

# Entry XVIII - Where Judgement Walks

They arrived not with fanfare, but with certainty.

We had not yet finished counting the names of the reforged when the sky opened again. Azure lightning spiraled downward in silence, and from the stillness stepped **Caelus Mournbrand**, the **Emberwarden**. A **Lord-Veritant**, chosen from among the most relentless of **Sigmar's** faithful, those for whom the hatred of Chaos burns brighter than any other light.

He bore no banner. Only a staff of cold fire, and a brand seared into the sigmarite of his armor, a rune that flickered whenever corruption stirred. His presence was not merely a boon, it was a warning.

They say Lord-Veritants do not come to fight beside you. They come to see what you become.

At his side walked the **Emberwake Triad**, a **Stormcoven** of three **Knights-Arcanum**, their robes catching the ash-wind like flame-born specters. Together, they are scholars of **Aqshy's** deepest truths, emberstone's most dangerous secrets, and the ritual fires that burn between knowledge and madness.

**Solthain Pyrebinder**, the still flame, the fulcrum of their power. It is said his mind moves like a hearth that never cools, his emberstone shard hovering in ceaseless judgment above his staff.

**Ivenya Flamewake**, whose voice carries even through the smoke of battle. She speaks to emberstone as though it listens, and more disturbingly, it sometimes responds.

**Caldrik Ashmantle**, last of the Triad, once a warrior, now a vessel of visions. He wears ash like a prophet wears ink, and dreams of fire that remembers what it burned.

Their arrival was not unexpected. The corruption of Aqshy is mounting. Emberstone veins pulse with unnatural light. **Sigmar** has heard, and in **His** wisdom, or perhaps **His** fear, **He** has sent us more witnesses.

**Terar the Grey** does not trust them. He does not speak it aloud, but I have watched him adjust the grip on his relic each time **Caelus** walks past. They are both watchers, but only one calls himself such.

**Aldera Aethercaller** welcomes their insight. She sees kinship in **Ivenya**. They speak often, in low tones, of pulse harmonics and flame resonance. I know not what it means, only that Aldera's lantern burns differently when Ivenya passes by.

**Mordros** neither welcomes nor rejects them. He has simply made it clear: “If they stand with us, they will stand in battle. We do not need more eyes. We need fire.”

**Bergar** said nothing at all. Only stared at the floating emberstone shard above **Solthain’s** staff for a long time. Then turned and walked away.

**Caelus** did not offer greeting, only words I record, “The Adamantine Chain grows unstable. Soulflames flicker. I am here to see what remains after the fire.”

I do not know if he meant the emberstone.  
Or *us*.



**~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice**

*Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours*