

Margin Notes to Entry XV

Supplemental Entry – Ash Beneath the Plate

He wept as he fell.

That is what I remember most.

Not the laughter. Not the way his blade turned with the Myrmidesh, rather than against.

But the tears. One drop, falling clean through soot.

Reclusian Darnok of the Ninth, bearer of the relic-bell *Censure*, fell to temptation not in secret, but in plain sight. A warrior of the Ruination Chamber, forged in pain, rebuilt too many times, standing too long too near the edge. Perhaps he was always going to fall. Perhaps this was simply where the path ended.

But fall he did. With a smile and a scream. With *joy*.



Reflections of Questor-Prime Aldera Aethercaller

"He was not weak. He was not foolish. He was worn. We send warriors into the storm too many times and expect them to emerge whole. But storm does not only reforge, it reshapes."

"I felt the emberstone shift when he turned. I know its song. It wanted him. It recognized something in him. I fear it recognizes things in all of us now"

"Bergar believes the line held. That the Ruination Chamber remains pure. But even granite crumbles with time and pressure. And this mountain grinds hard."

**"I do not question the strength of the Ruination Chamber. But I question how much soul remains in them to ruin."*

"I will not let this rot go unseen. I will not let it reach my Soulsworn."



Opinion of Knight-Relictor Terar the Grey

"The soul did not break. It bent until it found comfort in its new shape."

"I had marked him weeks ago. Too many prayers forgotten. Too many silences where oaths should have lived."

"This is not an isolated rot. The Prosecutors laugh too often as well. Their dreams are loud."

"The emberstone is not neutral. It remembers what it was. It wants to be welded. Even flame has hunger."



I have begun a separate scroll, hidden beneath the bindings of this journal.
In it, I record the names of those who return to us changed.
Not reforged. Not corrupted.
Just... altered.
Embers cooled too fast.
Cracked.

I do not write this to accuse. I write this to *remember*.
Because if I do not, no one will.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours