

GRAND NARRATIVE

INTO THE WEBWAY

COMES TO A CLOSE

It all began with a ritual, as Magister Khethos Vorsch of the Thousand Sons tore the skies of Mordian apart and dragged the ancient Aeldari city of Shaa-Dom into realspace. The cataclysmic event opened doorways to distant places and distant times, dragging thousands of displaced warriors into battles that would rend their bodies and minds. Desperate forces danced to the tune of ambitious warlords, and after three days of constant battle, they were spent.

Millions have died on the still-burning battlefields of Mordian. Millions more wander mindlessly through the fog, searching hopelessly for the last shards of their sanity, fated only to stray before an Iron Guard firing line and find peace at last.

Yet for all the death and destruction, the world endures. Xenos and heretics have scattered, and the iron fist of Watch Captain Azkaron's task force thunders down upon the last motes of resistance. Sanctum, Catachan, Fenris, and Sangua Terra have likewise held their ground, and the grinding status quo of the Imperial war machine returns.

"There has been heavy sacrifice. A heavy toll of lives. But true might lies in sacrifice, for the Emperor, and the Imperium!"

– Watch Captain Azkaron

The cursed wound above Mordian begins to recede as the Webway falls back in on itself and Vorsch's rifts recede into nothingness. Few who gaze upon its demise will know what befell those who brought it into being, or even who fought for their salvation, but their skies will be forever marked with scars of a strange and unexplainable war.

In the centre of Shaa-Dom, the city bucks and thrashes as the arcane grip of Magister Vorsch falters. He staggers into its heart, clutching a wound that sings of the end, delivered at the point of the Great Harlequin's blade.

Distracted by a mere human and delivered to doom by the Aeldari – triumphant only in failure.

Spires fold like paper and every doorway now hides an ending. For the Great Harlequin known as Rillietann, the dance is over, and they stand alone in the dead city – comforted knowing that the Webway has learned again how to close its eyes. A final bow, and the Great Harlequin is gone, leaving only the faintest echo of the Laughing God's mirth.

The Magister's perfect plan had, at last, come to ruin. His masterpiece was betrayed by ignorance and incompetence, his power sapped by those he should control. As he lies dying amidst a city that rejects his very being, the entity known as the Vessel returns with a bargain – two final doors to choose from. One will have him pass into darkness, damning his knowledge to be forever lost and his name mired in the stain of failure. The other, eternal life and the truth of the universe, but bound in thrall to the Lord of Change. One last trick. He thinks, and chooses.

"The grinning spectre strikes. A tragedy fitting the grand stage of Shaa-Dom."

– Magister Khethos Vorsch

Finally, his work complete, Trazyn the Infinite basks in thankless silence. He was, after all, a humble collector, not a liberator of worlds. Though... perhaps 'Saviour of Mordian' has a nice ring to it...

It was not an endeavour he regretted. The sleeping Necron empire could hardly wake into a galaxy ruined by petty ambition and thoughtless destruction. Besides, there was still time to find a specimen for his collection, and with the Webway now closed, he had all the time he needed.