

Entry XIII – Shard of the Fallen Sky

They returned cloaked in whispers, the **Cult of the Black Sun**, their madness thickened, their ambition sharpened.

We met them again in the Vale of Cloven Flame, where the ash falls like snow and the emberstone veins shimmer just beneath the soot. But this time, they came not as the fractured remnants we had once bested, they came empowered, swollen with heresy.

At their center strode a new horror, a host of **Tzaangor Enlightened**, warriors touched by prophecy and mutation, their movements guided not by sight, but by echoes of futures unwritten. And behind them, ever watching, ever plotting, **Nullagoth Hexrite**, the Curseling reborn.

They surged for the center. We met them with steel and fire.

Mordros Aldardas led we **Soulsworn** into the heart of the storm, and there we held the line. The **Tzaangor infantry** screamed their fractured tongues, claws clashing against sigmarite, but we Questors did not yield. They were cut down, to the last, by steel, spear, and stormfire. Their shrieks are gone from the world.

But the true battle unfolded at the edge of my vision and memory.

A band of **Kairic Acolytes**, slippery as thought and twice as desperate, recovered a glimmering Emberstone shard and fled into the blackened ruins. But the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended in wrath, wings wreathed in lightning, javelins trailing vengeance. The Acolytes were caught. None survived. The shard was claimed.

And then, the trap was sprung.

From shadow and spellfire came the Tzaangor Enlightened. From silence, **Nullagoth Hexrite**.

They struck like the turning of a prophecy, fast, precise, cruel. The **Scions** fought valiantly, redeemed in purpose, but one by one they were cut from the sky. I watched as the last Prosecutor fell, their death releasing a stormflash so bright it scorched the very sigils from **Nullagoth's** armor.

But it was not enough.

The **Curseling** took the shard, standing amid the bodies of the fallen. The Cult's laughter echoed once more, vile and victorious.

Sigmar answered.

From the Celestial Realm of Azyr, a reinforcement host of **Prosecutors** descended, their wings silver-fire, their eyes twin storms. They came not as avengers, but as judgment made flesh. In a flash of lightning and fury, they hurled themselves into **Nullagoth** and his Tzaangor Enlightened guard.

The battle was brief. The Cult had not foreseen this chapter.

Nullagoth fell, impaled by a storm-forged spear. The Tzaangor Enlightened, caught in the backlash of broken fate, dissolved into madness or ash.

The shard was reclaimed, not by might, but by divine right.

When the ash cleared, the field was ours. The **Cult of the Black Sun** was broken, their forces scattered, their ambitions bleeding into the dust. They escaped with **three** shards, no more.

We stood upon **seven**, consecrated by storm and sacrifice.

The **Scions** mourn their fallen. But they do not weep.

Their reforging will be honored, their names etched into the emberstone they saved, their *souls* preserved in these annals.

And we, the **Solemn Saviours**, march forward, ever brighter, for even when we fall, **Sigmar** lifts us anew.



~ **Krakarion of the Hollow Voice**

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours