

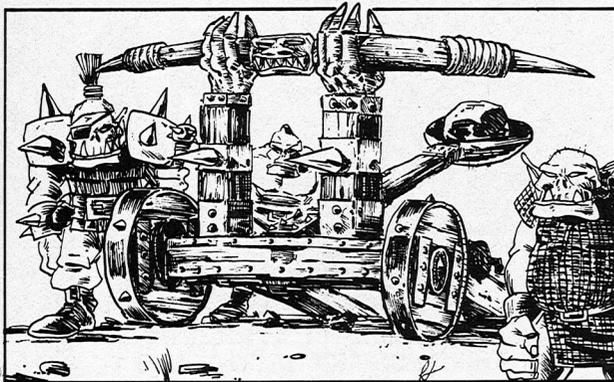
# ROKS AND WHEELZ

## Goblin War Chariot & Orc Stone Thrower

The Goblin War Chariot and Orc Stone Thrower are two new additions to the *Orc & Goblin Army List* from *Warhammer Armies*. These new devices can be included in any goblinoid army and are subject to all the standard rules concerning chariots and stone throwers.

### ORC STONE

### THROWER



Ulgrakh Gutripper pulled back the flap and crawled inside the tent. In the gloom, he could just make out the sleeping shape of Raggob the Loon, his chieftain and Lord of the Wolf's Head tribe. Then he was flat on his back with a knife at his throat, and Raggob's tiny, bloodshot eyes were staring down at him.

"Urkh! Da machines...iz...finished," he croaked, trying to keep his adam's apple away from the blade as he spoke.

"So wotcher come sneakin' in fer?"

"Erm - ter tell yer." Raggob thought for a moment, and then allowed Ulgrakh to regain his feet.

"Jus' don't come sneakin' up on me, tha's all," he grated. "Wotcher machines do, then?"

"Dey frows roks. Yerkl!" The knife was taken away. Ulgrakh fingered his throat carefully, making sure it was all still there.

"Roks. Hummm. Big fins, roks."

"Defnutley big, Boss." Ulgrakh had dropped one on his foot earlier in the day.

"Yerr. Big. Large. Massif. Not small. Yooge grate fevvery gits wi' big beeks and stuff. Dey carries orf eff'lumps and eats 'em like grate big wurmy nibbles."

"But..." Ulgrakh started to look nervous.

"Coorrr! Weed put da wind up a few stunties if we frew roks at 'em! 'Ere, tho, how comes da roks don' fly orf? Are dey spesh'lly trained? Like 'omin' roks or summin'?"

"Erm..." Ulgrakh was now looking almost shiftily. He had a problem with what he was hearing.

"Still, 'spect yer fort o' dat. All dem roks mus' eat loadsafood, tho - yer get eff'lumps in fer 'em, or wot?"

Ulgrakh stopped shuffling towards the tent flap. Escape didn't seem possible. "Well - erm - no, Boss."

"Pity. Never seen an eff'lump. 'Ere' - he was struck by a sudden thought - "Not *dead* roks yer usin', is it?"

"Dey are..."

"Bash me danglies flat! 'Ow yer carry a dead rok abart den? I means, a fing dat size, fevvers fallin' out all over the place..."

Ulgrakh took his life in his hands. "Not *rok* chukkas, Boss, *rok* chukkas. Roks. Stones. Bitz ov hill-stuff. 'Eavy pebbles."

"...an' yooge grate feet draggin' along...Aaaaah." Raggob turned a greeny-blue embarrassed sort of colour. "Not eff'lump-eatin' roks, den? Stony kind o' roks, roks-as-in-stones, an' no eff'lumps?"

"Norras such, no," said Ulgrakh. "Only when the eff'lumps is da targits. And dat meanz dead eff'lumps. Sorree, Boss."

Raggob was suddenly impressed, the roks-as-in-legendary-birds forgotten. He knew eff'lumps were really big because his father had once seen one - and he'd told Raggob the pointless tale three hundred and two times.

"Deez 'ere rocky-pebble-stone chukkas is *dat* good? Come on, den. Letz 'av a look arrem..."

### Tweet!!!!

*And so it came to pass that the Orcs adopted and mastered a new weapon, the Stone Thrower, despite the sudden and dramatic disappearance of Ulgrakh, Raggob the Loon, and his tent. All were carried off in the beak of a dark bird of stupendous dimensions and evil aspect. Strange to relate, it had a large, grey beast with a long nose hanging in its claws. But that's coincidence for you.*

Orc Stone Throwers should be added to the *Orc and Goblin* army list in *Warhammer Armies*.

### 0-8 ORC STONE THROWERS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Id	Int	Cl	Wf
ORC CREW (3)	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	6	7	7
	RANGE		TEMPLATE			STR		SAVE	WINDS			
STONE THROWER	12"	48"	1" Radius			5		-2	D4			

MODELS PER UNIT:

1-4

POINTS (inc crew):

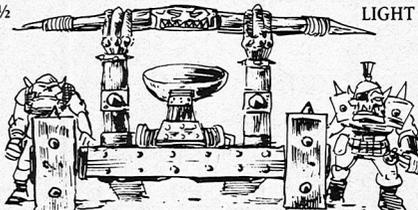
42½

WEAPONS:

HAND WEAPON

ARMOUR:

LIGHT ARMOUR



*This is a light stone thrower constructed with similar cunning to the renowned Orc spear chukka. Batteries of such stone throwers augment the array of war engines which are the pride of many an Orc or Goblin warlord.*

# GOBLIN WAR CHARIOT



Bulg was starting to get desperate. His normal sales pitch wasn't working. By now, any customer should have been begging, grovelling even, to pay for a chariot. And this one should have sold itself a dozen times over. It was beautiful. He ran his finger along the side of the new chariot and tried for the last time. "Look, I'll chuck in a go-fasta hick-cessry f'yer."

"Wot?" The Shaman (they never gave their names) was suspicious.

"Dis," Bulg held up a large, clubby stick. "Ere - belt da wulluffs wiv dis, an' dey'll run fasta. Loads fasta"

The wolves didn't look entirely convinced by this idea. "An' belt wun ov 'em really 'ard on da 'ead, and ya got instant wulluff ars-is-ted brakin'. Dis fing'll stop 'fore ya can say *sesquipedalianism*."

This time the Shaman looked unconvinced. "Wot?"

"Erm, 'fore yer can say very long wurd's."

"Yoo shure yer a Goblin?" The Shaman's baleful eye bored into Bulg.

"Yer. Yer, course I am," said Bulg. What he didn't admit was that he could read. There were some things that you didn't talk about in polite company, or before a religious personage. The Shaman didn't notice the pathetic reply. He had been kicking the legs on the wolves, much to their annoyance. Bulg pressed on.

"Luk at the luvly levv'ry bitz, an' dis bit is quality wood, yer kno'. Loadsa spiky bitz, nice birra carvin', lo-profile wheelie-bitz. It all sez summink abart da owna..."

"Dun. I'll take it," said the Shaman. "Da wulluffs 'av a few hun' red leagues lef' in 'em."

"...sty-ul, it sez. An' da yellor paintwurk matches yer fangs, if ya don' minds me sayin' so, yer wershup, m'lord. We can 'av dat changed if yer wants, no problems..."

"Dun, I sed."

"...and I'll chuck in a ten battle war-rune-tee on da wulluffs fer nothin' as well."

"Dun! 'Ow much?"

"Four bitz o' gold, a freshly boiled 'ooman an' a bag o' charms fer toofaches."

Bulg watched the Shaman drive off in his new vehicle. "Yer made a good choice. Happy battlin'!"

He turned and went inside. He put the money under the bed, then pulled out his secret box. With trembling fingers, he took the book out of the box and opened it.

*Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, beyond the big green river where the crocodiles live... Bulg sighed. He had always liked the one about the crok'idles.*

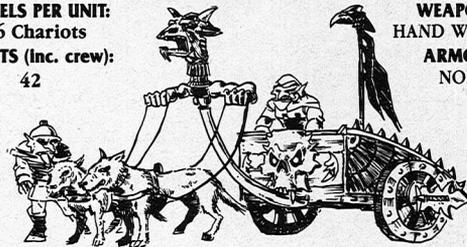
Goblin War Chariots should be added to the *Orc and Goblin* army list in *Warhammer Armies*.

## 0-6 GOBLIN WAR CHARIOTS

LIGHT CHARIOT	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
GOBLIN CREW (2)	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5
GIANT WOLF (2)	9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	4	4	4

**MODELS PER UNIT:**  
1-6 Chariots  
**POINTS (inc. crew):**  
42

**WEAPONS:**  
HAND WEAPONS  
**ARMOUR:**  
NONE



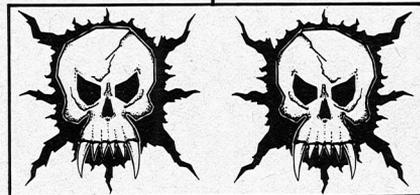
### OPTIONS

**ANY CHARIOT MAY HAVE:**  
SCYTHED WHEELS ..... 20  
MAGIC STANDARD ..... 50

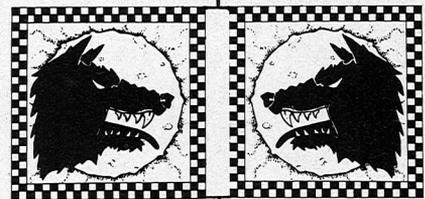
**ANY CREW MEMBER MAY HAVE:**  
BOWS ..... 2  
SHIELDS ..... 2  
LIGHT ARMOUR ..... 2

*Goblin warlords and shamans often ride in ornate and awesome chariots. This does much to enhance their prestige among their followers and inspires fear and respect in their enemies. Chariots also provide the battlefield mobility which is vital to commanders of such numerous and unruly hordes. Chariots ridden by Goblin shamans often carry a magic standard.*

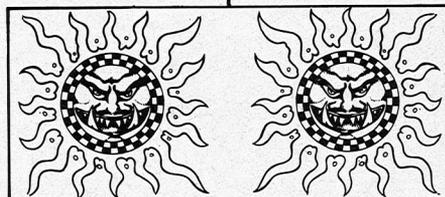
These banners (or a photocopy) can be cut out and coloured - using Citadel Colour acrylic paints - and then mounted on your models. Each standard should be folded round a suitable pole; the Goblin war chariot comes with its own standard pole, but if you want to mount a standard on a model without a pole, you can easily make one from a piece of wire or a cocktail stick. Alternatively, you can cut the standard into eight individual banners and use them on standard bearer models.



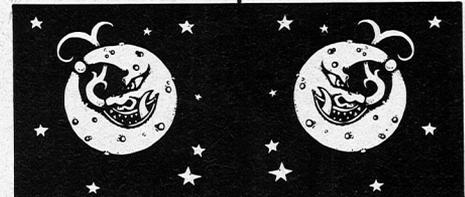
Bossflag (Chief's standard) of the Black Skull tribe.



Standard of the Wolf's Head tribe.



The Snarling Sun Standard.



Standard of the Howling Moon tribe.

