

Entry XVI - Where the Scales broke the Storm

They say the **Seraphon** are order incarnate. The chosen of the heavens, the star-blooded children of reason and celestial will.

Not these.

The **Thundering Scales** descended upon the ash-fields like hungry beasts, not guided by divine vision, but loosed from it, untethered, and unleashed. There was no Slann among them. No calming presence. Only instinct. Fury. The old hunger of fang and scale.

At their head, **Je'skar-rokatl**, a Saurus Oldblood astride a Carnasaur, its bellow louder than thunder and twice as final. It struck without warning, straight into the **Timeworn Defenders**, catching them in their rites. **Bergar** saw it coming. He called warnings. Raised his blade. It did not matter. The Carnosaur, its hide shimmering in volcanic yellow, like the sun made flesh, tore through the flank, Reclusians broken beneath claw and roar. Their relics shattered, their vows scattered like ash.

The **Templars of the Anvil** surged in answer, not for vengeance, but for balance. They met the beast as brothers-in-shield and were devoured just the same.

In the center, **Mordros Aldardas** and we **Soulsworn** held fast, our formation perfect, our focus absolute. Then came **Kroatoa**, a Saurus Scar-Veteran on an Aggradon, flanked by two packs of **Lancers**, scales the color of bright sulfur, radiant and sickening. The earth shook. Their breath reeked of blood and sunlit death.

The **Scions**, wings stretched and javelins raised, descended from the storm, behind the Lancers, a trap sprung with holy fury.

For a moment, it worked. The Seraphon were caught, the trap snapped shut. Scales split, Aggradons screamed.

But for every one we brought down, two more struck. The Prosecutors fell, torn from the sky in ribbons. The Aggradons gorged themselves on thunder.

In the north, **Hunters of Huanchi** slipped through the crags, clutching Emberstone in slings and claws. But **Bergar**, ever watchful, found them. He scattered their ambush with precise, measured violence, claiming their stones.

But before he could rejoin the center, the mountain moved.

A **Bastiladon**, bearing an **Ark of Sotek**, lumbered forth and unleashed the serpent tide. Venomous snakes by the hundreds poured from the altar, coating the earth in living malice. Beside them, **Je'skar-rokatl** still battled the Liberators, his Carnasaur's scales blazed like

a second dawn, jaws still red.

The Liberators broke. One was pulled beneath the snakes. Another vanished in the Carnasaur's maw.

And then they came for **Mordros**.

I do not know how long we **Questors** stood. Only that we *did*. Every heartbeat was another second **Bergar** needed to retreat with the shards. The final vision I hold before returning to **Sigmar's** forges, **Mordros**, blade raised, the **Brand of Dawn** searing through an Aggradon's eye as **Kroatoa's** spear struck home.

The light faded. And with it, so did our hope of holding the field.

In the end, **eight** shards taken by the beasts. **Four** carried away in **Bergar's** bloodied grasp.

A defeat. Brutal. Total. *Savage*.

We have grown used to cunning enemies, to magic and madness and temptation. But this? This was raw, unchained nature. A force not of evil, but of fury *ungoverned*.

I will remember every name that fell. Even as the thunder of my reforging tries to drown them.

Because someone must.

~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours