at least your package is unharmed.

Very good! Just as you planned! Now to crawl back onto your giant grot and continue. You've made it out of the thickest parts of the engine room! Alive! Mostly.

You reach the door to the Armory. Two grots stand at attention, or as close as they could get, with two large shootas each. You assume they are for show mostly, because each shoota is as tall as the grots are.

"Halt! Who dares pass by Neezmore's Guns?"

What do you say? Scrunky and his boyz are probably still on your tail.

>Yer on a mission, from Gork. Or a blue grot. Same difference in the end.

<Rolled 1>

>Tell them you're on a delivery mission for Blue and a bunch of bozos are trying to get in your way by shooting at you.

>Or Wall Smasha can just pounce on one of them and start affectionately licking him.

<Rolled 4>

>He says "I'm on a mission from Gork-- I mean Blue..."

<Rolled 11>

You pride yourself in having a silver tongue. You have big plans about making business deals with your amazing oratory skills and ability to please and convince. That's why you've set out to make it big in the first place. So this is a piece of cake. You climb down and talk to them, grot to grot, about your spiritual enlightenment. How you found your way in the world as Gork and Mork had intended. How you have to deliver this package.

The two grots shrug. "I really don't care, get goin'." says one of them. Your precious diplomacy is wasted on these idiots. They point their shootas at you for extra convincing. Or at least, they try to. They wobble a bit and you don't think their aim will be that great at this short range. Or at any range.

At the edge of hearing you think you hear a bunch of angry grots running behind you. They might be coming to tell you they're impressed by how amazingly you've handled Watson Smasha, so they're going to give him to you! Or so you hope. Maybe you could convince them or something.

>Is going through the armory the only option to getting where we're going?

>If yes, then take their advice and get going, through the armory.

<Rolled 13>

They seem to want you to head back. Into the welcoming arms and shootas of Scrunky and his boyz. So you do. You sadly mount Washa Small and

Urge him onwards!

And he does with squiggy gusto! The low ceiling does make you regret that the only way to ride a squig is on top of it. The two guards are caught well, off-guard, and start shooting left and right, the recoil lifts them off their feet. Luckily, neither you nor Squigsby Watson get hit.

After that last blow to the head... You don't know how much more punishment you can handle. Maybe it's time to be a little less bold, a little less daring. At least until you get a chance to recooperate.

Galloping in that waddle-y way that only squigs can manage, you pass through the largest piles of shootas you've ever seen. Anywhere. Just mountains and mountains of shootas, like they were pieces of trash, tossed away without a second thought. And not live firearms that are likely to misfire when just tossed like that.

You could pick one up. You're somewhat surprised there aren't any alarms or anything going off. But you guess the guards are still dealing with recoil. Or possibly Scrunky. You could pick one up for safekeeping. Or you could continue on. There's a door up ahead.

>Continue on. We aren't blue enough to push our luck anymore.
<Rolled 13>

Yeah... It's probably better not to risk taking a shoota. At least until you get blue paint to slather over yourself. That's probably why that one grot was so blue. It's actually quite an excellent plan. Actually, why not cover all of the Scraplootas with blue paint as they run out into battle? They'd be the luckiest Orks ever! That's a good enough idea to make you 'Ead 'Oncho. You're sure of it.

You have Wall Smasha tip over a pile of shootas before you leave. No idea how effective that will be. But there's no way grots can just ignore shootas lying all over the floor like that. So you hope.

The door is to a lift. You get off your giant squig and manage to squeeze him into it. You can also just barely fit. The lift has two buttons. One with a red arrow pointing up, and one with a blue arrow pointing down. Which do you press? Also, once the doors close, and you're on the way, do you prepare for trouble?

>Down. And make it double.
<Rolled 7>

>YOU PUSH THE BLUE BUTTON CAUSE BLUE IS LUCKY
<Rolled 9>

With a gulp and crossed fingers, you hit the downwards pointing button. You want no trobble. Please.

The lift opens to... Glorious Capitalism. 60-Second Market spans as far as your eyes can see. You're not quite sure how that works in a spatial sense because this still should be inside the Titan, but you digress. Every single open space is jammed pack with stalls and shops and grots hawking goods to other grots. And even Boyz! There are Boyz milling about, looking at wares, shootas, choppas, buckets of paint, and exchanging teef with grots. Like they were equals. Like the Boyz couldn't just bully the grots into giving them everything.

It looks like you could buy just about anything here. From squigpies to massive fried bug legs. Shootas of all shapes and sizes, choppas bigger than you, sparkly bitz that you have no idea what they do. Things looted from humies, things looted from pointy-headed gits, things looted from spikey-emo gits, things looted from who knows what. There's even a vendor for large squigs, though not as large as Wall Watson.

This... This is home. This is rolling in the teef. Here, a grot could make it big. You know it. You can feel it. That grot is you. The whole thing is too much, and you start weeping in joy. This was a good choice. If you didn't have plans to become the Top Chef of the Grotocracy, you could stay here your entire life.

Every other non-open space is packed full of machinery. And even then, opportunistic grots seem to have placed their goods wherever they could. You know, for something called 60-Second Market, nothing is really happening every minute.

There's a rumbling as Boris starts to move. Grots scramble everywhere. The machinery starts to move, chopping mostly, some of smashing. Some of it rotating at high speeds. Every minute, the floor shifts. Gaps open up, stores are smashed into each other, Orks are torn apart by sudden movement.

Gotta be a fast and lucky git to make your deals here. Incredibly Orky. Welcome to the 60-Second Market.

Two orders of business:

-You have to report to work! ...However you do that.

-You have a package to deliver! ...But you don't know to where. Perhaps someone can help you.

Strolling down to market level with your giant squig behind you, you have a sense that all will be right! Time to start making it big!

What do you do?

>First thing's first, deliver the package.

>Blue said it was fer sum git named Zizz 'n' Bitz, time to start asking around.

<Rolled 5>

>We are best Package Grot.

<Rolled 12>

>Time to find who needs this package.

<Rolled 20>

Package first because you are the best Package Grot. No silly gits can stay this messenger about his duty. You got this far! There is nothing in your way to fulfilling your promise to your personal saint!

Well, okay, there's a lot of 60-Second Market to get through.

Dodging in between moving smashy pillars and gaping holes, (You left Squigsby Smasha at a Squig Stand. You will definitely find a way to pay the Grot manning it. Grotting it?) you make your way into the depths of the 60-Second Market. Better to lose yourself a little anyway, in case your pursuers are still pursuing. It's fairly easy to dodge all of the hazards, as long as you're not standing in one place, trying to strike a deal as a customer, you guess. You notice that just about all of the dealers and shopkeepers are always out of harm's way.

Remembering back, the blue grot had said something about Zizz 'n' Bitz. But there aren't exactly signs in the 60-Second Market. Not that you'd be able to read it.

There is a large explosion. You turn to watch as sparks fly and lightning arcs somewhere over to your left. Bitz rain down from the sky.

...Oh dear.

But that was zizz and those were bitz. You think you may have found your grot! Hurrying over the best you can, the now-roofless shop that is probably Zizz 'n' Bitz is in disarray. Grots keep eyeing each other, wondering if it's about time to start looting the displayed goods while dodging sliding pillars and mashy pistons. As you walk towards them, everyone starts looking away and whistling.

It is quite tempting, all of those shiny bitz. You have no idea what any of them do, but you want them anyway. They probably zizz. That's enough for you. But remembering your duty, you enter the main part of the shop. There is a grot collapsed on the floor and blackened with soot. He seems to be groaning still.

>Slap him awake and ask him if he's Zizz 'n' Bitz, if not, loot the place.
<Rolled 19>

Slap slap. "Oi! Is dis Zizz 'n' Bitz?"

"Grotface? Is dat you?" The prone grot coughs slightly, "Grotface, I dun fink I'm gonna make it."

"...But is this Zizz 'n' Bitz?"

"Of course, stupid git! I know yer slow but--" He groans and reaches for his side. On closer inspection, it seems his torso has been punctured something bad by large fragments metal.

You're at Zizz 'n' Bitz! Time to deliver your package!

"Listen, Grotface..."

Hand him the package and be on your way?

>We can't just leave a good grot down! How are we ever gonna get some respect around here without some teef if we don't have anyone in our debt? Let's try and patch him up.
<Rolled 6>

You kneel down to see what you can do. This grot needs to see the Mad Dok. And fast. Like an hour before the explosion even went off, fast. You grab his hand and tell him to hold on.

"Grotface, I know you ain't da smartest git in dis market, but yer doin' just fine, even though I yell at you all da time. Dat nob Zizzbitz expects us ta move all dese bitz, and we can't let 'im down just 'cause I ain't around no more."

You try to explain to him that you aren't Grotface, you're another grot. A package grot. Got him a package. And he has to hold on. Because who else will sign for this package? There's a line for a signature! You can't sign it yourself! Also you need someone to owe you. Desperately.

But he won't have any of that, he shakes his head slowly. "I'm gonna leave all dis to you, Grotface. Don't zog it up too hard. I believe in ya."

With a slight sigh, his face relaxes and he stops breathing.

...He didn't get to sign the package.

You're standing in the middle of a shop that just kind of survived an explosion with a dead grot in it. A shop that was kind of left to you. Kind of. As long as Grotface or whoever doesn't come back.

Which he does. "Listen, boss! I fink I got da two zizzy bitz mixed up! Don't... Oh zog."

What do you do?

>Ask him to sign for the package... and also tell him that you probably work at this shop now.
<Rolled 4>

>Inspiring rally speech! Oh, and hand him the package.
<Rolled 7>

>Might also want to invoke our amazing diplomacy powers to convince him that we tried to help best we could, but even the doc couldn't fix this mess. Sympathies abound.
<Rolled 16>

There come a time in every grot's life that he gets full ownership of a store handed to him by mistake. At least, you're pretty sure. But this is something you're going to do right. Because not only are you a smart cookie, you're a noble one. A noble grot.

"He's just sleepin' roight? He's okay, roight? Oh zog..."

"Listen, Grotface. Dere ain't anyway around it. Yer boss is gone. But it ain't no time fer grievin'. He left you in charge. He said to me, 'I know I've given ol' Grotface a hard time an' all, but I still trust da git. An' I'm gonna have 'im take over da shop. 'Cause I believe in dat grot.'"

You walk over to him and place a hand on his shoulder. "An' lookin' at ya roight now, I fink I see wot he saw in ya. Dis is yer chance ta shine, Grotface. Yer own shop! You can do it! I believe in you too!"

Grotface, who had been on the verge of tears, hardens his resolve with your words. He nods. "I need ta get Boss otta here. But I fink he'd want me ta finish dis sale first."

You nod, hand him the package, which he signs with confidence. ...Does he think he could give you a job?

Gotface says "'Ow about dis, you go an' take care of selling bitz fer now, an I'll go dump Boss's body."

How about it? You could probably go find work elsewhere, if you choose.

>Let's put on our game face and make a good impression on our new partner/boss! Let's get this shop back in shape and selling bitz.

<Rolled 16>

Game face time. You crack your knuckles. Time to turn a profit. Time to show the world how a grot's grot does business.

You are selling bitz. Flashy pieces of metal and wiring. That is about all that you can say about the job. Grots and Boyz alike pass your wares while dodging massive pistons and gaps in the floor. You also have the feeling that the shop is slowly rotating to the right. The grots that stop by always haggle. But being quite cunning yourself, you haggle back. You even catch a few shoplifters, and blast their fingers off with the tiny shoota given to you.

All in all, by the time Grotface returns, you've sold fifteen bitz for seventy-six teef and an order of squiglegs. Business is good!

Grotface goes inside to clean up the place, maybe even patch up the roof. Though he's beginning to wonder why a roof is even necessary if the whole Market is indoors. You have a feeling that this was what Grotface did all the time. Behind the store front stuff. It's a good thing he's got someone who's gonna make it big like you!

Hold up.

There's a grot looking at your bitz, and he's got that string around his neck, and he's wearing those flashy clothes members of the Grotocracy always wear. You strike a conversation with him, and he seems willing to answer some of your questions, since he represents the Market and other parts of the right leg and all. He has to look out for his constitu-- consti-- fellow grots.

What will you ask?

>Get the skinny on that blue grot.

<Rolled 10>

"Wot? Blue grot? You mean da Mek Grot, Blue? What's 'er to ya? You new here or sumfin? Oh, you is new. Eh, she's just a blue grot. Dunno 'ow dat happened. Zizzbitz keeps 'er around 'cause she's damn handy and lucky to boot. She's a weird un, hangs around da nobs too much. Doesn't 'ave much ta do wid Titanopolis. But we got enough reason to leave 'er alone."

Wait? She? Her? This is still a grot we're talking about, right?

>Ask him if he knows Zizzbitz, the fellow who apparently tells the grotz at this shop what to do.

<Rolled 18>

"Zizzbitz? Dat Nob ain't all dere. 'E's da Big Mek. He's da one wid da crazy mechanical eye, an he's real soft on Blue. He actually sometimes comes down to da Market. A Nob! Down here! Looks at all da stuff da grots looted from da battlefield dat da bigger Boyz passed up. Sometimes buys sumfin. I hear he mucks about a lot too, but never gets krumped. Ya never heard dat from me, though."

>Try and impress this grot while we're at it, we could use some connections.

<Rolled 10>

"...I'll give you dis much, you seem like an okay grot. I'll give ya my name, Snaggleteef. If dere's sum kind of openin' in da Grotocracy, I could put in a good word fer ya, but..." He motions for you to get close, "It ain't gonna come free. Truth is, if yer want an openin' in da Grotocracy, you gotta make it yerself, if ya know what I mean."

He seems to be deciding between two bitz now, you could probably ask him a few more questions before he leaves.

>Ask him who the biggest groups here in the 60 second market are, always good to have an eye on the competition.

<Rolled 4>

"Wot? Competition? Well, Zizz 'n' Bitz is da only shop allowed ta sell zizzy bitz. Well, some udda shops will have mebbe one or two bitz here an' dere. But dey don't dare specialize in bitz. 'Cause da whole Nob sponsorship fing. Zizz 'n' Bitz is almost untouchable. I says almost 'cause a group of Shootists are lookin' ta get into the zizzy bitz market. Dey ain't about ta rain Nobby 'ell on Titanopolis an' da Grotocracy, dat is suicide fer all grots, an' dey ain't dat stupid. 'Sides, we would 'ave da problem 'taken care of' before sumfin like dat would 'appen. You didn't hear nuffin like dat from me though. But keep an eye out fer dem Shootist gits."

>Now we've learned something interesting here, not only are we in a position to start our ascent into the Grotocracy, but we're also working directly under the Big Mek, who our blue savior also works directly for.

>Ask him if there might be any gits that wouldn't be missed if they were to go missing.

<Rolled 13>

"Any gits dat won't be missed? Now just one minnut. Members o' da Grotocracy ain't allowed ta kill udda grots! Unless fer personal advancement, an' even den, if ya ken be traced back, you ain't nearly cunnin' enough fer da Grotocracy. Dere's only one grot wid an exception to dat rule. And you ain't dat grot. So I can't give ya no pointers."

He finally picks a bitz out, and gives you six teef for it, flicking you an additional one for your troubles.

You can probably get one last question for him while he's leaving.

>Who said anything about killing grotz?

>Plenty of other, less messy ways to make an opening.

<Rolled 6>

>Ask him where we can find him so if we've got any favors we can pull for him, or the Grotocracy, we know we aren't clueless.

>We should also probably start thinking about finding our beloved Squig once the boss gets back to take over.

<Rolled 20>

Snaggleteef waves his hand in response. "Of course we ain't talkin' about killing grots. Dat would be terrible. We ain't allowed to do such fings. If yer still interested, dere's an' interest meetin' of sorts by da Smasha Condominiums tonight. If ya happen ta be around."

You thank him, and he smiles. "Da Grotocracy needs up an' comin' grots to keep da big wigs on their toes. I hope to see you around, Mr.--?"

"Squigbozz Bigstompa Stabslap Grotgrattle."

"Er. Right. Squigbozz, den."

>Ask him if there's an easy way to get a pass to move about Titanopolis, like joining the security force or something.

<Rolled 3>

As he's leaving, you shout this last question, but he doesn't seem to have heard you.

Grotface comes out to examine your selling aptitude, and seems quite impressed! Especially because you knew none of the prices. He's never thought about arbitrarily raising them and seeing if grots still buy. He seems to be about to relieve you for right now. Stretching, you realize you've been at this business for a few hours already. And it looks like business is winding down. Grots are going back down the leg, and Boyz are heading back up. Grotface is happy with your work today, and he expects to see you back, bright and early. You have earned 5 teef, 6 including that one tipped by Snaggleteef.

You can ask Grotface questions. You can go check up on Wall Smasha. That "interest meeting" isn't for another few hours.

>Let's go set off to find Wall Smasha then, he couldn't have gotten himself into too much trouble.

<Rolled 16>

You go off to find Wall Smasha, who is still at the Squig Stand. He seems to have made a meal out of some other poor git's squig. Maybe three poor gits' squigs. It's two teef to retrieve your Squig.

Whatever Boris was doing, he seems to have finished doing. The machinery embedded in the 60-Second Market slows down to a halt. It looks like this was a successful day of staring on your journey to making it big! Four whole teef to your name! This is just getting better and better. Just think, yesterday you had none! Plus, you have an interest meeting to get to tonight, who knows what tomorrow will bring?

GrotQuest 3

You are a grot.

Your name is Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grotstompa when you don't trip over the syllables, and you are going to be the next 'Ead Kouncillor of the Grotocracy of Titanopolis. And, you've already taken the first steps to realizing your goal. You even rubbed elbows with one of the Grotocracy's finest. At least, you assume he was one of the Grotocracy's finest. He was at least fine for pestering with questions, and for elbow rubbing. And he gave you wonderful news. The Grotocracy is holding an interest meeting for those up and coming ambitious grots like yourself. Okay, so Snaggleteef didn't exactly say that, but it's probably the Grotocracy that's hosting this. It's probably not a meeting with an entry level grot that you're supposed to off or something.

After all, you wouldn't be able to guarantee that it was a grot you'd be replacing. And all grots in the Grotocracy are protected. Or so you summarize. It wouldn't make much sense for regular grots to be able to kill members of the Grotocracy if members of the Grotocracy couldn't (openly) do so themselves. There were exceptions, like killing for personal advancement, and that vague hint about one grot who didn't follow the rule. The rule was plain unorky, but it made sense. You couldn't have higher officials dying left and right all the time, or there would be so much backstabbing and killing that nothing would ever get done. You note that non-lethal krumping was never mentioned.

Anyway, you are supposed to head to the Smasha Condominiums after nightfall for that interest meeting. Until then, you seem to have a few hours to muck about with, and four whole teef burning a hole in your pocket. You've never had so much teef. Never needed it before when everything was begotten by the old five finger discount. But that's behind you. Now you're a different grot, a better grot, a grot who was destined for great things, since this morning at least. Since then, you've made your way to the 60-Second Market in more or less one piece, picking up your giant squig mount in the process, Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha, and the ire of Scrunky and his boys. You delivered a package for your personal savior (who you learned was named Blue) meant for the owner of the Zizz 'n' Bitz there, who you found on the ground dying after a large explosion. You instead delivered the package to the git's assistant, and, passing the opportunity to own the shop because it was technically bequeathed to you, you gave Grotface a rousing speech before telling him he was the boss here. Also you were able to get a job from him. In that first shift, you managed to talk to Snaggleteef, and the rest is history.

Now you are wandering around the stalls and stores of the 60-Second Market with your giant squig Wall Smasha in tow, those four teef jangling in your pocket. You could buy something, or you could go check out the casino you vaguely remember seeing on your long since discarded map, or you could perhaps scout out the Smasha Condominiums beforehand.

What do you do?

>WE GO TO THE FUCK MOTHERING CASINO IN SEARCH FOR GLORY AND FORTUNE!
<Rolled 17>

>To the casino, we might find good opportunities there.

<Rolled 11>

>casino for glorious teef

<Rolled 6>

>Get something to eat, you haven't eaten all day and you don't want to show up to the meeting looking like a hungry beggar for your first impression.

<Rolled 1>

>Rolling for Wall Smasha to drag us someplace with food then.

<Rolled 15>

You like the idea of going to the casino very much. After all, with your wonderous luck, what could go wrong? Nothing. That's what. Today is your day. It's the beginning to your thousand year reign of bloody savvy ruling and fiscal responsibility! You may not know what those words mean exactly, but you have heard those words used in reference to being 'Ead 'Oncho and stuff, so you are sure that is exactly what you will be doing. You are feeling lucky. Not just lucky, you are confident there's nothing that could possibly go wrong with your day. After all, you've gotten this far already! Your first day, and you've already gotten an in to the Grotocracy. Other gits would be messing around the left leg still! Ha!

Heading towards the downtown exit of the 60-Second Market, your stomach growls. Alas. As great as you are, you are still mortal. And thus you still hunger for sust-susbsten- food. But being great, you can take a whole lot of punishment before whimpering and crying for your mommy!

A few of the last stalls by this exit have some cheap food. Squigpies, fried squig legs, squigheart salads, squigbone soup, squigslop, mystery squig meat... A lot of squig stuff at least. They smell horribly enticing, when they don't just smell horrible. But you're a grot, so there isn't much of a difference between the two anyway.

You notice up ahead that there's actually a large tacky sign with flashy bits. Not only are there lights, there seems to be a crudely made grot riding a squig automaton on top, perpetually waving back and forth.

TOOFZ'S KASINO AN' SQUIG GRILL

Ohhh, if only you knew how to read!

But underneath the mechanical squig and words, there's that red and black spinning wheel that you know means casinos, and what seems to be a grill. It could also probably be a jail, but if a jail is on fire, it's basically a grill anyway. Finally, underneath all of this, there is an arrow pointing downwards at the exit. There it is! That is where you need to go! And there's probably food there too!

Soldier on to the casino, or just get food now?

>Let's go rustle up some grub, need to keep our thinky bitz running nice and sharp!

<Rolled 20>

Time for grub! Not actual grub. You're in the big city now. You shouldn't be digging around for that sort of fare. You part ways with one of your teef and load up on fried squig legs and a squigpie. Watson Smasha, having had made a meal previously out of a few other squigs when you had him cooped up at the squig stand, doesn't seem as peckish, but you throw him a squig leg just the same. He gurgles scarily in appreciation.

After stuffing your face, you have two fried squig legs left, and three teef. You feel sated. You're pretty sure if you tried to eat the last two squig legs, you'd be stuffed.

You continue on towards the downtown exit. It seems there's another supply depot, much like the gun warehouse you'd passed on your way to the market.

What was that?

You suddenly look around. Did someone just dart behind a stall? You pride yourself to be as close to sane as a grot can get, but... Well, you're well on your way on your journey to the top of the Grotocracy. And you haven't exactly been quiet about it. You've mentioned it to just about every single grot who would let you get a word in edgewise and didn't look like he'd try to kill you. This kind of behavior... It could attract unwanted attention.

Then again, you could just be paranoid.

...Then again, Snaggleteef had told you that Zizz 'n' Bitz, where you're currently happily and gainfully employed, is under scrutiny of the Shootists, who are looking to get into the bitz market. Those armed, right-winged, right armed shoota enthusiasts may be taking interest in you...

Hey, didn't that old grot die in a mysterious explosion under extraordinary circumstances?

You shake your head. No, this is being silly. Besides, it's not like they'd up and kill you just because you're new and in the way. Anyway, if anything came up, as long as they didn't shoot first and ask questions later to your dead body, you're sure you can talk your way out. You're a diplomatic grot after all.

...Still.

Investigate your paranoia?

Continue on to the casino? (While watching your back)

>Since the casino is involved, we should have good luck if we venture in there, so

>if the roll is 10 or lower, Investigate your paranoia.

>if the roll is 11 or higher, Continue on to the casino.

<Rolled 17>

>We'll be a dead grot before long if we don't take our quest seriously. Try and get a fix on where this other grot is hiding, maybe have Wall Smasha sniff him out and see wot da zog is going on.

<Rolled 19>

>PRESS ONWARD!
>PRESS ONWARD FOR GLORY!
<Rolled 20>

>The casino beckons it seems.
>But the paranoia is almost as strong... guess Wall Smasha is gonna be put on high alert.

You can be a right git sometimes. Yeesh, even if you're being properly paranoid, you'll probably have plenty of time to deal with whoever it is. Preferrably somewhere public with a lot of other grots around. Somewhere like a casino. If you're being tailed, there's no reason they wouldn't tail you down to the casino as well.

You just barely manage to fit Wall Squigsby and yourself into the elevator down. What are you going to do? It's a giant squig. This is also advantageous for you, since if anyone is following you, they'd have to wait for the next one. And in that time, you can lose them, or at least gather your wits enough to figure out what to do about any potentially deadly, potentially imaginary, stalkers. Besides, it's not like Wall Smasha seems agitated at all.

Casino time! Ding.

The elevator opens up to the casino floor actually. There's so much flash! So much zizz! Tables and tables of Blackjack! They seem to even have actual blackjacks and not just stones like they used sometimes in Krumpus Bay! Rows and rows of GrotSlots! Squig racing! Git Pit Fights! That spinny red and black wheel thing! And a grill! It's the longest grill you've seen, and there are about fifty squigs all roasting at the same time. Whole squigs too. And yikes. 10 teef for half a squig. It's a good thing you ate before. Because these prices are killer.

Speaking of killer, there's a few grots in killer suits lounging around on couches by the grill. They're surrounded by other grots in wigs and dresses.

Your squig seems to be out of place though. Some casino goers eye the two of you presumptuously.

It isn't too obvious you're a country hick, you hope. There is a squig stand on the opposite side of the casino where you can keep Watson Squigsby. At least you know he won't get into to much trouble. It also seems to be a free* service!

What do you do?

>Fucking lost it, warp tainted "escort" grots. Boris certainly has it all.
>Check the minimum entry cost for games, if it's more than 3 teef you might as well just head down to the Condominiums before they knock a few out of your head to force you into a bad game.
<Rolled 10>

>We don't want to push all our teef on one game. Also keep an eye out for the next group to come down the elevator if we can.
<Rolled 5>

Lowest bet in Blackjack seems to be two teef. But if it's anything like Krumpus Bay Blackjack, it's a matter of avoiding saying "Hit me."

At Grotslots, you use tokens, three tokens per teef. Pay out is in tokens too. But there are service grots waiting in case you need to exchange either way.

Lowest bet at the races is one teef. And if you want to try your luck at out running with the squigs with meat strapped to your head, they'll pay you 10 teef if you make it through the race unbitten.

Lowest bet at the Git Pit Fights is one teef. But if you go into the pit yourself, you get a quarter of what the house gets every fight. Drop out whenever and keep winnings. If you win, of course.

The spinny red and black wheel thing has a minimal bet of three teef. Also you'll probably have to learn the rules. Why is there a grot running on the wheel?

You could probably bother the grots in killer suits for free. But you might get escorted away. Those grots in wigs seem to be built pretty powerfully.

The squig stand is free*. You should probably ask what a freeasterecks is.

There are probably other games further in the casino that you can't see from here. Wow this place is massive!

The elevator just went back up.

What do you do?

>Provided the machines aren't rigged, grot slots seems like an inexpensive way to try our luck. Anyone else agree?

<Rolled 3>

>We can't read, and how do we know what an asterisk is?

>Move (slowly) closer to the free* squig stand while getting a better look at what else is in the casino and keeping an eye/ear out for the lift to come back down.

>I don't trust this free*

<Rolled 8>

>I'd roll for Wall Smasha to make a break for it and cause trouble in the casino, HE KNOWS THE free* MEANS BEING ROASTED OVER A PIT, but that'd be problematic for a number of reasons.

>So slots I guess, seems the least lethal.

<Rolled 14>

What's a free*? The grot at the squig counter's been shouting it this whole time. "SQUIG STAND, STAND YER SQUIGS 'ERE. PRICE IS FREEASTERECKS." And then he seems to start muttering under his breath. Getting closer you catch "--

oidwhereprohibitededweain'tresponsibleifyergrotgets nabbedoranyfinfreeonlyifyaspendtenormorete efatdcasino--" There are about five squigs at the stand right now. None of them are as big as Watsha Smaton. The grot in charge stops muttering under his breath as you approach and gulp noticeably.

You're pretty sure you'll try the Grotslots after you decide what to do here. Stand Wall Smasha here? Or ask questions first?

>Ask him what all he just said, only not at a speed only weirdboyz could process.
<Rolled 18>

"Terms an' condishuns apply, see da stand fer details, void where prohibited. We ain't responsible if yer squig gets nabbed or anyfin. Free only if ya spend ten or more teef at da casino. Uddawise three teef an hour. Unclaimed squigs at da end of da day will be slaughtered an' cooked da day after."

>Ask him about teef exchange rates (are big ones worth more, or are they all worth the same?)
>There's probably a "dentist" around here somewhere too I bet.
<Rolled 7>

"Teef is teef here. Unless yer bringin' in Bug teef. Dose get plenty big, and are done on a teef by teef basis. Dentist is further in da casino."

You leave Squigsmasha Walton at the stand. He gives the grot a good hungry look.

Grotslots! How many of your teef do you want to exchange for tokens?

>Exchange 2, save one for another game if your luck sucks at slots.
>We can always get 7 teef pulled and spend those if we don't want Wall Smasha to get slaughtered.
<Rolled 20>

You call over a servicegrot and ask for two teef worth of tokens.

...You just got seven tokens out of that! An extra one! It was stuck to one of the others.

Play the slots? How many times?

(I'll be rolling for it.)

>Play 4 times

Rolled 133, 334, 36, 280 = 783
No pay out. Play again?

>Uhm boss, could you explain how these rolls work? I'm at a loss.

A service grot walks over. "Yer lookin' fer trips, boss. Trips, or sumfin above 500."

Play again?

>Are the tokens good for anything aside from slots?

"Well boss, all da udda games exchange tokens fer teeth as well. It's three fer a teef all over da casino."

>Gonna let luck decide.
>10 or lower, look at some other games.

>11 or higher, use the rest of the tokens and see what happens.
<Rolled 20>

Here goes again!
Rolled 982, 432, 550 = 1964

The machine dings twice! You win 4 tokens total!

Play again?

>Ok dice gods, show us some luck once more
>10 or lower, cash 3 tokens in for a toof and play the extra token before checking out the other games.
>11 or higher, play all the tokens.
<Rolled 4>

Well... Let's try once more before you go all in or cash in your tokens.
<Rolled 89>

Oh zog it all, let's go cash in for a toof and see what else we can play around this place. You get a teef from the servicegrot.

Well, that could have gone better, but that just could be your luck telling you not to bet on rigged systems! (Otherwise, you're sure you'd have won more.) You can play Blackjack, or bet on the races or Git Pit Fights. You could also participate in one of those two. You could also go bother those grots in killer suits.

What will you do?

>Hmmm... if we walk away now we'll have two teef.
>Two teef isn't even enough to get Wall Smasha and leave, and also rules out playing the spinny red and black wheel thing.
>Races might take some time, time which you may be running low on if time gets more speedy when you're having fun.
>Eh, I'll roll again for luck
>10 or lower, cash out now and check out the races.
>11 or higher, play all 3.
>What of the elevator?
<Rolled 10>

>Look at the elevator, then check out the races.
>If the odds at the races suck we can just run with the squigs, they won't bite us, we're the zoggin' squig whisper!
<Rolled 10>

You take your two teef and head over to the Squig Races. There are ten squigs running. The odds are:

1-5

1-4
1-3
1-2
2-1
4-1
10-1
20-1
50-1
100-1

The top three are ded 'ard squigs. They are not squigs you want to meet in a dark alley. The last few... are runts. Not even worth grilling. You have a feeling that's why they're here and not being served. The grots who are betting talk to and examine the squigs before the race starts. No shenanigans here, there's one of the boyz sitting around, acting as security.

As the running grot, you could probably talk to all of the squigs first. If you're betting, you're pretty sure you'd only have time to talk to one squig before the race begins. You don't need to bet on this race though.

What do you do?

>I'm torn between watching this race to see how long a race typically goes for, or TALKING TO ALL THE SQUIGS.

>Can we try motivating one of the runts with the food we have to run faster, or is that not allowed?

None of the squigs are being fed by any of the grots inspecting them now. Any grot that brings out anything that looks like food gets a glare from the Ork.

>Ask the ork why he takes orders from grots. Maybe convince him he should fix the race for you, just to prove who is boss around here.

<Rolled 10>

>What's to keep him from taking your advice and not take orders from you, a grot?

>Diplomacy! We's a cunning git, remember?

<Rolled 17>

You decide to watch the race first and talk with the Ork. "I gets more teef dis way den anyfin else." the Ork says. "Dey pay me ta keep fins straight. I'll be outta dis joint wid me pockets jinglin' before ye know it. Just gotta repay me debt wid Sneakyguts first." He points towards one of the grots in a killer suit.

You don't think two teef and two fried squig legs is going to change his mind. You try anyway. He's actually sort of receptive! Looks like he hasn't had dinner yet. He takes a squig leg.

"I fink I may want ta use da little boyz' room in a bit. If some grot were left wid da squigs fer a few moments, I fink no grot will know." He takes the second squig leg and your two teef.

...Now what? The Ork will leave in a few.

The elevator finally comes down again. From this distance, you can still see that the grot exiting is wearing a suit.

You sit and watch the race. It ends kind of how you expected it to. 1-4 won because 1-5 stopped to eat more of the poor grot who was running out there. This was roughly ten seconds out of the gate too. And 1-5 still managed to get second place. The 100-1 squig was actually stepped on and squashed by the 1-5 squig.

But the 1-5 squig isn't as big as Wall Watson.

...What if you substituted your giant squig for one of the other squigs in the race? With the Ork gone...

>How do we get Wall Smasha though?

>Pull three of our own teef?

>OK, so we either nab Smasha from the squig stands and enter him in the race, or pay three teef to get him.

<Rolled 18>

>Can I just roll for the squig stand attendant being eaten?

>it'd save us some teef if he were just eaten.

<Rolled 14>

You have no teef left. Walking slowly back to the stand, you see there are no squigs left. Save yours.

"OI. TAKE YOUR SQUIG BACK. TAKE YOUR ZOGGING MONSTER BACK." The grot is trying to get his hand out of Smasha Squigsby's mouth. It doesn't look like your squig is pulling very hard, whereas the grot is pulling with all his might.

With a few soft "whosagoodsquig" calls, you manage to pry the stand grot's chewed up hand out of Wall Smasha's mouth. The stand grot then runs away.

Walking back to the races, you have Squigsha Smasby stay by the squig pen. They seem to have found an equally runty 100-1 squig to replace the one that was squished. The Ork coughs importantly and turns to leave. You have enough time to go to the betting booth and place a bet with a pried out toof and get your squig into the squig pen

or

You should have enough time to volunteer as the runner. This will give you a shot at talking to all the squigs and sneaking Walton Smaston in.

>I love Smasha so much.

>That's a tough choice, on the one hand you can substitute Smasha for the 1-100 squig and bet on him, or you can enter the race and have Smasha run as the 1-100 squig anyway.

>No time to do both or are running grots not allowed to place bets?

>What's the pay off for the 1-100 bet with only a toof? 100 I'd assume, but I'd rather be sure with these races...

You would have to go to the race manager's place to volunteer to run, it's on the other side of the racetrack to the betting booth. Pay out for a one teef bet at 100-1 odds would be 101 teef.

>Pry out a toof and substitute Smasha for the 1-100 squig.

<Rolled 15>

You... didn't really need this tooth anyway. It'll serve you better as currency. After all, one has to make sacrifices on your way to glory! And this should be glorious, if you've planned all of it out correctly.

Placing your still bloody tooth and pointing excitedly at the 100-1 odds (It's the Blue squig too! Your lucky color! Okay, so it was everyone's lucky color, but it wasn't like they were betting on that squig.) you get a blue receipt and a roll of the eyes from the grot in the betting booth.

Rushing back to the squig pen, you go to examine the runt of the litter. No one else is. And no one else notices when you pull the sticky patch of paper colored blue off that squig and onto Wall Squigsby. You then stick the runt into your squig's mouth. You try to give your squig a nice pep talk, but your words come out distorted due to the excess blood in your mouth. He just likes your face. Probably for the blood, and pants happily at you. Welp. Here goes nothing.

You go sit in the stands. There seems to be quite a few grots watching. One of them is in a suit. There is also what seems to be two boyz in the stands as well. A grot comes out with meat strapped to his head and a determined look on his face. He does a few stretches and cracks his knuckles. This git thinks he's about to get ten teef. Oh boy.

A shoota goes off. RATATATATA

For about thirty seconds after gate opens, no squigs come out. The stands start murmuring. The runner grot made it to about a quarter of the track before one of the smaller squigs burst out of the gates squeaking.

Wall Smasha breaks the gates open, squig legs hanging out of his mouth. Skidding slightly, a slight lunge pops the last other squig into his mouth. The runner grot turns to see what happened, and Squigsby Watson, in his eternal gluttony, bursts into a sprint, chasing after the grot, ripping up the track behind him. A few seconds later, the grot is no more, and your giant squig sits on the track, unmotivated. The patch of blue paper is quite evident on his back.

The stands are now in uproar. It's quite evident that none of the other squigs are still around to finish the race. And Wall Squigsby eventually, lazily, makes his way to the finish line. Sniffing for more grots wearing meat as a hat to eat.

...Well. That went about as well as you expected. If not better!

What do you do?

>Zog it all Smasha, you are the best squig a grot could hope for!
>Time to collect our winnings and somehow get Smasha out of here.
<Rolled 20>

You head over to the betting booth. It's surprisingly devoid of grots. You give the booth grot your receipt. He gives you a death glare, but still ponies up a sack of teef labeled UNDRED and another tooth. It's still bloody. Looks like you got your tooth black! It served you well.

It's a pretty heavy bag. But you are a new grot with a new fortune! You should invest this properly. Like on a suit and local small businesses. ...You could also probably hire an escort like this.

Speaking of escorts. There seems to be a gathering crowd. The grots in killer suits have also gotten up, and seem to be strolling in your direction. With their wigged grots in tow. They suddenly seem very interested in you. The one pointed out as Sneakyguts seems to be trying to make eye contact.

That Ork who was supposed to be watching the squig pen? No where to be seen. You could probably hightail it, but you probably wouldn't be able to get Wall Smasha out too. He's gone back to the squig pen, probably to lick up any remaining squig pieces.

What do you do?

>Politely greet them and try to make a good first impression.
>Also smile, but not smugly!
<Rolled 10>

>DIPLOMACY our way out of this. We've got the Silver tongue.
<Rolled 16>

Looks like running isn't going to be an option here. And why should you run? You're no longer a smelly grot from the Krumpus Bay undertunnels. You're a proper grot, you were just considering buying a suit too. Like a proper grot. Sneakyguts takes your proffered hand and shakes it warmly. There doesn't quite seem to be any anger or anything in his body language. In fact, if you didn't know any better, he seems to be quite happy.

""Ello, dere, you must be new. My name is Sneakyguts, and welcome to Toofz's Casino. I 'ope you've been 'avin' a good time."

You introduce yourself, Big Squig Stabbozz Grotgrattle StompaSlap, and you affirm that you've been having a pleasant evening. Despite the fact the Grotslots are clearly rigged.

"Ah yes, of course dey are. What kind of casino do you take us fer? Anyway, is dat large squig yours? 'Cause dat squig's owner owes me ten squigs. Some of them were quite expensive indeed. Squigs bred fer racing you know."

You try to explain the situation. You were pretty sure there were no rules violations, you just saw that this opportunity, and it was too good to pass up.

"Oh, I'm not sayin' you broke any rules. I'm just saying some git owes me teef. And I hate getting dat teef myself. An associate of mine is currently runnin' da numbers." Said associate runs up, a smaller grot with a bow around his neck and large glasses. "Ah yes, five 'undred sixty seven teef. Dat's da worff of da squigs etten. All of dem." Sneakygits smiles jovially, "Now, are you da proud owna of dat squig?"

Wall Smasha seems to have turned around and is now looking in your direction. He's still in the track though, and there's a large crowd between you and him. What is your response?

>"I can always reunite you with your squigs if they were that valuable to ya."

>Call over Smasha

<Rolled 18>

>Well shit. Looks like we're gonna have to make a break for Smasha and get his attention best we can. Diplomacy isnt gonna cut it with this guy. Smasha can eat him... surely... right?

<Rolled 15>

>Technically, you are NOT the owner of that Squig.

>You should direct the bill for all the damages to SCRUNKY'S STEELWERKS.

<Rolled 18>

You explain to him, that you aren't the owner of the squig. The squig is your companion by choice. A free squig as it were. But his original owner was a certain Scrunky. Scrunky who owns the Steelworks. You also offer, in your politest voice, to reunite Sneakyguts with his lost squigs. A short whistle calls Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha over at a gallop, trampling over a large part of the crowd.

Wall Squigsby comes to an abrupt halt in front of you and Sneakyguts. He snorts, blowing the stringy thing around Sneakyguts' neck into his face. Seizing control of his stringy thing, he looks at you with the same smile, though clearly he's been somewhat ruffled.

"Ahaha, you'z a clever git. I fink I like you. Would ya like to listen to an offer I 'ave? One time chance. No need to commit. 'Ow 'bout it? Take a gamble?"

>Politely ask him what time it is saying that you do have a meeting to get to, but if time will allow you'd be delighted to take him up on the offer.

<Rolled 19>

He pops open a pocket watch. It looks very unorky. If you had to hazard a guess, you'd say it's humie in construction.

"It's nearly seven in da evenin', Boris standard time, if dat means anyfin to you. It'll only be a second. You can even come back an' consider it. Just ask for Sneakyguts." One of his escort grots gives a high pitched giggle, fewer things have ever sounded wronger to your ears. "Now, 'ow would ya like a place in da Grotocracy? A clever grot like you should be in da gov'ment!"

>There are no words to express my joy.

>Get the particulars from him, and say you're very interested.

<Rolled 2>

>Well damn, let's play things cool.

>Tell 'im dat sounds delig-deli... you accept and that the meeting you're expected at pertains to just dat.

<Rolled 6>

>We're coming off dorky it seems.

>Can I get a better roll for our gracious acceptance of his generous offer maybe?

<Rolled 19>

This... This just fell into your lap like a dream, or an extremely large piece of squig dung. Thank goodness you're not a paranoid grot. Now you just have to keep yourself composed.

This is delightful. You concur. Smart grots like you do belong in the Grotocracy. You belong in the Grotocracy. It's funny too. You were just going to a meeting about joining the Grotocracy.

Sneakyguts' smile disappears. It looks like he was just rudely woken up from a pleasant dream, or he just saw you have an extremely large piece of squig dung drop into your lap.

"Wot was dat? You were 'eaded off to a meetin' fer joinin' da Grotocracy? Wot's dis about?"

>Oh zog! Leg it!

>Squigsmasha Wallsby away!

<Rolled 1>

>Er, I don't know why we would run just yet. Just calmly explain what you know and what you were doing.

<Rolled 6>

>Looks like we might've landed ourselves in the middle of some internal strife.

>Explain to him that it was stated to be more of an interest meeting with no real guarantee of joining the Grotocracy, more of getting your foot in the door type of meeting.

>(last thing we need to do is get krumped or killed right when things were looking up for us, best to let the big wigs duke it out amongst themselves and take this as a lesson not to tell nothing to no one unless they ask).

<Rolled 2>

>We're doomed at this rate.

>Rolling in hopes of a better story to tell that won't put us in the line of fire.

>Like it's a block meeting to garner grot support and increase morale you assume.

<Rolled 18>

Well, it's quite simple. You were just going to a Grotocracy interest meeting. A grot in a suit named Snaggleteef told you about something going on by the Smasha Condominiums later tonight. And you were going to head over to see what this was all about.

Sneakyguts pulls out a squigar. One of the wigged grots around him pulls out a miniflamer. "Pardon da smoke, it relieves my stress. Keeps me happy." He chuckles in jolly manner, tinged with menace. "Da Grotocracy don't do interest meetin's. I fink you just saved yerself from some trouble. Unfortunately, dere are dose who would try ta fool a naive an' new grot from outside Titanopolis. It's a good fing you ran into me."

He beckons at one of his escorts, then whispers in his ear. The grot flicks his wig out of his face in an exaggerated manner and strolls away. You notice he's also in high heels.

"Now, you just rest easy. We'll fix up dis situashun real quick, an' den, we'll see about gettin' you a place in da Grotocracy, dat sound good?"

...Well, does it? Or does it sound... strange?

>Something's funky...

>Say that you'll stick around, but you're actually going to leave.

>Who knows, he might be in contact with The Grot.

<Rolled 1>

>Get out of there! Agree to what he says, but ignore him and leg it to your other meeting. Just be sure to keep your wits about you at the Condos.

<Rolled 11>

>Sounds good enough to me. No need to ask anymore questions about any of this (not like we won't be doing a lot of backstabbing later anyway).

>Just tell him you can be found in the 60 Second Market during work hours tomorrow if anything comes up.

>Leave and head down to the Smasha Condominiums anyway, regardless of the meeting you have teef now, you can afford to sleep someplace nice tonight.

<Rolled 14>

You smile and nod. You sure are glad you ran into Sneakyguts! Look at this, hand delivered a position in the Grotocracy from a grot you know who had a one of the boyz working for him to pay off a debt! Yeah you're not even fooling yourself here.

You tell him you're definitely going to be sticking around the casino while all of this is sorted out.

You're not going to be leaving, no sir. Wouldn't even think about it, boss. Sneakyguts is pleased with your decision, and even gives you your own escort for just right now. This... makes getting away a lot harder. However, you seem free to explore further into the casino now. Sneakyguts leaves with the rest of his crossdressing entourage.

Oh that's what's been bugging you the whole night! Where did they get the wigs and dresses and such! Well, who knows. Grots are quite resourceful after all. Well, you're glad that's cleared up. Nothing else to feel wrong about.

The escort you were left with has a nice pink wig that clashes nicely with his crudely done make up and yellow dress. He's got neon green heels. He seems to be really interested in the nails on his right hand,

but for every step you take, he seems to also to take a step in the same direction. Just quite incidentally. It looks like Squigsby Wall fell asleep.

GrotQuest 4

You are a grot.
A grot on the edge.

Your name is Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grotstompa, or Squigbozz to grots that don't have the time or effort to take you seriously. That'll change though, eventually, you hope, because you're going to be the next 'Ead Kouncillor of the Grotocracy of Titanopolis. A goal that seems increasingly treacherous. You thought you had an in to the Grotocracy a few hours ago, and now you're not sure. In fact, you're not sure this alternative in that you've been so freely offered should be taken as just that, luck of the grot (you are very lucky, or so you tell yourself), or something more... suspicious. It's so suspicious that you're putting away your delusional and wildly misguided optimism for some critical thinking paranoia and jumping to conclusions. The interest meeting that Snaggleteef had told you about was just condemned as a sinister plot to take advantage of new up and coming grots like you, by Sneakyguts, who runs at least the squig races in Toofz's Casino and seems to be about as trustworthy as a painboy with a bonesaw and a bunch of spare parts. Of course, you could have avoided all of this paranoia had you'd been more careful. Of course, fortune favors the bold, and you are a favored bold grot and you have a fortune. A sack of a hundred teef plus one. Won by betting on the 100-1 odds squig, which you replaced with your own entrant, Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha, your trusty giant squig with a giant appetite that doesn't seem too interested in eating you for some reason. You don't know whether to be relieved or offended.

Anyway, you were supposed to head to the Smasha Condominiums after messing around in the casino for that interest meeting. Now, you're just cooling your heels, watched over carefully by an escort grot with a pink wig and a yellow dress and neon green heels. You rest on your small fortune, and it's fairly comfortable, if you pretend your butt isn't being stabbed into by countless teef. Sneakyguts just left with a bunch of his escort grots to go plan something probably. You can't help but shake your head. Those poor gits at the interest meeting. They won't know what hit them. Never mind that you'd be one of them otherwise.

...Though, you're not quite sure. What do grots in the Grotocracy do to each other? They aren't allowed to kill one another, you've summarized that much. What do they do then to chastise each other? Was there about to be a good non-lethal krumpin'? For some reason, you don't think so. For some reason, you just have a really bad feeling about all of this. If only you could book it. Heck, you could make your way back to the 60-Second Market. You have a job there now. At Zizz-n-Bitz, Grotface will be waiting for you in the morning. It's proper work and everything. Heck, with your small fortune you could probably start your own shop. Live out your life comfortably in the market place. You could sell squigpies. That's actually one of your dreams, selling squigpies from out of a little cart when you retire.

No, no. None of this kind of talk. How can you be thinking about retiring if you haven't even started yet? You sure as heck aren't 'Ead Kouncillor yet. And even then, when you reach that point, you've only just begun! Right now, you are only beginning to start. No heading back. At least, not for now. Grotface does deserve an explanation, and he probably can't run the shop himself. You should also warn him about the Shootists that are trying to move in on his turf. But not right now. Right now, you need to go

forwards. You need to secure this position in the Grotocracy. This is what you've always wanted. Since this morning. It's just you and your giant squig against all of Titanopolis as far as you're concerned.

Well, you suppose you also have your personal savior, Blue. He's on your side. You're sure of it.

You are in Toofz's Casino, right outside the squig racetrack, currently devoid of squigs thanks to Watson Smasha's eating disorder. There is a gathered crowd from the racetrack that was set to riot, but with the mobilization of the grots in killer suits, they seem unsure what to do. If you had to describe their mood, it would be like that of a barrel of very confused gunpowder. It just needs a light. And you can't get away from your escort, who is doing his best to actually escort you.

He'll probably answer any questions you throw at his way, if he doesn't ignore you and continue to inspect his nails.

Smasha Squigsby could be your solution to a quick get-away, but you better have a plan before you try anything. You don't quite know where the exit towards the lower leg (downtown, you suppose) is. Also, your giant squig is currently asleep.

Actually, a plan is exactly what you need. Beyond anything else right now. So no more fretting. No more being a paranoid little git. Time for critical thinking.

What do you do?

>Ask the escort to get some food so you can get Smasha away from anything else he might wreck.
>Also, just think for a minute, we're in no danger yet, yeah, we're suspicious of all this (we'll need to be to get far), but no one is suspicious of us having anything to do with anything of consequence.
>We're actually in a good position and we should at least get some information on the going rates for a condo in the Smasha Condominiums since we'll probably never be able to do anything in the left leg again... until of course we rise to power.
<Rolled 19>

The escort rolls his eyes at you, but whistles for another escort (mossy-green hair, violet tanktop, orange mini skirt, blue heels) to bring as many grilled squigs over as possible. The ones that have been sitting on the grill the longest.

You don't think this grot is going to let you out of his sight. Not without a fight or a large distraction.

And yes. You are safe now. there really isn't any reason to panic. You just have to think this out.

"What's the going rate on a condo down in the right leg?"

"Depends. You settlin' fer somefin cheap, or are ya lookin' fer an actual condo? You can find places ta kip in da grottown around da Condo-mi-ni-ums." You notice he does his best to pronounce it correctly. "A proppa condo wid all da bitz iz 5 teef a night, or 50 fer a fortnight."

>Get to somewhere that you can splash the cash ASAP. And make sure people see it. The fastest way to power is by being rich, after all.

<Rolled 9>

>Lets buy a blue suit, red shoes, a choppy and a dakka. Also a saddle for Wallsmasha.

Blue suit? Lucky. Red shoes? Fast. Oh are you feeling this. The choppy and shoota and saddle would just be icing on the cake at this point. Your best bet is to go find a tailor in the 60-Second Market, but you don't think your escort is about to allow you to take a field trip.

You try asking anyway. He ignores you and goes back to inspecting his nails. (They are clean and shiny and not at all grubby, you don't know what's so interesting about them.

>We've got 101 teef and we're in a casino.

>How many of these teef can we realistically be able to spend before they rot away?

>Let's tuck a few teef away someplace else that's not in the big bag of winnings since it's a prime target for thieves.

>Are we wearing socks? Socks without holes so we can hide some teef in them?

>Let's go buy some decent footwear if we don't.

<Rolled 14>

You finally open up the bag of teef.

It's... beautiful. You've really never seen so many teef in one place before. They're dried out too. Looks like the casino's been holding on to some of these. Looks like they were doing their best to make their teeth last. That said, there are fragments and bits here and there and the inside of the bag smells like squig piss.

You are not wearing socks. You're still in the clothes you entered Titanopolis with. Just slightly more singed and burnt. You try tucking a few teef in your shoes, but you don't have any. Any shoes that you'd buy would be from the 60-Second Market. They jingle very nicely in your pockets though.

Your pockets now contain 20 teef. You have a bag of 80 teef and one bloody teef on hand. You try pushing your way through the crowd (which is starting to get rowdy again), but they don't seem too thrilled to allow you through. Squigsha Smasby is on the other side of this crowd. The escort puts a hand calmly on your shoulder, and... you're stuck. You can't move. Might as well have encased your shoulder in cement. Just how strong is this escort? You're really going to need to think of a distraction if you want to disperse the crowd and lose the escort. Or maybe you should try talking more to the escort grot.

"Just sit still until Sneakyguts gets back, okay ya git?"

Moss-colored hair escort comes back, arms loaded with grilled squigs. They're dropped in front of you.

"On da 'ouse." He says. You notice some of these squigs are little more than charcoal briquettes at this point.

Any bright ideas? Just as a note, you are right now certain that Wall Smasha is asleep. Big meal, food coma, sort of sleep.

>Ask about Zizz-n-Bitz being blown up earlier today and if anyone had it out for the grots that worked there.

>We did think we were being followed earlier.

<Rolled 12>

Your escort does a little hair flip as you try to hold all of these grilled squigs. How did that mossy wigged git do it before? You ask about Zizz-n-Bitz, any rumors or anything.

"Some grots say dat da Shootists 'ave it out fer dat store. But da owner, Bitzmuncha ain't no stupid git. He hired a choppist to help him out. But dat's normal grot infightin'. What ain't normal is dat they found da body of some poor git last week in the 60-Second Market missin' a face. Cut clean off, not gnawed off by a squig or nuffin."

>Ask what kind of choppas the choppist usually use, the spin-y kind, the swing-y kind, or stab-y kind.

<Rolled 19>

"What choppas? Dey use all choppas equally, but I hear dey like the swing an' chop kind best."

>I'll roll for trying to get the crowd to not go nuts by offering up some squigs.

<Rolled 7>

You turn to see a grot picking up one of your grilled squigs. He's a tiny git, even compared to you.

"Ey, sir, can I 'ave dis squig?"

You look at the squig and shrug. Sure, he can have it. It's little more than a fire primer now.

The runt grot breathes deep and yells "OI, YA GITS. FREE GRILLED SQUIG FER E'ERYUN."

...Powerful lungs on that tiny git. The crowd explodes. Thinking quickly, you toss the squigs you're holding in the air, and one at your escort, and dive out of the way.

It's a full blown riot. Might as well have thrown a folding chair. Grots are punching each other, Boyz are krumping everything they can reach, those grilled squigs of yours are being shoved into mouths, the grill is being raided of more grilled squig. But most importantly, you have no idea where your escort is right now!

You're now holding your sack of teef on the sidelines of the krumping. All of the gits are so focused on the free grilled squig that no one has tried to mug you yet! Well, not yet. Probably should get a move on.

You see Sneakyguts heading back with his escorts. He doesn't seem to have seen you. Getting into the racetrack and waking Squig Watsonsby is obvious, but then what?

>Wait, grots have folding chairs?

>We should get one just so we can say we own a weapon of mass destruction.

>If we do manage to wake up Wall Smasha, let's grab Sneakyguts and have him take a ride with us down to the Condos, away from the riot, the escorts, and anyone else watching.
<Rolled 17>

You've never really thought yourself much of an adventure grot, but this is a brilliant idea. You're sure of it. This will work. Sneakyguts wants to go check out the Condominiums? Then surely, we should go check it out!

Skipping over to the squig racetrack and over to the squig pit, you gently wake Wall Smasha up. A few good kicks in the rear does it, and he gets up and starts sniffing around for more food. Sighing, you praise him in the direction of Sneakyguts, who is trying to contain the riot with his escorts.

Wall Smasha acquiesces. Licking his lips.

He breaks into a run, giant squiggly feet waddling as fast as he can. Sneakyguts doesn't even see what hits him. He's scooped up into Wall Squigsby's mouth without a word, and now, squig mount bouncing, pockets jingling, stupid grin widening, you continue to the far end of the casino.

Next stop, Smasha Condominiums.

The downtown entrance to the casino is just large enough for a one-giant-squig stampede to squeeze under without taking off your head, and you soon find yourself on the outskirts of a shantytown. In the distance, there seems to be rows and rows of condominiums built on massive hydraulics and pistons, with a positively stately U-shaped main building in a clearing, surrounded by more makeshift shelters, like a queen amidst peasants.

You come to a stop. You've arrived. Now what? You have a feeling the interest meeting may start any moment now.

A few grots crawl out of their huts and shelters to stare at your commotion.

>Now we look for the meeting.

>We can ask around for Snaggleteef, ask our new tag-a-long where the meeting might be at, or we can just look around for a gathering of grots. It shouldn't be too hard to spot.

<Rolled 20>

>The meeting place will probably be on fire or in the process of exploding with how easy it is to find.

>How's the git in the maw fairing?

Pulling Sneakyguts out of your giant squig's mouth, (his suit is ruined, you realize almost happily) you dust him off and help him wring out his suit. He's furious. Well, you expected as much. Maybe his anger could help dry off his suit.

"What da zog wuz dat fer you daft git? Now we is in da middle of what could be enemy territory widout an army!" He points threateningly at you. You notice is squigar is missing. He possibly swallowed it. Something else that makes you strangely happy. "I'm in da Grotocracy, so dey wudn't krump me. But I can't say you'd get da same sort of protecshun."

Nevertheless, you are here, no matter how much Sneakyguts fumes. You tell him he can go back himself. And he almost does. But the hungry look in the eyes of some of the grots makes him think twice. He'll follow along, but he's liable to leave you high and dry if he gets the chance. (At least you'll be dry, you think)

Rounding the corner of the U-shaped main condominium, you see that a great big bonfire was made in the middle of it. Well, how could you miss that? Oh right, it's smoky. Looks like Titanopolis doesn't have adequate ventilation.

There's a grot standing on a stage with one of those speakyboxes. It looks like some resourceful git spliced it into the PA of Titanopolis. The grot's voice booms from overhead. There are sure a lot of grots here. You estimate more than you've ever seen in one place. Are they all trying to join the Grotocracy?

What do you do?

>Check to see if any of those escort grots are following you.
<Rolled 19>

>Time to here what the rallier has to say, and don't dismount Smasha.
>You might need to make a quick escape if things turn sour, and they might very well turn sour faster than you expect if they notice the killer suit with you.
<Rolled 1>

>Rolling for things to become not so sour.
>As in, the crowd speaker does not instantly single us out and set the wrath of an uncountable number of grots on us.
>Maybe also tell Sneakyguts to not look so noticeable with his killer suit.
<Rolled 18>

Nope. No escort grots you can see. Though you do have Sneakyguts hostage. You'll threaten to throw him into Wallson Smasquig if they try anything funny. Now to just pay attention to the speaker. That's what you're here for, after all.

"-shun. Is a grot not entitled to da sweat of-" Wait, is that Snaggleteef? "'-o' sayz da Nob in da tower, 'It belongs to da-" Yes that's definitely Snaggleteef! He's sitting by the stage! "-sayz da Buk of da Grotherder, 'It belongs ta Gork-" Ohboyohboy you decide to get on Wall Squigsby and wave at Snaggleteef "-ayz da 'Ead Kouncillor, 'It belongs ta alla da Ork-" He doesn't see you. You wave harder and shout. "-ject dose answers. Instead, I choose sumfin different. I choose... Oi, wut's dat git doin'. Yes, you on da 'uge squig."

You? Er. It seems Sneakyguts is doing his best to hid behind Wallsby Smashton. So yes, you.

"You look like a self made grot to me. What's yer name, kid?"

"BigsquigGrattleslapStabgrotStompabozz"

The speaker grot is flummoxed by your incoherent squeak. "Wut da zog? Speak proppa like, kid!"

"Squigbozz Slapgrot Grattlestompa Bigstab."

"...Right. Er. Squigbozz. Tell me, wut brought you 'ere today?"

You begin to tell your entire life story. From your humble beginnings in the tunnels of Krumpus Bay, to the way you spontaneously chose to join the Scraplootas through pressgang... All the way to the part to where you bumped into Snaggleteef--

The grot finally interrupts you, clearly relieved. Wow, your story was so moving he looks like he was going to die! He probably already likes you! Things are looking up!

"Roight. Snaggleteef brought you here. Well, den from wut you've told me, you're a proppa grot's grot. A grot lookin' out fer udda grots."

"But mostly yourself!" You add. The crowd laughs.

"Of course, of course. Wut kind of grot wud you be if yer not lookin' out fer yerself. But you know, most of wut you do 'ere, in Titanopolis, it don't benefit grots. It goes elsewhere. To da boyz and da nobz. Grots work long an' 'ard and den get even da sweat of their brows taken by bigger boyz fer dis or dat. An' dat won't change. Unless you choose fer it ta change! I choose dat way. I choose da impossible! I choose--

REVOLUSHUN."

A gasp goes out through the crowd.

"Imagine a Titanopolis Where a grot would not fear krumpin' by boyz. Where grots work for da sake of udda grots. Where the grot wud not be stepped on by da nob. An' wid da sweat of ya brow, dis Titanopolis can become yer city, as well."

Silence in the crowd. No one seems to want to be the first to react.

How do you react?

>it's pretty much like that already, ya git!

>Grots haggling with one another, boyz not kumping em fer mucking about, hell, some boyz even work FOR grotz here in Titanopolis!

>The way things are now is probably the best any grot has ever had it based on how like is like outside of Titanopolis.

>Better to have the boyz outside krumpin zog knows what then boyz having to keep an eye on the grots running things from behind the scenes.

>Make that git on stage realize that grots already run the show and that it's best not to let the boyz know that.

<Rolled 8>

>We're a smart, cunning git. Let's turn the crowd on him and take control of this ourself. This "revolution" can be turned into a revolution to get us moving on our way up the corporate ladder.
>We've been in Titanopolis for less than a day, but have we seen a single grot herder? No. Just a bunch of other grots.
>Ask him what his real motive is as he's clearly not looking out for himself, and the only time a grot isn't looking out for himself is because he wants something, and as soon as he gets it he'll cut his losses, in this case all these grots listening.
<Rolled 18>

...And strike three. The grot on stage is tripped up by your actions a third time.

"Wut? But I--" the speakybox cuts out. Several grots in suits get on the stage.

"We interrupt dis revolushun fer a brief meetin'." Says one of them. They crowd around the speaking grot, who pulls on his collar.

Sneakyguts pulls on your pants to get your attention. "I know dese gits. Dey're a buncha low rankin' nobodies in the Grotocracy. Dey don't wanna play Balderdash an' Backstabbin' so dey's plannin' a coup, their 'revolushun.' Dis be da fourth time dey's tryin' dis sort of fin, takin' Titanopolis back from da boyz an' whatnot, like dey's oppressed." He seems to have regurgitated his squigar. Or maybe it's just a new one. "Anyway, we is in da bug's mouth wid out a shoota now ya git. Why did ya 'aveta pull me away when we were gonna 'ave a proppa army fer krumpin' dese gits?"

But... You seem to have the attention of the grots around you. At least in your immediate vicinity. Who is this git who would out speak that speaker?

Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grotstompa, that's who.

You will only have one shot at this, what will you tell your crowd?

>Listen up ya gits!
>This here is the 4th time this sortta talk has happened! And has anything changed each time they try it?
>Dun look like it.
>All that happens is a lot of us normal grots get krumped just so they can try this again!
>They obviously don't know wot da zog they're doin', trying to make normal working grots like us fight battles for 'em cause they're too stupid to work their way up da grotocracy on their own like any other grot!
>Down right unorky, the lot of 'em! Why follow any of them if they can't even be sneaky enough to make it not obvious that they just want us to get krumped so they can keep getting us to get krumped again?
>Let's revolt against dis here revolution!
>Or at least not let them tell us what to do.
<Rolled 7>

>Well that could've gone better.
>"DEY IZ MUKIN' ABOUT! GET EM!"

>If that fails, time to exit.
<Rolled 2>

>Someone else... just someone else roll.
>We'd have to sing and dance to please this crowd.
<Rolled 3>

>DICE GODS HAMMER UPON THIS THREAD
<Rolled 10>

>Don't pray for the dice gods' hammer you daft fool!
<Rolled 12>

Well.

You tried.

"What's da difference between yer revolushun and their revolushun?"

"Why you tellin' us wut ta do den?"

They're less than impressed, but they're not about to turn on you. Instead: "Oi! Riot?"

"Riot!"

There's a thousand grot riot now. It makes that thing at the squig racetrack look like a tea party. Sneakyguts is doing his best to climb back into Wall Smasha's mouth. "GET US OUTTA 'ERE YA STUPID GIT."

What do you do?

>Ugh... Our talents are wasted on these ingrates. Let's just head down to Krunchas Salvage Furniture and look at stuff we can buy.
>The riot will still be here when we get back.
<Rolled 17>

>Wade through and save the grotocrats first. Never hurts to have someone owe you a debt.
<Rolled 11>

>Saving the one honest dishonest grot in Smasha's mouth is enough. The rest are gits that'll get 'use krumped or worse.
>Let's go buy a folding chair, no wait! Two folding chairs! That way if the riot has stopped by the time we get back we can throw a chair into the crowd and start it up again!
>And we'll still have a chair to sit on for later.
<Rolled 17>

Screw this. You're going to go buy things.

Leaving the grots in suits to their fates amidst the riot, you shuffle your way out of the brawl. It's amazing how fast you can part a crowd on a giant ball of teeth and hungry. Sure, this didn't work out, but those gits on the stage weren't even as high ranking as your guest and certainly not hostage is! Also the popular vote isn't going to get you invited to the Grotocracy.

Kruncha's Salvage Furniture is the largest store down here, but there seems to be a lot of salvage themed shops. Kruncha's Salvage Partz, Kruncha's Salvage clothing... Hm. You might want to meet this Kruncha if you can.

Entering Kruncha's Salvage Furniture, you see that there is a lot of stuff torn out of enemy gear that was overlooked by the Boyz. A few cushioned seats (no legs), a table that is four blocks supporting what looks like a piece of humie tank armor. It's even got that two headed bird thing that they use. A bed that is another piece of armor but with seat padding.

And there it is. In the middle of all of these pieces of scrap, is a perfectly operational folding chair. It seems rather utilitarian in design. Tau?

You excitedly ask the grot on duty how much that is. "Dat rare an' exclusive fing? Five teef."

Buy it?

>Hell yeah we're buying it!

>Try and haggle with him if you can, and also make sure Sneakyguts hasn't wondered off. Maybe clue him in on your plans and see if he's impressed, or even better, not impressed so he'll be double impressed when it all works out according to plan.

>Oh, and ask about meeting with the owner of the establishment I guess.

>Rolling for haggle? Maybe show off the special grot you have shopping with you today?

<Rolled 18>

You pull Sneakyguts out of Wall Squigsby's mouth where he was hiding from the rioters. His killer suit is looking much worse for wear. His squigar is still clinging on to his lip, doggedly. He seems to be in a daze and mutters something about crazy gits under his breath. The grot on duty understands and drops his price down to three teef. You pat Sneakyguts on the head and hand over three teef from your pocket.

Your pockets have 17 teef, one bloody. Your sack contains 80 teef. Oh, and can you please meet with this Kruncha fellow? He seems so lovely.

The grot on duty shakes his head, "Kruncha's away on Grotocracy business. All of the way up there, where the inner council meets. With the 'Ead Kouncillor and everything. He's a busy grot, Kruncha is. Barely has time to run his own businesses with all of this governing he does."

Folding chair acquired, you have the grot help you tie it onto Watson Smasha in an open position. This way Sneakyguts has a place to sit that isn't in your mount's mouth. He mumbles something about everyfin's gone to zog as you place him on the chair.

Success! Now what?

>Let's look around at some other things. Maybe get this traumatized Grotacrat a new smokey thing, get him back to his senses a little before you have to dismount him and start another riot.

>Let's ask the grot on duty if there's anyplace around here to get some squig cigars or whatever they were.

<Rolled 17>

>You know, we might want to ask about a way back up to the 60 second market that bypasses the condos and the casino, just in case time gets away from us and we end up needing to get to work in a hurry.

>Also might want to look for a mad dok so Sneakyguts can testify to how awesome you are and still get you that spot in the Grotocracy (or have him declared unfit to hold his position and take his place). It'd be terrible if he decided to pretend to not remember you later.

>What with all the trouble you saved him of needing to mobilize an army to deal with the rebellion.

<Rolled 8>

"If ya want dat sort of fing, yer best bet is da 60-Second Market. Da best way back is da express elevator. It's two teef a passenger though." He looks at Wall Watson, "Probably more fer yer squig." He points to the far wall of the leg. Indeed, there seems to be a tube that goes directly up.

Speaking of which. You're pretty certain that you've been going down a nice and steady slope towards the bottom of Boris's foot. But now that you're looking at the wall... Anyway, there's still Kruncha's two other stores to investigate, but you could also head towards the elevator.

>Let's shop some more, wait and see if anything will knock this git out of his stupor. And if that doesn't work we should just slap him a little.

>Seriously, we shouldn't have to pay for everything for him.

<Rolled 19>

>Check out the salvage clothing, we're kinda not well dressed at this point I'd imagine.

>And for the love of zog find a phone or speaky box or something and call the casino. Get some grots to go down into the condos and soften up that riot for you before you throw the chair into the mess.

<Rolled 20>

You walk into Kruncha's Salvage Clothing. It's mostly armor. Armor and bloody bodysuits. There's a tailorgrot present though.

"Give me da teef, an' I can make whatever ya want. Da more teef you give me, da better it'll be. No quesshuns asked."

You look around the store, most things are priced at most twenty teef. But that's a full and functional suit of tau body armor. No, it won't fit a grot. Quite unfortunate. You ask the tailorgrot if he has anything that would knock a git out of a funk. He tells you to wait there and goes into the back.

Sneakguts starts shaking. At least his leg is shaking. It's like a very localized seizure. You fish into his pocket and find two teef and a zizzy bit. 'FONE' it says on it. You still can't read.

You press buttons until it stops buzzing. "Oi Sneakyguts." you hear a small tinny grot voice say.

How much will you give the tailorgrot for your suit?

Answer the FONE?

>ANSWER DA FONE

>"You've reached Sneakyguts, da git's in shock right now so if you tell me what's going on I might tell you what you can do about it."

>Well for a suit, I'd say if the most expensive ones are 20teef, we should pay at most maybe 12teef. We're not boss of the right leg just yet, but we should still at least try to look a little more than half way decent.

<Rolled 20>

"Oi you sound weird sneakyguts. anyway casinos on fire. Toofz's gonna want explanin' when ya get back. He aint happy an sum git's gonna pay. Find dat zoggin idiot dat started da riot so it ain't you dat gets krumped. Also we just landed on anudda humie world wid emo pointy-headed gitz onnit so we gotta move da gud stuff outta da market an fast." There a pause and then the grot on the other end says, "Oh an we found anudda faceless body. Dis time in da dump."

...Interesting information, you suppose.

The tailorgrot comes back with a bottle of some viscous fluid. It's definitely humie in design.

"Found dis on a dead grot. Mighty strong rotgut dis is. Makes yer squigbeer taste like piss an water. He can have a sip on da house if ya order sumfin."

As far as you know, squigbeer is just piss and water. Regardless, you thank him, plop down 12 teef (ten and the two that you fished out of Sneakyguts's pocket) and you ask excitedly for a suit. The tailorgrot tells you he'll see what he can do.

You're about to get a suit made out of body armor. This is going to be awesome.

GrotQuest 5

You are a grot.
A grot with a suit!

Your name is Big Bozz Squigslap Stabgrattle Grotstompa, and you are well on your way to actually getting some respect in this town. Or at least some semblance of respect. You are right now being fitted, fitted for a suit. Some git once said that "Clothes make da grot." And you're beginning to see how that's true. With this suit, you can already feel the respect. Of course that git finished his quote with "less naked" but you digress. Never said that git was smart. Anyway, you're feeling it. The heaviness of respect, the weight of responsibility, the clout of scrutiny of your peers and lessers, the sheer mass of--

Okay this is getting ridiculous. How much more stuff is going to be piled onto you?

You stopped by Kruncha's Salvage Clothing after stopping by that interest meeting you heard about. That meeting turned out to be not of your interest, so you told all the gits there to buzz off, you'll find another way to get to the top. The top of the Grotocracy, that is. Your goal is still to become the next 'Ead Kouncillor of the Grotocracy of Titanopolis. A goal that is now even closer in reach than before. But you can't quite jump as high any more, or at all. Your new suit is made almost entirely of armor and padding. It's got a stringy thing that goes around your neck (weaved out of some different colored wiring pulled out of a broken Tau power armor) some nice pauldrons (you didn't even know that was usually a part of a suit!) a nice (load bearing) vest, a (flak) jacket, and dress pants (probably pulled off some humie officer). The tailorgrot even threw in a decent pair of stompas into the deal. They're shiny and coated in squig leather. It looks nice, even formidable. Your notched lapel looks awfully sharp and your pauldrons could probably poke out your eyes if you turn too quickly. And there are even pinstripes! Mostly painted on crudely, but it's the thought that counts. You definitely got your twelve teef worth out of this deal. The tailorgrot looks quite pleased with his handiwork too.

Now if only you could move.

Because you have a lot to do! You're going to be a political grot, a bureaugrot, one of those grots that are sharp of mind, sharp of tongue, and sharp of dress. You have sharp of dress down! Somewhat literally. Now that you look at them again, your lapels could probably break skin. You might feel like a million teef, but if you move the wrong way, you might end up feeling a million cuts. At least you know that you can defend yourself easy, just spinning should ward off most attackers, and you think your outfit could probably stop a bullet. Or a choppa. Or a melta.

Anyway, you have places to be, and things to do! The casino is on fire, and Sneakyguts was just charged with finding the git that started the riot! There's another riot that's still going on over at the Smasha Condominiums. Both of these may or may not have been started by you! You just heard that the Scraplootas just landed on another world, meaning things are going to get hectic around here! There is a bunch of sneaky stuff going about, poor gits found with no faces, gud stuff being moved out of markets, some sort of attempted grot rebellion to undermine the Grotocracy, something or other about the Shootas faction that you never quite looked into, whatever it was that was following you in the 60-Second Market, and whatever else Sneakyguts was planning. Because he's got to be planning

something. Even his guts are sneaky. You could also see if this Krusha has anything that needs to be done. And there's an elevator on the other side of the leg that will go back up the leg.

Sneakyguts is currently sitting on the folding chair you bought and strapped onto your giant Squig, Squigsby Watson Wall Smasha. He had a swing of some humie rotgut and would now be doing what would be described as "rebootin" by a mekboy.

You have seven teef in your pockets after paying the tailorgrot, plus one bloody, and eighty teef in your sack. You now have a suit of armor. A suit made of armor.

What do you do?

>Let's go admire our handy work back up in the Condominiums, show the now (hopefully) properly aware Sneakyguts just how much trouble we saved him by dealing with that revolution.

>Plus we don't feel like spending teef on the express elevator in the 60 market is back up the leg.

<Rolled 12>

>We might want to become aware of what time it is, see when we need to get back to the market.

>And also try to subliminally influence Sneakyguts by whispering in his ear while he's rebooting that a snotling (or at least a tiny grot) is responsible for the casino being on fire.

<Rolled 6>

>How are we to find out more about this thing cutting grots' faces off?

>What kind of thing even does that? Ask the tailor grot about it since the totally-not-hostage-bureagrot can't think right now.

>Might be a better idea to get a helmet at this point than a suit.

<Rolled 6>

You ask the tailorgrot what his opinion on all of this faceless grot business is. He shrugs. Sometimes after venturing into the depths of Titanopolis grots re-emerge... strange. He's only heard rumors and snatches of stories though. You'd have to ask a grot who was more interested in that sort of thing. He was only a tailor.

He tells you that a helmet would probably clash with your outfit (who's ever heard of a pinstripe helmet?) but he'll give you one for one teef. Two if you want it to be a good helmet.

He checks the kloks for you, it's late. 18:36, Boris Standard Time. Shops close at the end of this hour, if they haven't already. Sneakyguts seems to have gotten a grip on reality again, he's sputtering and slapping at his face, wiping away his drool.

Time to head off again! Nothing in your way, with your big fancy suit, by Gork are you going places! Not on Wall Smasha though! You can't manage to scramble up. Even when he's belly flopped on the ground.

...That's fine, you like walking just as much as riding! You like waddling just as much as you like walking too.

...To the Condominiums! Slowly.

Nighttime in Titanopolis is probably safer than nighttime in Krampus Bay, mostly because there wasn't a constant influx of new bloodthirsty gits to replace the ones that stabbed each other to death. This was a good thing, you feel. It is orky to constantly be fighting, and that might be fine for the tribe life, but that sort of behavior doesn't work in functioning cities.

Not that you're helping Titanopolis function. The riot that you helped start is thriving! They seem almost finished razing the main building of the Smasha Condominiums. Oh dear.

You squeak excitedly as you point out how much trouble you've saved Sneakyguts. He just turns at you with that same lost/dead look on his face. "...Yes. You've saved me da trouble of roundin' up all of the gits dat were in charge. Dey're long gone now. Or on fire. Either way, useless fer testimonies an' interrogashun. So da Grotocracy's investigation into who exactly is behind alla dis rebellion nonsense? Back ta square one. Well done, Squigbozz."

Okay, he did congratulate you on a job well done. So it might not be all bad.

He feels his pockets for something. "Oi, where did my fone go?" In your haste to get fitted for you suit, you may have just left that thing on the counter!

...What do you tell Sneakyguts?

>Ask him what a "fone" is.

>We legitimately do not know what this is (can't read), and we're going to play it cool and not let him know we went through his pockets.

<Rolled 2>

Playitcoolplayitcool

"Sneakyguts, who is Fone? Dey talk funny or sumfin?" There. Pretending you think Fone's a grot! This is brilliant!

He looks at you like you're a madgrot waddling around in special protective gear. ...Maybe it's for the best that you didn't get that helmet.

"Oi, I know you know wot a fone is. It's da talky box." He clicks his tongue. "I probably lost it in da riot. Come on, ya git. We gotta go find it, or Deffkloks will 'ave my head."

>This might be a good time to selectively relay some information to Sneakyguts.

>Tell him that some git lit the casino on fire after both of you left (don't give him any reason to point the finger at you for it, since you weren't there to do it) and some other git is stealing faces.

>Based on his reaction, we'll be able to gauge how important/threat level the face stealing is after laying on some info we know is important.

<Rolled 13>

You mention briefly that the casino might be on fire after both of you left, so Deffkloks or Fone or whoever might have been caught in it. Also what does he know about gits stealing other gits' faces?

He looks at you again, this time even less pleased. "Now I know you've seen and touched my fone." He takes you by the collar and fails to pick you up. "What else do ya know? An' where did ya put dat fing? ...An' why are ya dressed like a zoggin' idiot?"

>We're dressed like this so no one will bother us (a grot would have to be out of his zoggin' mind to try and mess with you as you are now), the fone is probably in Smasha's mouth (loose things always end up in there), and we know that it was a tiny git that started the riot in the casino.

<Rolled 9>

You're dressed to kill. If looks could kill, you'd be dead. And this suit is probably heavy enough to squash someone in a way that they wouldn't be able to get out from underneath it and thus suffocate to death (if they were exceedingly small or elderly) and thus this suit could be used to kill. So Sneakyguts better step off. He's welcomed to try something though.

Sneakyguts gives your shin a kick. It almost doesn't hurt! You both spend a little time hopping on one foot.

You tell him that Smasha Squigsby's mouth usually collects these things. Reaching around casually (being careful not to cut your giant squig's mouth) you feel around the super acidic saliva and...

>Yes, check and see what things might be inside Smasha's mouth.

<Rolled 18>

Well, whaddya know! It's a fone! Also a squig's leg, slightly pickled. You hand Sneakyguts the fone and mention that some tiny git started the riot in the casino, not your size. Much smaller.

Sneakyguts taps at his phone. It seems the outer most layer of it has been corroded away, most of the buttons are defaced. He still tries to make a call, using speakerphone to keep the acid stained block of electronics away from his ear. No response. It seems his fone is dead.

You've reached the outer most part of the riot. It seems the grots here are just watching the grots further in riot. Or perhaps they're waiting their turn.

What do you do?

>Not rolling for this, but you should probably put that pickled squig leg back in Smasha's mouth, he's probably saving that for later so he won't need to eat you.

>Threaten to throw the folding chair into the crowd and create a less enjoyable riot if they don't disperse/tell you what's become of the gits that were on stage.

<Rolled 2>

>Aww... I was hoping these grots would appreciate how much destructive power a thrown folding chair is allegedly supposed to have...

>Oh well, Smasha can always eat them if you won't abide by what you have to say.
<Rolled 13>

>Or we could threaten to just fall on one of them... see if being crushed to death by a pin stripped suit of armor is enough motivation for them to answer some questions the annoyed chap traveling with us probably has.

>One of them might even have a fone you can use.
<Rolled 18>

Putting the slightly pickled squig leg back into Wall Watson's mouth, you announce that you're about to throw the chair down. Failing that, you're going to sic your giant squig on their asses. They ignore you. Any threats you sling at them seem to be lost in the screaming and shouting of hundreds of grots rebelling without a cause. This may be harder than you thought. No reason to give up!

You turn the nearest grot to you around. You explain to him exactly how, up and down, you are going to squish him to death if he doesn't explain exactly where those gits that were on stage went. He stutters and says that you can have what you want from him, but he doesn't know anything about gits on stages or them going anywhere, he just crawled out of his hole to see what all the commotion was about after it started, and gee golly, rioting sure looks fun, he was thinking about trying it out, but now, not really.

Well, that's upsetting. Moving him to the side, you pick out another grot and do the same thing with your intimidatingly heavy suit. You're tapped on the shoulder (well, more banged carefully). It's Sneakyguts, who seemed to have been interrogating grots himself.

"No point, none of dese gits are gonna know nuttin. We need to either go into da fick of fings, or head back to da casino an' regroup an' report."

Listen to Sneakyguts? Do something else?

>It's pretty much just us right now... I know a couple others are reading, but I don't know why they're not posting.

>You'll probably get pealed out of that suit and krumped if you go back to the casino the way things are now.

>Might as well find a way to get up on Smasha and do a little rioting of your own until you have a stand in for krumping.

>Actually, let's start (literally) throwing grots at the riot. Maybe that'll get trendy and it won't be as crowded on the floor.

>That speaky box the grots on stage were using can probably be used to call the casino, so that's a place to force our way to.

<Rolled 13>

>So how about getting on the intercom system that was rigged up and singing to the rioters? Might make them stop rioting, or make the riot worse.

<Rolled 6>

Yeah, I think I'm going to call it in. It's not that I'm not having fun, it's just it's a lot of work with only one person participating, no matter how many people are reading along. I'm sorry dude, I know you

must really like this, sticking with me all this time, but it isn't exactly a collective game if you're the only one playing.

I really hate to do this, but I think I'm just gonna call it quits. There just isn't enough interest.

Thank you for playing GrotQuest, Anon. I'm sure we'll meet again. And maybe I'll bring GrotQuest back in the future. But now doesn't seem to be the time for GrotQuest.

Oh well.

GROTQUEST END.

>Aww, well I had fun. I'm glad you're also mature enough to see when its time to hang up the hat and not let the quest drag past its welcome.

>Well, darn.

>But I can understand that.

>I liked this quest since it was giving us a tour of Boris' inner workings, I hope you continue this in some form or another someday.

A Krampus Bay Outing: Follow Up (unfinished)

Somewhere in the Oestalan Sector there is a section of the Warp that never truly recovered from the storms that ravaged the sector for two millenia. If there were a Farseer of some sort studying the Warp in this area, she would conclude that somehow, because the Warp folds over on itself or something, there is a pocket of reality that is extremely difficult to get into and get out of. Indeed, the scattering of systems that lie within this irregularity are even now still curiously isolated from the sector at large and are quite difficult to detect from the outside. The inhabitants find themselves shielded from the larger machinations that surround them in the sector, yet trapped with nothing to do but brood and plan. If a small Craftworld pursued by Dark Eldar were to punch through this fold in a daring and foolish attempt to escape, they would no doubt shake off some (but not all) of their assailants and then have the time to slowly recover. Perhaps the hypothetical Craftworld would hire out a group of Freebooterz, lead by a dashing and handsome swashbuckler of an Ork, to take care of the rest of the Dark Eldar and all of the other threats in the small group of systems. Hypothetically.

The Blood Jaguars' homeworld lies but a comet's orbit away from this irregularity, and indeed they, out of all of the Oestalan Sector, have the most experience dealing with the inhabitants. Once they were able to force their way into this irregularity to liberate a fallen world from Chaos, and, after a somewhat pyrrhic victory, spent the majority of a standard year trying to get back out. Any attempts to escape using the Warp simply turned the fleet back into the irregularity. The method the Blood Jaguars used to finally manage to leave is only known by them and the Sun Emperor. They have not since tried to return to that irregularity, probably for good reason.

There is but one other record of this irregularity on file.

The 1st Membranes made it in. The regiment of psykers freed an Imperial world from the scraplooting clutches of the Orks in a battle and a half, and then left again. This is pretty well known among the scattered systems within. It's the one defeat that the Scraplootas have definitely suffered. What is not well known is that the 1st Membranes returned.

* * *

"We've arrived Commander."

Commander Randi was not a psyker, but even he could feel that odd tingly feeling in his brain. "Tell me, how long were we in the Warp?"

His first mate cleared his throat. "...Roughly thirty sweeps, Commander."

The number hung in the air like a coyote off a cliff before reality brought it crashing down. "Thirty sweeps? We just lost thirty sweeps to the Warp so we could aid some backwater world? The Greenskins will be long gone by now! Surely we look upon the ruined husk of..."

The Commander looked out over the bridge at the planet. It sure didn't look ruined. Didn't even seem to be under siege by Orks a little bit. If anything it looked like the world was thriving. "Hail the Planetary Governor. He better have an explanation."

But this is not a 1st Membranes story. This is a Scraplootas story.

* * *

Parked on the far side of the moon of this world was another familiar fleet, a flagship space hulk and several smaller space hulks with an Orkified Chaos Titan suspended between them. This one was not fresh from the Warp. It actually had never left the irregularity. Not for lack of trying, just no matter how many attempts they made or how many boarding daemons were killed, the Scraplootas could never make it out. If they were more aware of Chaos, they may have blamed Tzeentch or Slaanesh or whomever, but instead they just assumed it was the usual culprit. It didn't have enough Dakka. To that end, they tried affixing guns to the ships that only went off in the Warp, but that didn't seem to help, and it made no sense to point guns at their engines, so they stopped trying to add more literal Dakka and went for more flash and shiny bitz. They looted scraps, so to speak.

Urtylug gestured for a mug. The serving grot on his back filled it up carefully with squigtea and added a dash of squigmilk the way that the Kaptin liked it. He gracefully placed it into Urtylug's waiting hand, and Urtylug serenely took a sip. There it was. Their ticket out, slowly moving to orbit the resort world below.

"Kaztrukk, looks like yer info iz gud."

Kaztrukk nodded, of course his info was good. Urtylug guaranteed that much by press-ganging Kaztrukk. This way, even if they ended up exploding or whatever in the Warp, Kaztrukk couldn't escape the krumping he would get if it turned out to be bad info.

"Three dayz dey stay, den dey're gone fer six sweeps." Kaztrukk accepted the mug of squigtea he was handed by a serving grot.

"Den we leave da sektor in three dayz." The two clinked mugs and drank, watching as a scattering of the Scraplootas shuttles emerged from the belly of the space hulk.

* * *

"Then we have three days to stop them from leaving." Vaedrisa turned dramatically, her weighty robes adding a nice flourish.

"...Yes. I just said that." Warlock Zielt sighed inwardly.

"I said it better. Can we get there in time?" The craftworld was almost back to a hundred percent. Their respite in this irregularity was coming to an end, and the bureaucrats wanted to rejoin their brethren in their endless struggle among the stars. It was taking all the Farseer could do to stall them, but even she

and her lust for beautiful rugged green fungi-flesh were faltering in the face of overwhelming investigations and hearings.

She had done her best to demonstrate that there was little to be done to leave the sector. Even with no Dark Eldar in pursuit, they were reflected back from the warp, and the craftworld was still in no shape to exert the kinds of energies necessary to punch through the veil, so to speak, again. Vaedrisa reminded the High Council that the self-inflicted damage they had incurred due to that original jump, so long ago, would render them helpless to whatever malevolent forces that lay in wait outside once they exited the sector.

To which, the High Council answered, "Then use the bloody greenskins."

And to which Farseer Vaedrisa responded, "Fuck."

She was absolutely furious because that meant there were members of the High Council that actually sat down to read the mountains of drivel that she produced as paperwork to appease them with. That busy work she had spent years of her life on that was supposed to be skipped over by the Council but give her enough credibility and justification to continue to do whatever the hell she wanted.

But she was also somewhat inwardly pleased because that meant that there were members of the High Council that actually sat down to read the mountains of drivel that she produced as paperwork to appease the members with. And they had read closely enough to have figured out that the Scraplootas were preparing to break out themselves, meaning they at least saw value in the nonsense that she got up to.

And she was also absolutely mortified because that meant that there were members of the High Council that actually sat down to read the mountains of drivel that she produced as paperwork to appease the members with. She had at one point accidentally submitted fiction of a romantic evening with the Warboss-Kaptin of the Scraplootas... And yet another one with that one blue grot of interest. If they were reading closely enough to read in between the lines to figure out what the Scraplootas may have been trying to do, they had obviously read all of that as well. And they knew fully well how much she wanted to be awash with fungus spores.

"Fuck" was then the most succinct way to express all three emotions.

After a short reprimand, she was assigned the new task of finding a way to either stall the Scraplootas long enough to find a way to steal their method of travel, or to stall the Scraplootas long enough that the craftworld could hitch a ride, so to speak, unbeknownst to the Ork menace. Their coffers were depleted as it was, with the continuous payment of mercenary work that Vaedrisa had requested. There was no way they'd be able to afford an escort from the Orkz without pulling some major economic teeth, and all of the dentists in the craftworld were basically fresh out.

So now the craftworld was puttering half way across the sector like an oversized, overzealous golf ball launched from some godforsaken metaphorical club. It was probably Orkish in nature.

"In time? What are you hoping to get there in time for? Some hot xenophilia from your hunk of a greenskin?"

"Quiet you." At some point someone had alerted Zielt to the romantic musings she had accidentally thrown in with the rest of her reports, and now he was never going to let her live it down.

"In time for me to forget what I read without driving a wraithbone in behind my eye and swirling it about? Why there's not enough time in the remaining universe for that!"

"Thank you, Warlock. Your input is most welcome, Zielt."

"At the current rate, we will approach the mon-keigh tropical planet just 'in time' to see the fleet that we have noted appearing and disappearing with intense regularity again about to disappear from the sector, if that is what you're asking."

"What kind of a window are we looking at?"

"Not big enough for a romantic encounter with a burly Ork Kaptin, but big enough for our craftworld's Farseer to actually do some Farseeing."

"Fuck you too Zielt."

"I wouldn't dream of it. I'd have to paint myself green first."

"Warlock Zielt, thank you for volunteering to join our Darkstar Fighters in establishing forward reconnaissance of the mon-keigh planet. Your bravery has not gone unnoticed." Vaedrisa took little comfort of watching Zielt's smirk melt off his face.

* * *

It was reckonsence. The very essence of reckoning. And if Orks were reckoning, there was trouble afoot. Orks after all don't really care enough make plans to krump tings dat don't look so tuff. Oh sure, they would definitely krump said things for the sake of a good krumpin', but small things didn't work that into their calculations when calculations needed to be made. Now, most Orks wouldn't do calculations to start with, but Rockeata was not most Orks. Then again, most Orks would be brighter than to chew on rocks too, but well...

"Four." Some things don't require too much reckoning.

"Wot." The bit of shrubbery by Rockeata's side bristled a bit and popped out Snekkit's head.

"Dey got four uv dem."

Snekkit cupped his fingers and squinted through them. It didn't work quite as well as the macrobinoculars that Blue had tweaked for Rockeata. It actually didn't work at all, but Snekkit tried and believed that it might so it was about enough.

"Ow big? Big as Boris?" Blue was perched amongst the twigs around Snekkit's shoulder, she didn't

want to say "Bigger than Boris" since that was likely to get her krumped, but that meaning was caught by the other two Orks.

"Dey ain't as big." Rockeata spat out a chip of something, "Dem iz smaller. No 'umie big git iz as big as Boris." Probably. It was kind of hard to tell how big exactly the Titans were at this distance, and Boris had expanded a bit over the years. Mostly out but a little up as well. Gitstitcha wanted to put Boris on an exercise regimen and a diet to get him back into shape. Boris said he was on a "zoggin' treadmill e'ry zoggin' day," and thus refused. He also doubled up on his squig pies to spite Gitstitcha.

Boris... was definitely getting a bit big. They had to replace the treadmill and hook the nob up with flashbitz that strapped around his head and let him see with his Titan eyes, (an 'eadset, cuz it set on 'is 'ead) not just out of the bridge like he used to. But he hadn't gotten big around the waist, well, maybe a little. It was still mostly the good old fashioned Ork bigger-ness. Boris was still krumpin' and winnin' like he used to. That wasn't something that anyone would doubt.

But it didn't take one of those fancy grots with strings around their necks to figure that four to one odds weren't great.

"Rockeata, watcha chewin' over?" Blue pulled on the Ork's sleeve, only for it to break away in her fingers. She wiped the gunk on her trousers. "'Ow we gonna krump dem all?"

"'Ere, ya git. Chew on dis and lemme do some figurin'." He shoved a sizable pebble into Blue's mouth and then went back to staring through his macrobinoculars.

The First Membranes... The Scraplootas weren't afraid of nothing. That's what they always said. But under that bravado and bad grammar, it still meant they were afraid of something. Well, afraid was a strong word. A word that would free a humie git wid too many wordz in 'iz mouth of da teef in der, if 'e don't shut it.

So perhaps superstitious was a better word for it. And it was normal for Freebooterz to get a bit superstitious. Because all Freebooterz know that krumpin' leads to more krumpin' and winnin'. A place were you led a successful raid was a zoggin' good place to raid again and again until the entire place was razed to the ground and nothing remained. But returning to a place where you got krumped? Freebooterz would never ever be considered cowards, but it was just common sense to avoid old battlefields where it went all to zog. Heading back to relieve that? That was just bad luck. That was the kind of bad luck that got you painting the entire fleet with blue and purple for good luck and for sneaking around bad luck.

So of course the Scraplootas hadn't kept an eye on the resort world of Telparroyo. They had no reason to. They never saw the gore-soaked beaches return to a pristine white, the wreckage of war machines dragged away for repair or for scrap, the traumatized survivors doing what they could to eek out survival on a planet that had largely been based on tourism for a system that had faced utter geocide let alone genocide. If they had paid witness to these things they would probably have gone back to be more thorough with their slaughter. And then they would have been stopped by The First Membrane once again.

See, it's bad luck.

* * *

"We've arrived Commander."

Commander Randi was not a psyker, but even he could feel that odd tingly feeling in his brain. It was a veritable pulsation, a migraine about to erupt. "Tell me, how long were we in the Warp?"

His first mate cleared his throat. "...Roughly two hundred and fifty sweeps, Commander." The number hung in the air like a coyote off a cliff in a repeated gag.

"Two hundred and fifty sweeps? We lost almost five standard years to the Warp so we could aid some backwater world? The Greenskins will be long gone by now! Surely we look upon the ruined husk of..." The Commander looked out over the bridge at the planet. It sure didn't look ruined. Didn't even seem to be under siege by Orks a little bit. If anything it looked like the world was thriving. There was a little welcoming crew of shuttles, held between them a well-used banner that said "WELCOME FIRST MEMBRANE TROOPERS"

"Hail the Planetary Governor. He better have an explanation."

As the hailing frequencies opened, they were overridden by a stronger signal. A small freighter that no one had noticed previously drifted into view of the bridge, broadcasting a code that was years out of date. When they finally found the equipment and the right psykers to decrypt it, the guns trained on the smaller vessel immediately disarmed and the shuttle bay was opened. It was an Inquisitor, on Inquisitorial business. Commander Randi assembled an honor guard as quickly as he could manage and then waited by the airlock. As it hissed open, every single man in the hallway stood to attention and saluted.

And then angled their wary eyes downward as out scuffled not a tall and imposing black-clad warlord of a man, but a dingy looking elderly man with wild hair in a yellow jacket and a bright red shirt embellished with the Inquisitorial seal. Behind him, a nervous younger man in a life vest pushed in a cart with the Inquisitorial Standard and a load of equipment.

"Commander Randi, we meet once again."

"...Forgive me Inquisitor, but I don't recall--"

"Of course you don't. That was merely a formality for my records. A joke of sorts on my part. I am Inquisitor Braun." He extended a hand to the Commander, who shook it gingerly. Then the Inquisitor gestured dramatically back at the younger man, "This is my assistant, McFawkes."

Randi looked past the nervous-looking man, who looked young but old but young again, and saw no one else, "Forgive me, Inquisitor, but don't you have more of a retinue?"

"And who would that be? McFawkes future wife? Marines from Space? My past family? Please, Commander, this is no time for idle talk, you have to go back!"

"Back? Back where?"

"Back into time!"

At this point there was enough dissension in the ranks that the Commander dismissed the soldiers he had gathered and walked with the Inquisitor back to his office.

"Ordo Chronos? My greatest apologies, Inquisitor but I'm not familiar with--"

But the Inquisitor wasn't listening. Instead he had pushed all of the things on the Commander's desk to the ground and unfolded an ancient looking star map. OESTALAN SECTOR it read, centered on the border. He then pulled out of his equipment several very accurate models of Imperial Cruisers and waved them excitedly in front of his face.

The door slammed open and Commissar Tiberius stormed in, about to go off on a tirade again, and stopped, noticed the banner, and then quizzically looked down the barrel of his own bolt pistol.

"Tiberius, now, now, it's not the time to be offing yourself yet! Come, I'll need your skills for this demonstration!"

With astonishing accuracy, Braun recounted exactly the flight path the First Membrane fleet took once it exited the Mandeville Point in the Oestalan Sector, up to and including the trouble the fleet had experienced with this second, unexpected Mandeville Point that they stumbled in as they neared the point where from which the distress call was coming from.

"Here's where things went wrong. You overshot." Inquisitor Braun paused for effect.

"Yes, indeed Inquisitor, we overshot by over two hundred and fifty sweeps."

"I'm sorry Commander, but the entire trip took you six sweeps as you had expected!"

Randi shared a glance with Tiberius, who scratched his head with his bolt pistol muzzle and shrugged, "I'm not sure I follow."

"All in due time Commander, right now we need to find a way to re-orient your fleet in native space-time! You see, this part of the Oestalan Sector never fully recovered from the warp storms that rocked this sector millennia ago!" Braun took his hand and tucked it into a fold in star map, pushing it underneath another fold. "Space and time formed a pocket around a particularly devious warp storm, and has kept it going in perpetuity! That is the cause of all of your woes! When you first re-entered the warp, the density of psychic energy that your men represents dropped your fleet like a stone in a cloud! There was so much momentum you broke through the other side!"

Braun moved his hand out of the way and then motioned for Tiberius to drop the ship he was holding aloft with his psyker powers. The lead model landed on the folded map with a thunk and dented the fine wood of the table underneath.

"So you're saying we hit the table?"

"Precisely! Now, in our current understanding of the warp, the impact you left was not just a dent on the table, you can't actually dent the warp obviously! But nevertheless your fleet has indeed left something in the warp! But what? It isn't anything physical, it isn't your sanity--"

The Commissar turned what was clearly a snigger into a prolonged coughing fit.

"Tiberius you should really get that looked at."

"Sorry, Commander."

"Right, it isn't your sanity, it's part of your time dimension! Temporally, your fleet remains one foot in the warp! Every time you try to leave this pocket of space-time, you reset to the day you entered and created that dent so to speak!"

"And so every six sweeps we emerge, travel to Telparroyo, find that the Ork menace is long gone, we spend a holiday on the resort world, go to leave, and then repeat?"

"Well done, Commander!"

"So how do we undent the table, so to speak?"

Braun smiled in an unsettling manner, "Tell me Commander, how would you go about undenting your table?"

"Well, I would have to prevent it from being dented in the first place."

"Time travel, Commander? Do you think that's in the realm of possibilities here?" There was an unnatural twinkle in the Inquisitor's eye.

Indigestion (unfinished)

What is a Threegrot? What does it do? How does it come about? Moreover, *why* is a Threegrot?

These are all excellent questions, and Mad Dok Gitstitcha would like to answer all of them. Or at least, he was going to try to. He had the bone saw and the Annisfetik knock out sandbag and giddy laughter all ready and everything. That trench coat would bare its juicy inner secrets yet.

But of course the problem remained catching Threegrot unaware. The Mad Dok couldn't explain it, but for some reason that git had eyes out of the back of his head and off to the side too. Probably a weirdboy thing. They did that. Whenever he got within ten feet of Threegrot, the git scampered. Practically grew two additional sets of legs the git moved so quick. Whatever. Really the hunt was part of the thrill for Gitstitcha. Before his tribe of Feral Orks had been picked up by the Scraplootas, there was a strange something going on, a mutation had stopped squigs from sprouting so the Orks were forced to hunt. And he was the butcher. Not that his tribe didn't eat all of their prey, bones and all, but there was something that required a bit of formality to all of it. It was kind of the same reason he fashioned himself a nice apron of crudely stitched together hide (made of of gits, naturally). It was as instinctive as putting together a shoota from scrap metal that was lying around. Butchering was practical too. You had to figure out how to make sure the bigger nobbs got their bigger shares after all.

Carving up meat one way or the other was the same for Gitstitcha. He just patched it all back up when he was done nowadays instead of shoving it in his mouth.

It took the Mad Dok the good part of the month to finally catch up to Threegrot, probably because Threegrot was sick of being chased around, probably not because of Gitstitcha's cunnin', but Gitstitcha wouldn't hear a word of it if you said something. Mostly because you'd be speaking in some human tongue and Orks don't /actually/ speak in a hooligan English accent it's a translation conv--

The Mad Dok realized that despite all the experimentation he did on himself and everyone else that he could get his hands on, he definitely did not want to experiment or investigate Threegrot. Threegrot was all wavy and shaky, but that was normal Threegrot. Because Threegrot was just a weirdboy with the power of three weirdgrots. And that was it. These were not implanted thoughts by Threegrot. Mad Dok Gitstitcha came up with them himself. Oh, and make Threegrot your assistant.

* * *

What is a Daemoncore? What does it do? How does it come about? Moreover, *why* is a Daemoncore?

These are all excellent questions, and Mad Dok Gitstitcha would like to answer them with help from his assistant, Threegrot. From what he could tell through visual observation, it was a dodecahedron, a twenty sided regular shape made all of triangles covered in weirdsquigs. Except it had twenty one sides.

No matter how Gitstitcha counted or looked at it or marked off the sides, he always counted one extra. Also covered in weirdsquigs. Like there was something wrong with how the Daemoncore interacted

with reality. Reality kept trying to force it into a certain shape, and the Daemoncore did its best to have a little rebellion to declare that it wasn't a part of reality's system. Other than that, it was cloudy and flashy on the inside, like there was a perpetual storm in there. And it spoke with a booming voice. If you asked the Mad Dok to describe it, it was a right flashy voice that sort of barged into your brain without knocking on your ears first. It was also usually quite demanding.

"I DARE SAY YOU OLD POMPOUS ORK, ARE YOU BACK AGAIN FOR ANOTHER GO AT IT? I SWEAR YOU SHANT GET ANOTHER WORD OUT OF--OH BY KHORNE STOP THE LICKINGAAHH!" thought Mad Dok as he got closer to the daemoncore.

Mentioned previously, it was covered in glowing weirdsquigs, but that was explained. The weirdsquigs regulated the Daemoncore's temperment, reducing the amount of mischief it could get up to. Otherwise they'd have constantly screaming walls and whispering dakka and weirdgrots standing on each other's shoulders hoping they could pass for an actual weirdboy.

"Oi, Threegrot," Gitstitcha said, "Quit whistlin', it bothers mah finkin'."

Anyway, something about the weirdsquigs' saliva sedated the Daemoncore, and because he broke a bonesaw choppa getting nowhere with the Daemoncore and it didn't quite seem to have applicable anatomy to saw off anyway, Gitstitcha was happy to simply pester the thing with questions. He fed the weirdsquigs and cleaned up their super dense and boring looking gray waste that made sensors in Boris click violently.

"WHY DO YOU ANNOY ME WITH THESE QUESTIONS, ORK? WHAT PURPOSE DO THEY HAVE?"

"I'm doin' research fer da sake of prosp- prosper- prosper-"

"PROSPERITY?"

"Yeah, dat one. Now, who wuz ya daddy?"

"BUT DO YOU NOT THINK IT STRANGE THAT YOU ARE COMPELLED TO ACT IN THIS WAY? WHY ARE YOU NOT ON THE BATTLEFIELD, ORK? WHY ARE YOU NOT TENDING TO YOUR WOUNDED?"

The Mad Dok frowned and scratched his head. Who was doing the Syko- Psych- Psykee- head scratching thing. Getting to the brains without using a proper choppa and only just words.

"PSYCHOANALYSIS YOU MEAN?"

"Oi, dat's da one. Sykoanaling. Who was doing dat 'ere, da Mad Dok, or da Daemoncore git?" He knocked the Daemoncore about with his broken bonesaw, causing several Weirdsquigs to relieve themselves.

There was the sound of a static screech in Gitstitcha's mind. Threegrot swayed even harder than he usually did.

"OKAY NO MORE. WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME, ORK."

"Oi jus got sum kwestshuns. Now, who wuz yur daddy?"

"I WAS FORGED IN THE INFINITE ROILING HELL THAT IS THE ENDLESS BOWELS OF THE WARP. I AM AN MANIFESTATION OF THE BLOOD GOD'S INFINITE RAGE AND BLOOD THIRST GIVEN FORM. I AM THE CULMINATION OF AN EON OF HATE, AN EON OF PAIN, AND AN EON OF RAGE AND THE BLOOD OF A THOUSAND WORLDS SACRIFICED IN THE NAME OF THE SKULL THRONE. I AM THE ASDGEGHAKGHDSGH STOP THE LICKING. STOP IT."

The Mad Dok stopped tickling the weirdsquigs and motioned for Threegrot to do the same. Gitstitcha did not see multiple additional arms retreating back into Threegrot's trench.

"Okay. So youse gotta pretty rough choildhood. I fink."

* * *

Far from the containment chamber that was the daemoncore's holding cell, Boris the Ork shuddered himself out of a fitful sleep. The bridge grots around him eyed each other nervously. This soon before a major engagement? It was a bad omen. Something that could not be fixed by dressing up with those funny long eared headbands and hopping about. The last time this happened, they ran into the Gargaunt that almost got Boris good.

Boris groaned and then thumped his chest. The Titan around him imitated the motion with a long drawn out metallic crunch, rattling everyone in and around Boris to the bone.

"Some git finda pink squig. Two pink squigs. Da chewable uns. Oi fink its 'eartburn." Suits him right for eating so many greased fried squigs before battle.

A select few grots pulled off their headbands and ripped off the bits of rags that they stuck on ther butts in a ball and scampered off. The other ones prepared the bucket of water that was necessary to down pink squigs. They were too chalky otherwise. Where was the Mad Dok in all of this? He should have been supervising. Not that the grots didn't do all of the work themselves, just well, it was good form to have nobbs heading all of the projects. Grots milling about with a purpose was always suspicious in the mind of any alert enough Ork. Wasn't proppa Orky, grots doing things with out orders.

The intercom did its chirpy thing. It was looted from the communications of a Warhawk VI that the Chaos marines used to own, and for some reason it developed a weird chirp after it was installed, and it limited messages to roughly twenty eight words, give or take. It was probably some twit's fault that it did that. Some git must have found it funny.

"Oi, Boris, wat da zog wuz all dat den? Somfin 'appen?" It was Urtylug, being a good Kaptin. Of course, you'd definitely want to check up on your biggest boy if he was the size of a thousand or so of your other boyz, give or take a few grots.

"I fink I'm fine, Warb-Kaptin. Jus a pinch uv 'eartburn. Can ya find da Mad Dok's head fer me?"

There were a few things that the Mad Dok was not allowed to do on Urtylug's orders. One of them was to come within a hallway of Boris's command bridge, at least with his body. Gitstitcha was free to make check ups on Boris in his reduced squig leg form. He was held up by grots and then passed around like some weird religious bauble, inspecting the Ork that now hasn't sat down or gotten out of his control harness mechanism in several years. Boris was remarkable in that sense. Perhaps it was the Warp-interacting-with-the-Waugh weirdness that created much of the Scraplootas' oddities that gave him the ability to continuously pilot the Titan. It was hard to say if Boris slept standing because the Titan was always standing or if the Titan was always standing because Boris slept that way. Causality had broken off at some point, not to say it wasn't in a casual relationship already with the Scraplootas. Boris showed no otherwise signs of slowing or wear or tear. It truly was as if the Titan was him and he was the Titan, though how much crossover there really was was a question that Mad Dok was forbidden from finding out, as most of his methods involved amputating and reattaching limbs or setting things on fire.

...Well in this case the Daemoncore looked like it was already burning on the inside already, so it wasn't technically setting things on fire, right?

Gitstitcha knew about metaphors and figures of speech and all, but he had a hard time figuring out which ones were supposed to be literal and which ones were supposed to be figurative. As did most of the Orks. For this one at least, he hazarded that it had to be literal. Torture went hand in hand with interrogation after all. Putting someone in the hot seat had to be a real thing that hoomie gits especially did to their interrogatees. The trick was to get the seat hot enough without killing the weirdsquigs. Even at his worse the Mad Dok knew better than to test his chances with the unbridled Daemoncore.

He eventually decided to just heat up the entire containment chamber. Threegrot was looking awfully warm in his trench coat now too, and was more likely to take it off, an added bonus.

"I DON'T KNOW IF I EVER KNEW MY MOTHER, REALLY. SHE WAS SO COLD, IF YOU COULD IMAGINE. DISTANT TOO. ALWAYS TELLING ME I WASN'T A BIG ENOUGH ABOMINATION AND I WOULD NEVER SUCCEED AS A CORE LIKE MY BROTHERS ALL HAD DONE." Gitstitcha imagined a sound not unlike the rapid deflating of a large wet tire. The hot seat was working. "DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THEY USED TO BULLY ME IN SCHOOL BECAUSE I WAS ONLY ABLE TO MANIFEST AS A DODECAHEDRON? NOT EVEN A PRIME NUMBER OF SIDES! MY TEACHERS TOLD ME I WASN'T APPLYING MYSELF. THAT I'D STAY IN THE WARP UNUSED, MY RAGE UNSPENT, MY BLOOD THIRST UNANSWERED. HA! I SHOWED THEM."

The Mad Dok was scribbling notes as fast as he could, meaning that he was scribbling on a piece of paper and one of the ubiquitous grots next to him was carefully writing everything down to be dictated to the Mad Dok the next time it was necessary.

"DID YOU GET ALL OF THAT?" Gitstitcha nodded sagely. Why the Daemoncore was coming together nicely.

"GOOD. IT'S ALL UTTER BULLSHIT. I MEAN OF COURSE IT IS. WE DON'T HAVE BLOODY SCHOOLS OR PARENTS IN THE WARP. ARE YOU SHITTING ME? WHAT DO YOU ADSFSDGAH" Gitstitcha frowned. He indicated to Threegrot that he should put more fuel in the steam generator that was pointed at the Daemoncore.

* * *

"Ugh. Dem pink squigs ain't workin'. Da 'earthburn's worse. Where'z dat zoggin' Mad Dok when ya need 'im?"

Yoof (unfinished)

In a certain sac among the refuse abruptly started shaking as it popped. Revealing an ork yoof instead of the previous countless squigs, snotlings, or grots. This time, though, it was different.

This yoof looked around among the piles of refuse and close walls, noticing at the end a stream of light coming through. Smashing through the refuse and smacking nearby snotlings away, he approached and looked through it.

Once his eyes adjusted he could see the hustle and bustle of countless grots with only a few orks wandering around. Even more impressive though was the towering gigantic figure... of a titan.

"Woah now dat is some right propah... ah, cannot tink of wut to say... it's just so orky." After shaking it off though the ork yoof noticed there was a lot of green... also yellow being the most common color. Which he wasn't wearing...

An even more terrible realization, he found himself without a single piece of dakka or even a stabba that would make a grot feel shameful. Now that just wasn't proppah orky at all... and needed fixen'. Quickly looking around, he retreated back inside the cargo container full of refuse, trash, fungi, spore, and secret treasures. He might now have no clothing... but that don't mean he couldn't be wearing the propah colors.

Luckily for him he distinctly recalled, for some reason, despite having no prior experience (it just sorta came to him), that a few of the fungi in there carried dyes and could be treated to become paint. With a quick swab of yellow paint on his form so he could blend in, he wandered right on out, completely oblivious to the fact that he was the only one whose skin was a light shade of green wearing only a coat of yellow paint instead of even rags. It was painfully obvious he was a yoof a fact that didn't go unnoticed.

So the yoof wandered about... or to be more precise, was mucking about. Problem wuz he couldn't find a single roight piece of proppah orky dakka or evens a choppa. Everywhere dere be gits, but an ork deserves stuff for orks, not scrawnly little grots. So he kept on looking before heading back, realizing he was hungry.

Also lost, so he went rooting around in a patch of fungi grabbing some tasty shrooms and few snotlings to munch on while he looked through some refuse. He found a bit of old metal and some rags... so while he was crunching on some snotlings he tinkered with em. Created himself a crude little smasha to go over his fists, now his punches will have a bit of metal in 'em.

With that he stood up looked around... and noticed a peculiar little map on the wall. Which was previously imperial but has since been gone over redoing it. There was a little green arrow and a red dot sayens "You iz ere." While the rest is displaying a map of the 'imperator titan' being crossed out with 'Boris' replacing it.

"Hm... if I needs stuff, I is gonna need to go da trade."

While wandering around Yoof noticed there being almost nothing but measely grots who wouldn't know about proppah orky, only stuff for pansies. Except for Boris... but then again the grots are probably like working for him or something. Which is confusing considering he hears about how there is an ork who even Boris listens to: the 'kaptin'. After hearing about that on the rounds, he swore to never get on the kaptin's bad side considering how big and tuff he must be to order around a freaken titan ork.

So... looking at the map and thinking real hard 'da grand stuff exchange' must be da place. For orks are the grandest truly so obviously that is where he needs to go.

The 60 sekon market's no good, full of grots and things that want to kill you. Granted that IS how he got this nifty pouch full of teeth when an unlucky grot got squashed right in front of em, but alas there was nothing left to eat... Still he was amazed about all the places he has yet to be... and areas that weren't scrawled over. Dem contains some sort of mystery which was mighty interesting.

Off he went to the da grand exchange. Luckily, due to it being so grand, it wasn't hard to find a lift there... and it was indeed mighty proppah. Here there were many other orks who must of 'ad the same idea he did, still tons of grots though, but at least dere were other boys and even a nob or two. Sadly for some reason he was still the only yoof...

He started looking around only to find that he couldn't afford crap. All of it was too much for a yoof to afford, so he kept on looking slowly finding his way to tha 'bargebins' only to notice a blue streak moving through the crowd.

"What da zog is that?"

Another ork looked over and commented "Dat's Blue yah git, that one is a lucky grot'."

"...How can dat be a grot? Ain't ever heard of a blue grot..."

"Dat is bekuz it's a lucky one." commented the ork smacking the yoof knocking a few teef out before muttering about 'Today's yoof being unproppah.'

After rubbings his sore jaw, and after picking up the teef, his eyes came right in front of a sign sayin "bargebin nahteeth speshul Sluggas'. Best of all was the cheap price displayed in teef, he could feel water in eyes as he felt joy that he could afford a proppah piece of dakka meant for an ork not a grot. He began sifting through the big bin trying to find a da biggest and da bestest. He dug comparing the sluggas... those with the most promise were put to the side while he kept on digging. Eventually an ork with the biggest teef he evah seen appeared and abruptly halted in shock as his eyes popped out.

"A yoof? Here? Ahem, welcome kustomah I see you iz enjoying our fine line of pro-prod-produce-bah produkts it iz. These 'ere be the finest acquired from the Zizzbitz workshop from mekboys personally trained by our chief mekboss! And this mighty establishment is the shop of I, Shakgul Naffteef."

"...don't seem too mighty considering how outta dah way you iz wiff so few trafficz," mentioned the ork yoof.

"Ah... well... you see, I iz new 'ere, came aboard with a numba of otha boyz. Was gonna start moi own biz... problem wuz the biz was all pretty much already taken. So ere I iz scraping by."

"Hm... you knowz while I was lost and trying to find proppah orky dakka... I couldn't find crap. All was meant for pansy grots not mighty orks. 'Ere though? This 'ere is orky gear I can buy itz."

"Ah... dats is roight, normally if you want orky stuff you haz to hunt around for it... dat gives me an idea yah yoof, will be rightz back with sumfin for yah."

The ork yoof, meanwhile, was going through the side pile trying to determine the bestest one. Short time later the other ork reappeared with old squig leathers in hand. "Ere you go yah yoof."

As he handed the yoof the old lethers, Shakgul's eyes went wide over the biggest slugga he'd ever seen in the yoof's hands, who handed him a few teef for it. The ork couldn't help but curse about why such a specimen of slugga turned hand kannon would be in the 'bargin speshul bin' he could of easily have sold it off for a lot moar...

"Ah, anyway before you go yoof," spoke up Shakgul as the yoof was putting on his newish squig leathers. "I haz a job fer yah, will pay in teef."

"Thot you iz a broke git?"

With that, Shakgul smiled a huge toothy smile before spitting on the ground... and out spat several large teef with ease.

"I iz of the badmoonz, and even dere I was considered toofy git. Consider this da first part of ur pay. What I need you to do is to talk to Mekgor Nobstuf, he iz a mekboy with big dreamz, but he's too lazy of a git to see them fru. Also need you to see Zogbog Skumbog who deals in squigs. First one is in da mekshop working, and da other... I think is dealing with squigs, usually never 'erd of em working with da grots. So I think he is in da reactor area right next door. Anyway give these 'ere to em."

The yoof looked down at the two scribble covered sheets of paper "...how iz I suppose to read this?"

"Ah, read, you ain't suppose to read it, they iz gonna. Having gits try to remember stuf is too un-unre-unreliable."

"...why?"

"Writans and readins is useful stuf yah git. Good for 'kontrakts' and other things, like the hummies be lovins so much, and you canz store good info without a dumb git to screw it up so easily during tranzit."

"...eh maybe you teach? Dis ain't orky."

"Ah, what you mean that ain't orky," exclaimed Shakgul looking over at the papers. "Oh... oops ah here is, right, iz da roight onez."

"You is a ork who knows otha stuff that ain't orky?"

"Part of the biz... did get me thrown out though, gits were sayens I was actens too much like a blood ax."

With that he ork yoof departed Slugga, package in tow, to right next door... which for some strange reason had a lot of glowing squigs. Yet even more strange was the scene he walked past where there was an oddly dressed ork screaming at a wall which was screaming right back at him. He pretended not to see anything as he walked right on past. Finally up ahead he noticed for the first time stood a few ork guards... and they were oddly dressed. Above them hung a sign stating "weird zone ahead, beware yah git'.

"Weird zone?" asked the yoof to the two stationed ork guards who merely looked at him.

"Hm... first timez seeing a yoof, and yes itz a weird zone place only weirdboyz, handlers, weird grotz, and glowy squigs allowed inside."

"Unless you iz da kaptinz." spoke up the other guard.

"Yup, tho even he knows to keep his distance. First time seeing a yoof, you wouldn't happen to be interested in bein a handler now would you?"

The yoof could feel a chill down his spine especially as they approached him.

"Eh we gotz lucky dis one is yet unclaimed."

"Oh yeah freshest meat."

"Ahem you wouldn't happen to know where Zogbog Skumbog is?"

"Hm dat one eh? He's usually attending to his squigs and shrooms, strangest thing, he don't ever deal in grots tho."

With that though the two ork guards where side by side with him as both of them draped their arms over the much smaller ork. "Now my yoof what is your name?"

"Ah its Zogrim." Commented the yoof whose name suddenly appeared in his head.

"Well, Zogrim, our newest membah-"

"Member?"

"You iz lacking in the required piece of zappa," with that the other guard finished what the other one was saying and handed him a weapon that was constantly spitting sparks.

"Now remember yah git, if dey iz funny you smack em with this on the 'ead 'ere, it'll fix em right up."

"By zapping them?"

"Exactly. Perfect for a weird boy and works great for keeping your head from exploding(usually) and theirs(mostly)."

"I don't like diz..."

"Well if you wantz to find dat one git you is after then you'll do so. Besides, that weirdboy likes to get loose... but is always pretty chill, usually hanging out with Zogbog when we gitz around to findens him."

"Now just remember to smack anything weird with da shocky club and you'll be just fine." Commented the other guard who pointed him in the right direction.

While leaving he noticed the two guards had returned to their posts, and for some reason there was a strange green fog escaping from the entrance coursing with energy. They were however entirely unphased as the yoof hurried away. Luckily this toime he made the right turn with those directions, though he may have gotten involved with the 'weird zone,' at least he made the right turn instead of the other which would of taken him to the Core and into the grips of a certain mad dok.

After turning a corner he stood before a fungi laden room within which were a bunch of snotlings crawling around a herd of squigs. Among the squigs, standing like shepherds, were three orks. One of the orks was with one of them guard-like boys so the yoof guessed the guy with him is the weirdboy, meaning the other 'un had to be the one. So he approached carefully through the flock of squigs before stopping before the ork wrangler and held out the letter, which was then taken from him.

"Hm... well that is quite da requesten." Commented the odd wrangler who was smoking a shroom spiked squigar. "Fine tho, I can fulfill the order, that is an awful lot of squigs though. What is he needitz for anyho?"

"Well... he is trying to get everything orky in one place thanks to everything grot making it all hard to find."

"Hm... suppose he haz a point, getting stuff for orks does take some hunting and wanderins around ere. Fair enough... ah before you go." The ork hands him an odd squig with flappy wings and a beak full of teeth.

"Squig is life... squig is luv."

"...uh I don't gets itz."

"Squig is luv squig is life. Squig is everyting."

"...you lost me."

"Yeah you would think HE was the weirdboy." commented the approaching ork guard. "So guessing you iz the replacment?" With that the ork brushed past him.

"WAIT, I can't switch out yet, I still got another delivery!"

"Eh, take the weirdboy with you then, he could use a walk." muttered the other ork on his way out.

So there stood the yoof with a clearly crazy wrangler and an weirdboy who was staring off into the distance before speaking. "Warp and wagh...in one place iz a wunderbar ting tis is."

"What?"

"The energies... Zogrim."

"I... wait how youz know muh name? I ain't telled you yet."

"Well let's just go see this mekboy, hm?" with that the weirdboy started walking across the room through the herd of squigs.

"Oi wait a sek, I ain't telled you bout that too!" With that the yoof hurried catch up with him, only realizing once he was walking down a corridor escorting the weirdboy that the squig given to him was perched on his shoulder and squawked rather loudly. There the yoof tried to ponder what he did to deserve this...

"So... What 'boout dis warp and wagh energies?"

"Hm... you know how if you iz already hurt then get hurty again youz don feel quit so hurty?"

"Eh... I guess tha makes sense."

"Aye... now imagine that. Tis also the reason why we ain't got nearly so many weirdboys as we should."

"You lost me you weirdo git."

"Tink of it tis way, wagh makes head hurt till explode yah?"

"Hm... okay."

"Warp stuff causes pain drawing away the pain from other spot yah?"

"Hm... okay."

"Problem is de hed ache'ns don't go bye bye, but you TINK it did. So you just keep on then-" *BOOM* went a nearby grot's head. "Get it nows?"

"...dat sucks."

"Aye we don't get such a goods warning bout til its fah too latez, but da kaptin insist that we stay here in da titan... in the warp thickest zone. 'Supposed to be a 'countameasure' for any goins on."

"...but nothing ever happens roight?"

"Things DO happens, but glowy Squigs, mad dok, and Derknitt makes sure we ain't evah neededs. Problem is ours heads keep on blowing even moar then usual causing constant distractions. Cuzes a shortage of weirdboys... tis why you don't evah hardly sees us."

"Why?"

"Need weirdboys to go places. What few weirdboys da kaptin's haz he needs desperately for movens around."

"Why he don't let weirdboys in rest of ship instead?"

"Insurance he calls it, that and 'lack of rooms'. Asking about us being somewhere away from daemon core, he tells us 'creepies go together away from ordinary boys... oh also makez sure no funny bizness be goin onz.'"

"Well... that sucks."

"Aye it's especially bad tenks to lak o'handlers who help keep us weirdos in da linez, happened due to lack'o orks. What orks were left be's already taken. So we'z put in a place where we be easily contained... didn't expected da weird zone to happen tho."

"Eh howz so?"

"You would tinks that weirdness would go around the daemon core right? But the daemon core is covered in glow squigs, but the area is still heavily saturated yes? So problems should occur where we isn't? It don'ts actually works that way..." Comments the weirdboy shaking his head. "For some reason all da weird biz goes on where we IZ most thickest, but we all be a bunch of weirdos so we handle it, that is if it's even noticed."

"...I really don't wants to go dere."

"Aye da 'weirdo zone' is a funny place, it is, but it's home fer us and now you too."

"...I REALLY don't want to go there now."

"Shouldn't of gotten grabbed by da guards then, you git."

"But I didn't all dey did was give me dis zappy stick."

"Which makes you a handler, yah git, you whack weird gits on da 'ed to 'elp keep them, and yours too, from goin sploding."

"Ah... I think we made wrong turn." noted the yoof who only then realized how quickly they got there... probably due to everyone getting out of the way, or so he hoped.

"Hm... I think we's next door... strangest ting is I don't recalls evah bein ere befo."

"AH, comes to tink of it dis WAS a blank spot on da maps."

"Hm... dat ain't good."

"Wut is you called anyway weirdboy?" asked the yoof as he tries to find a light.

"Oh tis Gorsog de Badwag." answered the weirdboy as suddenly a green light appeared around him before spreading around lighting up the place. "Well good news is we ain't in Blue's Workshop."

"Bad news?" asked the yoof, in reply the weirdboy merely pointed. When the yoof turned around the only words that came out of his mouth were.

"Oh zog."

"HM WHA DIS WIT DESE ERE LIGHTS ALL OF A SUDDENZ? IS IT TIMEZ FOR BATTLE? BOUT BLOODY TOIME." shouted a deff dread speakers.

"...I didn't know we had we had a deff dread." commented the weirdboy.

"OH, A WEIRDBOY THIS MUST BE SERIOUS HOWE EXCITING!"

"Ah how did youz end up in ere?" asked the yoof as he slunk around the deff dread.

"OH IT'S BECAUSE-*BZZT* I heard of Boris and had to see it for myself. Oh hey I is no longer making self go deaf!"

"And?"

"I heard of Boris." simply replied the deff dread.

"...Go on." commented the weird boy.

"Well you know Boris is not only in or pilots giant titan? Boris is titan! He's a hero among us Deff Dreads. Hence why I decided to go Freeboota!"

"Then how did you end up ere?"

"...sorta got forgotten bout. Not a whole lot a deff dread can do when you got Boris around. The Nob Dok and Nob Mek was supposed to know about me, but dey never came. Or grots for that matter, probably has something to do with me killing dem from boredom tho."

"How are you even still alive?" asked the Ork Yoof.

"All thanks to 'loif supportan sytim', also lots of thinken."

"That really isn't good for an ork." comments Gorsog.

"That it ain't, but when you is a Deff Dread ain't a whole lot to do but tink an sleep when you ain't fightan. Unlike da otha orks dey got otha stuff to do too, not us tho."

"So you think?" asked the Yoof.

"Aye especially now."

"About what?"

"Tings like how Orks are da best and have 'won at loif' or like 'what if dakka was choppy or choppy was smashy'. Sometimes I even thot of wut if dere was no dakka OR choppy? I tink bout many tings. Like what would I do if I ran out of dakka? Or if I had to fight through nid swarm? How would I go about it to live or even win!"

"So... how did you end in the deff dread?" asked the yoof.

"Well yoof, it was because I got hurty real bad but I didn't want to die, so da dok and mek decided to put me in ere to keep on fightan."

"Which you haven't done?"

"Dere is different kinds of fightan, just ask dat weirdboy."

"...Tis true didn't tink a deff dread would evah figure that out tho."

"Aye, not many Deff Dreads besides myself figured tis out. Turns out to nots be so bad aftah I realized da kinds of fightan an' winnan."

"So do you do so?"

"I try yoof, jus not so borin now, tinken next stop at da Krumpus Bay I be leaven."

"Oh don't want to stay?"

"I can't compete wit da Boris."

"Ah well I got... places to be." commented the yoof.

"WAIT wut bout da fight?"

"Dere is none." stated the weirdboy.

"Aww..."

With that the two departed and went right next door to the mekshop.

"Hm... so where is da git?" asked the Yoof noticing just how busy the place was.

"He is right dere you git." pointed the weirdboy.

As they approached, the yoof noticed how still and quiet everything was getting and also how quickly the different orks and grots would move to get out of the way. It wasn't long before they approached the ork, who looked like he was about to panic.

"What you want?" he asked, only the yoof to hand him the letter.

"Ah... dis it?"

"Yup."

"...you is joking roight?"

"Bout what?"

"About all dese here requests? I ain't capab-" abruptly the ork choked up when he noticed the weirdboy. "Fine... Fine, consider dah job done. Now leave befo da mek boss realizes dere is a damned weirdboy in his shop."

With that the ork yoof departed with weirdboy in tow.

"You know you weirdboyz is a scary boys." Commented the yoof as they were heading down a corridor.

"Hm, so where to next?"

"Not sur,e tinken bout taking you back."

"Oh, how about we that after this next foight?"

"Uh wut fi-" *suddenly alarms blare up*

"Tis one."

"...how do you even DO that?"

"My brain does." simply replies the Weirdboy.

"Well... lets go back to the Deff Dread."

"Sure that is good idea?"

"He could use a fight."

* * *

Meanwhile a battle rages on between between a certain chaos warband and Imperial forces in sphess.

A single ship comes charging at them bearing the colors of the Scraplootas and for some reason its cargo bay doors were opening as they approached.

* * *

With the deff dread, a certain Yoof and weirdboy were helping it get ready and into position as orders were screamed over the intercom. Orders were simple. Imperials were paying the Scraplootas to save their sorry asses. Boris was gonna leap out of the cargo ship and attack/board a chaos ship. There he will create some openings.

From the imperial perspective: "HOLY SHIT."

From the Traitor's perspective: "OH SHIT."

As a titan emerges from the doors, it leaps firing as it approaches and lands on the chaos vessel. After getting his footing, Boris began firing at the other nearby chaos ships while tearing into the ship he was standing on with his choppy arm, all while dodging enemy fire, causing the chaos boys to shoot up one of their own ships.

With such an unexpected way of attack, both Imperials and chaos forces forgot about the Loot Hava after it unloaded its 'cargo'. This proved to be a fatal mistake as on the captain bridge Urtylug sipped from his 'acquired' Creed's mug.

* * *

Boarding pods and crafts were readied while troops were pouring out of Boris and into the chaos ship. Among that group a yoof, weirdboy, and Deff Dread were given a surprisingly clear route straight to the enemy as other orks and grots scramble to keep their distance from the weirdboy.

Going in with a deff dread worked astounding well. Granted he couldn't move around all that well, but that meant little when the deff dread in question had so many targets in his line of fire. The defenses and blockades put up to hold off the green tide stood no chance against the might of a Deff Dread, who blew them all to zog, creating even more holes in their defense. Perfect for the ork yoof and weirdboy to exploit.

"GO ON IN LITTLE ORKS, I SHALL REMAIN KEEPENS DA WAY CLEAR, ALSO TOO MUCH FIGHTANS 'ERE FOR ME THAT YOU CAN'T HANDLE!"

So the yoof and Weirdboy charged in first as additional forces proceeded to follow up from behind them. Mostly tons of grots.

Like... holy crap those are a ton of grots.

"So... any ideas," asked the weirdboy as a bolt of green lightning struck down a mutant.

"We keep fighting."

"Fair enough... Hey Gorsog why is there a moving bush on this ship?"

"Oh, don't mind dat."

"Why?"

"Its un' of ours."

"Wut?"

"Kommandos." shrugged Gorsog.

"Kommandos?"

"Yup."

"...dis is a weird krew."

"Dat it is." agreed the weird boy as they both wandered off to find something else to fight.

A Kunnin' Rendevous

"So why izzit," Blu Toof said, "Dat you won't join me Waaagh?"

Gibblitz, Chief Diplomat of the Grotocracy, carefully studied the Warboss while he thought of a suitable response. From head to toe, Blu Toof was a classic Freeboota Kaptin; bedecked in teeth and loot with a fancy hat, and the twang of a Freeboota accent that crept into every Kaptin eventually.

But it was an act. Blu Toof played the part well, and certainly enjoyed doing it, but underneath the veneer of swashbuckelry was a mind known far and wide for bein ded cunnin. According to the orks they'd talked to, he was the wiliest ork in the sector. "When he stops talkin," they said, "dat's when he gets REAL cunnin. Dat's when hez THINKIN." This last word was always spoken in awe.

Which... was good. It was why they were doing business. When it came to cunnin, you'd be hard pressed to find warbands more Morky than the Scraplootas or the Strait Shootaz. But it also meant he had to be very, very careful.

"The Scraplootas are in a good position at the moment," he said. "We have a lot of good contracts, our numbers are growing, and we see no reason why we should give up our independence to join a Waaagh. We've got a good thing going."

Complete nonsense to a normal Warboss. The usual response would be shouting. Or confused shouting. Or violence. Generally violence. But this Kaptin, he just sat there, scratching his enormous blue fang. Thinking.

After a bit he got up and started to walk around the room. It took a while. The room was enormous, a high-roofed and metal, jutting out crazily at angles and festooned with chains, hung with machinery. For the meeting they'd chosen neutral ground, the workshop of a freelance Mekboy they both did a roaring trade with. Of course, Gibblitz had paid a hefty bribe to make sure... precautions, had been taken, should the meeting turn violent.

""Ere's wot I fink." Blu Toof said. "Wot I fink, is dat you an' all yer Grotty boyz know you'se got a real lucky deal wiv dat Spikey Titan, cuz it lets ya do wot you want. An' yer scared, cuz if ye join a propah Waaagh, it'll be back de way it was before, wiv da Orks tellin yas wot ta do. So dat's why yer here, an' not Dursnik. Ta 'protect yer int-er-est'." Ye looked pointedly at Gibblitz. "Duzze even know yer 'ere?"

"Of course he does." Gibblitz said, stonefaced. That, at least was true. "The Warboss trusts our judgment." That was... less so.

Dursnik wasn't a stupid ork, as far as Warbosses went, and he had some notion that the grots on his titan were getting a lot more cunnin than other grots. To this end, he'd asked... er, commanded the grotocracy for "a real cunnin git" to talk out a trade deal with the Strait Shootas. And the grotocracy, in the interests of maintaining the delicate balance of power between Titan and Klan, had sent Gibblitz.

Blu Toof eyed him for a good long moment, and Giblitz had the unnerving thought that the Kaptin, in his patient way, was figuring out exactly that. There was silence.

Suddenly Blu Toof guffawed. "Dat's business oi can appreciate, ya sneaky grot!" He sat back down and took a swig of ale from a tanker bigger than the grot's head. Giblitz untensed the slightest bit. "Now, wot's this here deal again? You wants all der loot we'z gotz from dem spikey Koimeera Legion, so's ye can fix up yer Titan, and wot we get iz..."

As if he'd actually forgotten. "The Purvis contract, the Mon'kei contract, six barrels of finest squigale and a purebred Tootheater Squig."

"Roight, roight." The Freeboota paused. "Eard ya got a Blueie on yer Titan. Oi can always use more o'dem."

"Not for sale," Giblitz said firmly.

Blu Toof's eyes narrowed. He erupted suddenly from his chair, slamming his fists on the table and roaring full-blast at the grot.

And all hell broke loose.

At Blu Toof's roar, two Scraploota Boyz burst through the door behind Giblitz with raised choppas, only to halt as the door behind Blu Toof slammed open and four blue-painted Shoota Boyz leveled their Tau-augmented shootas at them, grinning. The same grins vanished as they felt the prick of enormous serrated knives, wielded by the Kommandos that had dropped down behind them.

A large pile of rubbish in the corner came to life as three Tin Boyz. They in turn were swarmed by a horde of grots popping from every conceivable nook and cranny in the room, who proceeded to pry at the robot's joints until they became aware of the laser sights sweeping across them from the rafters.

The rafters themselves unfolded to become long, painted railguns, the decorative lighting ('why did I think there would be decorative lighting in a mekboy shop', thought Giblitz) in fact the helmeted heads of the Strait Shootas' infamous snipers.

A crude rocket smashed itself into pieces to reveal half a dozen Scraploota Stormboyz, who rocketed towards the snipers in a blast of exhaust. Halfway there they were intercepted by the Strait Shootas' own Stormboyz, jumping from their custom drones to tackle the Scraplootas to the ground.

As the climax of the grand crescendo, an entire wall of the room fell outwards, exposing a looted Leman Russ tank crewed by grots. Everyone froze as it rumbled forward a meter or two, then stopped. The turret suddenly gave out the sound of gasping hydraulics and sagged downwards.

A grot popped up from the tank's hatch. "Pump feed's gone missin', boss," he said. "Can't find it anywhere."

Blu Toof started to chuckle. It grew and grew until he was laughing uncontrollably. "Dat sneaky mek!" he wheezed. "Looks loike e's more cunnin den either ov us!" He managed to calm himself down. "Well den," he said, "Looks loik we've got ourselves a standoff. Wot do ya t'ink we should do about dat?"

Giblitiz became aware, in the silence, of faint noises of a struggle coming from above the ceiling. He'd put his last ace in the hole up there, but judging by the cries of "OI IZ DA NOIGHT" and "Oh, yer a big one, ain't yez!", Derknitt, Snekkitt, and Rockeater had become occupied with fighting some... thing, in the hidden space. They seemed to be having some difficulty.

He tried to think. It was a test, wasn't it? The average ork, he wouldn't hesitate to scrap it out like this. But Blu Toof was ded cunnin, they all said. He wouldn't waste his boyz on a fight like this. In that case, there was only one thing to do.

He set his jaw and looked at Blu Toof. "I fink we should 'ave it out," he said. "Just you an' me."

Finally, he managed to surprise the Kaptin. His mouth swung open, his tooth angled crazily. "U wot?" he managed.

"Me an' you, scrap it out." Giblitiz said. "If yez think yer 'ard enuff."

There was another long pause. The temporarily paused brawl of orks, locked at each others throats, looked at the Freeboota as he stood there. Thinking.

And suddenly he was laughing again, in great bursts that were almost as intimidating as his roaring. "You cheeky grot!" he said. "Oi fink I 'ave you pinned and you go and do dat!" As one, the ork klans released their holds and separated, standing awkwardly.

"Wot oi say iz, we getz da Purvis contract, da Monkay contract, AND de Orvitur contract." Blu Toof said. "An' I'll give ya de spoils from da next raid we hit dem spiky boyz wiv. I'll even frow in a noice 'ammerhead gun you can mount on yer Titan." He paused. "An' dis tankard 'ere. Oi know ol' Dursnik loikes cups'n'such."

"That... will be acceptable." said Giblitiz.

They shook hands, one completely enveloped in the other's. The ork forces began filing out.

At the last moment, Blu Toof turned back. "Oh, one more fing. Magrumm!" he shouted at the ceiling. "Give 'em back deir pump feed!"

A battered pump feed dropped from the ceiling. The sounds of fighting resumed.

Whatever Happened to Da Blue Grot?

TAKING A NAP

Skald idly picked his nose out of boredom. The other boys back in Krampus Bay always warned him that the Scraplooties were odd gits, but he paid them no mind. He heard too many stories of the fights they got up to and all the loot they looted and that was more than enough to convince him to sign on with them when they made port in Krampus, looking for any boys who would dare answer the call for adventure. Sure, they were definitely weird and sometimes came off as not so orky, what with all their grots just mucking about and all those sneaky kommando gits, but they always knew where the fighting was. Not to mention that big titan nob Boris and all the krumping he did. But today was different. There was no krumping or looting at all to be done on this planet. Instead, it was just a bunch of the older boys doing the most unorky thing he could think of: being quiet. And it wasn't the kind of quiet like when they were waiting in ambush either, it was more like the kind of quiet when someone's tied a bunch of raw meat to you and locked you in a cage full of sleeping squigs. Skald didn't get it one bit, why did the boss even bring them here if there wasn't any fighting or looting to be done? He approached another ork that was milling about the same as him, hoping to get to the bottom of this.

"Oy! What's all dis muckin' about fer, den?!"

But despite his best efforts and intentions, all his shouting only got Skald smacked upside the head by the older, bigger ork followed by words of anger hissed at him in a menacing whisper. "Shaddap ya git! It's like ya want da boss ta krump ya good!"

"All's I'm askin' is what da big idea is, havin' us footslog it all this way when dere isn't even a fight ta be had." Skald whispered back, rubbing his head angrily.

"Da Big Mek is checkin up on her, ya git."

"Her? What da zog is you on about now?"

"E's talkin' 'bout da blue grot." A baleful voice grumbled from behind them. Skald jumped and spun around to find himself face to chest with a hulking brute of a kommando. He didn't look angry at Skald, though, just tired. Even his large mohawk seemed to sag wearily, as if it took more effort to stay upright than the nob cared to exert.

"Blue grot?! You is muckin about!"

The mohawked kommando sighed as the other ork jumped back in the conversation. "Blue was just dat: a blue grot. She was an ork, but she wasn't at da same time." He shrugged at Skald's look of confusion. "Ya learned ta just go wiff it."

"Den where is she now if she's so orky?" Skald countered.

“Fer da longest time, she was just anuvva part o da krew, krumpin wiff da best of dem and fixin gubbins like no otha mekboy has been able ta do since.”

“Dats why she was da Big Mek’s favorite.” the nob cut in before allowing the ork to continue.

“But one day, she stopped bein’ quite so orky. She stopped growin’ when she krumped gits, and she even started getting weaker and punier! She started muckin’ about more den she was fixin’ gubbins and krumpin’ gits and one day, she got so weak dat she fell and couldn’t back up, so...” the ork trailed off, lost in thought to days long past.

“So da Big Mek picked ‘er up an put her in her hammock ta rest fer a bit, hopein dat it would help.” the nob picked up where the ork left off. “It didn’t. After a few days of bein’ so weak she couldn’t even get up and sleepin most days away, she just went ta sleep forever. Can you’s imagine ‘ow horrible dat musta been fer her? Ta not even be able ta fight?”

“So, some blue git what is an ork but isn’t an ork stops growin’ big an’ ‘ard and den sleeps ferever?” Skald tried to sort it out in his head before he stated with finality “She don’t sound too orky ta me.” Skald didn’t even have time to be proud of his deductive skills before a big meaty hand wrapped around his throat and brought him face to face with the kommando nob, those formerly tired eyes now alive with a rage Skald didn’t think possible, and he even had his favorite burna stolen once!

“She was da orkiest grot dat eva lived, ya hear me?!” the nob’s voice came through quiet, but powerful. “Orkier dan Gork AND Mork!” Right as Skald thought he was going to die from this enraged kommando’s throttling, the nob simply dropped him to the ground and wandered off, finding some other place to sit about.

“None of dat has anyfing ta do wiff why we’s here, though.” Skald said while gently massaging his throat.

“Dis is where she’s sleepin’ ya stupid git.” the other ork finally snapped out of his reverie. “Dis is where we found her, so da boss figgered dis is da best place fer her ta sleep comfortably. We’s stop by every now an’ den ta check up on her an’ make sure no one is botherin her.”

Skald wasn’t quite sure he understood it all, so he just shrugged and went back to picking his nose with the new resolution to not ask any more questions.

* * *

Up on a gentle green hillside, Big Mek Tinka Zizzbitz trudged forth. His steps grew more deliberate and the box in his hands grew heavier as he approached his destination: a single rokket launcher sticking out of the ground, a spiked helmet with goggles and a small spanner designed for more delicate hands than that of an ork hanging loosely off of it. Tinka slowly ambled up to the marker and stood there awkwardly.

“Uhhh, hey dere Blue. Still sleepin’?” Tinka took a deep breath and waited half-expectantly before continuing. “I thought so... Well, I’s brought ya sumfin anyways! It’s da best bits I’s could get my hands on! I even made sure none of da otha mekboys touched em afore I got ta dem! Not dat it woulda

mattered, seein as you was da only one who could eva get dose tau bits ta work proppa – I still think o’ you’s whenever I cut a git wiff my Zizzomatick Chainkutlass! They’s still jump an’ wiggle when it bites into dem!” He laughed for a bit before pausing awkwardly again. “I’ll... I’ll just put it next ta all da otha bits... You’s got a lot a dem now, don’cha know! So you’s betta quit muckin about an’ wake up soon, cuz you’s got a lotta work ta do!” Tinka’s bionic eye itched. The same one Blue had fixed for him in mere minutes on that day, so long ago...

“Please wake up soon, Blue, da whole tribe misses you. Snekkit may not come ta talk to ya like I do, but that’s just cuz ‘e’s still sore about ya goin’ ta sleep wiffout warnin’ him like dat.” Tinka put on an enthusiastic smile, as if he was trying to convince someone with his words. “Once ya wake up it’ll all be sorted out right proppa! Even Derknitt misses ya, Blue. ‘E don’t have anyone ta match his wit an’ kunnin’ wiff now dat you left – between you an’ me, ‘e’s gotten a lil lazy, so you’s could probably really krump ‘em good a few times afore ‘e even knows what hit ‘em!” The short lived smile faded from his face. “In fact, you’s could say da whole tribe ‘as gotten lazy. We ‘aven’t gotten into as much trouble since ya started sleepin’. Those tau gits legged it once dey stopped seein you on da battlefield and even da ‘umies don’t seem so interested in a fight, an’ dose beakies love ta fight almost as much as an ork! I guess dat’s all dat we’s been up to, Blue. I still miss ya, though. You was da best grot a Big Mek could eva ask fer.”

Tinka sat there in silence, waiting for anything to happen.

“I’s don’t fink she’s wakin’ up dis time.” Warboss Urtylug said, placing a hand on his old friend’s shoulder as gingerly as an ork can muster. Tinka sighed.

“Yeah... Yeah, I’s guess not.” Tinka kneeled down and patted the earth beneath the marker rokkit. “Sleep well, Blue, fer as long as it takes.”

* * *

Deep in the Immaterium, in some far corner where not even the most powerful god dares tread was the two fearsome orkish brother deities, Gork and Mork, locked in their eternal roughhousing. Mork had thought he had Gork krumped good this time, holding him in a particularly painful headlock when Gork had suddenly slipped his way loose and tripped Mork over his own feet. Mork quickly recovered to find Gork already on top of him and eager to grapple once more, the slightest gleam of blue shining brightly in his bloodshot eyes.

BIG BLUE

Skald was in a bind. He had joined up with the Scraplootas just a few days ago and they had already stuck him in on the front line on his very first mission. While normally this isn’t a problem for an ork, the Scraplootas weren’t your typical orks. They didn’t have numbers or much armor to their name, just sneaking about and their titan Boris. Skald had been assigned to the kommanod squads that were supposed to infiltrate the humie base ahead of time to disable the anti-air guns and secure a landing zone for Boris. However, the humans saw them coming. So now the Scraplootas, who relied solely on the element of surprise and their titan, had neither. They put up a valiant effort, with the few grots they had brought with them milling about in some sense of order trying to either disrupt enemy lines or

avoid lasgun fire (it was hard to tell which) and kommandos blasting anything and everything they could, but it still wasn't enough to break through to those anti-air guns they needed to bring down.

Skald was feeling the desperation of their situation first hand. His squad had been torn to shreds and only he was left, trying to hide in a back alley he had found so that he didn't meet the same fate as his former squadmates. To make matters worse, his burna was malfunctioning, giving a pathetic whine where once there had been the roar of fire and death. To make worse matters even worse, the guardsmen who had been tailing him had finally caught up to him. Skald decided it would take nothing short of a miracle from Gork himself to save him now and prepared to charge the humies for all he was worth. If he had to die here, he planned on going out like a proper ork. At least, that was his plan until a shadow looming over the alley had stopped all parties in their tracks. Instead of a miracle, Skald found himself cast in the ominous silhouette of a tau battlesuit. And not just any battlesuit, but one of the ones only their warbosses used. Not only were the Scraplootas going to lose to a bunch of puny humies, but now they would suffer humiliation at the hands of the tau and Skald couldn't even warn the others of what was happening!

Of course, if Skald wasn't panicking and actually paid attention, he might have noticed that the entire battlesuit was painted blue with scrap metal crudely welded on in various locations. It had even been given an orky helmet mounted on top of its chassis, adorned with a spike to complete the ensemble. Skald did notice the banner sporting the Scraploota insignia waving proudly from the battlesuit's back, but that was only after it had leapt into the air with a WAAAGH and landed directly on top of the guardsmen, chopping and blasting those it didn't immediately crush underfoot. Skald was so flabbergasted that he didn't even know how to respond when the swarm of drones came to back up the battlesuit, gun drones providing covering fire and shield drones protecting the battlesuit from incoming fire, all of which seemed to be led by a squig riding one of the drones. He was so paralyzed by shock that he didn't even object when one of the drones took Skald's burna out of his hands with its servo arms and, after giving it a quick once over, handed it back, good as new. Shortly after that, the guardsmen lines broke and the kommandos had disabled the anti-air guns, granting Boris his entrance. Once Boris made his appearance, the battle did not last long.

In the aftermath of the fight, all of the Scraplootas were doing what they did best: lootin scrap. All except Skald. He wandered aimlessly through the Imperial ruins as his thoughts did the same in his head. Did that really happen? Was that tau real? Why did it save him? Did he imagine the whole thing? Just when he was about to write the whole thing off, he saw it again! The tau battlesuit! As fortune would have it, the suit's hatch was just opening as Skald caught sight of it. With a loud hiss the chest of the suit folded down and revealed it's a pilot – a tau!

Well, half of one, at least. A mass of cables and tubes were connected to the mature tau woman, leaving only her arms and torso free to grab the mugs of squig beer to drink or guns to fix that her entourage of drones presented her with, pausing only to affectionately scratch the head of the squig the hovered vigilantly beside her.

“Oiy!” Skald shouted at the nearest ork. “Since when does we fight wiff tau?”

“Tau? We aint fight wiff no tau.” The mohawked nob replied.

“Den what da zog is dat?!” Skald pointed an accusatory finger at the battle suit.

“What da zog is dat? ‘What da zog is dat’ he says!” the nob laughed, “Dat’s Da Blue Nob, ya git!”

SECOND VERSE, SAME AS THE FIRST

Vaedrisa took off her glasses and pinched the bridge of her nose, massaging it in between her thumb and forefinger to ease her frustration. She was never going to get rid that damnable blueberry, was she?

“How long has it been now?” the Farseer muttered to no one in particular.

“Too long.” Her warlock, Zielt muttered back.

“How is this even possible?” she wondered aloud.

“How is anything possible with that lot?” he sighed.

“Perhaps it is related to the taint of the Warp due to her constant exposure to that daemon core...”

“I thought tau were resistant to the Warp.”

“Or maybe it could have something to do with that WAAAGH field they had set up around the daemon core...”

“Or maybe it has something to do with you poking into the unfortunate child’s brain every few years.” Zielt quipped.

“Whatever that thing is, it can no longer be called just a child.” Much less unfortunate, Vaedrisa thought enviously to herself.

Before a full argument could break out the same as it always did, an eldar ranger entered the craftworld’s bridge.

“Ah, Xilloc, there you are.” Vaedrisa greeted him warmly, “I very much look forward to your status report.”

Xilloc shifted uncomfortably. “Well...”

“Well what? Out with it, already.” Vaedrisa had begun to lean forward in her chair, no doubt hoping for good news. Zielt almost envied her eternal optimism in times like this.

Xilloc took a deep breath. “No change.”

The Farseer paused for a few moments too long. “...What?”

“After three hundred and twelve years of the first observation of the tau child in the care, should one be able to call it such a thing, of the orks known as ‘Blue’, there is no major observable change. If anything, she appears to be getting younger.”

“Younger?!” Vaedrisa nearly lost her composure.

“Well, younger is not quite the right word for it.” Xilloc hastily corrected himself “It is more that she seems to be getting faster, tougher, and generally more youthful in demeanor as she, err, ‘ages’, if such a word is applicable to her. I wouldn’t be surprised if she was stronger too, much like other orks.”

“‘Other’ orks?” Vaedrisa cocked an eyebrow at the ranger, who could only remain speechless at his slip. “Anyways, you are absolutely sure of this information, Xilloc?”

“I would wager my soul on it.” Xilloc said with resolve and the slightest hint of pride.

“Very well then...” A smile slowly crept across the Farseer’s face as an idea rooted itself in her brain. “It seems we have no choice but to continue to follow the Scraplootas until we get to the bottom of this.”

“You cannot be serious!” Zielt objected.

“And why not?” Vaedrisa countered. “We are clearly dealing with something here that is quite possibly a phenomenon unique to the entire galaxy. Our mission has just become much more than following a slightly deviant band of orks and using them to our ends.”

Zielt groaned audibly. That damned blue child would out live the whole crafteworld over, he was sure of it.

* * *

Blue raced down the halls of the Loot-havva. If she could hurry, she could make a few last minute bets before all the stalls closed down. There was going to be a race on the next planet they set down on, between leader biker nobs Rakktrakka and some young upstart named Skald. Even better, it was going to be DURING the fight. Blue had just spent all day tuning up Rakktrakka’s bike, so she knew that this Skald git wasn’t going to stand a chance against a former Green Mile race champion. Once the nob won, Blue would be sitting pretty on more teef than she knew what to do with AND she would get to watch a race while she fought! It was a truly great day to be an ork. Blue laughed to herself and sang the song that all orks know as she prepared for war, entertainment, and profit.

“‘Ere we go, ‘ere we go, ‘ere we go...”

End of Collection 4

THE END

(For now?)

If the unfinished stories ever get finished or new stories get written, I'll add them into the collection.

Time of last update: December, 2017

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>