

Entry XI – Rise Through the Ashes

A new wind howls through the peaks, not the cold kind, nor the fireborn breath of Aqshy, but a war-wind, thick with the scent of shattered stone, melted steel, and raw ambition.

We march now through the broken spine of the Adamantine Chain, a place where molten veins crack fortress walls, and every summit bears witness to wars long buried, or not yet begun. Here, in the vale, the mountain judges all. It will burn away the weak, and temper the worthy.

The Solemn Saviours do not enter this next crucible unchanged.

The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary**, once a swift detachment of winged harriers, now return as a redeemed host, larger in number, forged through pain. They have taken up the **Path of the Redeemer**, their souls kindled with divine momentum. When they descend now from the skies, they fall like vengeance given wings, crashing into the foe with wrath born not of anger, but of sacrifice.

And when one falls? The very storm mourns them. Their passing burns the earth, a final strike from beyond, a searing judgment that leaves the foe scorched in their wake.

Mordros Aldardas, our Knight-Questor, progresses in his training as well. Under the watchful eye of **Arlaron the Exemplar**, he has taken up the title of **Duellist**. His blade now sings with focus, a dance of lethal certainty. No longer merely a leader, he is becoming the tip of our storm's spear, a challenge none dare ignore.

And we, his **Soulsworn**, have grown with him. We march to his word, strike in his shadow, bleed in his cause. In battle, we now move as one, to his **Beck and Call**, we answer. Our blades strike truer. Our resolve grows sharper. We are not just bound by oath, we are shaped by it.

The fire that once sought to consume us now fuels us. The silence we once feared now listens to us. The Emberstones we seek are no longer mere prizes, they are proof. That we were here. That we endured.

We rise now, not in defiance, but in purpose.

Let the vale burn.

Let the mountain scream.

Let ambition fall upon us like ash.

We are Stormcast. We will walk through it all, and etch our *souls* in the stones of Aqshy.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours