

# Entry XII – Gold in the Ash, Thunder in the Bones

The ashes never settle here.

In this scorched vale where the peaks weep fire and the stone groans beneath unseen weight, we found our old rivals once more, the **Aethergold Storm**, clad in iron and aethersteel, their oaths weighed not in faith, but in profit.

This time, they descended faster, vessels gliding on refined engines, their motions more precise, their tactics leaner. With them came a contingent of **Skywardens**, grim-faced Duardin in dirigible suits, sky-pikes poised like striking fangs. They do not speak often. They simply pierce.

And yet, for all their newfound haste, the mountain was not theirs to claim.

On the left flank, **Bergar the Lamented** thundered forward atop **Threxil**, and with the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** at his side, reborn and righteous, they cast down every Arkanaut that dared attempt a flanking maneuver. The skies roared with Aethershot, and javelins answered. The Redeemers fell like lightning given purpose, their every descent met with glory.

In the center, we held.

We **Soulsworn** formed around **Mordros Aldardas**, whose blade now moved like prophecy fulfilled. Under the watchful eye of **Arlaron**, his strikes found weaknesses in even the Duardin's mechanized armor. Their volleys tore into our shields, their Skywardens struck hard and fast, but our lines did not break. Instead, we pulled them down, one by one, into the red earth.

**Ghanroc's Grandhammer** split a Skywarden's engine housing mid-flight. **Aldera's** lantern caught an Arkanaut sergeant mid-command, burning his orders away on the breeze. Even **Terar the Grey**, ever silent, raised his relic high and turned the frenzied charge of their Gunhauler aside with a wordless invocation.

By valor and blood, we forced them to withdraw.

But victory... was not whole.

Even in retreat, the **Aethergold Storm's** coffers swelled. Through cunning digs and swift extractions, they escaped with **five** Emberstone shards, clutched tight within sealed crates and hoisted back to their skyvessels. We recovered **four**, hard-earned but not enough.

They left boasting, not cruelly, but with the weary amusement of seasoned rivals who live to fight another day. **Kadod Umbersworn** did not bow, nor curse, nor gloat. He merely tapped the rail of his frigate as they vanished into the aetherfog.

We held the field, but they held the prize.

The Ashen Vale watches, and remembers.

This is no longer a war of survival. This is a war of *claim*.  
And the first blood of ambition has been spilled.



**~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice**

*Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours*