

Part One

Entry I – The Voice Called Thunder

In the stillness between storms, I was summoned. Not by horn nor herald, but by the resonance. That deep, omnipotent chime that lives in the bones of every reforged soul. It tolls not through the air but the soul, like thunder breaking within marrow.

I stood alone in the Hall of Echoes, where the walls do not speak, but remember, and the presence of the God-King manifested as pressure, like the weight of a thousand skies held back by a single breath. My knees bent not from fear, but reverence. We, of the Hollow Voice are not given to weeping, but I confess, my soul *wēpt*.

“Krakarion,” the voice of Sigmar resounded, and the golden stones of the Hall alit with lightning. **“You shall ride as soul and scribe. The Emberstone of Aqshy must not be lost to darkness, nor its truth to silence. Go. Chronicle what is to come, for memory is a weapon, and your voice shall echo into the ages.”**

He named my charge, **Mordros Aldardas**, Knight-Questor. A blade of justice tempered in fire and doctrine. With him, I will walk the flame-ravaged edges of Aqshy, the Ravaged Coast, into the Gnaw. To Hel’s Claw, where the ruin is still warm with the breath of demons and tyrants long dead.

I do not carry the sharpest spear. I do not bear the loudest voice. But I carry truth, bound in storm and scripture. Let this journal be my oath made in ink, my soul cast in words.

Let the enemies of order tremble, for even whispers carry the storm.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry II – The Celestial-Forged Fellowship

The second toll came not from Sigmar's voice, but from his will, forged into bodies. It was there, within the vast halls of Sigmaron, that I first beheld the Soulsworn I was to march beside, **the Incensors of Sigmar's Resurgence**.

They stood like a prophecy fulfilled, six paragons, each bearing the storm in a different vessel. They had already kindled one another, now they turned to me, the last wick to be lit.

At their head stood **Mordros Aldardas**, Knight-Questor, torchbearer and chosen wielder of the *Brand of Dawn*. He did not speak first. He burned first, eyes like twin sunflares fixed on the horizon beyond me. *He sees the end before the road begins*, I thought. His voice, when it came, was not a welcome but a decree. "The Emberstone will be claimed. The Gnaw will be pierced. **Sigmar's** resurgence begins now."

Beside him, **Aldera Aethercaller**, Questor-Prime, already seemed to listen to something none of us could hear, her relic lantern pulsing with aetheric light. Her gaze met mine and did not waver. "Every step you write, I will have already walked in spirit." She is our compass, attuned to the Emberstone's flickering light.

The grey-cloaked **Terar**, our Knight-Relictor, smelled of ozone and grave-dust. He bore no weapon save a totem of bone and iron, etched with prayers so old even the reformed dare not speak them aloud. "You chronicle us," he rasped, voice like tomb-wind, "but I will weigh your words for heresy, annalist." I nodded. It was not a jest.

And then **Arlaron the Exemplar**, he moved like ink spilled in wind, a blur, a master. His twin blades were at rest, but his stance never was. Older than Mordros, yet he bowed to him with pride. "If I fall, it will be a lesson in grace," he said with a grin, "Record it beautifully."

Lastly came our blunt force, **Ghanroc Rordain**, who bears a Grandhammer like it were an extension of his heart, and **Argos Varaur**, whose Grandblade never leaves his back, as if he's daring fate to try him before he draws. Both are younger in soul, but carry conviction that humbles even me.

They welcomed me not as another swordarm, but as their memory, to be worn like armor, to bind the soul against the shattering of reforging. **Mordros** placed his hand on my pauldron and said, "Then let the tale begin, **Krakarion**. Let every flame we light scorch a line across the dark."

And so I record, and so we march, departing Hammerhal Aqsha into the ashen wastes of the Capilaria, toward the haunted bones of the Adamantine Chain.

Let the enemies of Sigmar despair. The storm has given voice to *memory*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry III – When Ash Walks With Thunder

From the gilded spires of **Hammerhal Aqsha** we marched. Seven souls sworn anew, under a sky that burned even before the dawn. The Great Parch offered no welcome, only challenge. Yet it was not fire nor thirst that tested us first. It was *memory*.

Beyond the Drossforge Plains, beneath the shadow of the Skarval Vents, they came, thunder rolling in low, mournful peals. The **Solemn Saviours**, a Ruination Chamber of the Hallowed Knights, clad in battered sigmarite and silence. Storm-forged not just by the anvil, but by loss. They had seen the Vermindoom, and lived, though not wholly.

At their fore rode **Bergar the Lamented**, Paragon of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, astride his emerald-plumed Gryph-stalker, **Threxil**, a beast whose feathers shimmer like soulsteel kissed by jade. It was said **Threxil** had once devoured a Verminlord's shadow and now leaves no prints upon the earth, only ash.

Bergar's eyes were rings of forged jade, set into a face that barely moved, even in greeting. His soul was not whole, *reforged too often, only the Lord-Vigilant remains*, I observed. Yet when he spoke, every warrior listened.

“You march toward Hel’s Claw,” he said. “We march with you. The Gnaw does not yield to fresh blood. It remembers only ruin.”

They were not kind. They were not warm. But they were *necessary*. His warriors bore names like prayers ground into stone.

The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary**, Prosecutors who descend like the angelic echoes of a forgotten cathedral, wings cracked, but not broken. The **Timeworn Defenders of Sigmaron**, cloaked in vows older than some realms themselves. Reclusians who chant in a tongue lost even to Azyrite script.

The **Templars of the Anvil...** *These ones I fear the most.*

Their eyes wander, their thoughts drifting mid-prayer. They pause at strange moments. I asked **Terar the Grey** about them, he only muttered: “They dance too close to the storm’s edge.”

Still, **Mordros** welcomed them with solemn nod and clasped forearm. **Aldera** said their arrival was foreseen in the emberglow. And **Bergar**, for all his silence, seemed to recognize something within **Mordros**. Perhaps hope, though he’d never admit it.

Together now we cross the last stretch toward the Adamantine Chain. Mountains that bleed fire and echo the screams of those who tried to climb them with unworthy hearts. The Ravaged Coast and the ruins of Hel’s Claw lie beyond.

And the Gnaw waits.

May Sigmar's voice never falter, for I now walk among those whose souls have *forgotten*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

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