

Side Entry - Warcry - Where the Eclipse Casts Shadows

They call it the **Celestial Eclipse**, a time when the light of the heavens itself falters, when even the gaze of Sigmar must wrestle with the dark.

It was under such a sky that we marched, the **Questor Soulsworn** at the vanguard, sent to hold the high ground against a coalition of Chaos splinters. A band of **Tzeentch Arcanites**, perhaps renegades of the **Cult of the Black Sun**, and the **Sybarite Dark Revellers**, drunk on sensation, likely broken shards of the **Celebrants Insatiable**. They came not to claim land or glory, but to desecrate.

We did not stand alone.

At our flanks fought **Khainite Shadowstalkers**, warriors of cold faith and colder steel.

Aldera Aethercaller and I arrived first to the field. The high ground loomed, but the enemy was already moving, already smiling their broken smiles beneath a dying sky.

I advanced to secure the ridge, and found, too late, that it had been baited. From the gloom stepped a **Lord of Pain**, his flesh marked by excess, his blade singing of cruelty perfected. He struck before I could raise my spear.

I remember the blow.

I remember the ground.

I remember the taste of blood.

Then, the forges of Sigmar.

The tale that follows is not mine, but theirs.

Aldera, lantern flaring in defiance of the Eclipse, struck the Lord of Pain with searing light, burning away the shadow-cloaks he wore. **Terar the Grey** was close behind, calling down holy fire, drenching the enemy in the raw storm of **Sigmar's** judgment.

But the Lord endured.

And then, in a blur of cruelty and laughter, he struck me down. My soul tore skyward leaving only the storm behind.

In the void left by my fall, **Aldera** answered. She moved without hesitation, her blade finding the Lord's black heart. He collapsed, his smile still carved into dead lips.

Ghanroc Rordain and **Argos Varaur** arrived soon after, summoned by storm and oath. Chaos had seized a tower across the field, the Sybarites, twisted archers and revelers, gathering like crows over a corpse. **Terar**, in a moment of storm-born providence, called upon his sacred arts and translocated **Ghanroc** across the battlefield, hurling him into the shadow of the tower itself.

There, **Ghanroc** rampaged.

He scaled the tower like a living hammer, smashing a Blissbarb Archer from the ledge to carve space to stand. Four more Sybarites and a lone Tzaangor met him at the summit, and there, in the heart of the Eclipse, **Ghanroc** stood firm against all.

The enemy struck back, desperate to topple him. They could not.
He held the tower. He held the light.

Below, the **Daughters of Khaine** fought with silent fury, driving the **Tzeentch Arcanites** and their **Ogroid Thaumaturge** from the high ground again and again.

Victory was not clean.
It was not glorious.
But in the end, the forces of Order held the heights.

When the Eclipse faded, and the stars returned to the broken sky, we still stood.

I record these tales, and though I did not see their valor with my own eyes, I remember it all the same.

I did not see the hammer fall.
I did not see the blood bought inch by inch.

But I remember.

Memory is not only what the eye beholds.

It is what oath binds. What trust carries. What duty shapes into steel.

They say reforging burns weakness away.
But some things even the hammer cannot touch.

I was not there when the Eclipse broke.
I was not there when the Saviours stood unbroken.

But their memory lives here, in these lines, in this ink.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Soulsworn Annalist, Reforged



Reflection from Ghanroc Rordain

It wasn't glory that kept me on that tower.

Wasn't pride neither.

Just stone under my boots, and the storm behind my hammer.

I crushed a Blissbarb before I even thought. He screamed like a kicked pig.

Then the others came at me.

Four of 'em. Blades out, teeth bared.

And in the crush, I saw it plain as daylight.

One of the Sybarites swung wide and cut into the Tzaangor standing beside him.

Not by accident.

Not in panic.

He meant it.

Maybe he thought it'd buy him a step.

Maybe he thought I'd notice the beast and not him.

Didn't matter.

Chaos don't stand together.

They'll eat each other for half a breath of life.

We stand.

They fall.

That's the difference.

