

The Orca Cola Gazette ^{EXTRA!}

Bi-weekly ramblings on the hottest Championship in the Old World

Hobnail Bootaz aka Hob 'The Pink Trenchcoat'

We rarely follow rumours that come from unreliable sources. But this week word reached us that our beloved Gazette was smeared publicly in a debate between the coaches Hobnail Bootaz and Zephire. As it always is dangerous to start a debate these days, especially when the discussion partner has a seat in the Orca Cola board of directors, we sent out our finest to unveil who or what Mr. Bootaz really is and if possible catch some dirt on his team of oversized goldfish. For those of you who are busy collecting articles to put on their walls in the office. We provided some nice lines to cut them out. Try and follow the dots and be carefull coaches!

As a reporter I have done many dangerous things to get a story in my time but nothing has left me as disturbed and feeling dirty than the interview I attempted to get with Karnaks Raiders Coach Hobnail Bootz.

Arriving just before midday I rang the bell at his country home. The door was opened by a glistening Halfling wearing only a pink satin loin cloth,

I was told to follow him to the "Masters entertaining room" and with that he sashayed his way down a mahogany paneled hallway. It may have been that he was just sweating from an exercise routine but I could swear that the Halfling had been oiled up. The air was pungent with the aroma of pot-pourri and old old old spice after shave.

The Hallway had many so called works of art hanging from the its walls, one image which no amount of therapy will remove contained a bounteous Ogre lady using several Snotlings in a way, eurrgh sorry readers, it is just to foul to put on the page, just imagine the most degrading scenario you can then times by the biggest number you can think of.

Glancing in a room to the left of me as we walked I saw what appeared to be a children's nursery only on the scale an adult would use. I can only assume Hobnails likes to get pampered if you get my drift.

Finally we reached a large wooden door with metal stud-ding. The Halfling then procede to go to a small hole to the left of the door and to my amazement lifted his loin cloth and pressed up against it.

Seeing the shocked look on my face he said "It's just his security measure, so he knows who is coming in, it's your turn next"

It is at this point my sense of self preservation overtook the need for the story and I turned tail and fled. As I dodged a naked goblin on a pogo stick with far too many piercings I heard a voice echoing down the hallway from behind me. "Dear Boy don't go, we can have so much fun together, I want to get to know you Sweetie Pie."

I still wake at night screaming.

Neil

Marty McMeanberry is possibly the world's worst reporter, but bless him he tries... This week the Halfling wannabe Journalist tries to uncover a scandal inside the Karnak Raiders training camp.

This morning I received a tip from a local goblin reporter about some strange goings on in the Karnak Raiders training camp. I headed down there instantly to see if I could blow this story right open to only be denied access by the security at the entrance.

The big lizards on the door would only let Lizardfolk into the camp so I had a mission on my hands! I started by trying to climb the walls... I used my donkey as a prop and as I balanced on him I could just reach the top of the wall. As I reached the top of the wall and pulled myself up top I had a great view of the whole field, down below me the Lizard coaches were teaching the Kroxigor how to throw a ball!!! Moments later the big beast threw the ball... .. Backwards and hit me strait in the stomach forcing me off the wall, over my donkey, and slamming hard into the stone cobbled street... at least the ball cushioned my landing, shame about the spikes really!

After sorting myself out and bandaging those deep wounds I continued my quest to get the headline story on the Karnak Raiders. This time I planned to hide in a box of medical supplies which were to be delivered to inside the camp. After some bouncing around inside the box and an hour's journey I decided to sneakily climb out of the box and find what exactly was going on inside the training camp only to find myself on a transport ship sailing down the river! The sailors were not happy to see me and threw me overboard... I was lucky that they dint take me out of the box first so after a few hours of paddling inside the box and after a monumental fight with a local angry crocodile I ended up back in Aldorf, unfortunately without my clothes... But that is another story!

As the sun was setting my final plan was unveiled, I found a local shop and bought a childrens Lizardman costume, I had decided to sneak in as a trialist! I passed security no problems as it seems they really are not that smart and were fooled by my costume. I was soon standing toe to toe with Hobnail Bootaz, the not so legendary coach of the Raiders. I searched around to see if I could see anything suspicious but nothing seemed out of the usual until a Saurus came to me carrying a helmet and gave it to me and pointed towards the pitch. Before I knew it I was standing in the line of scrimmage.

Unfortunately I did not find anything out of the ordinary about the situation inside the Karnak Raiders camp... But I did find out that a Blood Bowl balls spikes are large enough to puncture a Halfings lung and that a Kroxigor hits a lot harder after you insult its mother.

Marty McMeanberry reporting from Altdorf Hospital's intensive care unit.

Continued on the next page ...

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Hobnail Bootaz aka Hob 'The Pink Trenchcoat', continued ...

Subsequent to my failed interview attempt I started to receive disturbing notes in the post. I did not reply to my stalker and publish the notes here in the forlorn hope he will stop sending them.

Neil

Dear Fluffy Rabbit,

You ran off so quickly we didn't get a chance to play together. I assume my Halfling butler Colin must have scared you so I gave him a good spanking, then I felt bad so let him give me a good spanking. Come round again soon my precious flower and we can do your interview thingy and who knows where that may lead?

From your devoted *Hobby Wobby*

Dear Cherry Blossom,

You did not reply to my previous note, you're one of these teases aren't you that plays hard to get. You naughty naughty boy, Well I can be a naughty boy as well or a naughty girl if you prefer? I have a School girl outfit which leaves nothing to the imagination if that's your thing ?

Call me, from *Bootykins*

To the evil slut,

You are starting to annoy me now boy. I had to take my frustration out on Nigel and hung him up by his nipple rings. You better reply soon or Colin is going to be very sore in the morning. Don't mess with me boy, I always get what I want!

Your loving admirer *Hobbity Bobbity*

Dear Scud, ...

Dear Scud,

A Lizard coach I vaguely know has been seen dressing up in a pink jumpsuit. Running around shouting Marco... Polo... Is this a common thing to do for Lizardmen coaches? Or should I contact the ACBA (Altdorf Critter Extermination Association) to take care of this matter?

Dear Reptilian Rascal,

Concerning your recent encounter with a certain Lizard Coach - BEWARE! The act of running around dressed in a pink jump suit whilst shouting 'Marco - Polo', while seemingly similar to a popular youngling pass time, is in this case a mating ritual adopted by adolescent lizardmen wishing to procure a luscious lizard loving.

Such displays of colour and song are common around time of year as the sun warms the cold love sacks of even the most anti-social lizardman, sending them into a rutting frenzy.

If you wish to experience the full grandeur of this beautiful and touching ritual then I advise you paint yourself green from the waist down and the jiggle your precious parts in front of the next pink jumpsuit-wearing Marco-Polo shouting reptilian humanoid.

May you find love and sexual extinction,

Scud

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Hobz Nailed!

An intimate night out erupted in chaos last night at Altdorf's trendy Zugfrid restaurant as Hobnail Bootaz, infamous coach of Orca-Cola championship favourites Karnak's Raiders, once again heaped shame on the league.

Coach Bootaz was allegedly in talks with the green beverage producers with a view to the Raiders being sponsored by their new infusion meed, but after insisting on sampling just a little too much of the new, chic drink he became clearly agitated with the way the negotiations were going.

After finding foot hair in his soup the coach demanded to see the chef then promptly spent the next fifteen minutes screaming into the clearly terrified Halflings face, and only stopped when he noticed the OC executives trying to sneak out through the kitchen.

Onlookers stared in horror as the Orca Junior Vice President in Charge of Squig Juicing was dragged back the table by his tongue and forced at chainsaw-point to sign a contract that not only broke all previous sponsorship records, but also promised Bootaz three cases of mead in the dugout of every game, that is to say every game played in the league not just Raiders games.

After trying to climb the walls using just his eyelids, a clearly inebriated Hobz proceeded to charge around the VIP section sending tables, and thusly the rest of the clientele's food, flying while screaming 'I am not the oldest person here!' at the top of his voice, and at one point had to be restrained by a spaghetti covered elf from sawing his own leg of so we could 'count the rings and prove it'. Coach Bootaz, it appears, is half treeman.

The spectacle only ended once the Orc bouncers, having finally grown tired of throwing bread knives at the drunken coach, stepped in and carried him out wearing just a pair of nipple tassels before throwing him into a goblin sedan chair and pointing towards the river.

Orca-Cola has graciously set up a foundation for the victims' families and all donations are welcome.

A message requesting comment has been left at the office of Hobnail Bootaz but has so far gone unreturned.

Bizzle

Digging Deep...

In a final attempt to deter my stalker I went to the local garrison and spoke to the Captain there. He advised me that Hobnail Bootaz was well known to them and had quite a long criminal record which I copied down whilst he wasn't looking. The Captain assured me Hobnails movements would be carefully watched in future. In the interests of our readers I publish his criminal record here.

Name

Hobnailz "The Pink Trenchcoat" Bootaz

Age

38

Occupation

Coach of the Karnak Raiders



Record of offenses

Indecent exposure towards a group of 7 Halflings.
Fine 10 Gold coins.

Indulging in the practise of "Snotling Squating".
Fine 20 Gold coins.

Theft of services; failure to pay at a brothel.
Fine 15 Gold coins, ordered to pay brothel.
672 Gold coins in recompense.

Indulging in the practise of "Snotling Squating".
Fine 40 Gold coins, Suspended sentence.

Hiding in a ladies outhouse pit.
2 Days in Jail

Hiding in a men's outhouse pit.
Injuries sustained considered punishment

Theft of services; failure to pay at a brothel.
2 weeks unpaid service in said brothel

Drunk and disorderly.
Fine 10 gold coins.

More drunk and more disorderly.
Fine 20 gold coins and ordered to replace destroyed front door and bed.

Massively drunk and hugely disorderly.
Fine 50 gold coins, one week in prison and ordered to clean the faeces off Scud's house.

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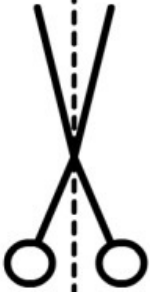
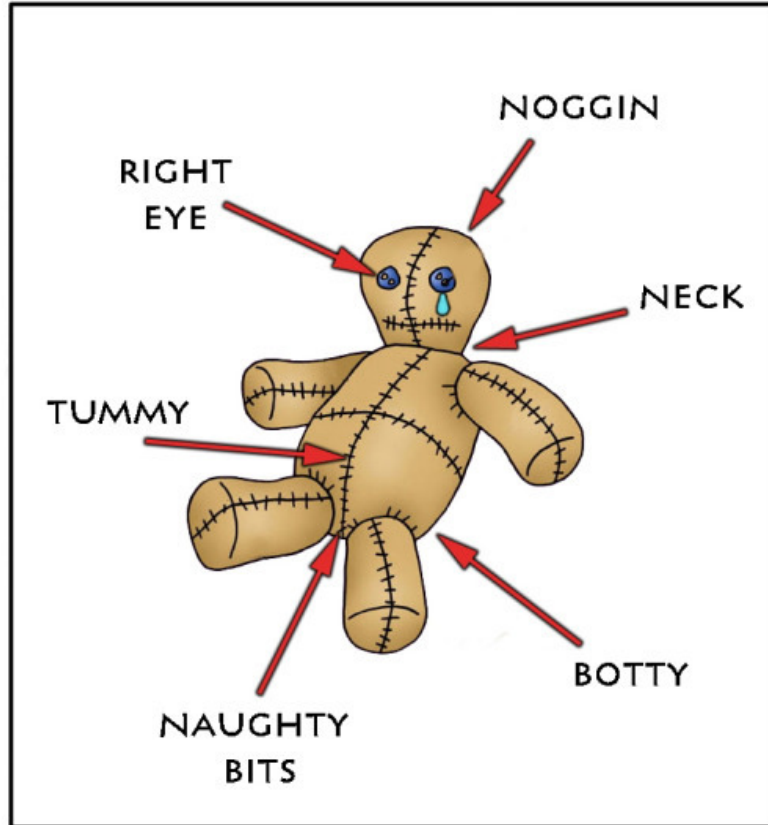
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HOBZ=LOVE=TOUCH=TABLE
1D6

1 TUMMY
2 RIGHT EYE
3 NOGGIN
4 NECK
5 BOTTY
6+ NAUGHTY BITS

MODIFIERS

+1 HOBZ IS DRUNK
+2 TARGET IS ASLEEP
+3 COVER OF DARKNESS
+5 TARGET IS DEAD



For the fans eager to follow into Hobnail Bootaz's footsteps we where able to reconstruct one of his favorite games. We strongly encourage anyone on using this game merely for educational or research causes. Disregard of our advice might end up with you coaching a Lizard team, trash talking the Gazette and/ or adopting one of the triple X brothers.