

Entry XIV - Where the Wind Howls

There are storms of wind and rain, storms of fury and fire. But what we met upon the ash-cracked plateau of Yellowmaw Rise was neither weather nor war. Their warcry was guttural, but behind it lurked words twisted into power by a shaman's madness.

The orruks call themselves **Da Toof Punchas**, as blunt and brutal as their name. Led by the belligerent **Krug Meantoof**, and the howling weirdnob **Grok Weirdtoof**, they surged into the vale like a rolling avalanche of bellowed threats and iron-chained hunger. They brought not just themselves, but something worse.

Bergar and the Reclusians took the right flank beneath smog-choked skies, their advance blessed, or perhaps tainted, by a strange surge of unnatural energy. Our strikes rang truer. Our steps came faster. The **Templars of the Anvil**, Liberators, slow but sure, pushed far left to claim the high ridge. In the center, **Mordros** and we **Questor Soulsborn** carved forward like a wedge of stormlight, the **Brand of Dawn** searing a path toward a rich emberstone vein.

The wind changed.

Grok Weirdtoof screamed a curse, his staff striking the dirt like a drumbeat. The world answered with a roar not of beast nor god, but raw instinct given form, an **Incarnate of Ghur**, a living cyclone of bone, sinew, and gnashing hate. The orruks called it "**Da Meat Tornado**" in their broken tongue, and unleashed it upon us.

Grok's summoning unearthed an emberstone vein, pulsing with corrupted light. He reached for it, and the shard screamed. Foul energy seared through him, his robes igniting, his staff exploding into splinters. He fell back shrieking, a mad prophet scorched by his own prize.

On the right, **The Scions** descended under **Bergar's** watchful command, hurling javelins into the ranks of **Ardboyz** and slaving **Weirdbrute Wrekkaz**. But for all their righteous fury, they were overwhelmed, torn from the skies, their souls cast screaming back to **Sigmar's** vault in bolts of azure light. May their reforging be swift and their memories unbroken.

In the center, it was different.

We stood.

We **Questors** held against the **Krondspine**, though every strike it made tested the very air. When its savagery grew too fierce, **Sigmar** answered, hurling more storm-chosen into the fray. Reinforcements from Azyr, Prosecutor spears found bone, and the beast fell in a

howl of primal spite, at least for a time.

On the left, the Liberators held firm, weathering the brutes' charge and turning their first wave aside. With a roar of **WAAAGH!** that split the sky and stirred the ash, **Krug Meantoof** hurled himself into the fray, a living siege engine made of fury and iron. Another wave of Brutes closed with him. Even when the reinforcement **Prosecutors** turned their attention from the fallen Incarnate to aid the beleaguered Liberators, javelins singing, it was not enough. The orruks claimed the vein there, pounding the stone into crates with crude reverence.

Together, **Mordros**, the **Reclusians**, and we **Questors** drove back the Ardboys and Wrekaz in the center. It was not easy, nor clean, but it was righteous.

And then, **Grok** returned.

Laughing despite his burns, he resurrected the **Krondspine**, pouring the last of his soul-madness into the summoning. And then, in what I can only call a fit of divine stupidity, he charged. Into **Mordros**. Into our Knight-Questor, a duellist without equal, whose blade has humbled champions and broken the will of lesser heroes.

It was over in seconds.

Mordros struck once. Grok fell.

The Incarnate raged, but without its master's full will, it could only contest the emberstone beneath our feet. We held the field, but were forced to abandon the corrupted vein to prevent further loss.

In the end, **five** shards were secured by our hands. **Krug Meantoof** and his brutes bore off **three** shards, their fists slick with blood and triumph, as they vanished into the ash, trampling the last defenders beneath boot and boast.

I recorded the names of the fallen Stormcast myself. I do not know if they will return whole, but I will remember them as they were. That is my oath.

We endure. We prevail. And we remember.

We must.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours