

Chapter 1:

"Looksit, Nikkit...", Grunt grunted to his subordinate, nudging the grot besides him with the butt of his stabba. The goblin shot awake with a snort, his voluminous hood sliding over his eyes as he hastily got to his feet. "Oi wasnot sleepin'!", Nikkit muttered defensively, yet Grunt only had eyes for the endless lake ahead of them. The two grots had been holding guard on top of this particular dune of snow and ice for hours now, surveilling the roiling mass of energy that was the Ghyrplunge. Behind them, they could just see the campfires of the Oath-Gobbla's warcamp through the haze that perpetually hung over the frozen landscape of this underworld this time of the day. Nikkit shivered, pulling his loose, milky white robes tighter around his diminutive form as he shuffled his feet closer to the dying embers of their fire. Sighing as he felt some resemblance of life return to his toes, he finally looked out over the frozen bay. "Wossit, boss?", he asked after a moment, seeing just the same endless ice and snow and mist as he always saw whilst holding guard. "Da gate-fing", Grunt simply replied, "It ain't lookin' roight..."

Both grots suddenly jumped as the blue-and-white portal began to shiver, its bound magical energies coiling and spreading outwards. Nikkit stared in awe, even as Grunt dropped his weapon into the snow and fumbled with the stolen Kharadron looking-glass on his belt, finally bringing it up to his bulging eyes as the first ship broke through the surface of the Realmgate. Tattered strands of etheric power hung to the golden hull as the massive vessel smashed apart the soul-ice of Lake Bykaal, forcing its way through to Shyish. White sails billowed in the mournful wind as the ship dragged its way further into the Realm of Death even as flirts of shouted commands echoed over the snowy dunes, the meaning of these yells dismantled by the piercing gale. "Oo's dem gitz den, boss?", Nikkit gasped after a moment, as yet another of the immense ships plunged through the realmgate, following its predecessors' path through the broken plates of ice. Grunt grunted in reply, thin fingers fumbling with the looking-glass' mechanisms. Finally, with a click, the deck of the second vessel came into crystal clear view, its crew so close all of the sudden that Grunt couldn't help but feel a shiver run down his spine, a tremble not to be attributed to the perpetual cold of this segment of Shyish. "Das da Golden 'Umies Hogrog tol' us to look out fo'", he replied Nikkit's unasked question, the Loonboss sensing the other gobbo's nervous wiggling besides him. "Dey's bigga than I'f 'eard, bigga eeva dan sum ov Goremaw's gitz", he continued as Nikkit gaped in disbelief.

The fifth ship had now sailed out behind its compatriots as the turbulent surface of the gate seemed to ease. So, five ships full of the 'Umie God Sigmar's chosen, making slow progress across the broken surface of the Lake. Grunt glanced back to the warcamp, the morning mists having faded enough for him to see dozens of campfires littering the icy dunes, with even more camps strewn out in the valleys between them. Grunt started to grin as he got to his feet and grabbed his huge stabba, his stolen, iron breastplate jiggling as he hurried down from their lookout to where they had left their Squigs, a wide-eyed Nikkit hot on his heels. "Wots we gonna do 'bout da 'Umies, boss?", the young goblin gasped, barely keeping up with his taller companion, yet hesitating for but a moment when he saw the wicked smile the Loonboss cast back at him. "Wots ya fink, ya git? We'z gonna gif dem a zoggin' proppa welcum! Hehehe!"