

DIGGA FIREWATER

One for (igniting) the road.

Benjamin Fox has always loved Gorkamorka, although he has also enjoyed Necromunda, Mordheim and 40K, but it has always been his favourite. It has now been thirteen years since he received his first copy of the game and it is more alive for him than it has ever been.

No matter what happens to the human race some how they always find some way to make alcohol, even if the resulting drink is barely potable.

This universal truth even applied in the darkness below the pyramids as all sorts of horrors were combined and fermented. Techniques were refined and after many years a recipe was arrived at that was approaching tolerable, even if it was still very much an acquired taste. Distilling followed shortly thereafter resulting in a liquid which could disinfect nearly anything coupled with the advantage of temporarily blotting out the knowledge that the drinker was trapped beneath thousands of tonnes of sand.

"Weevil", as it came to be known, was of course extremely flammable and could be quite deadly when ignited in an enclosed area, as was discovered during the Backstab war.

These days Weevil is still as popular as ever, becoming ingrained in Digga culture as a rite of passage for Digga children becoming adults, ready to take their first steps Upside.

Sometime in the past...

One such young man was Digga Bliz whose actions would always be remembered. On

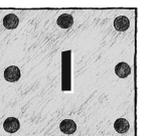
Bliz' 15th birthday his father handed him a bottle of Weevil to carry with him to the outside and shared with his friends after his first kill, when he became a man, as per Digga tradition.

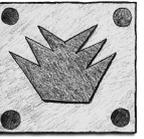
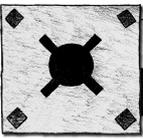
The twin suns beat fiercely on the mob's truck that fateful day making every exposed surface a hot plate, painful to the touch. In the sweltering heat Bliz lost his desire to prove himself, the appeal of besting mighty greenskins evaporating away amidst the shimmering desert.

Bottles of Weevil are so called for the large dead insect that floats within each one. Without it Weevil essentially turns you blind and robs you of fine motor function for a month.

The accidental addition of a Weevil to a bottle of Blind Jakz' moonshine one day changed things for the better. The extra ingredient of the chitinous parts of the creature adds a vital chemical agent that turns this over-proof mindscrambler into a deadly incendiary weapon, slowing the burn rate and increasing the intensity of the flames to create a compound essentially like napalm and by a happy coincidence preserves the drinker's vision.

It cannot be quenched by water but burying a victim in desert sand seems to help. At least, it muffles the screaming.





The clatter of ricocheting shoota fire jolted him back into the moment; they were not alone in the canyon it would seem. Shouting and whooping the rest of the Diggaboyz opened fire but their excitement was short lived as the second burst from the Orks arrived with brutal accuracy. Bliz found himself paralysed with fear in the middle of the screams and gunfire until a burly hand caught him across the face.

A brief moment of panic later he realised that the hand belonged to his new boss, Digganob Kronan, and that the massacre he'd got himself into was apparently how fights were supposed to go!

"Get it together, lad, I need you fighting!"

Kronan was returning fire with his kannon over the edge of the truck. This encouragement was met with nothing but a terrified look from the Digga Yoof. Sighing under his breath the Digganob tugged a six-shoota from his belt and forced it into the boy's hands.

"Show them what we're made of!"

The weight of the weapon in his hands bolstered Bliz' courage enough to risk a look over the parapet. The Ork buggy he saw was heading their way; getting to his feet he squeezed the trigger. The kick of the huge Ork pistol nearly broke his nose with the first shot as it reared up but grasping it as firmly as he could he emptied it at the closing vehicle.

The Orks were getting near now and most of the Diggas were either injured or keeping their heads down.

"If they board us we're not going to be walking away. Keep up the-"

Kronan was cut off mid sentence by a shell through his left leg, knocking him to the ground.

"What do I do, boss?" pleaded Bliz.

"ANYTHING!"

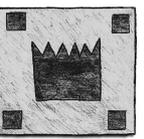
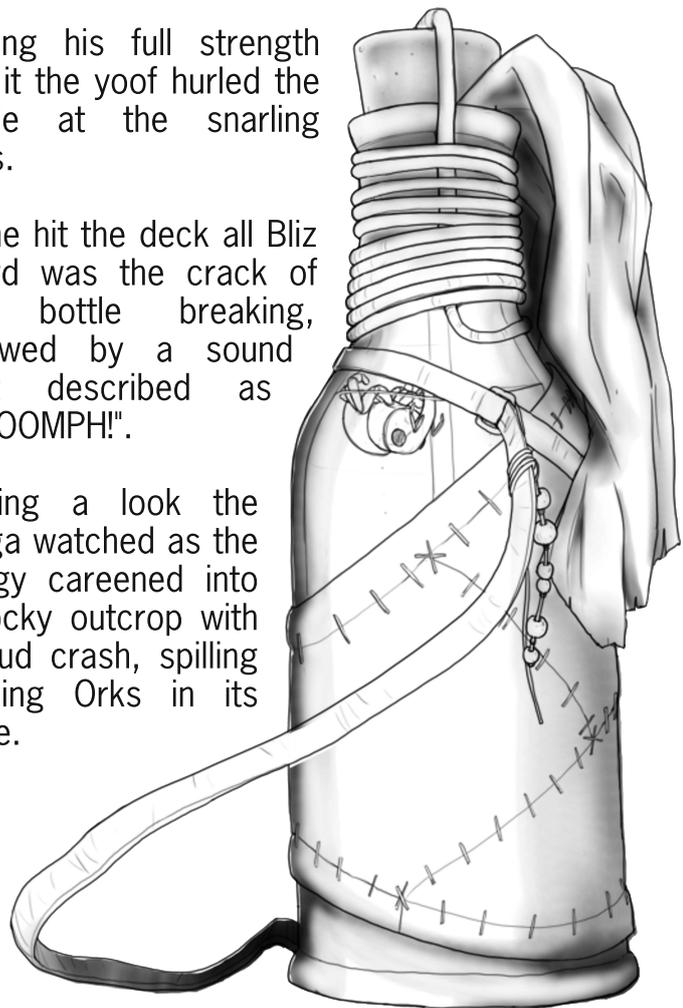
Looking around frantically the yoof spotted a torn section of the truck's sunshade. Something had set it alight and it hung limply, smouldering gently. An idea in mind he drew his knife. Hacking off the piece proved easy enough and unslinging his father's bottle of Weevil from around his neck he stuffed the scrap into the bottle.

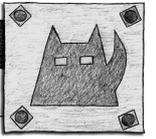
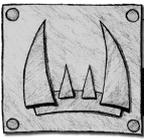
There was a loud crunch as the Ork buggy bounced off the edge of the truck, pulling into position alongside it.

Putting his full strength into it the yoof hurled the bottle at the snarling Orks.

As he hit the deck all Bliz heard was the crack of the bottle breaking, followed by a sound best described as "WHOOMPH!".

Risking a look the Digga watched as the buggy careened into a rocky outcrop with a loud crash, spilling burning Orks in its wake.





"YEAH! You see what you get?!"

Kronan was upright again, grasping his injured leg.

"I think you just saved our hides, lad. Shame about the booze, but there's plenty more back home and I reckon you've earned it."

It wasn't long before the story got around and Bliz' tale became legend. From then on it was commonplace for Diggamobs to carry a bottle of Weevil into battle.

The prospect of a stiff drink before a fight is always a welcome one, but raining fiery death on one's enemies is an idea any Digga can get behind!

Firewater Rules

Firewater may be bought only by Diggamobs after any game, or before their first game if so desired. It is a single use item much like Mutie Obliviators, so after it is used in battle cross it off your roster. It can be used by other mobs if a captured warrior is carrying a bottle of it.

Firewater - 2 Teef

Bottles of Firewater are thrown in the same manner as normal stikkbombs (see page 21 of *Da Roolz*).

Once the template has been placed it remains on the board (for at least one whole turn) after it's thrown.

Test each turn to see if it continues to burn - on a 4+ the marker remains in play.

Foot models that pass through the marker catch fire on a 4+ (see page 56 of *Da Roolz*). If a vehicle passes through the marker it will receive D3 S3 hits distributed across random locations.

Da End

A well placed bottle of Firewater can be an excellent area denial tool. You may not know how long it is going to last, but neither does your opponent!

I suggest using it for making a quick getaway, or for creating bottlenecks and funneling the enemy towards your best fighters. Or if you're feeling like showing those Orks how it's done use them to make the world a more unpredictable place, one burning truck at a time!

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Str.	Save Mod.	Dam.	Ammo Roll	Notes
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-	-	3	-2	1	Auto	Template, Target is set on fire
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