



Why I Write Sacred Grimdark

Faith burning within darkness — why Sacred Grimdark exists and what it asks of its readers.



“We see through a glass, darkly.”

— 1 Corinthians 13:12

I write Sacred Grimdark because the fantasy I grew up loving was disappearing, and no one was building the cathedral I wanted to walk back into.

The genre I found as a young reader had bells in it. It had vaulted ceilings and ruined kingdoms and an awareness — never preachy, never sentimental — that there was something older than the story watching the story. Tolkien had it. Lewis had it. Garner had it. Holdstock had it. Susanna Clarke still has it. Somewhere along the way the wider market decided that reverence was a marketing risk, and the cathedral was quietly torn down to make room for spectacle.



What Was Lost

What was lost was not religion. It was scale. The sense that the page itself weighed something. The sense that a vow taken in chapter three would still be carrying consequence in chapter thirty. The sense that the

dark was real because the light was real, and the war between them was the actual story — not a backdrop for the personalities the author wanted to sell.

When I sat down to write *The Chronicles of the Archangels*, I had no interest in writing nihilist grimdark. I had no interest in writing reassuring fantasy either. I wanted to write what had haunted me since boyhood: holiness under siege, mercy that costs, demons that remember what they have rejected, and a Basilica that is still standing because someone, somewhere, is still ringing the bell.



Why It Has to Be Written

Because readers are searching for it. I hear from them now in numbers that have surprised me. Readers who say they did not know fantasy was still allowed to do this. Readers who say they were tired of irony and did not have a name for what they were tired of. Readers who recognise the cathedral the moment they step into it because some older part of them has been waiting for it the whole time.

If you are one of them, this archive is for you. *The Chronicles* are for you. The Basilica is for you. The candle is lit. The door is open. Come in.



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