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DUNK HOFFNUNG -- CO-OWNER OF THE BAD BAY HACKERS -- SNAGS THE KICKOFF FOR THE RETURNING CHAMPIONS, AND HIS TEAM'S QUEST TO KEEP THEIR HANDS ON THE BLOOD BOWL TROPHY -- HERE IN EMPEROR STADIUM, DEEP IN THE HEART OF ALTDORF -- IS UNDERWAY!
THAT'S RIGHT, JIM, THANKS TO OUR SPONSORS AT BLOODWEISER! THIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU! ACCORDING TO OUR RESIDENT BOOKIE, GUNTHER THE GOBBO, THE HACKERS ARE ON THE ODDS-ON FAVORITES TO WIN THE WHOLE THING AGAIN.
SPOT ON, BOB! THE HACKERS SPENT MOST OF THE PAST YEAR IN LUSTRIA, WHERE THEY BEAT THE PANTIES OFF THE AMAZONS OF THE LUSTRIAN LUSTIES. THEY BROUGHT BACK THE TOBAZCO BOWL TROPHY, MAKING THEM THE FIRST EVER BI-CONTINENTAL CHAMPIONS!
THEY LOST EDGAR, THEIR TREEMAN CATCHER, TO A MONTH-LONG REPRODUCTION RITUAL, BUT WITH MOST OF THEIR TOP TALENT HAVING SURVIVED THE TRIP, THE HACKERS ARE CLEARLY THE TEAM TO BEAT.
SOMEONE MIGHT WANT TO LET ORCLAND RAIDERS BLITZER UGLUG BOSSGOB KNOW ABOUT THAT.
WHY'S THAT, BOB?


I DON'T THINK HE GOT THE MEMO!
DAMN.


OH! DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HOFFNUNG'S GIVING UP THAT EASILY!
OUCH! HITS LIKE THAT MAKE ME HAPPY I'M A VAMPIRE. THE UNDEAD FEEL NO PAIN!
OR MUCH OF ANYTHING ELSE!
HOFFNUNG HAS HIS PICK OF OPEN RECEIVERS!
SPINNE SCHÖNHEIT, FORMER REIKLAND REAVER AND HOFFNUNG'S BETROTHED!
THROW THE BLOODY BALL!
AND EAGER, YOUNG ROOKIE ZU TAPFER TOO!
HOFFNUNG FIRES OFF A BALLISTA BOLT TOWARD THE END ZONE!
TAPFER IS ALL ALONE! HE PULLS IT DOWN!


TOUCHDOWN
TOUCHDOWN, HACKERS!!!
WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT CHEAP SHOT?
THAT KIND OF BLATANT BLOODLUST IS WHAT MAKES THIS GAME SO GREAT!
DEAR NUFFLE! NOOO--!
GAK!
PAUSING IN THE END ZONE TO CELEBRATE! I REMEMBER HOFFNUNG MAKING THAT VERY SAME MISTAKE IN HIS FIRST GAME!
OUCH! RIGHT INTO THE ASTROGRANITE!
YEAH, BUT HOFFNUNG SURVIVED THAT!


I DON'T THINK TAPFER'S GOING TO BE THAT LUCKY.
WITH SKILLS LIKE HIS, THOUGH, HE'LL BE A TOP RECRUIT FOR THE CHAMPIONS OF DEATH!
THOSE UNDEAD TEAMS GET ALL THE BEST PLAYERS -- EVENTUALLY!
YES! YES! YES!
DAMN! DAMN! DAMN!
DAMN ROOKIES! AND NOTHING BUT ROOKIES TO REPLACE HIM.
WHICH ONE OF YOU POOR SODS STANDS READY TO TAKE TAPFER'S PLACE?
YOU! MR. MORDER! YOU'RE IN!
LET'S SEE YOU EARN YOUR GOLD!
AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN HAKEN.


PEGLEG'S SENT IN HIS NEXT SACRIFICE FOR NUFFLE'S ASTROGRANITE ALTAR: ROOKIE KALTER MÖRDER!
JUST IN TIME FOR THE KICKOFF! LET'S SEE HOW THIS RETIRED SOLDIER FARES ON THE MOST BRUTAL BATTLEFIELD IN THE KNOWN WORLD!
JUST LIE DOWN WHEN I HIT YOU, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A D'ORC.
URRH?
SKRITCH-KA-KLAK!!!
THE KICKER SQUIBS IT! IT'S HEADED RIGHT FOR THE ORCLAND CHEERLEADERS!
D'ORC!
BETTER HOPE THOSE CHEERLEADERS DON'T GET THEIR HANDS ON IT. THE LAST TIME THAT HAPPENED, THEY ATE THE BALL -- AND THE PLAYER WHO WENT AFTER IT!
IT MEANS "DEAD ORC."
URK!
GET THE POINT?


UH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE PTOOEY SKULKRAKKA'S GOT A MAD-ON OVER ROOKIE MÖRDER'S METHODS.
KRRR-RAK-RAK-AK-RAK!
GRRAHH!! YOU'Z KILLED ME BESTEST MATE!
OO! THAT'S THE SLAP 'N' DECK 'ER TWO-BIG-NUMMER, THE HOTTEST TOOL OF ORC-ENGINEERED MAYHEM!
KRA-KRRROOOMMM!!!
SKULKRAKKA JUST SIGNED AN ENDORSEMENT DEAL WITH THAT CREW!
KRRROOOMMM!!!
TALK ABOUT GREAT PRODUCT PLACEMENT!
M'GRASH! WE NEED TO HELP HIM. FAST!
O-KAY!
WHAT? WAIT! NO!
FAST!
WAAAAIIIITTT!!!


KRRROOMM KRA-KRA-KRAK!!!
THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK!
IN MÖRDER'S HEADSTONE!
DROP IT!
KRA-TANG!
GAAHH!!
GRAAAAAA--!!
GURK
I ALWAYS SAID SKULKRAKKA HAD GUTS!
WE CAN SEE THAT! THEY'RE ALL OVER THE FIELD!
THE ACTION MAY BE DOWN THERE WITH HOFFNUNG, BUT THE SCORING'S AT THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD!
TOUCHDOWN, ORCLAND!
I OWE YOU MY LIFE.
I'M GOING TO NEED A SPARE ONCE PEGLEG GETS A HOLD OF ME.
MR. HOFFNUNG!!!
DAMN.


DUNK! CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE?
JUST DOING MY JOB, LÄSTIGES.
DOES THAT INVOLVE LETTING THE RAIDERS SEND YOUR TEAMMATE -- AND BROTHER -- DIRK HELDMANN TO THE INFIRMARY?


HE SAVED MY LIFE.
AND NEARLY COST DIRK HIS.
SMILE INTO THE CAMRA WHEN YOU SAY THAT.
OTHERWISE, THEY WON'T BOTHER SHOWING IT TO THE FANS WATCHING ON THEIR CRYSTAL BALLS.


H-HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE WATCHING THROUGH THAT?
DIRK'S IN GOOD HANDS. OUR TEAM APOTHECARY, DR. PILL, WILL HAVE YOUR BOYFRIEND BACK ON THE FIELD FOR THE SECOND HALF.
THE WOLF SPORTS CABALVISION NETWORK ESTIMATES 80% OF THE KNOWN WORLD, MOSTLY IN PRIME DEMON-GRAPHICS. THAT'LL RAMPUP TO 95% FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.


I ASKED YOU NOT TO REPEAT THAT ON CAMRA!
OH, COME ON. IS THERE ANYONE OUT THERE WHO DOESN'T ALREADY KNOW?


PSSST!
YOU'RE NOT TO TALK WITH ME HERE, GIMMY THE GEEK. I MADE THAT CLEAR.
JUS' WANNA KNOW WHY YOU'Z PLAYIN' ONNA FIELD.
HELP ME T'HELP YOUZ.
I DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY. HAKEN PUT ME IN.
STAY OFFA DAT FIELD. DON' GET DEAD AFORE YA DUZ YER JOB.
PATIENCE. THE HIT ISN'T UNTIL THE NEXT GAME.
JUS' YOUZ MAKE SURE YA DON' FIND YERSELF IN OSKAR'S ALL-NITE OSSUARY FIRST.
I'M A PROFESSIONAL. I DON'T WIND UP ON DISPLAY IN A MASS GRAVE.
I PUT PEOPLE THERE.


MR. HOFFNUNG! IN MY OFFICE!
YEAH, COACH?
WHAT IN THE NAME OF NUFFLE'S GNARLY NUTS WERE YOU THINKING OUT THERE?
THAT ROOKIE WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED RIGHT WHERE HE --
SO
DAMNED
WHAT?
BLOOD BOWL IS NOT ABOUT SAVING LIVES. IT'S ABOUT WINNING. EVER SINCE SACRED COMMISSIONER ROZE-EL DUG UP THE ORIGINAL RULEBOOK ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN ABOUT WINNING.
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WIN, THERE'S NO SPACE ON MY TEAM FOR YOU.
WE'RE STILL TIED, COACH, AND THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO LOSE A GAME. WE'VE ALREADY LOST TWO PLAYERS, AND IF TOO MANY MORE GET KILLED, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIELD A TEAM.
DON'T DARE TO LECTURE ME ON THE RULES OF THE GAME, MR. HOFFNUNG. YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN. AS LONG AS YOU'RE PLAYING ON MY TEAM --
OUR TEAM. I DO OWN NEARLY HALF OF THE HACKERS, REMEMBER.
AND IF YOU EVER BRING THAT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A GAME AGAIN, I WON'T JUST FIRE YOU.
I'LL KILL YOU.
I LOVE YOU TOO, COACH.


GET OUT!!!
DO YOU HAVE TO POKE AT HIM LIKE THAT?
I THOUGHT WE'D TALKED ABOUT THIS, SON.
HE CAN'T KILL ME. HE'D LOSE HIS SHARE OF THE TEAM. YOU KNOW THAT, SLICK FULLBELLY.
BUT HE CAN MAKE YOU WISH YOU WERE DEAD.
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A PIG, SON, AND PEGLEG KNOWS THEM ALL.
I JUST -- IT'S ALL THE DEATH. I HATE IT.
THAT'S SWEET.
IT'S ONE REASON I LOVE YOU.
I'D TELL YOU TO FIND A NEW LINE OF WORK...
BUT AS YOUR AGENT, I FEAR THAT'S NOT IN YOUR BEST INTEREST.
THAT'S WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.
OR IN YOURS.
YOU WOUND ME, DARLING. BUT YOU'RE GOOD AT THAT. FANTASTIC, IN FACT.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BLOOD BOWL PLAYERS.


WE'RE BACK TO START THE SECOND HALF WITH THE SCORE TIED AT ONE TOUCHDOWN EACH!
KIRTA HOFFNUNG, SISTER TO DUNK AND DIRK, STANDS READY TO KICK THE BALL!
YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO SWEAT.
YOU STILL SMELL LIKE VOMIT.
DR. PILL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN EASY CURES, KIRTA.
IT'S STILL ANYONE'S GAME, BOB, WITH SOME TOUGH PLAY ON BOTH SIDES.
SORRY ABOUT THAT.
I'M A BIG BOY. YOU SAVED A HACKER.
STILL.
STILL, IT LOOKS LIKE SKULKRAKKA MIGHT WIN THE BLOODWEISER MVP OF THE GAME AWARD -- POSTHUMOUSLY!
YOU TWO LADIES DONE MAKING UP? I'D LIKE TO FINISH THIS.
WE RESCUE HER FROM THE AMAZONS, AND SHE TALKS TO US LIKE THIS?
GRATITUDE FOR YOU.
HACKER CAPTAIN RHETT CARVE -- THE LEGENDARY BLITZER WHO'S BEEN WITH THE TEAM FOR HALF OF FOREVER -- SIGNALS FOR THE KICKOFF. AND THERE'S THE WHISTLE!
KIRTA KICKS THE BALL HIGH ENOUGH TO TICKLE A DRAGON'S BELLY, AND THE SECOND HALF BEGINS!


ORCLAND LINEMAN KILLA KILLA WAVES FOR THE BALL AND CATCHES IT -- OH! IT'S STUCK RIGHT IN HIS FACEGUARD INSTEAD!
OUCH! WITH ALL THAT BLOOD SPURTING OUT OF HIS HELMET, IT LOOKS LIKE THOSE SPIKES MUST HAVE SLICED OFF HIS NOSE AGAIN!
WHADDAYA DOING 'ERE ONNA BENCH?
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS YEAR!
YOU DIDN'T WANT ME ON THE FIELD.
YOU'D THINK HE'D LEARN TO PUT THE BARS ON HIS FACEGUARD CLOSER TOGETHER!
INNA FIRST 'AFF, SURE! NOW YA NEEDA PROVE TA HAKEN YOUZ CAN PLAY!
I CAN'T.
HE KEEPS GETTING IT REATTACHED! I THINK HE LIKES IT!
BUT HE DUNNO DAT! 'SIDES, IT'S BLOOD BOWL!
'S'ALL 'BOUT KILLIN'. YER A KILLA. IT'S A NACHERAL MATCH!
M'GRASH TEARS THE BALL FREE! AND OUCH! THAT'S MORE THAN JUST HIS NOSE ATTACHED!
PLAY DIS 'AFF, AND YOU GOTTA BETTA CHANCE TA START DA NEXT GAME -- AND SKRAGGIN' DA TARGET.
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.


SCHÖNHEIT REACHES UP FOR HOFFNUNG'S PASS AND SNAGS IT!
I HAVEN'T SEEN A YOUNG LADY STRETCH LIKE THAT SINCE LAST NIGHT'S DINNER!
BASHA THRASHA SMASHES INTO SCHÖNHEIT! I HAVEN'T SEEN A HIT THAT HARD SINCE YOUR LAST ARGUMENT WITH YOUR WIFE, BOB!
YEAH, THE LITTLE LADY PACKS A HECK OF A PUNCH!
THE FANS HAVE HOLD OF SCHÖNHEIT NOW! THAT MIGHT BE ALL FOR HER FOR THE REST OF THE TOURNAMENT!
GET OFF ME!
TRUE! NOT MANY PLAYERS SURVIVE THE DROP AFTER BEING BODY-PASSED TO THE TOP OF THE STADIUM AND HURLED OVER THE EDGE!
GET AWAY FROM HER!
WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE FELL ASLEEP AT THE WEAPONS CHECK AGAIN!
THE NEXT ONE WHO TOUCHES HER DIES!
OR MAYBE WE JUST FOUND SCHÖNHEIT'S BIGGEST FAN!
DAD?


THRASHA TIME!
BASHA HAS THE BEST HITS-TO-KILL RATIO IN THE LEAGUE, THANKS TO CHEAP SHOTS LIKE THIS!
KRA-TANG!
STAY AWAY FROM MY LITTLE GIRL!
DAD?
THAT HELMET'S GOING TO MAKE SOMEONE A GREAT SOUVENIR!
KRINCH!
DAD!!!
AND THAT'S WHY FANS SHOULD STAY OUT OF THE GAME!
HUR-HUR-HUR.
HURK!
SEE, NOW THAT'S A PROFESSIONAL AT WORK!


I DON'T HEAR FROM YOU FOR FIVE YEARS, AND THIS IS HOW YOU SHOW UP?
LOOSE BALL!
HEARD YOU WERE GETTING MARRIED.
OUCH! THE FAN'S HEAD GOES ONE WAY, THE BALL GOES THE OTHER!
WE'RE PLANNING A LONG ENGAGEMENT.
YOU IDIOT.
BUT WHICH IS WHICH?!
MR. MORDER? YOU'RE IN.
DOES IT REALLY MATTER?
ALL SET, COACH.
YES! YOU CAN'T SCORE WITH A SEVERED HEAD!


SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.
WITH LESS THAN A MINUTE LEFT IN THIS TIED GAME, K'THRAGGH FINALLY MANAGES TO RETRIEVE THE ACTUAL BALL!
TOO BAD HE HAD TO GO THROUGH THREE DIFFERENT FANS' HEADS BEFORE HE FOUND IT!
HERE COMES THE BALL NOW! WE'RE BACK IN ACTION!
HOFFNUNG HAS THE BALL, BUT WITH SO LITTLE TIME LEFT, HE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO AVOID A TIE!
I HATE TIES! THEY'RE LIKE KISSING MY SISTER!
IS THAT SO BAD?
HAVE YOU MET MY SISTER? SHE'S QUITE A GHOUL!


HOFFNUNG FADES TO THE LEFT BUT CANNOT FIND A CATCHER OPEN!
UGH!
DON'T BOVVA GETTIN' UP!
HE FAKES LEFT, PUMPS RIGHT, BUT NO ONE'S OPEN!
I GONNA KILL YA RIGHT 'ERE!
YAHHH!
KRAK!
THE ORCLAND DEFENSE IS LIKE A WALL!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT! IT COULD BE A TIE!
GAAAHHH!
GAH-YUCK!
I'M OPEN!
CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT, EH?
CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT MY SISTER! GAAH!


HOFFNUNG JUKES LEFT, RIGHT, AND OVER THE OPPOSITION!
IT'S THOSE SURVIVAL SKILLS THAT MAKE HIM SUCH A FORMIDABLE PLAYER.
AS THEY SAY AROUND MY DINNER TABLE, "YOU CAN'T EAT WHAT YOU CAN'T KILL!"
HOFFNUNG'S FOUND SOMEONE! THE ROOKIE MORDER IS WIDE OPEN!
TOUCHDOWN! HACKERS WIN!


AND THERE'S THE TRADITIONAL BARREL OF BUGMAN'S XXXXXX OVER THE WINNING COACH'S HEAD! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH PEGLEG HATES THAT?
NOT AS MUCH AS HE HATES LOSING!
BUT CLOSE! AND NOW THOSE TWO ROOKIES KNOW TOO!
THEY'D BETTER SAVE SOME OF THAT FURY FOR THEIR NEXT FOES: THE LEGENDARY DWARF GIANTS!
HOW IS YOUR FATHER? WAS THAT REALLY HIM?
HE'S ALIVE. DR. PILL GAVE HIM SOMETHING FOR THE PAIN AND TO START THE HEALING.
HE WON'T WAKE UP UNTIL TOMORROW, AT LEAST!
BEFORE HE PASSED OUT, HE MADE A DEATHBED REQUEST.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE'D BE FINE.
THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
HE BEGGED ME NOT TO MARRY YOU.


GREAT JOB, MATE! YA SCORED DA WINNIN' TOUCHDOWN. NOW PEGLEG'S GOTTA START YA 'GAINST DA GIANTS.


IT FELT GREAT.


STABBIN' DAT ORC INNA FOOT?
WINNING.
ENJOY DA MOMENT, BUT DON'T GET TOO USETA IT. Y'AINT RILLY REALLY RETIRED AS AN ASSASSIN, R'MEMBER?


DON'T WORRY. I'M A PROFESSIONAL.
I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN.
GOOD 'UN! OUR PEOEPLE DON'T F'ERGIVE FAILURE.


TELL THEM NOT TO WORRY.
WHEN WE PLAY THE DWARF GIANTS, SNAZKAZI UNGRIM WILL DIE.