

Entry IV – Ash and Aether, the Price of Greed

There are many kinds of storms in Aqshy. Firestorms, Soulstorms, tempests born of hatred and ash. But today, we met one wrought of coin, steel, and sky-gold. The **Aethergold Storm**, under the calculating eye of Endrinmaster-General **Kadod Umbersworn**.

They descended upon the rifts of the Adamantine Chain, their skyvessels shimmering like false hope in the ashligh. Though bound by the shared cause of the forces of **Sigmar's Order**, they came not as allies, but *claimants*, rivals for the Emberstone veins now cracking open the peaks like realmstone sap.

Bergar the Lamented struck first, streaking toward the western rise atop **Threxil**, whose emerald feathers shimmered like memory made light. The **Timeworn Defenders of Sigmaron** rode the storm, arriving in a crack of heavenly fury... and triggered what may have been the Emberstone's first curse. A shard cluster detonated, a bloom of violet flame. Even through the solid sigmarite of his armor, I saw one Reclusian buckle, soul screaming beneath sealed helm.

Yet while pain met us, our purpose held. In the center, our fellowship secured a solitary shard. I carried it briefly. It whispered. It *remembered* dying.

The Duardin responded with ruthless precision. Aboard their skycraft, the **Flying Reckoning**, a fierce Frigate and the **Bountiful Tradewind**, a darting Gunhailer, they claimed the skies and the field. Their boots struck the eastern bluff, isolating a Liberator detachment. The guns began to sing, and the **Templars of the Anvil** bled beneath the song. Emberstone fell into their greedy hands, **two** shards to our one.

Then the battle turned cruel.

Their Endrinmaster-General, enveloped in pistons and iron, tore into our flank while the Skyvessels bathed the field in shrapnel. One of our own fell, a Liberator, name not yet spoken aloud, consumed by the Khemist **Kadasst Cholerborne's** poisoned vapors. The Liberators stood, unwavering, even as death chewed through their ranks like rust through steel.

But **Sigmar's** hand is never idle.

In the east, the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended with righteous fury, hurling javelins into the **Skybound Company's First Platoon** and charging through blackpowder mist. Their arrival turned tragedy into testimony. The Duardin were driven back, their first platoon utterly shattered, the lone Liberator-Prime spared, spirit ignited anew.

Meanwhile, in the center, **Mordros** and we **Soulsworn**, surged, our unity unbroken, our

purpose honed. Alongside the battered but unbowed Reclusians, we forced the Gunhailer to ground and shattered the **Tradewind**. The Duardin's precious Emberstone fell from the sky in a blaze of smoke and spite.

Still, the enemy did not break. The **Second Platoon** of Arkanauts retreated with a shard clutched like a stolen secret. The Endrinmaster-General launched vengeful salvos into our defenders, slaying the valiant Prosecutors, while the Reclusians hunted the fleeing Khemist and judged him wanting.

In the final tally, the field was ours. Scorched, bloodied, but *claimed*. We held the Rifts, but the Duardin, sly as ever, withdrew with **five** Emberstone shards, while we held only **four**.

The wounds run deep.

Even now, the shards whisper across the campfires. **Terar** warns of listening too long. I find myself writing words I did not intend.

The storm of **Aethergold** and iron has passed, but the fire beneath the peaks still burns. And the embers in the ash grow louder.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Soulsworn, Annalist, Bearer of the Whispering Shard

Entry V – Green Skin on Black Stone

There is no glory in this kind of war, only grit, stench, and survival.

The second of the Emberstone rifts split open beneath the Gnarltooth Rise, and we were not the only ones to smell its fire. Crawling from bile-choked ravines came the Greenskins. An Orruk clan of Kruleboyz, calling themselves **Krule Intentionz**, led by the wretchedly named **Slick Ricklestabba**, a name spat more than spoken, and rightly so.

They came with venom on their blades and poison in their breath. Spears and arrows dipped in foul brews, eyes like bruises in their heads. They howled and laughed and barked challenges we could barely understand.

But **Sigmar** understands the language of war. And we answered.

On the western flank, **Bergar the Lamented** thundered forth astride **Threxil**, emerald feathers catching the rising embers. From the heavens, beside him fell the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary**, their descent righteous and swift. They drove the **Da Shootin' Crew** and **Snipas** of Manskewer Boltboyz from the cliffs before the beasts could even draw a proper bead. Their flight was less a retreat than a rout. Arrows forgotten, courage dissolved.

At the heart of the rift, we found **Frank the Stank**, a Gutrippa boss so drenched in filth I feared my quill might melt if I wrote his name. He led mobs of spear-wielders arrayed at his sides, called the **Leftiez** and the **Rightiez**. With names like that, their strategy was as blunt as their weapons. **Piddlestick** hobgrots swarmed under foot.

Mordros and we **Soulsworn** met them in the center with measured wrath. Blades sang, shields rang, and the air stank of blood and ash. I saw **Argos Varaur's** Grandblade sever three crude spears in a single stroke, while **Aldera Aethercaller's** lantern flared with holy fire, warding poisonous clouds that tried to cling to our souls.

We drove them back. They came creeping in through blind spots and broken gullies, and they fled coughing blood.

Despite the foulness of our foes, the battle was clean in purpose. One by one, our warriors dug into the cracked rift and pulled forth the burning treasures. **Five** shards of Emberstone, still whispering, still writhing with hidden purpose.

The Orruks, for all their tricks and fury, clutched only **two**. Their laughter faded into the wind, and as they vanished into silhouettes crawling low and mean, the silence returning.

The silence is worse.

We bury our dead in silence. We carry our wounds in silence. And the Emberstone speaks in that hollow space between our breaths.

The **Saviours** endure. The **Soulsworn** press on.
But I wonder how many more will fall before the ash stops whispering back.



~ **Krakarion of the Hollow Voice**

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry VI – The Sun that Burns Black

It is a cruel truth that the deeper we delve into the Adamantine Chain, the thinner the veil becomes. Today, it tore. And what crawled through called itself divine.

They came beneath light from twin moons, though the sky had only ever held one.

From the rift known now as the Weeping Maw, the cult of **Magnos Vulturesoul** poured forth like twisted scripture. Tzaangor shriekers upon discs of madness wheeled above, their feathers catching the ember-glow like cursed prisms. Infantry by the dozen followed, horns and beaks twisted by change, blades too sharp for the crude forms that held them.

Their second wave surged like a nightmare given flesh, **Nullagoth Hexrite**, a Curseling wrapped in chains of sentient tumors, flanked by two detachments of Kairic Acolytes, his **Left Eyes** and **Right Eyes**, as they called themselves. Each bore scrolls that bled and avian masks that whispered nonsense, which might have once been names, or prayers, or both.

But we are the **Solemn Saviours**. We do not blink before illusion.

Bergar the Lamented led the flank with practiced resolve, **Threxil** bounding across broken stone like a spectral vine. The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended once more from the celestial heights, javelins whistling through sorcerous wind. The Kairic Eyes, left and right alike, blinked for the last time as they were swept from the rift's edge in steel and fury.

In the center, we stood as we always have, shoulder to shoulder, voice to voice.

Mordros Aldardas raised the **Brand of Dawn**, its torchlight burning truer than the swirling trickery around us. The **Questor Soulsworn** locked ranks, spears braced, blades poised, and we held the line as waves of feathered madness crashed upon us.

The Tzaangors came screeching like diving raptors, their blades fracturing into fractals mid-strike. **Ghanroc Rordain** was wounded but unshaken, driving his Grandhammer into skulls that reformed even as they cracked. **Arlaron the Exemplar** danced between claws and teeth, blades flashing like lightning after images caught in glass.

Aldera's lantern burned with righteous fury, severing the lies from the air. It is said that at one point, the Skyfires turned and fired on their own, either deceived, or momentarily freed.

The Curseling **Nullagoth** advanced, shackled to his own hateful intellect, and met **Terar the Grey** on the field. I do not know what words passed between them, but both raised their relics high. I saw no spell pass between them, and yet **Nullagoth** reeled, shrieking, as

if something ancient had called his name and asked a price he could not pay.

When the dust cleared and the light dimmed, we stood upon broken stones and shattered illusions. The cult fled into the winds that carried their lies, and we dug the truth from the ground. **Eight** shards of Emberstone, claimed in the light of **Sigmar's** unwavering gaze.

The cult took **three**, perhaps stolen, perhaps whispered into existence. It matters not.

They say the shard **Aldera** carries now glows in rhythm with her heartbeat. They say it sings.

I say we walk into deeper peril with every victory.

Let the changelings twist and writhe. We do not. We remain. We *remember*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry VII – The Sweetest Incense

They did not arrive with war cries, but with revelry.

Through the shattered pass known now as the Mirthscar Vale, the air thickened with incense and ash. Their merriment echoed unnaturally, not mirth, but mockery made manifest. It clung to the skin like a lesion beneath silk.

Kelathi Pleasureheart led them, a Shardspeaker of Slaanesh, her voice a lilting poison that curled into your mind before you could raise a shield. Draped in gemstone finery and illusion, she moved behind a screen of **Myrmidesh Painbringers**, who danced through blood with blades too beautiful for their purpose.

At her flanks, doom approached on swift hooves, Slickblade Seekers, lean and leering, their steed's eyes blind and ravenous. Called **the Hidden Calvacade**, their mounts moved in eerie silence before they struck. In stark contrast, the Slaangor Fiendbloods, **Nightmares of Depravity**, stampeded, horned beasts of flesh warped by desire unbound trumpeting hymns of hunger.

But it was not their charge we feared most.

From the shadows of the high ridge, **the Serpentine Sycophants**, Blissbarb Archers rained misery upon us, each arrow a hymn to exquisite pain. Their shots found chinks even in sigmarite plate, as if guided by cruel instinct.

But we did not falter. We are the **Solemn Saviours**. We do not bend to sensation. We endure.

Bergar the Lamented surged through perfume and pulse, **Threxil** unflinching beneath him. The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended into the eastern flank, scattering the Blissbarbs like chaff, but not before the air was thick with our blood. Several winged prosecutors fell before they closed the distance.

At the center, **Mordros Aldardas** lifted the **Brand of Dawn**, its flame resisting even the temptations that wormed into our minds. We pressed forward, **Soulsworn** bracing against shrieks, arrows, and illusions alike.

Argos Varaur was struck, three arrows in the pauldron, one in the neck joint, but he did not fall. He spat a prayer and cleaved a Seeker in two with the heft of his Grandblade.

Aldera Aethercaller's lantern dimmed, and then blazed anew. "They are not beauty," she shouted. "They are hunger in a mask!"

The Fiendbloods crashed into the **Templars of the Anvil**, who held like statues cracked, but not broken. Even as their minds blurred and twisted songs filled their ears, their hammers remained true. One Templar tore off his helm mid-battle, screaming defiance, whether in pain or rapture, I still cannot say.

We drove them back. The archers, denied their distance. The Seekers, their momentum. **Kelathi** retreated, her illusions unraveling in the lantern light. Her celebration faltered.

When the haze cleared, we stood wounded, but victorious. **Six** shards of Emberstone, still warm with unclean touch, were drawn from the broken vane. The Celebrants escaped with **two**, though none can recall whether they were real or imagined. Perhaps the stone obeys desire now.

We will sanctify them. We must.

There is no glory in resisting temptation, only necessity. We are not joyous in victory. We are resolute.

And the ash *remembers*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry VIII – When the Ash Runs Red

It was not silence that heralded them, but giggling and the gnashing of tooth.

Through the fog of the Fangspore Throat, beneath a sky stained sickly green, came the **Gloomy Looniez**, a Squigilanche of Gitz driven not by strategy, but mycetic madness, their thoughts swollen with fungus and fury. At their head danced a lunatic prophet, **Madcap the Doc**, a fungoid cave-shaman who smeared spores across his tongue and whispered secrets to the mushrooms clinging to his robes.

He fed his kin madness, and they devoured it.

Behind him hopped a tide of shrieking monsters. **Boingrot Bounders**, cackling atop snarling squigs, lances lowered, eyes spinning. A massive **Squig Herd**, rolling like a red, toothy avalanche. At their head, the dreaded “**Pusher**”, a Squig Boss astride a gnashing nightmare that snarled even louder than he did. Anchoring their line, **Rockgut Troggoths**, slow but unyielding, like boulders they hurled at our lines.

At first, we took positions as we always had. **Bergar and the Scions** advanced upon the western cliffs to intercept their leftmost Bounder’s flank. The **Templars** held the center, facing down the Troggoths. **Mordros** and we **Questors** formed the keystone, prepared to drive into the Herd’s flank.

We underestimated them.

The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended like righteous fury, wings trailing thunder and javelins gleaming with the light of the Celestial Realm. Their aim was true, to strike the **Boingrot Bounders** mid-leap, impaling them before the squigs’ chaos could reach our lines. But the Gitz do not move as mortals do. The Bounders twisted in the air, side-stepping and bounding with impossible, mushroom-addled reflexes, their squigs squealing in delight as they dodged the storm. The Scions landed not in triumph, but in the maw of madness, and the Bounders turned as one, cackling like children who had tricked a teacher. Then they counter-charged.

It was not a battle. It was a *massacre*, a tide of gnashing teeth, lances, and shrieks of glee. The Prosecutors were ripped from the sky, their wings torn by fang and shrieking maws. No rites were read. No last words spoken. Only the grinning maws, slick with drool, and the rattle of broken sigmarite.

Bergar fought like a man possessed, **Threxil** savaging everything within reach, until a squig the size of a cart tore through their formation. **Bergar** survived, barely, but his left arm will never hold a blade the same way again.

The **Templars of the Anvil**, so often a wall of calm, cracked beneath the weight of the Troggoths. One was crushed to paste by a lobbed boulder. Another simply disappeared beneath the massive bulk the rampaging Rockguts.

Even I, chronicler setting aside my journal and taking arms with my Grandspear, felt the ground quake as squigs surged past our formation. We held, briefly. **Argos Varaur** fell, torn from formation and vanished in lightning beneath a tide of fang and fungus. **Aldera Aethercaller**, lantern dimmed by spore-choked air, was dragged back by **Ghanroc's** hand alone.

Mordros stood until the end, the *Brand of Dawn* lit like a last beacon, driving back three squigs with one swing, but even he could not stop the collapse.

We fled, wounded, bleeding, emberless.

Only **three** shards had been pried from the smoking ruin before we were overrun. The **Gloomy Looniez** claimed **seven**, singing mushroom-chants as they bounced away into the dark. Their chomping fury still echoes, not in the air, but in memory.

This was no defeat of tactics. It was a mauling. A warning. Destruction wears many faces. Some lurk in mud. Some roar with fury.

Some just bite.

We bind the wounded. We bear our shame.

Our *souls* will return.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of the Broken Throat, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry IX – Beneath the Teeth of the Earth

We have long spoken of the Gnaw as a threat, a legend, a promise of corruption to come.

Today, we saw it move.

From the fissure known as the Skittering Maw, the **Grand Army of the Ratpublic** surged, not as an organized host, but as a plague given boots and banners. Their formations were loose but endless, bodies crashing forward in waves that smelled of filth, oil, and fear.

Their leader rode at the head, **Clawlysses S. Rat**, a chieftain of sharp teeth and sharper guile, mounted on a twisted **Gnaw-beast**, half-wolf, half-maggot. He wore stolen medals and tattered sashes, declaring himself victor of battles no one remembered, but his orders came quick and cunning.

The backbone of their force was the **1st and 2nd Hel Crown Light Infantry**, nothing but claw and desperation in rusted armor, Clanrats in barely-disciplined units. But the true threat lay behind them.

Erasmus D. Cheyes, Skaven Arch Warlock, part scientist, part sorcerer, oversaw their war-machines, his skin pulled taut with wires and pride. The foul creature commanded the **1st Hel Crown Cavalry** in the form of rolling Doom Flayers, howling blades and smoke given cruel purpose. The **1st Hel Crown Artillery** crewed a Warp Lightning Cannon, humming with shrieking promise of warp energies.

The Skaven tunneled, clawing gnawholes from the soil, leaping from underneath the battlefield in flashes of unnatural speed. They attacked from behind, beneath, within. Every shadow became a blade. Every delay became a trap.

Though the Skaven still reeled from an earlier clash with the **Knights of the Rampart**, proud Storm-drake riders who had scattered their flanks days earlier, the **Grand Army** fought with the desperation of cornered filth. And filth is most dangerous when cornered.

We countered with steel, flame, and holy discipline.

Mordros Aldardas held the center, unshaken. We **Questors** pushing forward, driving back the **Hel Crown** ranks again and again. **Bergar**, still wounded from the squigfall, commanded from the rear, marshaling the Prosecutor **Scions** in brutal, swift counter-strikes. Even the **Templars**, weary and soul-worn, stood as bulwarks where the gnawholes opened.

But this was not a battle won by resolve alone.

The Warp Lightning Cannon erupted with warpstone, and one of our Prosecutors vanished in a burst of screaming emerald light. The Doom Flayers chewed through Liberator lines, until only shattered helms and crushed prayers remained.

And in the end, as we drove the Grand Army back into the tunnels below, they cackled and fled not empty-handed, but clutching **six** shards of Emberstone, wrapped in stolen cloth, slung over scrawny backs like treasures unearned.

We recovered only **three**.

The battle was ours, but the flames were theirs.

Terar the Grey says this was a vision, *the mouth of the Gnaw parting, letting the first breath of decay escape*. **Aldera** hears echoes in the shards, whispers in a tongue that makes her blink too often. Even **Mordros**, who speaks little, has begun to watch the horizon more than the road.

There is a cost to every victory. And the deeper we go, the more the ash *remembers*.

The battle closes.

But the war continues.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry X – Ashes in the Wake, Chains on the Horizon

Thus ends the first burning breath of our crusade, the chapter we now name *Embers in the Ash*.

We have entered the flame-rifted paths of the Adamantine Chain, pulled shardfire from the bones of the mountains, and faced foes from every madness the Mortal Realms can birth. From gold-hungry Duardin and fate-twisting cultists, to the gnashing madness of the Gitz and the tide of rats clawing from beneath the world. We have stood.

But we have not emerged untouched. **Bergar** bears his scars openly, his grip less sure, his eyes more distant. Yet he leads still, and **Threxil** marches beside him, emerald feathered and fierce. The Prosecutor **Scions** bleed, thinned by fire and fungus. The Liberator **Templars** walk the knife's edge between reforging and ruin. The **Reclusians** remain quiet, their eyes watching the light, as if fearing what it may one day reveal.

Our **Soulsworn** band remains united, but carries new grief. I etch names into these annals to preserve the souls facing the Anvil of Sigmar's reforging. **Mordros** focuses more and more to the horizon. And I, **Krakarion of the Hollow Voice**, have begun to doubt the silence between breaths.

We emerged victorious in five of six battles on our march into the mountains. We claimed emberstone, chased enemies, and watched comrade's souls return to **Sigmar** on flashes of lightning. But of the shards uncovered, the forces of Order did not hold the lion's share. They slipped through cracks. Vanished into giggling jaws and with twitching tails. Taken by gold, by greed, by guile.

Now, we descend.

Through the vales and warrens of the Adamantine Chain, no longer a distant reach, but a furnace of war. Molten ravines churn. Shattered fortresses whisper of betrayal and boldness. The mountain itself becomes a weapon, wielded by those who rise high enough, or fall low enough, to claim it.

Our next march takes us through ashes, a route where flame and ambition mingle, and where those who falter are buried not by battle, but by the mountain's own fury.

The Ravaged coast draws nearer. So too does the Gnaw, that grinding hunger beneath our feet.

I close this chapter not with triumph, but with purpose. We are not yet victorious.

But we are still here.

And we still *remember*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours