

“Now this is turnin’ into a Gorkin’ good mornin’ !”, thought Gazbat, grinning as he gunned the engine. He and the rest of the Boyz had caught a band of Diggaz nappin’ in their rough camp. Gazbat lead the charge, hurtling his buggy down an overlooking slope, scattering pebbles and bullets in equal measure all the way.

Gazbat spied a fleeing Digga, a pale, spindly thing, waving a spear and uselessly trying to shout something over the engine roar and gunfire. Probably it was a she-Digga. It seemed a little smaller than the average already skinny, shrimpy Digga anyhow. The Mob’s Slava, Wappsmack once told him that Diggaz came in two types. “He”-Diggaz and “She”-Diggaz. He then tried to explain that Diggaz didn’t grow from spores like proppa’ Orks, but they made little Diggaz by rubbin’ their toes together or somefink. Gazbat had stopped paying attention at that point, as it sounded rather distasteful, and the technical bits of the Slava’s art were frankly too boring to hold his interest. Turnin’ Diggaz into speed-bumps however, did interest him a great deal. And at that prospect, Gazbat’s grin got even wider, as he turned to bear down on his chosen victim.

But instead of the familiar, friendly “bump-bump” he was expecting to feel as the Digga disappeared under the buggy’s front, there was a “BOOM” and the buggy lurched, its left, front wheel spinning off uselessly in a lonely arc. Gazbat saw the she-Digga roll to the side and spring to its feet, apparently unshaken by the close call. “Stickbomb” Gazbat snarled in a low, angry grumble, as he wrenched the steering wheel frantically trying to pull his buggy back into some form of control.

“Gork’s steamin’ pile o.....” the curse was cut off by the buggy slewing into a large boulder. Gazbat managed to hold on to the wreck, but Gazbat’s gunna, Dagabak, was pitched off the back face-first at the boulder. Dagabak was the Mob’s ‘Ead Buttin’ champion, as thick-skulled and brutal as they came.

The boulder was not impressed.

. Gazbat grabbed his Choppa and leapt out of the remains of his beautiful buggy. “You weedy, stinkin’, stubby toothed, little sand-rat!” Gazbat’s cursing was only just getting warmed up after the first interruption as he was caught by the she-Digga’s spear. Sneaky little varmit threw it at him! And it threw harder than he cared to admit. Luckily the Digga missed the eye it was aiming for and merely bounced the spear off Gazbat’s skull, the least vulnerable part of any Ork’s anatomy.

Now that they were closer, he took a better look at his opponent. Those skinny arms and legs were wiry, like bands of leather and the critter seemed much less fragile than before. The she-Digga couched its shield and ran at Gazbat with a high-keening wail. Lightly skipping over the broken ground, it was nearly on top of Gazbat before he could react. From somewhere it had pulled out a wicked little dagger, hardly more than a

sharpened bone, and jabbed at Gazbat's big green gut.

Gazbat blocked the stab, but received a couple of stinging cuts in his fore-arm doing it. He aimed a powerful stroke with his Choppa, but the Digga side-stepped, and deflected the blow away with its shield, leaving Gazbat off-balance. The counter-attack was quick, With the shield's edge, the Digga let loose a vicious strike, into Gazbat's already wounded forehead. Howling with rage and frustration, Gazbat swung back, but blindly, as the bashing had turned the spear-cut in his forehead into a ragged gash, blood gushing into his eyes,

Gazbat then had a bit of luck. Managing to get a hand under the shield and grab a strap, he gave it a twist and now the Digga was the one off-balance. He stepped back and by the simple virtue of his being twice the weight of his opponent, heaved the Digga off its feet.

Abandoning its shield to the Ork's iron grip, The Digga slid out of the straps, and fell, skidding to the gravelly ground. It was the respite Gazbat needed to wipe the blood from his eyes and collect himself. But only a moment's respite, as his enemy wasted no time gaining its footing.

Both combatants paused a moment, the din of the attack faded into meaningless background noise. In the whole universe, there was only the two of them, locked in that most ancient and terrible ritual of survival. The initial frenzy of the duel now gave way to a careful circling, measuring, testing of defenses, the balance of hunter and prey yet undecided.

Seasoned raiders and desert survivors both of them, the scent stopped them simultaneously. The tell-tale odor of spilled fuel seeped into the dusty, smoky air. As one, they turned their gaze to the ruined buggy, its torn cabling spitting weak sparks. They slowly turned back to their opponent, faces wearing the same blank expression of resigned disbelief. They leapt as one, barely in time to clear the searing ball of flame.

The rest of the Mob found Gazbat standing on top of a boulder, the still smoldering buggy at the base. He was jumping up and down, taking pot-shots at the retreating Digga trucks with a scavenged Shoota and a lethal stream of extremely evocative cursing. His targets were far out of range to be threatened by either. If they had squinted, the Boyz might have seen one Digga, leaning as far off the back of the truck as it could, shaking a spear.

"Zoggin' 'ell." Gazbat rasped, once all his bullets and breath was spent. "Just leave it to a bog-swillin' Digga to ruin a Gorkin' great mornin'!"

Digga Skills

Any Diggaboss, Shaman, Digga Boy or Digga Yoof may roll skill from the Digga Skill list when gaining a Skill advance. These skills are available only to Diggas and no other models may gain them.

1- Mark of the Ancients

The model has had a mysterious encounter with the horrors that lurk in the dark beneath the Pyramids and for reasons known only to those enigmatic terrors, still lives. Diggas with the Mark of the Ancients skill count as 2 models when searching for Ancient tech. In the event of rolling triple "6"s when searching, fighters bearing the Mark of the Ancients will not be taken as a casualty. Simply remove all searchers with this skill from the pool of potential victims. The Terrors will take another in their place.....

2- Feral Fighter

Life is hard under the sands in the Tunnels. Diggas have to fight the predators of the desert and often each other, quite literally tooth and nail. If wielding only knives, knuckles, choppaz or spears in hand to hand combat, Feral Fighters may re-roll any attack dice results of "1". A Feral Fighter may use a shield and still get this re-roll.

3- Nimble

Diggaz are a good deal lighter on their feet than Orks and a lifetime of crawling through the cluttered confines of their subterranean home have made many Diggaz experts in scrambling over and through all sorts of terrain. Diggaz with the Nimble skill count all difficult terrain as open and very difficult terrain as difficult. They also can scale Fort walls with no movement penalty. In addition warriors with the Nimble skill suffer no penalty in hand to hand combat for fighting over obstacles.

4- Primitive Warrior

Teef are hard to come by and Diggas often have to resort to simpler, hand-made weapons when they can't afford Ork made gear. Diggaz with the Primitive warrior skill do not suffer the -1 modifier when firing bows and crossbows or throwing spears at long range. They also can count a shield as an extra knife/knuckle and gain an extra attack die in addition to the shield's special rules.

5- Jump for it!

If on foot, the model may re-roll any Initiative tests he makes when getting out of the way

of any vehicle that is over-running, sides-wiping, swerving/spinning-into or otherwise-going-to-squash-the-fighter. .

6- Tough (almost) as an Ork

Call him brave, call him stupid, but this Digga will not take it lying down! Models with this skill may always test to escape pinning, even if there are no friendly models nearby. If there are friendly, standing models within 2", models with this skill may re-roll their escape pinning test. Should this model wish to go the Docs, they can ignore the special rules for Diggaz at the Docs.