

Entry XV - Ash Burns with Laughter

There is no silence in the ashfields of **Volcanic Incandescence**, only the crackling laughter of things that should not know joy. And today, their laughter came on perfumed winds, riding the banners of the **Celebrants Insatiable**.

Led once more by the **Shardspeaker Kelathi Pleasureheart**, the cult brought its full procession. Blissbarb Archers wreathed in sweet-smelling oils, Slaangor fiends snarling through masks of painted flesh, Slickblade Seekers darting like silvered serpents, and the poised cruelty of the Myrmidesh Painbringers, blades dancing beside their mistress.

We met them with purpose, with fury, and with resolve.

The Prosecutors of the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** fell from the skies like vengeful stars, javelins trailing fire as they tore into the Blissbarb archers. The backline was shattered, their cries half-mirth, half-panic, as lightning answered decadence.

But elsewhere, the battle soured.

The Slaangors, frenzied and glorious in their monstrous joy, crashed into the Liberators on the western flank. Flesh met shield, and temptation hung like musk in the air. Though the Liberators held, I saw one laugh as he fell. Not from humor, but as though the pain was pleasure. I have recorded his name twice. Once for his fall. Once to watch upon his return.

In the east, **Kelathi** and her Myrmidesh advanced with elegance sharpened into murder. **Bergar** and the Reclusians met them, but something had changed. I do not know if it was the heat, the proximity to the emberstone veins, or a more sinister temptation, but the Reclusians faltered. One laid down his relic and wept, then fled with a smile, blade in both hands. He did not return.

In the center, **Mordros Aldardas** stood firm, we Questor Soulsworn beside him, answering his beck and call. The Slickblade Seekers struck like lightning's reflection, swift but lacking the storm behind it. They were turned aside. Their speed was no match for the unity of the Soulsworn. The very terrain came alive with pulsing steam vents and magmic blasts, scalding the air, but failing to blister us within our sigmarite protection.

Battlefield control shifted back and forth. The archers were gone, but the Celebrants were not finished. The Slaangors and our shield-guard traded blow for blow until only sparks and silence remained. The remaining Reclusians fell, one by one, until **Bergar** stood alone beneath the ashfall, his eyes dimmed but his blade still moving.

Their cavalry wheeled to flee, and **Sigmar** answered once again.

Reinforcement Prosecutors, their eyes like coals, descended and ended the flight of the Seekers in a storm of javelins and wrath. The battlefield turned once more.

In the center, **Mordros** and we Questors held against the Myrmidesh, refusing their elegance, denying their grace, giving them only our resolve in return. It was enough.

In the end, **eight** shards of Emberstone now rest in our keeping. **Four** were taken by **Kelathi**, who fled beneath illusions and smoke, her fanfare fading like perfume in flame.

We won. But the cost was not coin or blood, it was scar. The Prosecutors who fought the Slaangors returned... *different*. They say little. One laughs too easily. Another forgets names he once carved into the wall of the warcamp. **Terar** has begun watching them closely.

I will keep their memories whole, even if their souls fracture.

Let the ash whisper. Let the flame tempt. We are the Solemn Saviours. And *we endure*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours