

BOAR BOYZ!



ORC BOAR RIDERS

Rokyug staggered into the Boar Boyz camp after a march which took several days longer than expected. He nearly didn't make it. The initiation rituals begin tomorrow, the day of the half moon. Nobody pays him any attention until, reluctantly, an old grey-bearded Orc interrupts his game of dice and bellows, "'Ut 17, near ve big cave! Now zog off!"

Rokyug checked into his billet, a large hut on the edge of the camp. Inside are a dozen prospective recruits in all. Bratt's Boar Boyz! The hardest OrCav unit this side of the World's Edge. Rokyug was an Orc veteran, hero of no end of really big scraps, and general all-round hardcase. He knew he'd make it through the rites. Pretty soon, he'd be astride one of the pack's legendary dyed boars. This is it, the top of the pile. He'd made it.

Just before nightfall, the same greying Orc arrived at 'Ut 17, with him a Hobgoblin of an even more advanced years. The Orc bellowed his introduction. "'Ridd, Warboy Ridd! Standard bearer, second-in-command, an' 'ead collector. Vis ere," he said, pointing at the Hobgoblin, "'is Hogg, an' as yer can see, ee's an' Obgoblingit.

"'Now 'en, ere's yer shillin'!" He passed each one of the twelve recruits a small silver disc, "an' ere's yer tusker." Hogg dragged a clutch of ale-skins into the hut. Ridd began to narrate the Boar Boyz heroic deeds and the famous tusker beer soon disappeared...

Rokyug was woken, well before dawn, by three stiff kicks to his midriff. His head hurt and he felt sick, very sick. Ridd was standing over him, screaming.

"'Wakey, wakey! Now ven, me boys, yer jus' learned two fings. First, stay off ve tusker. Does yer 'ead in. Second fing is, careful wi' yer silver when ol' Ridd's about!" Ridd flipped twelve silver discs in his palm, slipped them into a pouch and guffawed at his own joke. Then, as he started yelling orders, the initiation began...

The recruits marched miles each day and stood long watches through each night. They were bullied by Ridd, and forced to cook, and even to clean up after the Goblins. After a month of this were they joined the Pakk's patrols - long, sweeping marches to the north and east of the camp. The troopers rode their fearsome war boars, the initiates marched on foot, running for hours at a stretch. As they ran, Ridd led each verse of their marching song:

*"'Wanna be a Boar Boyz rider!"
"'Couldn' be a nine-ter-fiver..."*

Half of Rokyug's fellow recruits had gone - two died on the march, one was gored to death by a skittish mount and another three died in brawls with each other or, worse still, with the troopers. Eventually, he was taken alone to the vast, timber - reinforced war boar pen.

The enclosure was relatively empty, the milk herd out grazing the lower slopes of the mountains. Hogg leaned against the solid lumber fencing.

"'War Boar stallions, each and every one of 'em." A broad gesture took in thirty or so grunting, savage, smelly beasts. New additions to the herd lacked the colours of their older counterparts, whose fur was dyed in patterns of bright, gaudy hues. Hogg-dyed boars were highly prized by the mountain tribes; traders even crossed the World's Edge to buy from Hogg.

"'Learned me work on 'Ob'ounds," he explained. "'Ard, vem. When trade got fin, I wound up 'ere. Now I do boars, vey're dead 'ard, too." He paused to take a deep draw on a hickory pipe, bitter smelling weed stuffed into its huge bowl, "'S'time you chose one. 'Ere, take yer pick from the new 'uns."



A baffled Rokyug scanned the un-dyed animals.

"Watcher reckon, Hogg?" he asked.

"Dun' matter, vey'ze all evil gits. Bad news is, ve only way yer'll ever make a Boar Boyz rider is ter make one of vem *respect* yer."

When the recruit asked how, Hogg winked. "Vat's a secret. Now gerrout vere!"

Rokyug obediently clambered over the fence, picked his way cautiously through the pack and tried to find the weakest, least vicious-looking animal. He soon realised his search was in vain, and lost his concentration for a second. He approached an evil-smelling beast facing away from him, munching juicy spring grass.

Hogg shouted, "Worrever yer do, don't stand behind -" as the creature slammed its hind leg in a kick of unerring accuracy.

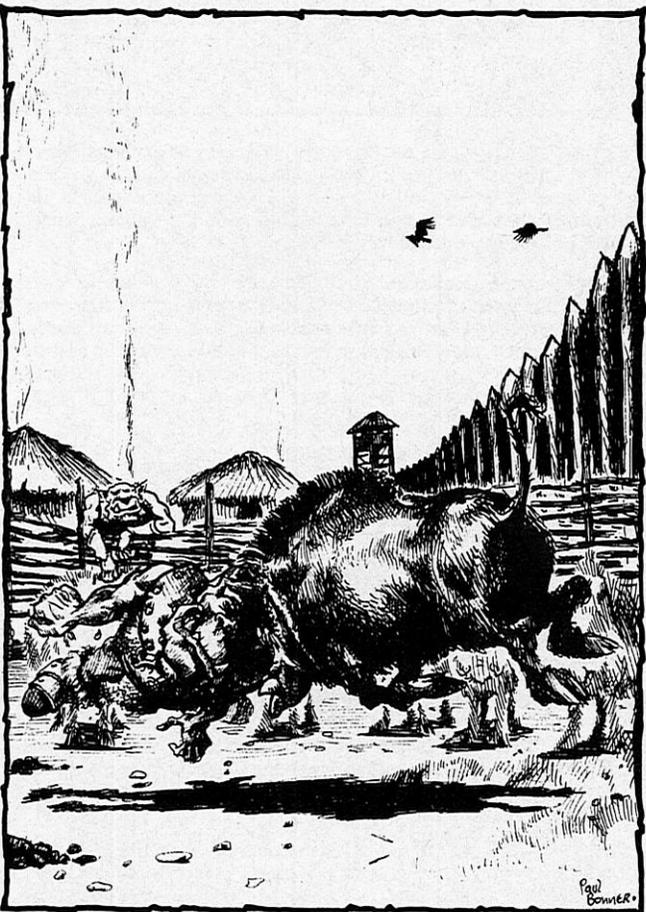
Rokyug spent the next morning trying to to bash the dent out of his precious, polished brass codpiece. He was summoned back to the boar pen where his chosen mount stood alone. This time, Bratt was waiting for him.

"Yer 'avin' vat one, ven?" Bratt, legendary leader of the Pakk, leaned against the stockade, chewing a sprig of *nerga* rye. He was a massive, mottled-skinned, mature and hard-looking Orc. His face and arms were covered with an intricate tracery of old scars and tattoos. Rokyug, still over-awed by Bratt's presence, did not speak.

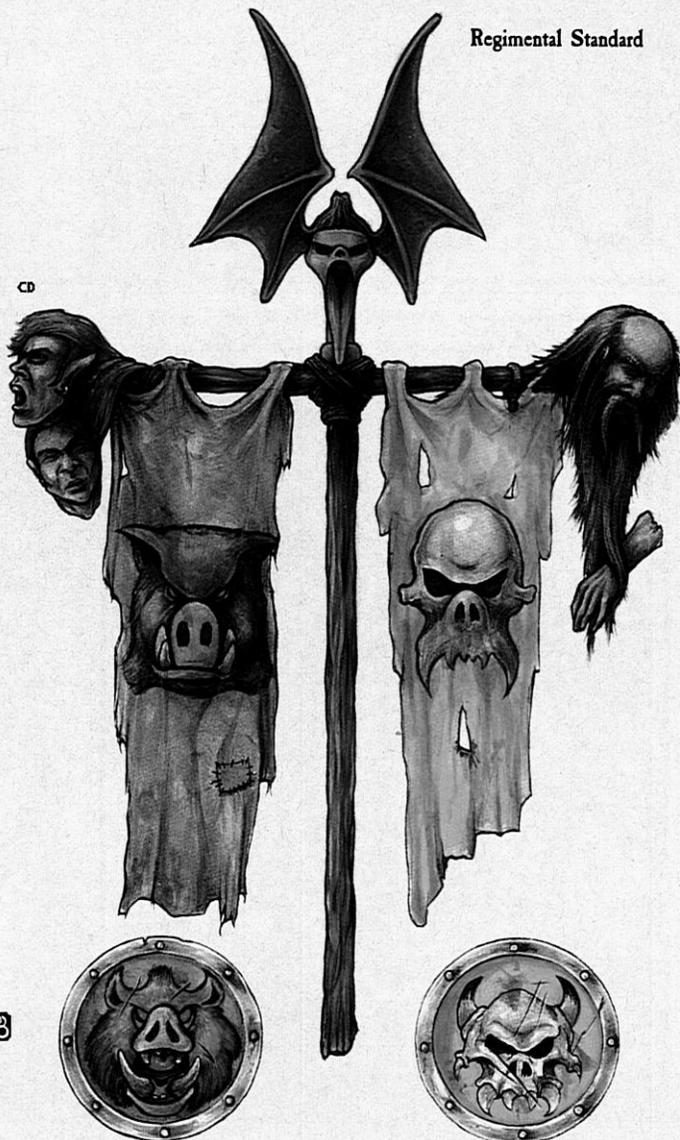
"Fust fing yer cud try is 'ead-buttin'. Go on, give 'im one on 'is nut." Bratt grinned at the look of terror on Rokyug's face. The grin widened to reveal yellow incisors as the recruit nervously entered the pen. He carefully picked his way through the watching boar pack and up to his chosen steed. The Orc stood in front of the boar and crouched down to eye-level. The two creatures locked into an almost hypnotic stare, and then...

Thudd! Rokyug heroically slammed his forehead into the boar's snout. It squealed in pain and surprise, then charged, chasing Rokyug right back across the pen. He leaped the stockade in a single bound as the hog carried on its charge and hit one of the solid timber uprights. The post split but stayed in place.

Bratt cheered, "Vat's me boy! Now get back in vere an' do it again. An' vis time, no runnin' away!"



Regimental Standard



Typical hog's head shield motif

Many Boar Boyz use their own coat of arms.

The following details allow you to include a unit or two of Boar Boyz in your Orcs and Goblins armies (of *Warhammer Armies*, p93).

0-20 BOAR BOYZ

ORC RIDER	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
+1 SHOCK ELITE	-	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	5	7	7
LEVEL 15 HERO	-	5	4	4	5	3	4	3	9+2	5	8+1	8+1
WARBOAR	7	4	0	3	4	-	3	1	-	-	-	-



MODELS PER UNIT: 10-20

POINTS PER MODEL: 27

WEAPONS: HAND WEAPON

ARMOUR: LIGHT ARMOUR & SHIELD

OPTIONS

ANY UNIT MAY HAVE:
 SPEARS 2
 ONE UNIT MAY HAVE:
 CHAMPION LEADER
 BRATT 108
 STANDARD BEARER (RIDD-
 +1 SHOCK ELITE)
 WITH MAGICAL
 STANDARD (50) 104