

Introductions

Mud. It was mud he missed most, thought Torgol. Mud was potential, plans, you could raise a rhinox on mud, you could grow crops or build a fortress and feed an army on mud. His stomach rumbled, giving physical presence to his train of thought.

He wasn't hungry, not really, well, not substantially. The ship's navigator had been a fine meal, and fine company before that. But a Tyrant's appetite is never sated, as the old saying went. More than that, this frozen lake and barren land would hardly provide something hearty, no matter what Kahr said.

Kahr was many things but quiet was not one of them. Torgol heard the lumbering movement of his slaughtermaster, the gnashing teeth and lolling tongues in his distended stomach giving the ogor an unmistakable gait

"Torgol" slobber escaped Kahr's mouth as he said the Tyrant's name. "You look hungry. Here, have this". Torgol turned to grasp the rectangular block. It was brown, and foul, the stench of congealed blood and long-ripened fruits marked the bar as one of the tribe's prepared rations.

Torgol took a bite of the bar, and spoke, dispersing flecks as he questioned his adviser.

"This is it then?"

"This is it." Kahr replied.

"And where is your prophet, in this ivory waste" Torgol asked. He respected Kahr, he had risked his own life for him on several occasions. But stood on the edge of Lake Bykaal, he was questioning the choices that led him here.

"Patience. The Maw provides" Kahr intoned, placing a meaty hand on the Tyrant's gutplate. He was stood in nothing but his apron, and yet the deathly chill that had reduced so many of his gluttons to shivering wrecks passed the priest by.

Perhaps there was something bigger guiding him, protecting him. Protecting us? Torgol swallowed hard, the answer to that would have to wait. He noticed Kahr's eyes drift left. He turned to follow their movement, and saw a light, dim, near-swallowed in the darkness.

"There?"

"There"

"Best get moving then, we need to make our introductions, and sort a warm meal for the lads."

The slaughtermaster started to stagger forward, tracking the light as a powdermoth on a hot night.

“Kahr”

“Yes, Torgol?”

“If this *orruk* prophet of yours is taking us up the path, I’ll blast him to pieces.”

Kahr’s lips parted, revealing broken teeth, and forming into something approaching a smile.

“The Maw would expect nothing less” he said, leading The Sons of Goremaw deeper into the night.