

The Pre-History of the Evil Sunz

(as told by Throaty Cough)

Khorne and da Evil Sunz

Khorne who is the Blood God, the god of battle, the angry god whose bellows of insatiable rage echo throughout time and space. He sits upon a mighty throne of brass atop a vast mound of skulls. A sea of splintered bones extends infinitely in all directions from him, the remains of those slain by his conquering champions. Khorne is a god of warriors, and his gaze is drawn towards battles. He shows favour to those who fight for what they desire: to great warriors, and to mighty war leaders. Khorne respects strength, honour, and martial skill. And it was this martial skill that brought the Evil Sunz to his attention, he wanted the Evil Sunz for his own and decided that they would join him. However, the Gods of the Orks had other ideas and weaved their magic to hide the Evil Sunz from his gaze. Khorne sent out 7 companies made up of beastmen, mauraders and chaos warriors. These he intended to use to test the evil sunz, and test them they did. One by one they came accros the Sunz and one by one they fell. The sunz them came under the scrutiny of the other chaos gods and they too sent out troops to harry them and one by one these too fell, but not without taking a toll upon the sunz, they had lost almost a quarter of their number but had taken at least twice that number from the enemy. Vomitous looked at the creatures that they had taken (Trolls, Ogres and Chaos Warriors) and offered them the chance to fight.

Trolls, who are large, hideous creatures, extremely repulsive, bestial and foul with long gangling limbs and cold damp hides. Their warty, slimy and sometimes scaly skins can be almost any colour..

Trolls are fairly intelligent but slow to respond to direct conversation, extremely slow, but they are extremely strong, and can easily rip a man apart with their bare hands. Trolls are greatly feared because of their unthinking ferocity and indiscriminate appetite. They can and will eat anything -flesh and bone, wood, rocks, bits of metal. The stomach of a Troll contains some of the most powerful acids known in the Old World, and its digestive juices are highly valued by alchemists and wizards.

The other unusual and perhaps best known characteristic of Trolls is that their flesh is able to regrow almost as quickly as it is damaged. If a Troll's clawed hand is severed a fresh one will grow from the stump. You have to cause a great deal of damage to a Troll to stop it regenerating. The only thing that Trolls cannot survive is fire.

The Trolls thought long and hard about this and have yet to answer. They still fight however.

Ogres are gross and ugly humanoids who love to fight and kill. They make good solid troops with plenty of muscle.

Many sages and scholars believe that they were formerly human, but tainted in the unfathomably distant past by the effects of Chaos. Even so, they are not wholly creatures of Chaos.. They have a free will and their souls do not belong to Chaos from birth. While they are brutal and have no respect for the weak and helpless, they must enter the service of the Dark Gods willingly before the Chaos can claim their souls. Many of the most brutish and coarse Ogres do this in return for power and the promise of eternal battle. Many others hire their services as mercenaries to the mortal lords of the Old World.

Ogres are most common in the north, in the lands of Norsca and the domains of the Chaos Marauders. Here their lives are one continual battle -exactly as the Ogres like it.

Ogres are extremely large, frightening and powerful, with thick limbs bulging with steely muscles. Their bones are massive, and their skin is said to be as thick as that of a bull. In combat they favour immense bludgeoning and chopping weapons, using their powerful arms to heave destruction through the ranks of their foes.

The ogres gladly joined thinking that this was just another chaos warband, and they were not to be proven wrong.

The Chaos warriors were too much like men and he had them slaughtered. This greatly pleased the Blood God for he received their spirits gladly.

Vomitous was taking his own skulls and he did not need the Blood God, or so he thought, but he was already under the influence of Khorne. Vomitous sought out these mighty warriors that had challenged him and he took the Sunz north, from whence they came. Here, Khorne's influence grew and Vomitous was becoming more and more thirsty for blood.

Khorne decided that sending out warbands was arousing too much attention from his Chaos Brothers and so he developed a new strategy. He sent out his best Ogre Scout to find the evil sunz and he would invite them to Khorne's embrace.

So Khorne's Scout tracked the sunz until at last he came upon them. He watched them for 6 nights their drinking, and fighting and the challenges for leadership. It seemed that any of the tribe could challenge for leadership, but that all that did would meet with a quick and violent death at the hands of Vomitous.

Khorne's Scout prepared himself and decided that on the 7th day he would walk into the sunz camp and challenge for leadership.

The 7th day came and he started to walk towards the Sunz camp, the sky grew dark and the storm clouds appeared, Khorne himself would watch the contest. The gate guards could see something moving, looked like an ogre. Stupid ogres were always going out of camp on the scrounge or to have a piss, one of them must have got lost and was coming back. Khorne's Scout approached the gate unchallenged and when he got to the gate one of the troll guards asked him who he was. The scout thought and said " I'm an Ogre what do you think

Dummy". The troll thought for a while, and was still thinking whilst the Scout walked past him. As he walked through the camp some of the Black orcs looked up. They had never seen this Ogre stranger, with his Red, Black and Gold armour and they followed him, he seemed to be going towards that command tent. He was somewhat different from the other Ogres and looked somewhat more confident.

One of the Biggest Black Orc's grabbed a goblin and said "Oi you little cunt, run up to me dad and tell him some ugly looking ogre is marching up to 'is tent and don't fuck about or I'll eat you an ur missus" "ok ok Froaty ok I'm going now" as soon as the black orc turned his back the goblin gave him a V-sign and scarpered up to vomitous' tent. Vomitous put on his helmet grabbed his cleaver and his favourite whench and marched out of his tent to greet this ogre.

Khorne's scout strode up and saw Vomitous and stopped 10" away across the firepit that lit this area up and in his loudest voice bellowed

"Vomitous Cough, scourge of the badlands, Khorne has commanded that you be received to his bosom."

"do ya 'ear that lads, Khorne wants me to suck 'is tits"

At this the ogres in the sunz group grew uneasy, making fun of the blood god would surely bring about disaster.

Vomitous looked at the scout and said

" you tell Khorne that if 'ee wnts me to do anything he can come daan 'ere and ask mee hiself"

With that the scout looked around at the scene, the ogres were all shifting together, as were the black orcs. The goblins were moving away, these kind of standoffs normally resulted in more than a handful of Goblins being eaten.

The scout looked at Vomitous and said.

"I am but a mere Scout for My Lord and Master the Mighty Khorne, I have been blessed by him and will champion his message to any and all that listen. I now Challenge Vomitous Cough for Leadership of the Tribe known as the evil sunz"

A gasp went up from the ogre and black orcs.

Black Orcs are the biggest and strongest of all Orcs. They first appeared in the Old World during Sigmar's time, when a whole band crossed the Worlds Edge Mountains and conquered the other Orcs that lived in the hills to the northwest of Stirland. The great hero Sigmar first united the men of the middle Old World into the Empire, and to do so he had to drive out the Orcs and Goblins that lived there. The Black Orcs were the most difficult to defeat, because they were so warlike and determined.

Black Orcs regard other Orcs and Goblins as frivolous and not entirely trustworthy, especially Goblins, who are always running off in battle instead of standing and fighting. When they are not fighting in battle Black Orcs engage each other in head-butting contests to settle minor differences. Disputes which would lead to squabbling or disorganised fighting in other Orcs are therefore settled in a formal way, without causing any unnecessary disruption on the battlefield. Some other Orcs claim that this head-butting has seriously

reduced what intelligence Black Orcs might have originally had, but Black Orcs have exceptionally thick skulls and, like all Orcs, they are very resilient. The last time that anyone other than a black orc had challenged for leadership the entire entourage of troops other than black orcs (with the exception of the cooking staff) had been slain and consumed. The goblins looked visibly nervous, and as one all felt varying sizes of gas escaping from them with some of them soiling themselves. One of the goblins that had till recently been on the cooking staff said

“AHH Facking ‘Eil its gonna be annuver Facking Bludbarf, oi you Planket cum ‘ere” and he ran off after his newly recruited replacement. The Black orcs started Hooting and Whooping. They were in for a festival no matter what. 2 of the Black orcs moved to stand either side of Vomitous, these were Throaty and Chesty, his sons and next in line for chief. These two were particularly nasty big black orcs and they would be watching both sides for any weakness.

Vomitous laughed and stepped forward, he would have to show this Ogre a thing or two.

The two combatants faced each other off. Vomitous with a cleaver and a dagger, the scout with a hand axe and a dagger. The fight started with the Scout leaping over the firepit trying for an early kill Vomitous was not caught unawares and sidestepped to deliver a blow to the Ogre’s belly but the Scout easily parried the attack with his offhand weapon. Blood had been denied. Khorne looked on and was pleased that blood would be spilt today and in his name.

The scout rolled and was up on his feet in an instant and moving towards Vomitous. The Scout could feel his heart thumping and he hoped that he didn’t fall under the Berserk rage of Khorne, which on the battlefield was an awe inspiring event, here would mean certain death as he would not be able to concentrate on one foe and would start attacking all within his reach. He had to Calm himself and concentrate on the task at hand, this is why Khorne has chosen him, for his cunning not his brute force.

Again and again, both would lunge forward hoping to exploit some opening in the others defense, but to no avail. The black orcs kept hooting and cheering for Vomitous, whilst the ogres kept silent not knowing whom to cheer for. They looked on in dread for they too would be subject to the culling should this Ogre champion of Khorne not defeat Vomitous.

Then, by some stroke of luck, Vomitous’ attention was drawn for just a second, Khorne’s Scout saw his chance and dived forward into a roll and came out lunging with his dagger. He caught Vomitous just under the rib cage and drove his blade in deep. Without thinking the Onlooking ogres gave up a cheer causing the scout to look over, Vomitous gave him a Backhanded slap and knocked him reeling but the damage had been done. Vomitous had been mortally wounded. He staggered now with a blade sticking out of him, he daren’t pull it out for fear of bleeding to death. He moved forward and tried,

in a last attempt to plunge his cleaver into his Ogre opponent but the scout was too quick.

He rolled to one side leapt to his feet and had his axe ready just as the Orc's cleaver came down to where his body should have been. The champion of Khorne's axe met neck bone and cleaved the head of Vomitous Cough clean off.

The fight had been won. The Blood God's Warrior picked up his opponent's head and showed it to all as proof of his leadership. The black orcs mood turned black and sensing a near fight all the ogres rushed forward and scooped the victorious ogre up onto their shoulders. They went to chant his name and realised that none knew it. The Evil Sunz Ogre Captain, an ogre from the Hills looked up and whispered,

"Oi matey whats ur name"

"Ug Lub" said Khorne's Scout.

And the Chant was taken up by Ogres, followed by the goblins who now seemed much more content that they wouldn't now be eaten in a great feast.

Ug Lub!

Ug Lub!

Ug Lub!

Ug Lub!

Ug Lub!

Ug Lub!

At once, the 2 Cough sons stepped forward weapons drawn. "STOP" cried the Ogre Scout and the chanting stopped. Ug Lub Jumped down.

"We must honour your fallen leader, We must Drink Eat and Honour his deeds lest we forget. Khorne has decreed that the Cough name not be destroyed and I will take one of them as my champion, which of you would step forward. The 2 black orcs looked at each other and at the Ogre mob surrounding Ug Lub, knowing that today would not be their day. It was clear that a decision had already been made and the younger of the 2 stepped forward.

Chesty Cough was made the Evil Sunz Champion and a Mighty feast was prepared.

Khorne appeared to Ug Lub and told him that he would have to lead the evil sunz for now but that another would come to take them to their true glory.

And so the Chaos Evil Sunz were born.