

Entry XI – Rise Through the Ashes

A new wind howls through the peaks, not the cold kind, nor the fireborn breath of Aqshy, but a war-wind, thick with the scent of shattered stone, melted steel, and raw ambition.

We march now through the broken spine of the Adamantine Chain, a place where molten veins crack fortress walls, and every summit bears witness to wars long buried, or not yet begun. Here, in the vale, the mountain judges all. It will burn away the weak, and temper the worthy.

The Solemn Saviours do not enter this next crucible unchanged.

The **Scions of the Great Sanctuary**, once a swift detachment of winged harriers, now return as a redeemed host, larger in number, forged through pain. They have taken up the **Path of the Redeemer**, their souls kindled with divine momentum. When they descend now from the skies, they fall like vengeance given wings, crashing into the foe with wrath born not of anger, but of sacrifice.

And when one falls? The very storm mourns them. Their passing burns the earth, a final strike from beyond, a searing judgment that leaves the foe scorched in their wake.

Mordros Aldardas, our Knight-Questor, progresses in his training as well. Under the watchful eye of **Arlaron the Exemplar**, he has taken up the title of **Duellist**. His blade now sings with focus, a dance of lethal certainty. No longer merely a leader, he is becoming the tip of our storm's spear, a challenge none dare ignore.

And we, his **Soulsworn**, have grown with him. We march to his word, strike in his shadow, bleed in his cause. In battle, we now move as one, to his **Beck and Call**, we answer. Our blades strike truer. Our resolve grows sharper. We are not just bound by oath, we are shaped by it.

The fire that once sought to consume us now fuels us. The silence we once feared now listens to us. The Emberstones we seek are no longer mere prizes, they are proof. That we were here. That we endured.

We rise now, not in defiance, but in purpose.

Let the vale burn.

Let the mountain scream.

Let ambition fall upon us like ash.

We are Stormcast. We will walk through it all, and etch our *souls* in the stones of Aqshy.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry XII – Gold in the Ash, Thunder in the Bones

The ashes never settle here.

In this scorched vale where the peaks weep fire and the stone groans beneath unseen weight, we found our old rivals once more, the **Aethergold Storm**, clad in iron and aethersteel, their oaths weighed not in faith, but in profit.

This time, they descended faster, vessels gliding on refined engines, their motions more precise, their tactics leaner. With them came a contingent of **Skywardens**, grim-faced Duardin in dirigible suits, sky-pikes poised like striking fangs. They do not speak often. They simply pierce.

And yet, for all their newfound haste, the mountain was not theirs to claim.

On the left flank, **Bergar the Lamented** thundered forward atop **Threxil**, and with the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** at his side, reborn and righteous, they cast down every Arkanaut that dared attempt a flanking maneuver. The skies roared with Aethershot, and javelins answered. The Redeemers fell like lightning given purpose, their every descent met with glory.

In the center, we held.

We **Soulsworn** formed around **Mordros Aldardas**, whose blade now moved like prophecy fulfilled. Under the watchful eye of **Arlaron**, his strikes found weaknesses in even the Duardin's mechanized armor. Their volleys tore into our shields, their Skywardens struck hard and fast, but our lines did not break. Instead, we pulled them down, one by one, into the red earth.

Ghanroc's Grandhammer split a Skywarden's engine housing mid-flight. **Aldera's** lantern caught an Arkanaut sergeant mid-command, burning his orders away on the breeze. Even **Terar the Grey**, ever silent, raised his relic high and turned the frenzied charge of their Gunhauler aside with a wordless invocation.

By valor and blood, we forced them to withdraw.

But victory... was not whole.

Even in retreat, the **Aethergold Storm's** coffers swelled. Through cunning digs and swift extractions, they escaped with **five** Emberstone shards, clutched tight within sealed crates and hoisted back to their skyvessels. We recovered **four**, hard-earned but not enough.

They left boasting, not cruelly, but with the weary amusement of seasoned rivals who live to fight another day. **Kadod Umbersworn** did not bow, nor curse, nor gloat. He merely tapped the rail of his frigate as they vanished into the aetherfog.

We held the field, but they held the prize.

The Ashen Vale watches, and remembers.

This is no longer a war of survival. This is a war of *claim*.
And the first blood of ambition has been spilled.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry XIII – Shard of the Fallen Sky

They returned cloaked in whispers, the **Cult of the Black Sun**, their madness thickened, their ambition sharpened.

We met them again in the Vale of Cloven Flame, where the ash falls like snow and the emberstone veins shimmer just beneath the soot. But this time, they came not as the fractured remnants we had once bested, they came empowered, swollen with heresy.

At their center strode a new horror, a host of **Tzaangor Enlightened**, warriors touched by prophecy and mutation, their movements guided not by sight, but by echoes of futures unwritten. And behind them, ever watching, ever plotting, **Nullagoth Hexrite**, the Curseling reborn.

They surged for the center. We met them with steel and fire.

Mordros Aldardas led we **Soulsworn** into the heart of the storm, and there we held the line. The **Tzaangor infantry** screamed their fractured tongues, claws clashing against sigmarite, but we Questors did not yield. They were cut down, to the last, by steel, spear, and stormfire. Their shrieks are gone from the world.

But the true battle unfolded at the edge of my vision and memory.

A band of **Kairic Acolytes**, slippery as thought and twice as desperate, recovered a glimmering Emberstone shard and fled into the blackened ruins. But the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** descended in wrath, wings wreathed in lightning, javelins trailing vengeance. The Acolytes were caught. None survived. The shard was claimed.

And then, the trap was sprung.

From shadow and spellfire came the Tzaangor Enlightened. From silence, **Nullagoth Hexrite**.

They struck like the turning of a prophecy, fast, precise, cruel. The **Scions** fought valiantly, redeemed in purpose, but one by one they were cut from the sky. I watched as the last Prosecutor fell, their death releasing a stormflash so bright it scorched the very sigils from **Nullagoth's** armor.

But it was not enough.

The **Curseling** took the shard, standing amid the bodies of the fallen. The Cult's laughter echoed once more, vile and victorious.

Sigmar answered.

From the Celestial Realm of Azyr, a reinforcement host of **Prosecutors** descended, their wings silver-fire, their eyes twin storms. They came not as avengers, but as judgment made flesh. In a flash of lightning and fury, they hurled themselves into **Nullagoth** and his Tzaangor Enlightened guard.

The battle was brief. The Cult had not foreseen this chapter.

Nullagoth fell, impaled by a storm-forged spear. The Tzaangor Enlightened, caught in the backlash of broken fate, dissolved into madness or ash.

The shard was reclaimed, not by might, but by divine right.

When the ash cleared, the field was ours. The **Cult of the Black Sun** was broken, their forces scattered, their ambitions bleeding into the dust. They escaped with **three** shards, no more.

We stood upon **seven**, consecrated by storm and sacrifice.

The **Scions** mourn their fallen. But they do not weep.

Their reforging will be honored, their names etched into the emberstone they saved, their *souls* preserved in these annals.

And we, the **Solemn Saviours**, march forward, ever brighter, for even when we fall, **Sigmar** lifts us anew.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry XIV - Where the Wind Howls

There are storms of wind and rain, storms of fury and fire. But what we met upon the ash-cracked plateau of Yellowmaw Rise was neither weather nor war. Their warcry was guttural, but behind it lurked words twisted into power by a shaman's madness.

The orruks call themselves **Da Toof Punchas**, as blunt and brutal as their name. Led by the belligerent **Krug Meantoof**, and the howling weirdnob **Grok Weirdtoof**, they surged into the vale like a rolling avalanche of bellowed threats and iron-chained hunger. They brought not just themselves, but something worse.

Bergar and the Reclusians took the right flank beneath smog-choked skies, their advance blessed, or perhaps tainted, by a strange surge of unnatural energy. Our strikes rang truer. Our steps came faster. The **Templars of the Anvil**, Liberators, slow but sure, pushed far left to claim the high ridge. In the center, **Mordros** and we **Questor Soulsborn** carved forward like a wedge of stormlight, the **Brand of Dawn** searing a path toward a rich emberstone vein.

The wind changed.

Grok Weirdtoof screamed a curse, his staff striking the dirt like a drumbeat. The world answered with a roar not of beast nor god, but raw instinct given form, an **Incarnate of Ghur**, a living cyclone of bone, sinew, and gnashing hate. The orruks called it "**Da Meat Tornado**" in their broken tongue, and unleashed it upon us.

Grok's summoning unearthed an emberstone vein, pulsing with corrupted light. He reached for it, and the shard screamed. Foul energy seared through him, his robes igniting, his staff exploding into splinters. He fell back shrieking, a mad prophet scorched by his own prize.

On the right, **The Scions** descended under **Bergar's** watchful command, hurling javelins into the ranks of **Ardboyz** and slaving **Weirdbrute Wrekkaz**. But for all their righteous fury, they were overwhelmed, torn from the skies, their souls cast screaming back to **Sigmar's** vault in bolts of azure light. May their reforging be swift and their memories unbroken.

In the center, it was different.

We stood.

We **Questors** held against the **Krondspine**, though every strike it made tested the very air. When its savagery grew too fierce, **Sigmar** answered, hurling more storm-chosen into the fray. Reinforcements from Azyr, Prosecutor spears found bone, and the beast fell in a

howl of primal spite, at least for a time.

On the left, the Liberators held firm, weathering the brutes' charge and turning their first wave aside. With a roar of **WAAAGH!** that split the sky and stirred the ash, **Krug Meantoof** hurled himself into the fray, a living siege engine made of fury and iron. Another wave of Brutes closed with him. Even when the reinforcement Prosecutors turned their attention from the fallen Incarnate to aid the beleaguered Liberators, javelins singing, it was not enough. The orruks claimed the vein there, pounding the stone into crates with crude reverence.

Together, **Mordros**, the **Reclusians**, and we **Questors** drove back the Ardboys and Wrekkanz in the center. It was not easy, nor clean, but it was righteous.

And then, **Grok** returned.

Laughing despite his burns, he resurrected the **Krondspine**, pouring the last of his soul-madness into the summoning. And then, in what I can only call a fit of divine stupidity, he charged. Into **Mordros**. Into our Knight-Questor, a duellist without equal, whose blade has humbled champions and broken the will of lesser heroes.

It was over in seconds.

Mordros struck once. Grok fell.

The Incarnate raged, but without its master's full will, it could only contest the emberstone beneath our feet. We held the field, but were forced to abandon the corrupted vein to prevent further loss.

In the end, **five** shards were secured by our hands. **Krug Meantoof** and his brutes bore off **three** shards, their fists slick with blood and triumph, as they vanished into the ash, trampling the last defenders beneath boot and boast.

I recorded the names of the fallen Stormcast myself. I do not know if they will return whole, but I will remember them as they were. That is my oath.

We endure. We prevail. And we remember.

We must.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Entry XV - Ash Burns with Laughter

There is no silence in the ashfields of **Volcanic Incandescence**, only the crackling laughter of things that should not know joy. And today, their laughter came on perfumed winds, riding the banners of the **Celebrants Insatiable**.

Led once more by the **Shardspeaker Kelathi Pleasureheart**, the cult brought its full procession. Blissbarb Archers wreathed in sweet-smelling oils, Slaangor fiends snarling through masks of painted flesh, Slickblade Seekers darting like silvered serpents, and the poised cruelty of the Myrmidesh Painbringers, blades dancing beside their mistress.

We met them with purpose, with fury, and with resolve.

The Prosecutors of the **Scions of the Great Sanctuary** fell from the skies like vengeful stars, javelins trailing fire as they tore into the Blissbarb archers. The backline was shattered, their cries half-mirth, half-panic, as lightning answered decadence.

But elsewhere, the battle soured.

The Slaangors, frenzied and glorious in their monstrous joy, crashed into the Liberators on the western flank. Flesh met shield, and temptation hung like musk in the air. Though the Liberators held, I saw one laugh as he fell. Not from humor, but as though the pain was pleasure. I have recorded his name twice. Once for his fall. Once to watch upon his return.

In the east, **Kelathi** and her Myrmidesh advanced with elegance sharpened into murder. **Bergar** and the Reclusians met them, but something had changed. I do not know if it was the heat, the proximity to the emberstone veins, or a more sinister temptation, but the Reclusians faltered. One laid down his relic and wept, then fled with a smile, blade in both hands. He did not return.

In the center, **Mordros Aldardas** stood firm, we Questor Soulsworn beside him, answering his beck and call. The Slickblade Seekers struck like lightning's reflection, swift but lacking the storm behind it. They were turned aside. Their speed was no match for the unity of the Soulsworn. The very terrain came alive with pulsing steam vents and magmic blasts, scalding the air, but failing to blister us within our sigmarite protection.

Battlefield control shifted back and forth. The archers were gone, but the Celebrants were not finished. The Slaangors and our shield-guard traded blow for blow until only sparks and silence remained. The remaining Reclusians fell, one by one, until **Bergar** stood alone beneath the ashfall, his eyes dimmed but his blade still moving.

Their cavalry wheeled to flee, and **Sigmar** answered once again.

Reinforcement Prosecutors, their eyes like coals, descended and ended the flight of the Seekers in a storm of javelins and wrath. The battlefield turned once more.

In the center, **Mordros** and we Questors held against the Myrmidesh, refusing their elegance, denying their grace, giving them only our resolve in return. It was enough.

In the end, **eight** shards of Emberstone now rest in our keeping. **Four** were taken by **Kelathi**, who fled beneath illusions and smoke, her fanfare fading like perfume in flame.

We won. But the cost was not coin or blood, it was scar. The Prosecutors who fought the Slaangors returned... *different*. They say little. One laughs too easily. Another forgets names he once carved into the wall of the warcamp. **Terar** has begun watching them closely.

I will keep their memories whole, even if their souls fracture.

Let the ash whisper. Let the flame tempt. We are the Solemn Saviours. And *we endure*.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

Margin Notes to Entry XV

Supplemental Entry – Ash Beneath the Plate

He wept as he fell.

That is what I remember most.

Not the laughter. Not the way his blade turned with the Myrmidesh, rather than against.

But the tears. One drop, falling clean through soot.

Reclusian Darnok of the Ninth, bearer of the relic-bell *Censure*, fell to temptation not in secret, but in plain sight. A warrior of the Ruination Chamber, forged in pain, rebuilt too many times, standing too long too near the edge. Perhaps he was always going to fall. Perhaps this was simply where the path ended.

But fall he did. With a smile and a scream. With *joy*.



Reflections of Questor-Prime Aldera Aethercaller

"He was not weak. He was not foolish. He was worn. We send warriors into the storm too many times and expect them to emerge whole. But storm does not only reforge, it reshapes."

"I felt the emberstone shift when he turned. I know its song. It wanted him. It recognized something in him. I fear it recognizes things in all of us now"

"Bergar believes the line held. That the Ruination Chamber remains pure. But even granite crumbles with time and pressure. And this mountain grinds hard."

**"I do not question the strength of the Ruination Chamber. But I question how much soul remains in them to ruin."*

"I will not let this rot go unseen. I will not let it reach my Soulsworn."



Opinion of Knight-Relictor Terar the Grey

"The soul did not break. It bent until it found comfort in its new shape."

"I had marked him weeks ago. Too many prayers forgotten. Too many silences where oaths should have lived."

"This is not an isolated rot. The Prosecutors laugh too often as well. Their dreams are loud."

"The emberstone is not neutral. It remembers what it was. It wants to be welded. Even flame has hunger."



I have begun a separate scroll, hidden beneath the bindings of this journal.
In it, I record the names of those who return to us changed.
Not reforged. Not corrupted.
Just... altered.
Embers cooled too fast.
Cracked.

I do not write this to accuse. I write this to *remember*.
Because if I do not, no one will.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Annalist of Sigmar, Soulsworn to the Solemn Saviours

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

Entry XVII - The Hammer Falls Again

There is no time on the **Anvil of Apotheosis**.

Only the hammer. Only the light.
Only the *shaping*.

When I awoke again, I stood in the vaults of **Sigmaron**, shoulders square beneath burnished sigmarite, the scent of ozone still clinging to my soul. The echo of who I had been flickered like emberlight behind my eyes.

I remembered ash.
I remembered scales.
And the screams of comrades torn beneath the teeth of a yellow-scaled beast.

Mordros was waiting. Silent, sentinel, unmoving. The **Brand of Dawn** rested across his back, still scorched from the last clash. He nodded once.

“The Questor Soulsworn endure,” he said. It was not comfort. It was truth.



In the days that followed, we walked Sigmaron’s golden avenues in silence. The Soulsworn bore their scars in different ways.

Aldera Aethercaller lit her lantern every morning, searching its flame for signs of our fallen. She says she still hears the emberstone humming, just remembering. She has grown quieter since the battle. The flame is lower, steadier, but I do not think it is soothed.

Arlaron the Exemplar sparred with phantoms, memories of the Aggradons, no doubt. He calls them beasts without honor. But he trains against them all the same.

Ghanroc Rordain does not speak of the Carnasaur. He merely reforged the bindings of his Grandhammer with a new strip of sigmarite, and whispered a name into the steel before it cooled. He will not tell me whose.

Even **Mordros** lingers longer before the Hall of Remembrance. He walks the halls not to mourn, but to measure, every cost, every ember lost.

We were granted only three days.

Then came the summons.



We returned to **Aqshy** on a bolt of azure lightning, the crack of our arrival shattering the silence of a mountain pass carved by fire and sealed in battle. The **Adamantine Chain** still smolders. It remembers the wars of gods and monsters, and now it remembers us.

Bergar the Lamented met us on the ridge. **Threxil** pawed the ground restlessly beside him. His axe was not drawn, but his expression said he had not sheathed it in days.

"You're late," Bergar muttered. "The emberstone doesn't wait for mourning."

It wasn't accusation.

It was warning.

Below, the ruins hissed in the heat. A storm was rising again. And somewhere beneath it all, the emberstone *whispered*.

I feel it more clearly now.

Its memory.

Its hunger.

Its pain.

But I write.

So we are not lost.

So what we were is not forgotten.



~ Krakarion of the Hollow Voice

Soulsworn Annalist, Reforged